

In a village forgotten by the world, in an old house with blue shutters, lived an old watchmaker named Ilie. His house was full of clocks: wall clocks, pocket watches, cuckoo clocks, electric and mechanical ones. But the most special of all was a large, dusty clock hidden in the attic.

No one knew exactly why Ilie wouldn't repair it. The clock hadn't ticked for decades, and the old man avoided any questions about it. It was said that the clock had a strange connection to time itself—that when it stopped ticking, something invisible also stopped in the village: perhaps the flow of time, perhaps forgetting.

One day, a curious child named Doru sneaked into the attic. He found the clock covered in a thick web of spider silk. On impulse, he turned the large brass key. At that moment, the clock began to tick. Slowly, but firmly.

Old Ilie, feeling the vibration, hurried up the stairs. He found Doru staring in awe at the mechanism behind the cracked glass.

Ilie gave a sad smile.

— It seems time was only on pause, he said. But now... now we have to see what comes next.