


The Power of Time

Let's  Read

 The Asia Foundation



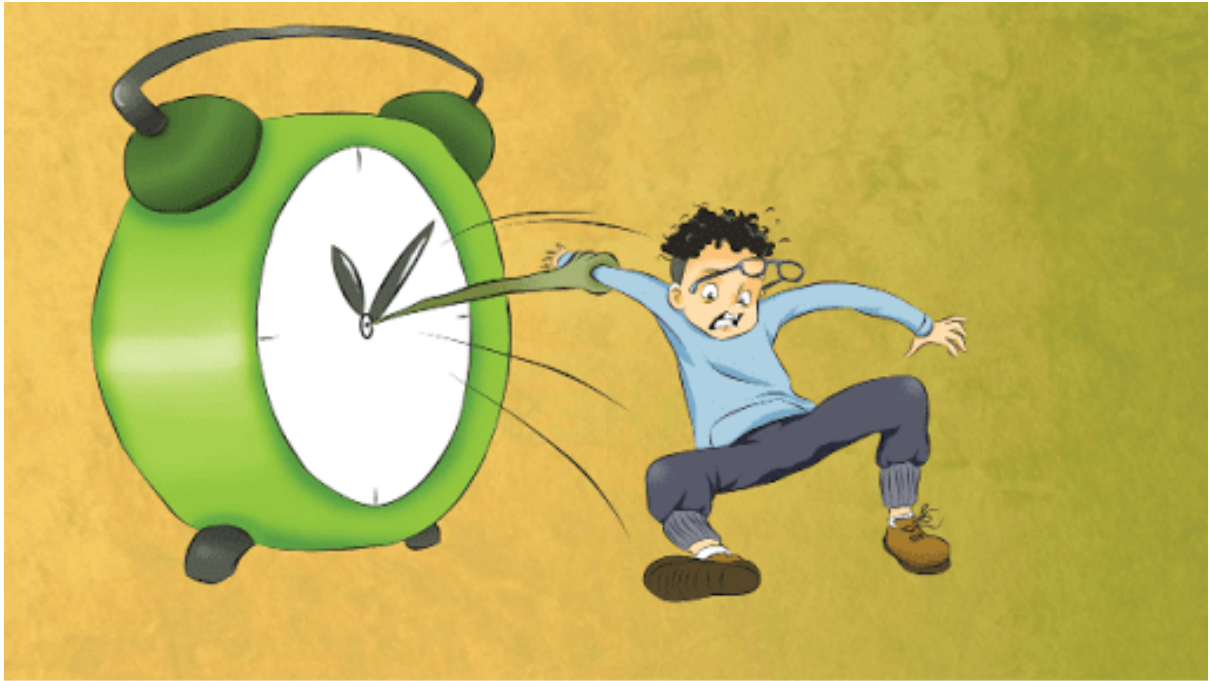
Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Henry tossed and turned, then tossed and turned some more. The sound of the clock ticking was driving him crazy! He could not get to sleep with all that noise.



The second hand was the one that made the tick-tock sound when it moved, every single second! So Henry tried to remove it.

But the second hand had other ideas . . .



The second hand woke up and grabbed Henry, pulling him into the clock.

Whoosh!



Henry opened his eyes and found himself in another time and place . . . Ancient Egypt!

"What am I doing here?" he asked.

The second hand ticked and tocked. "You need to learn to appreciate me! A long time ago, people could not count the seconds. The very first clock was a sundial obelisk, like this. People measured the passage of hours and seasons by the movement of its shadow on the ground."



Suddenly, a group of men approached and threw their spears right at Henry. One second before a spear hit him, the second hand whisked Henry away to another time and place.

Whoosh!



Now they were standing in the middle of a dark room lit by a single candle.

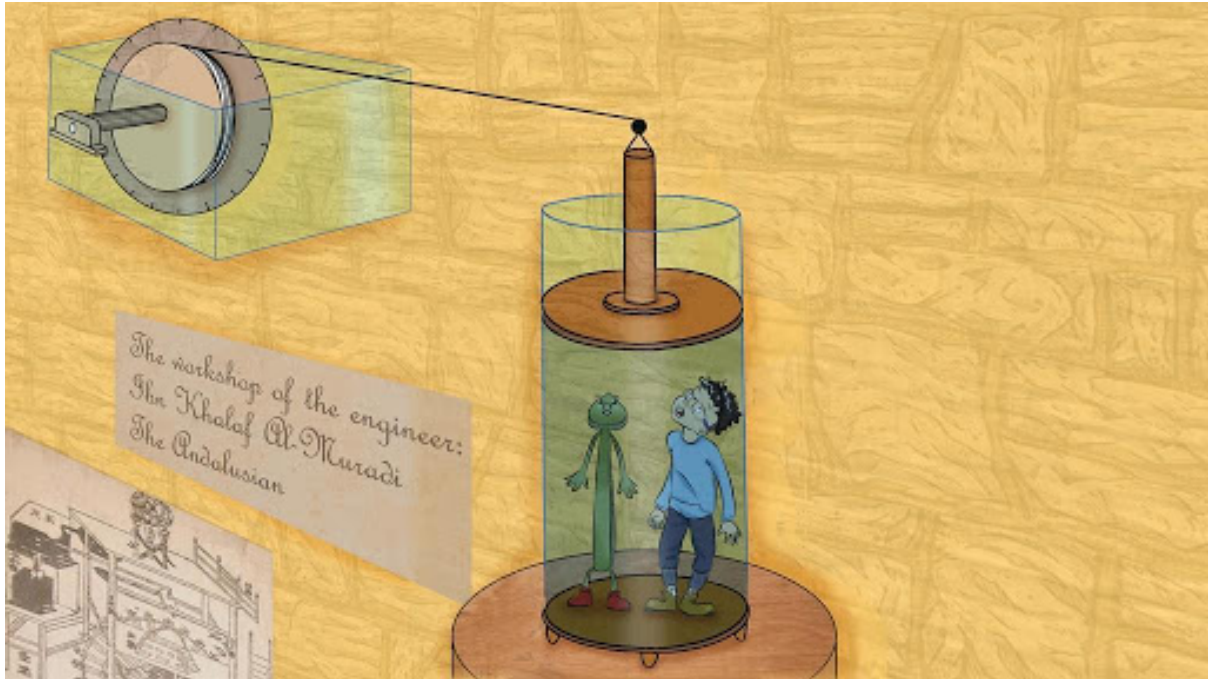
"This a candle clock," the second hand said.
"Do you see the lines in the wax? It takes twenty minutes for the candle to burn between each mark."



All of a sudden, the ground shook and shivered. "Earthquake!" Henry shouted.

A huge crack appeared. It grew wider and closer with each passing moment. Just a second before they fell into the crack, the second hand grabbed Henry and they vanished again.

Whoosh!

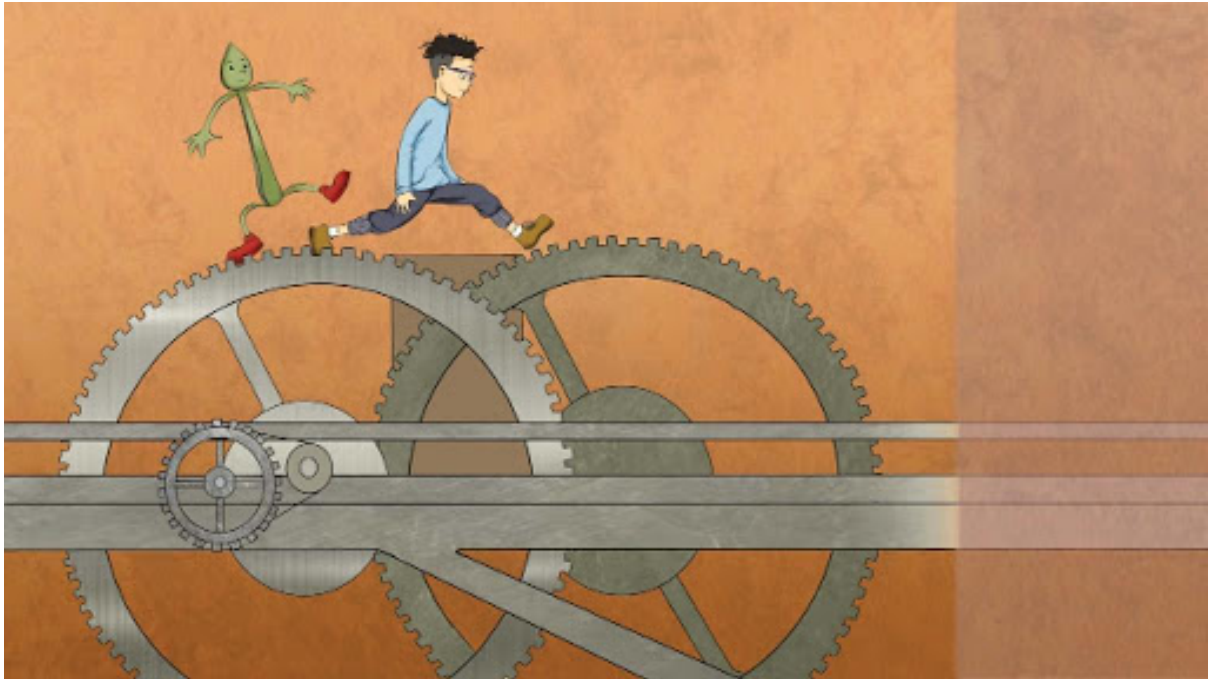


Henry was now inside a glass cylinder with the second hand, who didn't seem to notice the hydraulic piston that was dropping down towards them.

"This is the first clock that worked through the use of mercury and gears," the second hand explained casually.

"That is fascinating," Henry said, "But look out!"

Just a second before they would have been
crushed by the piston . . . Whoosh!



Henry was suddenly walking along a bumpy surface. He looked down to see two giant gears turning slowly beneath him. "Where are we now?" he asked the second hand.

"We're inside Big Ben, the most famous clock tower in the world."

Henry had fun skipping along the gears, until one of his shoelaces got stuck.



Henry pulled and tugged, but he could not escape the gears. The giant pendulum was swinging right towards them.

Over the noise of the huge clock hands ticking, the second hand yelled, "Hurry, take your shoe off. We don't have any time!"

Just a second before the pendulum smashed into them, the second hand pulled Henry to safety.

Whoosh!



In a flash, Henry found himself back in his room, safe and sound.

"Wow, what strange dream. And what a difference a second makes!" Henry exclaimed. "It is pretty cool that I can measure each one with this simple clock in my room. I think it's time for the second hand to go back where it belongs."



That morning, there was a news bulletin on TV about Big Ben, the clock tower where he'd lost his shoe! It had stopped for the first time in one hundred and fifty-eight years.

Henry couldn't believe it. Was it all real? Had his shoe really gotten stuck inside Big Ben?

Only time would tell . . . or maybe the second hand!



THE END

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