



Evan Jacobs



Back to the Past Mazey Pines

Daylight Saving The Morning People

The Ghosts of Largo Bay Scream Night

The Lady from the Caves TV Party

Lucky Doll Virus



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Largo Bay

BLOOMINGTON



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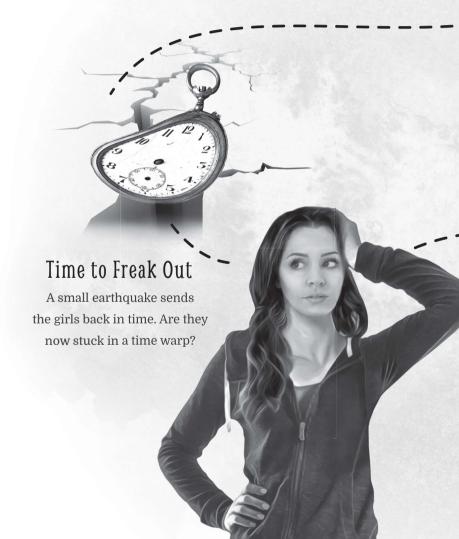
Giardini's Pizza





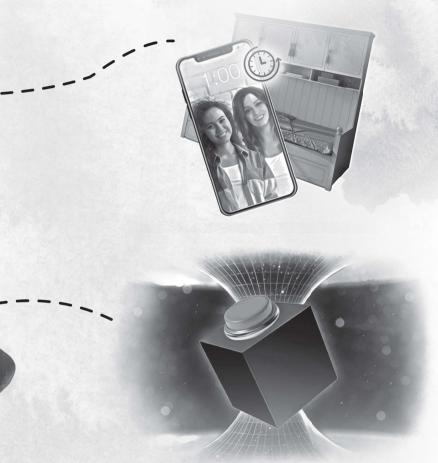


Adventure Begins



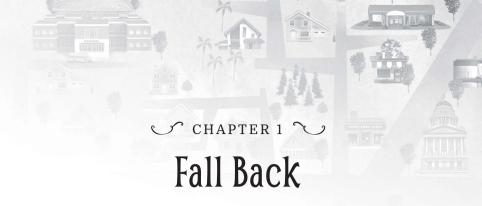
Fall Back

Abby and Clara are happy to get an extra hour of sleep. Daylight Saving Time is finally over.



Wormhole

It's up to Abby to save the world. Time will stop unless she can fix it.



Tikka is pretty amazing!"Abby McQuade said with a laugh. She was with Clara Erickson. The girls were best friends.

They watched an online video in Abby's bedroom. The room was simple. There was her large bed. The closet was full of clothes. She had a desk too. Like most kids, there was also a TV. It could stream shows. On the walls were photos of her friends.

Abby was on her bed. Clara lay on a blow-up mattress.

On the screen was a musician. She was called Tikka. The saxophone player was so good. She played pop music. When she played,

Tikka hung upside down. People loved her. The musician had over five million followers.

"How does she do it?" Clara asked. "How can she play like that?"

"Who cares? It's amazing!"

Clara was tan. Her hair was curly. Abby was fair. Her red hair stood out.

Abby loved to read. She was curious about everything. Archery was one of her hobbies. Her attitude was go with the flow.

Clara was a great swimmer. Every weekend she had swim meets. She wanted to compete in the Olympics. Her life was very scheduled.

"She can really play," Abby said. She was in awe over Tikka's skills.

"The songs don't sound boring," Clara said.
"Even though she's just playing the sax."

It was just after two in the morning. Abby eyed her phone. "Sweet!" she said, laughing. "Daylight Saving Time is officially over."

Clara looked at her phone. "Saving?" she asked. "I thought it was *savings*."

"It's supposed to save daylight. That's why it is called saving. The idea started 100 years ago. It was during World War I," Abby said. "Then it was on again, off again. Congress made it consistent. This was in 1966. Spring forward and fall back, you know?"

"Wow. You're full of silly facts."

"Because I'm curious," Abby said, smirking.

Clara threw a pillow at her. "Why does the time change at two?" Clara asked. "Why not one?"

"Good question." Abby yawned. "I'll have to do some research. But guess what? We get an extra hour of sleep. It's so rad. Our phones will probably change soon."

"Ugh. I'm too tired to wait," Clara said. She yawned too. "Oh, here it is. My phone says it's one. Now let's get some sleep."

Both girls were suddenly tired. They kept watching Tikka. Eventually Abby and Clara nodded off.

-M-

The ground seemed to move. Abby's one-story house shook slightly.

Abby woke up.

"Clara," she whispered. "Did you feel that? It was an earthquake."

"I thought it was a dream," Clara said. She sat up.

The girls looked at each other.

"Did anything fall?" Abby asked.

"Let's go look," Clara said.

"Okay."

The pair quickly walked out of Abby's bedroom.

A long hall ran the length of the house. All rooms could be entered through it. The front door opened into the living room. Then there were two options. One way was the kitchen. The other way was the hall. It led to the bedrooms. Abby's was first. Her parents' room was next. Another door in the hallway led to the garage.

Abby looked down the hall. Her parents' bedroom door was closed. "They probably slept through it," she said.

"It was small," Clara said.

The girls walked into the living room. It was fine. Bookshelves were bolted to the wall. The books hadn't fallen. None of the pictures had moved. The TV was still upright.

"What time is it?" Abby asked. She looked at her phone. 1:10 a.m. "Wait a minute."

"What?" Clara asked.

"It's only after one."

"Huh? We've only been asleep for 10 minutes."

"That's right." Abby held up her phone. "Why do I feel like I've slept all night?"

"I feel like I've slept too. Sometimes a nap

does that," Clara said. "It refreshes you. I take naps before swim meets."

"Uh-huh," Abby said. She plopped down onto the couch. "Time for more Tikka videos."

"Can we? Your parents won't be mad, will they?"

"We're not doing anything wrong." Abby smiled. "The earthquake woke us up."

Abby's parents were nice. She got along with them.

The TV clicked on. An old show was playing. Abby's dad liked watching oldies. He also enjoyed classic films.

The show was called *Diff'rent Strokes*. It was about two kids. Their mom had died. A rich man took them in. They made a new family. Everyone had fun together.

"Let's watch this," Clara said. "My dad likes this show too."

"No more Tikka?" Abby asked.

"Tikka is okay. Then she gets boring."

"Bite your tongue!"

The girls settled in. The 1980s clothes were funny. They especially loved watching the characters use a telephone. All they had were landlines!

The episode they watched was about Christmas. The characters' home had been burglarized. All the gifts had been stolen.

Finally the show ended. Another episode started up. Abby and Clara watched that one too.

"Are you sleepy?" Abby asked as the second episode ended.

"No," Clara said.

A third episode began. The theme song played.

"Do you want to watch?" Abby asked.

"Might as well." Clara shrugged.

The girls got ready for another show.

They would go back to Abby's room when they were sleepy.

Just then there was another small earthquake.