

In a quiet village wrapped in mist, an old clock tower stood, forgotten by time. Every night, at exactly midnight, it chimed once — no more, no less. People said it guarded a secret. One evening, a curious boy named Eli climbed its spiral stairs. At the top, he found a dusty keyhole under the bell. Without thinking, he placed his house key inside. The tower trembled, and the mist parted, revealing a golden path leading to a city in the sky. Eli smiled, heart pounding — sometimes, the smallest keys unlock the greatest mysteries.