



The Boy Who Found Time

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OLIVER



Oliver lived in a small, bustling town where everyone was always in a rush. He spent his days running from one place to another, never noticing the flowers blooming or the birds singing in the trees.



One afternoon, he found a rusted, golden key buried deep in the sand at the edge of the beach. It sparkled under the warm afternoon sunlight, catching his eye for the first time in years.



He walked toward the old, abandoned lighthouse that stood tall on the edge of the rocky cliffside. The wind whistled through the tall grass as he approached the heavy, weathered wooden door.



Oliver inserted the key into the lock, and with a loud, heavy creak, the door swung open. Inside, tiny specks of dust danced in the beams of light that filtered through the small, circular windows.



He climbed the winding stone stairs, his heart racing with every slow step he took. He felt a strange sense of curiosity that he had not experienced for a very long time.



When he finally reached the top, he stepped out onto the narrow balcony and gasped at the view. The vast, endless ocean stretched out before him, painted in brilliant shades of orange, pink, and purple.



He watched the sun slowly dip below the horizon, realizing he had never truly looked at a sunset before. The world felt quiet and still, and for the first time, Oliver did not feel the need to run.



He remembered all the times he had ignored his friends and family because he was too busy with his tasks. He felt a small pang of regret, but also a new, deep sense of inner peace.



Oliver stayed at the top of the lighthouse until the first stars began to twinkle in the dark night sky. He promised himself that he would move slower and appreciate the beauty that surrounded him every day.



He returned to the town with a gentle smile on his face and a calm, happy heart. From that day on, Oliver lived every moment fully, teaching others the value of slowing down to see the world.