



“Friday!” I yelled as I left school. I was ready for the weekend. I headed down the street to my little brother, Derwin’s, school. I always meet him out front so we can walk home together. When I got there, I checked the brand-new watch my uncle had sent me.

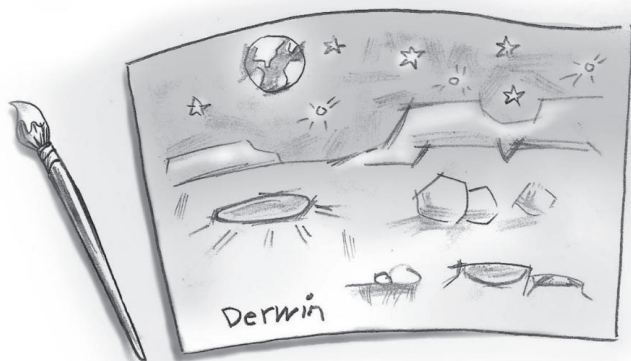
I didn't really need to know the exact time, but I liked looking at the shiny silver watch.

One minute and twenty-seven seconds later, Derwin came out and raced up to me, grinning.



“You look happy,” I said. “Did you have a good day?”

“It was an awesome day, Ed,” he said. “We had an author come read us a story. After that, we saw a movie. It was all about Mars! Then we painted pictures while our teacher read funny poems to us.”



“That sounds great,” I said.

“But then the bell rang, and school was over,” he said. “The whole day zoomed away.”

I shrugged and said, **“TIME FLIES WHEN YOU’RE HAVING FUN.”** I hear people say that all the time. And it’s definitely true. Whenever I’m enjoying myself, time zips right past me.

“Time flies?” Derwin asked.

“Absolutely,” I said. As I spoke, I felt a tug on my wrist, like someone was trying to lift my arm. The next thing I knew, my watchband had unbuckled itself. The ends started flapping like little leather bat wings.



“No!” I shouted as my watch flew off my wrist and headed toward the clouds. “Come back!”

“Wow!” Derwin said. “I guess time really *does* fly.”

