

Title: A Chance Encounter

Narrator: The sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the quiet park. A cool breeze rustled through the trees as Emma sat on a bench, lost in thought. Suddenly, a young man approached, hesitating before speaking.

Liam: "Excuse me, is this seat taken?"

Emma: [glancing up, surprised] "Oh—no, not at all. Go ahead."

Narrator: Liam sat down, fidgeting with the strap of his backpack. Emma returned to staring at the fading light, a soft sigh escaping her lips.

Liam: [curious] "You seem deep in thought. Long day?"

Emma: [smiling faintly] "Something like that. Just one of those days where everything feels... heavy."

Narrator: Liam nodded, understandingly. He glanced at the book in Emma's lap.

Liam: "That book—The Time Keeper, right? I love that one."

Emma: [raising an eyebrow] "You've read it?"

Liam: [grinning] "Twice. It's about cherishing time, right? The way we either waste it or wish for more."

Narrator: Emma's expression softened. She hadn't expected a stranger to understand.

Emma: "Yeah. Lately, I feel like time's slipping away too fast."

Liam: [nodding] "Or maybe, we're just chasing it too hard."

Narrator: A comfortable silence settled between them. The streetlights flickered on, casting long shadows across the pavement.

Emma: [playfully] "Do you always have deep conversations with strangers?"

Liam: [chuckling] "Only with the ones reading my favorite books."

Narrator: Emma laughed, the weight on her shoulders feeling a little lighter.

Emma: "Maybe time isn't slipping away. Maybe we just need to pause and notice moments like this."

Narrator: Liam smiled. And for the first time that day, Emma did too.