



The Director of Eras

MOHAMMED BUMUZAH

OF ERAS



Arthur Vance sits behind an antique film camera in a misty, quiet valley village, directing a scene that mirrors his happiest memory with his late wife, Clara. The actors replicate her smile, but the lens captures only an empty imitation of the warmth he desperately craves.



A bus arrives delivering a new batch of background extras whose period clothing is far too authentic, down to the ancient weave of their cloaks and the historic dust on their boots. Instead of following directions, they stand in eerie unison, watching Arthur with piercing, knowing eyes that do not belong to this era.



During a late-night shoot under the flickering lanterns, one of the mysterious extras steps out of the shadows and drops a sleek, silver chronometer into Arthur's palm. The device instantly whirs to life, casting a brilliant holographic timeline across the cobblestones and disrupting the film set.



The illusion of his grief-stricken life shatters as Arthur remembers his true identity as a high-ranking temporal agent, assigned to this artificial pocket of time to recover from a broken heart. He realizes Clara was not just a village girl, but his partner across multiple centuries, scattered across time by a terrible anomaly.



Determined to find her essence and mend the fractured timeline, Arthur activates the device and steps into a swirling vortex of golden clockwork and starlight. The quiet village film set dissolves behind him as he plunges headfirst into the currents of the past.



He materializes in ancient Alexandria as a royal architect, tasked with designing a grand library while secretly scanning the bustling marketplaces for a familiar face. Among the papyrus scrolls, he meets a brilliant young scholar whose sharp wit and defiant gaze instantly mirror his lost Clara.



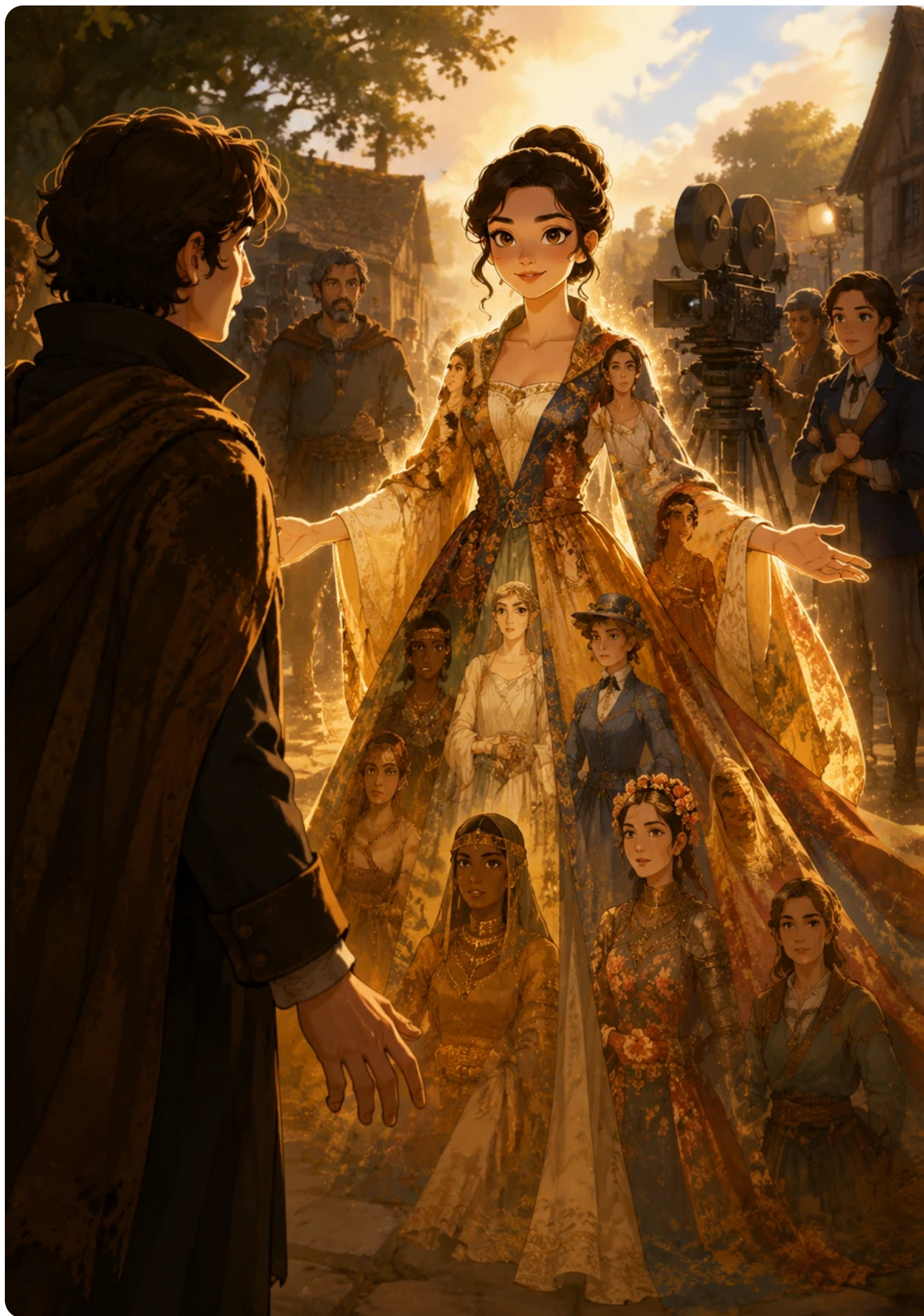
The timeline shifts violently, pulling Arthur into the neon-drenched streets of a futuristic metropolis where he assumes the role of a cybernetic investigator. In a crowded undercity jazz club, a lounge singer catches his eye, performing the exact, heartbreaking melody his wife used to hum in their quiet village home.



In every era he visits, the strange extras reappear as Temporal Guardians, sent by headquarters to arrest Arthur before his emotional quest unravels the fabric of history. They corner him in Victorian London, their shadows stretching long against the foggy brick walls as they demand his surrender.



Arthur refuses to give up, realizing that Clara's consciousness was intentionally woven into these different historical figures to guide him toward a universal truth. He overrides his chronometer, initiating a dangerous, unauthorized jump that forces all his past lives to converge at a single point in time.



Arthur opens his eyes back on the quiet village film set, the camera still rolling, but the world is now bathed in a vibrant, timeless glow. Standing before the lens is Clara, no longer a fading memory, but a living tapestry of all the historical souls he loved and saved across the ages.