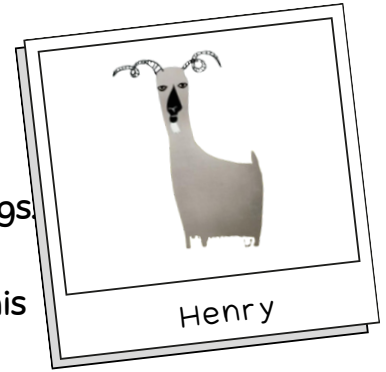


The Goat That Ate Time



High on a hill and somewhat far away, there once lived a goat and he was very hungry. He ate goat things and not so goat things.

His mother, as mothers are prone to do, was always correcting his eating habits. Henry, she said, for that was his name. Henry, you mustn't eat so much. Slow down, don't chew so fast. Look up when you are eating, Henry. There are so many things to life you know other than food. Why don't you run and play and gamble like your brothers?

What a boring and impossible waste of time, thought Henry, when there are so many delicious things in the world to snack on. Henry was well aware of time, you see, and frankly that there was never enough of it in his mind. To eat all the things he planned and hoped and dreamed of eating. And with that, he began eating even earlier, before the earliest early bird. And well past any midnight snack, but there still wasn't enough time for Henry.

One day Henry came across something he had never eaten before. As it went down his throat, it tasted old and new and something altogether different. Delicious, he thought and vowed to find more like it.

But at that very moment, a passing fly caught his attention. Now usually flies fly very fast, but this fly flew slow. This fly, in fact, flew in slow motion right into Henry's fast moving mouth. Curious, thought Henry, but with dinner time on his mind, he rushed back home to be first in line.

At dinner, an even curiouser thing happened. As he sat down to eat, he found his brother's movement so slow he could eat the food from right beneath their noses. Henry ate all the way to bedtime. And as he lay in bed, adding up all the things he had eaten that day, he realized he had more than doubled his previous daily capacity.

Henry had two very exciting revelations. One time is delicious. And two, the more time he ate, the more time he had to eat. He had not only gained more time, he had in fact eaten time.

So with no time to waste, Henry left his mother and brothers far behind. He ate his way across the countryside. He ate pocket watches, pendulum sundials, grandfather clocks and biological clocks. And in between he ate ropes and rodeos, quiches and quilts, barbecue and bears.

The Goat That Ate Time

It wasn't long before Henry reached the city, and without a moment's hesitation, he went digital and introduced himself to the concepts of prime time, high time, and borrowed time. In between, he ate sandwiches and suits, joggers and jackhammers, telephones and traffic jams. Before too long, he had eaten his way through city and country.

But Henry couldn't stop there. He took himself straight to New York. He savored his first New York minute, devoured Times Square, and on Wall Street, developed a healthy appetite for money. After all, Henry realized, time is money.

At a book signing, he ate every copy of The Brief History of Time, and then, for good measure, it was, after all, a little brief. He swallowed Mr. Hawking.

In Japan, Henry admired punctuality. In Hong Kong, he never discriminated between real and fake. And in Nepal, he had a meeting with the Dalai Lama. In England, he had a lesson in history, beginning with a day trip to Stonehenge. An ending in a chance meeting with a Time Lord. And in London, Henry came across the biggest clock he'd ever set eyes on. It was delicious. Greenwich was delightful. Germany a little cuckoo. And Switzerland. Oh, Switzerland. In between he ate Bagels basketballs. Sweatshops. Pickles and pantomimes.

Henry continued eating until one day he found himself high on a hill and somewhat far away. He had eaten everything and everything in between everything. More importantly. He had eaten every piece of time, and with that Henry realized he had all the time in the world. He was quite literally out of time.

Just then, Henry noticed a solitary dandelion on top of the hill. His heart skipped a beat. He had heard once that you could tell the time by Dandelion. Just by blowing, Henry realized he could very well be looking at the last time piece left on earth, and for once in his life, Henry didn't want to eat it.

It was so superbly simple, so perfectly pure, so delightfully delicate.
It was without doubt the loveliest thing he had ever set eyes on.

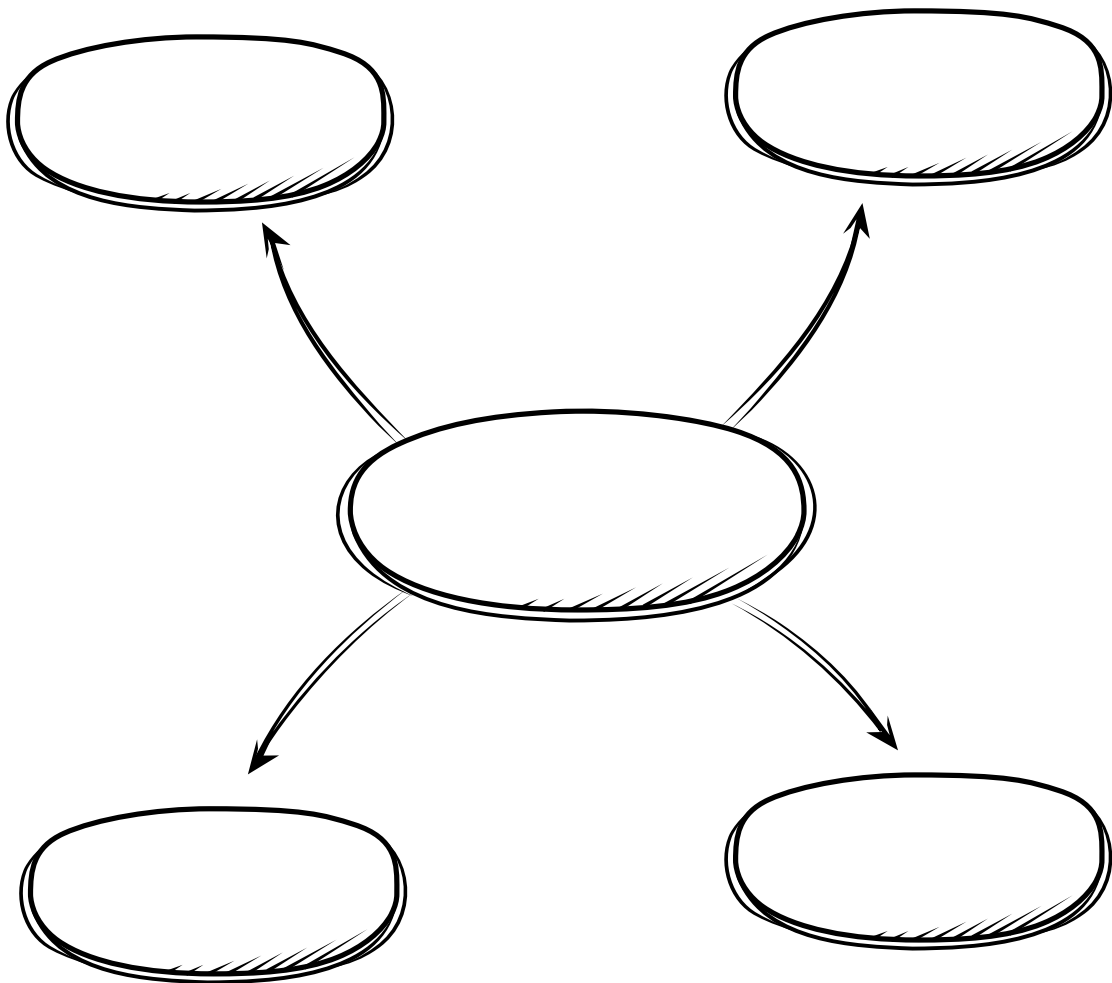
Henry was so pleased to have found it in time.



the goat that ate time



Watch: What things did Henry the goat eat?



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