

The Clock
By: Addy Metzsig, 6th grade

Tick, tock, tick, tock, went the bright red clock. Seconds later I was in a different world.

A week earlier, I was reading my favorite book on my bed. My little brother came into my room with a package. It had my name on it, *Charlotte*, and no return address. I thought to myself, what is this? When I opened the package there was a bright red old-fashioned alarm clock inside. I put it on my nightstand and sort of forgot about it.

Just then, my mom called me down for dinner. We were having pasta and a big salad. My favorite dinner. My older sister Lucia was at soccer practice. She is the captain of her team. My little brother Jack was already making a mess with his sauce (he is only three years old) when I got downstairs.

"Time to eat," said my dad. He is the best cook ever. He also loves to play outside with us.

I should mention that I have a twin brother. His name is James. He is only five minutes older than me but always reminds me that I am younger.

"Come on little sister," said James.

"Don't call Charlotte little, James. You know better than to tease her," said my Mom.

"Charlotte, next week you will be home alone for two days. Your dad and I have a wedding to attend and we will be bringing Jack. Your older sister is at a soccer tournament and will be staying at a hotel with friends. Your brother is at camp. And your grandparents are in Germany for the month." said Mom.

"You are almost fifteen and you will be babysitting the neighbor girls during the day so you won't be too lonely," said Dad.

That night I stared at my ceiling. I was excited about being home alone but at the same time terrified. I finally fell asleep but had a weird feeling about next week.

"Bye Mom, bye Dad, bye Jack-Jack," I said a week later in a sad voice.

"Bye Honey, call us anytime, and if anything happens go to the neighbor's house. We love you," Mom said.

Already feeling lonely, I went inside. James had left the day before and Lucia was picked up an hour ago. All by myself. I decided to go to the neighbors and see if they needed any help. They said they were leaving for the pool and would be back in an hour. So, I wandered back home.

When I got back home I did my favorite thing: baking. My mom called to check in on me. I assured her that everything was going well. I baked away for hours. Baking two cakes, a pan of cupcakes, and one big muffin.

It was getting late so I headed up to bed. Suddenly, I woke up. It was 1:00 in the morning and I thought I heard tick, tock, tick, tock. Slowly, I went downstairs and saw

nothing. I could hardly fall back to sleep. The next morning I went downstairs and saw a note that said "Welcome." I threw it in the trash. Jack probably put it there to scare me. To keep my mind off things, I went to my neighbors to babysit for a few hours.

When I got home, I walked in and heard tick, tock, tick, tock. There in the middle of the kitchen floor was the bright red clock. I went over and picked it up. The hands pointed at 5:30 but it was only 12:14. The center of the clock showed a picture of me making lunch and dropping a white glass plate. Huh?, I thought to myself.

I put the clock over by the window and thought about the white plate in the picture. It was one of my mom's favorites and on a shelf in the dining room. I went over and grabbed the plate. As I was moving to the kitchen, I slipped on some batter from the night before and dropped the plate! The clock buzzed and turned towards me. It showed 12:20 which was the exact time I dropped the plate. Frightened, I ran out of the house.

I tried playing with the neighbors like nothing had happened. But I knew I eventually would have to go back to my house.

That night I fell asleep at 9:00 pm. I wrote the date down in my journal, it was September 6, 2024.

When I woke up the next morning my bed was different, my hair was different and I was taller. I heard little kids downstairs and a person making breakfast. When I got to the kitchen I noticed that the calendar said, September 6, 2050.

"WHAT?!"

I wanted to act like everything was normal. Like I didn't just skip 26 years of my life. So I decided to get ready for the day.

"Mommy, mommy", said a little boy running to me. Behind him was another little boy about a year older. There was also a baby crying in another room. I walked over to the baby and saw the most beautiful little girl.

Suddenly, I heard "tick, tock, tick, tock". The clock appeared next to me. This time, the face of the clock showed an older me with three little kids. I blinked and the face of the clock turned black and disappeared.

I closed my eyes, for what felt like a second, and woke up in my own bed. My sister came running into my room to say she won her soccer tournament. My parents were downstairs making breakfast with my brothers.

"Good morning," my mom said as I walked down the stairs. "It feels like we have missed your whole life while we were gone."

"Yeah, you kinda did," I replied jokingly.