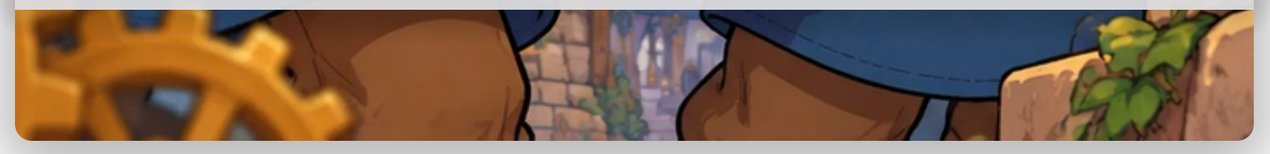


# The window

Shaheen Samss





John and Leen sat on the sunlit cobblestone steps of their workshop, surrounded by scattered copper gears and ticking clocks of all shapes and sizes. A sudden, unfamiliar chime echoed from the center of the old town square, interrupting their quiet afternoon. Intrigued by the mysterious sound, they exchanged knowing glances and packed their small toolbags. The adventure had quietly begun right outside their wooden front door.



Following the echo of the chime, the pair navigated the winding alleys of the town as golden morning sunlight filtered through hanging ivy. Friendly shopkeepers waved from their windows, but John and Leen kept their eyes fixed on the towering clock spire ahead. Every step brought them closer to the heart of the mystery, heightening their shared excitement. The cobblestones beneath their boots seemed to hum with a secret rhythm.



They reached the base of the grand clock tower, a magnificent structure covered in creeping vines and brass plates that gleamed in the light. A heavy oak door stood slightly ajar, inviting them into the cool, shadowy interior where the true mechanics of the town were housed. Leen reached out to push the door open wider, revealing a spiral staircase winding endlessly upward into the gloom. Without hesitation, they stepped inside together.



Inside the tower, thousands of floating light motes illuminated massive iron pendulums swinging back and forth in a mesmerizing, rhythmic dance. John carefully stepped across a narrow metal catwalk, marveling at the sheer scale of the engineering around them. Leen followed closely behind, her fingers trailing along a polished brass railing that vibrated with ancient energy. The air smelled of old paper, ozone, and sweet machine oil.



As they climbed higher, they discovered a large, circular chamber where the walls were lined with hundreds of dormant glass dials. Each dial represented a different season, a different memory, and a different feeling shared by the people living in the town below. John gently touched a blue-tinted dial, causing it to glow with a soft, comforting azure light. Leen gasped softly as the room filled with the gentle sound of distant laughter.



In the center of the chamber stood the master mechanism, a complex sculpture of spinning silver rings that had frozen in place years ago. Leen spotted a missing gear resting on a nearby pedestal, perfectly matching an empty slot within the intricate puzzle. Working as a team, John held the heavy brass flashlight while Leen carefully maneuvered the gear into its proper position. A satisfying click echoed through the silent room as the mechanism engaged.



The moment the gear locked into place, the entire tower sprang back to life with a joyful, cascading symphony of chimes and whirring springs. Beams of rainbow-colored light shot through the stained-glass windows, illuminating the dust motes dancing in the air outside the tower. John and Leen cheered in triumph, high-fiving each other as the walls vibrated with renewed vitality. Their hard work and clever teamwork had successfully awakened the town's sleeping heart.



Looking out through the high arched window, they watched with delight as the town below blossomed with unexpected color and vibrancy. Flowers in window boxes bloomed instantly, and the street fountains bubbled with crystal-clear water under the afternoon sun. People stepped out of their homes, smiling up at the clock tower as they felt the warm wave of magic wash over them. John and Leen realized that their small act had brought joy to everyone they cherished.



Descending the spiral stairs with lighter steps, the pair returned to the sun-drenched town square where neighbors were now celebrating in the streets. Music drifted from a nearby café, and children chased the sparkling bubbles that floated down from the clock tower above. John and Leen smiled warmly at each other, knowing they had played a special part in this magical day. They found a quiet bench by the fountain to rest and soak in the happiness of their community.



As evening fell, painting the sky in deep shades of violet and orange, John and Leen sat side by side on their familiar workshop steps once more. The grand clock tower chimed softly in the distance, marking the peaceful end of an unforgettable day of discovery. They knew that whatever mysteries tomorrow might bring, they would face them together as the best of friends. The little town settled into a cozy, contented slumber under the watchful glow of the stars.