

## A "Time" Warp

The sand crawls in the crypts of my feet, reaching as far as in between my toes. As the daylight hours are spent, and the moon honors its time to shine, my mother's beckoning call reaches my ears. I respond as I enamor the crustacean remains on the beach, "Ok mom, just one more shell!"

"Alright, but quickly," she sighs, clearly annoyed. The grainy sand tickles my bare feet as I rush to the water's edge. I pick up a peculiar shell. It has a bumpy feel, yet an iridescent layer of skin covers it. Intrigued by its unique glow, I bring it to my ear. "Twinkle, Twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are...", it sings. Instead of hearing the expected familiar ocean sounds from the conch of the shell, one of the most famous nighttime lullabies sings in my ear over and over again, reminding me of what my mom carols to me every night to convince me to sleep.

"Come on, we have to go!" my mom exclaims in desperation. I hate to agree with my mom, but she's right; the time change is happening tonight, and we are about to lose an hour of sleep! The next morning, I wake up to the familiar chatter of conversation over breakfast. As I settle into a kitchen chair, the newspaper lies plainly on the table, and I peruse the odd headline while spooning soggy cereal into my mouth.

*BREAKING RECORD: The famous lullaby "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" was sung more times around the world than ever before, comforting children to sleep the night of the time change!*

Twinkle Twinkle! The iridescent shell had caroled that same lullaby to me. At the time, I had thought it peculiar, but now the coincidence is suspicious to something more.

"We are going to be late for school," my mom scolds, interrupting my train of thought. The day fast forwards as my mind is tantalized like a puppet drawn to its puppeteer by the connection between the shell, the lullaby, and the news story today. As soon as I get home, I skip snack and race up to my room to furtively figure out the truth of this lullaby. I search the internet..."Twinkle Twinkle Little Star." As expected, non-specific facts barrage the search page, and I feel as if I am scrolling endlessly to the point of my fingers feeling like peanut butter and jelly. As I push my last limits of digital strength further, a restricted access section appears. I take the chance despite my mom's moral voice yelling about cyber threats and illegitimate sites and click it. Admittedly, I click it impulsively to increase my chance of getting into the site... The screen changes; I'm in!

*The "Twinkle Twinkle" lullaby was created by the Government to lull kids to sleep with every time change. The time change is not really to "save" daylight...*

"ACCESS DENIED," flashes in RED almost immediately, impeding me from reading further.

Baffled by the information that surfaced, my brain begins to fluctuate and seize as I grappled to make sense of this new revelation. But, it made me ponder this idea of "daylight savings" because, actually, in the fall, when the time "falls back," it actually just gets darker earlier in the evening, making us feel