

As the sun dipped below the horizon, the sky transformed into a canvas of deep oranges and purples. A gentle breeze rustled through the tall grass, carrying the scent of earth and rain. Clara pulled her jacket tighter around her shoulders, exhaling a breath that curled into the cool evening air. She had always loved this time of day—when the world seemed to pause, caught between the warmth of the fading sun and the mystery of the approaching night. Somewhere in the distance, a lone owl called out, its voice echoing through the empty fields.