**Nama : Akmal Zaahir Andriyanto**

**Kelas : 9D**

**The Whispering Clock**

In the quiet town of Eldermere, there stood an old antique shop at the corner of Willow Street. It was a place of forgotten treasures, owned by an elderly man named Mr. Thorne. His most peculiar item was an ancient grandfather clock that stood tall in the shop’s dimly lit corner.

Locals whispered about the clock, claiming it had a mind of its own. It never needed winding, and sometimes, in the dead of night, it would chime an eerie tune that no one could quite place. Some said it whispered secrets if you stood close enough.

One rainy evening, a young woman named Evelyn stumbled into the shop, seeking shelter from the storm. She shook off the water from her coat and wandered through the shelves until her eyes landed on the grandfather clock. As she stepped closer, she felt a strange pull, as if the clock itself was beckoning her.

“Ah, fascinated by that old thing, are you?” Mr. Thorne’s voice startled her.

“There’s something... peculiar about it,” Evelyn admitted, tilting her head.

Mr. Thorne chuckled. “You’re not the first to say that.”

Evelyn reached out hesitantly and ran her fingers over the intricate carvings on the wood. Suddenly, a whisper filled her ears.

“Seek the lost hour.”

She jerked back, eyes wide. “Did you hear that?”

Mr. Thorne nodded solemnly. “This clock is not ordinary, my dear. It holds time within its grasp.”

Curious and slightly terrified, Evelyn leaned in again. The whisper returned, guiding her hands to the clock’s base. With trembling fingers, she pressed a hidden notch, and the clock groaned as a small compartment slid open. Inside lay a delicate golden pocket watch, its hands frozen at an unknown hour.

Evelyn picked it up, feeling its weight in her palm. As soon as she did, the world around her shifted. The shop blurred, and she found herself standing in a different place—a grand ballroom bathed in golden light. The air smelled of jasmine and old parchment. People dressed in 19th-century attire twirled around her.

Before she could process what had happened, a man with piercing blue eyes approached. “You found it,” he whispered, his voice filled with relief.

“Found what?” Evelyn stammered.

“The lost hour,” he said. “And now, time can finally be set right.”

The clock chimed, and darkness enveloped her. When she opened her eyes, she was back in the antique shop, the golden watch still in her hands.

Mr. Thorne smiled knowingly. “Did you find what you were looking for?”

Evelyn glanced at the clock. It was no longer whispering. The storm outside had passed, but she knew that her journey with time was only just beginning.