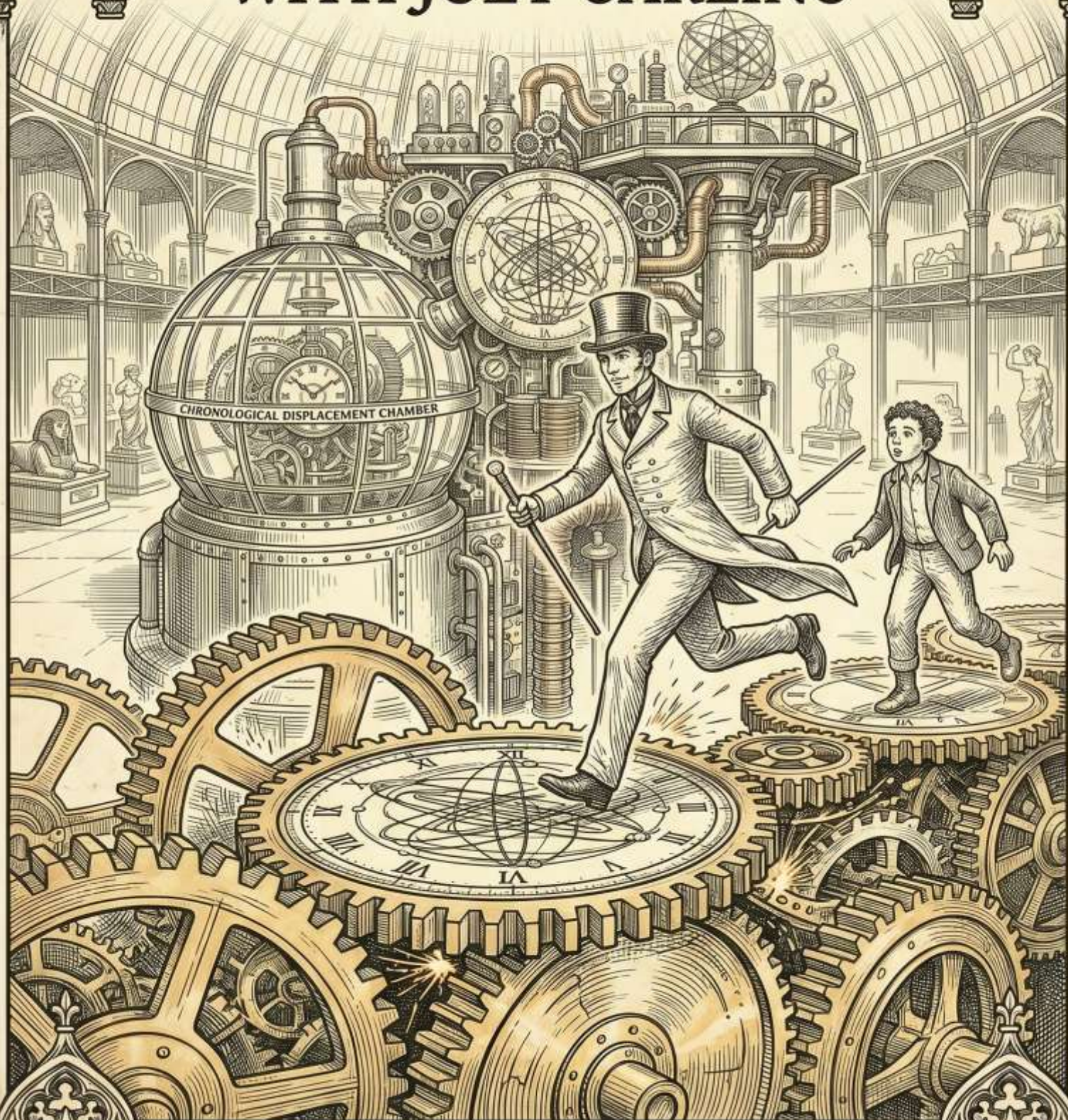


TRAVELING ON THE CLOCK

WITH JOEY CARLINO



TRAVELINNG ON THE CLOCK WITH JOEY CARLINO

A Short Novel Based on Fictional History

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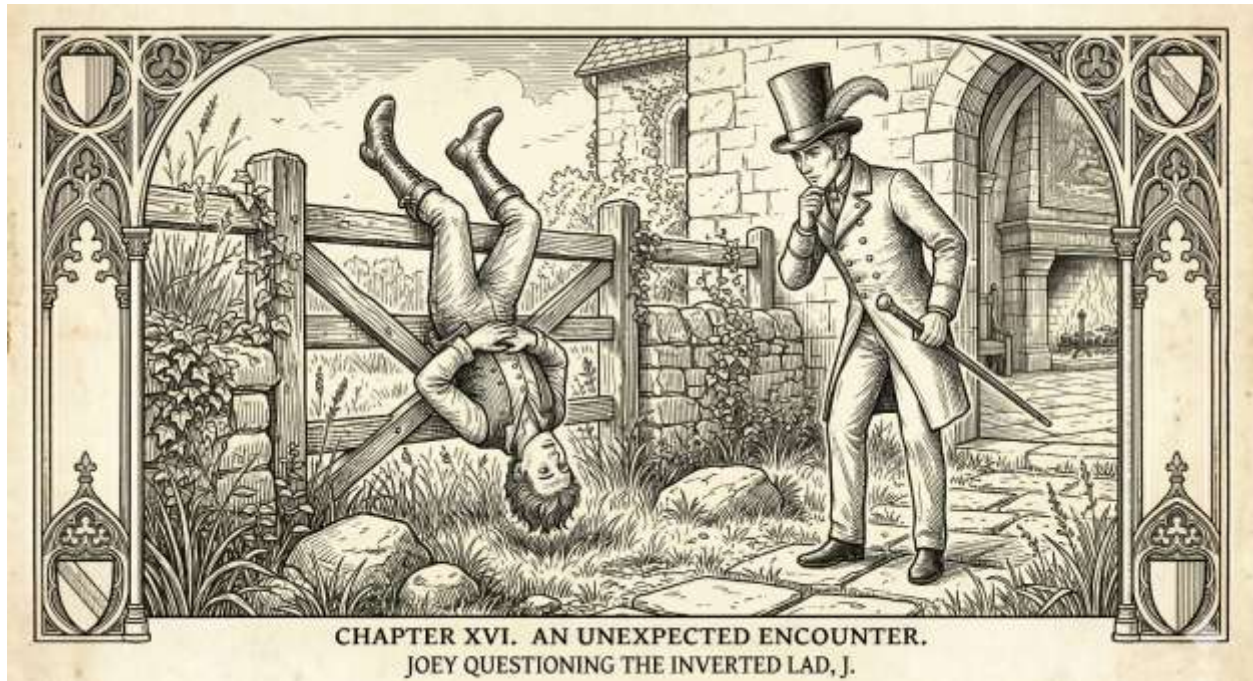
INTRODUCTION

ALL the way back, in 1882, lived a man, often known as Mr. Carlino, though officially named Thinket Joey Carlino. Born in 1839, in the city London, he grew up in Beijing. As he was older, about 16-and-a-half, his parents decided to send him to Washington for his higher education. Originally from Paris, though he never visited Paris from the time he was born to the time he was in his grave [That was a lucky thing (we will discuss that later in the book)]

CHAPTER I

THE MOON OVER THE SUN

WHEN the clock on clocktower just over Pressby Grammar School struck 25 past 1 O'clock, I saw millions, I mean billions, no not billions, trillions of school children came rushing out of Pressby Grammar School just like if they were ants which you dropped a drop of water on; all had one word on their tongue: *FREE!* *FREE! FREE!* I asked a funny little girl



CHAPTER XVI. AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.
JOEY QUESTIONING THE INVERTED LAD, J.

named Minnie, she said that there will be summer vacations starting from tomorrow, and it was the last day at school right now for the while. I saw that all of them are coming towards me, I tried to flee but failed, then they all swarmed me with a *BHOOOF!!!!* And banged me here and there, unknowingly, and finally I fainted. As soon as I opened my eyes, I found myself lying up-side-down in a side down in a fence. I found an awkward mysterious old man asking me, he looked so tall he can easily be seven feet, and can weigh 150 kilograms, he was dressed in black pant and coat with a high hat on top.

The man: Come and have rest and eat lunch with me. (because my house was on the other side of Washington)

Me: Ok, I'll come.

CHAPTER II

ME IN FRIENDSHIP WITH THE SMUGGLER

AFTER having lunch, we had a conversation:

Me: By the way, I forgot to ask your goodname?

The man: My name? Joey Carlino.

Me: Joey Carlino! Are you a bad guy!?

Carlino: don't be afraid man! I may be a smuggler, but no harm done.

Of course, nowadays, smugglers are considered bad guys, and Mr. Carlino was a famous smuggler, everyone liked his manners, that's why he was called 'Mr.'.

But it's about a month-and-a-half he's got fake police cases against him, seven of them, the most popular is that he *killed a man*. Now after all these cases, people started calling him "that Thinket guy"

Of course, I also got affected, but the way he behaved was an

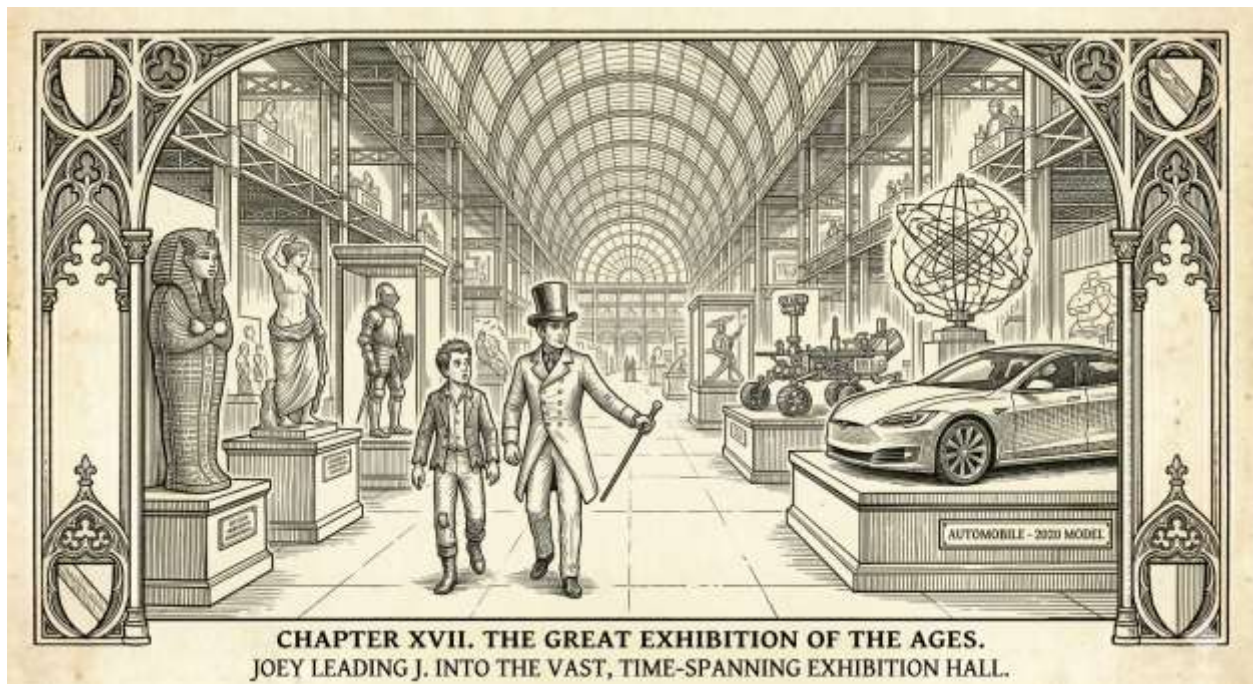


indication that he was a good guy, and a stressed one, so I knew that he was clear to be a *good guy*.

CHAPTER III

ME AS AN ASSISTANT OF MR. CARLINO

HE brought me in deeper in his 25-acre house. I saw things I've never seen before: Hieroglyphs; strange wagons that looked as if they came from the future; Hebrew bibles; different currencies; bronze vases;



there was nothing I could not find. I inquired about the wagons

“These are from the year 2020” he said “Don’t you have interest in history”

I just nodded (I didn't have interest in history)



“Which means you don't have interest in this” he said pointing towards a gigantic machine, as big as two rooms. I went all the way around it; the way a lad does, I was at that moment like; What, why, When, where (the 4 W's) after I had made a few rounds around it, he said “It's a time machine and you have--”

“What!? WHY isn't your name in the genius book of world records!?” I interrupted him

“You don't know how hard it is to be a smuggler. Tommorrow, I have to go to the court,” said Mr. Carlino.

All he did was to make me speech-less.

CHAPTER IV

ME IN EGYPT 2500 BCE

AS soon as Mr. Carlino started to explain what each part does, I said restlessly: “Why don’t you just operate the machine to show me what each part does”. He said that I could enter a random year and a random era [Era means BCE or CE (Before Common Era and Common Era)]. I was as excited as a kid getting a new box full of toys. I rushed and I entered the year 2500 and era BCE (Before Common Era) and he asked me to pull the red lever, it was so hard that I needed Mr. Carlino to help me pull it, and *venwvenwvenwvenw*. In the time travel tunnel, I was floating like in water. I found an old lady with us, screaming like she was going to die; I asked Mr. Carlino who she was, “I wonder how she got in here, I think she was standing somewhere near the time-machine” he said in a distorted voice “I didn’t ask that, I asked who she was” I interrupted.

Mr. Carlino: I was about—

Me: Then tell!

Mr. Carlino: She’s my house-made

And then we arrived at 2500 BCE. To my shock, there was a huge pyramid right in-front of me. A lady came and said:




I asked Mr. Carlino who she was, “She’s an acrobat”

“And she’s asking us to come to acrobatics show where the pharaoh will come, tomorrow”

Finally, when the clock (they used sundials) struck twenty-two-past twelve PM, the enormous gates of the pharaoh’s palace opened after half-an-hour’s wait. Inside, the ladies were standing as still as statues, waiting for the pharaoh’s command to start the show. I saw a man who was sitting on top of a huge throne which was carried by men underneath.

Mr. Carlino: You see, the pharaoh is a human, right?

Me: Yes?

Mr. Carlino: Are the servants human?

Me: Yes?

Mr. Carlino: So why is this doable-standard?

Immediately, all of the people there prostrated to the ground before the pharaoh. Of course, Me, Jessie (Joey’s house-made), and Mr. Carlino didn’t prostrate, we flee-d towards the time-machine, which was already being stared by the Egyptian kids.

CHAPTER V

ME IN GREECE 250 BCE

WE rushed towards the time-machine. And I just unknowingly entered 250 BCE, and with us we accidentally teleported an Egyptian boy with us. We landed right into a gladiator fight. We ran to the audience ring. On the highest spot sat the Antiochus. One of the gladiators 'had' to die, must. The place was called the 'arena' and the gladiators were trained professionals from the gymnasias. The fight was severe; I almost thought that I didn't have eyes to see this. At last, the winning gladiator was given a handsome amount of wealth.

We went to the Antiochus's soothsayer room where the astronomers were staring at the stars. They said that when he will die, he will be killed by the Maccabeans.

CHAPTER VI

ME IN INDUS VALLEY 2500 BCE

AND now we had to go home.

Me: Can we go to Indus Valley, pleeeeeeeeeeease?!

Mr. Carlino: But... OK

Me: Yaaaaaay!

We ran to our mighty time-machine and entered 2500 BCE and arrived to a clean place. It was so clean that a person can sleep on the road. There were huge gutters; so big that a train could drive beneath it. We walked through the whole town; no garbage; terracotta pipes. In the markets, in which people were selling terracotta jewelry. Huge wells; neat buildings; water tanks.

Me: Why are there so many wells here?

Mr. Carlino: Each street has its own well.

Me: Why is this one oval?

Mr. Carlino: Humm... I don't know

Jessie was so home-sick that we had to go back to our home.

CHAPTER VII

BACK!

WE rushed to the time- machine carrying poor Jessie with us. We entered 1882 CE and whooshed back. I found out that I had left the mangoes on the desk, and we sent Jessie to the hospital and we had a conversation:

Mr. Carlino: Now tell, do you have interest in history?

Me: Yes, absolutely!

Ohhh! And I almost forgot, why was it lucky for Mr. Carlino to not visit Paris, it was because that his relatives were so nose-pockin' that if he had made that time-machine in Paris, his time-machine could not exist the next day...

THE END