

*THE MASTER OF TIME
AND THE GOLDEN CHILD*



The Master of Time and the Golden
Child

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High within the Tower of Eternity, where hours have no hands and moments never fade, lives the Master of Time. He is a being of pure radiance wrapped in a cloak woven from the stars, watching the threads of time flow like endless rivers beneath his feet.



THE GOLDEN CHILD'S JOURNEY

On a day never recorded by any calendar, the Golden Child is born, glowing with a light that never dims. He walks through fields causing flowers to bloom in an instant, and his laughter is so enchanting that the clouds stop moving just to listen.



Sensing a disturbance in the cosmic balance, the Master of Time descends from his tower carrying a massive, glowing hourglass. He tells the child that time is a river that must flow in one direction, accusing him of turning existence into a playground of sand.



The Golden Child looks up with wide, innocent eyes and asks why time must always rush toward an end. He wonders aloud if they could simply stay in the beautiful moments they love forever, his small hand reaching out toward the giant glass.



To teach the boy the necessity of endings, the Master takes him to an autumn forest where leaves are turning brittle and brown. He explains that the old must wither and fall to make room for the arrival of a new and vibrant spring.



As the sun dips below the horizon, the Master shows the child how the light must depart so that all living creatures can rest. He explains that the darkness of evening is essential for the world to regain its strength for the coming day.



They observe the lives of humans, where the Master points out how the 'final moment' of a life makes every word of love a priceless treasure. He tries to show that the end of a journey is what gives the path its ultimate meaning.

THE GOLDEN CHILD - MASTER OF TIME



Instead of feeling sadness, the Golden Child touches a fallen leaf and transforms it into everlasting gold that will never decay. He then gently touches the hand of an elderly man, and the man's eyes suddenly sparkle with the same hope and energy of his youth.



The child places his small hand upon the massive hourglass, and the falling sands suddenly stop, not because the clock is broken, but because time has become complete. The Master finally understands that time is not a prison to run through, but a vessel to be filled with wonder.



The Master of Time removes his heavy, starlit cloak and sits on the soft grass beside the Golden Child for the first time in millennia. They watch butterflies dance in the air together, reminding us that whenever joy fills our hearts, time has decided to take a rest.