

opening extract from

Clockwise

written by

Sara Pinto

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For Aidan, Lucca, Cecilia and William. Oh, how the time flies.



Many thanks to my mother, Mary Hays,
my husband, Bobert Mantho,
Victoria Wells Arms and Scottie Brower
for all of their precious time.
And a special thanks to the Vermont Arts Council.

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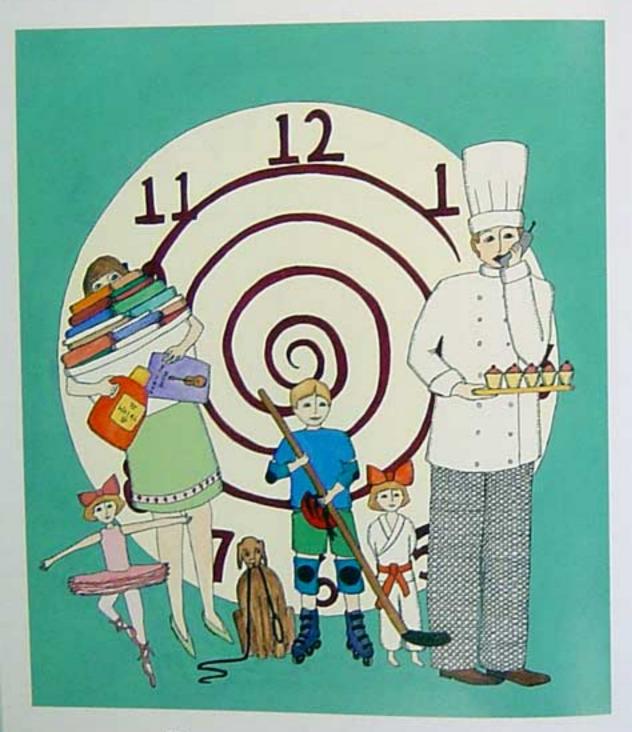
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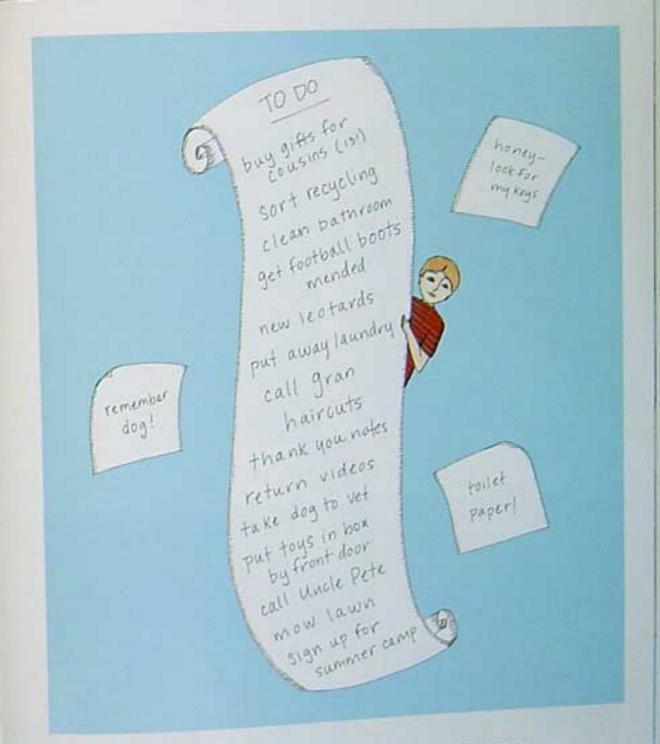


SARA PINTO





Thomas was part of a busy, busy family.



There was always something to do or somewhere to go.

Because Thomas's family was so busy, his parents were always talking about time. But Thomas couldn't tell the time. It just made him confused.



"Wake up! It's quarter past seven!"



"Do you know what time it is?"



"Hurry up and eat! It's already eight!"



Thomas decided he needed to know how to tell the time.

He stared at the kitchen clock.

"What time is it?" he asked his mum.

"Eight fifteen." she answered. Thomas didn't see a fifteen on the clock.

"What time do we have to leave?" he asked.

"Eight twenty," she answered. Thomas didn't see a twenty on the clock. either. Telling the time is hard, thought Thomas.