

LIZZY TATE IS ALWAYS LATE



BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](#)

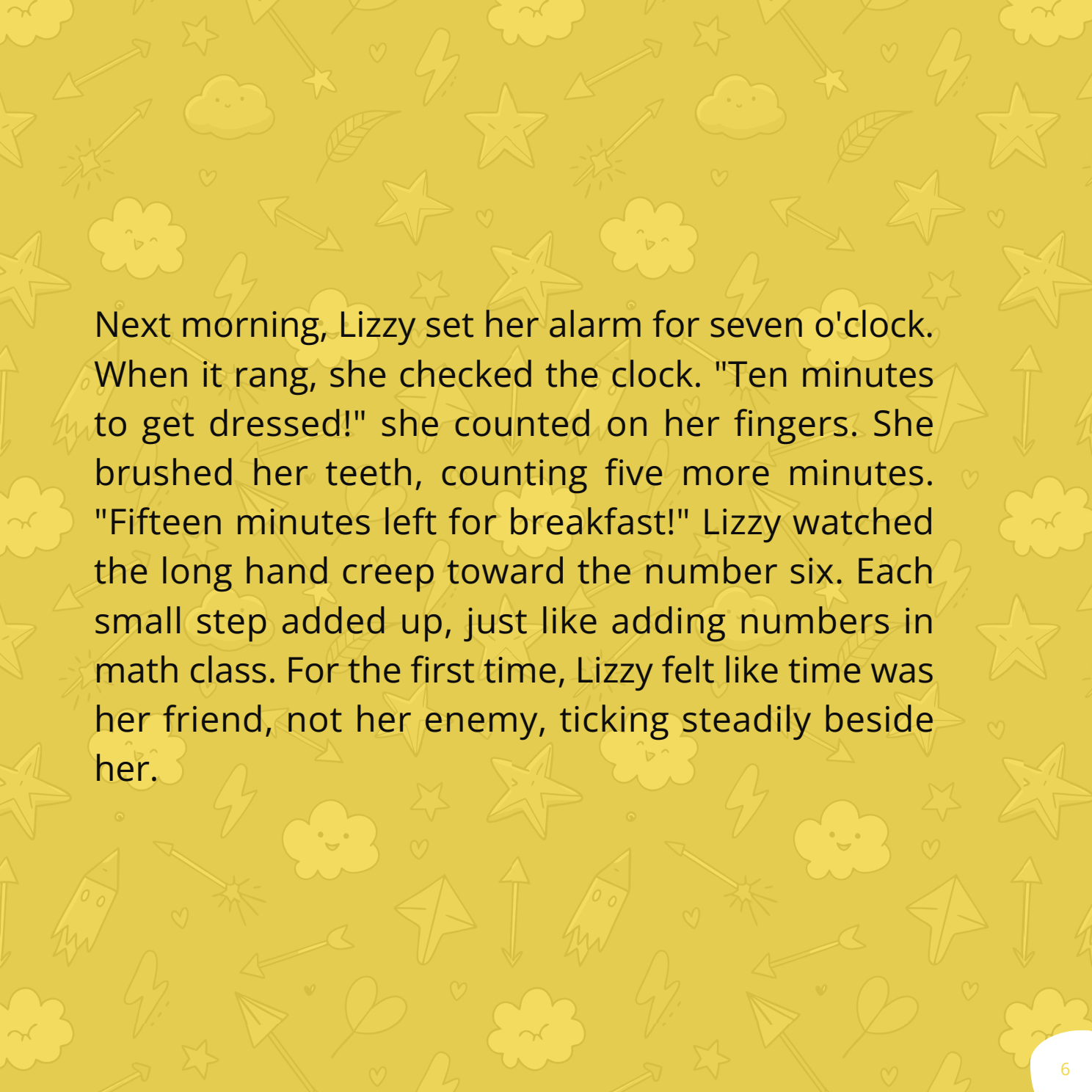


Lizzy Tate raced down the street, shoelaces flapping. "Wait for me!" she shouted as the school bus rumbled away. Again! Lizzy was always late. At breakfast, Mom pointed to the round clock on the wall. "See this big hand and little hand? They tell you when to go." Lizzy frowned. Numbers and hands? It looked confusing. But missing the bus every day was no fun either. Maybe, just maybe, it was time to learn.



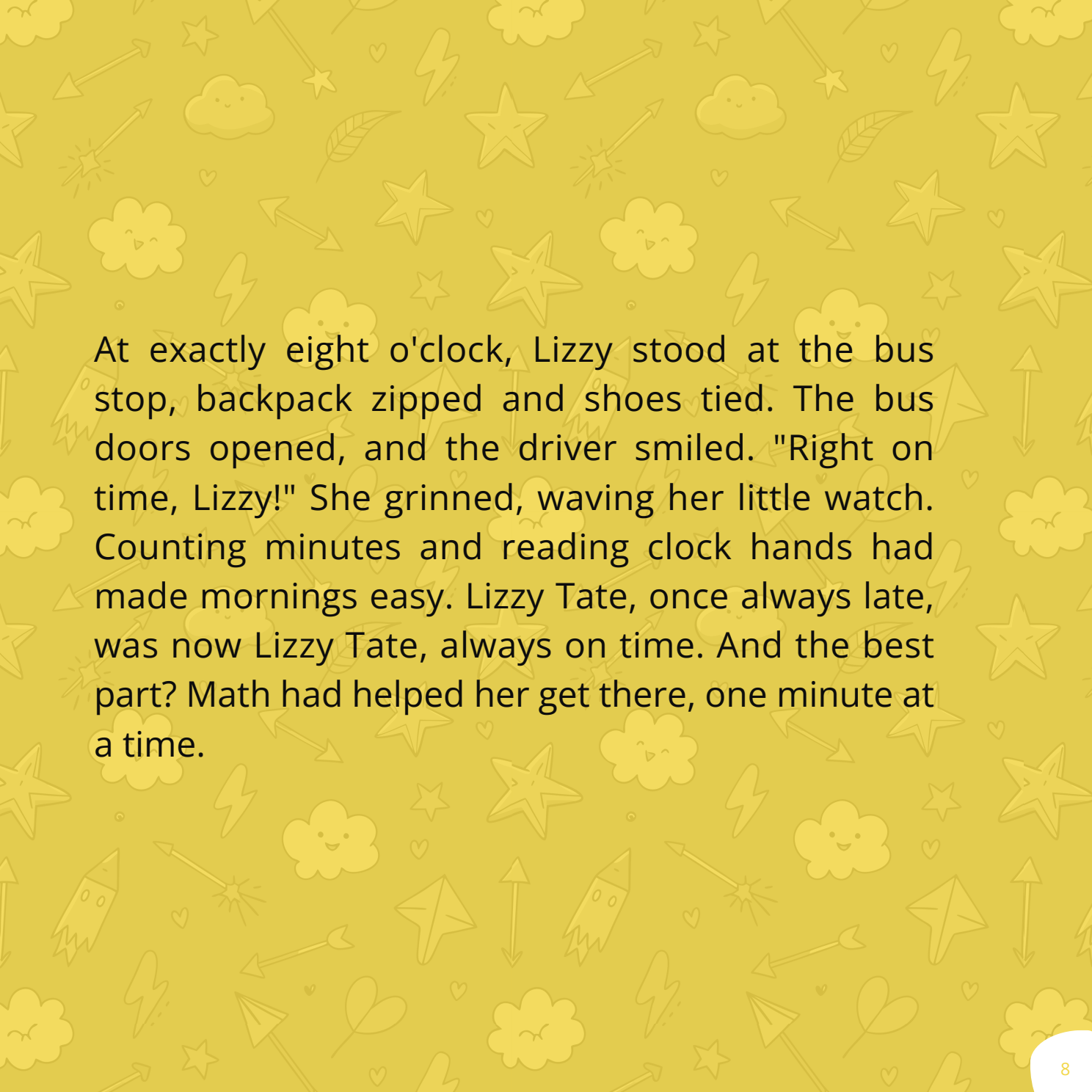
That evening, Lizzy studied the kitchen clock. "The short hand points to hours," Mom explained, "and the long hand counts minutes." Lizzy traced the numbers one by one. "When the long hand reaches twelve, a whole hour has passed!" she cheered. They practiced together, moving the hands to seven o'clock, then half past seven. Lizzy giggled, spinning the long hand herself. Suddenly, clocks didn't seem so scary. They seemed like a fun puzzle, one she was ready to solve.





Next morning, Lizzy set her alarm for seven o'clock. When it rang, she checked the clock. "Ten minutes to get dressed!" she counted on her fingers. She brushed her teeth, counting five more minutes. "Fifteen minutes left for breakfast!" Lizzy watched the long hand creep toward the number six. Each small step added up, just like adding numbers in math class. For the first time, Lizzy felt like time was her friend, not her enemy, ticking steadily beside her.





At exactly eight o'clock, Lizzy stood at the bus stop, backpack zipped and shoes tied. The bus doors opened, and the driver smiled. "Right on time, Lizzy!" She grinned, waving her little watch. Counting minutes and reading clock hands had made mornings easy. Lizzy Tate, once always late, was now Lizzy Tate, always on time. And the best part? Math had helped her get there, one minute at a time.



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