**July 17**

Two months earlier, Priya was also shaking her head, amazed at what had just happened. On the face of it, of course, it was nothing out of the ordinary. A plumber had fixed a pipe in a few minutes. Except the pipe wasn't broken – yet – and the plumber had come from the future. Well, she was glad her future self was going to sign up with TimeTech. She'd vaguely heard of them before, but now she really understood the service they offered. '*Say goodbye to every\* problem you ever had!*'the slogan on the van outside her house had said. There was some tiny writing underneath, but she hadn't been close enough to read it.It was amazing – solve all your problems with time travel. It was the photo from the future that had convinced her. The one that showed the flooded kitchen and Charlie looking so pale and thin. It broke her heart to see how much worse her little boy was going to get in only two months.

'I've certainly got plenty of problems,' she thought. The biggest was money, of course. Since Charlie had got ill, she'd spent all her savings on his treatment. But he still needed an operation and if he didn't get it … She couldn't bear to think about it. Time was running out and she needed cash, loads of it. Until today, she'd thought selling the house and moving in with her parents was the only way to make Charlie better. But now, thanks to TimeTech, she had a better solution. Stealing was still wrong, she knew that. But, anyway, her boss was horrible to her, plus he was so rich he probably wouldn't notice if a couple of hundred-thousand-pound diamond necklaces went missing. And if she did get caught, well, TimeTech could make it 'unhappen' and get her out of prison. Maybe they would help her put the jewellery back or go back in time and show her a photo of herself in prison, or whatever it was they could do. She'd seen her kitchen with her own eyes! TimeTech's insurance was the best insurance you could ever have.

**September 17**

As they waved goodbye to the plumber, Charlie ran back into the garden, chasing the puppy, who had found a ball in the kitchen. 'Where's the "For Sale" sign gone, Mum?' he asked. 'Did the plumber take it away?'

'Sort of,' said Priya. She watched him running around, his legs strong, his chubby face pink, and smiled. The operation had been a success. Her old worries were gone. But now that she'd read the small print on the TimeTech van, they had been replaced by a new fear – that at any moment the police would come and she would be the thirteenth person going to prison. TimeTech couldn't solve every problem. She had been crazy to imagine they could. So far, it seemed, her boss hadn't noticed the missing necklaces. She hoped her luck would last.

*Nicola Prentis*