

World Clock

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Bad Quarto

Cambridge,
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The originality of *One Human Minute* lies in its being not a statistical compilation of information about what has taken place, like an ordinary almanac, but rather *synchronous* with the human world, like a computer of the type that we say works in real time, a device tracking phenomena as they occur.

—Stanislaw Lem

0

It is now exactly 05:00 in Samarkand. In some ramshackle dwelling a person who is called Gang, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 18:01 in Matamoros. In some dim yet decent structure a man named Tao, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 19:02 in Grand Turk. In some sturdy yet undistinguished habitat a youth named Peng, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained card. He sits up straight.

It is now only a moment before 02:03 in Windhoek. In some suitable structure someone named Ezra, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored manuscript. He hums quietly.

It is now right at 21:04 in Campo Grande. In some ordinary yet adequate abode an old woman named Abeba, who is rather large, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She zones completely out.

It is now exactly 12:05 in Funafuti. In some typical location a person named Kenny, who is of completely average stature, reads a well-preserved note. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 19:06 in Cayman. In some homey yet run-down residence an individual who is called Hamza, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 20:07 in Antigua. In some tidy yet cookie-cutter edifice a woman named Suha, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 19:08 in Jamaica. In some dim shelter a youth named Shan, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 01:09 in Madrid. In some nice house an individual named Sara, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 15:10 in Anchorage. In some small yet sound domicile a man named Christian, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling envelope. He hums quietly.

It is now right at 03:11 in Mayotte. In some charming yet cramped habitation someone named Mustafa, who towers over most people, reads a stained letter. He zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 05:12 in Yekaterinburg. In some ramshackle domicile an old man known as Jian, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine report. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 19:13 in Winamac. In some undistinguished house an old woman named Fatma, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 19:14 in Montreal. In some comfortable yet run-down accommodation someone named Leah, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 01:15 in Berlin. In some dim yet homey dwelling a person named Haben, who is rather large, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 02:16 in Minsk. In some ordinary edifice a person known as Elias, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 20:17 in Grenada. In some furtive edifice a youth who is called Brad, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved contract. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 03:18 in Bahrain. In some typical yet nestlike edifice someone named Kidus, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled note. He looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 18:19 in Menominee. In some decrepit yet adequate abode a man named Yordanos, who is on the small side, reads a embossed envelope. He hums quietly.

It is now exactly 01:20 in Tirane. In some suitable dwelling a woman named Yohana, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 04:21 in Muscat. In some small yet tidy abode an old man who is called Biniam, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 20:22 in Glace Bay. In some homey abode an old woman known as Yun, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling letter. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 07:23 in Krasnoyarsk. In some cookie-cutter habitat a youth named Ahmed, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 02:24 in Simferopol. In some cramped yet charming house someone named Ai, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 08:25 in Urumqi. In some run-down shelter someone named Haile, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained certificate. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 09:26 in Choibalsan. In some sound edifice an individual known as Ivan, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled contract. He turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 01:27 in Bratislava. In some ramshackle residence a youth named Azeb, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a

embossed note. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 06:28 in Chagos. In some furtive yet suitable dwelling an individual who is called Bethlehem, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored card. She looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 02:29 in Khartoum. In some comfortable house a man named Mahmoud, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 15:30 in Gambier. In some plain yet homey house a youth named Amanual, who towers over most people, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He zones completely out.

It is now almost 20:31 in Grenada. In some decent habitat an old man named Yassin, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine manuscript. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 14:32 in Adak. In some charming yet cramped habitation a woman named Bi, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 02:33 in Vilnius. In some sound yet decrepit domicile a person named Hanok, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 12:34 in Nauru. In some tidy yet run-down shelter a person who is called Anastasia, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 02:35 in Riga. In some small house someone

named Anna, who is rather large, reads a crumbling letter. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 01:36 in Malabo. In some furtive habitation an individual named Leonardo, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved contract. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 00:37 in Freetown. In some dim accommodation a youth known as Tigist, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 01:38 in Vienna. In some typical yet sturdy structure a woman named Alem, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained certificate. She zones completely out.

It is now right at 21:39 in Palmer. In some cramped accommodation a person named Tatiana, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored note. She chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 02:40 in Windhoek. In some nice yet cookie-cutter location someone named Wen, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine manuscript. He sits up straight.

It is now exactly 02:41 in Istanbul. In some undistinguished accommodation an old woman named Na, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved letter. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 21:42 in Cuiaba. In some nestlike residence a youth who is called Xia, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 18:43 in Cancun. In some suitable abode an old man known as Abi, who is on the small side, reads a stained report. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 15:44 in Juneau. In some small edifice a woman named Samrawit, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled card. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 03:45 in Nairobi. In some comfortable habitat a person named Feng, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 08:46 in Kuala Lumpur. In some tidy yet typical domicile a man who is called Nahum, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 19:47 in New York. In some adequate yet plain accommodation an individual known as Yekaterina, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine envelope. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 16:48 in Tijuana. In some run-down edifice a youth named Khaled, who is on the small side, reads a canary-colored contract. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 01:49 in Malta. In some sound yet decrepit habitat an old man named Ning, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He looks away, then back.

It is now right about 08:50 in Casey. In some orderly yet undistinguished location a person named Feven, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained letter. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 01:51 in Zagreb. In some charming yet small structure an individual named Nick, who is rather large, reads a embossed certificate. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 12:52 in Wallis. In some nestlike edifice a man named Yong, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved note. He turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 13:53 in Apia. In some homey yet ordinary house someone known as Gebre, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 19:54 in Atikokan. In some tidy yet ramshackle abode an old woman who is called Ting, who towers over most people, reads a pristine envelope. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 20:55 in Marigot. In some sturdy house a youth named Yan, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored card. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 18:56 in Monterrey. In some cramped edifice a woman named Maha, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 21:57 in Montevideo. In some suitable yet dim house someone named Aya, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 08:58 in Shanghai. In some decent house a person known as Johanna, who is on the small side, reads a embossed letter. She sits up straight.

It is now right at 00:59 in Accra. In some orderly house a youth named Araya, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He suddenly collapses.

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It is now as it happens 06:00 in Yekaterinburg. In some comfortable yet run-down shelter an old man named Youssef, who is of completely average stature, reads a well-preserved certificate. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 02:01 in Luxembourg. In some ordinary yet homey residence an old woman named Li, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now exactly 22:02 in Cayenne. In some sturdy yet ramshackle location a youth known as Messeret, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling report. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 02:03 in Oslo. In some nestlike yet decrepit habitation a woman named Elsa, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored envelope. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 11:04 in Lindeman. In some suitable yet typical residence a man named Darren, who is

significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 21:05 in Montserrat. In some adequate structure a person who is called Ni, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled contract. She looks away, then back.

It is now right about 18:06 in Bahia Banderas. In some furtive edifice an individual known as Abdel-Rahman, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 02:07 in Bangui. In some sound yet plain structure an individual named Fatima, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 02:08 in Kinshasa. In some dim yet orderly accommodation a youth named Irina, who is rather large, reads a stained manuscript. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 19:09 in Iqaluit. In some run-down abode a person named Yared, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 20:10 in Louisville. In some ordinary yet homey shelter someone who is called Hewan, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling letter. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 16:11 in Juneau. In some tidy yet typical edifice a youth named Cheng, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 03:12 in Maseru. In some decent yet small abode an individual known as Dawit, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 04:13 in Nairobi. In some decrepit dwelling someone named Sahar, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 21:14 in Grenada. In some undistinguished shelter an old woman named Hui, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored certificate. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 07:15 in Thimphu. In some suitable yet plain location a person named Desta, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She looks away, then back.

It is now right at 22:16 in Catamarca. In some ramshackle shelter a youth known as Dan, who is rather large, reads the warning message on a small packet. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 09:17 in Kuching. In some furtive yet sound habitat a man named Tamiru, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 18:18 in Boise. In some charming habitation an individual named Amaranth, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 20:19 in Grand Turk. In some orderly yet cookie-cutter location someone named Almaz, who is no

larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She turns entirely around.

It is now right about 04:20 in Kampala. In some small yet comfortable accommodation someone who is called Evgeny, who is of completely average stature, reads a embossed report. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 11:21 in Saipan. In some dim structure a youth named Abdallah, who is rather large, reads a well-preserved card. He chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 14:22 in Auckland. In some homey yet typical residence a woman named Marone, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling note. She scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 20:23 in Montreal. In some plain yet adequate domicile an old man named Liang, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 05:24 in Oral. In some ramshackle residence a youth known as Lan, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a stained manuscript. She looks away, then back.

It is now right at 02:25 in Ljubljana. In some tidy yet furtive edifice an individual named Hussein, who is of completely average stature, reads a embossed envelope. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 09:26 in Macau. In some cookie-cutter domicile a man named Maxim, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled letter. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 11:27 in Vladivostok. In some

undistinguished shelter someone who is called Murad, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored contract. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 05:28 in Tbilisi. In some charming yet cramped shelter a youth known as Artyom, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained certificate. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 03:29 in Tripoli. In some small house a person named Melak, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 22:30 in Ushuaia. In some plain habitation an individual named Cai, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 22:31 in San Juan. In some suitable yet ramshackle shelter an old woman named Shahd, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved card. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 12:32 in Kosrae. In some sound house a man known as Dong, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 16:33 in Anchorage. In some tidy edifice a person named Jerusalem, who is rather large, reads a crumbling manuscript. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 09:34 in Urumqi. In some ordinary yet decent habitat someone who is called Ali, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled note. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 18:35 in Beulah. In some comfortable

location a youth named Katie, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 21:36 in Santarem. In some charming yet typical dwelling an old man named Selim, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 08:37 in Vientiane. In some cramped habitat a person known as Mohammed, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored contract. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 22:38 in Catamarca. In some homey dwelling a youth named Ephrem, who is rather large, reads a embossed certificate. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 20:39 in Eirunepe. In some run-down yet adequate abode someone named Shewit, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved letter. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 18:40 in Denver. In some decrepit yet sturdy structure a man named Darius, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 02:41 in Kinshasa. In some suitable yet furtive accommodation an individual known as Manna, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained envelope. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 00:42 in Noronha. In some decent yet plain abode an old woman named Rahiel, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She looks away, then back.

It is now right about 03:43 in Khartoum. In some sound yet ordinary abode a person named Rowan, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 01:44 in Casablanca. In some nice yet typical house a woman named Tsege, who is on the small side, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 18:45 in Mazatlan. In some homey yet dim residence a youth known as Habiba, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 10:46 in Palau. In some cramped dwelling someone who is called Zenon, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He turns entirely around.

It is now right at 05:47 in Yerevan. In some charming edifice an old woman named Yelena, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine manuscript. She chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 20:48 in Rio Branco. In some sturdy shelter an old man named Bill, who towers over most people, reads a crumbling report. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 02:49 in the Vatican. In some decent abode an individual named Tamrat, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He scratches one ear.

It is now right about 15:50 in Honolulu. In some ramshackle dwelling a man known as Scott, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast

cereal. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 22:51 in San Juan. In some furtive yet orderly structure a person named Jennifer, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 01:52 in Dublin. In some sound yet typical shelter someone named Jim, who is on the small side, reads a embossed card. He looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 21:53 in St. Barthelemy. In some cramped yet suitable accommodation someone named Fajr, who towers over most people, reads a stained certificate. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 16:54 in Gambier. In some small yet comfortable domicile a person who is called Peng, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 22:55 in Belem. In some decrepit yet nice abode a youth known as Kenny, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 09:56 in Kuala Lumpur. In some dim habitation a woman named Jill, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved envelope. She scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 04:57 in Qatar. In some undistinguished yet adequate habitat a man named Yonas, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling note. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 05:58 in Dubai. In some homey residence

an old woman named Ali, who is of completely average stature, reads a embossed manuscript. She chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 21:59 in St. Kitts. In some cookie-cutter habitat someone who is called Jian, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored report. He looks away, then back.

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It is now almost 19:00 in Ojinaga. In some sound accommodation a person known as An, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled certificate. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 07:01 in the Maldives. In some run-down structure a youth named Shewit, who towers over most people, reads a pristine letter. He turns entirely around.

It is now right at 10:47 in Eucla. In some small location an old man named Biniam, who is on the small side, reads a stained card. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 10:03 in Taipei. In some ordinary yet nice accommodation an individual named Abinet, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 13:04 in Macquarie. In some typical yet decent shelter a person named Tadesse, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling manuscript.

He zones completely out.

It is now right about 22:05 in Lower Princes. In some furtive habitation a youth named Gang, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed report. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 02:06 in Monrovia. In some plain shelter an old man named Alexander, who towers over most people, reads a pristine note. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 21:07 in Vincennes. In some decrepit location an individual who is called Hosna, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved certificate. She chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 10:08 in Kashgar. In some suitable edifice someone named Hamza, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled contract. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 13:09 in Guadalcanal. In some sound residence a youth known as Natalia, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 10:10 in Makassar. In some nice yet cookie-cutter domicile an individual named Abraham, who is rather large, reads a embossed manuscript. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 04:11 in Lubumbashi. In some undistinguished structure a person named Bilal, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling letter. He turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 03:12 in Ljubljana. In some tidy yet ordinary dwelling someone named Shu, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 19:13 in Chihuahua. In some plain yet charming habitation a man known as Haile, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 05:14 in Riyadh. In some adequate accommodation a woman named Leah, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained card. She suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 09:15 in Davis. In some decent yet decrepit residence a person named Tizita, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 11:16 in Palau. In some nestlike edifice an individual who is called Saba, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved report. She chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 22:17 in Lower Princes. In some cookie-cutter domicile someone known as Karim, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine note. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 10:18 in Harbin. In some undistinguished yet comfortable domicile a youth named Haben, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 09:19 in Phnom Penh. In some nice edifice someone named Azeb, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 21:20 in Atikokan. In some sturdy yet run-down structure an old man who is called Biruk, who

usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored envelope. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 00:21 in South Georgia. In some furtive habitat a woman named Sara, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 02:22 in Dakar. In some typical yet charming habitation an old woman named Shaimaa, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling letter. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 04:23 in Helsinki. In some ramshackle domicile an individual named Maria, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 20:24 in Pangi. In some homey domicile someone who is called Zhen, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 05:25 in Asmara. In some orderly yet cookie-cutter house a woman named Abeba, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 02:26 in Lome. In some undistinguished location a person named Yassin, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 19:27 in Chihuahua. In some run-down yet sound shelter a youth known as Feng, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He

scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 12:28 in Lindeman. In some tidy yet furtive abode a youth named Bi, who is on the small side, reads a wrinkled card. She looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 22:29 in Antigua. In some ordinary accommodation an old woman who is called Olga, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 23:30 in San Juan. In some small yet adequate habitat an individual named Tatiana, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 04:31 in Mbabane. In some homey abode an individual named Robel, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 17:32 in Nome. In some cookie-cutter yet orderly shelter an old man known as Ezra, who towers over most people, reads a embossed manuscript. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 09:33 in Krasnoyarsk. In some suitable structure a woman who is called Feven, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored certificate. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 04:34 in Lusaka. In some sound yet run-down abode a youth named Gamalat, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 03:35 in Zurich. In some dim yet nice

habitation someone named Gamila, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She sits up straight.

It is now right about 22:36 in Bermuda. In some furtive structure an old woman named Yekaterina, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She hums quietly.

It is now precisely 14:07 in Norfolk. In some typical structure an individual named Zewdy, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine report. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 11:38 in Palau. In some ordinary accommodation a person named Kedist, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 03:39 in Ljubljana. In some cookie-cutter structure a youth known as Ashraquat, who is rather large, reads a crumbling contract. She suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 03:40 in Libreville. In some comfortable dwelling a woman named Christie, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 02:41 in St. Helena. In some run-down dwelling someone named Stephanie, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled envelope. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 09:42 in Pontianak. In some nice structure someone who is called Hanok, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 14:43 in Majuro. In some small habitation an individual named Yeshi, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed letter. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 05:44 in Mayotte. In some plain yet suitable habitat a person named Hosniya, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 21:45 in Louisville. In some sturdy yet decrepit location a man named Khaled, who is on the small side, reads a pristine note. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 01:46 in Noronha. In some decent location a person named Ivan, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved certificate. He hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 09:47 in Phnom Penh. In some typical yet charming dwelling an individual known as Ahmed, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He sits up straight.

It is now precisely 21:48 in Cayman. In some sound yet ordinary structure a youth named Christian, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 09:19 in Cocos. In some comfortable edifice a man named Youssef, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 23:50 in Asuncion. In some run-down dwelling an old woman who is called Suha, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 02:51 in Freetown. In some homey yet undistinguished habitation an old man named Wei, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 22:52 in Porto Velho. In some cramped house someone known as Fatin, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained report. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 09:53 in Christmas. In some furtive shelter a woman named Buffy, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled contract. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 23:54 in Ushuaia. In some small yet suitable house a person named Berhane, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling letter. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 22:55 in Curacao. In some plain yet tidy habitation an individual who is called Abdel-Rahman, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed manuscript. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 21:56 in Louisville. In some ramshackle habitat a person known as Messeret, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine note. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 00:57 in Araguaina. In some dim house a youth named Teodros, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored envelope. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 10:58 in Kuching. In some homey yet cookie-cutter structure an individual named Xia, who towers over most people, reads a stained certificate. She turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 10:59 in Irkutsk. In some

sound location someone named Yun, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed card. She looks away, then back.

3

It is now exactly 16:00 in Enderbury. In some cramped accommodation a man known as Dawit, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved report. He zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 11:01 in Macau. In some run-down yet orderly structure a person named Jie, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 06:02 in Volgograd. In some tidy accommodation an old woman named Mahlet, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored note. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 00:03 in Santiago. In some furtive yet decent edifice a person named Almaz, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 04:04 in Vaduz. In some charming yet typical accommodation an individual known as Ning, who towers over most people, reads a pristine contract. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 09:05 in Thimphu. In some decrepit edifice a youth who is called Mustafa, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 21:06 in Guatemala. In some nice yet dim dwelling an individual named Irina, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 05:07 in Juba. In some ramshackle yet sound shelter someone named Lan, who is rather large, reads an embossed envelope. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 07:08 in Tbilisi. In some orderly yet ordinary dwelling an old woman named Doha, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling letter. She suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 00:09 in Belem. In some comfortable shelter a woman named Desta, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved certificate. She turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 04:10 in Paris. In some sturdy yet furtive domicile an old man named Amanual, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 04:11 in Zagreb. In some charming accommodation someone named Cheng, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled note. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 22:12 in Marengo. In some homey house a person who is called Ni, who is rather large, reads a pristine report. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 23:13 in Manaus. In some tidy yet decrepit dwelling an individual named Lydia, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed card. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 10:14 in Jakarta. In some ramshackle domicile a youth known as Qiong, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She sits up straight.

It is now right about 04:15 in Porto-Novo. In some dim yet nice habitation a person named Asfaw, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained contract. He looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 20:16 in Beulah. In some ordinary yet adequate abode an individual who is called Bo, who towers over most people, reads a crumbling envelope. He scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 21:17 in Managua. In some furtive yet comfortable domicile a woman named Rahiel, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored certificate. She zones completely out.

It is now exactly 10:18 in Pontianak. In some suitable yet run-down residence someone named Shahd, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine letter. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 21:19 in Center. In some homey edifice an old woman named Elsa, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 03:20 in Lome. In some cramped habitation an individual named Ruth, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved note. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 14:21 in Melbourne. In some undistinguished dwelling a youth who is called Samrawit, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 04:22 in Monaco. In some sturdy dwelling an old man named Hassan, who is on the small side, reads a embossed report. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 03:23 in Danmarkshavn. In some ramshackle residence someone named Zecharias, who is rather large, reads a stained card. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 03:24 in Bissau. In some nice yet furtive shelter a man known as Melak, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 04:25 in Stockholm. In some charming structure a person who is called Murad, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled manuscript. He zones completely out.

It is now almost 03:26 in El Aaiun. In some plain yet comfortable dwelling an individual named Tao, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 04:27 in Amsterdam. In some tidy habitation a woman named Johanna, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored envelope. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 11:28 in Makassar. In some adequate yet undistinguished domicile a person known as Fatima, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 08:29 in Samarkand. In some cramped yet decent domicile a youth who is called Daniel, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He scratches one ear.

It is now almost 23:30 in Bermuda. In some homey yet ramshackle domicile an old woman named Shewit, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 23:31 in Aruba. In some small residence someone named Abdallah, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine note. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 16:32 in Enderbury. In some decrepit structure a youth named Fatma, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 03:33 in Jersey. In some sturdy edifice a person named Selim, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained letter. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 04:34 in Zurich. In some sound yet run-down residence an individual named Jill, who towers over most people, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 09:35 in Thimphu. In some adequate habitation someone who is called Hosna, who is on

the small side, reads a embossed certificate. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 06:36 in Comoro. In some plain yet suitable residence a man named Eyobel, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 03:37 in Madeira. In some ramshackle shelter an old man known as Fasil, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored report. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 00:38 in Santiago. In some tidy yet small habitat a woman named Maha, who is rather large, reads a crumbling contract. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 07:39 in Samara. In some decrepit location an individual named Evgeny, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He sits up straight.

It is now almost 04:40 in Prague. In some dim edifice an old woman named Amaranth, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 01:41 in South Georgia. In some cramped domicile a person named Yong, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 09:42 in Mawson. In some undistinguished yet adequate domicile someone named De, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine note. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 23:43 in La Paz. In some sturdy yet typical

habitation a youth who is called Na, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 00:44 in Cayenne. In some suitable yet plain abode a man known as Guo, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained envelope. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 01:45 in Araguaina. In some run-down dwelling a youth named Bereket, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled card. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 17:46 in Tongatapu. In some ramshackle yet homey accommodation someone named Tsega, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling report. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 16:47 in Midway. In some small location a person who is called Tamiru, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He sits up straight.

It is now almost 21:48 in Costa Rica. In some cookie-cutter yet charming dwelling a woman named Ali, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine letter. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 00:49 in Miquelon. In some adequate abode an old woman named Manna, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 20:50 in Denver. In some typical location an individual named Bethlehem, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She hums quietly.

It is now right about 04:51 in Libreville. In some cramped

domicile someone who is called Darren, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed manuscript. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 05:52 in Tripoli. In some nice shelter an individual named Ibrahim, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled note. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 00:53 in Miquelon. In some comfortable yet run-down abode a youth known as Reem, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 21:54 in Swift Current. In some suitable edifice a person named Katie, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 19:55 in Los Angeles. In some charming yet undistinguished location a youth named Hui, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved card. He sits up straight.

It is now exactly 09:56 in Chagos. In some nestlike yet ramshackle edifice a man who is called Dong, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He zones completely out.

It is now almost 22:57 in Jamaica. In some homey yet typical habitat someone named Azeb, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 04:58 in Lagos. In some sound dwelling an old man named Omar, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 21:59 in Managua. In some furtive yet decent shelter someone named Bill, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling report. He frowns a slight frown.

4

It is now right about 15:00 in Pohnpei. In some ordinary structure a youth known as Yordanos, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 06:01 in Kaliningrad. In some tidy yet dim abode an individual named Yelena, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine envelope. She hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 11:02 in Davis. In some nice house a woman who is called Shaimaa, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 06:03 in Kiev. In some ramshackle location an individual named Jian, who is rather large, reads a stained contract. He zones completely out.

It is now right about 00:04 in Halifax. In some comfortable yet decrepit domicile a person named Farida, who towers over

most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 02:05 in Sao Paulo. In some charming yet plain structure someone named Li, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled letter. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 21:06 in Shiprock. In some adequate habitation an individual named Senait, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 06:07 in Jerusalem. In some sound yet small habitat a man who is called Dmitry, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved manuscript. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 18:08 in Honolulu. In some cramped edifice an old man known as Scott, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 04:09 in Madeira. In some suitable yet cookie-cutter edifice an old woman named Cai, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 19:10 in Sitka. In some sturdy yet typical accommodation a person named Derege, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling card. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 12:11 in Irkutsk. In some orderly accommodation someone who is called Liang, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 10:12 in Chagos. In some plain location

a person known as Feven, who towers over most people, reads a stained note. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 11:13 in Hovd. In some decent shelter someone named Yohana, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine certificate. She zones completely out.

It is now exactly 00:14 in St. Barthelemy. In some run-down abode a woman named Rowan, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 00:15 in Dominica. In some adequate habitation an individual named Gamalat, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled envelope. She looks away, then back.

It is now right at 13:16 in Seoul. In some nestlike shelter a man who is called Ephrem, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved report. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 23:17 in Bogota. In some cookie-cutter yet comfortable accommodation a person named Natalia, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 00:18 in Bermuda. In some homey yet ordinary domicile an old woman known as Olga, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 05:19 in Sarajevo. In some sound shelter a youth named Leah, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 02:20 in Recife. In some orderly yet plain accommodation someone named Hasnaa, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored manuscript. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 20:21 in Whitehorse. In some dim yet decent residence an old man named Brad, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He zones completely out.

It is now precisely 23:22 in Winamac. In some undistinguished location a woman named Fang, who is on the small side, reads a stained note. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 15:23 in Hobart. In some adequate yet typical edifice a youth who is called Shewit, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He sits up straight.

It is now exactly 23:24 in Winamac. In some suitable yet cramped location a person named Gebre, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 01:25 in Cayenne. In some run-down dwelling a person named Yekaterina, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 06:26 in Kiev. In some sound domicile a youth named Tsege, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 11:27 in Davis. In some orderly structure an individual known as Hamza, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled card. He frowns a slight

frown.

It is now as it happens 06:28 in Mariehamn. In some cookie-cutter yet homey domicile an old woman named Shu, who is rather large, reads a crumbling certificate. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 18:29 in Adak. In some ordinary domicile someone named Tatiana, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 23:30 in Havana. In some dim residence a man named Feng, who is on the small side, reads a canary-colored report. He looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 12:31 in Urumqi. In some small yet tidy dwelling an individual who is called Fatin, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained envelope. She sits up straight.

It is now almost 22:32 in Cancun. In some undistinguished abode a woman named Abeba, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 05:33 in Copenhagen. In some decent residence someone named Khaled, who is rather large, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 20:34 in Dawson. In some typical domicile a person named Sahar, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled letter. She turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 00:35 in Curacao. In some suitable

accommodation a youth named Marone, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed contract. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 12:36 in Ulaanbaatar. In some run-down habitat an old woman named Jennifer, who is of completely average stature, reads a well-preserved card. She hums quietly.

It is now right about 04:37 in Monrovia. In some ramshackle yet charming shelter a person known as Tadesse, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He scratches one ear.

It is now right at 05:38 in Rome. In some cookie-cutter edifice an individual named Mathios, who is rather large, reads a crumbling report. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 05:39 in Douala. In some homey yet ordinary habitation an individual named Mahlet, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 09:40 in Dushanbe. In some small yet tidy shelter a person who is called Katarzyna, who is on the small side, reads a pristine envelope. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 04:41 in Sao Tome. In some furtive residence someone known as Lan, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 05:42 in Douala. In some undistinguished yet nestlike edifice a man named Hussein, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 06:43 in Damascus. In some sturdy shelter an old woman named Tigist, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored manuscript. She suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 11:44 in Novokuznetsk. In some suitable residence an individual named Aya, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 19:45 in Yakutat. In some cookie-cutter residence a youth known as Ahmed, who is on the small side, reads a stained letter. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 14:16 in Darwin. In some ramshackle structure someone named Jim, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved certificate. He hums quietly.

It is now as it happens 10:47 in Thimphu. In some run-down habitation an individual named Kenny, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine contract. He turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 07:48 in Kuwait. In some ordinary domicile a woman named Juan, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 18:49 in Tongatapu. In some undistinguished yet comfortable location a man who is called Biniam, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 00:50 in Manaus. In some homey habitation a person known as Karim, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling report. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 05:51 in Podgorica. In some plain yet decent habitation a person named Desta, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed manuscript. She chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 05:52 in Copenhagen. In some adequate yet cookie-cutter abode someone named Abraham, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He scratches one ear.

It is now almost 08:53 in Baku. In some ramshackle yet suitable accommodation a youth named An, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 05:54 in Libreville. In some charming yet typical house an old woman named Bi, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled envelope. She turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 22:55 in Rainy River. In some nice yet decrepit edifice an individual known as Halim, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 05:56 in Luxembourg. In some orderly habitation a youth who is called Maria, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 00:57 in St. Thomas. In some furtive abode someone named Anastasia, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved card. She sits up straight.

It is now only a moment before 01:58 in Montevideo. In some small habitat an individual named Suha, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained certificate. She chews a

finger nail.

It is now exactly 00:59 in St. Thomas. In some comfortable yet dim domicile an old man named Maxim, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He hums quietly.

5

It is now almost 01:00 in Martinique. In some cramped yet homey abode a man who is called Christian, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed report. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 01:01 in St. Barthelemy. In some ordinary yet tidy house a person named Habiba, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 11:02 in Qyzylorda. In some nice habitation an old woman known as Zhen, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She zones completely out.

It is now exactly 13:03 in Brunei. In some orderly dwelling a woman named Yulia, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling contract. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 02:04 in Belem. In some sturdy shelter a

person named Sergei, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 02:05 in Rio Gallegos. In some nestlike yet decrepit dwelling an individual named Ni, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled note. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 10:06 in Ashgabat. In some undistinguished shelter a youth who is called Nahum, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained envelope. He hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 01:07 in Goose Bay. In some typical yet comfortable house an individual known as Kidus, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved letter. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 00:08 in Winamac. In some charming habitation someone named Abi, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine report. He turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 06:09 in Tunis. In some small yet adequate domicile a person named Ivan, who towers over most people, reads a crumbling contract. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 07:10 in Tallinn. In some suitable yet ramshackle shelter a person named Gamila, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 06:11 in Berlin. In some sturdy location an old man named Ali, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled manuscript. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 16:12 in Efate. In some plain dwelling an individual named Mustafa, who is of completely average

stature, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 10:13 in Aqtobe. In some cookie-cutter edifice an old woman known as Ai, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed card. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 13:14 in Kuching. In some run-down yet comfortable edifice a man named Abdel-Rahman, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained envelope. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 22:15 in Chihuahua. In some dim shelter someone named Teodros, who is rather large, reads a crumbling note. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 05:16 in Dublin. In some decrepit edifice a youth named Hosna, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored contract. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 07:17 in Maputo. In some charming yet small edifice a woman who is called Alem, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on a small packet. She turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 00:18 in Atikokan. In some sturdy yet ordinary domicile a person named Hewan, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved letter. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 01:19 in St. Vincent. In some decent yet undistinguished domicile a person named Amaranth, who is on the small side, reads a pristine manuscript. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 08:20 in Baghdad. In some furtive shelter someone named Ashraquat, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained envelope. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 11:21 in Colombo. In some run-down yet comfortable dwelling a youth who is called Messeret, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored certificate. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 00:22 in Atikokan. In some cookie-cutter edifice an individual named Ali, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 22:23 in Beulah. In some ramshackle dwelling a youth known as Amanual, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 13:24 in Taipei. In some charming yet plain location an old woman named Ruth, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled note. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 07:25 in Juba. In some sound yet ordinary abode a woman named Stephanie, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed contract. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 01:26 in Goose Bay. In some tidy accommodation a man named Daniel, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine manuscript. He suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 09:27 in Samara. In some decent yet dim domicile an individual who is called Asfaw, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored letter. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 06:28 in Oslo. In some homey yet undistinguished accommodation an old man named Gang, who towers over most people, reads a stained envelope. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 06:29 in Berlin. In some sturdy yet furtive dwelling a youth known as Lili, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 23:30 in Swift Current. In some nice yet typical habitat someone named Anna, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a wrinkled card. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 00:31 in Petersburg. In some nestlike structure a person who is called Elias, who is rather large, reads a embossed certificate. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 22:32 in Inuvik. In some plain shelter a person named Almaz, who is on the small side, reads a pristine note. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 06:33 in Madrid. In some ramshackle abode an old woman known as Haben, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 15:34 in Saipan. In some decent yet small house an individual named Dan, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored contract. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 00:35 in Port-au-Prince. In some homey domicile a man who is called Darius, who is of completely average stature, reads a well-preserved letter. He turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 05:36 in Guernsey. In some adequate yet ordinary accommodation an individual named Yassin, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled report. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 12:07 in Cocos. In some dim location someone named Ting, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 06:38 in Zagreb. In some charming yet decrepit location an old man named Kang, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 02:39 in Miquelon. In some run-down domicile a youth known as Evgeny, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He zones completely out.

It is now right about 13:40 in Kuala Lumpur. In some furtive domicile a woman who is called Bethlehem, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 06:41 in Oslo. In some tidy yet cookie-cutter abode an old woman named Shewit, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 01:42 in Montserrat. In some orderly yet undistinguished structure a person named Na, who is rather large, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She sits up straight.

It is now right at 12:43 in Jakarta. In some homey edifice someone known as Selim, who usually turns to look up to

other people, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 09:44 in Baku. In some ramshackle domicile someone named Johanna, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 23:45 in Winnipeg. In some charming domicile a youth who is called Jerusalem, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained certificate. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 11:16 in Kolkata. In some decrepit domicile a man named Eyobel, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed note. He zones completely out.

It is now right about 07:47 in Lubumbashi. In some run-down yet adequate shelter an individual known as Darren, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 13:48 in Brunei. In some sound yet cookie-cutter shelter a woman named Jill, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved contract. She hums quietly.

It is now precisely 19:49 in Tahiti. In some undistinguished yet nestlike residence a youth named De, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine envelope. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 02:50 in Tucuman. In some decent yet dim habitat an individual named Li, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 03:51 in Maceio. In some comfortable yet ramshackle accommodation a person known as Xian, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored manuscript. She sits up straight.

It is now almost 02:52 in Mendoza. In some ordinary abode someone named Zewdy, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 23:53 in Monterrey. In some cramped accommodation an old woman who is called Feven, who is of completely average stature, reads a embossed certificate. She looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 22:54 in Phoenix. In some plain yet orderly edifice a woman named Katie, who is rather large, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 05:55 in Danmarkshavn. In some nice accommodation a person named Bo, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained note. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 07:56 in Windhoek. In some adequate location a man known as Tamrat, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 22:57 in Chihuahua. In some decent structure someone named Dawit, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 02:58 in Paramaribo. In some nestlike yet furtive habitat an individual named Cai, who towers over most

people, reads a wrinkled card. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 07:59 in Uzhgorod. In some ramshackle yet homey house someone named Hosniya, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She sits up straight.

6

It is now right at 00:00 in Costa Rica. In some small residence an old man who is called Jian, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored contract. He chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 23:01 in Boise. In some ordinary yet charming shelter a person known as Omar, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine report. He turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 16:02 in Sakhalin. In some sound yet decrepit structure an old woman named Vanessa, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained letter. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 08:03 in Riga. In some undistinguished yet adequate dwelling an individual named Tamiru, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed envelope. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 06:04 in Reykjavik. In some orderly domicile a youth named Zenon, who is significantly smaller

than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 02:05 in Lower Princes. In some comfortable habitat a woman named Eden, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled card. She hums quietly.

It is now precisely 01:06 in Rio Branco. In some ramshackle residence someone who is called Nick, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine contract. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 02:07 in Lower Princes. In some suitable yet plain abode a person named Ibrahim, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He sits up straight.

It is now exactly 16:38 in Adelaide. In some nice yet small house a man named Abinet, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He scratches one ear.

It is now right about 19:09 in Midway. In some sound yet cramped domicile an individual known as Yared, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling certificate. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 21:10 in Anchorage. In some ordinary yet homey habitat a youth named Leah, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 06:11 in Nouakchott. In some orderly yet cookie-cutter edifice a youth named Brad, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 02:12 in Manaus. In some furtive house a person named Rowan, who is rather large, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 14:13 in Makassar. In some decent yet ramshackle habitat an old man named Shewit, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored manuscript. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 16:14 in Vladivostok. In some nestlike house someone named Fajr, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed note. She looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 01:15 in Thunder Bay. In some tidy yet small domicile someone named Hanok, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine envelope. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 00:16 in Cancun. In some sturdy domicile an individual named Xia, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling report. She suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 09:17 in Kuwait. In some typical yet homey location a woman known as Shu, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She sits up straight.

It is now right at 14:18 in Brunei. In some comfortable yet dim shelter an individual named Khaled, who towers over most people, reads a stained card. He turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 01:19 in Thunder Bay. In some decrepit yet sound edifice a youth named Yordanos, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 14:20 in Kuching. In some nice habitat a person who is called Senait, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 18:21 in Majuro. In some nestlike yet run-down accommodation an old man named Peng, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 09:22 in Mogadishu. In some ordinary yet suitable structure a youth named Samrawit, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 03:23 in Mendoza. In some small yet sturdy residence an old woman named Tsege, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 15:24 in Jayapura. In some orderly yet plain accommodation someone known as Mikhail, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored contract. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 23:25 in New Salem. In some homey dwelling a woman named Hong, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 06:26 in Lome. In some dim yet adequate location someone named Fatma, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She sits up straight.

It is now exactly 02:27 in St. Lucia. In some decrepit yet sound structure a youth named Elsa, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved manuscript. She chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 01:28 in Nassau. In some cookie-cutter yet charming accommodation a man known as Hassan, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 07:29 in Madrid. In some suitable yet run-down abode an individual named Hamza, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed letter. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 08:30 in Maseru. In some decent yet typical residence an old man named Mohammed, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine note. He scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 02:31 in Barbados. In some small yet sturdy edifice a person named Biniam, who towers over most people, reads a stained certificate. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 07:32 in Budapest. In some furtive yet comfortable residence a man known as Hui, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 01:33 in Knox. In some orderly accommodation an individual who is called Scott, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled contract. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 00:34 in Belize. In some tidy yet plain habitation an individual named Hasnaa, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed manuscript. She sits up

straight.

It is now almost 08:35 in Bucharest. In some charming domicile a youth named Bereket, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling letter. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 09:36 in Mayotte. In some cookie-cutter edifice a woman known as Yelena, who is on the small side, reads a canary-colored card. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 02:37 in Guyana. In some sound habitation someone named Shan, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 09:38 in Bahrain. In some typical yet sturdy abode a youth named Tsega, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine report. She looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 09:39 in Kuwait. In some small yet adequate residence a person named Alexander, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved certificate. He scratches one ear.

It is now almost 17:40 in Pohnpei. In some decrepit shelter a man known as Youssef, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling contract. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 07:41 in Warsaw. In some comfortable dwelling an old woman named Sahar, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 00:42 in Costa Rica. In some run-down yet decent abode a person who is called Lydia, who is on the small

side, reads a embossed note. She zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 03:43 in Salta. In some orderly habitat an individual named Qiong, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 13:44 in Jakarta. In some charming habitation an individual known as Mahmoud, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 06:45 in Sao Tome. In some sturdy yet cookie-cutter edifice a woman named Hui, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. She looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 07:46 in Libreville. In some ramshackle domicile someone named Lian, who is rather large, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She sits up straight.

It is now exactly 12:47 in Chagos. In some homey domicile someone who is called Ahmed, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained manuscript. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 03:48 in Buenos Aires. In some furtive yet nice structure an old woman named Helen, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 09:49 in Volgograd. In some suitable residence an individual named Maha, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She zones completely out.

It is now right at 02:50 in Puerto Rico. In some decent

accommodation a person named Hosna, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled letter. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 18:51 in Tarawa. In some nestlike house someone known as Yohana, who is rather large, reads a pristine report. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 01:52 in Nipigon. In some undistinguished habitation a person who is called Dmitry, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored card. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 06:53 in Ouagadougou. In some comfortable yet dim house a man named Christian, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 09:54 in Asmara. In some tidy domicile a youth named Yekaterina, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 11:55 in Yekaterinburg. In some ramshackle yet sound house a youth named Andrei, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 00:56 in Tegucigalpa. In some small yet suitable house a woman named Juan, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 06:57 in Banjul. In some decent accommodation an old man named Abraham, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 12:58 in Novosibirsk. In some decrepit yet

sturdy house a person known as Berhane, who is of completely average stature, reads a embossed note. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 06:59 in Bamako. In some furtive yet homey edifice an individual named Liang, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

7

It is now right at 02:00 in Thunder Bay. In some nestlike yet undistinguished habitat a youth named Tao, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 16:01 in Jayapura. In some orderly yet ordinary edifice an old man who is called Ivan, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 01:02 in Merida. In some sound yet run-down structure a man named Hussein, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He zones completely out.

It is now right about 20:03 in Apia. In some charming residence an individual named Karim, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 03:04 in Glace Bay. In some adequate yet

cramped residence an individual named Gamila, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 09:05 in Blantyre. In some suitable house a person who is called Yun, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled envelope. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 01:06 in Tegucigalpa. In some cookie-cutter yet comfortable location a youth known as Nahum, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He scratches one ear.

It is now almost 03:07 in Antigua. In some sturdy yet typical location someone named Abeba, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 15:08 in Kuching. In some undistinguished abode someone named Feng, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 09:09 in Helsinki. In some decent yet furtive abode a man named Jim, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained certificate. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 03:10 in Aruba. In some homey yet decrepit structure an old woman known as Tizita, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She hums quietly.

It is now right about 10:11 in Antananarivo. In some ordinary domicile an old man named Bilal, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 14:12 in Hovd. In some dim accommodation a woman named Bi, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored manuscript. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 07:13 in Sao Tome. In some suitable domicile a youth who is called Maxim, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 04:14 in Cordoba. In some sound yet small habitation an individual known as Katarzyna, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling contract. She looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 04:15 in Tucuman. In some ramshackle abode a person named Desta, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved note. She sits up straight.

It is now right about 08:16 in Libreville. In some adequate yet undistinguished residence someone named Saba, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 19:17 in Kwajalein. In some typical yet nice accommodation an individual named Kenny, who is rather large, reads a pristine letter. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 22:18 in Juneau. In some sturdy dwelling a youth known as Yan, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She hums quietly.

It is now as it happens 07:19 in Nouakchott. In some dim abode a person named Guo, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained envelope. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 02:20 in Guayaquil. In some suitable

habitat an old woman named Shaimaa, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 04:21 in Stanley. In some tidy yet small accommodation an individual named Fatima, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 08:22 in Malta. In some charming habitat a person who is called Dalal, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed report. She sits up straight.

It is now almost 08:23 in Stockholm. In some homey yet cookie-cutter edifice someone named Kirubel, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored manuscript. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 15:24 in Kuching. In some ramshackle yet decent habitation a youth known as Sara, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine card. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 03:25 in Grenada. In some comfortable structure a woman named Rahiel, who towers over most people, reads a stained certificate. She looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 21:26 in Adak. In some orderly location an individual named Ni, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a small packet. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 13:27 in Mawson. In some cramped habitation a youth named Jie, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled letter. He turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 07:28 in Abidjan. In some dim yet nice

abode a man known as Sergei, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He hums quietly.

It is now right at 02:29 in Montreal. In some plain house an old man named Yong, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved envelope. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 17:30 in Vladivostok. In some sturdy location someone named Asfaw, who towers over most people, reads a crumbling note. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 06:31 in Noronha. In some cookie-cutter edifice an individual named Robel, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine manuscript. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 10:32 in Nairobi. In some decent yet run-down accommodation someone known as Kedist, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 02:33 in Eirunepe. In some charming structure a youth who is called Stephanie, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a wrinkled card. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 02:34 in Knox. In some ordinary habitation an old woman named Irina, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 17:35 in Port Moresby. In some nice yet typical location a woman named Yeshe, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained report. She sits up straight.

It is now right at 07:36 in the Canary Islands. In some suitable shelter a man named Abdallah, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 03:37 in Blanc-Sablon. In some cramped yet comfortable house an old man who is called Derege, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored envelope. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 02:38 in Knox. In some decrepit yet homey habitation someone named Hewan, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He looks away, then back.

It is now right about 00:39 in Shiprock. In some dim edifice an individual named Feven, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved letter. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 02:40 in Eirunepé. In some run-down residence a youth known as Biruk, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an embossed manuscript. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 17:41 in Brisbane. In some small yet adequate dwelling a man named Dong, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He hums quietly.

It is now exactly 08:42 in Rome. In some furtive habitation someone named Habiba, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 07:43 in Lomé. In some nestlike accommodation an old woman named Ruth, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 15:44 in Singapore. In some comfortable habitation an old man who is called Ephrem, who is on the small side, reads a stained certificate. He suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 19:45 in Majuro. In some decrepit habitation a person named Katie, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled contract. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 03:46 in Guadeloupe. In some charming yet undistinguished shelter a person known as Jian, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 09:47 in Kigali. In some nice yet dim edifice a woman named Zhen, who towers over most people, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 02:48 in Nassau. In some ordinary location a youth who is called Doha, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved envelope. She scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 09:49 in Bucharest. In some plain edifice an individual named Bill, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 08:50 in Longyearbyen. In some ramshackle dwelling a man known as Artyom, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 11:51 in Muscat. In some homey habitation someone named Dawit, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He frowns a slight

frown.

It is now right about 11:52 in Mahe. In some cookie-cutter yet tidy structure someone named Suha, who towers over most people, reads a embossed report. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 09:53 in Kaliningrad. In some adequate yet undistinguished abode a person named Marone, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained letter. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 03:54 in Lower Princes. In some comfortable yet decrepit habitat a woman known as Leah, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 08:55 in Prague. In some dim dwelling a youth named Yonas, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He hums quietly.

It is now right at 12:56 in Ashgabat. In some nestlike shelter an old woman named Lan, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 04:57 in Miquelon. In some suitable location an old man named Abdel-Rahman, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 01:58 in Iqaluit. In some homey yet cramped residence a youth named Maria, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 21:59 in Honolulu. In some charming accommodation a person named Kang, who towers over most people, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He raises one eyebrow.

8

It is now right at 12:00 in Mauritius. In some sturdy location a man known as Murad, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 11:01 in Dar es Salaam. In some sound edifice a youth named Khaled, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 17:32 in Darwin. In some nice house an individual named Tamiru, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling card. He hums quietly.

It is now as it happens 01:03 in Creston. In some orderly habitat someone named Fang, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved note. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 10:04 in Windhoek. In some adequate shelter a woman known as Samrawit, who usually turns to

look up to other people, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She zones completely out.

It is now exactly 19:05 in Magadan. In some suitable shelter a person named Darren, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 17:06 in Yakutsk. In some cramped yet charming location an individual named Dan, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored contract. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 03:07 in Marengo. In some homey yet undistinguished habitat an old man named Taha, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 10:08 in Jerusalem. In some furtive yet decent accommodation a man known as Haile, who is on the small side, reads a stained report. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 16:09 in Chongqing. In some ordinary yet comfortable dwelling someone named Nick, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled certificate. He scratches one ear.

It is now right about 05:10 in Rio Gallegos. In some tidy yet cookie-cutter house an old woman named Johanna, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine card. She looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 19:11 in Guadalcanal. In some typical habitat a youth who is called Buffy, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 06:12 in Recife. In some plain yet suitable

abode a person named Abi, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed note. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 03:13 in Vevay. In some orderly habitat an individual known as Hassan, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved envelope. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 01:14 in Bahia Banderas. In some undistinguished yet homey residence a person named Ting, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained report. She sits up straight.

It is now exactly 10:15 in Kiev. In some sound yet furtive habitat a youth named Yordanos, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 10:16 in Riga. In some ordinary yet charming house a man named Wei, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 08:17 in Abidjan. In some run-down yet sturdy shelter a person named Ali, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 17:18 in Tokyo. In some cramped yet nestlike location an old man known as Zecharias, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored letter. He chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 12:19 in Oral. In some decrepit accommodation an individual who is called Tigest, who is rather large, reads a crumbling contract. She zones

completely out.

It is now exactly 04:20 in St. Thomas. In some small domicile an old woman named Haben, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine card. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 08:21 in Banjul. In some comfortable yet undistinguished house a youth named Mahmoud, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained note. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 14:22 in Colombo. In some plain abode a youth named Yulia, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled envelope. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 17:23 in Tokyo. In some adequate residence a person known as Xia, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling report. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 10:24 in Kiev. In some orderly yet run-down abode an individual named Teodros, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He sits up straight.

It is now almost 01:25 in Bahia Banderas. In some typical yet sturdy habitation an individual named Reem, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 10:26 in Chisinau. In some decrepit habitat a woman named Eden, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine manuscript. She zones completely out.

It is now right at 09:27 in Brussels. In some cookie-cutter yet suitable edifice an old woman named Hasnaa, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored certificate.

She looks away, then back.

It is now right about 00:28 in Los Angeles. In some cramped yet comfortable accommodation someone known as Shewit, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 09:29 in Copenhagen. In some furtive yet tidy habitat a person named Natalia, who is on the small side, reads a stained contract. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 09:30 in Warsaw. In some decent yet small structure someone named Alexey, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 08:31 in Dakar. In some sound yet run-down habitation a man named Christian, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved card. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 10:32 in Maputo. In some plain yet sturdy dwelling an old man who is called An, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine note. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 09:33 in Vaduz. In some undistinguished accommodation a youth known as Elias, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled manuscript. He scratches one ear.

It is now almost 04:34 in La Paz. In some orderly yet typical edifice a person named Hamza, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 09:35 in Lagos. In some charming domicile a

man named Peng, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 08:36 in Freetown. In some ordinary yet adequate residence an old man who is called Leonardo, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed envelope. He turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 11:37 in Djibouti. In some decent yet cramped habitat an individual named Fajr, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored letter. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 11:38 in Syowa. In some suitable dwelling an individual known as Melak, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained contract. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 13:39 in Aqtobe. In some decrepit yet tidy house an old woman named Senait, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a small packet. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 00:40 in Pitcairn. In some sturdy structure someone named Cheng, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 09:41 in Warsaw. In some plain abode a woman named Cai, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 11:42 in Mogadishu. In some run-down yet comfortable edifice a man who is called Tao, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled certificate. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 05:43 in Buenos Aires. In some homey yet typical residence a youth named Gebre, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He sits up straight.

It is now precisely 17:44 in Yakutsk. In some adequate dwelling a youth named Yelena, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling note. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 03:45 in Jamaica. In some sound structure someone named Jerusalem, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She turns entirely around.

It is now right about 17:46 in Tokyo. In some ramshackle yet nestlike habitation a person who is called Tamrat, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored envelope. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 04:47 in Blanc-Sablon. In some sturdy yet small house an old man named Ezra, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 16:48 in Casey. In some ordinary edifice someone named Zenon, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 04:49 in Montserrat. In some plain yet tidy edifice a person named Bethlehem, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 12:20 in Tehran. In some suitable accommodation a woman who is called Fatma, who towers

over most people, reads a pristine card. She hums quietly.

It is now right about 05:51 in Campo Grande. In some orderly yet typical domicile a youth named Ali, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled letter. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 04:52 in Guadeloupe. In some run-down domicile a youth named Gang, who is on the small side, reads a embossed contract. He zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 09:53 in Rome. In some furtive yet homey residence a person named Ermias, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 08:54 in Accra. In some small edifice an individual known as Lydia, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 12:55 in Baku. In some decent yet dim residence an old man named Omar, who towers over most people, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He sits up straight.

It is now exactly 02:56 in Rankin Inlet. In some comfortable residence a man named Halim, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 09:57 in Warsaw. In some decrepit yet nestlike edifice an old woman named Yekaterina, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved manuscript. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 03:58 in Grand Turk. In some typical yet

suitable abode a woman who is called Tatiana, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling envelope. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 19:59 in Kosrae. In some tidy yet ordinary edifice someone named Tareq, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He scratches one ear.

9

It is now right about 04:00 in Jamaica. In some adequate dwelling a youth known as Yun, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled certificate. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 02:01 in Phoenix. In some sound location an individual named Rowan, who towers over most people, reads a stained report. She suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 11:02 in Juba. In some homey accommodation someone named Yohana, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved contract. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 12:03 in Volgograd. In some undistinguished yet charming structure a woman named Qiong, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed card. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 06:04 in Palmer. In some sturdy habitation a person named Jim, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 12:05 in Comoro. In some small yet nestlike structure a youth who is called Alexander, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored manuscript. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 06:06 in Ushuaia. In some cramped abode a youth named Farida, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 22:07 in Enderbury. In some run-down yet adequate habitation an individual named Karim, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 16:08 in Vientiane. In some comfortable dwelling an old man named Robel, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling envelope. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 06:09 in Asuncion. In some orderly dwelling a person who is called Manna, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine letter. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 11:10 in Johannesburg. In some sound yet undistinguished structure an individual named Dalal, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 19:11 in Lindeman. In some decrepit yet homey domicile a person named Bilal, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 07:12 in Araguaina. In some ramshackle accommodation a woman named Gamalat, who is on the small side, reads a stained note. She turns entirely around.

It is now right about 03:13 in Matamoros. In some furtive yet charming dwelling someone known as Shan, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored certificate. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 03:14 in Tegucigalpa. In some cramped house a youth named Abdallah, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled manuscript. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 05:15 in Montserrat. In some comfortable domicile an old woman named Bi, who is rather large, reads a crumbling report. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 03:16 in Monterrey. In some nestlike yet run-down habitat a person named Olga, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 11:17 in Khartoum. In some plain yet tidy location a woman known as Maha, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 18:18 in Choibalsan. In some adequate yet cookie-cutter structure a youth who is called Azeb, who is on the small side, reads a pristine contract. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 11:19 in Tallinn. In some decrepit yet sound location an individual named Fatin, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved card. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 08:20 in Scoresbysund. In some nice yet typical location a person named Ni, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code on

an over-the-counter drug container. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 03:21 in Guatemala. In some cramped yet charming shelter a man named Hui, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 09:22 in Bamako. In some undistinguished yet comfortable habitat someone who is called Saba, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 19:23 in Brisbane. In some homey yet small domicile an individual named Selim, who is rather large, reads a stained certificate. He chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 17:24 in Casey. In some ordinary edifice an old woman named Kedist, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She sits up straight.

It is now only a moment before 03:25 in Swift Current. In some decent yet dim domicile a person named Mathios, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling manuscript. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 10:26 in Tirane. In some furtive yet sturdy location a woman named Amaranth, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 09:27 in Casablanca. In some nestlike yet ramshackle edifice an individual named Tizita, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 11:28 in Zaporozhye. In some decrepit accommodation a youth known as Habiba, who towers over most people, reads a pristine note. She zones completely out.

It is now almost 20:29 in Lord Howe. In some orderly yet cookie-cutter location a person named Gamila, who is rather large, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 07:30 in Bahia. In some typical yet adequate accommodation a woman named Shaimaa, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 09:31 in Abidjan. In some sound yet ordinary habitation someone named Ibrahim, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 06:32 in Tucuman. In some run-down residence a man known as Derege, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored letter. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 15:33 in Novosibirsk. In some dim shelter an individual who is called Yong, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 11:34 in Harare. In some ramshackle yet tidy structure an old man named Nahum, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained report. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 10:35 in Vaduz. In some cramped habitation a person named Feng, who is on the small side, reads a

well-preserved certificate. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 14:36 in Samarkand. In some orderly location someone named Sara, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine contract. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 15:37 in Almaty. In some typical habitat a man known as Tadesse, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored envelope. He chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 12:38 in Aden. In some nice yet plain domicile a youth named Lili, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled letter. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 05:39 in Curacao. In some cookie-cutter dwelling someone named Jian, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 05:40 in Halifax. In some sound yet ordinary dwelling a person who is called Maria, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved report. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 04:41 in Winamac. In some dim shelter a woman known as Zhen, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 06:12 in St. John's. In some ramshackle yet sturdy habitat someone named Tsega, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 03:43 in Center. In some small yet homey structure a youth named Stephanie, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine manuscript.

She zones completely out.

It is now right about 13:14 in Tehran. In some comfortable domicile a youth who is called Amanual, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored certificate. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 10:45 in the Vatican. In some decrepit yet nestlike edifice a person named Yonas, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained envelope. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 11:46 in Kaliningrad. In some cookie-cutter yet decent accommodation an individual known as Kirubel, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled contract. He chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 10:47 in Madrid. In some tidy residence a person named Mahlet, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 13:48 in Oral. In some typical shelter someone named Ivan, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 05:49 in Montserrat. In some plain yet sturdy habitation a youth who is called Hanok, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed note. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 05:50 in Tortola. In some small yet adequate habitat a man named Darius, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He looks away, then back.

It is now right about 17:51 in Irkutsk. In some ramshackle yet

homey structure a person named Biniam, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved report. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 03:52 in Monterrey. In some comfortable habitation a woman named Anna, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She hums quietly.

It is now precisely 15:53 in Colombo. In some run-down yet orderly house an old man known as Hewan, who towers over most people, reads a stained manuscript. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 04:54 in Vincennes. In some decent yet undistinguished house an individual who is called Juan, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now exactly 14:55 in Yekaterinburg. In some sound location a youth named Jie, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 09:56 in Banjul. In some decrepit habitat someone named Wen, who is on the small side, reads a wrinkled letter. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 09:57 in Abidjan. In some tidy domicile a person named Evgeny, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 06:58 in Belem. In some small yet adequate structure a man named De, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling card. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 09:59 in Guernsey. In some comfortable yet dim habitat an old man named Hussein, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He sits up straight.

10

It is now right about 22:00 in Wallis. In some nice accommodation someone named Kidus, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed note. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 10:01 in Casablanca. In some orderly structure someone named Feven, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine report. She turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 08:02 in Fortaleza. In some cramped abode an old woman known as Helen, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 12:03 in Bujumbura. In some nestlike house a woman named Ashraquat, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored manuscript. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 18:04 in Irkutsk. In some suitable yet undistinguished structure an individual named Hong, who is

of completely average stature, reads a well-preserved envelope. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 16:05 in Qyzylorda. In some sturdy domicile a youth named Ruth, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 17:06 in Davis. In some decent yet plain residence a person named Hui, who is on the small side, reads an embossed certificate. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 13:07 in Baghdad. In some run-down yet comfortable accommodation someone who is called Suha, who is rather large, reads a stained letter. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 07:08 in San Juan. In some homey edifice an individual named Dawit, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled card. He scratches one ear.

It is now almost 18:09 in Kuching. In some cookie-cutter habitat an old woman known as Zewdy, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored note. She suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 11:10 in Algiers. In some sound yet cramped house a person named Fasil, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 10:11 in the Faroe Islands. In some tidy house a woman who is called Shahd, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved report. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 11:12 in Berlin. In some orderly dwelling a

youth named Vanessa, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 16:13 in Thimphu. In some small yet sturdy edifice an individual named Hosniya, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed certificate. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 11:14 in Ndjamena. In some nestlike yet typical domicile a person named Haben, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now almost 13:15 in Qatar. In some nice yet decrepit residence a woman who is called Hasnaa, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 10:16 in Freetown. In some furtive structure an old man named Shewit, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 12:17 in Lubumbashi. In some dim shelter someone known as Wei, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a stained letter. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 12:18 in Juba. In some undistinguished yet sound abode an old woman named Fang, who is rather large, reads a pristine manuscript. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 10:19 in Casablanca. In some comfortable yet cramped house an individual named Jennifer, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list from a

recipe clipping. She sits up straight.

It is now right about 11:20 in Warsaw. In some ordinary yet adequate accommodation a youth who is called Tigist, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling envelope. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 22:21 in Funafuti. In some suitable residence someone named Lian, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored report. She zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 13:22 in Mayotte. In some orderly domicile a woman named Yeshi, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a wrinkled card. She chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 10:23 in Nouakchott. In some sturdy yet run-down dwelling a youth named Haile, who towers over most people, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 13:24 in Baghdad. In some furtive yet tidy residence an individual named Dong, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 07:25 in Rothera. In some nestlike yet dim accommodation a person who is called Scott, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 17:26 in Davis. In some small yet comfortable structure a person named Alem, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 05:27 in Panama. In some nice yet decrepit shelter someone named Zecharias, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 04:28 in Tegucigalpa. In some homey yet ordinary location an individual named Doha, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 08:29 in Fortaleza. In some decent edifice a youth named Alexey, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 03:30 in Yellowknife. In some adequate yet ramshackle domicile an old woman named Ai, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 11:31 in Zurich. In some suitable yet plain location a woman known as Buffy, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine note. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 06:32 in Moncton. In some tidy yet furtive house an old man who is called Bill, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 14:33 in Dubai. In some typical abode a youth named Yulia, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained contract. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 12:34 in Johannesburg. In some sound yet decrepit accommodation someone named Bethlehem, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She

hums quietly.

It is now as it happens 21:35 in Guadalcanal. In some nice yet run-down edifice a man named Darren, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved certificate. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 07:36 in Paramaribo. In some small yet homey habitation an old woman who is called Fajr, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 04:37 in El Salvador. In some ordinary shelter a woman named Lan, who is of completely average stature, reads a embossed report. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 05:38 in Eirunepe. In some nestlike house a person named Ali, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She sits up straight.

It is now right about 00:39 in Rarotonga. In some sturdy house someone known as Bo, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored card. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 20:40 in Vladivostok. In some comfortable yet ramshackle location an individual named Aya, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 23:41 in Fiji. In some decent shelter a youth who is called Hassan, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained manuscript. He looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 03:42 in Creston. In some tidy structure an old man named Abi, who is significantly smaller than others of

the same age, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He hums quietly.

It is now exactly 11:43 in San Marino. In some adequate location an individual named Elias, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 05:44 in Vincennes. In some dim edifice a person named Murad, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling envelope. He chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 06:45 in Marigot. In some cookie-cutter yet sound location a man who is called Andrei, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He scratches one ear.

It is now right about 10:46 in Banjul. In some plain yet suitable dwelling someone known as Yassin, who is rather large, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 13:47 in Aden. In some undistinguished yet nestlike house someone named Manna, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 10:48 in London. In some typical abode an individual named Hamza, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine letter. He sits up straight.

It is now almost 16:49 in Mawson. In some tidy yet furtive accommodation a person named Mohammed, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a wrinkled certificate. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 01:50 in Yakutat. In some run-down residence a youth named Liang, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 05:51 in Knox. In some decrepit residence a woman who is called Xia, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 06:52 in Manaus. In some nice accommodation an old woman named Johanna, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed report. She suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 09:53 in Cape Verde. In some orderly structure an individual known as Marone, who towers over most people, reads a stained card. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 21:54 in Noumea. In some cookie-cutter edifice a person named Yekaterina, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 10:55 in Sao Tome. In some sound yet undistinguished habitation someone named Mahmoud, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 11:56 in Madrid. In some dim yet decent habitat a man named Zenon, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling envelope. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 11:57 in Copenhagen. In some sturdy yet typical habitat a youth who is called Reem, who usually

turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled contract. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 22:58 in Kwajalein. In some ordinary habitation someone named Na, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She turns entirely around.

It is now right about 17:59 in Christmas. In some cramped yet comfortable accommodation a woman known as Xian, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored manuscript. She suddenly collapses.

11

It is now only a moment before 12:00 in Stockholm. In some tidy yet run-down domicile an individual named Kenny, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 08:01 in Campo Grande. In some adequate yet decrepit abode an old woman named Yan, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 23:02 in Kamchatka. In some nice edifice an old man who is called Dmitry, who is rather large, reads a pristine report. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 07:03 in St. Kitts. In some homey shelter a person named Yun, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained card. She hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 13:04 in Tallinn. In some ramshackle yet orderly domicile a person named Bilal, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the

warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 13:05 in Cairo. In some plain edifice a youth known as Luwam, who is on the small side, reads a embossed envelope. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 22:06 in Currie. In some ordinary yet decent residence someone named Teodros, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. He scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 06:07 in Lima. In some sturdy residence someone who is called Shan, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled note. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 12:08 in Warsaw. In some suitable yet typical house an individual named Tareq, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved certificate. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 08:09 in Buenos Aires. In some furtive yet tidy location an old woman known as Maha, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 13:10 in Kaliningrad. In some dim house an old man named Melak, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 16:11 in Dushanbe. In some cramped yet nice domicile a person who is called Li, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 15:42 in Kabul. In some cookie-cutter

abode a youth named Selim, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He zones completely out.

It is now precisely 18:13 in Jakarta. In some decent yet plain accommodation a youth known as Tatiana, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She scratches one ear.

It is now right at 06:14 in Jamaica. In some homey residence an individual named Christie, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 12:15 in Kinshasa. In some typical yet sturdy accommodation a person who is called Nick, who is rather large, reads a crumbling letter. He sits up straight.

It is now exactly 01:16 in Tongatapu. In some decrepit habitation a woman named Senait, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine card. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 05:17 in Rainy River. In some furtive edifice someone named Yared, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 06:18 in Thunder Bay. In some small yet adequate abode a person named Kedist, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 08:19 in Cayenne. In some nestlike yet dim accommodation someone known as Cai, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed report. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 04:20 in Dawson Creek. In some cookie-cutter yet nice structure an old woman who is called Jill, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 13:21 in Mariehamn. In some cramped domicile a youth named Tsege, who is rather large, reads a stained contract. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 11:22 in Dakar. In some homey location a man named Yong, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 12:23 in Algiers. In some charming yet decrepit habitation an old man named Sergei, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved note. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 20:24 in Tokyo. In some furtive yet tidy structure an individual who is called Artyom, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 07:25 in Guyana. In some small yet sound habitat a person named Jim, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 07:26 in Kralendijk. In some dim yet orderly domicile someone known as Ahmed, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling certificate. He chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 19:27 in Singapore. In some suitable abode a man named Gebre, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine envelope. He zones completely out.

It is now right about 15:28 in Samara. In some decent yet undistinguished house a person named Lili, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 09:29 in Sao Paulo. In some nice yet cramped habitation an individual named Dalal, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 15:30 in Mahe. In some ramshackle dwelling an old man who is called Robel, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled report. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 04:31 in Shiprock. In some cookie-cutter yet tidy accommodation an old woman named Samrawit, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed card. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 06:32 in Montreal. In some charming yet run-down shelter a person named Karim, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved note. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 05:33 in Monterrey. In some typical location a woman named Tizita, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored contract. She suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 11:34 in the Canary Islands. In some ordinary accommodation a youth who is called Shewit, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 12:35 in the Vatican. In some decent yet furtive house an individual named Zhen, who towers over

most people, reads a crumbling manuscript. She looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 11:36 in El Aaiun. In some orderly yet plain edifice an individual known as Brad, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 12:37 in Luanda. In some ramshackle yet nestlike domicile a person named Juan, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained certificate. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 17:38 in Omsk. In some comfortable house a woman who is called Qian, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled envelope. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 13:39 in Zaporozhye. In some run-down structure someone named Katarzyna, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 07:40 in Goose Bay. In some dim yet homey shelter a youth named Tsega, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 17:41 in Vostok. In some ordinary yet nice abode a man known as Maxim, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine note. He hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 06:42 in Tell City. In some typical residence an individual named Yelena, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 07:43 in Dominica. In some orderly dwelling an old man named Halim, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a small packet. He looks away, then back.

It is now right about 05:44 in Cambridge Bay. In some suitable abode a person named Azeb, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved report. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 05:45 in Chicago. In some cramped domicile an old woman who is called Vanessa, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 06:46 in Nipigon. In some ramshackle yet charming edifice someone named Tadesse, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained card. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 23:47 in Wallis. In some small yet decent abode a woman named Ting, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 01:48 in Johnston. In some comfortable yet ordinary shelter an individual named Abeba, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now right about 12:49 in Kinshasa. In some cookie-cutter habitat a youth who is called Feng, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 18:50 in Hovd. In some typical yet nice dwelling a youth named Zewdy, who is significantly smaller

than others of the same age, reads a embossed manuscript. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 08:51 in Rio Gallegos. In some nestlike house someone known as Katie, who towers over most people, reads a pristine certificate. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 18:52 in Ho Chi Minh. In some tidy yet decrepit abode an old woman named Rahiel, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved envelope. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 04:53 in Chihuahua. In some orderly accommodation an individual named Mikhail, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 13:54 in Helsinki. In some dim structure a person who is called Khaled, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored report. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 11:55 in the Faroe Islands. In some charming yet ordinary edifice a person known as Maria, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling card. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 12:56 in Longyearbyen. In some run-down yet decent residence a woman named Rowan, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine manuscript. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 19:57 in Dili. In some sound structure an old man named Abraham, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 00:58 in Fiji. In some typical yet comfortable accommodation an individual named Sahar, who is rather large, reads a stained contract. She hums quietly.

It is now exactly 23:59 in Majuro. In some tidy domicile a youth known as Alexander, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He sits up straight.

12

It is now almost 12:00 in Madeira. In some suitable yet undistinguished residence someone named Eden, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored note. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 20:01 in Dili. In some orderly edifice a youth named Ruth, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 23:02 in Macquarie. In some cramped shelter a person who is called Fatma, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling report. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 16:03 in Tbilisi. In some small domicile an old woman named Qiong, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 13:04 in Oslo. In some charming yet furtive

structure a woman named Ashraquat, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 12:05 in Madeira. In some dim yet nice edifice an individual named Taha, who is rather large, reads a embossed letter. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 19:06 in Ho Chi Minh. In some sound yet ordinary residence a man named Araya, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained card. He hums quietly.

It is now exactly 18:07 in Thimphu. In some undistinguished yet decent edifice an individual who is called Fatima, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled certificate. She looks away, then back.

It is now right about 17:08 in Ashgabat. In some decrepit abode a person named Christian, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved envelope. He zones completely out.

It is now precisely 09:09 in Belem. In some run-down yet comfortable structure a youth known as Dan, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 07:10 in Toronto. In some cramped yet suitable accommodation an old man named Leonardo, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 13:11 in Ceuta. In some tidy yet ramshackle habitation someone who is called Gamalat, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She frowns a slight

frown.

It is now exactly 23:12 in Sydney. In some cookie-cutter accommodation a woman named Amaranth, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored report. She suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 03:13 in Gambier. In some sturdy abode someone known as Wen, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He scratches one ear.

It is now right at 14:14 in Uzhgorod. In some charming yet furtive structure an old woman named Anastasia, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed contract. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 09:15 in La Rioja. In some plain dwelling a youth who is called Yulia, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She sits up straight.

It is now almost 00:16 in Tarawa. In some comfortable structure an individual named Hosniya, who is rather large, reads a stained card. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 13:17 in Tunis. In some undistinguished dwelling a person known as Desta, who towers over most people, reads a crumbling letter. She hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 14:18 in Mbabane. In some decent yet decrepit residence an old woman named Fatin, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled manuscript. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 12:19 in Casablanca. In some run-down residence an individual named Ermias, who is significantly

smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 09:20 in Salta. In some small habitation a man named Abdel-Rahman, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 02:06 in Chatham. In some charming habitation an old man who is called Hanok, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored certificate. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 02:52 in Marquesas. In some homey house someone named Ni, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved report. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 05:23 in Bahia Banderas. In some comfortable yet plain habitat a youth named Kang, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling note. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 06:24 in Menominee. In some typical edifice an individual named Biniam, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 14:25 in Istanbul. In some nestlike yet cramped dwelling an individual named Shaimaa, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 12:26 in Banjul. In some decent location a person named Ezra, who towers over most people, reads a stained envelope. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 08:27 in Porto Velho. In some run-down yet

nice edifice a person known as Hosna, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed manuscript. She looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 14:28 in Kiev. In some small yet charming structure someone named Ali, who is on the small side, reads a pristine certificate. He hums quietly.

It is now exactly 15:29 in Asmara. In some orderly residence a youth named Habiba, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled letter. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 07:30 in Jamaica. In some homey yet plain edifice a woman named Elsa, who is rather large, reads a crumbling contract. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 06:31 in Rainy River. In some comfortable yet typical abode a youth who is called Berhane, who towers over most people, reads a embossed card. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 15:32 in Antananarivo. In some nestlike yet decrepit habitation someone named Shahd, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 19:33 in Davis. In some tidy structure an individual known as Hasnaa, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 19:34 in Christmas. In some suitable yet cramped location a person named Haben, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved envelope. She zones completely out.

It is now right about 12:35 in Guernsey. In some sound yet

ordinary structure a woman named Feven, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine note. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 19:36 in Bangkok. In some charming yet ramshackle habitation an individual who is called Ephrem, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 14:37 in Johannesburg. In some plain accommodation someone named Yeshi, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She sits up straight.

It is now almost 19:08 in Cocos. In some comfortable structure an old woman named Sara, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 02:39 in Adak. In some run-down dwelling an old man named Fasil, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling manuscript. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 14:40 in Uzhgorod. In some furtive structure an individual known as Fajr, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed report. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 17:41 in Karachi. In some small yet homey shelter a woman named Ai, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 13:42 in Kinshasa. In some decrepit yet sturdy habitat a man who is called Hassan, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained letter. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 08:43 in La Paz. In some charming location a youth named Tamiru, who is on the small side, reads a pristine envelope. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 14:44 in Uzhgorod. In some typical dwelling a person named Gamila, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 20:45 in Makassar. In some ramshackle habitat an individual named Gang, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved note. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 00:46 in Nauru. In some tidy location a youth named Hui, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling card. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 14:47 in Juba. In some cramped residence an individual named Anna, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 01:48 in Midway. In some nestlike abode a person known as Hewan, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He hums quietly.

It is now right at 17:49 in Samarkand. In some sound structure an old woman named Natalia, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled report. She chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 12:50 in Lome. In some plain residence a woman named Reem, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 09:51 in Mendoza. In some decrepit structure someone named Xian, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on a small packet. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 08:52 in Moncton. In some typical yet charming residence an old man named Wei, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 12:53 in Lisbon. In some ordinary residence a youth named Aya, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 01:54 in Midway. In some cramped yet sturdy accommodation a youth who is called Murad, who is on the small side, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He sits up straight.

It is now precisely 17:55 in Ashgabat. In some undistinguished yet suitable edifice an individual named Yohana, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 14:56 in Windhoek. In some small residence someone named Biruk, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored manuscript. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 20:57 in Dili. In some adequate abode an individual named Darren, who towers over most people, reads a stained letter. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 05:58 in Boise. In some decrepit yet homey abode an old woman named Bi, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a

well-preserved note. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 12:59 in Casablanca. In some dim habitat a person known as Marone, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She scratches one ear.

13

It is now precisely 07:00 in Menominee. In some plain yet orderly house a man named Kidus, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 14:01 in Belgrade. In some sturdy abode a youth named Shewit, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 16:02 in Mogadishu. In some charming structure someone named Zhen, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine card. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 01:03 in Majuro. In some undistinguished habitat an individual who is called Fang, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed report. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 08:04 in Bogota. In some ramshackle yet

decent shelter a woman known as Dalal, who is on the small side, reads a wrinkled contract. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 15:05 in Chisinau. In some run-down residence a person named Samrawit, who is rather large, reads a well-preserved letter. She sits up straight.

It is now exactly 04:06 in Nome. In some decrepit residence an old woman named Maha, who towers over most people, reads a stained manuscript. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 15:07 in Zaporozhye. In some typical location an old man named Hamza, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored certificate. He scratches one ear.

It is now almost 09:08 in Manaus. In some orderly yet small shelter a person known as Kenny, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 10:09 in Mendoza. In some cookie-cutter residence a youth who is called Bill, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 22:10 in Jayapura. In some ordinary yet suitable structure an individual named Yordanos, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 07:11 in Menominee. In some undistinguished habitation an individual named Helen, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling envelope. She turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 14:12 in Bangui. In some run-down yet

comfortable dwelling a woman known as Lydia, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed contract. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 08:13 in Vincennes. In some furtive yet decent abode someone named Yelena, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 15:14 in Kaliningrad. In some sound yet ramshackle accommodation someone who is called Peng, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 08:15 in Vincennes. In some dim dwelling an old woman named Buffy, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved note. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 07:16 in Merida. In some small habitat a person known as Evgeny, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 21:17 in Kuching. In some decrepit yet adequate location a man named Youssef, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored report. He chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 13:18 in Bissau. In some ordinary accommodation an old man named Teodros, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 21:19 in Irkutsk. In some nestlike structure an individual named Qian, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled letter. She suddenly

collapses.

It is now right about 01:20 in Funafuti. In some sturdy yet run-down abode a youth named Luwam, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 22:21 in Seoul. In some suitable yet cookie-cutter habitat someone named Juan, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine manuscript. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 13:22 in Abidjan. In some comfortable location a woman named Shu, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 10:23 in Cordoba. In some cramped structure an individual who is called Hussein, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an embossed certificate. He hums quietly.

It is now exactly 20:24 in Novokuznetsk. In some orderly yet furtive habitation a person named Dawit, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved card. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 04:25 in Nome. In some decrepit shelter someone named Tamrat, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 07:26 in Monticello. In some charming yet ramshackle location a youth known as Alexey, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled report. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 09:27 in Thule. In some sound shelter a man who is called Abdallah, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine contract. He sits up straight.

It is now only a moment before 02:28 in Fiji. In some dim abode an individual named Almaz, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored note. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 00:29 in Sydney. In some cookie-cutter yet homey dwelling an old woman named Mahlet, who towers over most people, reads a stained letter. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 09:30 in Aruba. In some undistinguished residence a person known as Irina, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved manuscript. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 14:31 in Bangui. In some tidy dwelling someone who is called Tigist, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 14:32 in Vaduz. In some small domicile a person named Eyobel, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled card. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 15:33 in Minsk. In some nice abode an individual named Zecharias, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine envelope. He chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 10:34 in Tucuman. In some plain structure an old man named Yong, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 09:35 in Halifax. In some charming yet run-down domicile a man known as Ivan, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed certificate. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 22:36 in Yakutsk. In some homey residence a woman named Hong, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling report. She sits up straight.

It is now right about 09:37 in Kralendijk. In some ordinary habitat a person named Bereket, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He scratches one ear.

It is now right at 23:38 in Saipan. In some decent house someone named Jim, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 15:39 in Cairo. In some decrepit house a youth known as Ahmed, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 10:40 in Asuncion. In some ramshackle yet suitable habitat an old man named Hui, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved manuscript. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 13:41 in Banjul. In some nice dwelling an individual named Robel, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine card. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 00:42 in Melbourne. In some adequate habitation a person named Shewit, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on an

over-the-counter drug container. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 08:43 in Petersburg. In some homey domicile someone known as Liang, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled contract. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 16:44 in Antananarivo. In some sturdy house an individual who is called Ruth, who is on the small side, reads a stained envelope. She zones completely out.

It is now exactly 06:45 in Phoenix. In some nestlike yet cramped location a youth named Ibrahim, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 04:46 in Sitka. In some charming yet plain abode an old man named Nahum, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 14:47 in Warsaw. In some typical yet sound domicile a man known as Halim, who is rather large, reads a well-preserved certificate. He sits up straight.

It is now precisely 14:48 in Kinshasa. In some undistinguished structure an old woman who is called Yan, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling letter. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 04:49 in Yakutat. In some adequate yet cookie-cutter residence someone named Fatma, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored card. She looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 07:50 in Tegucigalpa. In some decent yet ramshackle domicile a woman named Na, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up

word on a small packet. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 09:51 in St. Vincent. In some suitable yet ordinary house an individual named Fatima, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She turns entirely around.

It is now almost 20:52 in Novokuznetsk. In some nice yet run-down abode a person known as Olga, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 07:53 in Swift Current. In some plain yet nestlike shelter an individual who is called Kirubel, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 14:54 in Douala. In some cramped yet charming shelter a person named Omar, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed note. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 21:55 in Makassar. In some decrepit habitation an old woman named Qiong, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved report. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 03:56 in Johnston. In some homey yet small accommodation an old man known as Brad, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He scratches one ear.

It is now almost 07:57 in Managua. In some furtive accommodation someone named Tsega, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained certificate. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 13:58 in Bissau. In some ramshackle house a youth named Lian, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored envelope. She chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 13:59 in Abidjan. In some dim yet nice habitation a person named Tsege, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She nods, very deliberately.

14

It is now exactly 00:00 in Vladivostok. In some suitable structure an individual known as Cai, who is on the small side, reads a pristine manuscript. She looks away, then back.

It is now right about 20:01 in Omsk. In some cookie-cutter yet nestlike accommodation a youth who is called Yared, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling letter. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 19:02 in Bishkek. In some run-down yet charming habitation a man named Mikhail, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 16:03 in Kaliningrad. In some typical accommodation a woman named Dan, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 04:04 in Honolulu. In some adequate domicile someone known as Artyom, who is no larger or

smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He scratches one ear.

It is now right about 10:05 in Anguilla. In some tidy habitation an old woman named Jill, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on a small packet. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 07:06 in New Salem. In some undistinguished yet sturdy abode a person named Shan, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 16:07 in Hebron. In some homey yet dim residence an individual named Dong, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 15:08 in Vaduz. In some orderly house an individual named Elsa, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 16:09 in Jerusalem. In some ramshackle location a youth who is called Asfaw, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved card. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 15:10 in Ceuta. In some sound yet run-down domicile a woman named Christie, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 22:11 in Perth. In some plain accommodation an old woman known as Katarzyna, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She

nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 17:12 in Kampala. In some decrepit yet suitable domicile a youth named Lili, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 17:13 in Kuwait. In some nestlike domicile an old man who is called Araya, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained note. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 19:14 in Ashgabat. In some adequate yet furtive dwelling an individual named Jerusalem, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 09:15 in Vevay. In some tidy structure someone named Wen, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 06:16 in Vancouver. In some orderly residence someone named Habiba, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored certificate. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 15:17 in Amsterdam. In some charming yet ordinary dwelling a person who is called Sahar, who is on the small side, reads a embossed manuscript. She zones completely out.

It is now right about 10:18 in Blanc-Sablon. In some ramshackle residence a youth named Desta, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled report. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 23:19 in Tokyo. In some sound house a man

named De, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling contract. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 14:20 in Bamako. In some decrepit house a youth named Maxim, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine envelope. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 15:21 in Skopje. In some dim domicile an old woman named Gamalat, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 09:22 in Port-au-Prince. In some nestlike yet furtive edifice a person named Tao, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a stained note. He suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 15:23 in Podgorica. In some run-down yet decent house a woman named Tatiana, who is rather large, reads a embossed manuscript. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 09:24 in Eirunepe. In some small accommodation an individual who is called Mohammed, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored letter. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 14:25 in Ouagadougou. In some typical yet comfortable domicile someone named Mathios, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 07:26 in Bahia Banderas. In some sound yet cookie-cutter location a person named Bethlehem, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling card. She scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 07:27 in New Salem. In some decrepit yet homey abode an old man named Mahmoud, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 07:28 in Mazatlan. In some adequate abode a man known as Tareq, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 21:29 in Bangkok. In some ramshackle yet tidy habitat a youth named Anna, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled certificate. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 23:30 in Pyongyang. In some sturdy house a person named Jie, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on a small packet. He zones completely out.

It is now precisely 00:31 in Port Moresby. In some nice yet dim accommodation a youth who is called Ali, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed note. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 04:32 in Johnston. In some suitable yet ordinary accommodation an individual named Saba, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 07:33 in Yellowknife. In some run-down yet charming structure an old man named Melak, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 09:34 in Nassau. In some furtive yet

homey accommodation a woman known as Yeshi, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She scratches one ear.

It is now right at 10:35 in Tortola. In some cookie-cutter yet orderly abode an old woman named Ai, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored manuscript. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 01:36 in Melbourne. In some adequate yet ramshackle residence a person named Gamila, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained envelope. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 15:37 in Stockholm. In some decent shelter an individual named Scott, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 10:38 in Martinique. In some nestlike abode someone known as Taha, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved report. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 16:39 in Athens. In some suitable residence a man who is called Daniel, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 08:40 in Pangnirtung. In some sturdy yet typical structure a youth named Azeb, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling letter. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 17:41 in Baghdad. In some undistinguished edifice a youth named Yonas, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an embossed contract. He chews a

fingernail.

It is now as it happens 15:42 in Brazzaville. In some nice yet ordinary domicile an individual named Doha, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained manuscript. She looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 14:43 in Lome. In some cookie-cutter structure an old man who is called Alexander, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 01:44 in Macquarie. In some furtive yet orderly habitation someone named Abinet, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine card. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 07:45 in Inuvik. In some comfortable yet plain location an old woman named Shewit, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on a small packet. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 16:46 in Jerusalem. In some charming house a person named Aya, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 22:47 in Kashgar. In some adequate residence a person named Hamza, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 10:48 in Antigua. In some sturdy edifice someone named Xia, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 11:49 in Catamarca. In some nestlike yet undistinguished shelter a youth named Fasil, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled certificate. He sits up straight.

It is now precisely 16:50 in Tallinn. In some cookie-cutter yet sound shelter an old man named Hassan, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 12:51 in South Georgia. In some furtive yet tidy dwelling a man who is called Yassin, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 22:52 in Makassar. In some typical yet suitable shelter a woman known as Ali, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 15:53 in Libreville. In some decrepit structure someone named Murad, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling envelope. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 09:54 in Lima. In some homey yet plain habitat an individual named Yohana, who is rather large, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 16:55 in Chisinau. In some ramshackle location a youth named Peng, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained contract. He zones completely out.

It is now almost 02:56 in Nauru. In some ordinary yet comfortable habitation a person who is called Marone, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed

note. She turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 16:57 in Gaborone. In some orderly house an old man known as Karim, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 04:58 in Rarotonga. In some small edifice a person named Tadesse, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 15:59 in Copenhagen. In some furtive domicile a man named Gebre, who is rather large, reads the warning message on a small packet. He frowns a slight frown.

15

It is now right at 16:00 in Bangui. In some decrepit edifice someone named Ermias, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He sits up straight.

It is now only a moment before 04:01 in Fakaofu. In some adequate yet undistinguished house a youth known as Berhane, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 17:02 in Bujumbura. In some plain accommodation an individual named Abdallah, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved letter. He zones completely out.

It is now right about 15:03 in the Isle of Man. In some run-down dwelling an old woman named Bi, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled report. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 12:04 in Santiago. In some tidy yet dim structure someone named Ashraqat, who is on the small side, reads a stained manuscript. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 18:05 in Qatar. In some ordinary yet homey structure a woman named Zewdy, who towers over most people, reads a embossed envelope. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 01:06 in Saipan. In some ramshackle yet decent habitat an old man named Bilal, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored note. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 14:07 in the Azores. In some cookie-cutter dwelling a man known as Zecharias, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved contract. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 13:08 in Sao Paulo. In some cramped yet nice edifice a youth named Abraham, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled card. He sits up straight.

It is now almost 16:09 in Prague. In some plain yet sound habitation a youth named Feven, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message on a small packet. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 09:10 in Managua. In some undistinguished yet comfortable domicile an individual who is called Alexey, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 23:11 in Ulaanbaatar. In some orderly yet dim abode a person named Ezra, who is rather large, reads a crumbling manuscript. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 22:12 in Novokuznetsk. In some decrepit yet nestlike domicile an old man named Evgeny, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine report. He turns entirely around.

It is now right at 17:13 in Sofia. In some decent shelter a person named Kedist, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 13:14 in Bahia. In some ordinary abode an individual known as Fajr, who is on the small side, reads a stained note. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 01:15 in Chuuk. In some nice habitation a youth named Biniam, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored certificate. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 18:16 in Kampala. In some charming house someone who is called Darius, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 11:17 in Bermuda. In some typical abode an old woman named Messeret, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She sits up straight.

It is now right at 11:18 in Tortola. In some cookie-cutter dwelling an individual known as Andrei, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He looks away, then back.

It is now right about 11:19 in Lower Princes. In some tidy yet dim habitat a person named Derege, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled envelope. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 03:20 in Wallis. In some cramped residence someone who is called Abeba, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved contract. She zones completely out.

It is now almost 09:21 in Matamoros. In some sound yet decrepit habitat a man named Christian, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 10:22 in Grand Turk. In some nestlike shelter a person named Natalia, who is on the small side, reads a stained manuscript. She chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 09:23 in Rainy River. In some plain residence a woman named Alem, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored card. She turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 00:24 in Tokyo. In some homey yet small structure someone who is called Yong, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed report. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 10:25 in Grand Turk. In some adequate yet ordinary location a youth known as Buffy, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 12:26 in Cordoba. In some ramshackle edifice an old woman named Yulia, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 16:27 in Bangui. In some sturdy accommodation an old man named Wei, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled note. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 07:28 in Santa Isabel. In some furtive yet orderly shelter someone who is called Anastasia, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 17:29 in Athens. In some tidy yet dim domicile a person known as Juan, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 17:30 in Istanbul. In some charming yet plain habitation a woman named Hasnaa, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 04:31 in McMurdo. In some cookie-cutter edifice a person named Abdel-Rahman, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He zones completely out.

It is now right about 08:32 in New Salem. In some decrepit habitat a man named Ahmed, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He turns entirely around.

It is now right at 23:33 in Taipei. In some ramshackle yet nestlike habitat a youth who is called Hewan, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine certificate. He hums quietly.

It is now as it happens 23:34 in Casey. In some sturdy yet undistinguished edifice a youth named Fatin, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 04:35 in Apia. In some run-down edifice an old man known as Hui, who is quite

sizable and imposing, reads a stained letter. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 10:36 in Port-au-Prince. In some comfortable shelter an individual named Kang, who towers over most people, reads a embossed card. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 23:37 in Makassar. In some decent habitat a person who is called Abi, who is on the small side, reads a canary-colored envelope. He looks away, then back.

It is now right about 09:38 in Managua. In some homey yet small residence an old woman named Hosniya, who is rather large, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She sits up straight.

It is now only a moment before 17:39 in Amman. In some charming domicile a youth named Khaled, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 16:40 in Belgrade. In some cramped yet tidy domicile an old man named Shewit, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 22:11 in Rangoon. In some decrepit yet sound edifice someone known as Manna, who towers over most people, reads a crumbling manuscript. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 11:42 in St. Lucia. In some nice edifice a woman who is called Ting, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 12:43 in Rio Gallegos. In some sturdy habitat someone named Dawit, who is on the small side, reads some

sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 07:44 in Santa Isabel. In some comfortable yet ordinary domicile a man named Elias, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 20:45 in Bishkek. In some nestlike abode a person known as Selim, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained certificate. He turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 15:46 in Nouakchott. In some undistinguished habitat a youth who is called Ni, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled letter. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 12:47 in Belem. In some homey edifice an individual named Nick, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved note. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 10:48 in Vincennes. In some cramped yet tidy habitat someone named Leonardo, who is rather large, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 11:49 in Porto Velho. In some adequate shelter an individual named Maha, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed envelope. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 16:50 in Oslo. In some charming yet cookie-cutter residence someone named Stephanie, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 04:51 in Fakaofu. In some decent yet decrepit residence an old woman named Leah, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored contract. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 22:52 in Hovd. In some sturdy residence a woman who is called Amaranth, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 21:53 in Colombo. In some suitable yet dim shelter an individual known as Yan, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled manuscript. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 09:54 in Costa Rica. In some nestlike location a youth named Nahum, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 15:55 in Abidjan. In some undistinguished edifice someone named Jill, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 08:56 in Phoenix. In some typical dwelling a person named Qian, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She sits up straight.

It is now exactly 17:57 in Windhoek. In some homey edifice an old man who is called Mikhail, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling letter. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 18:58 in Qatar. In some orderly yet run-down location an old woman known as Johanna, who is on the small

side, reads a stained certificate. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 23:59 in Casey. In some plain habitation a woman named Katie, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She smiles a tiny smile.

16

It is now right about 03:00 in Magadan. In some charming yet ramshackle abode someone named Tsega, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved note. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 10:01 in Guatemala. In some decrepit yet sound domicile a man named Hanok, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled contract. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 17:02 in Monaco. In some adequate yet furtive habitation a youth known as Rahiel, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 00:03 in Taipei. In some cookie-cutter accommodation a person named Cai, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 18:04 in Hebron. In some ordinary habitation a person named Maxim, who is rather large, reads a

tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 13:05 in Cayenne. In some nestlike yet undistinguished domicile a woman named Senait, who is on the small side, reads a embossed report. She looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 19:06 in Asmara. In some dim yet homey accommodation a youth who is called Kenny, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored letter. He zones completely out.

It is now precisely 19:37 in Tehran. In some typical yet orderly habitat an old woman known as Hosna, who towers over most people, reads a crumbling manuscript. She sits up straight.

It is now right about 10:08 in Managua. In some sturdy dwelling someone named Yelena, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled envelope. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 18:09 in Kaliningrad. In some ramshackle abode an old man named Teodros, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained certificate. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 23:10 in Krasnoyarsk. In some adequate yet cookie-cutter dwelling a person who is called Fang, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 00:11 in Kuala Lumpur. In some suitable yet cramped residence someone known as Liang, who is on the small side, reads a embossed card. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 12:12 in St. Thomas. In some decent yet

furtive dwelling a youth named Na, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 12:13 in La Paz. In some homey location a man named De, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine letter. He zones completely out.

It is now right about 11:14 in Bogota. In some nestlike yet run-down house a woman named Tatiana, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling note. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 18:15 in Windhoek. In some undistinguished dwelling someone named Jennifer, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 16:16 in Accra. In some nice location a youth known as Zenon, who is rather large, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 06:17 in Kiritimati. In some typical yet adequate edifice an individual who is called Dmitry, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 05:18 in Fiji. In some tidy yet dim accommodation someone named Cheng, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 17:19 in Rome. In some decent yet small location a person named Mahmoud, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He sits up straight.

It is now exactly 13:20 in Montevideo. In some comfortable residence a person named Haben, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored manuscript. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 17:21 in Budapest. In some ordinary yet charming edifice a man who is called Scott, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an embossed envelope. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 04:22 in Majuro. In some furtive edifice a youth named Yeshi, who towers over most people, reads a stained card. She hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 11:23 in Rio Branco. In some plain habitation a woman named Bethlehem, who is on the small side, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 18:24 in Uzhgorod. In some orderly dwelling an individual named Lydia, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 16:25 in London. In some undistinguished yet nice accommodation an individual named Ning, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 09:26 in Creston. In some cookie-cutter yet suitable habitat someone who is called Suha, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She sits up straight.

It is now almost 10:27 in Belize. In some cramped domicile a

person named Hui, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling contract. She looks away, then back.

It is now right at 01:28 in Jayapura. In some dim domicile a youth named Darren, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled note. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 10:29 in Guatemala. In some typical shelter someone named Mathios, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved letter. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 18:30 in Hebron. In some charming yet ordinary structure a youth who is called Lian, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message on a small packet. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 08:31 in Santa Isabel. In some nestlike yet plain shelter an old woman known as Gamila, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 16:32 in Conakry. In some small accommodation a woman named Rowan, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She hums quietly.

It is now precisely 08:33 in Whitehorse. In some furtive yet sound structure a person named Eden, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She turns entirely around.

It is now almost 11:34 in Nipigon. In some orderly domicile a person who is called An, who towers over most people, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 23:35 in Davis. In some cookie-cutter structure an old man named Omar, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 01:36 in Yakutsk. In some cramped yet decent shelter an individual named Tareq, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 16:37 in the Faroe Islands. In some homey domicile someone named Tsege, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a stained report. She looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 18:38 in Hebron. In some adequate structure a youth named Shaimaa, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 23:39 in Pontianak. In some ramshackle house a youth who is called Feng, who towers over most people, reads a pristine manuscript. He hums quietly.

It is now as it happens 12:40 in Montserrat. In some undistinguished yet nestlike edifice an old woman known as Tigist, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling envelope. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 19:41 in Syowa. In some small house a person named Sahar, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a small packet. She suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 04:12 in Norfolk. In some suitable yet run-down structure a woman named Doha, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She sits up

straight.

It is now exactly 05:43 in Midway. In some decent location a person named Sergei, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 10:44 in Winnipeg. In some ordinary yet comfortable residence someone who is called Marone, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 21:45 in Bishkek. In some typical yet sturdy accommodation an old woman named Saba, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored contract. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 23:46 in Pontianak. In some adequate yet cookie-cutter location a person known as Habiba, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She zones completely out.

It is now exactly 15:47 in the Azores. In some orderly edifice an old man named Ali, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled certificate. He looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 11:48 in New York. In some charming abode someone named Ermias, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved note. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 21:49 in the Maldives. In some suitable domicile a woman named Fajr, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling card. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 17:50 in Copenhagen. In some ramshackle

habitat a man who is called Halim, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 20:51 in Yerevan. In some undistinguished yet homey accommodation an individual named Abdallah, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored manuscript. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 04:52 in Tarawa. In some sound yet typical shelter a youth named Katarzyna, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled contract. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 00:53 in Singapore. In some nestlike structure a youth known as Jim, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 09:54 in Mazatlan. In some adequate yet cookie-cutter accommodation a person named Bereket, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a stained report. He chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 18:55 in Juba. In some orderly edifice an old man named Guo, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on a small packet. He zones completely out.

It is now precisely 05:56 in McMurdo. In some comfortable habitation a man named Jie, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 10:57 in Rainy River. In some plain abode an old woman known as Yekaterina, who towers over most people, reads a pristine note. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 11:58 in Atikokan. In some tidy yet ramshackle edifice a youth who is called Tamiru, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 11:59 in Marengo. In some homey structure a person named Luwam, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She scratches one ear.

17

It is now exactly 18:00 in Malabo. In some charming shelter someone named Dong, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 17:01 in Guernsey. In some nestlike location an old man named Hassan, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed letter. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 09:02 in Whitehorse. In some run-down yet sound shelter a woman known as Reem, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved manuscript. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 03:33 in Adelaide. In some furtive dwelling a person who is called Ephrem, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 12:04 in Thunder Bay. In some decrepit yet orderly edifice a youth named Ezra, who is of completely

average stature, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 11:05 in Guatemala. In some decent location a man named Alexander, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 17:06 in Madeira. In some undistinguished yet adequate domicile an individual named Mohammed, who towers over most people, reads a stained envelope. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 21:07 in Mahe. In some plain yet homey habitation a youth named Hong, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling card. She turns entirely around.

It is now right about 14:08 in Ushuaia. In some cramped yet charming structure a person known as Abinet, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 14:09 in Asuncion. In some run-down shelter an individual named Gamalat, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 13:10 in Kralendijk. In some furtive habitation an old man named Gebre, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 22:11 in Dushanbe. In some cookie-cutter yet nestlike domicile a person named Dalal, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled contract. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 11:12 in Mexico City. In some small shelter a man known as Wen, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed note. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 19:13 in Blantyre. In some decrepit residence a youth who is called Amanual, who is on the small side, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 18:14 in Prague. In some plain structure a woman named Maria, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 19:15 in Kigali. In some dim habitation someone named Yared, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine certificate. He turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 18:16 in Oslo. In some typical accommodation an old man named Jian, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained report. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 01:17 in Dili. In some cramped residence a person named Hamza, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved letter. He chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 01:18 in Kashgar. In some ramshackle edifice a youth who is called Eyobel, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 03:19 in Port Moresby. In some decent abode a youth named Xian, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored envelope. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 11:20 in Merida. In some furtive yet tidy abode an individual named Hasnaa, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a wrinkled manuscript. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 00:21 in Pontianak. In some ordinary yet adequate habitation someone named Wei, who is on the small side, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 18:22 in San Marino. In some cookie-cutter abode an individual named Alexey, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 14:23 in Cayenne. In some nestlike yet dim habitat a person who is called Kang, who towers over most people, reads a crumbling certificate. He looks away, then back.

It is now right about 00:24 in Pontianak. In some nice habitation a man named Brad, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He hums quietly.

It is now exactly 22:25 in Tashkent. In some comfortable yet undistinguished residence an old man named Selim, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He sits up straight.

It is now almost 14:26 in Stanley. In some suitable yet plain structure an old woman named Li, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 20:27 in Bahrain. In some tidy yet cramped habitation someone known as Zhen, who is quite sizable and

imposing, reads a embossed report. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 13:28 in Puerto Rico. In some sturdy accommodation a person who is called Yulia, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored card. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 11:29 in Guatemala. In some decent yet run-down abode a woman named Lili, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved note. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 01:30 in Kuching. In some nestlike yet ordinary habitation an individual named Bilal, who is rather large, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 10:31 in Inuvik. In some homey edifice a youth named Jerusalem, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 10:32 in Beulah. In some small location someone who is called Karim, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He sits up straight.

It is now precisely 17:33 in El Aaiun. In some dim yet comfortable dwelling an individual known as Lan, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled envelope. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 18:34 in Luxembourg. In some typical accommodation a youth named Elias, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine manuscript. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 00:35 in Christmas. In some furtive yet orderly habitat someone named Manna, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 17:36 in Madeira. In some plain habitat a person named Shan, who is on the small side, reads a canary-colored report. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 10:37 in Hermosillo. In some charming yet decrepit domicile a man who is called Haile, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained letter. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 13:38 in Port of Spain. In some ordinary edifice an old man named Ibrahim, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 11:39 in Swift Current. In some nestlike residence someone named Taha, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled card. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 17:40 in London. In some small yet comfortable location a youth named Maxim, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He scratches one ear.

It is now right at 14:41 in Montevideo. In some adequate accommodation a youth known as Jill, who towers over most people, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 20:42 in Volgograd. In some run-down shelter an individual named Helen, who is of completely

average stature, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 13:43 in Dominica. In some ramshackle house an old woman named Shahd, who is on the small side, reads a pristine certificate. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 11:44 in Cambridge Bay. In some undistinguished yet decent house an individual named Youssef, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored envelope. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 23:45 in Dhaka. In some nice residence a person who is called Abraham, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 13:46 in Halifax. In some sound yet furtive house a person named Fatma, who is rather large, reads a well-preserved note. She suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 10:47 in Beulah. In some dim habitat an old man named Asfaw, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 17:48 in Lisbon. In some homey yet cookie-cutter abode a youth known as Almaz, who towers over most people, reads a crumbling report. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 12:49 in Indianapolis. In some orderly yet ordinary residence someone named Hussein, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained card. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 14:50 in Ushuaia. In some adequate domicile an individual named Hui, who is quite sizable and imposing,

reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 18:51 in Amsterdam. In some run-down yet charming accommodation a youth who is called Melak, who is on the small side, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 18:52 in Oslo. In some small habitat a person known as De, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an embossed letter. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 12:53 in Havana. In some sound domicile someone named Abdel-Rahman, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 13:54 in Blanc-Sablon. In some sturdy yet furtive abode someone named Elsa, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 10:55 in Mazatlan. In some decent yet undistinguished abode an individual named Tsega, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 23:56 in Omsk. In some comfortable dwelling an old man who is called Mustafa, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 06:57 in Midway. In some orderly location a woman known as Olga, who is on the small side, reads a wrinkled contract. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 14:58 in San Juan. In some homey structure a man named Mikhail, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored certificate. He sits up straight.

It is now only a moment before 02:59 in Jayapura. In some nestlike domicile a youth named Dmitry, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He looks away, then back.

18

It is now exactly 12:00 in Galapagos. In some ordinary habitation a youth who is called Desta, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 13:01 in Rio Branco. In some suitable yet decrepit shelter a person named Amaranth, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained manuscript. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 20:02 in Helsinki. In some decent edifice an old woman named Yohana, who is rather large, reads a well-preserved note. She chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 07:03 in Enderbury. In some tidy edifice an individual known as Robel, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He hums quietly.

It is now as it happens 08:04 in Tahiti. In some orderly yet undistinguished habitation an old man named Kenny, who is

no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling letter. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 05:05 in Lord Howe. In some cramped accommodation someone named Araya, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 05:06 in Hobart. In some comfortable habitation a youth named Mathios, who is on the small side, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 06:07 in Wake. In some nestlike yet ramshackle habitation an individual who is called Yan, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored card. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 19:08 in Niamey. In some cookie-cutter yet charming residence a woman known as Ai, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 14:09 in St. Lucia. In some furtive shelter a person named Yelena, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled report. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 02:10 in Singapore. In some nice abode an old woman named Ruth, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 15:11 in Paramaribo. In some homey location a person named Ning, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine envelope. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 13:12 in Nipigon. In some typical yet sound

house an individual named Artyom, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 19:13 in Longyearbyen. In some plain yet comfortable structure an individual known as Tatiana, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling note. She looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 03:14 in Choibalsan. In some cramped abode an old man named Kidus, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored contract. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 06:15 in Kamchatka. In some ramshackle dwelling a youth named Messeret, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained card. She sits up straight.

It is now right at 19:16 in Rome. In some cookie-cutter yet decent dwelling a person who is called Xia, who towers over most people, reads a embossed certificate. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 21:17 in Asmara. In some suitable abode a woman named Azeb, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved manuscript. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 02:18 in Manila. In some nestlike residence someone named Zecharias, who is on the small side, reads a canary-colored note. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 19:19 in Sarajevo. In some undistinguished yet charming shelter an old woman known as Juan, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling envelope. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 14:20 in Bermuda. In some comfortable yet plain location someone named Haben, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 07:21 in Midway. In some typical shelter a person named Shewit, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She hums quietly.

It is now exactly 15:22 in Boa Vista. In some adequate residence an individual named Gamila, who towers over most people, reads a stained report. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 20:23 in Jerusalem. In some cookie-cutter habitation a youth named Fatima, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled contract. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 13:24 in Bogota. In some decrepit yet tidy abode a person named Nick, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a small packet. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 17:25 in Cape Verde. In some ordinary yet nestlike location a youth known as Daniel, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine card. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 15:26 in Godthab. In some suitable house an old woman named Bethlehem, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She turns entirely around.

It is now right about 11:27 in Chihuahua. In some small yet nice domicile someone named Buffy, who is significantly

smaller than others of the same age, reads a embossed certificate. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 11:28 in Yellowknife. In some cramped structure an individual named Hosniya, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored envelope. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 06:29 in Kwajalein. In some plain yet adequate dwelling a man named Andrei, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 20:30 in Jerusalem. In some decent domicile a youth named Leah, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 16:31 in Sao Paulo. In some cookie-cutter yet sound house a person known as Doha, who is on the small side, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 15:32 in Paramaribo. In some typical yet sturdy habitat an old woman who is called Zewdy, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled report. She suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 07:33 in Niue. In some nestlike edifice an old man named Ali, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 15:34 in Asuncion. In some ordinary yet nice edifice a person named Nahum, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. He scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 13:35 in New York. In some tidy shelter a youth known as Yong, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He sits up straight.

It is now almost 00:36 in Almaty. In some adequate edifice a woman who is called Abeba, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now right at 22:37 in Aqtau. In some suitable structure an individual named Anastasia, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 03:38 in Seoul. In some dim yet sound accommodation someone named Darius, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 05:39 in Hobart. In some cookie-cutter shelter someone named Fang, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine letter. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 02:40 in Makassar. In some decrepit structure a youth who is called Katarzyna, who is rather large, reads the warning message on a small packet. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 11:41 in Mazatlan. In some orderly yet run-down house an individual named Murad, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an embossed note. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 21:42 in Mayotte. In some small edifice a man named Berhane, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling manuscript. He frowns a slight

frown.

It is now exactly 20:43 in Gaza. In some typical house an old man named An, who is on the small side, reads a canary-colored contract. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 15:44 in Rio Gallegos. In some undistinguished habitation a youth named Jim, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled report. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 14:45 in Manaus. In some ramshackle yet tidy location a person named Tigist, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 12:46 in Guatemala. In some adequate yet ordinary domicile an individual known as Tsege, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 21:47 in Kampala. In some sound yet furtive structure someone named Dawit, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine certificate. He looks away, then back.

It is now exactly 13:48 in Guayaquil. In some charming yet plain location an old woman who is called Fajr, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 03:49 in Palau. In some nice yet cookie-cutter accommodation a woman named Ali, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved envelope. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 19:50 in Ceuta. In some decrepit dwelling someone named Eden, who usually turns to look up to other

people, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 19:51 in Madrid. In some comfortable abode an individual named Bo, who towers over most people, reads a embossed manuscript. He hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 12:52 in Galapagos. In some ramshackle yet homey accommodation a person named Habiba, who is rather large, reads a stained card. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 05:23 in Adelaide. In some orderly accommodation a person who is called Sergei, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He turns entirely around.

It is now right at 04:54 in Saipan. In some run-down residence an old man named Mohammed, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 19:55 in Andorra. In some adequate yet small structure a youth named Tizita, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 23:56 in Aqtobe. In some nice habitation a woman known as Dan, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on a small packet. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 13:57 in Thunder Bay. In some tidy yet undistinguished habitat a man who is called Hanok, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine report. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 08:58 in Adak. In some cramped house an individual named Feven, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 05:59 in Kosrae. In some typical shelter someone named Bill, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He looks away, then back.

19

It is now precisely 20:00 in Tirane. In some ordinary habitat someone known as Saba, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 23:01 in Tbilisi. In some decent yet cookie-cutter edifice an old woman named Ni, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 00:02 in Bishkek. In some plain yet orderly abode a youth who is called Qian, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She scratches one ear.

It is now right at 06:03 in Hobart. In some sound location a woman named Sara, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored contract. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 21:04 in Chisinau. In some run-down

habitation a person known as Rahiel, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 23:05 in Baku. In some furtive abode a person named Wen, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled letter. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 21:06 in Istanbul. In some ramshackle yet charming dwelling an old man named Scott, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 00:07 in Ashgabat. In some tidy structure someone who is called Hong, who is rather large, reads a crumbling manuscript. She suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 23:08 in Samara. In some dim location a youth known as Qiong, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 17:09 in Araguaina. In some homey dwelling an individual named Cai, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved envelope. She chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 21:10 in Khartoum. In some orderly yet undistinguished accommodation an old woman named Yulia, who is of completely average stature, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She zones completely out.

It is now right about 16:11 in Ushuaia. In some plain shelter a man named Shewit, who is on the small side, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 14:12 in New York. In some

typical yet comfortable accommodation an individual who is called Tadesse, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 16:13 in Belem. In some nestlike house a youth named Ephrem, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored certificate. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 01:14 in Vostok. In some sturdy yet decrepit location a person named Maha, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She hums quietly.

It is now precisely 14:15 in Detroit. In some cookie-cutter location an old man named Yared, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine report. He scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 15:16 in Santarem. In some adequate yet small house a person known as Leonardo, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a stained contract. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 21:17 in Zaporozhye. In some cramped yet suitable structure someone named Kirubel, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 19:18 in Monrovia. In some tidy residence a youth named Stephanie, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling manuscript. She suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 12:19 in Shiprock. In some decent habitation someone named Zhen, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 19:20 in Accra. In some nice yet ramshackle accommodation a man named Tamiru, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on a small packet. He turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 13:21 in Guatemala. In some ordinary habitation an old woman named Mahlet, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 02:22 in Pontianak. In some charming habitation an old man who is called Ivan, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled note. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 13:23 in Monticello. In some nestlike location an individual named Eyobel, who is of completely average stature, reads a embossed certificate. He sits up straight.

It is now almost 04:24 in Yakutsk. In some undistinguished residence a youth named Omar, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine envelope. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 15:25 in Santo Domingo. In some sturdy yet small abode an individual named Yun, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored contract. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 01:26 in Chagos. In some plain domicile a man named Hamza, who is on the small side, reads a wrinkled card. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 05:27 in Brisbane. In some furtive yet tidy abode a person known as Brad, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 12:28 in Beulah. In some adequate yet

ordinary residence a person who is called Katie, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a small packet. She suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 14:29 in Guayaquil. In some suitable yet run-down abode someone named Dong, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 16:30 in Campo Grande. In some decent habitat a youth named Elias, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 23:31 in Tbilisi. In some typical house someone named Shaimaa, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved manuscript. She zones completely out.

It is now precisely 12:32 in Dawson Creek. In some comfortable yet cramped dwelling a woman known as Luwam, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 16:33 in Stanley. In some nestlike dwelling an old man who is called Guo, who towers over most people, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 07:34 in Funafuti. In some sturdy yet furtive dwelling an old woman named Helen, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine certificate. She turns entirely around.

It is now right about 20:35 in Longyearbyen. In some cookie-cutter yet homey edifice a person named Hasnaa, who is of completely average stature, reads a embossed note. She

nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 14:36 in Indianapolis. In some ordinary yet sound house someone named Manna, who is rather large, reads a stained letter. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 18:37 in Noronha. In some run-down domicile a woman named Samrawit, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 16:38 in Tucuman. In some decrepit yet tidy edifice an individual known as Maxim, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 22:39 in Kampala. In some charming house a man who is called Darren, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He scratches one ear.

It is now right about 02:10 in Cocos. In some nice yet cramped abode a person named Peng, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled contract. He hums quietly.

It is now right at 15:41 in Porto Velho. In some orderly yet small location a youth named Melak, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 14:42 in Rio Branco. In some furtive residence a youth named Almaz, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling envelope. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 20:43 in Belgrade. In some decent location a person named Yan, who is quite sizable and

imposing, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. She looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 13:44 in Regina. In some undistinguished domicile an individual who is called Biruk, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 20:45 in Stockholm. In some tidy yet decrepit abode an individual known as Aya, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved report. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 20:46 in Bangui. In some comfortable edifice a man named Teodros, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 15:47 in Goose Bay. In some nice yet cramped residence someone named Gebre, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He zones completely out.

It is now almost 20:48 in Douala. In some nestlike dwelling someone named Maria, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 04:49 in Pyongyang. In some sturdy yet small structure a youth named Suha, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored card. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 20:50 in San Marino. In some run-down shelter a youth known as Alexey, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 03:51 in Singapore. In some decent structure a person who is called Xian, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine manuscript. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 13:52 in Rankin Inlet. In some typical residence a person named Hassan, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a stained contract. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 14:53 in Tell City. In some orderly habitat a woman named Kedist, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 03:54 in Kashgar. In some nice habitation an old man named Halim, who is on the small side, reads a wrinkled letter. He scratches one ear.

It is now right about 21:55 in Tallinn. In some decrepit domicile someone known as Yonas, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 10:56 in Sitka. In some ordinary edifice someone named Hui, who is rather large, reads a embossed certificate. She chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 13:57 in Costa Rica. In some comfortable residence a youth named Marone, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 09:58 in Rarotonga. In some cramped yet sturdy habitation a man named Cheng, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored card. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 15:59 in Grenada. In some tidy domicile an individual named Senait, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She suddenly collapses.

20

It is now right about 10:00 in Kiritimati. In some nestlike yet run-down dwelling a youth known as Youssef, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He sits up straight.

It is now almost 07:01 in Magadan. In some cookie-cutter yet sound abode an individual named Kang, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling note. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 22:02 in Kaliningrad. In some furtive habitat a person who is called Haben, who is rather large, reads a well-preserved envelope. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 21:03 in Rome. In some suitable shelter a woman named Natalia, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a pristine report. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 13:04 in Chihuahua. In some ordinary yet decent domicile a person named Hui, who is no larger or

smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed certificate. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 22:05 in Lusaka. In some ramshackle habitation an old woman named Buffy, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 23:06 in Mayotte. In some tidy yet typical habitation a youth who is called Lydia, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 03:07 in Novokuznetsk. In some run-down yet nestlike habitat someone known as Yordanos, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored contract. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 04:08 in Harbin. In some adequate location an individual named Yelena, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved card. She looks away, then back.

It is now right at 07:39 in Norfolk. In some cookie-cutter location a youth named Karim, who towers over most people, reads a pristine letter. He zones completely out.

It is now precisely 05:10 in Choibalsan. In some charming accommodation a person named Amaranth, who is on the small side, reads a crumbling note. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 16:11 in Guyana. In some sound shelter an individual who is called Gang, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed report. He sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 23:12 in Kampala. In some sturdy

domicile an old man named Biniam, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 22:13 in Juba. In some decrepit abode a person named Amanual, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored certificate. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 08:14 in Wake. In some tidy location a youth named Dmitry, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled contract. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 21:15 in Libreville. In some adequate structure an individual named Daniel, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. He hums quietly.

It is now only a moment before 12:16 in Tijuana. In some ramshackle domicile someone known as Desta, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 23:17 in Kuwait. In some cramped shelter a youth named Shan, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 07:18 in Hobart. In some run-down yet sound accommodation a man named Jie, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 00:19 in Aqtau. In some plain yet homey dwelling an old woman who is called Jennifer, who is on the small side, reads a pristine letter. She zones completely out.

It is now right about 14:20 in Merida. In some decent

residence an old man known as Hussein, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained envelope. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 20:21 in El Aaiun. In some nice yet cookie-cutter shelter a person named Liang, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored manuscript. He scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 10:22 in Tahiti. In some decrepit dwelling an individual named Zecharias, who is rather large, reads a well-preserved report. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 03:23 in Pontianak. In some typical habitation a youth named Ahmed, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 21:24 in San Marino. In some comfortable yet furtive structure a man known as Kenny, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a pristine certificate. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 18:25 in Sao Paulo. In some small habitation a person named Robel, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 04:26 in Chongqing. In some nestlike habitation an individual who is called Tao, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He zones completely out.

It is now precisely 20:27 in Guernsey. In some run-down domicile an individual named Doha, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled letter. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now almost 20:28 in Madeira. In some ordinary yet sound location an old man named Alexander, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He turns entirely around.

It is now right about 23:29 in Dar es Salaam. In some homey yet decrepit structure a person named Dalal, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling card. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 21:30 in Brazzaville. In some suitable structure a man who is called Abraham, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved manuscript. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 21:31 in Algiers. In some dim yet nice domicile a person known as Jim, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 13:32 in Creston. In some furtive domicile someone named Azeb, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 13:33 in Yellowknife. In some adequate structure an individual named Ning, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 06:34 in Chuuk. In some run-down abode a woman named Vanessa, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 20:35 in Banjul. In some sturdy yet undistinguished shelter a youth who is called Lian, who is

rather large, reads a canary-colored contract. She sits up straight.

It is now almost 16:36 in Bermuda. In some comfortable yet small edifice an old man known as Tareq, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 07:37 in Macquarie. In some ordinary edifice an old woman named Fang, who is on the small side, reads a stained envelope. She scratches one ear.

It is now as it happens 15:38 in Grand Turk. In some decent accommodation someone named Ting, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now exactly 04:39 in Dili. In some dim yet sound structure a youth named Hewan, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine note. He zones completely out.

It is now almost 21:40 in Lagos. In some charming accommodation someone known as Sergei, who towers over most people, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right about 17:41 in Palmer. In some ramshackle yet orderly house a person named Ashraquat, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message on a small packet. She suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 04:42 in Kuala Lumpur. In some plain yet tidy structure a woman named Eden, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 03:43 in Bangkok. In some nestlike yet

small residence an individual named Elsa, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling certificate. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 09:44 in Apia. In some adequate yet run-down abode a man named Nick, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored manuscript. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 05:45 in Palau. In some nice edifice a person known as Berhane, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He hums quietly.

It is now exactly 14:46 in Costa Rica. In some sound yet undistinguished structure someone named Shahd, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained contract. She sits up straight.

It is now almost 13:47 in New Salem. In some typical location a youth named Fatma, who is on the small side, reads the warning message on a small packet. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 18:48 in South Georgia. In some suitable habitation an old woman named Tizita, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a wrinkled card. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 12:49 in Metlakatla. In some ordinary habitation an individual named Ni, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved envelope. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 03:50 in Bangkok. In some orderly yet plain location an old man named Wen, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored report. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 21:51 in Bratislava. In some sturdy yet cramped abode an individual named Fasil, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling note. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 17:52 in Stanley. In some comfortable location someone who is called Abdel-Rahman, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 03:53 in Ho Chi Minh. In some charming yet undistinguished habitat a woman known as Tatiana, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 15:54 in New York. In some run-down yet sound shelter a youth named Leah, who is rather large, reads the warning message on a small packet. She hums quietly.

It is now exactly 16:55 in Guyana. In some nice yet cookie-cutter dwelling a person named Bo, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled certificate. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 00:56 in Mahe. In some dim structure someone who is called Zewdy, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an embossed card. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 13:57 in Dawson Creek. In some suitable location a man named Dawit, who towers over most people, reads a well-preserved letter. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 07:58 in Pohnpei. In some homey edifice an old man named Eyobel, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored report. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 07:59 in Lord Howe. In some small yet comfortable shelter a person named Rahiel, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She smiles a tiny smile.

21

It is now precisely 14:00 in Creston. In some plain dwelling a woman who is called Rowan, who is rather large, reads a wrinkled contract. She chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 09:01 in Kwajalein. In some orderly yet ordinary structure an individual known as Hong, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine note. She hums quietly.

It is now exactly 02:02 in Karachi. In some nice abode an individual named Yared, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right at 10:03 in Midway. In some cookie-cutter location a youth named Sahar, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 01:04 in Yerevan. In some run-down yet tidy shelter an old woman named Hosna, who is no larger or

smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved manuscript. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 16:05 in Eirunepe. In some sound yet undistinguished accommodation someone named Katarzyna, who is rather large, reads a stained card. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 23:06 in Bucharest. In some homey yet dim shelter a person known as Na, who is on the small side, reads a canary-colored letter. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 18:07 in Cordoba. In some suitable yet ramshackle accommodation an individual named Lan, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed report. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 04:08 in Vientiane. In some ordinary residence a person named Mohammed, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 08:09 in Noumea. In some typical structure a man named Bilal, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled certificate. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 22:10 in Berlin. In some decent residence a woman known as Juan, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 15:11 in Matamoros. In some tidy yet run-down shelter a youth named Christie, who is on the small side, reads a pristine manuscript. She sits up straight.

It is now exactly 22:12 in Prague. In some small yet sound edifice an old man named Selim, who usually turns to look up

to other people, reads a well-preserved contract. He scratches one ear.

It is now right at 21:13 in the Faroe Islands. In some furtive structure an individual named Tadesse, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored letter. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 16:14 in Tell City. In some cramped yet homey edifice someone named Bereket, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 22:15 in Budapest. In some plain habitation a person named Feng, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. He turns entirely around.

It is now almost 08:46 in Norfolk. In some typical yet sturdy house an old man known as Murad, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled note. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 23:17 in Damascus. In some ramshackle yet suitable abode an individual who is called Wei, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He looks away, then back.

It is now right about 09:18 in Nauru. In some decrepit dwelling a man named Andrei, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 09:19 in Wallis. In some small abode a person named Shewit, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 00:20 in Comoro. In some run-down accommodation a youth named Darren, who is on the small side, reads a pristine report. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 22:21 in Andorra. In some adequate location an old woman named Lili, who is rather large, reads a crumbling envelope. She hums quietly.

It is now exactly 06:22 in Choibalsan. In some plain yet nice structure someone who is called An, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved certificate. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 23:23 in Athens. In some furtive yet decent abode an individual known as Yong, who towers over most people, reads a embossed letter. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right at 23:24 in Maputo. In some sturdy yet cramped residence a person named Abinet, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored contract. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 23:25 in Tallinn. In some ramshackle yet tidy habitat an old man named Hamza, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled note. He looks away, then back.

It is now precisely 22:26 in Copenhagen. In some suitable yet typical residence a youth named Mikhail, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now exactly 03:27 in Chagos. In some ordinary house an individual named Asfaw, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on a small

packet. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 15:28 in Galapagos. In some comfortable yet dim abode a man who is called Jian, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling envelope. He sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 00:29 in Addis Ababa. In some nice residence an individual named Alem, who is rather large, reads a embossed card. She suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 01:30 in Baku. In some decrepit domicile an old man known as Nahum, who is of completely average stature, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 23:31 in Juba. In some undistinguished yet orderly domicile someone named Yonas, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored certificate. He chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 22:32 in Bratislava. In some nestlike yet small abode an individual named Evgeny, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved report. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 23:33 in Vilnius. In some run-down structure a woman who is called Manna, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 05:34 in Taipei. In some sound abode a person known as Kang, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He hums quietly.

It is now exactly 22:35 in Podgorica. In some typical structure someone named Ai, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric

code on an over-the-counter drug container. She turns entirely around.

It is now right at 01:36 in Aqtau. In some decent yet cookie-cutter edifice a youth named Taha, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling manuscript. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 11:37 in Honolulu. In some homey domicile a man who is called Scott, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the warning message on a small packet. He scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 06:38 in Yakutsk. In some comfortable residence an old woman known as Mahlet, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a box of breakfast cereal. She looks away, then back.

It is now as it happens 15:39 in Center. In some suitable yet small accommodation an individual named Bethlehem, who is on the small side, reads a stained envelope. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 17:40 in Anguilla. In some charming residence an old man named Halim, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 04:11 in Rangoon. In some nice yet furtive house a woman named Feven, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now almost 08:42 in Kosrae. In some sturdy yet typical habitation an individual who is called Leonardo, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed note. He hums quietly.

It is now as it happens 23:43 in Damascus. In some run-down yet tidy habitation a youth named Haile, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved card. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 22:44 in Tunis. In some adequate yet plain residence a youth known as Johanna, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling certificate. She turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 17:45 in Barbados. In some ordinary yet nestlike shelter a person named Maxim, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He suddenly collapses.

It is now exactly 00:46 in Mogadishu. In some comfortable structure a man named Ivan, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 00:47 in Bahrain. In some decrepit yet suitable accommodation an individual named Ali, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a stained report. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 14:48 in Dawson Creek. In some small yet sound dwelling a youth who is called Hassan, who towers over most people, reads a pristine envelope. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now only a moment before 22:49 in Zurich. In some charming accommodation a person named Shu, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She sits up straight.

It is now precisely 19:50 in South Georgia. In some run-down domicile an old man named Yordanos, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of

breakfast cereal. He scratches one ear.

It is now right about 19:51 in Fortaleza. In some plain habitation a man named Omar, who is on the small side, reads a wrinkled letter. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 00:52 in Syowa. In some homey habitation an individual named Shaimaa, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed note. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 17:53 in Puerto Rico. In some ramshackle habitat a person who is called Mustafa, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a canary-colored card. He turns entirely around.

It is now precisely 18:54 in Stanley. In some cookie-cutter location a woman known as Reem, who is of completely average stature, reads a well-preserved report. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 10:55 in Fakaofu. In some adequate yet small shelter a youth named Anastasia, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a wrinkled envelope. She looks away, then back.

It is now right at 16:56 in Knox. In some suitable yet decrepit structure an individual named Ermias, who is on the small side, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 22:57 in Copenhagen. In some charming domicile someone who is called Abeba, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 13:58 in Vancouver. In some furtive yet

orderly habitation an old woman known as Suha, who is rather large, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. She scratches one ear.

It is now almost 22:59 in Algiers. In some tidy yet plain edifice an individual named Ali, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine certificate. She sits up straight.

It is now only a moment before 10:00 in Wallis. In some comfortable yet run-down dwelling a woman named Hasnaa, who towers over most people, reads a canary-colored manuscript. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now right at 03:01 in Yekaterinburg. In some sturdy yet ordinary residence a person named Katie, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved contract. She hums quietly.

It is now precisely 06:02 in Brunei. In some cramped dwelling someone named Christian, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 23:03 in Madrid. In some cookie-cutter yet homey dwelling a man known as Karim, who is rather large, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. He chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 15:04 in New Salem. In some typical yet decent residence a youth who is called Dan, who is

significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a stained card. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 16:05 in Managua. In some sound yet furtive structure an old man named Hussein, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled note. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 04:06 in Vostok. In some orderly accommodation an old woman named Tsega, who towers over most people, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 07:07 in Palau. In some dim yet charming structure a woman known as Tsege, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 17:08 in Tell City. In some ramshackle structure a youth named Araya, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored report. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 06:09 in Kuala Lumpur. In some nice yet plain shelter someone named Jill, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a embossed manuscript. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 02:10 in Aqtau. In some sturdy domicile someone named Ezra, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a pristine contract. He zones completely out.

It is now almost 08:11 in Guam. In some cookie-cutter yet homey house a person known as Amaranth, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled letter. She suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 00:12 in Chisinau. In some decent shelter a

youth who is called Cai, who is on the small side, reads a stained note. She looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 19:13 in Catamarca. In some ordinary domicile an individual named Xia, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 19:14 in Ushuaia. In some typical yet sound habitation an old woman named Lydia, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a well-preserved card. She hums quietly.

It is now almost 23:15 in Douala. In some dim yet charming habitat a woman named Gamila, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 17:16 in Lima. In some cramped accommodation a man who is called Ahmed, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a embossed certificate. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 17:17 in Nipigon. In some nestlike structure a person named Haben, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 19:18 in Campo Grande. In some sturdy accommodation someone known as Yeshi, who is on the small side, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She zones completely out.

It is now almost 00:19 in Mariehamn. In some plain abode an individual named Alexander, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling report. He looks away, then back.

It is now only a moment before 12:50 in Marquesas. In some small yet decent abode a person named Kenny, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained contract. He suddenly collapses.

It is now precisely 23:21 in Madrid. In some typical house an individual who is called Habiba, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. She chews a fingernail.

It is now as it happens 03:22 in Bishkek. In some adequate yet cookie-cutter domicile a youth named Mahmoud, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored envelope. He hums quietly.

It is now right about 18:23 in Anguilla. In some orderly yet run-down residence a woman known as Dalal, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a wrinkled card. She scratches one ear.

It is now right at 02:24 in Baku. In some comfortable yet undistinguished edifice an old woman named Ting, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code on a small packet. She turns entirely around.

It is now almost 22:25 in the Isle of Man. In some suitable house an old man named Melak, who is on the small side, reads a well-preserved note. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 23:26 in Longyearbyen. In some sturdy dwelling a man who is called Biniam, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 20:27 in Fortaleza. In some ordinary yet sound structure a person named Ning, who is rather large, reads a crumbling report. He zones completely out.

It is now only a moment before 05:28 in Christmas. In some decent abode a person named Fang, who is of completely average stature, reads a embossed contract. She chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 23:29 in Monaco. In some ramshackle structure someone named Azeb, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She hums quietly.

It is now as it happens 10:30 in Anadyr. In some tidy yet small residence an individual known as Helen, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a stained letter. She sits up straight.

It is now right at 00:31 in Mbabane. In some run-down abode a youth named Dong, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now precisely 17:32 in Port-au-Prince. In some undistinguished yet orderly structure an individual named Derege, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 23:33 in Madrid. In some plain yet homey abode a youth named Jennifer, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation from a recipe clipping. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now as it happens 16:34 in Cancun. In some comfortable shelter a person known as Eden, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on a small packet. She zones completely out.

It is now right at 23:35 in Porto-Novo. In some sturdy yet

decrepit accommodation someone named Yun, who is of completely average stature, reads a canary-colored card. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now almost 10:36 in Funafuti. In some ordinary accommodation an old man named Elias, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling manuscript. He chews a fingernail.

It is now right about 23:37 in Niamey. In some charming yet cookie-cutter shelter a person named Dawit, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list on an over-the-counter drug container. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now as it happens 06:38 in Hong Kong. In some decent edifice a youth known as Tamrat, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He looks away, then back.

It is now right at 16:39 in Matamoros. In some cramped yet orderly house an individual named Elsa, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a pristine envelope. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 23:40 in Ndjamena. In some nestlike yet furtive dwelling an old woman who is called Farida, who towers over most people, reads a embossed note. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now only a moment before 18:41 in Guyana. In some ramshackle dwelling someone named Amanual, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He hums quietly.

It is now precisely 19:42 in Rothera. In some undistinguished location a woman known as Xian, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a wrinkled letter. She smiles a

tiny smile.

It is now almost 09:43 in Guadalcanal. In some sturdy yet plain dwelling someone named Saba, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list off the label of a tin can. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 22:44 in El Aaiun. In some ordinary habitat an individual named Doha, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling certificate. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 03:45 in Karachi. In some small location an old woman who is called Fatma, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 12:46 in Johnston. In some dim yet decent habitat a woman named Maria, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word from a recipe clipping. She zones completely out.

It is now right about 00:47 in Kaliningrad. In some typical yet orderly location a youth named Yohana, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. She scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 00:48 in Athens. In some comfortable yet decrepit dwelling an individual named Shewit, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a stained manuscript. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now almost 23:49 in Zurich. In some furtive structure a man known as Fasil, who is of completely average stature, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now only a moment before 22:50 in Monrovia. In some cramped abode an individual named Leah, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now right at 00:51 in Kaliningrad. In some adequate dwelling a youth named Jim, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He turns entirely around.

It is now exactly 01:52 in Aden. In some small yet nice abode a person named Kidus, who towers over most people, reads the warning message on an over-the-counter drug container. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 16:53 in Costa Rica. In some undistinguished yet sound accommodation someone named Sergei, who is on the small side, reads a canary-colored envelope. He chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 17:54 in Marengo. In some charming edifice an old man known as Yared, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 17:55 in Atikokan. In some sturdy yet ordinary dwelling a man named Youssef, who is of completely average stature, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He scratches one ear.

It is now precisely 00:56 in Damascus. In some tidy domicile an individual who is called Darius, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on an over-the-counter drug container. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 00:57 in Minsk. In some decrepit yet suitable shelter a youth named Brad, who usually turns to look up to

other people, reads a well-preserved card. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 19:58 in Godthab. In some furtive abode an old man named Tao, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. He turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 16:59 in Galapagos. In some cramped yet nestlike shelter someone named Gamalat, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a crumbling report. She frowns a slight frown.

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It is now as it happens 02:00 in Mayotte. In some typical yet orderly abode a person known as Yong, who is of completely average stature, reads a stained certificate. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 20:01 in Santiago. In some cookie-cutter yet homey abode a man named Nick, who is on the small side, reads the warning message off the label of a tin can. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 15:02 in Whitehorse. In some comfortable structure a person who is called Lan, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She chews a fingernail.

It is now right at 06:03 in Jakarta. In some ordinary yet tidy residence someone named Hui, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 02:04 in Addis Ababa. In some sturdy

habitation an old woman named Qian, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now only a moment before 16:05 in Chihuahua. In some sound residence a youth named Vanessa, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled manuscript. She sits up straight.

It is now as it happens 01:06 in Gaza. In some charming accommodation an individual named Berhane, who towers over most people, reads a pristine envelope. He zones completely out.

It is now exactly 16:07 in Yellowknife. In some nestlike yet run-down structure a woman known as Rahiel, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a well-preserved note. She looks away, then back.

It is now right at 13:08 in Tahiti. In some adequate yet decrepit structure a youth who is called Andrei, who is rather large, reads a stained card. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 06:09 in Phnom Penh. In some homey yet typical structure a person named Eyobel, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a crumbling contract. He suddenly collapses.

It is now almost 09:10 in Sakhalin. In some tidy yet cramped structure someone named Bi, who is on the small side, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 20:11 in Mendoza. In some ordinary domicile a person named Fatin, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine manuscript. She scratches one ear.

It is now exactly 00:12 in Madrid. In some orderly dwelling an old man named De, who towers over most people, reads a wrinkled certificate. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 13:13 in Honolulu. In some sound yet plain abode a man named Jian, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. He zones completely out.

It is now right at 01:14 in Kaliningrad. In some small yet nestlike shelter a youth known as Ephrem, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored envelope. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 00:15 in Vienna. In some sturdy structure an individual who is called Tigist, who is rather large, reads the ingredient list on a small packet. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 01:16 in Istanbul. In some ramshackle yet homey dwelling an individual named Wei, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved letter. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now right about 19:17 in Blanc-Sablon. In some tidy yet decrepit residence an old man named Kang, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads an embossed contract. He chews a fingernail.

It is now precisely 19:18 in Halifax. In some undistinguished yet nice location a man named Biruk, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling note. He hums quietly.

It is now right at 12:19 in Enderbury. In some charming yet furtive location a woman known as Lian, who is of completely average stature, reads a pristine card. She suddenly collapses.

It is now only a moment before 02:20 in Volgograd. In some adequate yet cramped residence a youth who is called Evgeny, who is on the small side, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He zones completely out.

It is now almost 20:21 in Boa Vista. In some small yet suitable shelter someone named Ruth, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. She smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 17:22 in Galapagos. In some run-down yet orderly edifice an old woman named Hosniya, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads the warning message from a recipe clipping. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now right at 00:23 in Prague. In some ordinary yet nestlike residence a person named Yonas, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 08:24 in Choibalsan. In some comfortable yet dim accommodation an individual known as Tareq, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a well-preserved report. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 00:25 in Skopje. In some ramshackle habitat someone named Bill, who is on the small side, reads an entirely made-up word off the label of a tin can. He chews a fingernail.

It is now only a moment before 17:26 in Pangnirtung. In some typical yet tidy dwelling an individual named Senait, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on an over-the-counter drug container. She scratches one ear.

It is now right at 17:27 in Cancun. In some plain domicile a youth named Almaz, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a canary-colored letter. She hums quietly.

It is now right about 17:28 in Guatemala. In some furtive yet homey habitat a man who is called Zecharias, who is rather large, reads a tiny numeric code on a box of breakfast cereal. He sits up straight.

It is now exactly 10:29 in Sydney. In some decent yet undistinguished accommodation an old man named Robel, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads the ingredient list from a recipe clipping. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 00:30 in Libreville. In some nestlike house a woman named Zhen, who towers over most people, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 17:31 in Belize. In some charming structure a youth named Maxim, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a wrinkled envelope. He suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 20:32 in Montevideo. In some sturdy abode an individual named Abi, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads some sort of exclamation on a box of breakfast cereal. He nods, very deliberately.

It is now precisely 23:33 in Casablanca. In some ordinary edifice a man known as Gang, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. He chews a fingernail.

It is now almost 17:34 in Menominee. In some ramshackle dwelling a person who is called Artyom, who is on the small

side, reads a pristine contract. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 01:35 in Amman. In some tidy house someone named Yan, who is of completely average stature, reads a crumbling manuscript. She scratches one ear.

It is now right about 02:36 in Aden. In some nice yet run-down shelter someone named Abdallah, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a embossed card. He zones completely out.

It is now as it happens 00:37 in Berlin. In some undistinguished yet sound house an old man named An, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a canary-colored note. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 17:38 in Cambridge Bay. In some nestlike habitation an individual who is called Nahum, who towers over most people, reads a stained certificate. He looks away, then back.

It is now almost 20:39 in Mendoza. In some comfortable yet small abode an old woman known as Feven, who is on the small side, reads a pristine letter. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now right about 09:40 in Chuuk. In some sturdy yet decrepit residence a person named Tadesse, who is rather large, reads an entirely made-up word on a small packet. He suddenly collapses.

It is now as it happens 02:41 in Bahrain. In some ordinary yet charming shelter a youth named Zewdy, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads a wrinkled envelope. She raises one eyebrow.

It is now precisely 19:42 in Blanc-Sablon. In some tidy location a youth named Mohammed, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a canary-colored card. He chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 01:43 in Damascus. In some typical yet suitable residence a man who is called Leonardo, who towers over most people, reads a stained contract. He turns entirely around.

It is now only a moment before 11:44 in Kwajalein. In some cramped shelter an old man named Hassan, who is of completely average stature, reads the warning message on a box of breakfast cereal. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now as it happens 01:45 in Zaporozhye. In some plain yet decent habitat a person known as Bereket, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads a tiny numeric code from a recipe clipping. He sits up straight.

It is now right at 18:46 in Rio Branco. In some furtive edifice a woman named Ni, who is significantly smaller than others of the same age, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. She frowns a slight frown.

It is now exactly 03:47 in Muscat. In some undistinguished yet sound dwelling someone named Mahlet, who is on the small side, reads the ingredient list on a box of breakfast cereal. She suddenly collapses.

It is now right about 20:48 in Paramaribo. In some decrepit location an old woman named Katarzyna, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a well-preserved report. She scratches one ear.

It is now only a moment before 00:49 in Podgorica. In some comfortable shelter an individual named Shaimaa, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She hums quietly.

It is now right at 19:50 in La Paz. In some typical yet tidy accommodation someone named Hussein, who towers over

most people, reads the warning message on a small packet. He chews a fingernail.

It is now exactly 16:51 in Dawson Creek. In some small shelter a youth named Na, who is rather large, reads a pristine note. She looks away, then back.

It is now almost 00:52 in Libreville. In some cramped residence a youth known as Abdel-Rahman, who is no larger or smaller than one would expect, reads an entirely made-up word on an over-the-counter drug container. He raises one eyebrow.

It is now right about 06:53 in Vientiane. In some furtive yet nestlike edifice a woman named Jerusalem, who is quite sizable and imposing, reads a tiny numeric code off the label of a tin can. She turns entirely around.

It is now as it happens 17:54 in Pangnirtung. In some ramshackle yet decent domicile an old man named Halim, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads a crumbling letter. He smiles a tiny smile.

It is now precisely 19:55 in Puerto Rico. In some suitable yet ordinary domicile a person named Bethlehem, who is of completely average stature, reads a wrinkled manuscript. She nods, very deliberately.

It is now exactly 02:56 in Dar es Salaam. In some cookie-cutter habitat an individual known as Araya, who is on the small side, reads a stained certificate. He hums quietly.

It is now almost 01:57 in Simferopol. In some plain location someone named Christian, who is rather large, reads a canary-colored contract. He sits up straight.

It is now right about 12:58 in Fakaofu. In some tidy yet run-down domicile a man named Khaled, who is significantly

smaller than others of the same age, reads a crumbling card. He frowns a slight frown.

It is now as it happens 23:59 in St. Helena. In some dim yet adequate edifice a person named Feng, who usually turns to look up to other people, reads some sort of exclamation on a small packet. He raises one eyebrow.

