

The time of story



About the author

Hello! My name is hajun.I'm first
year middle school student.

I like listening to music, playing
games,and practicing basketball

I wrote this story because I wanted
to teach a lesson

Thank you reading my book. I
hope enjoy it

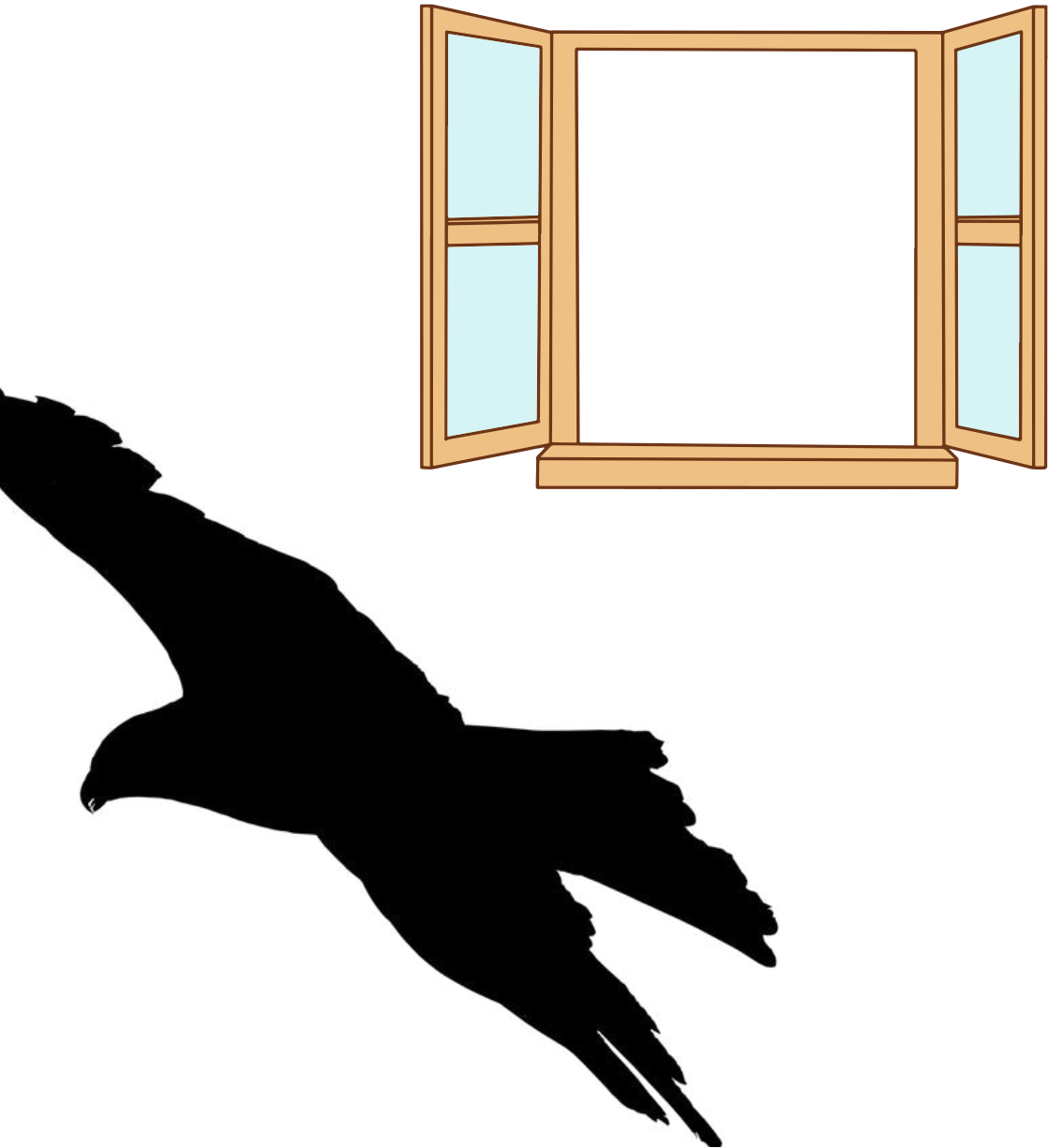
There was a acity
The city's clocks pointing differnt
private



There lived a watchman in
the city he fixed watches
everyday



one night, A black bird flew
though the window.



“What are you collecting?
The watchman asked.”

“The time when people think they
lost.”



the bird took the watchman to the
forest of time.



The watchman found his own
anchored moments.



"Do you want it back?"
asked the bird.
The watchman nodded.



He stood by the river flowing
backwards.

In the river, the days gone by were
passing by.



Then a child appeared.
The child was himself as a child.
"Why do you keep looking back?"



"There's a time in front of you that
you haven't lived yet."



The hour bird sent one last feather into
the sky.
The feather became a star.



Since that day, people in the city
have lived different times beautifully.

