It began in no time at all.

And continued time after time, day after day,
until eventually there was simply no time,

AT ALL.

Someone was always running out of it ...

FUNOPOLY

... or losing track of it ...

... or lying around
letting it slip through their

FINGERS.

'If only we had more hours in the day,'
Emit (whose parents turned back time to name him) was told

TIME
AND
TIME
AGAIN.

Which got Emit thinking.