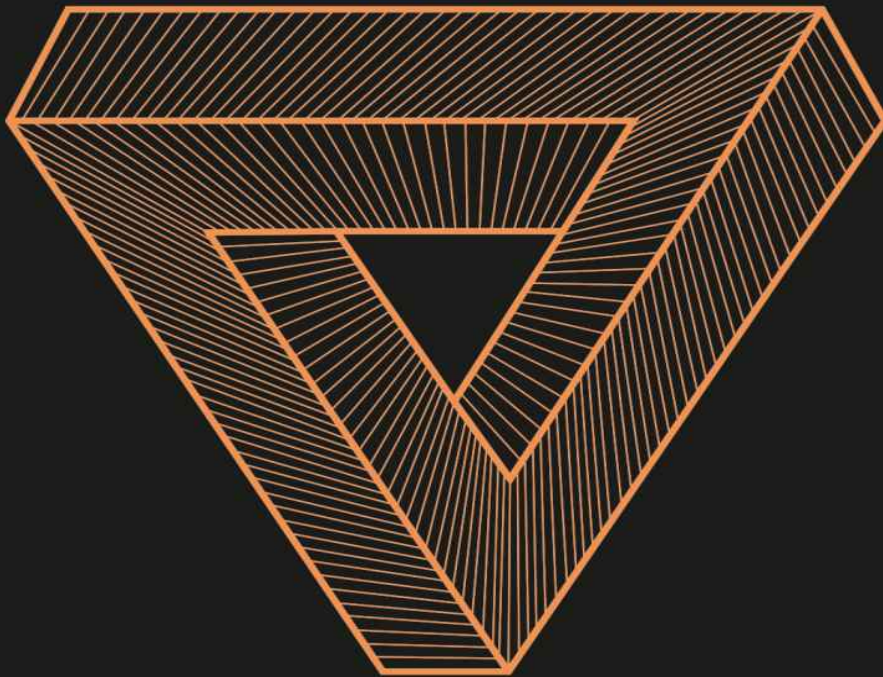


Eine Reise durch die Zeit

**A Journey Through Time
“ The Beginning of Everything ”**

H. G. Tannhaus



Eine Reise durch die Zeit: A Journey Through Time "The Beginning of Everything"
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“ We always trust that the time is linear. We think that it is progressing forever the same shape, until eternity. However, the difference between past, present and future are nothing but an illusion. Yesterday, today and tomorrow don't come after each other. They are connected to each other in an infinite loop. Everything is connected. Life is a maze. Some people try to find a way out. However, there is only one way, which goes more deeper. You can never understand it until you are in the center. ”

|Chapter 1| Midnight

“The past is not only affecting the future, the future is also affecting the past. This is like a paradox of the chicken and the egg. We can never say which one came first. Everything is connected.”

|00:00|

Introduction

Tic tac, tic tac... Tannhaus was sitting in the small study room holding a pocket watch in his hand. The tired and reluctant small second hand of the watch; in every move, it seemed that it was muttering a monoton, fervent melody. As a gift of his old age, his hands covered with dry skin were as old as the pocket watch he grasped. The spots of old age that glows speckled on his hand and the marks of the corrosion of the watch seem to have a confident and sincere relationship.

Fitted within the golden frame, adorned with the carved Roman numerals on the white dial, the watch was a rare and precious example of a distinguished handwork. The minutes the master spent making the watch are now beating inside the watch. Tannhaus spend years to bring together this watch. For the mechanism of the watch, he carefully chose every wheel and springs, which he placed meticulously on the places where they belonged. Although he was very young when he assembled the watch, he made a habit of wearing binocular glasses. As he gets older, the binocular glasses were replaced by glasses with thick round lenses. But unlike the binoculars, he had to use these glasses in his daily life.

The pocket watch was showing 5.08. ‘3 minutes’, Tannhaus thought. He gave a deep breath. He closed his eyes tightly and opened them again, then took off his glasses, rubbed the places where they pressed on the nose root, and raised the pin of the watch and turned it to the left. It was now showing 4.10. He took a deep breath again.

The moment he said “Come in!”, the door of the study room was knocked.

When the door opened, a tall teenager in his mid-20's appeared at the doorway.

"Tannhaus, how did you know that I was at the door!" The confusion of the teenager could be seen. Enlarged eyes, mouth open to laugh, enlarged nostrils ...

"You said 'Come in' before I knocked the door."

"Well...Gilbert. Years of experience. The only job I know but the job that I know the best is the watch." Tannhaus got up from the wooden desk and came next to Gilbert, gently he put his hand on Gilbert's shoulder. "Don't you come to tell me, every day, at the same time, 'Tannhaus, I am leaving'?"

"You are right, Tannhaus. I thought for a moment that you time traveled. Sometimes, you have such a strange behavior that you scare me."

"You, little brat" Tannhaus said laughing. "You may leave, I'll take care of the shop."

After Gilbert got out of the shop, Tannhaus left his study room and walked slowly to the entrance door of the shop to turn up the OPEN-sign-board hanging on the door. He knows very well that after this hour no new customer would come. Finding out the synchronization of the watch in his pocket tic-tac's and the ticking sound that the signboard made by hitting the glass, made Tannhaus smile.

Tannhaus put a lot of effort into keeping the shop like the first day. The shop was actually quite large to be a watch shop. However, the glass windows made of carved wood, in which he put the clocks and watches, narrowed the shop considerably. Although the gothic design and the dimly lit atmosphere of the shop, made the customers feel depressed when they first entered, after a short while, the customers get used to their surroundings and begin to love the shop. Customers who bought a watch or renewed the wristband of the watch, come more often just to get a pinch of Tannhaus's conversation.

Tannhaus returned to the study room at the back of the shop scuffing his tired legs. The dark wooden door of the study room was made of the same wood as the shop window cabinets. Like all of his belongings, Tannhaus had also specially designed the door and the frames of the door. He had told the Master Carpenter Andreas that he should make it in such a way that upon entering the shop people would not think like "I have seen this before".

Although Master Andreas implied that it would be very difficult to do this at

first, because of his old friendship with Tannhaus he accepted, he made furniture suitable for the drawings of Tannhaus from timber brought from a special oak tree grown in Estonia.

Tannhaus , moving the thumb of his right hand over the TS relief on the closed lid of the pocket watch, he walked up to the wooden desk. When he arrived at the table, he continued his calm journey with the support of his left hand. With the same calm attitude, he pulled his chair and sat down. He was aware now that life was exhausting him. All those lives he lived, took some part of him. He shook his arms to relax his tired body, took a deep breath and he took his pocket watch again into his hand. When he pressed the top button, the cover swung down and he saw that the clock was 5.10.

“One last time,” he said aloud. Although there was no one to hear him, it was like he was demanding. He raised the adjusting pin and took the clock backward one hour to 4.10. The door of the study room was knocked while he was closing the cover of the pocket watch.

“Come in Gilbert!” the old clockmaker master said aloud.

Gilbert entered to the study room with a big smile on his face. “How did you guess that it was me?”

“Who else can it be?, Gilbert, customers don’t enter here,” Tannhaus said, looking over to Gilbert, and turned his eyes back to his thumb on the relief over the clock.

“You are right. Anyway, I am leaving, Tannhaus. ”

“Ok, son.”

“Do you need anything?”

Tannhaus seemed to be trying to remember something. Then he said, “no, thank you ...”

“Thank you, Tannhaus.”

“Oh, there is something.”

Gilbert returned to his master, “Yes, Tannhaus.”

“Come, let me embrace you before you go.” Tannhaus walked slowly, stood before Gilbert, put his hands next to the teenager’s shoulders, examined his face briefly, then embraced him sincerely.

On his master’s move, Gilbert giggled and responded firmly to the embracing of Tannhaus. “I’m going home, old man, not somewhere else. We will meet again tomorrow. ”

“Yes, We’ll meet again. Right.” After slapping gently a few times Gilbert’s back, he removed himself.

“See you tomorrow.”

“Until tomorrow, son. “

After Gilbert left, Tannhaus returned to his desk. He remembered his daughter, besides Gilbert, she was the only living family member he had. He needed to hear her voice one last time. He reached the old fashioned phone, placed on the right side of his desk, and he dialed her phone number by heart. After ringing several times, the phone was picked up. “Yes?” said a woman’s voice.

“Honey, How are you?” Tannhaus had to take a deep breath to clean his throat.

“Father, is that you? Your voice is too hoarse.”

Tannhaus tried to cough to clean his voice. He swept the two drops of tears from his eyes.

“Yes, yes, it’s me.” He said.

“Father, I’m very busy now, can we talk later? I have to run to the office.”

Her voice sounded like she was in a hurry.

“Sure, Charlotte, talk to you later.”

“Thank you father, talk to you later.”

Tannhaus put back the handset and got up from his desk. He began to wander in his shop, teary-eyed. He looked at his watches, screwdriver sets and all parts waiting to turn to a watch as if he was saying goodbye, he was gently touching all of them. He walked up to the shop door, rubbing his hands, ignoring the fingerprints he left on the display cabinets, which he did not even allow to be touched under normal conditions. After reversing the “open” signboard, he returned to his study room. A smile spread across his face as he caressed the melting clock on Salvador Dali’s Persistence of Memory, that was hung on the wall behind his desk. for a while He held his hand in the middle of the table, which was on the painting, then he let his hand fall under the influence of gravity. He pulled out his chair to sit down, but then he changed his mind and went next to the gramophone on the right side of the desk. When he placed the needle at the point he predicted and operated the turntable, the study room was filled with the sound of a crying violin.

Tannhaus succeeded in capturing Farid Farjad’s song Daryache Noor’s at almost the exact place where the song began. This song always reminded him of his daughter Charlotte; because Anroozha Volume 1, which is now turning on the turntable, was a gift from his daughter when she was nine years old. As the record continued to spin, the violin burned the lament that

had been sent to prove the existence of heaven, Tannhaus sat back in his chair and glanced at his watch. He devoted a lifetime to this extraordinary watch and gave up so many things for this watch.

Tannhaus has repeatedly experienced the claim that people watch their lives like a storyboard before death comes. Every time, as he approached his death, he watched hundreds of memories over and over and felt like he was really reliving each of them. Moreover, he made a journey not only to his memories, but also to the past of hundreds of people, and he decided that he was tired by the effect of all these memories. His only regret was not to say properly goodbye to his daughter Charlotte.

“This is the end,” he said to himself. With a deep pain stuck in his heart, he remained breathless. While loosening his tie with one hand, he pressed on his chest with the other hand, trying to regulate his breath even though he knew that would not work. When the pain took over his entire body, he was no longer able to move any of his limbs. He collapsed into the chair of his unique desk. At that moment, the clock fell from the pocket of his vest. And the watch stopped at 5.11.

|Chapter 2| Twilight

“It is my duty to kill time and the duty of time is to kill me.” M.Cio

|01:00|

The Worst Day

Tick Tack Tick Tack ... When Charlotte opened her eyes, the first sounds that filled her ears were: The uniform sound sequence from the second's bar of the wall clock, tic and tac. She pulled herself on her elbows and straightened up on the bed, and the bedsheet slipped out.

She realized that she was completely naked when she saw her breasts. She began to rub her temples by leaning her back against the headboard and drawing small circles to relieve the pain of her head. “I must have drunk a lot last night,” she said to herself. When she scanned the inside of the room quickly, she saw the littered clothes, shoes, and the bag on the floor. Although this situation belonged to a scene that she had encountered many times before, the brunet male sleeping on the right side of the double bed seemed to be added to this picture.

She dangled her feet from the bed and she placed her elbows to her knees and then she rubbed her temples again with her hands. Raising her head slightly, she noticed that the bottom of her left collar bone was bruised. She took a hard breath between her teeth with the pain she felt when she pressed it with her index finger and middle finger. The bruise was right next to her tattoo; however, with the emotional pain, she felt while getting the tattoo, neither the bruises nor the blows of the tattoo machine could compete. She let it write ‘Omnes vulnerant, ultima necat’ right under the collar bone. She had this tattoo done as a complaint to her father during her high school years. This phrase was written on the back cover of the pocket watches and on the dial of the clock towers, in the nineteenth century meant “All hours wound, the last one kills “ or, more commonly, “all wounds, the last kills.” While she was tattooed this phrase, Charlotte had thought that she could have been more valuable in her father's eyes if she had been a watch.

Her first attempt to get out of bed was interrupted by the burning sensation in her groin, then she managed to get out of the bed trying not to wake up the man she did not even remember. She needed to take a shower to come to herself and throw away the dirt out of her lust; but she did not want to take the chance of meeting again with the guy she spent the night with, so, she collected her clothes laying on the ground and put them on. She had a little difficulty in putting her swollen feet into the heeled shoes, she endured this accustomed pain, she managed to wear them after a few tries.

When she woke up, the first sounds she heard were from the clock. However, instead of looking at the wall clock, she looked as a habit at the time on her phone, which she pulled out of her bag. According to the digital numbers on her phone, the time was almost half-past seven. Under normal circumstances, at this time of the day, she would have been going to her work. But when she remembered what she had experienced yesterday and the sequence of events that led her to end the night in this hotel room. This made her realize that these things were no longer meaningful. It all began as she got a message while she was sitting in her office.

Charlotte was the clothing department manager of a major online shopping site called WindenMark. The profit margin made by the clothing department, which was the tab with the highest transaction volume of WindenMark, had decreased significantly compared to the previous months, and the number of hits of the site also had decreased compared to the competitors, making Charlotte uneasy. With all those anxious thoughts, she laid her head on the desk. At that time, she was sure that if her office door was not knocked, she could stay that way until the end of the shift. However, the knocking on the door caused her to never know the accuracy of this prediction, she lifted her head off the table and placed her hair, which fell in front of her eyes back their place with her hand and said, "Come in!".

When the glass-covered office door, which prevents the view from the outside, but can be seen from the inside, was opened. A woman in her mid-twenties came in. She had dyed red hair with an asymmetrical haircut at ear level. She was trying to balance on her high heels with legs which were like two toothpicks. She seemed anxious and nervous, which could be seen by her asquint ocean-blue eyes, her small nose which wrinkled as she spoke and

also blood blistered lower lip, as she had bitten it off many times. She started her speech by saying “Mrs. Charlotte,”. Her uneasy tone caused her already thin voice to become thinner and to regain the voice she had to pause once in a while. “They sent an e-mail from the warehouse.” When Charlotte nodded, the woman walked over to her manager, showing the A4 paper she was holding.

“About what?”

“They sent the returned goods and refund-dispute lists, and also cc to the CEO.” Charlotte hadn’t gotten used to this half English and half German use of language; but in some cases, she was obliged to keep up with the working environment and used this strange language.

“Let me see it!”

Taking a quick look at her secretary’s handed-in list, Charlotte quickly saw that nearly thirty-five items were either returned or a dispute filed. “Thirty-seven products,” she said, really counting the listed items this time. «Is this the list of this week, Jasmin?»

Just like Charlotte, Jasmin looked down on the paper, and then she waited for a short time as if she were trying to find the appropriate sentence. When she needed to moisten her lips, she swiftly moved her tongue over her lips before starting to speak. «No,» she said. After giving a short break with the awareness that the continuation of her sentence would be more painful, she said «This list is today’s list.” , “They also asked you to come to the warehouse.” she added.

Charlotte returned the list to Jasmin and put her head again on the table after filling her cheeks with air and pushing it out with a loud puff sound. “Okay, you can leave now. Tell the driver, to get the car ready, I’m leaving soon.” Despite Charlotte’s hoarse voice, Jasmin understood these words and left the office after confirming that she understood.

She stayed in her office for a while with her head on the table. When Charlotte left the company, she found a BMW X5 with the driver waiting for her in front of the door. Standing in front of the car with his left hand

grasping his right wrist, and when he noticed Charlotte, he opened the back door with an agile gesture. After making sure that Charlotte got into the car, the driver went to the driver seat and started driving to the address he had previously learned.

Instead of looking outside and wasting time, Charlotte decided to control the status of the last orders. She took her laptop out of her bag, and she entered to WindenMark`s server. The increase in orders of the electronics department compared to the previous month were almost doubled and they were already higher than the orders of clothes. This result caused an inner war in Charlotte.

As a consequence of this inner war, her veins in her forehead and neck began to inflate. She couldn`t keep her imprisoned anger and as she released the anger with a hard fist to the front seat, the car stopped and the driver went out to open Charlotte`s door.

“Ms. Charlotte, is there anything I can do for you?”

“No, thank you.”

When Charlotte scanned her card at the entrance door of the WindenMark warehouse and entered, she was welcomed by the warehouse supervisor Mr. Peter who already knew that she arrived. He wore light brown suede shoes contrasting with his navy-blue suit, and he left the last two buttons of his shirt open without a tie. The number of white strands added to the hair that was lost at a young age has increased significantly. Moreover, the lines formed on his forehead and between the two eyebrows had totally adopted their places and began to lead new orphan wrinkles on his beardless face. As if this was not enough, the crow`s feet formed on the edges of his black eyes, which resembled a small marble, caused a considerable difference between his real age and his appearance.

“Welcome, Ms. Charlotte,” he said, as he shook Charlotte`s hand. “As you know, we got refunds more than ever before in one day.” “Returns.”

“Sorry, Ms. Charlotte? I couldn`t follow.”

“We didn`t get any refunds we got returns.” Charlotte corrected and then she continued: “Please, go on!”

“Okay, if you follow me, I would like to show you something interesting that we found out.” Although the man`s voice was tremulous, it sounded like a child who wanted to show his mother what he had dis-

covered.

“Go ahead,” Charlotte said, with her hand showing the road. While Mr. Peter was guiding the road with quick steps, Charlotte was following him with slower steps. The echo of Charlotte’s high-heeled shoes in the large warehouse caught the attention of many employees, and for a short time they left their jobs and they turned in the direction of the sound. When they saw that the source of the sound was Charlotte, they returned to their work without wasting any time.

“Here,” said Peter, he put the parcel that he took from a pile of boxes on the metal table and opened it. There was a red unpackaged dress inside the box, but what Peter really wanted to draw attention to was an A4 paper which was the other piece in the box. He took the paper in his hand using two fingers as if he was holding something delicate and fragile and handed it over to Charlotte. Charlotte could read the writing on it without even taking the paper into her hand. A single word written in bold and large fonts covered the whole paper: **BEREADY!**

“Be ready!” said Charlotte correcting the mistake.

“Yes, all parcels have the same.” Peter opened a few more parcels and showed the papers coming out of them. “But they were all returned from different places. Some Munich, some Berlin, some Flensburg... Cities far from each other.”

“Someone is playing a game with us, but let’s wait and see”. Charlotte’s word was left unfinished with the ringing of her cell phone. When she saw the number of Jasmin on the screen of the phone, she answered it directly. “Hello.”

“Ms. Charlotte, Mr. Brunkhorst wants to meet you face to face as soon as possible, how late could you meet him?”

“I’m leaving immediately.” If the CEO of WindenMark wanted to meet with her face to face, it was either very good news or very bad news and the second possibility seemed much higher given the current situation. “Peter, send these products to stock for reordering. Contact IT to solve the link between these orders and send an error message to the return request for a short period of time. I have to go back to the company.”

“Understood.”

Her cell phone rang again as Charlotte returned to the car and sat in the back seat. The phone number of the landline that appeared on the screen was not recorded in Charlotte’s directory. Normally, she would

not answer numbers that were not registered on her phone, calls from people who were not already registered in her contacts would usually be business-related, and they would call the line, but this incoming call was made through her private line. The curiosity of the caller overtook her principles and she answered the phone.

“Yes?”

“Honey, how are you?”

“Father, is that you? Your voice is too hoarse.”

“Yes - yes it’s me,” said the voice.

“Father, I’m very busy now, can we talk later? I have to run to the office.”

“Sure, Charlotte, talk to you later.”

“Thank you, father, talk to you later.”

Charlotte hadn’t talked to her father for a long time. This phone call from her father could have been a beginning to melt the hardened ice between them; but, now, as she focused on her meeting with the CEO, she didn’t want to try to solve her issues with her father. For this reason, she decided that it was best to postpone this unexpected phone call to a later time, and hung up without knowing that this would never happen. When the car arrived at the company, the driver opened Charlotte’s door once again and after the driver asked whether she had an order for him, he returned to the car and went away to the car park. As she walked through the office building, she was very excited, she had never experienced this before. In fact, if she thought a little bit more; she could remember that she had the same excitement on her eighth birthday when she got a red bicycle with a tasseled handlebar from her father and ten seconds before her first kiss when she was at the second year in middle school. However, this time, the excitement filled with anxiety and confusion made her feel this physically to an extent that she could even feel the flow of blood in her veins.

When she got on the elevator and pressed the number 12, her anxiety increased proportionally with the lift jumping over the floors. As the elevator stopped on the sixth floor, she made a move to get off but she realized that she was on the wrong floor and she returned back to the cabin. At that time, two women whom Charlotte did not know, got on the elevator and one of them pressed the number 9. The elevator stopped first at the ninth floor after that the eleventh floor, as if fate was

trying to delay Charlotte's rise to the twelfth floor as much as possible. When she came to the twelfth floor, Charlotte, as she does whenever she has to overcome some issues, emptied her cheeks which she filled with air, with a big puff.

She came to the desk of the secretary of the CEO before she entered to the CEO's office and showed herself. The secretary took the phone handset to her ear without waiting for Charlotte to say anything and she hung up after making a speech that Charlotte could not hear. "Mr. Brunkhorst is waiting for you, Ms. Charlotte."

"Thank you."

When Charlotte entered the office of WindenMark's CEO Nils Brunkhorst, he was dealing with something on his computer. He noticed that Charlotte had entered, but he did not express it with his attitude. "Ms. Charlotte, please, take a seat." Mr. Brunkhorst did not even turn his face from the computer screen for a second while talking, he had an impression like he was dealing very important work, and now he has to solve this problem. Charlotte realizes that this attitude of the CEO, was not a good sign, she sat down to the right of the single-seater black leather seats placed in front of the desk.

"Ms. Charlotte, I will be very clear and short." Finally, he lifted his face off the computer screen and turned to Charlotte; but he had still the same careless attitude in his blue eyes under his thin eyebrows. In every word that came out of his mouth, he appeared to bite his white teeth because of the thinness of his upper lip, and every time he closed his mouth, he had to moisten his lips. "There has been a huge drop in profits in your department over the past two months, we try to ignore this situation till today, but because of the huge amount of returns made today, we thought that things did not work very well in your department and we decided to do a reorganization. In this regard, we are thanking you for your long-lasting efforts within our company and we wish you success in your future life. "

"So I'm fired!" Charlotte said, outlining the CEO's words clearly. The CEO was doing exactly what Charlotte said, but he thought it would not be nice to say it that way. After waiting for a short time, he straightened his brown hair, which he pulled from the left and combed to the right, and replied: "This is not a pleasant expression, but our company does not plan to continue working with you as of today. I would

appreciate it if you stop by the accounting department and terminate your employment. Thanks again, Ms. Charlotte.” As Nils Brunkhorst said his last words, he returned to the computer screen.

Charlotte understood that the situation was bad when she was called by the CEO for a meeting. But getting fired was not in her thoughts. Before she could process the firing, she directly went to the accounting department and finished all the necessary transactions. She returned back to her office and collected her belongings. After saying goodbye to Jasmin, she came out of the building with one cardboard parcel on her lap. She never thought that one day, she would be like one of the people like in the stereotyped image of an expelled person. But as she had repeatedly witnessed that the system she was in, was surrounded by jackals and wolves, she learned by experience that the career steps that were taken step by step, could be turned into a slide with the slightest mistake and that could send you back to the bottom. Considering all sacrifices, she made and all those things she brought to the company to reach her position, she had removed the word of being fired from her dictionary. But the world of business didn't have any pity for anyone. Moreover, the fact that she could no longer use the company car to return to her home made Charlotte's nerves deteriorate and caused her to have a burst of hysterical laughter. After she managed to stop her laugh, she decided to take her cell phone and call her boyfriend to pick her up. After the phone rang for a while, the phone was answered and Charlotte began to talk directly, without leaving time to say hello: “Noah, I'm very upset, can you get me from the company? Let's drink something together. ”

After a brief silence that seemed like minutes to Charlotte, Noah said, “I'm so busy right now, Charlotte, I'm sorry, I need to get to the meeting soon. Can we meet tomorrow?”

After the cold reply of Noah, Charlotte hung up without answering positively or negatively, and without even saying anything. She went out to the main street, hoping to find an empty cab. After bumping with a man in a black suit with a cream cap on his head and a white scarf on his neck, she apologized when she could not get any gesture back from the man, she went on her way and jumped into the first cab she could find. When she got home, after leaving the parcel in which she had collected her belongings, she changed her clothes and she got on her own Mini

and set off to Falshöft to do some head-breaking action, which she needs to do the most right now.

It took some time to find a suitable place to park her car; but she was able to catch the one-car space in one of the paid car parks, this had prevented her from losing more time on the matter.

When she moved to Langfeld Street, a large crowd greeted her. Although it was still the middle of the week, the street did not sleep and a huge crowd had gathered. After a short walk through the street, Charlotte stepped inside one of the bars that she liked. The security guard at the door, did not allow lonely men to enter, however, lonely women were allowed to enter, this made Charlotte smile.

When the effect of the rock music playing in the place was added, Charlotte sat confidently on the bar stool that she reached on foot. She ordered a double-shot of Jose Cuervo tequila from the bartender. After the bartender filled and served the drink, Charlotte saw Noah at the far end of the bar while she was licking the salt that was rubbed over her glass. He was drinking beer with the two girls beside him, as he was laughing with the two girls, he told them things Charlotte couldn't hear. Charlotte got mad at the view she saw and quickly took her one shot of tequila. When her eyes scanned Noah again, she saw her boyfriend as he walked out of the bar with two girls.

"Hi." When she heard this strange voice from the right, Charlotte stared at the door where Noah had already left, turning in that direction. To reveal his brunette, muscular body, the man dressed in a small black shirt, placed his beer bottle on the bar counter, and smiled at Charlotte. "Hello," Charlotte replied, normally she would just get off the stool without caring for such men.

"I'd like to order your next tequila." The man said.

Charlotte nodded on this offer and finished the tequila prepared by the bartender at the same speed. As the hours of the night progressed, the number of tequila drinks Charlotte had increased too. As the number of tequila's increased, her anger towards Noah gave up its place. Her conversation with the brunette man next to her was progressing. But, the next morning, when she woke up next to him, she would not remember any of these conversations.

Charlotte climbed into the balcony and smoked a cigarette with the sun shining on a new day. When she turned inside, the dark-haired man

was still sleeping on the right side of the bed. She did not regret having last night. In the end, she had responded to what Noah did, and in a way, she had taken an eye for an eye; but still, she was not happy about the situation she was in. As she did not even remember the pleasure, she might have had from having this relationship, she was disappointed and thought this did not suit her.

She left the hotel without even stopping by the reception. She remembered that she had left her car in the parking lot and that they had come here by cab, in faint squares. She took a taxi from a taxi station near the hotel and returned to the car park where her vehicle was located. The driver was dissatisfied with having to take passengers at such a short distance and he did not give any change to the twenty brands extended by Charlotte, claiming that he had no coin. Charlotte, on the other hand, did not feel the need to prolong the issue, as she was not in the mood to care about this fraudster of a taxi driver. After taking her mini from the underground garage and paying the parking fee, her phone rung on her way to her home in Stralsund. Instead of taking her mobile phone out of the bag, she opened the phone by pressing the button on the steering wheel and using the car's Bluetooth system.

"Yes?"

"Hello, Ms. Charlotte! I'm the lawyer of your father and of the watch company. Adolph Zeit"

Charlotte retained her courtesy, even though she received this phone from her father's lawyer. "Oh, hello Mr. Zeit."

"How are you, Miss Charlotte?"

"I'm fine thanks. And, you?" Charlotte found that this possible courtesy was banally artificial especially in order to avoid wasting valuable time in direct speeches, and she could argue if it was sincere, but she believed also some formality was necessary.

"Thank you. There is no better way to tell you the reason why I'm calling you today. I'm sorry for the loss of your father."

"What?" When Charlotte suddenly braked even though there were no obstacles in front of her, a vehicle from behind crashed into her car.

|2:00|

Heirlooms

Tick-tack. Tick-tack. Charlotte's head was throbbing with the rhythm of every second of a watch's second bar. One second, she was told, 'sorry for the loss of your father' and a second later, her head met the airbag that was opened after receiving the hit from behind. With the increase in the amount of blood pumped by her heart, the change in the amount of blood in various areas of her body created a momentary disruption in Charlotte's mindset and put it into action as if it were going to break at that moment. As a consequence of this sudden brake, the vehicle in the back hit the Mini of Charlotte.

After surviving the instant shock, when Charlotte was able to press the airbag and got out of the vehicle, she had been captured by unusual emotions: regret. Yesterday, Charlotte politely declined when her father called and talked to her. Maybe her workload didn't really allow her to talk to her father, but now she felt she could give up many things to have spoken a few more words with her father. She regretted not being able to hear her father's voice anymore; she was angry at the fact that she missed her last chance to talk to her father, because of the job she was fired from. Charlotte, while leaning one hand on her car and rubbing both temples with the other hand, quietly swore at the thoughts she had in mind.

"Are you all right, ma'am? You suddenly stopped! Are you all right?" said a brown man as he stepped out of the black Mercedes that crashed from behind. The man was dressed in a suit as dark as the color of the vehicle. From his tone, Charlotte could sense some anger and anxiety.

"I - I'm fine," Charlotte stuttered. "Sorry, I lost control."

"Okay, we blocked the traffic. Let's pull the vehicles to a suitable place and then prepare a report for the police."

"Please, no need for the police." Charlotte shuffled her bag and took out a business card. "Here's my card. Call me, I will cover your expense."

The man took the card that Charlotte had extended and put it in his pocket.

"You don't have to cover the cost. Are you... Are you all right?" The fact that Charlotte stood next to her car as if she was dizzy caused the anxiety of the man to increase. "Look, you go to the cafe over there, I'll pull the vehicles to a suitable place, then we'll discuss further."

After confirming the man, Charlotte went to the cafe and chose a table for

her. She ordered a glass of water and black coffee to increase the level of caffeine in her blood, approximately ten minutes later, her accident partner went inside. He unbuttoned his jacket and sat on the chair opposite of Charlotte, and ordered also a coffee for himself. He gave the key to Charlotte's car.

"Do you feel better?"

"Yes, thank you."

"You know, I'm actually guilty because I hit you from behind." The man's smile had forced Charlotte to smile as well. "It's nice to see your spirits get better. It must have been a really bad thing to happen when you suddenly braked, even though nothing was in front of you."

Charlotte took a sip of her coffee and nodded slightly. "I just received the news of my father's death." Charlotte had no idea why she shared this with a stranger, but this sharing made her feel better for some reason. Perhaps there is truth in her mother's saying, "Happiness increases when you share, and sadness decreases when you share."

"I'm very sorry, condolences. May Your father rest in peace."

"Thank you."

"By the way, I'm Adam Kahnewald." The man handed his business card to Charlotte. "I'm giving the same offer as you just gave me."

Charlotte took the black business card extended to her. The card was embellished with silver letters: Adam Kahnewald, General Manager of Sierra Germany. She was thinking, for a short time, about what Sierra was, but seeing the same text on the watch on Adam Kahnewald's left arm, she remembered that Sierra was the famous watch brand. Winden-Mark met with this company a few years ago; however, the agreement was not concluded. Sierra rejected the offer on the grounds that selling products on a reputed website would harm their reputation.

"And, I'm Charlotte."

When Charlotte raised her hand as a symbol of an acquaintance, the man replied as "I know". Adam Kahnewald felt the need to explain when Charlotte lifted one eye brow up and said: "You just gave me your card, remember!"

"Right." Charlotte smiled again, but she remembered very clearly that the man put it on his jacket without looking at the card. Maybe he looked at it later, why did I suddenly hook it up in paranoia?

Just before leaving the man said "Well... I have to catch up with one

meeting, I'm already too late. But feel free to call me if you need any- thing. Nice to meet you and get well soon and thank you again." The man took his jacket off the table and said goodbye to Charlotte. Charlotte followed with her eyes the man who gave her a strange feeling inside until he got out of the door. After she finished her coffee, she called the waiter to ask for the bill. "Mr.Kahnewald is our permanent customer, all paid." When she got this answer, Charlotte's paranoia button was once again active. Having a policy of never fully trusting people, Charlotte felt that she couldn't trust directly a person she just met, especially someone like him who was so good to her. But perhaps good people really existed.

When she got up from the table to meet with Lawyer Adolph Zeit, she felt that the man in a black suit with a navy-blue cap sitting at one of the side tables had fixed his eyes on her. "Cut this paranoia", she said to her- self to calm herself down. She jumped into her damaged car and headed for the law firm in Winden.

Although she first thought of leaving the car in car service and going by cab to the meeting, her first thought was more dominant and also, she realized that the damage in her car was not that awful to drive in. She drove through the heavy traffic at the entrance of the Bridge with patience and fortitude, she came down to the Nieby Beach at the Winden exit, fol- lowed the coastline and passed the Municipal Building, turned right and parked in front of the building where the office of the Lawyer Adolph Zeit was. The building was composed of different lawyers' offices, other offic- es, and shops, such as financial advisory and real estate investment trusts. Those offices seemed to be sprinkled randomly on the floors.

Charlotte was looking for an elevator, her high heels echoing as she was walking on the granite floor of the building floor. She drew with her head a semicircle that allowed her to find the elevator on the right. To summon the cabin waiting on the sixth floor, she pressed the button with the letter 'A' written in bold italic. The red LED indicator just above the button stopped by counting down from the number 6 and the cabin ar- rived when the letter 'Z' appeared. Since it was not automatic, Charlotte opened the door with her hand and entered the cabin. Next to the num- bers of the floors, there was a small ruler with the names of the offices on each floor. "In this system, where strong ones used the justice systems as their tools, there are so many lawyers who couldn't go beyond play- ing the role they had begun with", Charlotte thought, hovering over the names on the ruler she realized that many of the

lawyers were lawyers looking into divorcement and remembering the news that one of the two couples is divorced today, she felt lucky that she had never been married. When she saw Adolph Zeit's name on number 4, she stopped searching. She pressed that button. As the elevator moved, Charlotte got the feeling that she was on the slowest elevator in the world. Moreover, the motion grinding sound of the movement engine and the dense moisture smell inside the cage made it feel longer than it actually was. While the walls lowered from the front of the cabin, the elevator had finally reached the fourth floor.

Quiet hallways also had an identical smell with the smell of the elevator cage, but the fresh smell of detergent rising from the blackened floor was more refreshing. Charlotte quickly walked through the corridor walls with blistered paints, and she stood in front of a wooden framed steel door. She rang the bell that was under the sign of Lawyer Adolf Zeit and with a buzzy sound the door opened. Charlotte pushed the open door in, she thought that she would come across a similar grotesque design of the building; however, she was very pleased to be wrong in this guess. The room fragrance, which consisted of a balanced mixture of lavender and orange flower, replaced the smell of the moisture, and the granite floor, whose joints were darkened, was replaced by wooden flooring floors. On the right side of the short corridor connecting the entrance, there was a bench made of red fir wood with frosted glass on it. A woman in her thirties was sitting behind the counter, wearing a red-rimmed eyeglass that matches her red hair cut at ear level. Thanks to the monitor at her desk, the woman opened the entrance door without getting up from her seat and stopped all the things she has to do and started to wait for the customer who came in, with a smile on her face.

"Hello," Charlotte said, "I'm Charlotte. Mr. Zeid had called me."

"Welcome, Ms. Charlotte, I will let him know you're here." After making a phone call and getting approval, she returned to Charlotte again. "He's available, you can go to his office." Charlotte smiled and headed to the door that the woman showed with her hand.

Once inside, she encountered a plainly furnished office. A wooden work table was placed right across the door, and two double leather seats facing each other were erected like a guard. The windows on the right were covered with beige zebra blinds, while the wall on the left was lined with a library containing hundreds of law books. When the lawyer saw Charlotte, he stood up by pressing his tie with his hand and held out his hand to Charlotte.

“Welcome, Charlotte, My condolences.”

“Thank you.” After shaking the stretched hand, Charlotte preferred to sit on the left of the opposite seats in front of the table. Lawyer Adolph Zeit was much younger than Charlotte had guessed. Because of the deep sound, she heard on the phone, she thought of him as a man in his fifties, who had wrinkled curly hair, wore round-rimmed glasses, had hollow cheekbones and a ball beard. But Mr. Zeit was almost the opposite of this description. There was not a single white wire in his bushy black hair. His choice of glasses was the rimless glasses and he had a clean shave.

“Frankly, I didn’t expect you to come so quickly.” With a habit of years, the lawyer constantly turned the fountain pen in his right hand around his thumb. When Charlotte’s eyes fixed on the pen, the man decided not to continue this process any longer and carefully placed the pen in his slot in the nameplate.

“As soon as I received the news, I was shocked and was not in a position to think about what to do. I decided it was best to come here as soon as possible.” Charlotte reacted.

“You did well. Would you like to drink something?”

“No thanks.”

“Well. Then, let me tell you about the incident.”

“Of course.”

“Gilbert, who works with your father, opened the shop in the morning. He started to tidy up. When he came to your father’s office, he found your father stacked in the chair of his desk. He immediately called an ambulance, but your father has already passed away. The first diagnosis is that it was a heart attack.”

“Where’s my dad right now?”

“At Helios Hospital. His funeral will be held tomorrow. Do not worry about the funeral procedures, we assigned people for it.”

“Thank you.”

“The main reason that I called you is your father’s legacy. There is no heir other than you. He did not have an official will, anyway; but he had two pieces of items that he specifically asked me to hand over to you after he died” Charlotte was surprised to hear that and she wondered what those two things were, but she preferred to be quiet because she didn’t want to look too enthusiastic.

“As you know, your father did not own an ordinary watch shop. He is very

well known for his handcrafted watch designs.”

Charlotte couldn't make sense that she didn't know about it. When she was young, she saw the watches he designed. Charlotte would even be jealous of her father's watches; because her father hadn't devoted onetenth of his time to Charlotte. Rudolph Tannhaus Serbien's all his presence was intense clockwork. He was too busy with his watches, most of the time this ended with long discussions with Charlotte's mother Mrs. Nilsen Serbien. These quarrels ended with the divorce opened by Mrs. Serbien, but the unlucky woman died in a traffic accident on the day of the divorce, during the accident Charlotte was also in the car. Therefore, Charlotte had always held her father responsible for her mother's death, and being obliged to live with her father became too painful for her. However, Tannhaus spent most of his time only working on his watches, this lack of the presence of a father in the house gave Charlotte the feeling that she was not living in the same house with her father. The only support she had, was from Mrs. Emma, who was hired to do the household.

When the lawyer said, “Like Karl Carstens, all the heads of state have one of his clocks,” Charlotte got out of her thoughts. “Bono, Roberto Carlos, and even Bill Clinton bought watches from your father during their visit to Germany. Monica Bellucci, Liv Taylor, Oprah, and many other well-known people made special orders and even many famous watch companies like U-Boat, Tag Heuer, and Sierra wanted to work with your father.”

“Sierra?”

“Yes, and many others. But what I want to emphasize here, is how valuable the first of the items is that he left you.” The lawyer removed a small wooden chest from the desk drawer. “This is the pocket watch that your father used to wear. As I said, he asked me to give it directly to you.”

When Charlotte took the chest that the lawyer had picked up and raised the gold notch, she saw the pocket watch standing in the middle of the navy-blue velvet upholstery. The chain of the closed clock was gathered in an eye reserved for it, even though the chain was made tangled. Charlotte took the watch in her hand and saw the letter T.S. She briefly rolled her thumb in the relief, then opened the lid of the watch. The white dial was decorated with embossed Roman numerals. Charlotte caught directly that the number four was written in IIII instead of IV. There was also a small indicator that she had never seen before in a pocket watch. This indicator was a small semicircle that indicated whether it was day-light or evening. The moon symbol in that

flat was showing that it was 5:11, which was wrong. However, this mistake changed very quickly. While she was keeping the watch in her hand, the watch began to turn slowly and stopped at 2.15, which was the current real-time. Also, the second's bar, which did not move when she took the watch for the first time to her hand, was also activated. In the face of this incident, Charlotte expressed her surprise with an exclamation, and when she was exposed to the inquisitive gaze of the lawyer, she closed the cover of the watch and put it back in its box. With the astonishment, Charlotte couldn't see that T.S. the letters in the relief changed to C.T. "Are you all right, Miss Charlotte?"

"Yes, please, continue."

"Another item that Mr. Tannhaus wanted me to give you was this key." The man put the key from his drawer on his desk and slid it towards Charlotte. Charlotte slid the key in the middle of the table in the same way, the lawyer did and she dropped it from the edge of the table to her palm. "This key is the key for the safe in the office of Mr. Tannhaus. He did not tell me what was inside the safe, but he asked me to tell you that you should know the value of the content."

"Thank you, was there anything else?"

"We have a few paperwork for your signature, and that you took over the shop, etc."

After completing the procedures mentioned by the lawyer, Charlotte took the key and box of the watch and left the office of Lawyer Adolph Zeit and then the building. When she got into her car, in order to the effects of the rapidly developing events, she tried to rub the forehead and her eyes. She knew that her car needed a serious repair, but she had decided to leave this job to the next day. She thought of going to Helios Hospital and seeing her father; but when she felt that she did not have the courage to go into the morgue and having to look at the dead body, she changed her mind.

After a last glimpse at the wooden watch box and the gold key she put on the passenger seat next to the driver's seat, she turned the ignition and started her car. At the moment, her only wish was to reach her home as soon as possible and wash the worst two days of her life off with a hot bath.

|03:00|

Series of Incidental Facts

Tick Tack Tick Tack ... The shovels that were throwing soil onto the open grave were moving in the rhythm of the passing seconds. Raindrops pouring

from the gloomy sky accompanied by the tears that were dropping from mourning eyes, gathered in the soil to form small puddles. Dressed totally in black, from top to the bottom, Charlotte had completed this mourning outfit with a headscarf that left a piece of hair out in front. While the burial process continued with prayers, Charlotte's eyes began to scan around. Despite being a large crowd, Charlotte realized that she did not know anyone, but because of the sincerity of sad eyes, she realized that everyone knew her father well. As she continued to scan people, she briefly came eye to eye with a man in a black suit with a brown cap on his head and a yellow scarf around his neck. She lost sight of the man's expression as he turned his eyes away, and Charlotte's eyes caught another eye this time. This person, who shed more tears and sighed more than others, was surely the young man named Gilbert, whom the lawyer was talking about.

After the burial was completed, those who left the cemetery once again offered their condolences to Charlotte and Gilbert. She felt a light touch in her shoulder, she turned around with a quick reflex, she found out it was the last person that she would want to see in that moment.

"Am I late?" Charlotte's boyfriend Noah gave away a sentiment of guilt hiding behind his sad expression.

"Yes," Charlotte replied. At that time, if Charlotte's voice could be felt by touch, Noah's skin would have turned to ice.

When Noah hugged Charlotte to appease her, he got no response from Charlotte. "My condolences."

"Thank you."

"Can I give you a lift?"

"I came with my car, thank you."

Meanwhile, Gilbert, silently waiting to avoid interrupting her speech, had drawn Charlotte's attention. Charlotte, who was looking for an excuse to get rid of Noah, returned to Gilbert.

"Hello," said Charlotte, "You must be Gilbert."

"Yes, Tannhaus used to talk about you a lot. So much so that even if I saw you on the road, I could recognize you directly." His black eyes under his thin eyebrows, which were covered by messy black hair, turned red from crying. It was obvious that this young man saw Charlotte as his new friend after the death of his Tannhaus.

"Is that so? Well, tell me then, what is my distinctive feature that makes you recognize me even on the road." Charlotte tried to make him speak to cheer

him up.

“If Tannhaus was a young and beautiful woman, he could be your twin sister.” Gilbert was embarrassed by this analogy and tried to camouflage it by scratching the back of his head. Charlotte, decided not to dwell more on this subject, in order not to embarrass him any more.

“Who is this?” Noah bent over Charlotte’s ear and whispered in a harsh voice, “He says to you that you are beautiful!”

“What are you saying, Noah, he is a boy!” Charlotte also spoke through her teeth, hoping that Gilbert would not hear.

“Child? He is about twenty-five years old, don’t you see!” Noah no longer cared about the loudness of his voice. “Do you have a Social Security number?”

“Yes,” replied Gilbert, realizing that the question was addressed to him, and with the naivety of not understanding what was happening.

When Noah returned to Charlotte with a demand of being understood that he was right, an unexpected response came from Charlotte:

“We’re at a funeral, Noah. This is neither the place nor the time of improper jealousy. Please would you leave now! ”

After Noah left murmuring, Charlotte had told Gilbert that she would be in the shop next day. She took her damaged car and left. According to her plan, she would first go home and change her funeral clothes, and then drop off her car at the Mini Cooper service in Danholm.

But it was late and she was stuck in the traffic jam during rush hour. She turned on the radio to spend time while waiting in the long queue of vehicles for the bridge toll booths. She had decided to listen to music on the radio, she thought that the music would calm her down after the funeral of her father.

In her thirty-five-year life she had, “Father” meant nothing than a word to her. She had no bond with Rudolph Tannhaus Serbien, other than the biological one. Moreover, this man was responsible for the first degree murder of her mother. Charlotte began to accompany the song playing on the radio loudly to silence the talking thoughts inside her head, using the steering wheel as a drum and keeping the tempo. “*Ich muss immer an dich enemy!*¹”

When she finished shouting, she found herself crying sobbingly. She turned off the radio by pressing the button. “The only person left from my family is dead,” she said to herself. “Why dad, why?” Pulling her snot back, she recovered with honking sounds from behind. The gap of about ten meters in front of her had already caused the nerves of the rear to overflow, some

decided that the horn was insufficient and took their heads out of the window and started screaming. Charlotte, too, decided not to linger further in front of the crowd, who had struck these horny and primitive instincts, and stepped on the gas.

After leaving the busy traffic of the bridge behind, Charlotte's hopes that the road would open were gone. On top of that, the heavy rain made driving too difficult; even the shield wiper's couldn't reach the speed of the rain in order to clean the windows.

When the heavy rain turned to hail, Charlotte arrived to Stralsund. She felt the relief in her body. Although it would still take about twenty minutes to arrive, seeing the entrance to the boundaries of the district of 'Stralsund', where her house was located, was enough for her to get rid of the stress.

When she saw the building where her house was located through the window that the wipers had cleaned for a few seconds, Charlotte's stress was totally gone.

After parking her car in the section reserved for her in the parking lot of the apartment, she walked to the main entrance of the building. Due to security reasons, the elevator between the parking lot and the building was closed. Residents of the apartment had to leave the parking place and return to the pedestrian entrance of the house. Although this inconvenient situation was repeatedly mentioned in the apartment meetings which Charlotte had no opportunity to attend, the apartment manager, retired Colonel Adelbert Peter, refused at each meeting this suggestion, stating that this regulation would continue for security reasons and it would not be discussed.

When Charlotte pressed K4979 on the keypad placed on the diaphone at the entrance door of the apartment, the door opened automatically. After passing the entrance staircase consisting of four steps, she pressed the call button of the elevators on the left. She was hoping that the elevator would arrive quickly and she hoped the elevators of this apartment would be much quicker than the elevators in her office building. Charlotte was grateful, soon she reached the house on the thirty-sixth floor, or as the real estate agent used to call it the 'penthouse'. After being expelled from WindenMark, she will not be able to pay the building fee of this expensive roof duplex. But Charlotte's only consolation was that she had already paid for that month rent, so she could stay twenty more days, until she found a permanent solution.

When Charlotte arrived the thirty-sixth floor and reached the front of her

apartment number 106, she noticed white liliun flowers in a trans- parent flower pot, placed in front of her door. When she crouched down and looked around the flower, she found a note attached to the flower pot.

1 Ich muss immer an dich enemy!: I always have to approach enemy!

Dear Ms. Charlotte,

I have just learned that honorable Rudolph Tannhaus is your father. He was a famous person in watches and watchmaking world. Please accept these flowers with my sincere condolences.

Sincerely,

Adam Kahnewald

“Adam Kahnewald,” Charlotte repeated, “General Manager of Sier - ra Germany.” She had an accident with him, after that Lawyer Adolph Zeit talked about Sierra, and now this ... Charlotte thought that such co- incidence could not be true: “Of millions of people in Winden, getting involved in an accident with the Sierra general manager, then your fa- ther’s lawyer explaining that Sierra was very interested in your father, and then the general manager of this company sent you flowers”. That would never do!

After entering the house and leaving the flowers on the lounge table, Charlotte put on her sweatpants and returned to the living room. After zapping through several channels on television, she saw the Back to the Future 2 in one of her film channels. Later, she got bored with the film, she opened the book `The Time Traveller’s Wife` that she could not finish for months, and started reading it. After reading about thirty pages, she got bored with the book and started to zap through the channels on TV again. `How silly the media world is`, she thought. They do not call for nothing the TV an idiot box. It was as if all television channels had agreed and decided to brainwash people to prevent the public from seeing the facts. The distorted news, all the so-called successful and respectful busi- ness people who would face with a bankruptcy in a few years from now, due to a minor conflict of interest and all those women’s programs that make subliminal propaganda of what women really are, all meaningless shows. `Fortunately, I wasn’t watching TV while I was working`, Char- lotte said, noticing that whatever she did so far would not help her to relax so she decided to take a shower.

When she went to the bathroom, she opened the hot and cold water using eye measure and she let them drop, she took off her clothes and threw them to the dirty laundry basket. When she was satisfied with the temperature of the water she measured it using her index and middle finger, she entered the tub and directed the water flow from the battery to the head. While the hot water relaxed her muscles, Charlotte felt that her nerves were relieved as well.

When her shower ended, she let the water drop through her body for a while then she went out of the tub and put on her robe. In order to dry her hair, she had wrapped her hair in a head towel. When she cleaned the steam-covered surface of the mirror with the handle of her robe, she saw her father's face, she jumped back in fear. When she looked at the mirror again, she saw her own face, and she tried to relax herself by thinking that her mind was playing with her, but her goose bumps made it difficult for her to throw out the fear that covered her.

Trying to relax with deep breathing exercises, Charlotte decided to forget what just had happened in the bathroom by bringing another thought to her mind. Her plans included taking her car to the service that day; but the hail storm that started after the rain, caused Charlotte to delay her plans. As she promised herself that she was going to go to the service next day and entered her room, and she saw the pocket watch and golden key that stood on her bedside table, her heirloom from her father, than she remembered the snapshot in the bathroom mirror again. She tried to relax herself by taking deep breaths again. But then the appeal of the heirloom on the bedside table attracted Charlotte's attention. Sitting on her bed, took the watch out of the box, she buried her head on her pillow and she lay down on her back. C.S. the letters caught her attention. "I can swear that it was written T.S here before", she thought. Then she opened the lid of the watch and noticed that it was nine and a half. Although she had not slept so early for a long time, she decided to sleep because she could not find anything to do and did not dare to go out in this weather. Although sleeping seemed distant to her at the time, because of the bathroom incident, Charlotte fell asleep, the moment she closed her eyes.

The next morning, she had decided to implement the plan in her mind as she woke up. Since she had never had breakfast nor dinner at home for years, she

usually order dinner or have dinner outside, so there was neither breakfast nor food in the refrigerator. She usually had her breakfasts at a cafe in Winden; however, this time she had decided to have her breakfast in a cafe closer to her home, since her path was in the opposite direction.

After paying a considerable fee for the open breakfast and unlimited tea that she ordered at the first cafe she found. After she was put on her way to Danholm, she thought that she should be more careful spending money.

Unlike the opposite lane, Charlotte's lane was going smoothly. She had reached Danholm in a short time and arrived to the Mini Cooper service.

Charlotte was directly recognized by the service manager and staff since she preferred this service for all of her car's maintenance and repairs. When Charlotte got out of the car, one of the eighteen-year-old service apprentices rushed to Charlotte and welcomed her. The state and actions of this child were always making Charlotte smile. Charlotte was slightly annoyed when she saw that it was lust, rather than respect, that brought light to the youth's eyes. But she responded to the young man with a polite smile, knowing that most of the young men like him would behave with their instinct during puberty due to the changes in their body.

"Welcome, Ms. Charlotte."

"Hello, Jürgen. Is Mr. Schütze here? "

"Yeah yeah." The boy shook his head like a suction-pressing bag as if

his words were inadequate.

"Thanks."

When she entered to the Meinrad Schütze's office, a similar welcoming was waiting for Charlotte. Meinrad Schütze had cut his hair from his temples on, to number three and combed back the long tops of his hair. He was wearing a brown suit and a black-dark blue striped tie. Like apprentice Jürgen, Mr. Schütze was also pleased with the arrival of Charlotte. But the main reason for his satisfaction was that he was aware of the amount of money that would pass from Charlotte's pocket to his own safe.

"Hello, Ms. Charlotte."

"Hello."

“What is the situation?” Meinrad Schütze entered the subject directly. “A minor accident. They hit the car from behind. ”

“Understood. Kuhlbert will take care of the car, he will give us a re-

port in fifteen minutes. In the meantime, would you like to drink something? ”

Charlotte would not normally accept drinks as an offer ; but she decided that it could take longer than fifteen minutes so drinking could be helpful to spent time, she asked for coffee. After making a phone call and ordering two coffees, one for himself and one for his guest, mr. Schütze made a move to break the silence.

“Well? How are things, Miss Charlotte? ”

“I’m out of work right now. I left WindenMark. ”

“Hmm... WindenMark was a big company. I hope you find what

you’re looking for. Ha! Our coffees have also arrived. ”

When Charlotte took the first sip of her coffee, Mr. Schütze phone rang. Man; “Uh huh, I see, after setting up short sentences like yes, he hung up”, he returned to Charlotte after taking another sip of coffee and swallowed. “Ms. Charlotte, although the damage to your vehicle is not very big, we need to renew these parts completely due to the dent in the rear case and bumper. According to Kuhlbert, we do not currently have parts suitable for the color and model of your vehicle. Therefore, we have to order. As the original parts come from Munich, you have to wait about two weeks, including the repair time. ”

“Understood.”

“But if you want, we can also use the sub-industry from the market.” “No, no, the original is better.” Charlotte had thought that if the changed piece was not original, the price of the vehicle would be lowered, so she would sell the vehicle much lower than it would, if she needed to sell.

After agreeing to repair the car with original parts, Charlotte decided to go to the shop in Winden by bus. Since she did not have any bus ticket, she entered to the first shop to get a WDM card. She looked over the internet

for the buses that she had to take in order to reach Winden. When the first bus on her list came to the bus stop, Charlotte had clearly showed she was inexperienced in using public transportation, as she had not used public transport for years. Moreover, she could not imagine that such a crowded group of people traveled like a canned sardine in a bus. “if people would use more public transportation in the traffic on their way from home to work, then there would be less traffic”, those were Charlotte’s thoughts, when she was stuck in the traffic jam, and she took back all the curses she made over the years, when she realized the situation of the public transportation was terrible.

After changing two more buses and arriving at Winden, she changed her mind ‘not to use a cab’ and she decided to take a cab for the remaining short route. When she came in front of the watch shop, after paying half of the last money that was left in her wallet, she looked around and searched for an ATM. When she found what she was looking for on the street, she pulled some cash from the ATM and came back to the shop. Charlotte knew that she could delay the withdrawal process; but for a reason her rapid heart beats and her thoughts in her brain that were chewing on her head, were trying to delay her from entering the shop as much as possible. Finally, she ignored these two self-commanding organs, took a deep breath into her lungs, another independent organ, and released the air with a big puff, then pushed the glass wooden door of the shop. A bell rang when the door opened. Charlotte smiled to the nostalgic bell hung over the door as she turned and looked where the sound came from. Hearing the ringing tone, Gilbert had come out of the office. He dried his hands carefully with a towel and put it in his back pocket.

“Welcome Charlotte.”

Gilbert, who addressed Charlotte as Ms Charlotte yesterday, had moved to Charlotte in such a short time, this calling surprised Charlotte, but she also liked it. Because even though she had never known before, Gilbert was the only closest person left as a family to Charlotte.

“Nice to see you, Gilbert. How are you?” When Gilbert saw that Charlotte put her hand bag over one of the horizontal showcases, Gilbert’s eyes slipped into the bag. Tannhaus never tolerated anything to be put on showcases. He used to say that behavior is a pure insult to watches waiting to be seen in the

showcase. But then, he decided that it was not right to tell that to Tannhaus's daughter right now and remained silent.

"After Tannhaus died, I continued to open the shop again. For two days, there has been people coming for the condolences; but not for the shopping. One customer came to narrow the band of his watch and one customer to replace the battery of his watch. When this mourning atmosphere dissipates, customers would start coming back. You'd be surprised if you knew who we were getting orders from. However, the death of Tannhaus may disrupt things; but I believe I have developed myself quiet a lot. If I can show myself, don't worry, Tannhaus will continue to do business here. After all, you will run this place from now on, and I will assist you in the best way I can. "

"Gilbert ..." began Charlotte, as she noticed from the enthusiastic speech of Gilbert, what she would say right now would make him too disappointed; but still she had to say the idea she had been thinking for two days: "I am thinking of selling this shop."

The words which came out of Charlotte's mouth startled Gilbert. |04:00|
A Dinner In Deja vu Taste

Tick Tack Tick Tack... A vein on Gilbert's neck started to beat like a broken clock after the words he heard. "Gilbert... I am thinking of selling this shop... I am thinking of selling the shop... I am thinking of selling... I think... I think..." The words were echoing so loudly in his head that Gilbert felt like he had to tuck his head between his palms to stop this. Although this reaction allowed him to relax a little, in order to fully recover, he had to close his eyes tightly for a few seconds and slowly open them. After looking into Charlotte's eyes for a while. He was able to say "No way!".

Although Gilbert's reaction and certainty in his saying scared Charlotte a little, she believed that she could convince Gilbert that her decision was the right one.

"Gilbert, I cannot run this store. The best thing is to sell this place. But

I will arrange something for you, you will be able to keep your job. " "No,

that is not true, no one can run this place better than you. This is not an ordinary watch shop. This is a special place. ”

“But I don’t understand anything about clocks, Gilbert.” “I’ll show you everything I know. It’s in your blood, though you haven’t discovered it right now. Wait a minute...” Gilbert went to the workshop and returned a few minutes later, holding something in his hand, that Charlotte couldn’t see. He carefully put it on the table, as if he was holding a fragile substance in his palm. “This was the first mechanism that Tannhaus showed me, and it made me fall in love with the watches. Watch now!”

The system was activated when Gilbert tapped a small pendulum finger on the mechanism. While Gilbert was putting an innocent smile on his face, Charlotte approached the table to see the mechanism in detail. Each time, it swung, the pendulum rotated a wheel, while the wheel slid up a handle, the spring attached to it pulled it back. Charlotte was quaked with an emotion she hadn’t felt before when she focused on the mechanism. She found herself on that piece during the movement of each piece of the system. Moreover, she was never interested in mechanical science and because of that, it was unbelievable for Charlotte to find herself falling into such a mechanical system. She felt that the harmony of the parts with each other could not be disturbed by any factor in the world. At that moment, a finger falling on the pendulum stopped Charlotte amazement. That magnificent order could be interrupted with one finger touch. Just like people’s deepest desires. “This mechanism owned by Tannhaus is against all the rules of mechanic. Once the pendulum was moved, it was saying that the system will not stop for a hundred years unless there is an external intervention. I thought that a hundred year is an exaggeration; but I witnessed that it did not stop for a month. The reason it stopped that day was Tannhaus’s forefinger (Gilbert showed his forefinger). “You watch this for hours and you will lose yourself. If you continue more, you will lose totally yourself,” he said. After that day, I did not operate the mechanism again. Until now...”

Charlotte knew a few things about kinetic clock assemblies. She even gave a Skeleton watch to Noah for his thirty-fourth birthday. Due to its transparent dial, the whole inside mechanism could be seen. The watch was able to work without a battery as long as it was moving. This watch

got Charlotte's attention for a while. However, this watch mechanism brought by Gilbert was different from anything else she saw. "I knew that you will be interested," Gilbert said, his eyes shining brightly.

"I haven't made up my mind yet." She did not want to disappoint Gilbert if she returned to her decision to sell.

"Got it. I can see from your eyes that you already made your decision, even though you say that you didn't make your decision." These words made Charlotte smile. As a matter of fact, the thought of selling her father's trust to a foreigner suddenly started to sound like not such a good idea. But she needed to think a little bit more before making her final decision. For this process of thinking, she needed to be cleared of all thoughts that filled in her head.

"I have to go now, Gilbert. The shop is entrusted to you. See you soon."

"Okay." Gilbert said with a triumphant smile. "She'll stay," he whispered to himself.

Charlotte heard Gilbert's whisper, but, as if she hadn't heard it, headed for the shop's exit. While she was making moves to open it, the door was opened from the outside, and a man in a black suit with a burgundy cap and a red scarf entered. Charlotte started to think that she probably did not realize that caps were back in fashion or she started seeing the same man too often, she heard a sound that she thought that was coming from the man: "Be ready!"

When she looked from behind, the man started to watch the clocks in the interior window as if he had not said anything, Charlotte left the shop, convinced that it might have been her imagination.

Charlotte had called her former secretary, Jasmin, as she decided to move the thoughts away from her mind and not be alone for a while, on the WDMN bus before moving to Winfer from Winden. As she had many friends to talk with, she had no definite idea about why she chose Jasmin; however, she wanted to find out what happened in the company after she left. Charlotte knew that Jasmin was out of work, as a half-day shift was held at WindenMark on Saturday. The young woman agreed to meet with her; but it would take time to go to Winfer from where she was. Charlotte was angry at herself for not planning this meeting earlier. Then the bus with the number 12 came to the bus stop.

Charlotte knew this part of the city very well because she studied at Winfer Gymnasium; but when she went to Berlin for the university, she moved away from the village she was born. Later on, when she started her career, she spent all her life on the North Side and she had gone to the South Side only when it was compulsory. She started to wander without having planned a route to see the places she had visited in Winfer, before and until she met Jasmin. A dry cleaner was opened in the place of Möwe Café where they used to come all the time when they skipped school. The White Patisserie, which they went to buy Kreppel at the expense of extending the school road every morning, was still in its original place. Nostalgic Tram, which passed by stealing the bell when its steps slipped upward from the dock, gave a big smile on Charlotte's face. Her youth classmates, who went by hanging on the tram without paying, were revived as if they were in the tram in front of her.

With the ringing of her cell phone, Charlotte slipped out of the memories she dived into. After looking for a while for her phone in her bag, she picked up the phone that kept ringing inside her bag and opened it.

"Hello, Jasmin?"

"I'm on the pier. Where shall we meet? "

"I thought of Le Lion."

"Hmm ... But I don't know where it is! How can I come?" "Okay, go up the dock. We meet at the statue. "

"OK."

"Come on I'm waiting." Charlotte started stepping up the hill after turning off the phone.

When she arrived at the imperial statue before Jasmin, she had to wait a short time. Since Imperial was one of Winfer's absolute meeting points, the statue was surrounded by people waiting around without doing anything. Those who met the people they were waiting for went to their own way without saying goodbye to the Imperial. Charlotte waved, when she saw Jasmin, and when Jasmin noticed that, she stepped up and walked across the road. She tried to neutralize the chilling effect of the black short skirt she wore, despite the cold weather, wearing black opaque stockings and black and white plaid coat. When Charlotte realized that Jasmin was timid, she hugged her to soften the environment. Jasmin was startled by this unexpected warm welcome, but she succeeded in responding later and rolled up her old manager's back.

“How are you, Miss Charlotte?”

“Thank you, Jasmin. I am not the manager anymore so you don’t have to call me “Miss.”

“It may take some time to get used to it, but sure.”

Charlotte responded with a smile to the young woman. “Shall we go?”

“Sure.”

After leaving the “Imperial Statue”, they walked through Rügen Street, they reached Cinema Maxim, and they headed to Danholm. When they turned to their left from a street with many cafes and restaurants and finally they arrived at Le Lion Wine House. Despite the crowd that had greeted them, it was a calm and serene cafe. The waitress, who was called by the restaurant hostess, accompanied Charlotte and Jasmin to an empty table and returned with two menus in her hand. After they both quickly checked the menu, Charlotte ordered a cheese steak and Jasmin a Beef Stroganoff, but both agreed on Shiraz red wine.

A tinkling was heard when the waiter left the table with the orders and the menu cards. When Charlotte turned in the direction of the sound, she saw a fork next to one of the side tables on the ground. At that moment, the waiter and the customer leaned at the same time to pick up the fork, and their heads bumped each other. The waiter repeatedly apologized, and the man said that it was not important and that was his fault. Another waiter was trying to put ice cubes to the customer’s head in order to prevent the man’s head swelling, but accidentally one of the ice cubes fell to the ground. Just at that moment, another waitress carrying the wine glasses filled with rose wine with an engagement ring in it, she stepped on the ice cubes. She managed not to fall, but the wine glasses were overturned, and the engagement ring fell on the table of a couple who had been eating their meals calmly. So the woman began to shout, “Yes!” she stood up, and cuddled her lover. The man was so surprised before he could understand what was going on. The real owner of the ring was following the incidents, he realized that was his ring and tried to take the

ring from the woman’s hand, the chaos became inexorable. Charlotte was watching the whole chaos frame by frame, she kept herself from laughing, and Jasmin was reluctant to pour out exclamations from her mouth. She was angry that the women had already embraced the role that society gave them. Realizing that her laughter was not appropriate, Charlotte was angry to those girls who had no real purpose in life,

their greatest goal was finding a rich man to get married. The ideas injected to the young girls in early ages. Charlotte had a pity for the young girls or children wearing miniatures wedding gowns at the weddings they have attended. Then she stopped her deep thought about society and returned to her own reality.

“Are you okay?” Charlotte asked, seeing Jasmin was trying to follow the incident for a while.

“Yes, I am fine. Suddenly everything changed,” said Jasmin, turning back to Charlotte. “And, you what are you doing nowadays, Charlotte?” Although Charlotte thought that Jasmine was still interested on the side table and would not listen to what she would say, Charlotte still answered: “I am not working nowadays. The day I left work, I learned that my father passed away.”

“My condolences.” Jasmin turned with full attention to Charlotte. “Thanks. I have inherited my father’s watch shop. It turns out that he was a very famous and better watchmaker than I had expected.”

“Interesting.” The sincerity, which was read from Jasmin’s facial expression, revealed that she found the things Charlotte said interesting. “Yes. I went to the shop today. At first I was thinking about selling the shop; but I think I will keep the shop for awhile.”

“So, don’t get me wrong; but maybe working in the shop right now might be a good opportunity for you. At least until you find for yourself a new job.”

“Yeah, maybe you’re right. So, who did they place to my position?” “Mrs. Amelie Eritrea from Purchase.”

“Amelie? That gold digger bitch could do anything to get her promotion. She doesn’t understand fashion at all!” While Charlotte could not even bear to hear the name of Amelie Eritrea, whom she did not like, she became nervous when she learned that she was assigned to her position.

“Where’s this meal? What time is it?” Since she was really curious about the time, she opened her bag and started looking for her mobile phone. When she could not find the phone, she decided to open the chest of her inherited pocket watch.

“What is this?” The pocket watch reminded Jasmine of her grandfather who was using a pocket watch because he could not use anymore the watch on his wrist. She smiled noticing that Charlotte was also using one.

As Charlotte replied, "I inherited it from my father." Jasmin had to apologize with embarrassment many times, while Charlotte tried to tell Jasmin this was not necessary. "And to be honest, I like it." Charlotte started again. "It has a very different structure. Frankly, I've never seen a watch like this before. In addition to the day and the moon, there is a day and night indicator. (She touched the indicator with her fingernail.) When I pull that pin, I think you can adjust the time." When Charlotte pulled the pin on the clock and took it back about twenty minutes. That way, she has tested that the pin was really for adjusting the time. Charlotte closed the pin again and meanwhile a waiter came to the table. Charlotte looked up and said, "Hah, finally we will get our food?". Jasmin had a little giggle, but Charlotte couldn't understand the reason. "We haven't ordered yet, Charlotte."

"Didn't we?" Charlotte was sure it was about twenty minutes ago since she placed an order.

"Yeah, we just sat." While Jasmin took the menu from the waiter, Charlotte was still trying to figure out what was going on. Meanwhile, Jasmin closed the menu card after she decided what she would eat. Charlotte did not even need to open the menu card. Because she knew exactly what to order. Seeing that both menu cards were closed, the waiter came quickly to the table to get the orders. At the same time, when Jasmin ordered Beef Stroganoff, only moving her lips Charlotte also said Beef Stroganoff.

"I want Cheese Steak, please. And let's have two glasses of Shiraz." "Aaa! I was just going to ask you if you would like to drink Shiraz?" Charlotte remembered this moment very clearly. She had experienced events that she could call *deja vu* many times before; but she felt that this time was different. "We've lived before," Charlotte said clearly. "Yes, sometimes it happens to me too. They say 'Deja vu'." "No, this is different..." Charlotte was angry with Jasmine's comment.

Jasmin didn't know what was happening, but she was still giving comments. Charlotte didn't react to her. A tinkling sound was heard at that time. Charlotte turned in that direction when she heard the voice. "Now look, when the guy and the waitress lean to get the fork at the same time, their heads will bump each other." BLUFF. Simultaneously, Charlotte's predictions turned into action, as she finished her speech.

"How did you know that?" said Jasmin, amazed.

“As I said, I just experienced this incident earlier.” Because of her character, if Charlotte felt that they don’t believe her, she feels that she has to prove that she is right, and she would never give up until she succeeded. Now, she was living a similar case even though she knew that she would not achieve anything rather than justifying her rightfulness but still she continued to insist to prove it.

“There is no such thing!”

While the apology ceremony between the waiter and the customer continued, Charlotte saw another waiter coming with an ice bucket in his hand, she asked to Jasmin to look in that direction, and she added.

“Now watch well, the waiter carrying the ice bucket will drop an ice cube on the ground, and another waiter will step on the ice and he will lose his balance and the ring inside the wine glass, will fall to the plate of the woman sitting in front, and the woman will directly think that she has received a marriage proposal.”

“You are kidding, right!” said Jasmin, surprised of what Charlotte had said.

As Jasmin expressed her surprise, an ice cube fell from the tip of the waiter’s fork carrying the bucket, when the waiter carrying the wine glasses lost his balance, the ring in the glass fell in front of the woman as Charlotte mentioned, and like she said, the woman shouted: “Yes!” and hugged the man sitting opposite.

“No way!” Jasmine said, ignoring how loud her voice was. She caught the attention of customers at the other table, and the customers who thought that she had given this exclamation against the marriage proposal were accompanied by Jasmin’s reaction and started to applaud. When the man who was the real owner of the ring leapt from his desk and tried to grab the ring from the woman’s hand, a verbal confrontation took place between the man and the woman, and their partners were also involved, the incident escalated.

“You can see the future!” said Jasmin, her surprise had exceeded with recent incident.

“No, I’m just saying that I have experienced this incident before ...”

Charlotte saw that it was about fifteen minutes past when she looked at her father’s pocket watch. The hour and minute hands of the watch were at the exact place before Charlotte had changed their location and before the events took place. Charlotte could not express in words what was

really happening; but she was certain that this was definitely not a déjà vu. Did she have clairvoyance, she really saw the future or did she travel through time? She had no answer yet. But she was almost certain that this clock ticking in her palm had something to do with it, and that her father was not an ordinary watch dealer. So, she decided not to tell anyone about this situation, especially to Jasmin, who has learned already so much today.

|Chapter 3| Morning

“Life is like a coin you can spent it as you wish but only once” Lillian Dickson

|05:00|

A Few Dusty Pages From the Past

Tick Tack Tick Tack... Charlotte's high heels were making tic tac sounds at regular intervals whenever she stepped on the wooden ladder. Wearing high-heeled shoes for women in the business world was one of the unwritten dress codes. Since Charlotte had used this type of shoes for a long time, wearing flat shoes bothered her, and when she did not wear high heels, she walked without touching the floor with her heels like it was an involuntary reflex. When she realized the absurdity of this walk, heeled shoes became an indispensable part of her daily life. The only exception was the sneakers she wore while she was sporting on Sundays, in which case that absurdity did not attract much attention from the out- side.

When Charlotte climbed the wooden stairs upstairs, the man walking in front of her stopped and waited for Charlotte to finish her observation, and he said, “In this floor, there is a room, a bathroom and a room-sized hall.” This house was the third house Charlotte visited with the real es- tate agent.

After the incident with Jasmin, she started to suspect that there was something odd about her father's clock, but she did not dare to play with the setting of the clock, to try it again because she was too afraid. How- ever, having experienced this incident caused her to suspend the idea of selling the watch shop, and she started to look for a house near to the shop in Winden. Since the real estate market was in a brutal period, Charlotte was experiencing that finding a rental house was like torture. Charlotte didn't like the first house that the agent had shown, and she didn't like the owner of the second house. The last house they visited, was a roofed duplex of an apartment. The landlord restored this forty-year-old house, using cheap materials, and the staircase that goes upstairs was made from the idle timber; it was built as makeshift, in a curved structure. The stairs, which did not even

have a handrail, creaked when stepped on, and the wedges that fixed the steps to the main frame stretched as if they would break. After checking, the first floor with a small room and a living room with an American kitchen, she climbed the stairs upstairs, Charlotte had to get support from the wall to avoid falling.

“As I said, this house is normally for sale,” the real estate agent reminded her. “But still, the landlord would like to find a customer until the house is sold. So, if you rent this house, there is a big chance that you should move out.”

“So, how much does he want for this house?” Charlotte asked. This roof duplex was the most livable house that the real estate agent has shown to her. Charlotte also liked it.

“He wants three hundred and fifty thousand Euro for sale and one thousand two hundred Euro for rent.”

“Wow! Understood thanks. Until now, this is the only house that I’m interested in. It’s also very close to the shop.”

“Yes. But also, the landlord wants three months rents in advance and one extra monthly payment as a deposit,” said the agent. This add-on from the real estate agent, caused Charlotte to change her mind.

“Sh...” The first part of the word came out of her mouth a bit loud, but Charlotte could manage to end saying the word in an inaudible way.

“Isn’t it too much?”

“Sorry, nothing can be done about it.”

“Okay, I’ll get back to you. Thanks again.”

Realizing that he would not get what he wanted from this customer, the real estate agent said, shaking hands with Charlotte, “Good day.”

After they left the apartment, Charlotte looked at the building from the outside. Charlotte didn’t like the building, with its exterior paint that was resisting not to spill plaster, cracked pointed diagonal ornaments, wooden window frames, looked like a stubborn old aged man, but it seemed logical to rent this place since the hope of finding a better place in this area was less likely than to have traveled through time. But before she informed her idea to the real estate agent, she decided to search for a while, that would not do any harm other than time loss.

Throughout her trip with the real estate agent, Charlotte's mind was gnawing at a thought: there was no house mentioned in the immovable list of the legacy of her father. As far as Charlotte remembered, they had a home in Winden Nieby. After graduating from high school and going to university in Berlin, she never visited that house again. Later, when she succeeded to go to Cornell University in the United States to follow a Master degree in Fashion Management and Business, she was completely disconnected from that house. But even if her father had sold that house, at worst he was living in a rental house, and this house must have been empty now. She decided to ask Gilbert about that as soon as she returned to the shop.

As Charlotte walked on the sidewalk paved with hexagonal stones, Charlotte remembered the incident she had with Jasmin, she smiled. While she was looking on her right to the small shops that were lined up like old men were standing hand by hand, a man in a black suit with a Burgundy cap came out of one of the small shops and saw Charlotte, he saluted her with a light touch on his cap's visor. Charlotte could not understand why she had received this greeting, and when she turned around to see the man passing by, she could not see the man where he should have been, and she had a quick reaction to herself, with her tongue tapping her tongue. Charlotte had not yet figured out whether the capped men she saw in the cafe when she had a traffic accident, in her father's funeral, in the watch shop and now on this sidewalk were the same guy or not; but these guys, or guy, were very close to trigger Charlotte's famous paranoia.

Charlotte's walk ended with the ringing of the bell of the shop door when it was pushed. Hearing the ringing tone, Gilbert quickly left the workshop and came to the shop's sales part. "Charlotte, Welcome."

"Hello, Gilbert." Charlotte dropped her bag in one of the woodcarved, black leather seats, took off her single-button black jacket and folded it in half, then hung it on the arm of the seat. "So? How is every- thing going today?"

"Good. One of the executives of the Elite Consortium Association called for a special designed wristwatch. This is a very important order." The excitement and enthusiasm of Gilbert could clearly be read on his face.

"Since Tannhaus died, for the first time, we get a chance to make a special design. Already the man said he would place this order to check if after the death of Tannhaus Serbien could maintain the same quality of watches."

"Who is this man, what is his name?" Charlotte asked.

"He said his name was Adam Kahnewald."

“Adam Kahnewald?”

“Yeah, do you know him?”

Charlotte pursed her lips in a pout. “I know him, he is the General Manager of Sierra Germany.”

“The watch company?”

“Yes.”

“Why would the manager of a watch company order a watch from another watchmaker?” Gilbert’s eyes were locked on Charlotte’s pursed lips as if the answer to this question was there.

“I do not know; but it’s also interesting that he gave the Elite Consortium Association’s name instead of Sierra.” Charlotte opened her hand bag, on which Ralph Lauren’s silver logo was shining for show off, and took her phone out of the bag. In order to find out what the Elite Consortium was, she typed these two words in the search engine, a website belonging to the company’s association appeared in the first line. When Charlotte pressed the link and touched the ABOUT US tab, she read that this union of companies is a private community that brought together German branches of overseas firms, including Sierra. When she finished reading, her phone vibrated, which warned her that a new message had arrived. When Charlotte saw that the message was coming from her boyfriend Noah, she wanted to close it without reading at first, but then her curiosity over won and she read the message. “Where are you?” his message was not the kind of message that Charlotte normally would answer; but for some reason Charlotte needed to answer that: “I’m at work.” The next message came shortly after “Didn’t you get fired?”. She didn’t need to answer to that question. The phone rang again as she put it back in her bag. When Charlotte took her finger to the rejection icon, thinking that the caller was Noah, she was able to see the name ‘Serilda’ on the call screen and at the last moment switched her finger from red to green. Serilda was a young woman Charlotte had met at the event of a non-governmental organization many years ago, and this call after a long time of no contact attracted Charlotte’s curiosity.

“Hello?”

While Charlotte spoke on the phone, Gilbert thought that it would be impudence to listen and he began to pretend that he was arranging the clocks on the showcase. Gilbert, hoping that Charlotte as his daughter could fill the place of Tannhaus, he was eagerly overhearing the phone call. Although he could not hear what the other party said, he managed to catch Charlotte’s

exclamations like “A, I’m so glad ... Baby shower? .. When ... Come on! .. It’s difficult for me to come!” “Gilbert,” Charlotte said when she hung up, after putting her cell phone back in her bag. “Yes, Charlotte?”

“Where’s my father’s house? I am looking for a rental house. If my father’s house is suitable, it would be perfect for me to move there. ”

“Charlotte, I’m not sure, really. Tannhaus was always inside when I opened the shop. As far as I know, since I started working here, he’s been staying in his back office. ”

“Oh really?”

“Yes! Wait a minute! “Gilbert paused as if he had noticed something. “You said I’m looking for a house near here?”

“Yes, why?”

“So, you’re planning to move here, aren’t-you?”

“Yes.” Charlotte couldn’t understand what Gilbert wanted to say.

“So, does that mean you will not sell the shop?”

“For now, no,” Charlotte said, smiling under the mustache.

“First of all, for the house, you should have asked me. We have a roofed duplex house close to here. Actually, we are thinking of selling; but we can rent it until it’s sold. ”

“Is it on Altbach Street?”

“Yeah, how did you know?”

“I just know, Gilbert, I just know,” Charlotte said every word, trying to prevent her smile from turning into a grin.

“Tannhaus also had such a strange behavior. Believe me, you are the daughter of Tannhaus!”

“It seems so.” Charlotte had an instant happiness from being compared to her father, but than the regret of being away from her father for years created a void in her heart. “Come on, you should go to work, Gilbert. If anything happens, I’m in the office.”

“Okay, Charlotte,” Gilbert said, watching Charlotte walk into the office, he went to the workshop. The unfinished clock mechanism, waiting to be collected on the manufacturing bench of oak timber from Estonia, slid down a few inches as if it showed excitement as Gilbert sat on the stool covered with red leather in front of the bench.

“Take it easy,” Gilbert said, pushing the clockwork back to its original position. The watch pieces had slipped down because the manufacturing bench had a thirty-degree angle and the metal foot of the stool hit the counter

when Gilbert pulled the stool to sit; but Gilbert found more fun to interpret this situation as the watch pieces getting excited to turn into a real clock as soon as possible. He learned from Tannhaus that the clocks and the mechanisms expecting to become watches had souls. Once, when Tannhaus saw Gilbert was hitting the wheel with the tip of the screwdriver in order to place a wheel in the system, he said, "If you treat them badly, you will feel resistance. Every hour has a soul, sometimes you should treat them harshly but that has to be your last option."

In his first days of the shop, he thought that Tannhaus was talking nonsense but as he worked on the mechanisms, he understood better what Tannhaus really meant. The clock mechanism that he was working on now, needed kind touches. For this reason, he was working as gently as possible while passing the rotation wheel made of yellow material (Tannhaus used to say 'rice') to the seconds mile.

While Gilbert was working on the clock mechanism in the workshop, Charlotte was exploring in her father's office. The magnificent view of the work table, made of the same wood lumber as the manufacturing counter and showcases, surprised Charlotte. The frontside of the table was adorned with decorative patterns reached to the feet stretching to the floor with an elegant fold. From the two drawers with brass handles on the back, the left one was filled with documents and papers and the right one was very organized with watch pieces lined up. Sapphire glasses, watch bands, rotation gears, mainspring springs, second pendulums, chronograph aids, date cylinders and hour-, minute hands, and second bars were waiting in the drawer in separate groups. Charlotte closed the drawer carefully in order to keep the order in the drawer. At that moment, a safe box embedded in the wall niche in the right corner of the office attracted her attention. She remembered the key given by lawyer Adolph Zeit. He said that the key would open a safe in the shop. She started to look for the gold key that was in her bag. Even though she had difficulty finding the key in her messy bag, she eventually managed to reach the key. She inserted the key into the keyhole of the black metal case. The choice of a password-free case did not seem very logical to Charlotte. The lock tongue of the case was so thick though that Charlotte had a hard time turning the key. The Inside of the case was filled with a pile of money stacked and lined up in a row. When Charlotte took one of the scrolls, she saw that they were out of use. Another roll was made up of various coins from the 1970s. Apart from collectors, no one could appreciate those coins

and bills. But the American dollars were still valid. There was also a glass bottle filled with water and a mirror with a golden frame handle. But among this strange mixture of things, a notebook covered with black leather caught Charlotte attention.

Charlotte pushed the money rolls aside and pulled the notebook out of the safe. The cover was from tanned black leather and, it had cracked patches, creating several light brown paths, and the pages under the cover were almost yellow. On the first page, the name and surname of Tannhaus, were written in beautiful handwriting like fine calligraphy. When Charlotte turned the page, March 9, 1981, in the upper right corner of the page caught her attention. His father wrote a diary with the same beautiful handwriting. December 2, 1981, was Charlotte's birthday; March 9, 2016, the date of her father's death. The starting date of the diary was a combination of these two dates caught the attention of Charlotte; however, she described this situation as a painful coincidence. She didn't spend enough time with her father while he was alive, and finding this diary, at least, allowed her to make a trip to her father's past. She corrected the old cover of the diary that was resisting to stay open by pressing it with the palm of her hand and started reading the diary under the dim light of the office.

Monday, March 9, 1981

I started writing this diary today. Since I have no such experience before, I have no idea how I should do this. I think they start the diaries as "dear diary" as if they had a conversation with a person, but I do not feel ready to do this yet ... However, I feel the need to put my happiness on a piece of paper. Today we learned that Nilsen was pregnant. Okay, like those who talk to the diary, I will not say 'dear diary', I will write this to you, my child, I will write as if I speak to you. I don't know if you're a boy or a girl yet. Nilsen has already name, if you are a girl, she will name you Hanna, if you are a boy, something like Noah. But since I believed that you will live and carry the name you will have whole your life, I have already started to search for more special names for you. Anyway, even if you have a name like Hanna or Noah, that your mother found for you, or more intellectual and popular names, I guarantee you that you will be the most valuable asset in the world for me. I don't know when I will give this diary for you to read; but I have a feeling that everything will be very different when you read it. Literature is

not my expertise, I only understand from watches, so I can not write anything more, for now, because I feel very helpless to express my feelings. But I will write everything I can think of and I really want you to read it in the future. At least I hope so.

After reading the introduction of March 9, Charlotte was too in deep the diary. In each word, her eyes were getting a little more filled with tears, and her view was getting blurrier. She continued reading until she felt the pressure of a bony finger on her shoulder and turned around to see the owner of the finger.

“Father!”

|06:00|

Intentional Repetition of Time

“Yesterday, today and tomorrow do not come one after another. They are connected in an infinite loop. Everything is connected ... Life is a maze. ”

Tick Tack Tick Tack ... As soon as she saw her father with his bearded face with his round-framed glasses, Charlotte’s heart started to beat at a speed that a clock could not reach. Tannhaus’s eyes were glowing and he was smiling. With his bony fingers’ knuckles resembling to red fruits, his round nose with blue capillaries, and his black ear hairs looked like black bushes that hadn’t been burned for several days, Tannhaus looked too real to come from an image out of Charlotte’s mind. “Father,” she said excitedly. “How does this happen?” Charlotte wanted to hug her father and wanted to be relieved of the regret of not being able to speak to him for the last time, but she couldn’t reach to her father, there were invisible walls which she couldn’t figure out how they were built. Tannhaus opened his lips as if he wanted to say something. But before the words came out and he could make a sound, his mouth closed back. The closed lips shrank as if they were biting themselves, the appearance of the white teeth of the Tannhaus, this whole scene was like a horror scene. The glow of his eyes lost their sparkle and turned into two endless black holes. The dried skin wrapped his bony fingers got rotted, and left only the bones behind, and eventually all the flesh and skin on his face turned to skull. When the skeleton wearing her father’s clothes touched her once again, Charlotte woke up dreadful and she saw Gilbert’s hand in her shoulder. “Sorry Charlotte, I didn’t mean to scare you. But Mr. Adam came.

” “Mr. Adam?” Charlotte had just become conscious of falling asleep reading the diary. In order to forget the effect of the terrible dream she had, she rubbed her eyes with her fingers and put her hand in front of mouth while she was yawning.

“Yes, Adam Kahnewald. The general manager of Sierra from the Elite Consortium,” Gilbert replied, taking the unconscious question of Charlotte very seriously.

Charlotte said: “Ha! Okay, I’m coming soon.” She couldn’t figure out why Adam Kahnewald had come here, she got up from the desk and walked to the front part of the shop. Adam Kahnewald was calmer and more at ease, unlike the first time they met. The handkerchief in the jacket pocket of his gray suit and the tieless upper two buttons unfolded shirt were both from the same fabric. The light brown Oxford shoes² and the Sierra watch strap were both of matching colors. The brown briefcase he held in his left hand indicated that he was there on business, while his messy uncombed hair seemed to show that he didn’t care.

“Ms. Charlotte, hello!” said Adam Kahnewald.

When Adam came in, Charlotte saluted him, “Hello Adam, how are you?”

“Thank you, I should ask you how do you feel. Were you able to fix your car? I was worried when you didn’t call. ”

“Thanks, it’s in service right now. How did you find this place? ”

“I always knew this place. I’ve always contact with Tannhaus Serbien. After that unfortunate incident we had together, the Serbien surname was familiar to me; however, it took me a while to figure out about your relationship with Tannhaus Serbien. When the news of the death of Tannhaus reached us, everything settled down. Unfortunately, I was too busy to attend the funeral; but I sent a flower, you may have noticed.”

“Yes, thank you.” Charlotte actually wasn’t happy receiving those flowers. But she thought that it would not be appropriate to say that. “So? Tell me, how can we help you?” Charlotte asked. When Adam Kahnewald’s eye slipped on the leather-covered chair in front of the table, Charlotte quickly showed him some hospitality. As saw that The expression in Adam’s eyes was like it was saying ‘can we sit and discuss’, Charlotte felt embarrassed not being polite, she asked if he would like to drink something. When Adam

didn't want to drink anything, Charlotte sat on her chair.

"As I said before, as Sierra Germany, we had a connection with Tann- haus Serbien. He had designed a watch for us, but it was not accepted by Sierra to go into mass production on the grounds that it was different from the American standards. Now, I have the prototype of that watch." Adam unwrapped the watch on his left wrist and put it on the table. Charlotte's initial thought that this watch was a Sierra brand; however, now she could notice that the 'S' logo on the cord was different from that of Sierra. "This watch that I'm wearing with pleasure was a prototype. Once, I opened it to study its mechanism, but I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to put it back again, so I didn't touch it. But I must say that it has

2 Oxford shoes: A shoe style with a closed lacing
the best kinetic mechanism I have ever seen. "

The watch with a gold bezel, a white dial and a brown snakeskin strap, was lying right in front of her eyes on the table, and Charlotte had to keep herself from touching it. When she could finally separate her gaze from the watch and turned to Adam Kahnewald, she could only say one word: "And?"

"I don't get it," said Adam Kahnewald, stating that Charlotte should explain what she means in more detail.

"You didn't come here just to show me this watch. You want to order another watch. So, what do you want, why do you want it?"

"As I said, I have a special interest in your father's watches. In partic- ular, his famous pocket watch. However, I know very well that he will never give that pocket watch to anyone, but if you can make one watch as that pocket watch's mechanism, I will give you an open check."

Charlotte was surprised that someone else was more interested in her father's pocket watch, but she knew how to wear the expressionless smile mask to hide her surprise. Even the slightest interest in that watch, with which she began to suspect she could control the time, was enough rea- son to trigger Charlotte's paranoia button. As she was wondering what he knew about this watch, Adam stood up and began to button up his jacket. "This is my proposal for now, Miss Charlotte. You can send me your answer at any time. I have to go now. Thanks again for everything and my offer for your car is still valid. The watch can remain as a sign of my goodwill. "

"Thank you," Charlotte said as she stood up to bid farewell to the man.

“There is no need for a car offer. We will return to you about the clock in a convenient time. I have your business card. ”

Adam Kahnewald said, “See you than,” he smiled.

“See you.”

As soon as Adam Kahnewald left the shop, Charlotte burst out a mass of breath she had accumulated on her cheeks. “There’s something odd with this man,” she said to herself, not paying attention whether Gilbert had heard.

“Look, Tannhaus made once a watch for this man.” Gilbert said. When he had heard Charlotte murmuring, he came close by. “For the first time, I see this man. I agree, there is something odd with him. ”

“Maybe we’re exaggerating.”

“Maybe, anyway I’m in the workshop.”

“Okay, I’m going to the office.” Charlotte waited for Gilbert to enter the workshop and after taking the watch that Adam Kahnewald had left on the table, she got up from the table and went to the back of the office. When she opened the office door, she remembered the nightmare she had about her father turning to a skeleton, she shook her head to forget those dreadful thoughts. Her father’s diary was standing open on the table. An Open diary was like an invitation for Charlotte to continue reading and also she didn’t have much to do. She wandered around the table and sat on the couch, she began to read the diary’s open page. First she looked at it from a distance and then she pulled the diary in front of her.

Sunday, August 7, 1983

We had a fight with Nilsen today. She said that I spent all my days and nights on my watches and that I did not even leave one tenth of my time for my sick daughter. However, if she knew the importance of this watch I was working on, she would not have reacted that way, she would have given all her support to finish this watch as soon as possible. However, if I would have explained to her what type of watch I worked on, she would have called me crazy and kicked me out. Because of that I will not give you all the details in advance, I don’t want you to think of me as crazy before hand. But the watch I’m working on is a watch that is unlike any other watch and believe me, it will change your life.

* * *

The next few pages of the diary were torn, and but some torn out pieces of paper were remaining in the diary. The next article was written after a long time jump. Charlotte wondered what was written on these torn pages, but she returned to the reading of the diary.

Saturday, June 2, 1990

We had a quarrel with your mother again, this time it was pretty serious; but I don't care, because I managed to finish the first version of the watch and tested it. Yes, the watch works. I say this laughing. First of all, you should know that all the watches I produce have a soul, and every watch establishes a bond with its owner. Sometimes this bond is very strong, sometimes it is not. I will explain this later to you; but what I want to talk about now is my watch. You know that the watch is a measuring instrument of the time. However, the concept of time is something that cannot be measured by the clock. When the hour hand takes a lap, the time spent is an hour for me, while it may sound like two hours for another and fifteen minutes for the other. This watch designed by me can dampen the time differences in between. I know it is very complicated; but to put it simple, it is possible to travel through time thanks to this watch. And I succeeded, can you believe it? I went back an hour and experienced the same things again. What I was experiencing was fighting again with your mother; but it is okay. This time it was much easier for me to take it easy during the quarrel, as I know what to answer. For now, it has been an one hour back; but my goal is to get more hours back and forth and even jump in the day. For this, I will add a new mechanism to the current mechanism. But since I have been rehearsing to go back an hour for now, I can scream that this is possible.

One side of Charlotte said that she should continue to read the diary, while the other side was saying to do travel through time knowing exactly what she was doing this time. Her physical being made a decision and closed the diary cover. She reached the pocket watch.

When she lifted the pin of the pocket watch, the beat of Charlotte's heart had replaced the seconds bar. When all the sounds around were calm, every time, the booming sound of her heart pumping blood could be felt in her ears. As she turned the pin, she heard that her heartbeat faded along with other sounds. As soon as she took the watch back three hours and put the pin in her socket,

her body remained stable, every- thing around her began to move, and the place began to change like an accelerated video. When the watch's seconds bar started moving, Charlotte found herself in an unfurnished room of a house. The walls of the empty room, painted in champagne color, but the paint partially washed out and the beige underneath could be seen. The dampness, which turned the ceiling plastered with white plaster to green, took its place in a corner like the political map of a country that declared its new independence, yet its borders were not clear. The marble windowsills, which were placed under the window joinery that revolted to return to its natural color, cracked all over the place, and the raindrops that drained from the crack formed strips on the wall over time. Laminate parquets with a wooden look turned from the original wood teak coffee color to the poplar trunk color, and the cigarette ash dropped right in the middle left a jet-black stain.

"This is the first house I would like to show you, Miss Charlotte." When this familiar voice reached her ears, Charlotte turned around to find the owner of the voice and saw Mr. Voliny. They decided three hours ago, to visit three houses, and they started from the house closest to the real estate office. Charlotte didn't like it when she first visited this house, and when she got back in time, she was very uncomfortable being in this house again.

"Mr. Voliny, I think that I gave up renting a house."

"Sorry, I don't understand, just five minutes ago, you said that you are looking for a rental house?"

"Yes, that's true, but a lot can change in five minutes, right?"

Real Estate Agent Mr. Voliny got so angry about the crazy behavior of Charlotte, he felt sorry for the time he had spent and with a disappointed face returned back with to his shop. Charlotte could even hear the agent's anger from his clumps hitting the ground. In the meantime, Charlotte returned to her watch shop with a smile on her face. Recalling the conversation, she had with Gilbert about the house, she concluded that it was unnecessary to visit the real estate agent and decide to rent Gilbert's house. Because she hadn't visited Gilbert's house with the agent who was trying to defraud her with the front payment lie, she didn't have to work with the agent anymore, she could directly rent the house from Gilbert.

Charlotte walked to the shop with a huge satisfaction of discovering the power of the time, and she came in earlier than she had before to the shop. Gilbert was looking at the newspaper in front of him and he was marking certain areas, and when he saw Charlotte, he put quickly the newspaper in his back pocket. Charlotte wondered why Gilbert had suddenly felt the need to hide the newspaper, but she could not find any logical explanation, so her curiosity to read the newspaper had increased.

“Welcome Charlotte!” said Gilbert, the embarrassment in his voice had caught Charlotte’s attention.

“Hello Gilbert. What did you hide?” Charlotte ask directly. “It is not important.”

Gilbert’s desire not to mention about what he was hiding, had attracted Charlotte’s curiosity even more. “Okay, then let’s play a game with you. If I win you will show me the newspaper. I will ask you three questions and I’ll write down the answers that I think you will give. If the answers you gave me and the answers that I wrote down are the same, I will win. If even one answer is wrong, you will win. Okay?”

“Sure. What if I win?”

“Then you don’t have to show me the newspaper.”

“But, if I don’t play, I do not need to show you either.”

Charlotte laughed at the child’s prompt answer. “Okay, then I’ll let you take a week off.”

After hearing a week off, Gilbert decided to play this game. He thought that Charlotte could never know all three answers at once good, so he was already planning how he would spent that one week vacation he would get out of nothing. Charlotte, on the other hand, she started to write something on the paper without letting Gilbert see.

“I’m ready. Now, I will ask you simple questions, and you will answer. My answers are here.” Charlotte showed Gilbert the folded paper. “Are you ready?” When Gilbert nodded, Charlotte asked her first question. “Your favorite color?”

Since Gilbert thought that in order to win, he had to give answers very difficult to guess and they also did not need to be true, he decided to skip the basic colors and said a color very difficult to guess. “Turquoise,” he said, thinking Charlotte would never guess this color.

“OK. Second question. What is your favorite animal?”

“Owl,” Gilbert said, using the same tactic.

“Now say a number from one to ten.”

“Eleven.”

“But eleven is a larger than ten.”

“You didn’t say my answer should be correct.”

“Okay, then,” Charlotte said with a smile.

“Let’s look my answers.”

When he opened the paper folded by Charlotte, Gilbert surprised with her answers:

1- Turquoise

2- Owl

3- 11 (I think your math is a little poor.)

Gilbert, “But how?”

“If anyone from the Elite Consortium comes in, you let me know, I’m in the back office,” she laughed. By the way, I know that you have filled out the bet slip on that newspaper. Let’s have a look at these games together this evening. But I suggest you instead of filling bet slip you should read more. Gilbert scratched the back of his head with embarrassment. “I don’t like books; but I like to read.”

“How can that be even possible? You don’t like books; but you like to read.” Charlotte asked.

“Encyclopedia,” Gilbert explained. “My mom bought an encycloped- ia years ago. They are still in our cabinet. I read them from time to time.”

“Is there any encyclopedia left in this period, Gilbert, everything is on the Internet now.”

“This the real problem: Everything is on the internet. You don’t know which information is correct and which one is a lie. There’s also a ton of distractions. While researching what you want to learn, so many unre- lated video’s or games draws your attention and trick your lazy brain. Whereas, while reading the encyclopedia other irrelevant items contain also information that can add something to you.”

Charlotte was surprised at Gilbert’s speech, he seemed to have a deep cultural background in every word he used, and she suddenly realized that she could learn so many things from him. “You didn’t finish school, did you?”

“I’m a high school graduate,” Gilbert said. “I didn’t get a chance to go to the University. My stepfather, family problems, economic situa- tion. I had to learn and begin to work as soon as possible. I have already worked part-time with Tannhaus, every summer since secondary school. When I was in high

school, I also wanted to continue. On the other hand, I think I choose the right one. The situation of the education system is obvious. They have to encourage students to produce something, instead of letting them memorizing books and doing exams. There are so many university graduates unemployed, and millions of people who are dissatisfied with their jobs. And me on the other hand, I'm working on the job that I love. Not everyone has to be an engineer, a doctor, or a lawyer. The country also needs craftsmen and artists.” Charlotte felt confused with Gilbert speech. Gilbert had transformed from a moony apprentice filling in a betting slip into a social philosopher. |07:00| Unlucky in Love, Lucky at Cards

Tick Tack Tick Tack... Charlotte was looking at the Newton's cradle on the oak wooden desk in her watch shop, The Newton's cradle consisted of five balls that were hitting each other. The sequence of sound that the balls made when hitting each other was like a metronome to the tic tac sounds from the watch Charlotte had inherited from Tannhaus, which was lying on the table and the brown watch left by Adam Kahnewald. Although she learned all of Gilbert's answers with her journey through time, she did not want to see the newspaper that Gilbert was hiding. She managed to see the paper of betting slip bulletin after her time travel. On top of that, she even offered to Gilbert to make a bet slip together at the end of the shift of Gilbert. He was so happy by the offer, and finished all his works half an hour before the end of the shift and came to Charlotte's office. Charlotte didn't have any interest in sport except for morning runs, normally she would not have had any clue of making a bet, but watching Gilbert fill the bet slip and her discovery that she was able to travel in time led to a light bulb sizzling in her mind. As Gilbert came to the office and discussed the bet he wanted to place with Charlotte, she figured out the basis of betting, even though she didn't understand much of what Gilbert was telling her. According to her plan, after learning the results of these matches, she would go back in time and bet on the highest-rated matches. But at the moment, the only reason why she was watching some metal spheres bumping was that her boyfriend Noah invited her to dinner tonight. Charlotte wanted this dinner with Noah to be the last, and she was rehearsing the text of her farewell speech to him. Charlotte had the feeling that Noah had cheated on her many times, but somehow, she managed to overcome it. However, his dismissal, her father's death news, her traffic accident, and seeing Noah leave a bar with two girls caused her to wipe her boyfriend away. And until she was prepared for this separation, she had

minimized the meetings with Noah.

Charlotte decided to go to her home on the North Side and wait there for Noah to pick her up for dinner. But because of the traffic, she proposed to Noah to meet with her on the South Side. But Noah refused this offer. He said that he didn't know any fancy restaurant on that side of the city. Noah was pleased when Charlotte asked him to take her from Winden.

Charlotte got up from her desk, closed the shop, and walked to the bus stop in order to go to her home in Stralsund. She was thinking about all the strange things that took place in the last two hours. While she was waiting for the bus, she was thinking about renting Gilbert's family house, and about arranging a moving company. The bus arrived with hissing to the bus stop. When she arrived at her home after a long and overwhelming bus journey, as she predicted, it was almost time for Charlotte to meet Noah. She put on a V-shaped back blue dress, and while she was busy with her make-up, she heard the bell of the door. She realized that the time in this interval passed faster than she expected. She quickly understood that the bell was from the main entrance door. That was an indicator that Noah was too lazy to go up even though he knew the password of the main entrance. In the early days, before going out for dinner, Noah would come upstairs for five minutes, and he would present a small gift he brought with him to Charlotte. However, with time, first, these gifts disappeared, and then the coming upstairs turned to ring the bell from the main entrance.

Charlotte pressed the doorbell intercom button and shouted, "I'm coming." She took her bag and locked the door of the penthouse. While she was waiting for the elevator to come, Charlotte smiled remembering the word penthouse. The real estate agent used this word when he was trying to rent this house to Charlotte.

When Charlotte left the building, she saw Noah leaning against his Cabrio. When Noah saw his girlfriend walking to him, he stood and straightened the collar of his jacket. As soon as Charlotte reached the car, he hugged her and put a single kiss on her left cheek.

"You look beautiful."

"Thank you."

Charlotte did not say a word along the way, except giving short answers to the questions Noah asked. She was thinking of the last rehearsal of her broke up speech throughout the day. Annoyed by this situation, Noah repeatedly questioned what happened until they reached Eberhard, but he did not get

any proper answer from Charlotte.

Noah chose for their dinner the steakhouse named Magazan in Eber- hard. The fancy restaurant was having one of its usual crowded days. There was no place to sit. It was full of the rich people who accepted to pay half of the minimum wage, and the middle-class people who came here to have dinner once in their lives in this famous restaurant. Noah knowing how difficult it was to find a table without a reservation, had booked the day before a table for two persons. Apart from the people's soft conversations and the rubbing of the cutlery on the plates, the restaurant was calm. You could even hear the sound of a falling fork to the ground from the farthest end of the restaurant. Although this restaurant was not the best place to be dumped, Charlotte had already decided. While she was looking at the menu card for a moment, she doubted her decision, but then she deleted from her mind even the smallest thought of being with Noah.

After looking briefly, Charlotte closed the menu card, unable to make any decision. "Could you order something delicious for me too? I'm going to the restroom."

"Okay," Noah said with a smile on his face as Charlotte got up from the table.

The only reason Charlotte went to the toilet was to save some time before her breakup speech with Noah. She put her hands on the sides of the sink and looked in the mirror. She had rehearsed from her mind once again what she would tell Noah. She would talk neither about the deception nor the night that she saw Noah with the girls at the bar. She thought to say that she needed some time apart because of the consecutive incidents and that she wanted to keep this time forever.

When she washed her face and returned to the table, Charlotte saw that the dishes had already been brought to the table. Noah ordered a New York-style three-hundred-gram steak with a mixed bottle of wine from German grapes. From the stain in the wine glass, Charlotte understood that he sipped his wine while he waited for Charlotte to return. Charlotte, sitting on the table, ignoring the expression on Noah's face. When she took a big sip from the wine, she kept it for a while between her teeth and gathered it in her upper palate and lowered it to her stomach. She believed that Noah's wine preference was common.

Throughout the meal, Charlotte was unable to focus herself on the conversation topics that Noah was trying to talk about, as the words of the

breakup speech were gnawing her mind, she prevented the conversations from getting too long by giving answers such as yes to every sentence. By the end of the meal, she was only able to gather the courage and made her rehearsal speech on the table. Although Noah was disappointed with this conversation, he did not express it. On top of that, Noah offered the courtesy to Charlotte to bring her home. But Charlotte refused this offer politely and returned to her home by taxi, as she thought it would not be right to accept it.

When Charlotte saw the price in the taximeter, she remembered that she had to stop using a taxi. On the other hand, when she took out her wallet of her pocket, she got an idea: Betting on sports events. It was almost midnight that meant that many matches were concluded. All she had to do was to check the results of the match and return to a time when the bets were not closed and then bet on these matches. However, she was afraid to take that risk, as she had not traveled back for more than a few hours before. Before she tried longer time travel she decided to read her father's diary. Since she was experiencing everything her father mentioned to her, she didn't want to take any risks. So, she had no other option but to wait for the next day to read the diary she left in the safe of the shop.

In the morning, once again she had to move from the North Side to the South Side. When she entered the shop, she saw that Gilbert was busy with a watch mechanism in the workshop. As Gilbert had heard the bell and immediately stopped what he was doing and raised his head, Charlotte greeted him.

"How are you doing, Gilbert, how's the betting business going?"

"Don't make fun of me."

"No, Gilbert, I'm seriously asking."

"That was unbelievable. Because of Manchester we lost. I never expected they would draw with Norwich."

Charlotte smiled, even though she didn't have the slightest clue about the teams that Gilbert was mentioning.

"Did you solve the match-betting event?"

"We will see."

Charlotte raised her right hand with a smile on her lips and made a goodbye sign, then she entered the office of the shop. She browsed through the pages of her father's diary, until she found the section she needed. Finally, she came to the part of September 1, 1990, and she decided to read this part thoroughly because of an interesting sentence.

Saturday, September 1, 1990

It has been a week since your mom took you away from me. And, today, I found the divorce papers in the mailbox. It made me very sad, but now is not the time to talk about that. I told you before, in this diary, I would like to talk only about the watch. Our main subject will always be the clock. Anyway, the reason why your mother filed for divorce paper is that the time I spent with the watch is more than the time I spend with you. As I said before, what I want to explain in this diary is the watch.

I installed an additional gear to the mechanism between the rotation gear attached to the mainspring and the tension spring attached to the minute hand. That allowed the watch to do time travel for more than four hours backward. Of course, under normal conditions it was already possible to go back more than four hours; but now, this undoing time thing actually allows us to undo time! It was a strange sentence, but you understood me. I just made a seven-hour return, but I will try longer returns soon. As long as you read this diary, you will learn everything I've done. One final warning: try to do things that you read in the diary and use the watch wisely.

“Don’t try to do anything you don’t read in the diary!” said Charlotte to herself. If she could realize her plan and she could play with Gilbert’s betting slips, she could earn enough money to buy the house she wanted without renting Gilbert’s house. Of course, first, she had to take more lessons from Gilbert about this new subject. To start directly to these lessons, she closed the diary and placed it in the safe box and left the office. Charlotte was hoping to see Gilbert playing with the betting slip but instead he was working on a clock mechanism in the back shop.

Charlotte called, “Gilbert!” Gilbert had put screwdriver no.6 on the table and he said, “Yes?”

“If your job is not very urgent, shall we take a look at this betting slip?” Gilbert thought that Charlotte was making fun of him until this last question. But Charlotte mentioned several times the betting slips so he changed his mind.

“I am coming.”

Gilbert grabbed the newsletter and empty betting slip at a speed that Charlotte had never seen before, and he entered to the shop’s sales section.

“Look, Charlotte, are you serious?” Gilbert needed to check one more time,

thinking that there might be a hidden catch.

“I’m serious, come on, tell me the basic of this betting game again.”

At the table where they were sitting on opposite sides, Gilbert started telling Charlotte about the intricacies of filling a bet slip. He started to explain the basics by telling the host team’s winning, togetherness, away win, mutual goals, total number of goals to be scored, first half and match result prediction, double chance and so on. Finally, Charlotte understood the basic logic of making a betting slip. However, she couldn’t understand what Gilbert called the system to play. As a matter of fact, it was sufficient to know the first half of the matches and the result of the plan, other possibilities were not very important. In the evening, after the matches ended, she would learn the highest rate results, take the clock back five hours and fill the coupon with Gilbert.

...

Charlotte closed the black leather-covered diary, which was lying on the oak-work desk, and stood up. She moved from the office to the shop’s sales department, with a cunning and satisfied smile on her face.

“Gilbert,” she said, this time she didn’t have to search for him.

“Yes?” Gilbert’s voice was coming from the workshop, as Charlotte predicted.

“If you are not very busy, shall we take a look at this betting business?”

“I am coming.”

Gilbert got a twinkle in his eyes and he was unable to stand still with the joy beside his surprise, in two steps he came out of the workshop holding newsletters and coupons, while he was screaming out of joy.

“Look, Charlotte, are you serious?” he asked. His face made it harder for Charlotte not to laugh because she had heard this question before.

“I’m serious, look, I’ve even prepared a slip.”

“Come now!”

“Yes, let’s look together.”

After sitting at the desk of the sales department, Charlotte glanced at the bulletin that Gilbert opened. Five hours ago - in this case, three hours later - she began to find and mark the results she learned. The best part of it was that, without having to watch the matches, he entered the betting results

section of a website and ranked the most winning odds of that day already.

“Yes, let’s write it down 136 Troyes - PSG, plus seven goals.”

“Charlotte?”

“What?”

“Are you sure?”

“Please write down whatever I say and do not interfere.” Charlotte added an authoritative intonation to her voice as she predicted that Gilbert would object. “143 Sevilla - Villareal, first half two, second half one.”

“Charlotte believe me this coupon will not win.”

“Ok, this coupon is mine, if it doesn’t win, it is my problem. 431 Utrecht - Den Haag first half one, second half zero.” Seeing Gilbert’s lips slowly opening, Charlotte put her index finger to her mouth and made a silent sign, and Gilbert shook his head and tapped his tongue to his teeth. He marked the result that Charlotte said. “Ok, did you mark it? Hah, and also, I want to bet a hundred times as well.”

“Charlotte, this coupon will never win. Let me calculate the odds.” Gilbert took the calculator on the table and started pressing the keys while he was telling the numbers he had hit. “Sixteen times twenty-five times nineteen and one hundred times that is equal to seven hundred and sixty thousand.

Charlotte, bets with such rates have never made it before.”

“This type of bets could have been made, but nobody has played it before, Gilbert. You make two of these coupons for yourself.”

“No, Charlotte, I don’t have any money to waste.”

“Ok, this is your decision. Let’s close the shop and go together to the betting shop.”

“Ok, but first, I will prepare a better betting slip for myself, after that we can go.”

After Gilbert completed his own coupons, they went with Charlotte to the betting shop, two streets further from the watch shop. The owner of the betting shop, looked at Charlotte’s coupon and giggled and had the coupon approved by the machine, and then laughed, “Good luck,” and gave the coupon printout to Charlotte. At the time they left the shop with Gilbert, Charlotte saw a man who was busy with filling coupons in the left corner of the shop that triggered Charlotte’s paranoia again, but this time, Charlotte disregarded.

Five hours later, Charlotte’s cell phone rang persistently. She could guess who was calling without looking at the screen. Gilbert’s shout, “Charlotte,

your coupon won,” made Charlotte take the phone fifteen centimeters away from her ear. As soon as Gilbert shout out, Charlotte said: “Don’t worry, I bet for you too. But I have one condition, to get the money, you should continue to work in the shop.”

“WHAT? Of course, I will. I owe Tannhaus. But there was a limit of five hundred thousand so you couldn’t win seven hundred and sixty thousand.”

“It doesn’t matter, I had played three coupons in total.” |08:00|

An Incomplete Day

Tick Tack Tick Tack ... Charlotte’s pocket watch’s second hands rhythm in her right palm at the thirty-sixth floor and the Boxes that were loaded on a truck parked in front of her apartment in Stralsund were synchro- nized. With the money she had earned from the bet, Charlotte bought a detached house with a garden in Winden. Complaining about the exces- sive amount of goods and the height of the building, the workers of the moving company were carrying some of the goods with the cargo lift of the apartment and the rest with the mobile elevator they placed on the exterior of the building. Although the city council had forbidden the use of the external mobile lifts, relying on good connections, the mov- ing company’s workers directly built one. In case of a formal complaint about the mobile elevator, to have visual proof in their hands, they also carried some of the boxes with the cargo elevator of the building. But, after a while, the cargo elevator broke down, so they had to carry the last few boxes with the passenger elevator, which was also forbidden.

Charlotte walked into her apartment, which started to get empty with the decrease of furniture and belongings inside. The shabby style, with a wide-necked, white t-shirt and the slim fit blue jeans, was a perfect match for the meaning of the day. She also wore her indispensable high heeled shoes, even though the rest of her clothing was in contrast with her shoes. Although she never walked in the house with shoes, because of moving, she had to walk with on the bare laminate floor. She had chosen a suede, navy-blue pair of shoes among her rich collection of shoes, before closing the shoe box. While she walked around in that big loft, because of the emptiness, the sound of every contact of the metal pointed heel shoe to the floor was returning by echoing through the walls.

When she entered the bedroom, she changed the location of the mo- bile phone with her pocket watch, as the mobile phone rang. When she saw the word `Gilbert` on the phone screen, she opened the phone curi- ously.

“Hello?”

“Hello, Charlotte!”

“What is it Gilbert?”

“Charlotte, I am in the shop, so you don’t have to worry!” “ I am not worried, I know you are there.”

Charlotte closed the phone and she almost forced to put the phone in the back pocket of her jeans. As she thought that those phones with big screens were becoming too big for jean pockets, one of the workers entered the room. The man with an unlined face was for sure over the forties, but his slim fit body due to hard carry work had extra swollen muscles that were showing the vitality of his body. When they first came home, he introduced himself as a transport coordinator. Charlotte quickly understood that this cool-looking word meant a head worker who did not have to carry anything and only ordered to other workers how to stack the truck because he was more experienced and older than other workers. As a requirement of the era, describing jobs with cooler titles caused Charlotte to find them funnier after leaving the plaza. Whereas at WindenMark, she never questioned to call office-boy to the guy who was in charge of bringing drinks.

“The loading is complete, ma’am,” said the transport coordinator, trying to stretch himself with support from the hand he leaned against his aching waist. “Thank you, God bless your work! You know the address, and I’ll be on my way soon. ”

“Ok, our logistics manager has already entered your new house’s coordinates to the navigation. We will meet in your new home. Best wishes.” Charlotte while she was thinking `Logistics manager? That’s probably the driver of the truck`, she thanked again to the man. When she had heard the message tune from the phone in her back pocket, she took off her phone and recorded the phone number in the Gilbert’s message as Gilbert’s mother, because she did not know the woman’s name. Then she phoned the woman. She thanked her and asked if she had any requests from her. After hung up the phone call, she made one last tour to say goodbye to her old home. She came close to the window with a high-way view, and she saw that the transport truck was moving, she decided that it was time for her to leave. Since there was no news from the car service, Charlotte had to go to her new house again without a car. However, she paid a considerable amount of money to buy the house, she preferred the taxi, instead of public transport. She arrived at the detached house that she bought by taxi, and she saw that

the transport truck had already parked in front of the house, and the mover workers had begun to lift down the furniture and the boxes. Charlotte paid a high price for the taxi and walked to her new house; her high-heeled shoes click-clacked on the asphalt ground. The door of the house was locked, so the boxes and other items could not be moved in yet. However, to save time, most of them were already lined up on the sidewalk.

“Welcome, Ms. Charlotte,” said the transport coordinator. As soon as he saw Charlotte getting out of a taxi, he put the small parcel which he held on, one of the larger ones, and run to Charlotte.

“Thank you.”

“Ms. Charlotte, if you need any help with cleaning the house, there is a cleaning company that our company is always using. They can send two or three housekeepers in a short time.”

“Housekeeper,” Charlotte sighed, thinking this new title for the old cleaning people. “Thank you, but I already arranged that. You only need to carry all the stuff in.”

Charlotte had put the name tags on the boxes describing which boxes would be downstairs, and which ones would be upstairs. So, they had moved all the boxes systematically in about three and a half hours. It was a relief for the moving company workers to see the bathroom and kitchen first floor, they didn’t have to move the refrigerator, and the washing machine to the second floor, but, it was torture to lift the double bed of Charlotte to the bedroom on the second floor. Although moving all the goods was over, Charlotte was not ready. Hundreds of boxes were waiting for her, which had to be opened and emptied. She started to open a few parcels, but soon she got so tired, and she decided to open only the boxes with necessary items such as clothes, shoes, and duvet covers. She thought to empty the rest of the boxes the following days.

Her new house was not very close to the shop, it was within a distance of about forty-five minutes on foot. Charlotte decided to stop emptying the boxes aside and go to the shop. As she walked through the historical streets of Winden, she was thinking about her past. “Tomorrow is the big day!” She was distracted from her thoughts with that loud voice. “Lotto has been rolled down over for three weeks, the jackpot is now rolling over for five million Euros.” The man, who was yelling in front of the lottery shop on the street, was brought a new bright idea to Charlotte’s mind. Earning five million in a lump sum in the lottery seemed more profitable and less risky than winning

with ten betting coupons. When she placed three betting slips with a rate of seven hundred and fifty thousand and went to get the prize, she was questioned and had to wait two days to get the reward. But still, she continued to bet the following days. She had decided to bet in discreet proportions, but winning the jackpot from the lottery seemed to be less troublesome as the winning in the betting. She turned to the street leading to the shop thinking to learn the result of the next day lottery.

* * *

As soon as Charlotte entered the shop, the bell rang and made Gilbert run from the workshop, and came directly in the showroom. Charlotte liked that Gilbert was always waiting on the wings, but she didn't need to mention that.

"Hello, Charlotte, welcome."

"Hello, Gilbert," Charlotte replied. "What happened to your face?" The red mark on Gilbert's left cheek showed that he had been hit very hard and from the wet glow of the wound, it was obvious that the wound bled when Gilbert was beaten.

"Nothing. It was an accident!"

"You hit the door," Charlotte concluded. "We both know this isn't true. Are you going to give me this childish excuse?"

Gilbert lowered his gaze, and after taking a deep breath, he said "Mom," not looking up. "She slapped, and the ring on her finger blew it."

"Why?"

Charlotte was startled from her own loud voice.

"Because of the money. She got angry when she found out that I had earned the money from the bet."

"What? What did she do with the money then?"

"She tried to burn it first; but Baldemar, my father, I meant, my step-father, did not allow it. My stepfather is also a big nationalist, he didn't want to burn the money. At the end, he took the money and hid it in the wardrobe's drawer in the bedroom. "

"Sorry Gilbert, that was my fault."

"No, Charlotte, it doesn't have anything to do with you? I was already betting to make money. You just gave a nice coupon," he laughed. When he laughed, he grimaced and put his hand on his cheek because of his wound that

stretched.

“Ok then, we shouldn’t get you involve in this betting again.”

“Again?”

“You won’t bet again, then Gilbert, what should I say.”

“You talked like you are my mother,Charlotte!”

“Anyway, let’s get back to work. I will be in the back office.”

While Gilbert headed to the workshop, Charlotte went to the office to begin the daily reading task that she had made a habit of. She took the diary out of the safe and pulled the tasseled bookmark. She opened the page where she was last reading and pressed the pages with her hand to prevent the page from closing.

* * *

Monday, September 24, 1990

It’s hard to write down how I feel about the last few days’ incidents. When I came to the courthouse for the divorce suit, you were not there. According to the lawyer, you had a terrible traffic accident and Nilsen died instantly in that accident, and they saved you as injured. And now, I’m writing, in the hospital, sitting next to your bed while you are sleeping. You look innocent and helpless. I am very confused now but believe me, I did my best to reverse this situation. As soon as I heard your mother’s death, I took the time backward to prevent that accident and reached you several times, but the result was the same every time, somehow Nilsen died.

I think there are some rules for taking the time backward and playing with fate.

On the other hand, since I wanted you to use this pocket watch, I hope you may use this diary as a guideline. I have repeatedly mentioned in my previous writings that I want to tell you in this diary only, every step I have done with the watch. Just before this unfortunate incident, I installed a new impeller wheel on the clock mechanism, and so, when the watch crown is moving forward, this impeller wheel provides forward movement inside the membrane, allowing time to flow forward. However, as I’ve mentioned in the drawings of the device, the most important part of this mechanism is the part that I called the core wheel. The whole system is based on this core wheel which is the most important part that allows us to bend time and space. I can now clearly say that the clock can also take the time forward. But never

forget, you should use the watch wisely.

“So, we can take also the time forward,” Charlotte said to herself. Although she wanted intensely to try the forward in time, she decided to postpone this trial to the next day. Thus, after the forward in time, she could learn the jackpot results, and when she returned and she could fill her jackpot slip with the numbers she had just learned. When the office’s door was knocked, Charlotte closed quickly the diary, and said: “Come in!”

Gilbert stretched his head out of the slightly opened door, and said, “Excuse me, I’m leaving, Charlotte. Do you have any requests? ”

“Thank you, Gilbert, see you tomorrow.”

“Ok, see you Charlotte. I’ll take care of the shop. ”

“Ok, thank you again.”

After Gilbert left the shop ringing the bell, Charlotte decided to leave also and she took the shutters down of the shop. While she was walking, she grumbled that she had still a lot of work to do in her new home.

When she arrived home, she directly began to open boxes and placed the items in their new places, but soon, she got tired of this job and changed her priority to the assembly of the television. Since she was not very good with electronic devices, she prayed to plug only the antenna connection to make the television work. After zapping through several channels quickly, she stopped, when she came across a Serie called ‘Die Anatolien Chroniken’ on one of the national channels. When she first saw the name of the program, she thought that was a program about local trips, but when she realized that was about a mythological crime, it had directly piqued her curiosity, and she decided to watch.

The next morning, sitting on the leather chair in the office, she began to think about what to do with the jackpot prize, even though she hadn’t earned the prize yet. Charlotte would like to become a partner to WindenMark, although the prize would not be enough. One of the success stories of many rich people, the idea of returning to the company where they were fired, with the title of the owner of the company, caused Charlotte to smile. If Gilbert or anyone else entered in that moment, he would have thought that Charlotte was a self-laughing mental patient. Fortunately, Charlotte pulled herself together before this happened and took a deep breath after leaving the pocket watch on the table. She said “let’s see,” and lifted the adjusting pin of the

watch, moving the time forward for eight hours. With this move, the items around her, began to change in fast motion while she remained stable. First, she saw that the shop disappeared and she found herself on a street, she was on the road ... and finally she was in her new house, in front of her laptop... The scene transitions were so fast that Charlotte felt like she was teleported from the shop to her house. However, the most interesting thing she sensed that she was stable, but everything around her had passed over her. It was like in old movies, while the car remained stable and the images on the back screen were changing to show the travel they were making. When everything stopped moving, she was finally in front of her computer, and first, she felt dizziness. She could not figure out whether this was because she had not traveled forward in time before or she had missed such a long-time interval. But there was one thing obvious that she lived the day incomplete. Squeezing the root of the nose, making light circles on her temples and massaging, she made sure that she felt better and looked at the screen of her laptop. On the screen were six spheres with numbers on a solid white background. She read the numbers a few times, "10-13-16-23-44-47," and she almost had beaten them into her mind.

| 09: 00 |

Digital Influence of the Core Wheel

Tick Tack Tick Tack... The second's hand of the wall clock was silently flowing. The tic-tac's that would normally be made by the wall clock was now replaced by Charlotte's crossed legs which made tic-tac sounds as she was swinging her leg. Her upper foot was swinging back and forth every second, while the other leg was beating the floor. The vibrant red soles of the Louboutins* shoes, which she bought especially for this day, had already begun to turn dark as a result of the dispute with the ground. Inside her black one-button jacket, which was bought for the same purpose as her shoes, she wore a white satin shirt. She bravely left open the top three buttons of the shirt. As for accessories, she used a pink pearl necklace dangling over her chest and the same style pink pearl earrings. Charlotte would like to look as brave as possible, confident, elegant, and most importantly rich. She thought that the four million nine hundred forty-seven thousand seven hundred and ninety Euro that she had won from Jackpot would not be enough for her further plans, so she continued for a while to bet. When she finally reached the amount of money in her mind, she decided to become a partner in WindenMark. Today, the reason she was waiting in this hall with her

expensive outfit, with crossed arms, was to take the first step to achieve this goal. After long efforts, she managed to get an appointment with the owner of Winden- Mark, Noah Meyer. But the time she had already waited for the inter- view was competing with the time she spent making the appointment. In the depth of her mind, she was fighting not to put the time forward using her pocket watch for just a half an hour. But she controlled herself and convinced herself not to listen to her sneaky inner voice. If she took the time forward, she was afraid of being stunned during the meeting, and that was the last thing she wanted. She repeated to herself to succeed in partnering with WindenMark, she needed to have a good strategy. She had to finalize this first meeting giving the best impression, and then she could follow the second part of her plan: to fire Nils Brunkhorst, CEO of WindenMark.

“Ms. Charlotte!” Charlotte’s thoughts turned into dust with her name-calling out. “Mr. Noah will now expect you.”

Charlotte thanked her politely. When she stood up, the executive as- sistant made her move towards Charlotte and passed in front of her. It was clearly stated where to go, although it was not indicated by neon arrows, the executive assistant escorted Charlotte with courtesy of prin- ciple. The executive assistant’s accompaniment ended with the opening of the winged door, which was adorned with a magnificent combination of wood and leather.

“Come in, please!”

As soon as the door opened: Charlotte’s lungs filled with the smell of the orange blossoms of the room. This artificial odor of the room reminded her of years ago at Cornell University. The day that she had that true smell of the orange blossoms. She smelt the same odor while she was sitting with her friends in the garden of the campus before hav- ing job interviews. Because of her German passport, she suspected she didn’t get any job offer from American companies at that time. But today she had better hopes for that big interview.

When Charlotte got rid of the influence of the essence and her memo- ries, she found herself in a white room. The floor was covered with white timbered parquet of a tree, that Charlotte couldn’t recall. There was a white- painted bookcase on the left wall of the large room, and across the library, giant windows were illuminating the room. Contrary to the stan- dard of this type of office room, the desk was in a remote corner, not op- posing the door, but left of the entrance. And the owner of WindenMark, Noah Meyer, was

sitting at his desk in a navy blue suit, which Charlotte could not estimate the price of it. The hair gel, which he applied to give his hair a wet look, was being used to make a separation on the left and it was combed to his temple. The gel was about to lose its effect, creating white spots on the hair of the man. When Charlotte's eyes were locked on these stains in the man's hair, the black eyes of Noah Meyer, who seemed to have no iris, met Charlotte's eyes. When he saw Charlotte, he smiled and his smile formed a dimple on his left cheek, and he pressed his red tie with his left hand, which had a yellowish stain on his face, probably due to the mustard spilled at lunch, and extended his right hand to his guest. Charlotte also smiled and shook the hand extended to her.

With the opening of the door, the smell of orange blossom filled Charlotte's lungs. Although Charlotte liked this pleasant scent of the air fragrance at first, the synthetic nature of the fragrance made her longing for the original. Though she had witnessed several times that a simple smell could drag a person into the past, the scent of the orange flower wrapped in her nose - for a moment - took her to the campus of Cornell University. The garden where they were sitting on the lawn with her friends before interviewing companies that came to the school in the last year of her graduation smelled just like that. On that day, despite having received negative responses from all of her interviews with the companies, due to her German passport, she had big hope for today's interview.

When Charlotte got rid of the influence of the essence and her memories, she found herself in a white room. The floor was covered with white timbered parquet of a tree, that Charlotte couldn't recall. There was a white-painted bookcase on the left wall of the large room, and across the library, giant windows were illuminating the room. Contrary to the standard of this type of office room, the desk was in a remote corner, not opposing the door, but left of the entrance. And the owner of WindenMark, Noah Meyer, was sitting at his desk in a navy-blue suit, which Charlotte could not estimate the price of it. The hair gel, which he applied to give his hair a wet look, was being used to make a separation on the left and it was combed to his temple. The gel was about to lose its effect, creating white spots on the hair of the man. When Charlotte's eyes were locked on these stains in the man's hair, the black eyes of Noah Meyer, who seemed to have no iris, met Charlotte's eyes. When he saw Charlotte, he smiled and his smile formed a dimple on his left cheek, and he pressed his red tie with his left hand, which had a yellowish

stain on his face, probably due to the mustard spilled at lunch, and extended his right hand to his guest. Charlotte also smiled and shook his hand.

“Welcome, Miss Charlotte, please.” Noah Meyer pointed to the white leather armchair with metal armrests standing in front of the table with his right hand.

“Thank you.” Charlotte smiled to herself as she sat down on the seat shown to her, shining light from her eyes, at the thought of her. While she had never had the opportunity to meet Noah Meyer at the company where she had been working for nearly five years, the irony that she got this opportunity after being fired caused her lips to widen, Noah Meyer looked at Charlotte as if asking for the reason for this nonsense smile. “I’m a little excited.”

Charlotte felt the need to answer this wordless question of the look.

“Would you like to drink something?”

“Thank you.”

“Well. As far as I understand, you want to become a partner of WindenMark. “

“Yes.”

“What is the reason for your interest in WindenMark?”

“Until two weeks ago I was the manager of the Clothing Department within your company. And I need to come back. “

“You were with us two weeks ago and then? Why did you leave?”

Thump-thump... Charlotte’s heartbeats began to beat, breaking the rhythm of the pocket watch in her bag. When she sensed that she had started the interview very badly, she placed her hand in her bag.

“Welcome, Miss Charlotte.”

Charlotte suddenly found herself shaking Noah Meyer’s hand. “Thank you.” Charlotte managed to save this interview by rewinding time for a few minutes. Throughout the interview, she kept herself ready to take back the time if she had any wrong sentence, but without it she ended the interview in a positive way. Of course, although this does not mean that he is a partner of WindenMark yet, he managed to put the first step he took for this purpose on a solid ground.

“Welcome, Miss Charlotte.”

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positively. Of course, although this interview did not mean that she would become a partner of WindenMark yet, she managed to put the first step she took for this purpose on solid ground.

When she left the building, her cell phone began ringing. When she saw that the caller was registered as “Auto Service” in the directory, she thought that she would receive the news that her car was ready when she picked up the phone. When Meinrad, the owner of the call, said that the parts of the vehicle had arrived and that they had begun the assembly, but that she could only pick up the vehicle tomorrow, Charlotte did not hesitate to express her annoyance that she would once again cross over to the North Side. But this annoyance was too small to overshadow the joy of Charlotte’s high probability of partnering with WindenMark. And she was aiming to put the sentence “Joy grows as you share”, which was the only sentence she remembered from her mother that would achieve the meaning. She had decided to organize a House Party in her new home similar to the House Parties they held in a different house every Friday at Cornell University. Back then, with the energy of the youth, parties could reach the level of madness, and sometimes the next day they could not remember anything. However, due to her age and the fact that her father passed away a short time ago, she thought to organize in a cocktail mood rather than a party. For this cocktail organization, she planned to call her friend Rilla, who is the owner of an organization company. Although the detached house minimizes the possibility of disturbing the neighbors, the music of the string quartet band playing inside the house could be heard even from the entrance of the neighborhood. Although Charlotte organized a cocktail in honor of her partnering with WindenMark, she only invited her former assistant from WindenMark, Jasmin, and selected the other guests from other friend’s groups. However, the interior of the house was quite crowded compared to the number of people Charlotte invited. The reason for this was because young people who wondered what kind of home cocktail, they saw in American movies filled the house to satisfy their curiosity. Although Charlotte learned from her friends that Winden was not a suitable neighborhood for this type of cocktail parties, her new home was now in this neighborhood, and she was determined to introduce new rules to this neighborhood rather than obeying the rules of this district and also, she was rich enough to support this determination. “Charlotte, I’m leaving now, it’s late.” Under normal circumstances, she would never object to this permission

requested by Gilbert, however, she insisted that Gilbert stayed a little longer, as she drank the gin-tonic a little too much. However, when Gilbert left, despite Charlotte's insistence, Charlotte looked for someone else to talk to. As the owner of the house, on top of that, she was a host of this cocktail, she did not see anyone around worth talking about, the scene made her realize that in the past, Charlotte had put distances to unnecessary people. She had adopted a lifestyle in which she imprisoned herself behind invisible walls and opened the door of these walls only to whoever she wanted. But making a career in business life requires this type of behavior, she thought. However, since she was no longer a part of the business world anymore, the idea that she should be part of many memories and different people as possible in this short life of her showed itself like a torch that illuminated the dark spots of her mind. She got an intense idea. The idea damped the light of the torch, and it caused Charlotte to laugh. She was already under the influence of the gin. `Why would she spend time mingling around people?` Compared to the people she was richer, stronger, and she could control the time. When Charlotte opened her eyes, she found herself on the living room sofa. She was still in the black mini dress she wore on the cocktail, but her house looked so different than she remembered. The house, where she spent a week unpacking the boxes and arranging the items, now had the chaos that would make a battlefield jealous. Plastic cups that were thrown around casually, some spilled drink bottles, wall decorations that had already left their hangings, and forgotten clothes of unknown people occupied the hall and possibly other parts of the house, as Charlotte saw. At that moment, Charlotte remembered that the beauty of these kinds of organizations was the time spent. But the main problem was to take care of the rest. After a house party at Cornell, it was envisioned that they promised not to party with their housemates again because of the cleaning. However, when she was a graduate student who didn't have enough money at the time, she remembered that she was now a millionaire, and she came to the conclusion that it was not a huge burden to break that moment. After all, she had enough money to pay the cleaning fee, she didn't have to clean the house herself. That afternoon, Charlotte picked up her car from the service after paying a high sum and returned to Winden after spending some time in Danholm. When she entered the shop and found Gilbert in the workshop, as usual, she couldn't herself mocking him. "Gilbert, did you quit the cocktail party early to come right here? Isn't it Sunday today? "

“I need to continue on my work on this mechanism even if it is Sunday. I would like to complete the watch that Mr. Adam wanted as soon as possible and prove that the memory of Tannhaus continues in this shop, but although it has a beautiful structure, I feel like something is missing.” “I trust you, Gilbert, I’m sure you will do your best!”

“Thanks, Charlotte.” Gilbert’s smile made Charlotte put her smile on her lips too. When she entered the office to carry out her father’s diary reading routine, she realized that that smile remained on her lips, but that it was because she was going to read the diary, not because of Gilbert. She thought of taking the diary home several times but then she decided to leave it in the safe, thinking she needed an excuse to come to the store. She opened the page in the diary and took a deep breath and started reading. Sometimes articles were written on consecutive days, sometimes there was a gap for months, and this time it was written after a long break.

Thursday, March 14, 1991

I’ve never liked the month of March, the unnecessary transition period between cold and hot. And, the cats moan continuously in the whole street. Even though I wanted to erase this month directly from my life, I decided that I had to live every moment of my life and came back again to this day. Thanks to the month and day bar I added to the pocket watch, I can now choose the date. Gladly, I can now say that I have accomplished something great. However, I guess I need to give brief information before saying that I succeeded. I have already mentioned the “core wheel” in the center of the clock. This core gives a soul to the clock. Thanks to this core, we can travel to the precise time. Now, I place one of these cores into all the clocks I have made, however, they are unable to fulfill the skills of the pocket watch because those cores are just copies of what is inside the pocket watch. However, these cores have a special structure that can connect with the watch owner. And most importantly, the bond established with the owner of the pocket watch gives the ability to dominate all other watches. I know that it is confusing, but actually, it’s not that complicated. In other words, when I, as the main owner of the pocket watch, move another time with a core inside, time will flow forward again. But someone else will not be able to do this. I hope that it became clearer to you. In my latest attempt, I used a digital clock with a core wheel. In this way, I was able to choose the time that I want to be much more easily. I don’t know how far I can go, but I’ll try to go to a distant

time as possible.

Charlotte put the diary to the vault, eager to apply this newly discovered knowledge. When Gilbert got out of the office and quickly moved to the sales department, Gilbert thought there was a problem and ended up with her, but Charlotte continued to search for what she had in mind without telling him anything. Finally, inside one of the horizontal display cases, a digital watch with Serbien's logo on its strap caught her eye. As Gilbert's bewildered gaze continued, Charlotte put the watch on her wrist and went back to the office to avoid being seen by Gilbert and set the year to 2048, regardless of the month and day of the clock. The spaces around her began to change rapidly, while Charlotte remained still in place, as when she had moved time forward before.

Unlike the last time, her body was also changing with places. The skin on her arms was drying and wrinkled, her breasts sagging by gravity, her eyes losing vision. When it was finally over, she found herself standing in the middle of a street. When she looked at the window on her right, she saw the reflection of a woman who looked like her but close to seventy years old. She was supported by an articulated cane with a tripod she was holding in her hand, trying to keep her waist straight. Although Charlotte felt the aches of old age in her body, she was conscious that she was still mentally vigorous.

"Ma'am!" When Charlotte heard the call, she turned to where the voice was coming from. Two girls and two boys, about eighteen years old, were standing directly opposite her, and the voice was probably from the blonde girl. "How can we go to the archeology museum?"

Charlotte asked: "Where are we now?" One of the boys understood that they were asking this question to the wrong person and reflected his regret on his face in anger.

"Nadia? Come on, we'll ask someone else!" "Reiner, wait for us!" she called after him.

When the arm of a man in a black suit with a cap, walking on the sidewalk, hit Charlotte's left wrist, as Charlotte watched to understand what was happening, and the clock fell to the ground. It was only when the clock hit the cobblestone that Charlotte found herself in the watch shop, in her thirty-five-

year-old body.

|10:00|

Inevitable Time for Afterlife Journey

Tic tac, tic tac... Charlotte hadn't got out of bed, even though it had been exactly 24 minutes since she woke up. With a smile on her lips, she was listening to the ticking of the wall clock with her eyes fixed on the white ceiling. Someone that could not guess what was going on in her mind could think that she was in a catatonic phase after a hysterical crisis. However, she smiled as she thought about what she had experienced in this short period, and she also enjoyed filling her ears with ticks because it was a watch that had caused her experiences. Having traveled to 2048, after all those small-time travels, and finding herself at the age of sixty-seven, she had discovered that she aged physically while traveling in time. It was not like teleporting to the future: your body transformed into your future body, even though it ages, it remains the same mind. But the reason she woke up with a smile on her face at this early hour was not that she discovered the feature of the watch. But because she was officially Winden-Mark's partner as a result of the personal call she received yesterday from Noah Meyer. She could keep listening to these ticks, which gave her peace as well as happiness. However, she had to get ready and go to the company as soon as possible.

The screeching of two cats looking for food in the garbage can, the rumbling of doves in front of the window, the noise of people rushing around to catch the ferry to the North End, and the ticks of Charlotte's wall clock create an erratic melody. She was smiling with the joy of waking up as a company owner.

After putting on her favorite trio, among 22 skirts, 21 jackets, and 20 shirts she had chosen from her wardrobe, which she had changed with much more expensive ones, Charlotte spent some more time in front of the mirror. This time, which lasted exactly 19 minutes, was not spent to add more beauty with small touches to her beauty, but to weigh her self-confidence in her posture. She was going to attend Winden-Mark's extraordinary board meeting this afternoon, and during her time in the meeting, she should have appeared extraordinarily confident to fit the purpose of the meeting. She had experienced this need for self-confidence in the final exam she took at the age of 18 and just before her first sexual intercourse at the age of 17, but now she needed it more than ever. This meeting was to be held due to the inclusion of a new partner within the company. But the fact that this new

partner was actually one of the old managers changed many things. As soon as she left the house, she returned to her house number 16 and took an umbrella in order not to get wet due to the pouring rain. As the umbrella opened up like a shield to the sky, Charlotte walked to the car, taking her steps cautiously to keep her from getting wet. As soon as she folded the umbrella and threw herself into the car, she closed her door with a deep breath, with the benefit of minimizing wetting. Because she predicted that the traffic would be low at this time, Charlotte did not mind coming out a little late; however, the onset of the rain-interrupted all his plans. Although the number of vehicles in traffic was quite low compared to before working hours, Winden's unsolved infrastructure problem liked to remind itself with every pouring rain. On top of that, being exposed to the traffic frequency caused by two accidents up to the bridge had turned Charlotte's nerves upside down. The act of whipping the steering wheel, which she usually used to soothe her nerves, did not help. The tension she created within the extraordinary board meeting she was attending made her feel all the other tensions more intensely.

As she crossed the bridge and dived into the Winden turn, Charlotte was greeted by the rain and the wind. WindenMark's building finally showed itself, as if to herald the end of this painful journey, as the rain- drops have thrown by the wind, which could not decide which way to blow, beat Charlotte's Mini. But when Charlotte wanted to get her car into WindenMark's parking lot, the parking lot attendant stopped her.

"You cannot enter the car park without your personnel card."

"I am a former manager of the company and a new partner, please open the door."

"I cannot open it even if I want to, ma'am. After you scan your card to the sensor there, the barrier opens itself. Please leave your car at the visitor park." The man's hand pointed to what was the 15-car car park at the back of the building. Leaving the vehicle in the parking lot also implicated getting wet on the way back to the building.

Charlotte did as she asked and dropped the car haphazardly in the visitor's car park on the intersection between pockets 14 and 13. When she unfolded her umbrella and walked towards the WindenMark building, a passing vehicle entered a puddle. Resulting in Charlotte being washed by muddy water. Though she screamed angrily at the disappearing vehicle, the vehicle didn't stop, and Charlotte found herself on the sidewalk in her muddy

clothes. 'I can't go to the meeting in these clothes' she thought before she realized that she had forgotten about her enormous power. She opened her purse and took out the pocket watch.

'I think four minutes should be enough.' Time and space shifted back as Charlotte took the clock back four minutes. This time she waited a little longer, knowing that the car would pass. Charlotte smiled and continued walking after the car squirted the muddy water onto the empty pavement. With clean clothes, she entered the WindenMark building. She left her identity card to the security guard at the entrance and took the visitor card number 12. She scanned it on the turnstile and went inside. A few meters after the turnstiles she stopped in front of the elevators and pressed the button labeled A to call the elevator for the 11th floor. The elevator, which passed to the ground floor after a short pause, opened its doors to both sides inviting Charlotte in. According to the information she had, the meeting was going to be on the 10th floor. Although the elevator's destination had been the 10th floor, someone had pressed a button to stop it on the 9th floor. However, nobody was waiting, so Charlotte took the stairs for the last remaining floors. When she entered the meeting room, she found 8 people sitting around an oval table. Noah Meyer was sitting at the far end of the table, and right next to him was his CEO Nils Brunkhorst. When Noah saw Charlotte step in, he stood up and, after buttoning the one button of his jacket, walked to Charlotte's side.

"We were waiting for you to start the meeting, Miss Charlotte." There was too much curiosity about the reproach in the words of Noah Meyer, who shook Charlotte's hand.

"As you know, when traffic and rain are added ..."

"I understand. Ladies, Gentlemen, Charlotte is WindenMark's new partner. " Charlotte could tell from the expression on Nils Brunkhorst's face that he had just learned the news. Someone who had worked as a subordinate until just a month ago became one of the owners of the company. Moreover, the most tragicomic part of it was that this person had personally terminated her job. After the meeting, which lasted about two hours, Charlotte did not need to spend more time at the company and left after meeting for a few minutes with her former secretary, Jasmin. Throughout the meeting, she overwhelmed the man with the questions she asked Nils Brunkhorst, but the CEO knew how to patiently answer all questions in order not to lose credibility in the eyes of Noah Meyer.

When she got to Winden, she first stopped by her house and put on something more comfortable, then she decided to walk to the shop. The fact that the rain stopped and she was eager to show herself by scattering the light of the sun made this walk more enjoyable.

As Charlotte passed the lottery dealer and turned right, she couldn't stop herself smiling, because of what she remembered. When she continued her walk and saw the man wearing a burgundy cap, who was buying newspapers from the kiosk at the beginning of the 7th street leading to the shop, another seed of doubt took root in her mind; but again she did not dare to ask the man who he was. Because of the man or men in the cap that she often encountered after her father's death, Charlotte felt that she was constantly being watched. However, she was not so extroverted that she could confront and question a man she did not know.

* * *

"Charlotte congrats," Gilbert said to Charlotte, right at the entrance of the shop. He greeted her with his stamp coat and a red-dark blue patterned scarf hung around his neck. He was busy smoking the cigarette he had clamped between his index and middle finger, the long puddle of ash at the end resisted falling.

"Are you smoking too?"

"Once in a while... I smoke 6 cigarettes in a week."

"Really? I saw you smoking after gambling."

'You were also drinking alcohol.'

"Well!"

"Look, when you meet a girl's father, the father will probably ask if

you drink alcohol, if you smoke, and if you gamble."

"If I'm guilty of all three, do I still get the girl?" Charlotte tried hard not to laugh at Gilbert's words.

"No, you win her father... idiot. Come on, smoke your cigarette, and let's look at the watch that Mr. Adam ordered."

"OK." When Charlotte showed interest in the watch, Gilbert threw his cigarette out before he finished it and extinguished it with his foot, then picked up the butt and threw it away. It was a ritual for Gilbert to extinguish the cigarette he started in high school with his foot. Even though

he was not going to leave the butt on the floor, he felt obliged to use his foot to extinguish that cigarette. In this way, he prevented smoking at home by himself.

“I come, Charlotte.”

Gilbert placed the clock mechanism on the workshop bench carefully in Charlotte’s palm to show the work he made. While the golden glow of the new brass materials used added vitality to the movement, the order in the chaos was appealing to the perfectionist gaze.

“I finished it 5 minutes before you came.”

“It looks good, but something is missing.”

“Nothing is missing, 4 quarters right now,” Gilbert went on the defensive. His productions were open to criticism. However, this setup was the best thing he did.

“There are no core wheels.”

“Core wheels? That is the symbol of Tannhaus! He distributes each piece over it, but that piece is useless! Tannhaus was using them only to distinguish the watches he made from others. “

“So? Then why didn’t you? “

“As I said, that piece was the symbol of Tannhaus, mine is this one. See the rotation gear over there? Here, two mutual teeth are short... The perfection of imperfection. That is my style.” Gilbert was staring at the clock mechanism Charlotte held in her hand with the eyes of a man watching his lover while she slept.

“I see Gilbert. But there is a reason why Serbien watches have core wheels, and I think they should be in that too. “

“But then I have to rebuild the whole mechanism, every piece goes through the core. I have to throw away my 3 weeks. “

“My decision on this is certain, Gilbert. There will be a core wheel in Serbien watches. “

Although Gilbert’s face looked disappointed, there was a reason why her father added to the watches, and she would not let Gilbert change that rule. Gilbert returned to the workshop table in anger, while Charlotte left the workshop and went back to the office. She took the diary from the vault and opened the last page she had read. Her daily reading was the main reason to come to the shop. This time, she started to read the new chapter, wondering what she would learn from her father.

DECEMBER 12, 1991, THURSDAY

I should say I was almost dying today, or dying at a later time. When I set my watch for March 9, 2016, things got after that very complicated. When I set

the clock to six in the evening, I could not travel to that point in time. On my second attempt, I set the clock to five o'clock and I found myself at five pm on March 9, 2016. But ten minutes later, I was out of breath with a sharp pain in my chest. Even though I've never experienced such pain before, I knew it was the

beginning of a heart attack. Although I was feeling very exhausted, I managed to

get the clock back an hour. Then I could go back to my own time. My conclusion

is that I cannot go beyond 5.11 o'clock on March 9, 2016, and this date and time

will be my date and time of death. From now on, I have to live with the gift and

at the same time live with a curse of someone who knows when she will die. I guess I'll have to plan my life accordingly. Too little time, too much work to do. After Charlotte finished reading the December 12th article, she closed the diary and sat back. She felt the indescribable fact that he lived knowing the day his father would die. On the other hand, the fact that she went to the year 2048 was proof that Charlotte would live until this year. So, will she be immortal until that date? Would she survive to 2048 no matter what? Or how would it be? Would she have failed somehow if she had a traffic accident or attempted suicide? Her father had previously tried and failed to save Nilsen from a traffic accident. So, death was always inevitable, but what about immortality?

As Charlotte thought about all these things, another idea came to her mind. If she could travel to the day her father died, maybe she could have saved him. As she got angry with herself for not having tried this before. When she remembered her father's warnings that she should not try anything that was not written in the diary, she tried to alleviate her anger, thinking that she had only followed the diary. But now, she had a reason to try it: She could go back and stop his death. She pulled the pin of the pocket watch that she took out of her bag, set the date to March 9 and the clock at four, and put the pin back in its slot. With the backward flow of time, space around it began to change at the same speed, people wandering

around and disappear. When time returned to normal, Charlotte found herself in the watch shop again. No way could happen because she was not in the watch shop the day her father died. But now, interestingly, she was sitting in her father's office.

"Father, is that you? Your voice is too hoarse." Charlotte was suddenly startled by her voice in her ear. With an involuntary reflex, she pulled the phone from her ear and looked around. The hand holding the phone was not her own. The dried skin was wrinkled, blue veins and age spots were covered over the hand. The hairs along the arm were too dense to belong to a woman.

"Dad, are you there?"

"Yes - yes I'm here," replied Charlotte. Her father's voice shuddered when the words came out of her mouth.

"Father, I'm very busy now, can we talk later? I have to run to the office."

"Sure, Charlotte, talk to you later."

"Thank you, father, talk to you later."

When the phone went off, Charlotte pulled the handset from her ear and dropped it in its dock. She made a short phone call with her father, this time in her father's body, and the conversation ended in the same way. She expected to be in her own body if she went to the past, but things did not go as she predicted, and she found herself in her father's body. She recalled her father talking about a spirit who attached watches to its owner. In other words, the watch belonged to her father on this date and when she went before that date, he would find herself in her father's body. This new feature of the watch that she had learned made her realize that she needed a different plan to save her father. At that moment, however, a card on the table and a handwritten script in the diary caught her attention. Three words were written in her father's calligraphy reminiscent: "Don't try to save me!"

[11:00]

Different Bodies but Same Spirit

Tick Tack Tick Tack... Charlotte's heart was beating faster than the speed of the pocket watch in her hand. The aim of returning to the past and saving her father turned into bewilderment when she suddenly found herself in her father's body, on the table, "Don't try to save me!" Seeing the note, she was completely out of her way. But the real reason

Charlotte's heartbeat like a galloping horse was not because she found herself in her father's body, but because she was holding the same note when she returned to the future. While the watch in her right hand was making tic tac or tick, the notepaper in her left hand was silent but louder than the clock: "Don't try to save me!"

Charlotte tried to balance her heart rhythm by breathing deeply.

Though her heart slowed one beat with each exhale, it was still much faster than the ticking of the clock. Charlotte went out of the office to greet the customer when she heard the bell of the store while she continued her rhythm balancing session with the same technique. Although the customer who came in looked like a character from a detective novel with his brown overcoat and black cap, it was obvious that he was an ordinary customer from the watch he was holding in his left hand by tapping his right palm and looking to the windows.

"Hello!" Charlotte said to attract the attention of the man who was looking at the watches in the vitrine.

"O! Hello there. Well, the glass on this watch is broken. Could you replace it?"

"Of course, I will do that."

"I can't get it today. I will come and get it tomorrow. Is that alright for you?"

"No problem."

"Thanks! See you tomorrow."

The man left the shop after handing over the watch and ending his speech. Charlotte saw the S-shaped logo of Serbien embroidered on the metal strap of the watch. Suddenly she remembered that her father used to have the same kind of watch. The sapphire glass, which was placed on a gray metal case and held by a black-framed chronograph, was cracked right in the middle. The fact that the second bar was still moving and the fact that the time was shown correctly on the watch was an indication that the mechanism wasn't damaged. However, due to the current state of the glass, it was very difficult to observe the time.

"Customer?", Gilbert came out of the workshop, looking curiously at the metal watch which Charlotte was holding. "Oh, it's badly broken. It must have been broken at the back of this cover glass. I think I'll be able to change it within 5 minutes."

Charlotte handed the watch to Gilbert. "Ok, after you fix it, bring it to

me, and I'll have a further look."

"Charlotte, your interest in watches has increased?"

"Yes, Gilbert. Time is strangely getting my interest," Charlotte replied. Gilbert smiled seeing a bright light in Charlotte's smiling eyes, and he picked up the broken watch and returned to the workshop. Now, he has to redistribute and began to assemble again the watch on Charlotte's instructions. He carefully took the parts of the clock mechanism without the core wheel and placed the watch, with broken glass. He lowered the hinged counter lamp a little further and locked the watch in a bright circle. Then, after examining the damage on the glass with a magnifying glass that he took out of the drawer, he checked whether there was any damage in the case or not and put the magnifier in the place where he took it.

"Yes! Let's begin and see." Gilbert had a habit to talk to himself while he was working. He would say to those who believed he was insane that he spoke to watches, not to himself. This was one of the habits he copied from his old master Tannhaus, from whom he learned everything about watchmaking, maintenance, and repair. During the first times that Gilbert saw Tannhaus talking to his watches, he thought, "He talks to himself. Like a crazy man". But, this habit passed over to him. "Let's get you out of here now." He lifted the chronograph ring with a 1.4 watchmaker's screwdriver and released the broken sapphire glass. After circling his finger on the broken surface of the glass, measuring the diameter of the glass with the micrometer he took out of the drawer, he picked one of the appropriate diameter sapphire glasses from the clock parts at the bottom of the wall of the workshop and returned to the table. First, he carefully positioned the glass, then slid the chronograph circle into its slot. Now everything was okay. After caressing the watch with his thumb, he left the workshop to deliver the repaired watch to Charlotte. When he knocked on the office door and walked in, he found Charlotte sitting at her desk, literally doing nothing.

"The watch is ready, Charlotte!"

"What?" Charlotte perceived the words coming out of Gilbert's mouth as muffled noises, with the effect of a momentary distraction. "The watch, it's ready!" He shook the watch he was holding from his cord. "You said that you would like to look too!"

"Ah! Ok, put it on the table and I'll take care of it. "

“Ok, I’m going to work on Adam Kahnewald’s watch again. To be more specific, I am starting over. “

“Let’s not discuss this further, Gilbert. The core wheel is the symbol of Serbien. “

“Ok. Charlotte, I’m not saying anything.”

After Gilbert left the office, Charlotte slid the metal watchband on the desk in front of her. “Every watch has a soul, and every watch connected to its owner,” she said to herself, repeating the lines written in the diary.

“This watch seems not very happy with its owner.”

Charlotte set aside the watch and turned her eyes to the diary. The page dated January 18, 1992, insisted to be read. Charlotte, could not resist this insistence of the diary and started reading after flattening the page with her hand, as usual.

SATURDAY, 18 JANUARY 1992

Today was probably an ordinary day for everyone, but for me, of course, it wasn’t. At dinner, you told me enthusiastically about the time you spent at the amusement park with Mrs. Emma. And I listened to you as if I was wondering what you would tell. But I knew very well in advance what you were going to say. However, before explaining how this happened, I have to explain a new experiment I made with the watch, which is proof of how I know what you lived through in the amusement park.

Earlier in this diary, I talked about the souls of the watches and the devotion to their owners. This devotion is the core of the matter. After we recruited Mrs. Emma, I gave her a watch that I designed myself, because of her hard work on you. This watch had also a core wheel just like my other watches and the watch accepted Mrs. Emma in a short time. To test the connection between my watches, I asked Mrs. Emma to give me back the watch for a while. She accepted this request without any questions. After I returned to the workshop with the watch, I put the clock back for about three hours. Time and space started to flow back as usual. But this time, my body had also changed. I found myself in Mrs. Emma’s body. I decided to use this unexpected opportunity to spend time with you and I took you to Rügen Amusement Park. I can’t tell you how nice it was to spend time with you. But, you thought you were spending time with Emma. In this way, I tried a new feature about my watches, and in the meantime, I managed to spend time with you.

However, there is a situation about finding the body. I have no idea about the journey to the future. But when I traveled to the past, I could only go to a time where the real owner of the watch has the watch on him, and when he or I who controlled the time travel took off the watch, I found myself in my own body again. I will continue my work on this topic and fully analyze how this embodying works.

After Charlotte finished reading the passage of the diary, she closed the cover. She also read a kind of explanation of how she suddenly found herself in her father's body. When she traveled back in time, the time that the watch belonged to her father, she found herself in her father's body, thus making a phone call to herself. However, this new feature that she learned was beyond her imagination. She also learned that she was able to penetrate the body of the owners of other watches. As her thoughts chased each other, her eyes felt on the metal watchband on the table. The watch that a customer brought in a few hours ago and Gilbert exchanged its glass was still on the table.

"Let's have a try," she said to herself and reached down and took the watch off the table. When she opened its clip and put it on her wrist, the watch seemed to fall from her thin wrist. But Charlotte, disregarding that, pulled the setting pin of the clock and pulled the clock back twelve hours and pushed the pin back into its socket. The change of time and place, which she is now accustomed to, began with the replacement of the pin. Like her body transformed into her father's body, her body was slowly changing with time and space. First, her wrists thickened and filled the inside of the watch, her arms from wrist to elbow were covered with hair. The blouse she was wearing changed color and became loose, reaching up to her ankles and transformed into a shirt. Her knee-length skirt grabbed her legs, then stretched down to become a pair of trousers.

When the time, place, and body changes were complete, she found herself sitting at a table. It was in a dim place with a mist of the cigarette smoke and the lamps hanging from the ceiling could not afford to illuminate the surroundings. Six other people, besides Charlotte, were sitting at the table covered with green broadcloth. The top of the broadcloth was branded with "ante" and "bet" circles in front of everyone, and casino chips were placed on these brands.

"Sir, ante * please." When Charlotte realized she was being called out, she placed some of the chips in front of her on the ante, like the other people on the table. After the croupier cut out the playing cards to the man in the dark

blue cap sitting on the far right of the table, he began to distribute them to everyone in turn. Charlotte took the five cards placed in front of her and looked at it. Where have I come? While she was thinking that she was not even aware of which game she was playing, another warning came from the dealer. "Sir, bet please." After Charlotte did what she was told, the rest of the players followed each other. At that moment she understood that she was in the game of poker. But as far as she knew, there were many varieties of poker, and the card values in some games could differ from each other that she currently had three jacks in hand.

"I'm increasing by twenty," said the man with the cap.

"Pass."

"I see, twenty more," said the man next to Charlotte.

"I see." Charlotte put one of the fifty chips in front of her on the bet.

"Ok, let's see the cards." As soon as the croupier finished his words, the door of the casino opened and four people wearing black suits entered, and at the same time they entered, they started firing their semi-automatic weapons randomly. Although Charlotte was quick to get herself under the poker table, the few others at the table weren't as lucky as her. They had fallen back from their chairs with the random bullet and began to writhe in pain.

While she was trying to find a more sheltered place by walking in a crouching position, one of the random bullets hit the glass of Charlotte's watch. The glass, broken by the bullet, caused Charlotte to find herself again in the office of the watch shop. Sitting in the chair panting, she saw that the glass of the watch on her arm was intact, but it had slipped off her wrist and fell on the table.

"I have to be much more careful using the watches," she said to herself. "I think I started talking to myself like my father." The sudden pain in her head made her put her hands to her temples. "Oh, what the hell is that!" The pain had started over her head and hit her eyes. Although she suffered from headaches before, this pain was unlike any she had ever felt before. It was as if her head was squeezed into a clamp. And it stopped suddenly as it started. Charlotte relieved from the end of this endless pain and inhaled a deep breath. "I have to smoke a cigarette."

Charlotte went out of the office and then out of the shop to realize her desire to smoke. She had searched for an ashtray in the office before, but she could not find it. After seeing several times that Gilbert used the front of the shop to smoke, she decided that it was best not to smoke inside the shop.

She opened her metal angular leather cigarette case and chose a cigarette from it. After putting the cigarette to her lips and lighting it with her Zippo, she had just breathed her first breath when Gilbert ran out to her. He squeezed a cigarette from his pack between his lips and searched his pockets to find a lighter. When Charlotte handed her lighter to him, Gilbert made a thank-you gesture with his head and lighted his cigarette. Without separating his clenched teeth, his lips shrunken, let out the smoke from his lungs, and returned the lighter.

“How’s the watch going?” Charlotte asked. He flicked the cigarette slightly and dumped its ashes on the pavement.

Gilbert shook his head and replied, “Good.”

“Well. (He took another puff of cigarette) Put it in the freezer for a while before placing the spring.”

This suggestion from Charlotte caused Gilbert’s eyes to grow in surprise and his eyebrows rose like a bow. “Master Tannhaus used to tell me to do this way every time. How do you know this method?”

Charlotte had no idea how she knew this either. It felt as if she needed to give Gilbert this instruction, and at that moment the words were poured involuntarily from her lips. “I don’t know,” said Charlotte, “but it felt like my dad was whispering to my ear.”

Charlotte’s words made them both startled. In fact, Gilbert did not hesitate to say this: “Charlotte, it gives me the creeps.”

When Charlotte opened her lips to say something about it, the cell phone she held in her left hand with the cigarette case began to ring. When she saw that the caller was Noah Meyer, she left her cigarette in the ashtray in front of the door and picked the call.

“Mr. Meyer?”

“Hello Miss Charlotte, how are you?”

“Thank you, how about you?”

“I’m fine, thank you. This evening, we have a business dinner and I want you to attend. “

“Oh, sure... with whom?”

“Before you became a partner, we were discussing with an advertising firm about the promotion of the site abroad. However, only today has been suitable for both sides. I’m sorry to let you know so late. But if you are ready at seven o’clock, I’ll have you picked from your house. “

Although Charlotte considered Meyer’s last-minute invitation as a fait

accompli, she thought that would be wrong to refuse it. “Ok, thank you. I will text you the address of my house. “

“Ok. See you.”

“See you.”

Charlotte hung up the phone and went back to the shop. After she said that she was leaving to Gilbert, she took her bag from the office and left.

Charlotte could even feel the excitement in her veins since this was her first business dinner to attend as boss. Before turning off the phone, she began to think about what to wear for dinner, and then decided that it was best to buy a new dress. Likewise, this was the reason why she left the shop even though there were hours to dinner.

As the clock approaches seven Charlotte, she put on her newly bought black zero-neck sleeveless dress and prepared her suede, high-heeled sandals, which she had to spend a high amount of money. When the door was knocked, Charlotte was in the bathroom trying to put the second of the pearl earrings she had matched into her gold necklace and bracelet. She ran quickly to the door and opened it - obviously a driver - she found the man in the black suit.

“Miss Charlotte, if you are ready?”

“One minute please.” Charlotte closed the door and went back to the bathroom. After putting on the pearl earring she was holding in her palm, she checked her make-up one last time. Repeating to herself that she looked perfect in front of the mirror, she took her bag and left the house.

Noah Meyer had sent a VIP van to pick up Charlotte. Decorated with a black leather seat, the car was much more comfortable than the company car Charlotte used while working as the Head of the Clothing Department at WindenMark.

When they were driving - unlike the traffic from the North Side to the South Side - their lane was fluid, which prevented them from wasting time in traffic, and thus they were able to reach Hasselberg’s luxury restaurant, where they would soon have dinner.

When she got out of the car and entered the restaurant, the attendant who was waiting at the door greeted her with her name, “Welcome, Miss Charlotte.” Charlotte, who was not used to such a welcome, liked this situation. “Noah Meyer was waiting for you. Please kindly follow us at the table.”

Charlotte nodded and headed to the table. She did not recognize the two women sitting at the table, but she was quite familiar with the other three

men. Noah Meyer was naturally there, with Nils Brunkhorst, whom Charlotte never wanted to see. But what surprised Charlotte the most was that the other person at the table was Adam Kahnewald.

Noah Meyer first noticed that Charlotte was coming and immediately stood up and greeted her. Meanwhile, Adam Kahnewald also stood up and held out his hand to Charlotte. After Adam and Charlotte's hand- shake ended, Noah Meyer introduced Charlotte to Adam and the other women as his partner.

"We've already met," Adam said as the two women greeted with their heads. "Is that so?"

"Yes," they both said.

As soon as Charlotte sat at the table, the waiter came to get their or- ders. Following the orders, the waiter served everyone Chateau Margaux wines until the main dishes would arrive, and they began to discuss the business' matters.

"We, as the Elite Consortium, also want to have a strategic partner- ship with WindenMark," said Adam Kahnewald. "We had meetings over the Sierra brand before, but we could not agree on the terms. But we look forward to this advertising opportunity. That's why Miss Mia is with us tonight"

Miss Mia nodded. "Yes, as Tabula Promo company, we are looking forward to work in this project." The woman had a habit of combing her wavy black hair while she was speaking. On the contrary, this action caused her hair to deteriorate more. "We are aware that there has been a big decline in the number of hits of WindenMark recently. The reason for this decline might be that you were splitting your shares, even if it is a small share. However, this situation should not be seen as permanent negative. We are aware of the potential of WindenMark and we antici- pate that this cooperation will be good for both of us."

While Noah Meyer stated that he was aware of what Ms. Mia was talking about, the main dishes arrived and started to be distributed. While her plate was placed in front of her, another pain began. Charlotte placed her hands on her temples to relieve the excruciating pain, but that didn't help much.

"I must take the boy out of the violin class.". When the thought came to her mind, she jumped out of her seat along the confused and surprised gazing of the others. "Which boy?" Charlotte dismissed the thought, un- able to understand where it came from and sat down at the table again. 'Emma will kill me!' - Who the hell is Emma? What's going on? "The money we earned when Eberhard's men attacked the casino." -What are these names and what

am I thinking about? Ok, Charlotte, calm down, focus to the table. - “No, I have to get money from somewhere, or Maynard will kill me.”

“Enough!” Charlotte realized that she said the last word aloud, she saw that all eyes locked on her.

“Charlotte, are you alright?” Adam Kahnewald asked firmly. He seemed worried about her.

“I don’t feel well. May I be excused for tonight?”

Noah Meyer shook his head approvingly. “I’ll inform the driver.”

Charlotte apologized once more and got up from the table. When she left the restaurant, the driver was waiting for her and escorted her to the car.

Although Charlotte said that she was fine, the driver did his best to follow Noah Meyer’s instructions.

When the car began to ride, Charlotte thought about what happened on the table once more. The thoughts that came to her mind were not her own. Then, whom do they belong to? Charlotte checked all the thoughts, hoping to find a clue among them. “Casino,” she said to herself. “These thoughts must belong to the man that I wear his watch on.”

As Charlotte spoke these words aloud, the driver asked, “Did you say something to me, Miss Charlotte?”

“Oh, well, It would be great if you bring me to my shop instead of my home.”

“Ok, Ma’am.”

“Follow the bridge...”

“I know where your shop is, Ma’am.”

“Well.”

Charlotte noticed that the thoughts that suddenly flooded her mind belonged to the man who left his watch during the day. When Charlotte wore the watch, she found herself in a casino, and the only clue she could think of was the one in the casino. But the reason she wanted to go to the shop instead of the house was that she had another idea: the Serbian watch left by Adam Kahnewald.

Charlotte predicted that she would find herself in Adam Kahnewald’s body if she wore that watch on her wrist and went back for about three weeks. She didn’t have any clue what she would learn when she did that. Still, she wanted to try it. All she needed to do was to put the watch waiting in the central drawer of her desk on her wrist. But when she got to the store, took the watch and placed it on the table, she realized that wasn’t that simple. Something was stopping her wearing Adam Kahnewald’s watch and entering

his body. These obstacles were in Charlotte's mind. An inner voice warned her if she entered into Adam Kahnewald's body something would go wrong. But the biggest fear of her was that the para- noia button was triggered again. Adam Kahnewald might have delib- erately left that watch for a purpose, or Adam Kahnewald could have known all of this and wanted Charlotte to experiment. Charlotte rubbed her temples and looked to the brown watch for a while, then reset the paranoia button, gathered her courage, and put the watch on her wrist. After exhaling a deep breath that she had filled into her lungs, she pulled out the silver-colored setting pin of the watch and began quickly to re- wind the watch. The hour hand followed as the minute hand moved backward, and the date would jump back one day as the hour hand completed the twenty-four-hour clock. She finally pinned the clock she bought back about three weeks, and the process of change in time, place, and body began. While her own body was gradually transforming into Adam Kahnewald's body, all other objects around her were constantly changing, and everything stabilized after a while. As soon as Charlotte stabilized, she found herself sitting still at her father's desk. But the desk was not in her father's office. It was in a more spacious and brighter place surrounded by many modern furniture. There was a glass wall on the right side, allowing the room filled with daylight, while the half-open strip curtains reduced this daylight to an acceptable level. A sports de- sign covered in black and white leather L armchair was placed opposite the table where Charlotte was sitting, and a large-scale Sierra wall clock was hung on the wall behind the seat. A similar desk of Charlotte's fa- ther's, contrasted with the entire modern and sports setting. Although Tannhaus made a design that no one else would have, there was a copy of this design in Adam Kahnewald's office. Charlotte had not yet got used to the body she was in. She tried to fo- cus on herself by ignoring the sounds of a uniform rhythm of the air-con- ditioning and the automatic spray of the room odor spraying the scent of the ocean breeze at certain intervals. When she closed her eyes tightly and opened them again, the nearly twenty papers on the desk caught her attention. She took one of the papers from the pile. Due to the uneven paper's part on the left edge of the paper, she saw that the paper was torn off from somewhere. It was clear that was detached from ONE note- book, not from somewhere. As she touched the paper with her thumb and index fingers, she was pretty sure that the paper was the same as in her father's diary. Moreover, it was clear that the drawings on the paper belonged to a watch, and it was obvious that this

watch was not an ordinary watch, but especially ONE watch: the pocket watch that she inherited from her father.

When Charlotte examined the other papers, she saw that it contained a lot of similar drawings. On the drawings, notes were taken with different pens, arrows showing certain parts, and their roles described. However, an arrow coming out of a rounded piece showed the question mark. Adam Kahnewald might not have been able to understand what this piece was, which he marked.

Charlotte murmured, “Core wheel,” then furiously took off the watch from her wrist and tossed it. At the same time that the watch fell on the desk, Charlotte returned to her desk in her father’s office.

|Chapter 4| Noon

“Time is a great teacher, but unfortunately it kills all his students.”

Letter, November 1856

Louis Hector Berlioz

|12:00|

Unexpected Visitor

Tick Tack Tick Tack... Learning the truth about Adam Kahnewald made Charlotte's arteries to beat like a clock. He somehow managed to steal the clock drawings belonging to her father, and he asked even them to manufacture a watch. The worst part of all this was that Charlotte even told Gilbert to dismantle the clock mechanism without a core wheel and rebuilt it with the core wheel in. Although Adam Kahnewald had a watch with a core wheel in his hand, he was reluctant to dismantle the mechanism of the watch and could not reach the core wheel. Therefore, the core wheels in Tannhaus's drawings were always marked with a question mark by Adam Kahnewald. She couldn't help wondering if he knew the watch was controlling time. She understood better now what a burden it was to have the responsibility of such a power. If others were conscious of this power, they could be in great danger. Those people could risk unimaginable things to seize this watch.

Charlotte waved her hand to dismiss the thoughts, in a way like she fended off smoke. Her recent headaches and her thoughts, that she was sure were not her own, confused her, which made it difficult to think 'OK, I have to be calm.' Until now, she had benefited from the blessings of the watch, and it had provided many advantages, and it even managed to make her become a partner in the company she used to work for. But now she felt obliged to constantly warn herself that she had to take her steps more carefully.

Charlotte felt like she would go insane by being exposed to dozens of influxes, like this throughout the week. Sometimes an impulse wanted to open and examine the watches in the shop one by one, and sometimes it had a

passion for gambling. Thoughts were always different. However, the headache always followed after these thoughts. Because it was Saturday, the desire to clear her head by erasing all thoughts was strong.

As Tannhaus's pocket watch hit nine like all the other watches, Charlotte had left her house in Winden and directly went on Langfeld Street. The street was so crowded if it was an insult to sleep on Saturday night. Foreign tourists who were curious about Winden's nightlife, private sector slaves who wanted to relieve the stress of the whole week and the regulars of the street were looking for their entertainment by ignoring each other, and street vendors and musicians who wanted to earn three or five cents from this turmoil were performing their crafts and arts. It mixed with the intense smell of alcohol and cigarettes from people and gave off a stimulating aroma. The missing stars in the black sky were replaced by glittering ornaments stretching along the street, and the environment became bright.

After Charlotte found a suitable parking spot for her Mini, she entered the street where these sparkly decorations began. She had a tough-looking with her jacket and pants identical to the darkness of the night, her hair with buns on her neck and make-up dominated by dark pastel colors. She chose such a style because she aimed to forget all the thoughts in her head by wasting time alone at night. However, no matter how tough-looking outfit she prefers, as far as she knew men, someone who finds it attractive he would surely come across.

Charlotte randomly chose one of the venues she had caught sight of and entered. The dark environment, illuminated periodically by colored lights, was full of people dancing under the influence of alcohol and joints. Charlotte sat on one of the stools lined up in front of the bar, watching the people performing the dance ritual. She preferred to wait for the bartender to notice her instead of calling the bartender, and this waiting took less time than she expected.

"Yes?" said the bartender, leaning forward to drown out the sound of the music, expressing his voice as much as an octave higher.

"Gin tonic. If it's Gordons's Gin, the tonic should be Schweppes. Put carrot slices in it, please." Charlotte shouted as much as she could, like the bartender. She wasn't sure the bartender could understand all the words, but

she hoped that it would be enough to understand Gordon's and Schweppes, and when the waiter nodded his head as if to show his understanding, she didn't feel the need to take it on. A few minutes later, as her drink was ready and slid in front of her, a man sat next to her, instead of all the empty stool in the bar. That was so obvious behavior that the man's purpose was to communicate with Charlotte.

Anyhow, the man began to talk very shortly.

"I'd prefer Hendrick's if I were you."

"Sorry, what did you say?"

"If I were you, I'd prefer Hendrick's." The man pointed to the glass in front of Charlotte to express himself better.

"Thank you, but I haven't tried the different gins beside Gordon's, and unfortunately I am not a person who quickly gives up on her habits. " Charlotte ended her sentence with a wry smile.

"Okay, let's drink Hendrick next, it's on me. At least you could say that you have tried. "

"It could be. By the way, how did you know that wasn't Hendrick's?"

"No one would dare to drink Hendrick's with carrots," he said with a smile.

"My name is Stein."

Charlotte squeezed the hand outstretched to her and replied, "Charlotte."

"Nice name."

As the night flowed, the consumption rate of Gordon's and Hendricks decreased, and Charlotte and Stein's conversation intensified in inverse proportion to this speed.

While Stein was drinking, Charlotte noticed the watch on his left wrist under his jacket. Moreover, she immediately realized that this watch was a Serbian.

"Is your watch a Serbian?"

"Yes, do you know Serbian? It is very rare, completely handcrafted. "

"Yes," said Charlotte calmly. "Actually, I own Serbian."

"Come on. It is very hard to believe that, it is an interesting coincidence. "

"Yes. Can I check your watch? "

After the man bent his lips and shrugged, he took off the watch and handed it to Charlotte. Charlotte wore the watch on her wrist.

He laughed, "It's a men's watch, it doesn't look nice on you,"

"It doesn't matter, I'll just look at a thing," Charlotte pulled the setting pin of the clock, pulled it back four hours, and inserted the pin back. With the flow of time backward, the surrounding space and body began to change. In her

first trial, she was paralyzed, but now she got used to this type of journey through time. All she had to do was to wait until everything stabilized. When the journey through time ended, the second arm of the watch on her wrist moved forward. At that moment she controlled Stein's body.

"Who is Gisela, Stein?" The woman standing right in front of her was screaming, spitting saliva from her angry mouth. "What are you doing again?"

Charlotte didn't expect that someone would shout at her, so she didn't know what to say.

"Why don't you answer me?" when her children entered the hallway, the woman stopped shouting. "Sweethearts, let's go to your bed, we're talking something with your dad, okay?" When the children nodded and left the hall, the woman started shouting again. "Don't you ever think about these kids? Tell me what will happen to these children while you are spending money with other's wives! "

Charlotte could no longer stand the shouts and took off the watch from her wrist and found herself again at the bar. "Here is your watch."

"Thank you."

"By the way, you'd better go back to your wife and children. I do not want to interfere with your family. "

"What?"

"You heard me. Now, if you don't get up from that chair, I'll make you get up. "

"But - you - how?"

"It doesn't matter, please go."

The man did as Charlotte said and directly emptied the stool. There-upon, Charlotte ordered another gin and tonic from Gordon's brand gin. As soon as her drink was ready, the stool next to her was occupied once more, and Charlotte, feeling uncomfortable, she didn't want to deal with another person on the same night, she decided to get up from the stool.

"I think you've had enough fun," said the man sitting on the stool.

When Charlotte turned to the direction of the sound, she saw that it was a man wearing a cream cap sitting on the stool. Charlotte saw the man's face more clearly when the man calmly took off his cap and placed it on the bar counter. His lashes, which covered his slightly slanted eyes glowed, his sunburnt skin was almost red as if he had been too long under the sun. His ears without earlobes were cut off from the upper left end. His nose, clogged

with black pores, leaned over his purple lips like a hook.

“Who are you?” Charlotte asked after she had finished examining the man’s face. “You appear everywhere.”

“My name is Nebenteru Rome. But, I am not the one who comes across you everywhere,” the man talked with a crooked voice.

“What do you mean I’m not? It’s always the same outfit! ”

“Is that this?” When Nebenteru grinned, his white teeth shone like pearls in the sea. “We remained steady in this outfit after the 1930s. We think this is the perfect manliest dress. People’s fashion style changed a lot afterward. “

“So? There are others besides you, is that what you mean? And what kind of name is Nabanteru? It is like the ancient Egyptian names? “

“Yes, there are others besides me. Secondly, it is Nebenteru, not Nabanteru, and again, yes, the Old Egyptian name, and I am an ancient Egyptian. In other words, I must be quite old, corresponding to the 4000s before Christ with your calendar. “

“I think I’m talking to a madman.” Charlotte took another sip of her drink and nodded to herself. “Or I drank too much.”

“How someone who had a watch which can control the time can say that?”

The man’s words made Charlotte suddenly serious. “How do you know the watch?”

“The only reason why I am here is because of the watch...”

“Who are you?” Charlotte repeated.

“Isn’t it too loud in here? Let’s stop this first! ” The music stopped as Nebenteru snapped his finger. But the music wasn’t the only thing stopped. Everything besides Charlotte and Nebenteru was frozen. Some- one who had bounced while dancing was suspended in the air, the beer smashed into a boy’s face was frozen the moment he galloped like a flow- er. The drinks carried by the waiters were tilted in defiance of gravity, the colored laser lights not moving like iron bars. “It is better this way,” said the Egyptian. “If you want, let’s talk as we walk.”

Charlotte followed Nebenteru.

The man was examining the people around him as he walked. He grabbed one of the bubbles pressed by the foam machine with two fin- gers and pointed it to Charlotte. The bubble stood in his hand like a glass sphere without exploding. He released the bubble as if he was hanging it somewhere.

“What do you think?” Nebenteru asked.

“I’m not the only one who can control time”

Nebenteru pointed his index finger at Charlotte and winked. “Quite right. Throughout history, there has been always someone who was controlling the time. So, we are Time Rangers. If we don’t exist, big problems could occur with the timeline. In other words, we should use the time, not for ourselves, but to prevent deviations in the timeline, unlike you...”

Charlotte preferred to remain silent with this accusation. Nebenteru, realizing that Charlotte would not speak, he decided to continue. “I’m pretty sure that you have felt that time flows differently. For example, an hour may have come like ten minutes or vice versa... Isn’t it? ”

“Yes, the theory of relativity... the relativity of time... Albert Einstein...” Charlotte listed.

“Puff... Albert Einstein was a dirty time thug!”

“Time was a thug?”

“Yes, the enemies of the time guards. “I can’t say Einstein was one of them, but he has become like an insult among us. As we try to keep the timeline in order, they try to disrupt it. Thus, they strengthen themselves. If you continue with what you did, you too could be a thug. “

“But how could I know all this!”

As they walked out of the club and made their way down Langfeld Street, it was clear that time had stopped here as well. The people walking down the street remained stationary like statues, the cigarette smoke rising through the crowd was frozen at different heights.

“Thanks to Tannhaus of course!”

“He never told me about it.”

Nebenteru threw his head back. “Oh, are you sure, he talked about that in the diary.” The man felt in the pocket of his jacket and pulled out a leather-covered notebook.

“How did you get the diary?”

“One of the talents I have gained... Don’t worry, I’ll put it back.” Nebenteru searched through the pages of the diary with his thumb, finally, when he found the page he wanted, and he stopped. He pulled out a card placed in the middle of the page and showed it to Charlotte.

‘Use the core wheel wisely!’

“I didn’t see that before.”

“You can also see him talking about the time guards. Look!” Nebenteru handed an open page to Charlotte. “If you want, let’s sit here.”

Charlotte sat on the bench that the man showed to her and began reading the diary.

Tuesday, January 5, 2016

Now, my time is running out. It makes me nervous that my life will end on March 9. I can take back time and live my life over. But this will do great damage to the timeline and disrupt the balance of life and death of the nature. A time ranger who visited me today gave me long advice as if he had read what was on my mind. Oh, by the way, I realize that I didn't mention before about the time guards in the diary, but believe me, they're the main drivers of all those time travels. They are the ones who made me invent the core wheel and the watch which can control the time. Remember, I told you to use your watch wisely throughout the diary and I hope you will follow my advice.

Your father, who loves you more than anything.

"So, my father made the watch because of you."

"Yes, (tilted his head to the right) and no! (Then left) "

"What does that mean?"

"We gave some advice to Tannhaus, but we did not directly interfere with him. He was already a watchmaker, but we knew he wouldn't be able to carry on a long time. You were the main carrier. "

"Carrier?"

"We call the person who makes the watch 'the watchmaker', and the person who controls the watch 'the carrier'. Usually, when watchmakers decide to die, they destroy their watches too. So there is no carrier until a new watchmaker emerges. This time we asked Tannhaus to hand over the watch to you, as time thugs became more dangerous than ever. So from the start, you were the person who had to control time."

"So, what should I do with this watch, how can I fight with this time thugs? And, how can I understand who the time thugs are? " Charlotte was asking these questions, not to learn what her mission was, but to find out what kind of problem she got into and which dangers awaited her.

"This is the hardest part, anyone can be a time thug. It is very difficult to understand. How to use this clock: You will use this clock to repair the deviations in the timeline, to put these deviations caused by time thugs back on track. We will show you how to do it and help you. "

"Well," Charlotte put her hand to her head, "These headaches, what's the reason for these? I feel somehow it might be related to time travel."

“Traveling in time can have different physical effects on a person. This is related to how you travel within time. This effect increases when you use a different watch or another tool. The main reason for your head- aches is that you have entered other bodies and the thoughts of those people sometimes intersect with your thoughts. “

Charlotte bit her lips and shook her head. “I think, I got it. So with how many people are you? “

“Enough, but we are not as strong as the time thugs. And I have to point out that there are only four-time guards who can help you.”

|Chapter 5| Afternoon

“A day is a miniature eternity.” *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

|13:00|

The Sun of Nebenteru

M.Ö. 4000

Tick Tack Tick Tack... The sound of the hammer hitting the chisel and the chisel against the stone echoed on the walls, just like the rhythmic timbre of the second-hand of the watch to be made thousands of years from now. The hands holding the hammer and chisel did not yet know about these clocks, but the owner of these hands was one of the leading watch manufacturers of his time. Known by those around him as Nebenteru Rome, this young man was an orphan when he was eleven years old and found himself an apprentice of a master who manufactured sundials. At that age, the precision in his reduction to the hammer and the chisel, the precision in shaping the stones were quickly noticed by his master, and he predicted that he would become a great watchmaker in the future. It was so, the name Nebenteru started to become famous all over the land.

A few days ago, they had asked him to build a sundial in the market place. They added that this sundial must impress everyone with its glory. Even though Nebenteru manufactured always impressive sundials, this time, he couldn't please his customer who was continuously complaining about the sundials he made and pushed him to be more creative. However, he was trusting on this sundial, where he finally struck his final touch. The reliefs on the plate, the gnomons deceptively beautiful at a thirty-degree angle, and the curves of the three stone feet on which the plate sits were magnificent enough to envy all the other sundials.

“What he will say now!” he told himself.

“No different from the others!”

When Nebenteru turned to the direction of the sound was coming

from, he saw his customer come in. It was obvious that he was a wealthy man with a gold-embroidered white outfit, camel leather sandals, and a gold bracelet he wore between his shoulder and elbow. He looked very different from other people in that his skin, hair and even eyebrows were all white. His eyes glowed green-red like newly ripe cherries, squinting as if disturbed by the sunlight.

“Why?” Nebenteru asked. “I worked so hard. I’ve never done such a watch before. “

“Because all the eleven sundials you made are were the same,” the man said once again, the coldness in his voice reflected on his face. “The stone you use in all of them was the same. You should try different stones.”

“But, we only use this stone here. Other stones are not well suited to shape.”

“I know. That’s why you won’t use the stones here. “

“Where will I find the stones, then?”

“You’re going to climb Ra Hill,” the man began to explain. “You will find a streamlet which will take you to a cave and there you will find white stones. You will make the sundial inside the cave. “

“If you wanted me to use another stone, and if you knew the location of these stones, why did you let me make tens of sundials?”

“There are two reasons. First, I wanted to know if the person I was looking for was you. If you are really strong enough to manufacture sundials. Secondly, I wanted to see if you have the patience to do this job. “

“Who are you then?”

“They call me Od Tengri*, but here I am better known as Aker*. I am responsible for everything that has happened, is happening, and is going to happen. So, I’m the god of the time. And if you succeed, you will be my first Guardian of Time.”

The next morning, Nebenteru woke up early as the sun painted red, the blue of the horizon with its first glow, and began to prepare his travel bag.

Nebenteru never thought of using the bucket bag made of tanned camel skin, that could be easily carried on the back with the strap that connects the two ends. He had any ideas about what to take with him for a climb. He had put some climbing materials such as ropes and hooks and some food in any case.

“Let’s go!” Nebenteru shouted, with one hand poking the young man who

was lying on the bed. He had finished stacking the bag and came to pick up his apprentice Raman, who was going to join him on this journey.

Responding to the first few urges by mumbling only, Raman jumped out of bed as Nebenteru increased the pushing.

“What, where are we going?”

“To the Hill of Ra. We talked about it yesterday, I told you that we’ll be leaving early in the morning!”

“You didn’t say how early would be in the morning but...” Raman was flexing and stretching his body to wake up and, in the meantime, he was rubbing his eyes.

“Come on, get ready as soon as possible.”

As soon as Raman was ready, they left. Nebenteru had bought a cane made of wood alongside the climbing tools on his back. Although he was still young, he thought that would be wise to walk with the support of such a pointed stick for climbing. He was planning to stab the cane at sharp places and pull himself up by taking power from the staff.

Nebenteru and Raman’s journey had started to get harder as they left the city. The scorching effect of the heat that emerged as a result of the sun setting at the highest point in the sky was so powerful like the heat of the steam boilers that were to be discovered thousands of years from now. Heatwaves reverberated on the horizon, and the earth was visibly cracking from time to time.

“I’m thirsty, should we pause?” Raman said, ignoring the answer to the question, he had ditched the bag on his back and started looking for his water.

“Ok,” replied Nebenteru, having found his flask before Raman, took a few sips, and put it back in his bag. “Drink less, we have a long way to go.”

As Raman had heard Nebenteru’s warning he had stop guzzling his water.

“You’re right, master.”

While the two were resting on a rock, a distant voice caught their attention.

A cart pulled by a horse was approaching them. While taming a horse required great courage, this man had tied a carriage to the horses.

No one in the city could do this cart. There were only a few people who managed to tame horses in the surrounding villages were brought to the city back in time, and about ten horses were adopted by the city council.

However, when there were not many people who dared to ride these horses, horse riding soon became one of the rare skills. However, someone neither Nebenteru nor someone from Nebenteru village had witnessed before a horse

tied to a carriage and pulled.

“Hello,” said the horseman, hissing the word like a snake.

“What is he saying, master?” Raman stared at his master, waiting for an answer.

“How should I know!”

“Sorry, you haven’t been there yet. Hello,” the man on the horse corrected his greeting, “where are you going?”

“To the Hill of Ra.”

“I will not go there, but I can leave you up to the top. After that, you climb, you see the pathway that reaches the hill. It is not safe to go there alone, why are you going there?”

“Well,” Nebenteru hesitated to say the main reason and he felt relieved with the man’s interruption.

“Nevermind, you can tell me on the way, we have a little way to ride.”

The man whipped his horse after waiting for Nebenteru and Raman to get into the carriage. Raman felt the need to break the silence as the horse began to walk with this blow.

“I guess you are not from here.” “How did you know?” the horseman asked.

“You are not like us, and it is not common for us to have a cart towed on a horse.”

Nebenteru just replied with a laugh: “Don’t mind my apprentice, he has a big mouth.”

“Never mind.” The man smiled again. “Oh, by the way, there are apples in the sack, if you are hungry, eat them.”

Raman opened the sack closest to him and picked two apples from it.

Although Nebenteru did not bother to open the sack near him, he accepted the apple Raman extended. When Nebenteru took the first bite, he realized that he had never so tasty apple before. It was so delicious that it made you feel like you hadn’t eaten anything delicious before. As if all the other foods will be inadequate from now on. When they finished their apples, Nebenteru stopped Raman who was about to take the second one.

“One is enough!”

Their trip went with small talks until the man pulled and stopped the horse.

“Our path separates here. Be careful, the hill is dangerous.”

“Thank you. Have a good trip.”

“Thank you too, the road is not nice alone.”

After leaving the man on the horse, Raman was depressed to continue on

foot. Nebenteru also was not pleased with this situation, although he did not complain, he was humble enough to be thankful that he had not come here on foot, and he was too steadfast to rebel. He showed this feature to Od Tengri, who did not like the sundials he made.

Shortly after they reached the path and started the climb, they felt the need to take a break. Again, despite the warnings of Nebenteru, Raman guzzled the water in his flask, and in a short time, his water was already half. Nebenteru threatened him that if he ran out of the water he would not share his flask, and Raman, realizing the seriousness of this threat, decided to be more careful with drinking water.

The more steps they took, the more difficult it became to climb. With fatigue, they began to give more frequent pauses and their water supply in the flasks decreased. The path climbing continued for a while and ended when Nebenteru saw the streamlet Od Tengri mentioned.

“This streamlet will take us to the cave,” Nebenteru said. “We should be almost there”

Nebenteru ignored complaining Raman, “We should also go back.”

Although it took a longer time than Nebenteru’s estimation, the streamlet brought them quickly to their target. After half an hour, they finally reached the cave mentioned by Od Tengri. The streamlet accumulated in size. The streamlet ended in the cave in a small inside lake. The light that was reflected by the water in the pond made a vivid pattern on the peripheric walls of the cave. The attention of Nebenteru was drawn to white, asymmetrical formed, stones located alongside the pond. This view was outworldly beautiful.

Nebenteru lifted a large stone and carried it to the entrance of the cave. Here the reflection of the stone came from a better angle.

“Do you see it, Raman?” Nebenteru said excitedly, but Raman shook his head, unsure of what he should have seen.

“Look, when the light hits the stone it breaks, but not like other stones, the light breaks in the opposite direction. “

“I never paid any attention to that,” Raman said, ashamed of being ignorant to that.

“Now let’s flatten this stone and form the dial. Look this stone could be used for the dial.”

“Ok.”

While Raman was looking for the stone to use as an indicator, Nebenteru had already taken out of his bag, chisel, and hammer and started to flatten the

top of the stone by carving it out. Although the stone looked very hard, it was shaped so easily by chisel strokes that Nebenteru felt happy about that.

"I think this will work," Raman came near Nebenteru with a right triangle-shaped stone with narrow angles in his hand.

"It's just perfect," he said to himself when Nebenteru took the stone from Raman and examined it. He turned to Raman and said, "It has a perfect angle even from the stones I have carved with my hand before." "Do you see that over there? It has the perfection to break the full sun- light into two and create a shadow. " Nebenteru passed the stone back to Raman after running two fingers over the hypotenuse. "Let's finish this gnomon now."

"Why are we doing this here?"

"That is why it would be easier to carry a lighter stone turned into a sundial rather than carrying the big stone to the village. But if you want, you can carry the stone. "

"You are the master."

Nebenteru continued working until it got dark. After flattening the top of the dial, it also took the roughness on the bottom and sides of the stone and gave the dial a more aesthetic appearance. Then he determined the time periods by dividing the flatness of the dial into equal parts. Finally, after attaching the indicator stone found by Raman on a spindle he passed through the middle of the dial - except for the plate to be seated

- the sundial was finished.

"Let's spend the night here, we'll leave tomorrow morning," Nebenteru suggested after the sundial was done.

"Yes, it is not clear what we will encounter in this dark, we can stay there inside the cave is also warmer than outside."

Nebenteru opened his eyes as daylight hit his face. He blinked a few times until he got used to the light, then stretched for a long time. He predicted that when he turned his head to Raman, he muttered something and would wake up soon, unable to withstand the sunlight penetrating his face.

Nebenteru's prediction soon became real, after Raman straightened up and yawned where he was lying, he began to point out a fixed point, the back of Nebenteru, with his finger.

"Who? - who is this?" Raman mumbled. When Nebenteru returned to where the finger was pointing, he shouted of surprise, though not as much as Raman.

"Aker! What are you doing here?"

“You finished,” said Od Tengri, pointing the sundial with his hand.

“Yes.”

“Do you know this man?”

“Yes, Raman. It was him who asked me to make the sundial. “Ne- benteru stood up, uncomfortable being looked at from above. Raman also imitated his master, taking the courage to stand up.

“I’m glad you proved me right. It was just the sundial I wanted. “

“I’m going to fill the flasks with water,” Raman said, not wanting to stand in the face of this man who appeared out of nowhere.

“Ok,” Nebenteru said.

“Don’t fill it from the pond,” warned Od Tengri.

Nebenteru returned to Od Tengri again after making sure that Raman heard it.

“Now, for what purpose will you use this sundial?”

“I guess it would be better if I showed it.” Od Tengri moved the gnomon of the sundial a few millimeters. Nebenteru looked at Od Tengri with questioning eyes when he realized that nothing had changed except the change of the shadow created by the sun.

“I’m going to fill the flasks with water,” Raman said. Nebenteru was surprised that Raman, who had just gone to fill water, ended up behind him again and said the same things. When Raman went to fill water, Od Tengri turned the gnomon once more.

“I’m going to fill the water bottles.” Again.

“I’m going to fill the water bottles.”

Nebenteru shouted who was uncomfortable with Raman saying the same things over and over again in every move of Od Tengri, “Ok, enough!”

“I think you get it. This sundial can control the time. However, no one else can do this. “

“What? What am I going to use this for? “

“You will learn that soon enough!”

* * *

There was no movement other than the march of two people on the crowded Langfeld Street, by the freezing of time. Sculptures made of smoke from cigarettes, a cat standing frozen in the air in defiance of gravity, guitar strings that had a multi-view that could not get rid of the vibrations of the last blow, and everything was frozen. Everything except Charlotte and

Nebenteru, walking with small steps through this frozen crowd.

“What exactly are we doing here?” Charlotte asked. She wanted Nebenteru to explain more.

“It’s better to show it, follow me.”

They arrived in a street which was connected to the main street. Nebenteru took a green beer bottle from one of the men standing on the right side of the pavement and rolled it to the ground. Nebenteru snapped his finger as the bottle rolled along the sidewalk. “Watch it well.”

Nebenteru’s snapping made everything moving again. As the beer bottle was rolling, a man stumbled by stepping on the bottle and the questionnaire in his hand flew into the air. When one of the papers hit a woman’s face with the effect of the wind, the coffee in her hand spilled over her boyfriend who was walking next to her. Burning with coffee, the man leaned forward and pushed the woman behind him with his hip. Due to the impact, the woman fell on the ground, and a motorbike passed quickly from where she had stopped a second before and continued on the asphalt.

“Did you see that a small touch saved a life? We reverse like that the effects of the Time Bandits with minor interventions. “

“Would that woman die because of the Time Bandits?”

“No, she was destined to die. No matter what, she will still die today.”

|14:00|

Unrelated Familiar Images

Tick Tack Tick Tack... Charlotte’s heels; every time they touched the paving stones, they made a few octaves more than the sound of the pocket watch in her bag. The events she experienced yesterday caused a new bubble of thought to burst with every step she took, and these thoughts accumulated to form a lake in her head. In her unfortunate adventure that started with her firing, she learned that her paranoia, which she had begun to be followed by a capped man, was not unfounded while sitting on a barstool. While the existence of Nebenteru, an ancient Egyptian man, was enough to prevent her brain from working, her brain rewound everything as Nebenteru stopped time. The conclusion that Nebenteru made by simply rolling a glass bottle, saving a person’s life, was way beyond Charlotte’s guess. All this had caused her to perceive a situation that troubled her mind when she woke up in the

morning. Although Nebenteru did not verbally express this, she was the reason why Charlotte was fired. Probably Nebenteru was responsible for “Get ready!” paper’s and the returned items. Nebenteru created a butterfly effect with this movement and dragged Charlotte to the present. Until today, he had constantly observed Charlotte to find out how she controlled the clock and what purposes she used this extraordinary power of the watch. However, Nebenteru also spoke of the presence of other time guards and implied that he was not alone in spying on her. Well, why hadn’t the other time guards shown themselves yet? Charlotte had a lot of thoughts in her mind ever since she got up from her bed in the morning and headed for the store. But when she arrived at the shop, these thoughts were replaced by a different feeling.

The shop door didn’t move when Charlotte pushed the door - as usual - to get into the shop instead of using a key. Although she was aware that was locked, she pushed the door a few more times, realizing the meaninglessness of what she was doing, and abandoned the action. “Where was this boy?” She started searching for her phone.

Gilbert had always opened the shop, including Sunday’s. Charlotte clung to her cell phone as the dose of anxiety inside her led to the high volume of particles. After she searched for Gilbert’s name on her contact list, she pushed his name.

“Yes?” Although his tone of voice, wobbly by sickness or crying, was different from usual one, it was definitely Gilbert’s voice.

“Gilbert, what happened? When I didn’t see you in the shop, I worried.”

“Sorry, Charlotte,” Gilbert waited for a while and sniffed, then continued,

“I’m in the hospital.”

“What happened, did something happen to you?”

“No - no, I’m fine. My mother’s condition, however, got worse. I brought her to the hospital. Baldemar, my stepfather had to go to work, and I had to bring her. “

“In which hospital are you? Tell me! I’m coming right away! “

“They sent us to St Hanse Hospital. We are there now. “

“Ok, I’m coming immediately!”

Charlotte, thinking that returning home and getting her car would be a waste of time, she called a taxi down the street from the store and had arrived at the

hospital very soon. When she asked for Emma Eisenex- trakt, the officer at the desk could not find anyone with this name. Later, Charlotte recalled that Gilbert and his mother had different surnames, and she learned the room number by phoning Gilbert.

The room was a standard private hospital room. The white room was showing of high hygiene level was. Charlotte never liked the scent of the hospital, prepared in enormous scales of antiseptics, antibiotics, serum, blood, tincture of iodine, and disease essence, filled the whole rooms. Gilbert was sitting in the seat next to the patient's bed with his red eyes from crying, while Emma was lying in bed with an IV tied to her arm. Seeing Charlotte entered the room, Gilbert stood up and embraced Charlotte sincerely. Charlotte found the hug very comforting and wished Gilbert had felt the same. It was a simple gesture to hug someone, to feel a heart beating next to you, but it was a great comforting feeling.

"What happened, Gilbert?"

"My mom has been sick for a while. This morning she fainted and fell on the ground. I brought her immediately to the hospital. And, then from Gustov, they sent us here."

"I see."

"Charlotte sweetheart, is that you?", Charlotte followed the tired voice rose from the bed behind Gilbert.

"Yes," Charlotte replied, not knowing how to add any emotion to her tone.

"I wanted to talk to you too."

"Do you want to talk to me?"

"Yes! And if possible, alone." When she finished her sentence, she turned her eyes to Gilbert. Seeing in his mother's eyes the request like a demand of wishing to be alone with Charlotte, Gilbert left the room with a nod.

During the short silence that filled the room after Gilbert left, Koen opened his eyes to the world, Holden proposed to Betty, Caroline took her first steps ... and those only happened in Winden and its surround- ings. While dozens of moments could fit into a moment, each time travel of Charlotte over time could also change the lives of all these people. Each journey of Charlotte to the past could have had different conse- quences for other lives. As with the butterfly effect, Nebenteru demon- strated, one move of Charlotte was that the Koen baby could be stillborn, Betty could refuse Holden's propose, Caroline could break her ankle as she took her steps, but she was not in the mood to think about all these rights now. Because another thought came to

her mind and occupied so much space in her mind that it did not allow other thoughts. Why did Miss Emma want to talk with her alone? When Emma noticed questions in Charlotte's eyes, she felt the need to continue to talk. "I was hoping my name would sound familiar to you: Emma."

Charlotte listened to the name, as if she had heard it for the first time, and began to investigate the origins of that name in-depth in her mind. While her neurons scattered the layers in her brain, one of them, faster than the others, sent the message to the center, and Charlotte's mind became enlightened.

"Miss Emma," she said in a confused whisper, "you were my nanny."

"Yes, my child, after your mother passed away, I took care of you for a long time. But the human mind can forget things sometimes, or I'm too old to be recognized."

"Well, why didn't you remind me saying that in the first place?"

"I don't know, I guess, I wished, or hoped that you would remember me. I was happier when you found out yourself."

"Well, you didn't need to send Gilbert to say..."

Charlotte's sentence was interrupted by Mrs. Emma's raised index finger.

"I didn't send him away for that. There is something I have to explain to you..." Mrs. Emma's talking way like a tv presenter to announce the results of the competition increased Charlotte's curiosity and excitement as well as and nerves to be tense. However, she was aware that it was not right to project the tension she felt to someone who was lying in the sickbed.

"Gilbert is your brother!" she finally said.

"What?" Charlotte did not care how loud her voice was when she heard what she heard. Remembering that she was in the hospital and asking the same question by lowering her voice was misplaced by the return of her time.

"Gilbert is the son of Tannhaus!" she said and looked away from Charlotte and turned to the window. "There is no way to explain this. I was young then and admired the nobility of Tannhaus. It's all my fault, I'm so sorry." Tears flowing from Emma's eyes were gliding down her cheeks as if supporting of her words. Although Charlotte tried to say something that she had just heard, she could not even spell a word. "Charlotte," Miss Emma said after she turned her face towards Charlotte again. "I'm dying... I've entrusted Gilbert to you."

Charlotte could not even find the courage to open her lips at this truth. Words lost their meaning. Whatever else she had to say was not going to be enough. She just shook her head. Charlotte could not make sense of how her father

could have done that to her. At that moment, the drops in both Mrs. Emma's and Charlotte's eyes were met with a resilience not to run off. After she had one last glance at the woman, Charlotte left the room without speaking a word.

Gilbert sat down in one of the chairs next to the door, staring aimlessly at his cell phone. Noticing Charlotte's shadow, he looked up at her. "What did my mother say to you?"

Charlotte took a deep breath, hissing through her teeth, not knowing what to say. She only felt ready to speak after squeezing the root of her nose to control her tears. "If something happens to her - she asked me to take care of you."

Although she did not lie, Charlotte had left part of the truth. Even the words she said caused Gilbert's eyes to fill with tears. Before Charlotte could understand, she found herself in Gilbert's arms. She closed her eyes and rested Gilbert's head on her shoulder. She was trying to comfort him as much as possible, not knowing how well it would work. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Nebenteru at the end of the corridor in his cream-colored cap and white scarf. Nebenteru made sure he was spotted, he walked away around the corner.

"Gilbert, I have to go. My prayers are with your mother!"

"Thanks, Charlotte. See you."

"See you."

After saying goodbye to Gilbert, Charlotte swiftly walked to the side where Nebenteru disappeared. When she crossed the corridor and turned right, she found him just opposite.

"What are you doing here?"

"Things got complicated, we need your help."

"My help?"

"Yes, let's go out and I will tell you."

Nebenteru and Charlotte took the elevator to the ground floor, and then Nebenteru pushed the hospital door to open. However, the door was not opened to the garden of the hospital, but rather to the watch shop. Feeling nauseated by this transition, Charlotte put her hand in her mouth and swallowed.

"Is this my shop?" Although Charlotte didn't doubt it, she wanted to be sure.

"Yes," Nebenteru replied.

"How did we get here that quickly?"

“By opening the door of course!”

“Are you kidding me!” Charlotte was really angry. “Does the hospital door open to our shop?”

“What is the truth, really, Charlotte?”

“What kind of question is this?”

Nebenteru took a deep breath. “We believe that what we can perceive with our senses is real, right? You are wrong. Just because you can’t see it, or hear it, or feel it, it doesn’t mean it doesn’t exist. These are just signals sent to your brain. Everything in this world exists the way your brain perceives it. I wanted you to sense the door opening to the shop, and here we are. This materialistic universe we perceive is only valid in our imagination, anything is possible!”

Nebenteru’s words reminded Charlotte of the philosophy classes she had in the past, but she didn’t believe any of it. However, she felt that if she would give a reaction like that, Nebenteru would reply: “You have a watch that controls time, and these concepts are still nonsense to you?”

“So, what are we doing here?”

“We need to get a mirror, but especially ONE mirror! ”

“Wait, I think I know what you’re talking about.” Charlotte walked quickly to the store, entered the office, opened the safe, and took the mirror inside, then returned. “Something like this?” She handed the gold-embroidered mirror to Nebenteru.

“Yes, that one.”

“So, what do we do now?”

“We have to move to a different place, come with me.”

As Nebenteru took a few steps ahead, Charlotte followed him step by step till the middle of the shop, between the glass showcases with the clocks.

Apparently, according to Nebenteru millimeter step calculations, they stopped at one precise point. Nebenteru took a small sundial from his overcoat’s pocket and placed it on his palm.

“Touch the sundial!”

“Why?”

“You’re asking too many questions, touch it!”

Charlotte touched the miniature sundial as Nebenteru’s voice had raised. With the first contact of the fingertip, the items inside the shop started to shine like the sun shining its light on a new day. Moreover, their brightness was getting intense. Eventually, Charlotte had to close her eyes due to the

scorching light. When she dared open her eyes again, she found herself in the middle of an endless whiteness.

“Where are we?”

“Nowhere,” said Nebenteru. “We are in a place where there is no time and space.”

“I don’t understand all this!” Charlotte turned around looking for a visible substance, but the whiteness had no corners: it stretched forever in six directions.

“Hold it together.” Nebenteru put his index finger on Charlotte’s temple.

“You’ll need it badly. Come, follow me. “

It was impossible to understand the path they had traveled within that empty white space. But Charlotte thought they were walking about a hundred meters, taking into account the steps she took when they stopped.

“I told you about the timeline,” Nebenteru said. “This is the timeline.” The man was showing a paper standing right in front of them, stretching to the right, and left forever.

“I didn’t think the timeline would be a chart.”

“So, time writers have to fill in these charts. However, sometimes there are some deviations made by time thugs. I’ve said this before. Recently, there has been another deviation. In the past, moreover, in my past.”

“What type of deviation?”

“A time bandit had captured my sundial and you will hopefully get it back.”

“Me? And, how will this happen? “

“You will go back to my past time and you will help my past self to get the sundial back.”

“Back then, you mean to four thousand years before Christ!”

“Yes and no.”

“What does that mean?”

“You can only go back to certain past and in your case, this is March 9, 2016. If you go back before that date, you find yourself in your father’s body. “

“Yes.”

“Only through this (Nebenteru grasped an invisible knocker in the void), we will bring the past to the present.”

“How will we do that?”

“You are asking too many questions. The carrier observes. Just come after me.”

As Charlotte did as she was told and entered through the invisible door that

Nebenteru had opened, rays of light descended from above surrounded them. The beams slowly lost their brightness and began to take on different shapes. Mountains, grass, trees, clouds, and everything else looked as if they were created from light. Only Nebenteru and Charlotte who appear solid in the entire universe glowing in pure, near-white yellowness. But this situation was very short-lived, and light materials applied to the coatings of their natural forms and became reality. When the transition ended, Charlotte noticed that her clothes had also changed. She was wearing a white dress that she guessed from ancient Egyptian time. Heeled shoes had disappeared and leather sandals replaced. On the other hand, the pocket watch dangling from her neck like a necklace contrasted with this ancient look.

As Charlotte felt a wetness on her nose, she put her finger over her lip. When she pulled her hand, she saw that her index finger was red, and she turned her gaze to Nebenteru.

“The side effect of jumping,” Nebenteru said, “It will stop in a moment.” Charlotte wiped her nose once more using her thumb and index fingers. “I think we’re in Egypt, and why haven’t you changed?” The fact that Nebenteru was still standing in her cream-colored cap had caught Charlotte’s attention, and she felt the need to ask this question.

“Because I am not of this dimension. I am here to help you, but I cannot intervene in the events. Because the mole at this time still exists at this time. You have to find it first. “

“You speak so incomprehensibly. It’s unimaginable to be here now. “

“You have a watch that can control time (Nebenteru hit the watch hanging on Charlotte’s neck) and you say these things are mind-blowing? But I should tell you something: Time itself is inconceivable anyway.”

“Okay, I get it,” Charlotte got angry at her for saying these words, even though she knew Nebenteru would give such an answer, and took a deep breath, “Where are we going now?”

Nebenteru had chosen to lead the way rather than answer this question.

Charlotte was in a state of nervousness as the orange grains of sand covering the arid ground enter her sandal. After banging the nose of her sandals on the floor and emptying the filled sand, she continued on her way with a puff.

“Are we going to walk?” Charlotte asked, feeling that her patience was finally reaching her limit.

Nebenteru, standing a few steps ahead, turned and looked at Charlotte without saying anything for a moment. “I didn’t realize you were such a

coy.”

“I am not. I’m just angry. “

“It’s almost there, look!” To see where Nebenteru was pointing on the horizon, Charlotte had to shroud her hand over her brows and squint her eyes. “Why didn’t we start from there? I mean, when we came to this time, why we couldn’t come directly to this place?”

“Charlotte, carrier observes. She doesn’t ask too many questions. Time is incomprehensible. How many times will I have to repeat these sentences? “ After walking for a while, they had achieved their initial goals Nebenteru had set out. After passing through the gates of the city without question, they headed to Nebenteru’s home, where they had their main target, with Nebenteru’s guidance. Charlotte could see that urban turmoil was present in every period, even if in varying degrees. Upon reaching the garden of the house, Charlotte saw that Nebenteru was working on his workbench, and she unintentionally felt the need to look at the capped Nebenteru beside her. What is more surprising that the two Nebenteru stood so close to each other was the other person Charlotte saw in the garden.

“Gilbert?”

* * *

Charlotte’s heartbeat at the point where the pocket watch dangling from her neck like a necklace touched her chest caused the watch’s rhythm to remain moderate. “Gilbert!” Her whisper - given the reason for this whisper - did not make it hard to detect the rushing symptom of Charlotte’s heart. Because the young man standing next to Nebenteru’s twin was Gilbert.

“Actually,” began the capped Nebenteru.

“His name is Raman.”

“Raman?”

“Yes. Come with me.” Nebenteru plucked a long thin branch from

the tree just to the right and sat down on the small rock under the tree. When he said, “Come closer,” Charlotte pushed him with her body to sit in the space next to Nebenteru. “Now,” the Time Guardian drew a circle on the ground with the branch in his hand. “This is the world you live in, ok?” Nebenteru continued, thinking that it meant it all because Charlotte made a nodding gesture. “Every time you play around with time, there’s one more of

this world.” He passed over the already drawn circle several more times. “Recalling each time creates a different reality that will have different consequences, and therefore those who have died can survive, those who live can die, and thousands of possibilities are displaced like that.” He continued to draw circles on the circle throughout his speech, as a result of which the shape of the circle was quite distorted. “So, what does that have to do with Gilbert being here?”

“Now,” Nebenteru drew another circle that intersected with the previous circle. “This is my world too. While I was bringing you here, I said that we do not go to the past, we bring the past to the present, remember?”

“Yes.”

“Look, the intersection of the two worlds crossed each other. Right here!” The man struck the intersection of the branch with the two clusters several times. “So, your world and my world crossed. Of course, you should look at it scientifically, not with a romantic perception. Anyway, that’s why in this world you can see images from your own world in different selves. Gilbert is one of them, and you’ll see other people as well.”

“It’s a little complicated. But I think I got the logic,” said Charlotte, though not quite sure, “Well, what exactly do we have to do now?”

“Go and meet me!”

Charlotte glared at how absurd this sentence sounded and gave Nebenteru a reminder of this. Nebenteru, on the other hand, made a goahead gesture using both hands to this look, and Charlotte realized that the request was not as absurd as she had imagined.

“So, what am I going to say? Hop, I can’t say I came. “

“If you directly call him Nebenteru, he will understand. Oh, before I forget (he took out the gold-embroidered mirror from his coat pocket) give it to Nebenteru.”

Uncertain of how the plan of Nebenteru would work, Charlotte began walking towards the sundial manufactory of Nebenteru, which was on the east side of the city. Although she thought that Nebenteru with a cap would come with her when she looked back, she realized that there was no trace of the man, she realized that she was on her own from that moment.

When she entered the manufactory’s garden, she saw Raman, the exact copy

of Gilbert, grinding a marble stone. The stone's counterparts, which had lost their roughness under the sandpaper, were piled on top of the wooden fences on the left side of the garden. Above the fire burning on the right, the liquid in a cauldron that was attached to a tripod was boiling, the embers flying out of the fire were mixing with the steam rising from the cauldron. When Raman noticed Charlotte's presence, he stopped the sanding and fixed his questioning eyes on her. Charlotte realized at that moment that she did not even know which language was spoken in ancient Egypt, and she was caught in questioning glances.

"Yes?" Charlotte's worries about the language disappeared at that moment when the question came out of Raman's mouth in her native language without any accent.

"I'm looking for Nebenteru."

"I'm looking for Nebenteru."

"You are not from here, right? Nebenteru is in there, he will be back

soon. " Charlotte felt comfortable when she spoke to Raman with his voice, as well as with his appearance, was the same as Gilbert.

"Yes, I'm not from here." Nebenteru came out of the workshop while Charlotte tried to make a plan in her mind for what they would talk about if she spoke more.

"Charlotte?"

Charlotte could not hide her astonishment at this unexpected word, and felt the need to close her mouth with her hand when the NE cry from her mouth was much louder than she had anticipated.

"How do you know my name?"

"It is very difficult to explain this, but I know there is something odd about the timeline. Od Tengri, or Aker as he is known around here, reached me and talked about you. Under no circumstances, I should not lose the sundial. But, as a result of the intervention of the time thug, I lost it."

“So, how do we get it back?”

“We know who he is and where he is!” Raman also joined the conversation.

“But to get it back, we have to somehow defeat this thug.”

The conversation that started in the garden continued at dinner. Charlotte gave the mirror to Nebenteru at the table, then they began to eat. She did not realize how hungry she was until she started to spoon out the food that came to her. But she had to control herself, to be polite by expressing this appetite. According to what Nebenteru told at dinner, the person who stole the sundial was the man who brought them with a horse-drawn carriage to Mount Ra when he went with Raman to make the sundial, and now the sundial was protected by two enormous warriors. The only way to get the sundial was to kill those two warriors.

They made some plans about how they could get back the sundial during dinner, but they had to change their plans all the time because of the roughness in every plan.

“Did you make another sundial out of that marble?” Charlotte asked hoping the answer to that question to be yes to realize the idea that came into her mind.

“Yes,” Nebenteru replied and with that answer, he gave hope to Charlotte.

“Well, have you tried time travel with it?”

“No!”

“Why?”

“Because Aker told me it’s too dangerous to play with time. He only mentioned that I should do it if an instruction comes from him, otherwise the results are unpredictable.”

“Who has the sundial now?” For Charlotte, what Aker said did not matter. She aimed to seize the sundial as soon as possible.

“I did a similar one for General Herihor.”

“Okay, we have to go to him.”

“What are you going to do?” Raman asked, about ten minutes since his curiosity had reached the limit, he couldn’t put a bite in his mouth.

“I will push the General to fight those two warriors instead of us. Of course, if things work the same way here.” Charlotte, with the satisfaction of having at least an idea, took a bite of the meat on her plate, with a huge triumphant

smile.

The next morning, when they arrived in front of General Herihor's villa, the sun had already risen and its shadow had cast over the sundial in the garden of the villa. While Charlotte, Nebenteru, and Raman waited under the arch at the garden entrance, the other two had no idea how exactly Charlotte's plan would work.

"You can't change the sundial after the sun goes down," Nebenteru reminded her. "So after changing the time, you have time until the sunset. But still, I don't understand how you will convince General Herihor."

"I have a plan, don't worry."

The general's grandiose villa was to show everyone that he was higher than other people. While other houses in the city have two floors at most, this villa had four floors. The arrangement of the plants in the garden - at that time when the concept of landscape was not yet known - was magnificent that could not be envisioned even in the imagination of twenty-first-century architects.

The path covered with various stones, large and small, created an asymmetrical wonder that was decorated with meadow saffron flowers at the knee level on the left and right side of the path which split the garden in two, the myrrh tree rose in the left-center of the garden and its symmetry, the mighty pomegranate tree with all its splendor. In the middle of the garden, where the path expanded and formed a circle, the sundial manufactured by Nebenteru was displaying itself like a triumph.

Charlotte crossed the path with her sandals which she couldn't get used clattered the stone floor and stopped in front of the sundial. Even though Raman and Nebenteru knew what Charlotte's next move would be, they were following her in curiosity right. Charlotte turned the index stone of the sundial about three-quarter turn. She could not be sure if this would work, after all, Nebenteru had this power in this world, but since she was sent here, Nebenteru, who was wearing a cap, wanted her to do it herself.

Charlotte realized her suspicions were groundless when she set the pointer into place. With time and space, Charlotte's body was also drawn into a stream. Charlotte's arms thickened and her body leaned forward as the sky was covered with a ceiling. When the transition was complete, she found herself in a push-up position on the bed.

She was frozen by the strangeness of feeling the presence of another body beneath her body. When she took back time and entered General Herihor's

body, Charlotte had never thought of the possibility that the General's body could be in another body. She was disturbed by this feeling that was physiologically impossible to experience before. She came out of the woman underneath to get rid of this disturbing situation as soon as possible.

"What happened?" the woman asked in an annoyed tone about the General sudden stopped.

Charlotte's astonishment was further increased when she realized that her face was the same as Jasmin, her former secretary, and she immediately pulled her body out of bed and put on her dressing gown.

"Where are you going?" Charlotte, controlling Herihor's body, left the bedroom as Jasmin's voice rose from the bed. As she passed the full-length mirror on the right side of the hallway, her image in the mirror caught her attention. She needed to go back and look in the mirror. The face in the mirror was much more familiar to her, although she knew that the body she was controlling belonged to Herihor. With blue eyes under thin eyebrows, and upper lip competing with the delicacy of the eyebrows, and auburn hair falling on his forehead, this face belonged certainly Nils Brunkhorst, CEO of WindenMark. Although Charlotte had never seen Nils Brunkhorst naked before, she predicted that she would not have this body. But obviously, this face belonged to him.

"First Gilbert, then Jasmin and now Nils Brunkhorst," he said to himself, "I wonder who will be the next."

When Charlotte put aside her conversation with the mirror and returned to the bedroom, realizing that the dressing gowns were not suitable for going out, she saw that Jasmin - or whatever her name was - had left the room. She opened the door of the wooden furniture she thought was a wardrobe and put on a navy-blue fabric with woolen fabric that she thought was suitable for outdoor wear. She pulled a buffed leather belt around her neck, crossed it at chest level and tied it at the waist, and put on a golden-black striped hemhem crown on her head. Finally, she hung the short Egyptian sword on her waist. The first goal of Charlotte, who controlled General Herihor's or Nils Brunkhorst's body, was to reach to Nebenteru's workshop as soon as possible. She could remember the exact location of the workshop as they walked together. However, she was distracted by everyone looking at her and secretly giggling while she was walking. She made a wrong turn from a street and had to walk a few hundred meters extra, but finally, she found the workshop. She had been stupefied when she saw her own body in the

workshop talking to Nebenteru and Raman. She saw that Nebenteru and Raman were trying not to laugh like other people on the street.

“General,” Nebenteru said, unable to stop his laughter.

“Nebenteru, it’s me Charlotte.”

“What?” the other Charlotte shouted in surprise.

“I am you,” Charlotte asked controlling Herihor, silenced the other Charlotte with her hand. “You haven’t made that plan yet, but now I’m controlling General Herihor’s body.”

“Whoever you are, take off first that chastity belt you hang around your neck, and let’s talk after that.” When she heard Gilbert’s words, Charlotte understood why people laughed at her, and she began to laugh too.

“Ok,” General Herihor said. “According to our plan, I was going to enter General Herihor’s body and thus we would get the sundial back. But I never expected to find myself here. Now let’s hit the road and get back this stolen sundial.” Charlotte did not know if the reason for this authoritarian leader act was because she was inside the General’s body or because of the situation she was in, but it was clear that this behavior affecting all three of them, and they were ready to act.

Four of them, guided by Nebenteru and Raman, arrived at the Temple of the Sun, built at the foot of the Amon Hill, where the stolen sundial was kept.

They saw that the two castellated men in pleated white skirts, bare breasts, and sandals wrapped around their legs with laces were standing on the door. The guards put their hands into the hilt of their swords as the group got closer to the temple.

“Don’t get any closer,” said one of the guards. As the distance between them and General Herihor was less than two steps, the man began to grip his hilt more tightly. Despite the man’s size, the General’s grandeur was undeniable. The guard was ready to stop them and to fulfill his order. “General, don’t come any closer.”

Charlotte thought it would be an advantage to know him, but things didn’t go exactly as she wanted. The guard on the right had already drawn his sword and prepared himself to fight.

“That sundial belongs to this man and you have to return it.”

“I’m not one of your soldiers, General, and you can’t give me an order.”

With the other guard pulling his sword, the fight was now inevitable.

Charlotte drew her sword easily from its sheath.

She thought: ‘I don’t know how to use a sword’. But then she realized that

she could easily turn the sword in her hand, she changed her thought to: 'How could I know how to use the sword?' She just realized that she had the abilities of the body she entered in, and that how she had suddenly become familiar with the game in the casino before. But now she was supposed to show off her swordsmanship skills on these two guards rather than think of her casino skills.

As the two men were thrown at her at the same time, Charlotte lifted her sword and dodged both blows at the same time. As the sound of metal hitting the metal groaned throughout the temple, Charlotte made a red line on the neck of the man on the left with a swipe of a sword in the gap she found. "Shit... I killed people," said Charlotte, who was in control of her own body. "Technically, General Herihor did, sweetheart." Charlotte, in control of General Herihor's body, could not imagine that she thought this way. But the thought that this was also a Herihor trait comforted her. At that moment, she skilfully shrugged off the move made by the other man and moved to the back with an agile movement. The cut that she threw behind the kneecaps of her opponent with her sword made the man groan in pain and then collapse to the ground. Though she was sure she was neutralizing her enemy, Charlotte could not suppress her anger. She threw her sword and grasped a large rock, crushing the man's head on the ground. Unable to control herself of the scene she saw, Charlotte in her own body began to vomit, and Charlotte, who controlled General Herihor, started to clean the blood on her face.

"Let's take this sundial," Raman said, needing to remind everyone their main reason for being there.

As the group started walking towards the sundial, someone started descending the marble stairs of the temple with applause. After leaving the last step in slow motion, he stopped. "Congratulations," he said after he clapped his hand one last time.

"This is the guy with the carriage who took us three years ago," Nebenteru said.

But what surprised most the two Charlotte at the same time was that this man was more familiar to them as the man in the chariot.

"Adam Kahnewald," they both said.

"Carnival?" Raman's voice sounded like a simple copy of Charlotte and Herihor.

|15:00|

Alternative Facts and Real Alternatives

Tic tac, tic tac... While every beat of wooden-soled sandals on the marble stair steps creates a melody in harmony, every note of the melody echoing inside the temple accompanied this music as back vocals. The man continued his slow applause for a while, even though he made his last step.

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But what surprised most the two Charlotte at the same time was that this man was more familiar to them as the man in the chariot.

"Adam Kahnewald," they both said.

"Carnival?" asked Raman in Gilbert's image.

This meaningless question of Raman hung in the air when Adam Kahnewald drew attention to him when he opened his arms. He seemed that he would speak but he gave some time to others to understand the situation, but his lips remained unopened for a while until the first words came out of his mouth.

"Well done, Charlotte." The first words that came out of Adam Kahnewald's mouth made both Charlotte's to be a little surprised. "So you managed to get Nebenteru's sundial back. So be it." Adam Kahnewald turned around without saying anything else and disappeared, climbing the marble stairs again into the temple.

"Is that so?" General Herihor said.

"It seems so." Nebenteru's unclear answer worried Charlotte, but she seemed to have no choice but to accept this answer.

After a while, "The sun is about to set," Raman reminded.

Nebenteru realized what Raman meant and displaced the sundial. "We'd better go back now."

The sun was also low on the horizon when the group arrived in the city.

General Herihor stopped stepping when the last red hit the bottom and green light shot up into the sky. "What is going on here?"

"I think the sun has set down," Raman said.

"What am I doing here?" The General's speech was much harsher than it was under Charlotte's control.

"It's okay, General," Charlotte said, now back to her own body.

"Who are you?" Herihor turned back to see the owner of the voice and then fell to the ground by a hard stone hit on his head. Raman held his breath, while Charlotte was amazed that she had achieved it. First, she killed two people in the temple, and now she knocked this man unconscious. All those actions normally she would never have made sprouted seeds of doubt in her.

Was she taking all the behaviors of the people whose bodies she entered into? “That way was better than trying to explain,” she said with a smile. She looked first at General Herihor lying on the ground, and then at Nebenteru and Raman to see their reaction. ‘Did I say that?’

“How nice,” Raman said in a sarcastic tone, “Now, we have to carry him.” The group’s thoughts on what would happen to Herihor disappeared as the wind speeded up sharply. A silhouette emerging in the dust cloud blown by the wind gradually gained clarity and finished in front of the group.

Nebenteru, who Charlotte was more familiar with his black suit and cream cap, suddenly emerged from the dust cloud, made everyone forget Herihor’s fate.

“This... this is you,” Raman stammered.

“Yes it’s me,” said the man with the cap.

“No, this is you... this is you?” Raman’s confusion increased the meaninglessness of his sentences.

“I see you managed to get the sundial back.” Nebenteru set aside Raman’s confusion and came to his main point.

“Yes,” replied Charlotte, “So what will happen now, how will I go back.”

“By touching the sundial, of course!” Nebenteru’s words came out as if to say, Charlotte, how do you not know this?

Charlotte’s facial expression, on the other hand, had a sarcastic version of how I couldn’t think of it. The expression on her face reached for the sundial held by Nebenteru of Ancient Egypt after taking the original Charlotte expression. The tension that she couldn’t make sense of, gradually intensified, every millimeter that her hand traversed further. Her heart was missing some beats due to tension. Her hand’s middle finger touched the dial of the sundial causing her tensions and uneasiness to reach a peak level. With this contact, the indicator stone caused the stone to spin like a top, and a substance in the space glowed with light at each turn. When eventually the whole place was filled with light. But all of a sudden everything went dark. Charlotte found herself in the garden of the St Hanse Hospital in twenty-first-century clothes.

While feeling the comforting effect of being back in her own time all over her body, she browsed the parking lot for her car. However, her search was short-lived, as she remembered that she had come there by cab. She could accept to have a hard time remembering it, as six thousand years had passed.

Upon this, she decided to take the first cab waiting in line from the taxi stand

in front of the hospital and to return to Winden. But when she arrived at the station, she saw that the taxis were not yellow, but black, and retro - like the taxis she remembered from the August Horch Car Museum in Zwickau. Where she went when she was seven. Moreover, the presence of a black swastika in a white circle on the sides of the front doors made Charlotte's even more surprised.

"Here you go, Madam!" said one of the taxi drivers waiting at the station.

"Is this a new design?" Charlotte questioned, trying to clarify her situation.

"I beg your pardon." Squinting his eyes and shaking his head, the man supported his words with an attitude.

"I'm asking about the taxi."

"What about my taxi?"

"It's black with a swastika on it." The taxi driver started to make movements, stating that he was disturbed by the ridiculous speech of the other person, and began to walk backward with light steps as if he wanted to get rid of this situation he had fallen into as soon as possible.

"I do not understand what you say, but as far as I can remember these swastikas have been always there and taxis are black. "

"All right," Charlotte said, deciding not to question anymore until she figured it out. "Then please take me to the Winden center?"

"Aaron," the man called back. "Bring the lady to the center of Wind- en."

He had failed his attempt to get Aaron up with his puffy voice - though he tried not to show that - regretting losing his turn due to the short distance between Sana Hanse and Winden center.

Their short journey was interrupted much earlier than it should have been, with the taxi driver Aaron stopping the vehicle at the point where Müller Avenue meets the Wismar Cemetery.

"What happened, why did we stop?" Charlotte asked, holding her head forward from the back seat.

"SS Officers. They're searching suspects again. Nowadays it has increased a lot. "

"SS Officers? Why is that?"

The driver felt the need to turn around to see the face of the person asking this ignorant question. "Are you kidding me, ma'am! Here is the Military Police force of the Winden District. Wehrmacht, didn't you hear of them? "

"Wehrmacht?"

The driver closed his eyes and sighed, astonished how a person could be so

ignorant. "You don't know that too?"

"No, no, I don't know what the Wehrmacht is doing here."

"They've been here since the Second World War, and they never left!"

"They didn't leave?!"

"Sometimes I wish, even if the Third Reich passed away, let them fuck off. But - I'm sorry, ma'am." Aaron noticed that he was swearing and he thought to an apology.

"How is it possible that Operation Barbarossa failed?"

Charlotte's question was interrupted when an SS Officer clicked the window.

"License and car registration," the man said.

"Yes sir, I hope everything is okay," Aaron replied after opening the glovebox and finding the required documents. Charlotte had difficulty making sense of all the things she went through. However, considering the weirdness she was in, she was convinced that she should not add any meaning to this situation yet.

"Ma'am, I need to see your id, too."

Charlotte found her wallet after a short search inside her bag to do as she was told. When she peeled off the magnetic clip of her wallet, she realized where the identity card should have been, it was a different one than she had guessed. When she took the card out and looked at it, she saw that it said "GROSSDEUTSCHES REICH" in capital letters. Much smaller than the original id card, there was the Eagle's coat of arms of Nazi Germany on the right, and just below the coat of arms, "Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Führer (One People, One Nation, One Leader)" was written. Charlotte had not yet been able to get over her astonishment at what she had gone through during the day and had not yet become accustomed to seeing a new surprise every single moment.

"Ma'am, your identity," the officer repeated, and Charlotte made out of her surprise. The man went to his car with the id card after a period of examination of the id that Charlotte had extended. After waiting for a few minutes, he turned back and tapped the car window twice with his finger to get Charlotte's attention.

"Miss Serbien, you have to come with us to the central police station."

When Charlotte stepped out of the door that had opened for her, she got a resistant feeling not to go, and she had to push hard this feeling. When they got to the SS Officers' car, Charlotte noticed that this car also looked different from the police cars she was used to. As with the taxi, this vehicle

had a swastika on its door and, unlike the green stripes of police cars, the sides of this vehicle were covered in a checkered pattern of blue and phosphorescent yellow.

The guard - as if he needed it - Charlotte pressed her head with his hand so that she would not hit her head as she got into the vehicle. The taxi driver Aaron said from the back of the car because he couldn't get his money as they headed for Central Police Station in the seat behind the bars that split the vehicle in two, but Charlotte herself could not find the strength to listen to this.

Although she had difficulty in perceiving her experiences since she returned to his own time, the GROSSDEUTSCHES REICH writing on her ID card enabled her to comprehend some things. The fact that the taxi driver did not say anything about the unsuccessful Operation Barbarossa meant that this war had never been fought or was a success, and thus the Third Reich somehow continued its existence. As her mind-blowing thoughts hasten the time, Charlotte was afraid to take out her watch to change the time. She had no idea why she was being taken to the Central Police Station, and she didn't want to think about the consequences of any action she would make.

"Get out of the car," the officer said. He opened the door in front of the beige building that Charlotte knew as the Winden Police Department. As she passed through the door accompanied by guards, she understood from the sign that that place was no longer the Police Department. Charlotte read on the sign saying "Schutzstaffel Patrol Command". While she was questioning this situation in her deep thoughts, they entered through the door.

The officer handed Charlotte's ID, which he held with two fingers, to the officer sitting at the table as if he was holding something disgusting. The officer looked with empty eyes at the ID card in the officer's hand for a short time, and in the same way, using his thumb and middle fingers, he took the ID. After a long examination on his computer, taking a sip of his tea on his desk, and pressing a few keys, he shook his head disapprovingly with a confident expression.

"To the custody cell!" he said with a sharp voice. "Record all her personal belongings, then leave them in storage."

The officer nodded and grabbed firmly over Charlotte's elbow, forcing her to walk. They walked down the corridor, where the scent of pure bleach mingled with that smell of the metal, they came down the stairs and encountered two custody cells resembling animal cages.

On the wooden bench in the right cell, there was a person whose gender could not be determined because of the blanket that he pulled on. The officer opened the door to the vacant cell and pushed Charlotte inside. The smell of bleach in the hallway was suppressed by the smell of sweat and urine in this room, causing Charlotte to grimace.

“You will spend the night here, and tomorrow you will be referred to Winden Courthouse.”

As the man closed the barred door of the cell, Charlotte asked, “But why am I here?” But, he ignored this question. Charlotte, too, lamented the despair of this final whirl, walked to sit on the wooden bench in the custody cell.

Although she was annoyed that the dirt layer on the bench would mess with her clothes, realizing that she could not stand standing any longer, she put aside the meticulousness and sat down on the bench. Leaning forward, she put her elbows on her knees, her hands clasped together, and let her eyes dive into the floor. This process of distraction would take hours if there were no sound coming from the next cell: the person in the other cell came to a sitting position on the bench, throwing the blanket on, while the creaking of the wood caught Charlotte’s attention. But it was the dark blue cap of the person in the other cell that caught Charlotte’s attention.

“Nebenteru?” Charlotte called.

It was evident that the man’s slanting eyes, prominent cheekbones, and thin lips, which were manifested by lifting the visor of his cap with his index finger, did not belong to Nebenteru. Charlotte could have given up many things right now to make the person in the cell Nebenteru was, so she was not afraid to express her disappointment with this man who looked at her.

“Nebenteru has finished his unfinished business,” the man said, surprising Charlotte. He got up from the bench and leaned against the bars that separated the two cells. “My name is Moxi Zhang Wei. I am one of the Time Guardians.”

“Thank goodness,” Charlotte sighed with a sigh of relief when she saw her disappointment that she hadn’t met Nebenteru in front of another Time Guardian. “What’s all about? Why is the Third Reich still present?” Charlotte got up and moved closer to the bars.

“This is a bit complicated; we are currently in an alternate reality. Some of the decisions you took or some of the actions you made when you traveled Nebenteru’s time had different results. “

“But I... we didn’t get involved in much!”

“A little act of action at that time could have a huge impact thousands of years later. He was with a woman when you entered General Heri- hor’s body, and as a result of that sexual relation, a child had to be born. But you prevented it. It sounds ridiculous, but the fact that that child was not born somehow caused Germany to delay Operation Barbarossa. Finally, the surrender agreement was signed.”

“What kind of connection is this!”

“As I said, a change made thousands of years ago could have an unpredictable effect. Perhaps one of his descendants was an important anonymous hero who provided intelligence, and in this reality, his successor was not as good as him. We can come up with many theories like this.

“It’s hard for me to comprehend all this!”

“Every being in the universe continues to exist independently of our thinking,” Zhang Wei said, “Whether you perceive what is happening or cannot make sense of what is happening, entities continue to interact with one another, and your slightest touch can produce results independent of you. Alternative realities are formed in this way or real alternatives are born. The reality in which the Third Reich collapsed exists in a different dimension, independently of you. Time, cruel enough to make the truth alternative, powerful enough to make the alternative reality. “

Charlotte nodded, although she felt a lot of lack of connection in perception.

“If the treaty was signed, why does this still seem to be Germany?

Shouldn’t it be in the hands of the occupation forces?”

“In reality you know, the treaty signed in Reims and Berlin was the surrender of Germany. But in this reality, it meant that all of Europe surrendered to the Third Reich. According to this contract, each European country was removed from the country status and named as a state. The territory of Germany grew so much that it became very difficult to manage from a single central government. For this reason, Berlin left the center, and West and East Germany were established. Some things cannot be changed.

Although Charlotte was able to put some logic into what had happened thanks to Zhang Wei’s statements, she still wasn’t able to understand.

“Things got very complicated. How do we fix this? “ she asked, hoping she would get an answer.

Zhang Wei put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a small assembly of stones. “With this one.”

|Chapter 6| Afternoon

“Time is, in a way, a river of temporary events, and its current is very difficult.”

Antonius

|16:00|

Zhang Wei's Waters

BC 1600, China

“Tick Tack Tick Tack,” waterdrops from underneath a big jug, were dripping in a metal bowl. With each drop, the bowl slowly raised a piece of wood inside, while the bar stuck in the wood pointed to the ruler on the side of the bowl, which served as an indicator. The harmonious rise of the rod was interrupted by a sidearm blow with a “Hi-yah!” sound. The water-filled bowl hit the wall with a blow, and the water in it spread on the rush mat.

“Zhû³Zhang?” A young man dressed in black came towards the noise and felt the need to check his master.

“It's okay, Chao Fan.” Zhang Wei got up from his seat and turned his face to Chao Fan. “It annoys me that the clock is still not how I wanted it.”

“Why?”

“Because it's not working correctly!” Zhang Wei's words came out of his clenched teeth. It was hard to understand. “As the water in the jug decreases, the flow rate changes and it is impossible to calculate how much this change is; there are too many variables.”

“But how come Zhû we've been doing this way for years; we haven't had a problem until now. This has been the right method for thousands of years! What has changed now?”

“Nothing changed. However, it has already been wrong for all that time. I spent years analyzing it before I realized the method contained a mistake.” Chao Fan knew how angry his master could be. In the water clocks they made, when there was the slightest mistake made by Chao, the master would hit with his varnished stick made of longan wood on his buttocks, and he would have to sit on his other side throughout the day in order not to

put pressure on the hurt side. Now - since the lines of his face that turned red made it obvious that he was in a nervous breakdown within himself - Chao left the room with small steps back, realizing that he should not say any more words. “

While Zhang Wei crouched down to pick up the metal tray, unaware of Chao Fan's absence, he kept complaining to himself, while the wood-

3 Zhû: Chinese word for Master

en door of the house strangely began to rumble. Normally, as with other errands, looking at the door was the duty of the apprentice Chao Fan. But it was in the middle of the night, he decided that he had to open the door himself to punish the person on the door with his recklessness in the middle of the night. Zhang Wei came out of the room with a whim and opened the door furiously. When he opened his mouth to throw out the anger that had filled his lungs, he inhaled his feelings at what he saw. A man with the hair as red as blood on his clothes, a man who had dark green eyes enough to make jade stones jealous, they were resisting not to be closed. His right arm was on the doorstep, looking up at Zhang Wei from his bent neck. Although the man opened his chapped lips, which he tried to moisten with his tongue to swallow and speak several times, he couldn't make any sound on his first attempt, in the end, he could only say: “Water!”

As soon as Zhang Wei threw out his astonishment as a result of the scenery he encountered, he got the man from his arm and pulled him inside. When he took off the mud-covered shoes of the man, he was sitting on the straw rug and threw them into a corner, he saw that his bare feet were as much blood as his clothes.

“What happened to you?” The anger he contained as he opened the door faded just as quickly and was replaced by pity and mercy.

Although the red-haired man opened his lips to answer Zhang Wei, he soon regretted it and expressed the same desire with his breathy voice again:

“Water!”

“Yes, sure how stupid I am. Chao Fan! CHAO! “ Chao Fan's nightclothes and mournful eyes at the doorway, with Zhang Wei shouting at him, showed he was just awake. “How fast do you sleep? The door knocks as if about to collapse, but you do not even hear it! Go get for him a glass of water. ”

“Right away, Zhû Zhang Wei.” As Chao Fan scrambled towards the kitchen, Zhang Wei led him to the inner room as support from the man’s armpit. Even though he had trouble pulling his arm out of the man who left himself on the first couch, he succeeded after a brief attempt.

The man, who drank the water brought by Chao Fan, cleared his throat with a deep growl. His voice became clearer. But still, he spoke in a hoarse voice.

“They call me Kanghui⁴ around here.”

“Who did this to you?” Zhang Wei turned to his apprentice standing like he was his shadow. “Chao, what are you waiting for, bring the man hot water, a towel, clothes, etcetera. To clean up, don’t stop!”

“Okay, Zhû!”

Chao rushed out to bring what he was asked for, and before Kanghui could answer the question, he returned with the materials.

“Bandits,” began the red-haired man. “They turned me this way to get a very important map. A map showing the location of a precious treasure.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

Kanghui smiled, showing his broken teeth and pulled a piece of parchment from his chest pocket. “But the idiots got the wrong map. The only thing they could find there is gold.” Kanghui’s hysterical laughter made Zhang Wei fearful, feeling obliged to retreat a knee distance from where he was sitting.

“Well, wasn’t the gold supposed to be the treasure?”

Kanghui smiled, showing his broken teeth once again. He handed the map to Zhang Wei after wiping the bloodstains on his face, wrinkled with a smile, the same red beard as his hair, with a towel that he soaked into his beard of several days. “Fools chase gold!” he whispered.

The kettle was standing on the stove, whistling and blowing its fumes, filling the room with the exquisite scent of green tea. The uniform melody was interrupted when Zhang Wei wrapped a wet cloth around the handle and raised the kettle. The sudden interruption of the whistle sounds caused Kanghui, to jump out of the sofa.

“Fools chase gold,” said the man, handing the map to Zhang Wei, without saying another word, he put his head on the pillow filled with straws, stretched his feet along with the cedar, and said with closed eyes, “I’ll tell you in the morning.” Zhang Wei, on the other hand, could not make any sense after taking a long glance at the map he was holding, turning around during the night, wondering why the treasure was more precious than gold. Although it was Chao Fan’s duty to brew tea for breakfast, Zhang Wei, who

was convinced that this guest deserved special attention, - as he was opening the door - also aspired to this task.

4 Kanghui: Gong Gong anciently also known as Kanghui is a Chinese water god

“CHAO! Our guest woke up, bring the glasses,” he called inward. His nerves were as high as the teapot he was holding was getting heavier. “He couldn’t learn that job. Good morning Zhû Kanghui, did you sleep well?”

“Gorgeous,” replied the red-haired man. The solid teeth he showed while smiling drew Zhang Wei’s attention, but he did not want to think about how these teeth could have improved overnight.

“Here I am, Zhû Zhang Wei.” Chao Fan walked in with a metal tray. Seeing that there were only empty glasses on the tray, Zhang Wei sighed and took the teapot into his left hand, then slapped Chao Fan’s neck with his free hand.

“Where is the breakfast?” said the master of the watchmaker. “I’ll bring it right now Zhû.”

“Leave the tray, my arm is off.” While Chao Fan laid the tray on the

coffee table, Zhang Wei started filling the glasses with the tea. “No need for breakfast, Zhû Moxi Zhang Wei, we’d better hit the road as soon as possible. You better prepare food for the road,” Kanghui said.

“Where will we go?”

“Where will it be?” Kanghui pointed to the map on the sofa at the other end of the room. “Of course, to find the treasure!”

When the supplies were prepared and set off, the sun rose, challenging the shadows with its radiance, and the clouds were trying to prevent it. While even the soothing breeze couldn’t keep the hot air out, the loads that Zhang Wei and Chao Fan had to carry seemed to overwhelm them. Kanghui, with the map he was holding, was walking ahead with a whistle. On the other hand, the shrinking lips of the other two were not trying to whistle but to relieve the pain of loads on their backs.

“We’ll take a break in a moment,” Kanghui said without bothering to turn around. He made his steps a little more frequent and increased the tempo of his whistle. After a while, when he stopped suddenly, Chao Fan stopped at the last moment not to hit him, and when the man squint-

ed and looked towards the sun, he was thinking of where this man was looking at - imitating him - and he shielded his hand over his eyebrows. "Ok! Let's take a break here. " As soon as Kanghui finished his words, he sat cross-legged on the grass.

Chao Fan was beginning to get even more anxious about the man's demeanor. He approached his master, who was looking like himself, with confused eyes, and said to his ear, "Zhû, this man is crazy. Let me tell you! " he whispered. Zhang Wei could only respond to that by shaking his head.

Since it seemed far more logical to think about sitting down to relieve the fatigue that comes with having traveled a lot than to speculate about the man's mental balance, Zhang Wei also decided to sit on the grass, but as he sat down, Kanghui jumped out, "That's enough!" he said. As Chao Fan clapped his tongue out, the group had ended their first break, and their journey, led by Kanghui, which was known only to him, had begun again. With each passing step, as the winds were rising, the temperature decreased inversely with it, the dryness they felt in their mouths with the effect of moisture was wet with the curses encroaching on Zhang and Chao. As the sun reaches out to the horizon, Kanghui's stopped once more, that gave the others the thought of another break, but the man said "Here it is!" his shout had revealed that they were wrong. The cave dug like a dragon's mouth on their right, was pointed at as a target by the red-haired man.

Kanghui fearlessly began to pace towards the dark tunnel, with Zhang Wei and Chao Fan watching him, uneasy with each breath. The darkness of the inside of the cave gave way to dazzling glows with the click of the red-haired man's finger. The light beams of unknown origin hit the white stones and dropped like stars on them, acting as stage spots for the dust particles dancing on the pond in the middle. While the sound of dripping water accompanied the humming of seashells from the depths, the smell of iodine filling the nose of the group's members and opened a clear window in their minds.

"Where are we?" Chao Fan showed the courage to ask.

"This is—" said Kanghui, "Shui⁵ Cave."

"What treasure is worth more than gold, why are we here?" Zhang Wei's words were to express what has accumulated in his mind since the first moment they started their journey.

“Of course, this water is more valuable than gold!”

“Water?” said Chao Fan, unable to conceal his amazement. “How can water be more valuable than gold!”

“This is none of your business xuétû⁶. This is between Zhû and me. You go now and find us a little stone like this (he made a bowl with his hand). “

Chao Fan, surprised by someone other than his master giving orders, turned his eyes to Zhang Wei for confirmation. His gaze would not have been effective so “Zhû?” he needed to add.

“You heard the man, Chao Fan, do whatever he says!”

As Chao shook his head and shuffled his feet in search of a bowlshaped stone deep into the cave, Kanghui turned to Zhang Wei with a half-mouthed smile on his face. The man’s red hair was beginning to dance in waves as if he was in the water, and his skin was covered with sand grains. Zhang Wei reacted to his fear of this change by taking two steps back. He trembled in front of the man as if he was cold, with every breath he felt that he was going to suffocate.

“Take it easy, zhû Moxi Zang Wei,” Kanghui said in a voice as if coming from the depths of the ocean. “The water in this pond is even more valuable than treasures where all the gold comes together. This water will be the spirit of the water clock that will allow you to control time. I want you to make a water meter that you can control its flow rate and use this water as a fluid. Sundials are no longer valid; you will be the beginning of a new era. “

5 Shui: Chinese word for water

A.D. 2016, Grossdeutsches Reich

For Charlotte, who was in the cell in the custody of the Winden Po-lice Department, Schutzstaffel Patrol Headquarters, or as Charlotte was known, the confusion that her life was dragged into with the death of her father reached a level that it had never been before. While she could not overcome the shock of getting out of the ancient Egyptian era where she suddenly found herself, her incarnation in the twenty-first century’s Germany caused that shock feeling to endure.

“Things got very complicated! How do we fix all this?” Charlotte’s eyes were fixed on Zhang Wei’s eyes as if to find the answer to her question there. Zhang Wei smiled, opening his thin lips under his small nose and pulled a

small assembly out of his pocket. A setup made up of a tiny jug and an even smaller thing, of which Charlotte didn't have the smallest idea what it was.

"With that," the man said, his smile from ear to ear.

Charlotte got closer to the iron bars to see the mechanism more closely, and although the image of the object became clear, the ideas in her mind had not yet got any meaning. She combed back the hair that had fallen on her face and squinted her eyes again. She decided that it would make more sense to ask it than to try to perceive what was happening. "What is this?" She could finally ask.

As Zhang Wei placed the expression on his face, how you don't know this, his smile faded, and his lower lip dropped. "This is a water clock. More precisely, a clepsydra's device, of course."

"Clepsydra?"

"What did Nebenteru teach you?"

"I know that he had such a small watch too, but he hadn't explained it to me exactly. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure I would understand even if he did."

"The clepsydra is a miniature water clock converted into a time transitional instrument. But before making the time transition, we need to get out of this dungeon and take your watch with us. Without it, the clepsydra's device is useless."

"So? How do we get out of here?"

On this question, Zhang Wei's expression of 'how you do not know' also disappeared, taking a humiliating look that made his slanted eyes even narrower. "Amateur, are you going to ask everything like that?" His last word had just come out of his mouth and his lips had not lost the shape of the letter 'n' yet, he took his first step towards the cell bars, slipped like a ghost, and moved to the freedom zone of the prison.

"Let's hurry up, we have to go to the store."

|17:00|

Time Trapped in the Pocket Watch

Tick Tack Tick Tack. The strokes of the large dial clock hanging on the wall of the jail accompanied the tempo of Charlotte's ring impatiently hitting the iron bars, while Zhang Wei's eyes moved from the right to left at the same speed as the pendulum of the clock.

"What are you looking for?" Zhang Wei's eyes fixed on Charlotte's question. For a while, Zhang Wei stared at Charlotte's lips as if the answer was coming

out from there, then raised his index finger and smiled as if he found what he was looking for. “Do you have a hairpin?”

“Hairpin?” Charlotte involuntarily ran her fingers through her loose hair and searched for a hair clip.

“Yes, hairpin, buckle, zân⁷, whichever you prefer,” Zhang Wei said in a tone of voice that sounded that she should hurry up.

“No, there isn’t,” Charlotte replied without taking her hands out of her hair.

“Then I’ll have to do it the old way.” When Zhang Wei opened his right hand like in a magic trick, and a key appeared in his palm.

“Did you just make an object out of nothing?” As Charlotte’s hands were still present between her hair, her lips were opened in amazement, and her eyebrows lifted to create three lines of wrinkles on her forehead.

“No, of course not, I don’t have such a talent. I just stopped time and took the keys out.” The impression of the ‘didn’t Nebenteru teach you anything’, which he placed on his face after every question of Charlotte, was permanently staying on Zhang Wei’s face.

“Well, then, why did you want a hairpin?”

“I had a longing for the past and wanted to stop it. For now, I don’t think you can understand that.”

“If you could go get the keys, why didn’t you get the watch too?”

Zhang Wei raised his index finger and waved it as if saying true. Following this move, Charlotte’s bag appeared in her left hand. “Come on, let’s get you out of here.”

When Charlotte came out of the cell, a sincere smile settled on Zhang

6 Xuétû: Chinese word for apprentice

7 Zân: Hairpins in Chinese

Wei’s face, creating a dimple on his cheek that only one careful eye could see. He grabbed the visor of his navy blue cap and lowered his head slightly, signaling his readiness. She held out her bag after trapping her questioning gaze to Charlotte for a short time.

“Let’s go to the store now!” When Charlotte blinked her eyes, the jail - house vanished and she found herself in the middle of the watch shop.

“How did you do this?”

“It wasn’t easy,” said Zhang Wei. “I stopped the time and had to carry you.”

“Well, you shouldn’t freeze me then.”

Zhang Wei started wandering around the shop as if he was looking for something. "I don't know how it's done."

"Nebenteru could do it too," said Charlotte, triumphantly. At this comment, Zhang Wei was contented with sniffing sarcastically.

"We need the water from Shui's Cave."

"Hold on a minute!" Charlotte had guessed what water Zhang Wei was talking about and headed to the office and returned shortly after. "I think this is the water you're looking for."

As soon as the watchmaker took the glass bottle Charlotte was holding out, he realized that this was indeed the water he was looking for, and nodded his head.

Putting the water bottle in the inner pocket of his overcoat, Zhang Wei noticed that Charlotte, who took the pocket watch from her bag, was also ready. He kept the smile on his face and handed her the miniature water clock that he kept in his palm. Charlotte touched the water clock after shrugging her shoulders.

Her finger was not too long on the device, but at that moment time was both flowing very quickly and very slowly. First, the clock display surrounding them melted away, then the walls turned into mud and disappeared. The ceiling suspended idle, ceased to exist, creating bubbles. The parquets covering the floor became transparent and formed spirals, the exposed clouds became rain and soaked Charlotte and Zhang Wei. As the liquid covering of his clothes turned into a white vapor, every particle reaching the horizon became the color of the vapor. Charlotte had experienced a similar incident as she had previously experienced, now with Zhang Wei instead of Nebenteru, and again found herself in the middle of endless whiteness. She could not be sure if this was where Nebenteru came from. But as far as she recalled, the Egyptian man had shown her the timeline, which again continued to exist in the whiteness, and Charlotte could not hide her astonishment when she saw that it was made of real eternal paper.

"Isn't this where the timeline is?" Charlotte asked, scanning the vast whiteness with her eyes.

"The timeline, yes, it was Nebenteru's idea, to put it on paper. Of course, I made a few contributions." After Zhang Wei seemed to grasp something by throwing his hand into the void, he pulled his arm towards him and a door opened out of the white. "Come on," he said, turning himself to Charlotte. As they walked through the door, Charlotte did not notice too many changes,

as the whiteness was still present. However, the infinite shelf and objects lined up where Zhang Wei pointed out made a difference from the other part. “Are these... Watches?”

“This was my contribution: devices. Miniature replicas of all watches that can control the time made till now are here. Each replica is a key to the universe of its carrier. I just took what we needed. “

Charlotte, walking back and forth with noiseless steps, studied the watches, stopping when she saw a different or interesting one. After continuing to the right for a while, she stopped in front of the gold-plated hourglass. The miniature hourglass, with its twisted tripod, lower and upper bases resembling a magnificent ladder, crystal clear glass funnels and golden sands, was Charlotte’s most attention-grabbing, she was smacked by Zhang Wei on her hand when she reached out to touch. “You’re not ready to touch it yet.” Charlotte raised an eyebrow and turned to Zhang Wei. While she was rubbing her hand, she had a questioning gaze on her face. “Yet?”

“Not yet,” Zhang Wei nodded. “Now that I have shown you the device collection, we can go where we need to go.”

The whiteness that covered the device chamber was covered by a much more intense, eye-opening light as Zhang Wei repeated the gesture of opening the door. If Charlotte hadn’t felt her hand grabbed and pulled at that moment, she would have been like a rabbit frozen by the light. As Zhang Wei pulled her into the unknown, her only assurance was the man’s hand. When Charlotte disappeared into herself, she began to collect soil drop by drop at her feet, the sky like a rippling sea, and all their surroundings began to solidify, to form objects, like freezing particles of water.

“Welcome to China,” said Zhang Wei, placing the naive and longing smile of an expatriate who returned to his hometown years later, on his lips.

Charlotte had just noticed that she was no longer holding a bag in her hand, and her pocket watch hung around her neck like a necklace. She could feel the cold metal on her skin, despite the silk fabric that covered the chest of her robe-like red dress, decorated with golden stripes and branches of their lighter tone. She could easily understand that it would be impossible to walk in it without the symmetrical deep slits on the left and right of her skirt - although Charlotte had no style.

“So, did we have to come to your time to correct my time?” Charlotte asked, taking off her mode glasses.

“It could be said that. First of all, we need to get our work done here. Then

we will go back to your time. If we do every step right, we will solve both errors properly.” Although Zhang Wei’s thoughtful gaze towards the horizon had shaken Charlotte’s trust in him, she also knew that she could not trust anyone but him here.

“Well, what do we need to fix here?” Charlotte cared more about her universe errors than correcting the error in Zhang Wei’s universe. But she felt the need to show her interest in the problem, as she guessed that the way for it was through this universe.

After Zhang Wei gently swept around from his right shoulder to his left shoulder, he fixed his gaze on Charlotte’s. “What do you think is missing here?”

Charlotte thought she did not know the answer to this question, but when she tried to swallow involuntarily and had great difficulty achieving it, the answer fell on her like a raindrop. “Water,” she said. “There isn’t even moisture in the air. Everywhere is very dry. “ Although the cracks in the ground beneath her feet were a sign of the drought, Charlotte perceived the level of this situation by feeling in her throat.

“Yes, China is experiencing a tremendous drought. The worst drought in history right now.”

“If my predictions are right, it is again because of Adam Kahnewald. Isn’t it?”

“You are right, and you have to stop him,” Zhang Wei said after placing his hand on Charlotte’s shoulder.

Charlotte looked at the hand on her shoulder as if she was uncomfortable with this contact. “Should I stop it?” she said, having difficulty perceiving the task that was suddenly imposed on her. “Why me?”

“Because you are the expected savior.”

“The expected savior?”

“Yes. You are the person marked by Kanghui before the dawn of time. Meanwhile, your nose is bleeding. “

Her fingers were red when Charlotte threw her hand over her nose. After making sure that the bleeding was not continuing, she tried to perceive what Zhang Wei had said, then she decided to focus on the task at hand, rather than reflecting on it. “But how do I stop it?” Her question was due to her inability to accept the task rather than to open up her perception.

“First of all, visiting Zhang Wei home. They’ll be waiting for you. “

“This scene looks familiar to me from somewhere.”

Zhang Wei squinted his slanting eyes at Charlotte's words. He made a gesture to come, throwing his right hand over his shoulder.

As Charlotte followed the water clock master, she felt cracks in the ground with every step she took into the arid soil, so she walked more cautiously. Her focus on her feet made her think of women in ancient China who wore special shoes to keep their feet small. She unintentionally felt the need to pull her skirt up, look at her shoes, and check their length. When she saw the size thirty-seven shoes with wooden soles, surrounded by hardened fabric and embellished with authentic patterns, she took a sigh of relief and sped up her steps to match those of Zhang Wei.

After walking a three-quarter of a kilometer, they arrived at a village with similar houses, angular stone walls, pointed gray roofs, and wooden pillars that supported them. Thereupon, the signs of Zhang Wei to relieve his longing for the family began to become quite apparent. His smile was getting evermore bigger, his steps springing up like a child playing hobo.

"My village, my beautiful village," said Zhang Wei at last, not afraid to put into words what he expressed with by his behavior.

"So? What will we do now?"

"Again, as you are familiar, you will continue, and I will disappear for a while. It's that simple. My house is right there, the one on the right after two rows. Go to the door and tap it with your fingernails. Then he will know it is you. "

"Should I tap with my nails?"

"Yes, just like that," Zhang Wei was making a rhythmically and sequentially fluttering sound with his mouth while raising his right hand.

"Is it a tapping fingernail sound?" Charlotte said, smiling sarcastically.

"You're asking a lot of questions. Come on, go there and get it snapped. Oh, give him this water too. " Zhang Wei handed Charlotte the glass bottle she took from the inside pocket of his coat.

Charlotte shook her head, directing her steps to the house on the right two rows later. When she crossed the courtyard of the house, which was accompanied by two wooden steps and where the planks supporting the roof rose like a guard, she reached the door, she could not help but smile with the tapping sounds of Zhang Wei echoing in his ears. Holding her fingers like him, she approached the door but had to lose her concentration and lower her hand when a piece of wood on the floor creaked at under her feet. She shook her head to dismiss the scraps from her mind, then clawed her hand

again to the door and tapped on the door with her fingers, banging her fingernails like a sea wave. Although the sound that came out was indeed similar to what Zhang Wei did with his mouth, his smile caused a little laughter, but she managed to recover in a short time with the impact of footsteps coming from within.

When the door opened halfway before the chain was removed, Charlotte found a pair of eyes standing on herself. Then the door slammed quickly and opened again after the chain click. This time she was faced with two pairs of eyes. One was for sure Zhang Wei. Unlike his navy-blue cap and blue scarf, he wore traditional Chinese clothing with gold embroidery on black. The other eyes belonged to Gilbert, although they were slanted and their cheekbones were high and flat. While Raman, whom she saw when she was with Nebenteru, had a difference with his brownness from Gilbert, similarly, this Chinese who stood against him was also the same as Gilbert, although he had distinct differences from Gilbert.

“Chao, allow me,” said Zhang Wei, his voice sounding more discipline and seriousness than Charlotte had ever known.

“Welcome, Charlotte Nûshi⁸. We are waiting for you.”

Charlotte knew she shouldn't be surprised by what was expected, but still, she couldn't help herself being surprised by what she saw. Because of her experience with Raman, she had a feeling that she was going to meet a Gilbert twin here too, but seeing him as a slanted Chinese made her shocked, moreover made her laugh.

“What are you waiting for, go in. Come on. When it gets dark, it gets cold here.”

The moment Charlotte stepped inside; she was stopped by Zhang Wei. After inviting her in a moment ago and now stopping her from entering inside, Charlotte's face became askingly, while Zhang Wei shook his head, Chao Fan slid his eyes between the other two's feet.

“Take those shoes off,” Zhang Wei said after he noticed that Charlotte still didn't understand.

“Ah! Okay. “ Charlotte supported her with one hand against the wall and pulled her foot to her knee and removed the shoes from her left foot, then right.

“Hah,” said Zhang Wei, the smile on his lips was different from what Charlotte had seen. “Come on, tea is ready!”

Feeling ticklish at every step as she walked barefoot on the straw rugs,

Charlotte wanted to end this as fast as she could and to sit down as soon as possible. This wish ended as Zhang Wei showed the sofa.

When she sat on the sofa, accompanied by silk-covered cushions in floral and branch patterns, Charlotte involuntarily turned her eyes to the boiling kettle on her right side. Chao Fan brought the glasses without warning to his master, while Zhang Wei had one eye on the teapot and the other eye on Charlotte and focused on waiting for the time, he had settled his mind.

“Bring it on, Chao.” He took one of the glasses the apprentice held out and emptied the iron from the teapot. “You’ve never had tea like this before. The first harvest!” A move with his head was enough for Chao Fan to take the glass of tea and hand it to Charlotte. “Of course, we cannot

8 Nûshi: Miss or Mistress in Chinese

find water due to drought. Therefore, it is very difficult to make tea. “If you can’t find water, the tea -” Charlotte sprayed her mouth with the idea that she had come up with.

“We use animal blood. Usually that of the rabbits that Chao caught. “

“Animal blood?” Charlotte asked in surprise. He wasn’t sure if this was any less disgusting than she had thought.

“Yes, what did you think?”

“Human-urine,” Charlotte mumbled, embarrassed to put her thought into words.

“Human Urine?” Zhang Wei let out a small laugh. “Chao, let’s think about that too.”

“We can use this water if you want,” Charlotte said, then handed the glass bottle to Zhang Wei.

“Shui’s water! I’m not stupid enough to spend it on tea. “ The water clock master carefully put the bottle in a cupboard and filled himself with a glass of tea and then sat down next to Charlotte. The laughter he had just had faded suddenly and was replaced by lines dominated by seriousness. Zhang Wei’s sharp gaze stabilized on the apprentice when the silence prevailing in the room was interrupted by Chao slurping the tea and drinking it. With this effect, calmness reigned in the environment again.

“Have I told you why you came here?” Zhang Wei said, noticing the absurdity of his sentence and then added. “I meant the other me - did he tell you ?”

“Partially... I think it’s related to drought.”

“Yes, but this drought is far from normal. Even the water of the water clock evaporated.” When Zhang Wei turned on the tap that adjusted the flow rate of the clock, a drop of water-resisting itself from the jug showed itself. “We have to get the water back.”

* * *

Chao Fan was imitating the metronomes that would be invented two thousand and four hundred years from now, with the sounds he made by moving the stick carved from longan wood, which he has been hitten regularly with, alternately between the wooden floor and the sofa’s leg. The silence that began to prevail after Zhang Wei said, “We must bring the water back,” was interrupted by Chao Fan’s ticking bat. The disturbing sound caused by this involuntary movement ended with the warning gaze of Zhang Wei. As Chao Fan dropped the stick on the ground in embarrassment as if he was holding an item to break, his master turned back to Charlotte. Although he opened his mouth to speak a few times, he could only moisturize his lips, so Charlotte began to talk.

“How did it all start?”

“It has been a week,” Zhang Wei began to explain. “First, the rains we were waiting for stopped. Then the crops began to dry quickly, then the water evaporated and the moisture of the air disappeared. “

It was the despair in the slanting eyes that caught Charlotte’s real attention as she watched Zhang Wei’s words. Tears refusing to flow, covering his irises like shiny gelatin, the period of his sniffing shortened.

“So, how do we stop this drought?” Charlotte asked the question in the mind of the whole village, the whole city, the whole state, and perhaps the whole country. She had little hope that the answer was with Zhang Wei. But if there was an answer, nobody else could have it beside Zhang Wei.

Zhang Wei shook his head slowly a few times, then got up without saying anything. He walked to the end of the room with his slow steps, adapting to the rhythm he shook his head and opened the door of the small cabinet, a piece of which will be smuggled to France years later, as a historical artifact, with its pattern made of the same tree with the stick skillfully carved. He was murmuring while he was walking. “Here it is!” The only sentence that

Charlotte could understand among those meaningless murmurs. When Zhang Wei returned with a dark-blue leather notebook in his hand, she began to wait for an explanation.

After opening the cover of the notebook and quickly turned a few pages, the water clock master stopped and picked up the quarter-folded sheet of paper placed between the two pages, made of different dough than that of the notebook. It looked much more modern than the pages of the notebooks, yet older. So much so that Charlotte began to think that the paper was not from this period, and to quench her curiosity, impatiently waited for the Chinese man to hand it over.

“It’s strange to talk about myself that way, but this sheet Zhang Wei gave it to me. He said the solution was here, but it does not seem very clear. “

Charlotte took the folded paper handed to her. The familiar texture she felt on her fingers was like a word on the tip of her tongue but refusing to come out. When she opened the paper and saw the characters on it, she felt like she had met a friend she had longed for years. It was a piece of paper that had been taken from her father’s diary, whose existence she forgot by being caught up in the rapid events she had experienced, and filled with his handwriting. The presence of the torn piece reminded her that she had a life of her own. Her retreat into the bottomless well of time made her forget her own life as she forgot the diary.

What was the result of her effort to become a partner of WindenMark, Gilbert was his brother, so what happened to Mrs. Emma, she was talking about her death. How was everything going in the watch shop, was Gilbert still busy manufacturing a watch for Adam Kahnewald?

Charlotte focused on what was written, astonished, and rushed through the flood of questions raised by a single piece of heirloom paper. The writing of his father’s tails resembled a puzzle. After reading through it a few times, she once read it out loud in hopes that she could perceive it better.

“The solution to every problem is only where time begins, for a hundred and fifty shots when time stops. However, the deep cleft of the middle branch of a seven-armed branch reveals the existence of the necessary heart at that time. And only it can bring back the light of the heart, and when the time trapped in the pocket watch flows like water. “ Although her reading aloud did not affect different from the silent ones, she needed to vocalize some places again. “Where time begins ... Seven-armed ... Only Him ... the light of the heart ...”

As she finished reading the paper in her father's handwriting and muttered those who caught her attention, the steady rumbling sounds from outside distracted Charlotte and turned her head towards the exit of the room.

Realizing that the voice was coming from the door of the house, Chao Fan jumped to his feet, wondering who was coming, but Zhang Wei stopped him with a gesture.

"This way of the ringing of the door is not a good sign. I better look!"

Although Zhang Wei made it clear that he would open the door himself when he arrived at the door, Chao Fan and Charlotte were standing right behind him, like scarecrows with their curiosity masks on their faces. The watchmaker turned his head to them before opening the door. His lips, opening as if to say something, closed in the same way, and he headed for the door, which was still ringing.

"Qing Lin... Xeu Li..."

Charlotte had no trouble noticing that a man and a woman were standing in front of the house and the names Zhang Wei called were the names of these two persons. But he was in a daze that caused him to close and open his eyes again. Because these two people he saw in front of him - Qing Lin and Xeu Li as Zhang Wei spoke - had figured that Charlotte was very familiar with. Although they had Chinese facial features, the male was Charlotte's ex-boyfriend Noah, and the female was Amelie Eritrea, a ladykiller who took her place in WindenMark. The fact that two people, whom she could not even tolerate seeing, managed to find her in a different time and place had already exceeded the limits of that tolerance level.

"What are you knocking to break the door?" said Zhang Wei.

"Our water is completely gone. Fights began in the village," the Chinese man in the form of Noah began to talk.

"I know that the water is running out, Qing Lin. Why are you at my door? "

"People got into each other. The old people prayed, "it was Xeu Li, continuing. "You are one of the leaders of the village. They respect you. Moreover, you work with water. You must have an idea. "

Zhang Wei turned to the duo after taking a few steps forward and scanning his eyes from left to right outside. "Get in."

As Qing Lin and Xeu Li took off their shoes and walked in, Charlotte stepped back to make a void in the hallway, uncomfortable with their invitation.

"Who are they?" she asked when he came close to her.

"Both of them are big landowners."

“Do you trust them?”

“Why did you ask?”

“They are very familiar to me, and that is not very pleasant familiarities.”

Zhang Wei nodded as if he understood Charlotte’s words, but as they walked into the room, proving the opposite, he bent his lips inconspicuously to Charlotte.

The trio, who reached the room before them, engaged in a lively conversation among themselves, and their voices stopped as if a barricade had been drawn in front of them as the landlord showed himself on the threshold. The silent staring ended when Xeu Li could not stand this calm any longer.

“How do we solve this Wei, how do we get the water back?”

The question of the Chinese woman had once again made the silence covered everywhere. This time the silence lasted longer than before, and this time it was Charlotte who broke the kingdom of the silence.

“I think I know.” All the eyes turned on these words to Charlotte, feeling that they were expecting an answer from her, she continued, “The solution to every problem is where the time began.”

“What does it mean?” Although this question from Qing Lin had enough effect for Charlotte to take her anger of Noah out, she managed to hold it back, and with the answer from Zhang Wei, the course of her thought changed direction.

“Shui Cave,” said the watchmaker. “That must be where time begins.”

“Then why are we still standing here, master?” Chao Fan’s misplaced output was rapidly damped by four pairs of eyes rotating towards him.

“Chao is right,” Charlotte said with a big sister instinct to protect her brother.

“We have to go to that cave as soon as possible. Time flows through our fingers. We’d better take that water clock with us. “

The conversation in the house was short-lived on the occasion that their destination was revealed as a result of the consensus, and after the travel’s needs were stacked in the bags, they set out to Shui Cave when the sun reached its peak. With Qing Lin and Xue Li’s insistence, the group had grown to five people. Charlotte took the task of carrying the water clock, while the other members pounded supplies on their back. The assembly consisting of jugs and bowls was wrapped and packed with a piece of leather, and a hanger was made with the tip wrapped over it. The weight, which she hung on her red silk dress, cut her shoulder and left a mark almost the same color as the color of the dress, so she lifted the thumb that she placed under

the hanger two-inch apart, she was trying to relieve the pain, with her breath hissing through her clenched teeth.

Their journey through the arid land was endless as if the non-flowing water clock was blocking the flow of time. With every step they took on the cracked ground, the soil was divided into uncountable particles crying out for their longing for water, those who exaggerated their rebellion clung to the soles of their shoes and accompanied the road-making.

Zhang Wei suddenly stopped, just like what Kanghui did at the time. Hitting the nose of his shoes, he removed whatever accumulated underneath it, and then laid the bag on his back carelessly on the ground. "Let's have a break," he said exhaling.

"Have more?" Qing Lin replied, erupting more than Zhang Wei's.

"We are halfway. Let's brew a tea." Zhang Wei's relaxed conversations disturbed others. But when he turned to Chao and said, "Pick up the brush for fire," the apprentice's discomfort turned into a panic that required quick action.

Zhang Wei made a pile of branches and grasses, large and small brought by Chao Fan. After lighting the fire, he took out a teapot decorated with pink flower motifs, a crystal-cut glass bottle filled with red liquid, and a pinch of greenish-brown grass from his bag. When he finished the necessary preparation, he hung the teapot on a tripod and placed it on the fire.

The watchmaker checked the tea, which started to brew with the heat of the fire, by opening the lid of the teapot from time to time, twisting his lower lip with a dissatisfied expression and shaking his head quietly and then holding it still. After Zhang Wei lifted the lid one last time, he smiled of satisfaction and took the wooden mugs from his bag.

"I will not drink!" Charlotte snapped when she saw Zhang Wei attempt to take out the fifth glass.

"Why?"

"It's because I don't drink that thing you do with animal blood!"

"Oh, I forgot you prefer human urine." Qing Lin and Xeu Li were unable to perceive the joke and grimaced as the laughter echoed in the wasteland after Zhang Wei's words mingled with Chao Fan's.

As the teas steeped in rabbit blood glided down the throats and descended into the stomachs with slurps from the lips, Charlotte was content with just watching this feast, throwing a piece of rusks from the bag into her mouth and trying to decrease the acid of her stomach. The sun was about to reach

the horizon as they set off after the mugs had emptied and the crumbs, accumulated on their lap, were shaken off.

The more steps they took, the closer they came to their destination, the changes in the ground were about to prove that water still existed. The arid ground at their feet had left itself first to the sparse yellow grasses, then to more dense foliage, and finally, to robust bushes, the path they followed became a path under their guards. A smile settled on Zhang Wei's lips as the Shui Cave showed itself, and the sun painted its last lights into the sky and painted the horizon orange.

"That's where it is," he said, pointing with his hand.

The entrance of the cave, neatly carved into the slopes of the hill about two hundred meters away, had straight back like a wrestler showing all his splendor. Although the brightness of the green of the grass was not seen due to the sunset, every step they took met with more fertile lands. Their bodies reacted to this sudden change by placing small beads on their foreheads, while the re-meeting of air with moisture relieved their swallowing.

Upon reaching the entrance to the cave, the contrast they encountered caught all their attention, including Zhang Wei's and Chao Fan's, who had been there before. In an ordinary cave, the outside would be brighter than the inside. Shui Cave, however, had the opposite feature. A beam of light from the depths of the cave reached the threshold and made the inside of the cave brighter from the outside. However, this light was constantly blinking like a faulty fluorescent lamp and instantly brought the environment to darkness.

"Are we going in?" Qing Lin asked, his anxiety reflected in the vibrato of his words.

Charlotte couldn't help thinking, as she glanced at Qing Lin's face, that it was Noah's face. "The solution to every problem is where time began." She answered Qing Lin's question by reciting the first line of the riddle, but Charlotte was sure he didn't understand this answer.

"Yes," replied Zhang Wei, to make it clear enough that Qing Lin could understand. "The place where time begins is meant to be there, I am sure of that."

Although the others did not have the courage that Zhang Wei and Charlotte possessed, they were persuaded to enter the cave, powered by their courage. After a short walk, they were sure that they were very close to the water, as the sounds of water splashing began to echo in their ears. After continuing their journey inside the cave for a while, they reached the center, the eyes of

all of them, including Charlotte's, began to shine, all smiles and their hearts began to beat rapidly, reminiscent of the excitement of meeting someone they had longed for years.

The white stones scattered irregularly on the golden sand at their feet shone with the effect of a flashing light that emanates from the center of the pond in the middle of the cave. The soft splash sounds which, obviously did not come from the pond, mixed with the whistle of the gentle breeze that touched their skin.

As the intense smell of iodine and damp filled their noses, they gave a sweet aroma to their palates. This sweetness made the cracked lips' craving for water unbearable, and Qing Lin couldn't wait anymore, and run quickly, crouched in front of the pond. When he plunged his right hand into the water with his dipper to take a sip of water, he gave a scream that echoed dozens of times on the walls of the cave. His right hand, with his left hand grasping his wrist, turned red as if he had been inserted into the vitriol, and white blisters formed on it. His painful screams did not seem to stop, but when Zhang Wei placed a twig between his teeth, the screams turned to moan. Although the man tried to relieve his pain by clenching the twig with his teeth, he was suffering did not seem to subside. Even Xeu Li's merciful hug could not soothe the tears dripping from his eyes with pain.

"We'd better stay out of the water!" Zhang Wei said, uttering the obvious one.

"So what do we have to do, master?" Chao Fan asked. The idea that they followed this far and now disappointment to return with empty-hands, disturbed him.

"The solution to every problem is only where time begins, for a hundred and fifty shots when time stops. However, the deep cleft of the middle branch of a seven-armed branch reveals the existence of the needed heart at that time."

And only he could bring back the light of the heart when the time was trapped in the shackle, flows like water." Charlotte knew the answer was hidden in the riddle, and once again sought out the solution, saying it out loud. "When time stops, for a hundred and fifty shots..." Her eyes shifted to the pocket watch hanging from her neck like a necklace. "First of all, we have to stop time," she said, and pressed the button of the watch, and opened the cover. "And we can do that in a hundred and fifty heartbeats." Charlotte was sweeping her thumb and index finger over the pin of her pocket watch while

the others watched her talk to herself with curious eyes. Her action was interrupted by Zhang Wei's shout just as she was about to grab and pull it tight.

"STOP!" Zhang Wei instinctively guessed that Charlotte was making a time-stopping move. "First of all, we have to completely solve the puzzle. After time stops, we will have a hundred and fifty heartbeats of time. We shouldn't spend this time thinking about it."

"You are right. We know we have to stop time. So the slit to be opened by the middle branch of the seven branches. What are the seven branches?" Charlotte turned in that direction when a pretentious coughing sound came from behind her. Chao Fan, the owner of the voice, pointed to the right of the cave with his outstretched arm. At the point his finger showing, there was a longan tree that had fallen leaves and resisted drying out. Its seven branches rose like a candlestick on its main body.

"Seven arms," said Zhang Wei. "Chao, go cut off the middle branch and get here now. Hurry up."

Chao rushed and climbed to break the branch of the tree he was familiar with. As he swung it back and forth, the crackles from the middle branch suppressed Qing Lin's moans, while the last crack detached the branch from the trunk and fell to the ground with Chao.

"You're cutting the branch you're sitting on, Chao," said Zhang Wei, "Bring it to me."

Chao turned as fast as he went and handed the severed branch to his master.

"I'll take it," Charlotte said.

"Do you know what to do?"

"I have an idea."

"Well I trust you, but what should we do after that?"

"If my predictions are correct, we need to reach him." Charlotte pointed out the light twinkling at the bottom of the pond with her hand. "We will bring back the light of the heart."

"Okay, let's review our plan once more before we act," Zhang Wei said cautiously. "We'll stop time (he touched the pocket watch on Charlotte's chest with the tip of his finger), make a slit using this tree that I don't know how to do it, and then (he showed the pond as Charlotte did) you will bring back the light of the heart, which I'm not sure how to do it."

"I'm sure!" Zhang Wei's voice coming from the entrance of the cave. When they returned, they encountered the silhouette of a man wearing a cap,

appearing and disappearing under the effect of the flashing light. |18:00|

The Eternal Judgement of The Eternal Rage

Tick Tack Tick Tack. The sounds rising from the second bar of the pocket watch dangling like a necklace around Charlotte's neck were humming a ceaseless sonata in the serenity of the cave that would not escape from the attention of the sensitive ears. After the Chinese watch- maker said, "You will bring back the light of the heart, I'm not sure how to do it." The silence that took for a short time stopped with the voice of the same person in the Shui Cave. "I'm sure!" echoed in the walls of the cave. The reason the group in the cave reacted with great astonishment was rather than the certainty but from where it came. Zhang Wei was startled by his voice, which he heard from meters away, and when he turned in that direction he noticed the capped silhouette appearing and disappearing with beams of flashing light.

The silhouette eventually came to life, increasing its clarity with each step. Charlotte was grateful that Zhang Wei, whom she met in the custo- dy cell, was once again present, and also used the words she wanted to hear at that moment as a line. As soon as she sensed the solution was ap- proaching, questions from Zhang Wei standing next to him drove Char- lotte to despair, but Zhang Wei's words, embodied at the far end of the cave, became a seed of hope.

"I'm sure!" Zhang Wei repeated, stepping closer to the group, steps as quiet as a shadow. "You solved the riddle. What you need to do is stop the time, split the lake in half, and make the heartbeat. For this, you have about one hundred and fifty heartbeats." Zhang Wei came closer and touched his index finger to the pocket watch on Charlotte's chest. "Pull the pin and stop the time!"

Charlotte knew she had to follow the instruction of Zhang Wei with- out questioning. After waiting for the Chinese man to remove his finger, she grasped the watch with her own. The fact that she would try a feature she had not experienced before made Charlotte feel the silvery coldness of the watch on her fingertips. Her enthusiasm and tension were living together in every inch of her body with the effect of this. Her heart began to beat like a groaning drum in her chest when she grasped the pin with two fingers. Pin resisted like a mother who did not want to be separated from her son, but eventually, it rose from its place and turned the ambiance of the cave in profound silence. While the ears lost their hearing, the eyes questioned absolute inertia. Even the tiniest particles of dust floating in the air, bubbles

above the water, and even the dancing fires of the torches, they were all motionless. Everything was frozen except for the two Zhang Wei, Charlotte, and the heart of the flashing cave.

“Now, come with me,” said Zhang Wei, wearing a blue cap, holding Charlotte’s elbow and made her turn towards the pond. “You have to stick the longan branch right here.” The place the Chinese man pointed had no distinction or feature, but he pointed a precise point, and he directed his forefinger there with determination and his eyes, expressing that Charlotte had to hurry. Charlotte’s eyes, like Newton’s cradle, flickered between Zhang Wei’s finger and the stick in her hand several times.

Only now, Charlotte could feel the presence of the longan branch in her palms. Although it was not as smooth as Zhang Wei’s regular stick, she could tell that it had the same texture. She grabbed the branch on which she slid her hand a little lower and, at the same time as she exhaled the deep breath she had filled in her lungs, she used all her might to stick it to the point Zhang Wei had indicated.

Only now, Charlotte could feel the presence of the longan branch in her palms. Although it was not as smooth as Zhang Wei’s regular stick, she could tell that it had the same texture. She grabbed the branch on which she slid her hand a little lower and, at the same time as she exhaled the deep breath she had filled in her lungs, she used all her might to stick it to the point Zhang Wei had indicated. The soil-sand ground started to crack from the point where it met the branch and formed a road that was eager to reach the pond. When the crack met with the water, accompanied by the echo of the crackling sounds, a high octave noise dampened the sounds in the entire cave. The waters of the pond retreated in opposite directions, declaring the crack the boundary line, and a path of wet sand formed in the cortege of the two high water walls. The sphere, flashing in the middle of the halfway pond, revealed its existence at the end of the path radiated the divine light broke through the water walls and tempered Charlotte’s red dress with the colors of the rainbow.

When Zhang Wei signaled her to continue with his head gesture, Charlotte timidly took her first step. As she walked disregarding the eeriness of the water rising like walls on either side, her feet were sinking into the green sand, leaving behind traces of shoe size thirty-seven. The irritating feeling, she felt as she threaded the needle. Charlotte, living on this short walk, began to relax when she came across the sphere hanging in the air defying the

gravity - with an indescribable calmness. A smile settled on her lips, which she could not even make sense to, and she was all over herself at the thought that she could stay here forever.

“Hurry up, touch it!”

Suddenly, hearing the voice of Zhang Wei, Charlotte closed her eyes and shaken her head, recovering herself, and turning around and nodding her head, indicating that she understood. With her arms out- stretched as if she were about to hug someone, she moved a few steps closer to the beach ball- sized sphere and touched her palms. Sphere, burned out, burned off, burned, and the light remained steady. Charlotte broke out with a small laugh, knowing she had succeeded and turned to Zhang Wei like a kid who wanted congratulations. From the Chinese watchmaker’s gaze read more anxiety than congratulations, he was will- ing to take a step to come to Charlotte. “Hurry up!” he repeated, “time is running out, come here quickly.”

As Charlotte shouted, “Ok!”, the water behind the sphere began to flow like a waterfall. The path formed by wet sand was about to cover with pouring water. “Charlotte, run!” shouted the Zhang Wei in the tra- ditional Chinese clothes. But Charlotte did not need to be warned, be- cause when the man had just pronounced the letters ‘Char’, Charlotte already pulled her skirt up and started running.

The waters of the pond closed a meter behind Charlotte. As the slit opened by the Longan’s branch gradually closed, Charlotte’s only thought was that she should run faster. As she felt the pouring water splashing from the collapsing water onto her bare legs, her fear of drown- ing spiked.

However, her short distance from the longan branch standing like a flag pole gave her hope. She jumped forward with her last energy and grasped the branch. The path became a river, and Charlotte’s shoes were filled with water.

Charlotte grasped the hand outstretched at her eyes level and stood up with that support. She returned to the pond after shaking the sand, that covered her clothes, and she thanked Zhang Wei. Her glory gaze, shining by the success, was locked on the luminous sphere at the bottom of the water. When the two Zhang Wei’s stepped to the right and left of Charlotte, the body of water rising like a whip from the center began to form an arc, filling the main reservoir of the water clock on the sand. The smile on the faces of the water clock masters turned into a grin with the first drop to their masterpiece device. When the drop fell on the under- lying, the sound of the ripple echoed

throughout the cave, and the time began to flow like water, Chao Fan, and the others dissolved.

“What happened, master?” Chao Fan asked. At that moment there was only one Zhang Wei left to answer this question, and when he opened his lips to answer, he stayed silent before he began to speak. But suddenly, coughing from the entrance of the cave stopped him to talk. When all the eyes turned to the place where they first saw the Zhang Wei with a cap giving hope to them, the person they saw this time was too far giving any hope.

“Who is this?” Xeu Li asked, taking Qing Lin’s burning arm in her lap, dripping her tears into the wound as an ointment.

“Adam Kahnewald!” Charlotte said firmly.

“Carnival?” This remark from Chao Fan made Charlotte grimaced her face and chuckled.

Adam Kahnewald, after scratching his smooth cheek with the back of his hand and began to clap in the rhythm Charlotte was familiar with. “Bravo!” he said, looking sincere, but in a campy tone of voice. “You solved the water problem of all China, I congratulate you.” Zhang Wei began to approach Adam Kahnewald, first timidly, and then bolder. But Adam’s stop sign made the master unable to move even if he wanted to. Suddenly the whole cave turned into darkness when the shield made a punch. Darkness took its first wound with the sound of the spotlight rising after a short while. Put on, put on, put on. The successive voices create luminous zones in par with each other, stifling the darkness with Charlotte. When the pitch-black completely surrendered with light, only Charlotte and Adam Kahnewald remained. Charlotte suffered temporary blindness from the light hitting her eyes after brief darkness. After rubbing her tightly closed eyes and waiting for a while, she could only get used to it. She did not need to be a native

of China to realize that the environment in which she found herself was not the Shui Cave. She was even sure that she was not currently in China.

However, she still could not decide whether she was in the world. Because her eyes, just used to seeing, felt as if they were looking through a saturated filter. The grass under her bare feet looked much greener and more vibrant than it should have been, and the blueness of the sky made one want to fly off a piece of white clouds.

Charlotte listened to the chirping of the birds courting each other as she drew

the pleasant scent of the breeze, caressing her skin with paternal affection. Reaching peace in a landscape that even the most successful artists would have difficulty imagining, Charlotte was startled when she heard her name at an unexpected moment.

“Charlotte,” Adam Kahnewald repeated. “Follow me.”

“Charlotte,” Adam Kahnewald repeated, “Follow me.”

“Where are we? Where are the others?” Charlotte asked, expressing

her intention not to obey the order without question.

“The others are still in Shui Cave, and we are in a different time in a different place. Okay?”

“When and where are we?” The level of insistence in Charlotte’s voice had increased. She folded her arms over her chest, making it clear that she would not move if he did not respond.

Adam Kahnewald closed his eyes, patiently tilted his head to the side, and forced Charlotte to walk, holding her from her elbow. “Follow me, then you will get your answers, deal?”

“Ok, Get your hand off me! ”

After the man was sure that Charlotte would follow, he let go of her and began walking without needing to look back. “This is where I was born and grew up, Fly.”

“Where is this Fly?”

Adam Kahnewald glanced at Charlotte, who was walking behind her as if to act as if she hadn’t asked him a question. “Isn’t it nice to walk barefoot on this lawn? I missed it.” He was walking barefoot like Charlotte, under the folded hems of his off-white trousers that he wore under his white shirt.

As Charlotte followed Adam Kahnewald by crushing the grass that tickled the soles of her feet, they stopped when they came to the front of a garden where stacked stones formed a wall at waist level. A magnificent two-floor house rose in the garden, but it was only the two people at the bench sitting in the garden that caught Charlotte’s attention rather than the house. She did not know any of the men. One of the men looked like Adam Kahnewald, but much younger.

“Yes, you are right,” said Adam Kahnewald, although Charlotte had not expressed any thoughts. They had gotten into the garden and were

well huddled into the counter. “I’m that young man. The other is Od Tengri. Come a little closer. “

Charlotte defeated her curiosity and went to the front of the counter, next to Adam Kahnewald. “Can’t they see us?”

“No. They cannot see, hear, feel smell, or even taste. Look - “As Charlotte rolled her eyes upon this sarcastic statement, Adam’s hand passed through Od Tengri’s head like a ghost.

“What are they doing?” Charlotte’s curiosity increased and she was immersed in watching the work on the counter. The Young Man was struggling with picking up what was useful from the toolbox on the counter and assembling the small parts. As the idle gold pieces decreased from the toolbox, the end setup captured Charlotte’s intrigued gaze. “This is the mechanism Gilbert showed me,” she could finally say, “Forever working system.”

“Yes, it’s,” Adam Kahnewald agreed.

When Charlotte heard this confirmation, she turned her gaze to Adam, but the man extended his hand to two men at the counter as if he wanted to focus on the stage.

“Well done, Azazel. You did a great job,” said the old man. “Thank you, master. All thanks to you for all that you taught me,” the young man replied.

Charlotte turned her gaze once more to Adam Kahnewald. “Did he call you Azazel?”

“Yes, that was my first name. It has been a long time since I heard it,” Adam said. Charlotte could have sworn that the expression on his face was from desolation if she hadn’t known him. “Od Tengri asked me to build a machine that could control time. I finally achieved it.” “I thought that Nebenteru was his first `time guardian`.” The man’s sad face was covered with sudden anger. “Never say to me -Time Guardian - don’t say that!”

“Okay, I don’t say it.”

“Od Tengri appointed me as the master of time. Master of the past, present, and future. But then he made a ridiculous decision and wanted to involve these village guards. But I am sure he regrets this decision. Whatever it is, that’s all I’m going to show you here, but it’s not all over yet.” Adam Kahnewald snapped his finger once more, and surrendered to the bright shadow, again to the sound of spotlights. Darkness was a much darker color

than its lexical meaning. But when he destroyed it with a bright, pale transition, only Charlotte and Adam and an infinite whiteness remained. Charlotte's white loose robe was replaced by a dress of the same color, while Adam was in a white suit, from satin tie to leather shoes. "Did you recognize this place?"

"Yes, I guess," Charlotte said, thinking that was the same place she had come earlier with Nebenteru and Zhang Wei.

"Come with me." Charlotte ran after him as the silent steps of Adam Kahnewald paced the endless whiteness.

Everywhere was identical in this space, without any corner or line of eye lines. But the two bodies that disrupted this uniformity seemed to grow larger and closer to Adam and Charlotte, though they were fixed. Now, when they were a breath away, Charlotte understood that they were Od Tengri and Azazel. While Od Tengri was no different from what he had seen before, Adam, namely Azazel, looked a bit more mature and even the same as Adam Kahnewald, whom Charlotte knew. The two men were watching an image resembling a television screen on a nebulae surface.

"We reached the important part. Now, watch what's happening," Adam said, pointing to Charlotte at the two men and the screen. "Did you know the people in the image they watched?"

Charlotte didn't need to strain her memory to answer that. Because one of the people in the image caused his life to change completely. "Nebenteru and Raman," she replied.

"Yes. They're working on a useless sundial," he said angrily. "Watch and listen to the conversation now." Once again, the man grabbed Charlotte by the elbow and brought her closer to Od Tengri and Azazel. "This is Nebenteru," Od Tengri said, pointing to Azazel with his hand on the screen in front of him. "A successful sundial master, I intend to make him my first `time guardian` to inspect for all the deviations in the timeline."

"What does that mean now! I'm the lord of time, you have declared it. What is a time guard!" The indignation in Azazel's voice was reflected in his rage, he was foaming at the mouth.

"Calm down!" Od Tengri raised his voice, needing to remind him who the boss was. "I attach great importance to sundials. The most important step people made to measure time again. Simple and useful. The shadow

created by the reflection of sunlight indicates the time.”

“Do you prefer this piece of stone that has a high error rate and sometimes does not work at all, in addition to the mechanism I created?” “People are not yet ready for your mechanism. They need to develop it step by step. I want you to be the permanent assistant of the time guards as the lord of the time. “

“Assistant? What are you talking about! And am I going to assist them? I am superior to them. The setup that I have made is many times more useful and more consistent than this useless sundial. I wouldn’t help these simple minds! ”

“My decision is final, Azazel. It is not up to you to question my decisions.”

“Then you’re on your own in this. I’m out and I swear that you will regret it.” Azazel took the assembly out of his pocket and held it on his fingertips. He closed his eyes and suddenly disappeared.

Adam Kahnewald concentrated in Charlotte’s eyes as if he was waiting for her to say something, but when he could not see what he wanted to see, he decided to speak himself. “You saw what happened! You saw how wrong Od Tengri acted, and how he disregarded me for his ideal. For people much simpler than me. “

“Who exactly is this Od Tengri?”

The man gave a crooked laugh that mocked her at this question and sighed with his head tilted. “Here, they finally found someone worse than Nebenteru. You are a watch carrier and you do not know who Od Tengri is. -Od Tengri is the creator of the concept of time. - Where did they get you from! At least Tannhaus was someone who knew what he was doing. His daughter, on the other hand, was a jelly who ran after the guards like a hunting dog. You have no idea what you’re doing, don’t you? You don’t know why these village guards keep pulling you back to their time and completing their unfinished business, do you? “ “No, I do not know.”

The man nodded, showing that he had guessed this answer, but instead of saying a word, he snapped his finger, and Charlotte’s eyes, once again, in the darkness, lost all her senses.

In the battle where darkness and light were fought, the soldiers of the light attacked once again and won, first taking a small point, then all the darkness. Charlotte’s clear field of vision expanded, allowing her to

open up her perception, naturally to comprehend where she was. "The Winden Police Department," she said to herself. She had engraved every inch of the garden she was in so clearly in her mind that she did not need to look at the building behind her to make this inference.

She was relieved to have returned at last, even though she had not yet overcome the sensations of first the Shui Cave, then the Fly, then the endless whiteness and now the transition to her own time. Moreover, she could understand that she was not in the twenty-first century Third Reich. But still, a feeling that everything was not reverting was gnawing at her mind like a malignant tumor. The cell phone melody rising from her bag at that moment interrupted her thoughts. 'Gilbert' was flashing on the screen of the phone that she found after a few checks. She picked up the phone and said, "Yes?"

"Charlotte," Gilbert's addressing in this way caused a bitterness for Charlotte for the first time.

"Yes, Gilbert, tell me, dear."

"Charlotte, I lost my mother." His last word that came out of Gilbert's mouth drowned under sobs.

"Okay, dear, calm down, I'm right there."

Charlotte went out onto the main street, stopped a taxi and, ignoring the taxi driver's short-distance rebellion, she set out for Saint Hans Hospital. Although the heavy traffic in front of the Winden District Governorship slowed the journey, they had reached Wins Street in twelve minutes. When they reached the entrance of the hospital, Charlotte handed the money to the taxi driver, got out of the car fast and strode briskly into the building.

She felt very different from this news, then when she heard the news of her father's death. She wanted to go to Gilbert and she was angry with herself for not feeling the same that day. Realizing that even living through this anger slowed her down, she headed to the stairs. As he stepped on her heels from the marble steps of the hospital, she saw Adam Kahnewald in his gray suit walking out the door. The man was approaching, turning a silver watch clasped in his hand. The flips that the pocket watch made around Adam's finger enlarged the cluster of worry that filled Charlotte's heart. The man with Azazel's arrogant gaze winked at Charlotte two steps away and walked away without saying anything. As Charlotte turned around and followed his steps for a moment - though concerns filled

all her mind - she decided not to follow Adam. This time she wouldn't make the same mistake she made after her father's death, she had to see Gilbert first.

* * *

Charlotte's heels hit the marble entrance stairs of the St Hanse Hospital every second. After finding herself in front of the Winden District Police Department, as soon as she learned about the death of Gilbert's mother with the call she received, she found a taxi and arrived at the hospital within twelve minutes. She knew that no matter how fast she would be, she could not postpone this death. However, contrary to what happened in the death of her father, she wanted to be with Gilbert as soon as possible and therefore acted urgently. The wink of Adam Kahnewald, who met him on the steps of the hospital and was turning his finger around the silver pocket watch in his hand, interrupted her haste for a few seconds, but Charlotte had used her priority in favor of heading to the hospital rather than following the man.

Entering the hospital and starting to climb the inner stairs without asking the information desk, Charlotte could not bear the uneasiness that surrounded her, throwing her hand into the Louis Vuitton bag and searched something. The coldness of the silver she felt on her fingertips and the relief of the letters C. S. were enough for her to be sure of the existence of what she was looking for, without the need to see. It was obvious that the clock curved around Adam's fingers was not an heirloom of Tannhaus. But there was certainly a reason why Adam showed this pocket watch openly to Charlotte. Charlotte postponed the idea of what the cause might have been and removed another vital object from her bag and telephoned Gilbert.

"Dear, I'm in the hospital, where are you now?"

Gilbert sniffed and cleared his throat before speaking. "I'm on the second floor, in the waiting room," he replied.

"Ok, I'm coming."

Despite her twelve-centimeter heels and a single-slit narrow skirt,

Charlotte climbed the steps two by two and reached the second floor, and when she turned right following the arrow that says 'Waiting Room' on the

panel opposite, she found Gilbert in the third room. When she lifted her head, supported by her elbows on her knees, Gilbert's eyes, swollen from crying, with a few teardrops resisting running on his lashes, showed up.

Charlotte remembered seeing Gilbert cry at her father's funeral last time. That day, the tears of this young man had melted Charlotte inside. However, compared to the sense of compassion she was feeling now, she realized that the funeral day had remained fairly flat. Was it because she found out that Gilbert was her brother, if all the events she went through had caused him to turn into a different person, Charlotte couldn't be sure of that, but it was true feelings she had, which she did not doubt.

Gilbert took a moment to see who the incoming person was, and when he recognized her, he immediately hugged Charlotte and continued to cry. Although Charlotte was unresponsive to the hug she encountered when she was unexpected, she later tried to console Gilbert by patting his back. She felt the youth's heartbeat on her chest, strengthening the bond between her hands and her brother. When Charlotte sensed the warmth of the body with her diaphragm twitching between her arms, she remembered for a long time that she longed for a sincere hug, especially a consoling hug from a sibling. This moment of embrace continued for a while, but both of them were aware that they could not stay that way, so they left their arms loose at the same time. They were separated. Gilbert wiped his tears with the back of his hand, while Charlotte removed a drop with her index finger, which was insisting that it would not fall out of her eye.

"I wasn't ready to lose my mom yet, Charlotte," Gilbert said after he had gathered the strength to make his first sentence. "I know she was sick, but she shouldn't have gone like this. Now they have brought her body to the morgue. We will take her for burial tomorrow. "

"Come, dear, sit down." Charlotte escorted Gilbert to the seats, and after waiting for her brother to sit down, she settled next to him and continued her speech. "Are you alone, where is Mr. Baldemar?"

"No, he should be at work. It's just me," Gilbert tried to explain his stepfather's excuse. Although it was not clear from the words, it was not difficult for Charlotte to catch from the utterance that it was not that im-

portant.

“Did you have any visitors? Or were you alone here the whole day?” Gilbert checked his memory for a while as if he wanted to be sure of the answer to this question. The name that came out when she opened her mouth caused Charlotte’s pupils to reflexively enlarge and her lungs to skip a breath. “Adam Kahnewald,” Gilbert said, “Only Adam Kahnewald came to visit. He has stopped by to get his order. “

“What order?” Charlotte asked, expressing concern for what might come from Gilbert.

“He ordered a pocket watch, don’t you remember, Charlotte, you let me started over because it didn’t contain any core wheel!” Gilbert expressed his righteous reproach.

“Gilbert, what have you done!” Charlotte rushed to her feet and split out her anger, forgetting in the depths of her memory the fact that the other one was a teenager who had just lost his mother. “Do you know what it means to handle a watch with a core wheel inside to Adam Kahnewald?”

“Then why did you explain it and ask me to make a new one when I have already made one watch without a core wheel!” Gilbert’s irritability, with the contribution of his emotion, suppressed Charlotte’s, and then two nurses came quickly next to them and asked with their gaze to lower their voices.

“Ok, you’re telling the truth. For a moment, I lost my temper. Sorry. Let’s sit down.” She turned to the nurses after waiting for Gilbert to sit down.

“Forgive me, please.”

As the nurses returned to their posts, Charlotte returned to her place next to Gilbert. Charlotte’s hand turned towards her purse, because of her phone ringing inside her bag, when she was about to stretch her hand out once more and touch his shoulder. Even though she was sure that the ‘Noah Meyer’ writing on the screen was not a good sign in itself. Hoping nothing was wrong, Charlotte picked up the phone.

“Yes, Mr. Meyer?”

“Hello, Miss Charlotte. I’m sorry I don’t have time for the long talk. The voice of Winden-Mark’s owner was hasty to support his words. “I have to go abroad immediately, so I will not be able to attend this meeting, but I want you to meet Nils as soon as possible. I examined the transactions made this month and there was a decrease of nearly sixty percent compared to the

previous ones. I want you to meet with Nils first and let him tell you the details of the situation face to face. When I come, we will hold a meeting with the CFO. Now what I want is from you to meet Nils immediately. See you soon.” Without allowing Charlotte to speak, as if he were reading all the sentences from a piece of paper, Noah Meyer hung up the phone without even waiting for the answer to his wishes.

Charlotte got up from her seat after confronting the blank screen of the phone that she had taken off her ear for a while. After giving Gilbert a similar treatment to his phone treatment, she gathered her courage by a gentle nod.

“Gilbert, I have to go to the company immediately. Do you want me to take you home? “

“No thanks Charlotte, Baldemar will come after work, we will return together.”

“Ok, dear, if you need anything, don’t be afraid to ask.” As Charlotte touched Gilbert with her hand for the last time, Gilbert closed his eyes and nodded in response. “See you.”

Charlotte left the waiting room. After that, she left the hospital and headed for the cabs that were waiting in the driveway. Grateful that the taxis were the once she was used to, she settled in the backseat of the first one. When she told the address and headed home. Once again she had to listen to the complaint about the short-distance. With the help of the high speed, which was the result of the taxi driver’s desire to get rid of this customer, Charlotte arrived at her home in a much shorter time than it should have been, opened the lower and upper locks of the steel door with dexterity and went up to her upstairs room. Although the people she was about to meet seemed quite formal, Charlotte - wanted to take the most serious stance she could have in this meeting with the CEO - while putting off what she was wearing and throwing them on the bed. She took her dark navy suit out of her dress cover and laid it on her bed with care. Since she would prefer nothing but red lacquered heels under this suit, they were already marked as key players and placed at the foot of the bed. After examining her clothes for the last time in the dressing room, she quickly put on her clothes, and when she finished last touches in front of the mirror, she was convinced that she was ready and put her shoes on.

When Charlotte got in her Mini, who was waiting in her private garage and set off, the feeling of anger that she discharged during her outfit selection reached her jugular vein by going from her fingers holding the steering

wheel. This situation was causing her to get physically and mentally stretched, and to take her anger off at the steering wheel by bumping on it. She was angry at Gilbert and she was aware that it was herself that she should also be angry with. Adam Kahnewald, who had now a copy of the pocket watch, had no idea what an event it was going to lead to, but it was enough for Adam Kahnewald to learn his true identity to make sure that it was not a very good cause. Moreover, the traffic intensified as they approached the Bridge, causing the nerve-stretched shield surrounding Charlotte to narrow. The size of this shield was an indication that Nils Brunkhorst, who would be exposed to Charlotte's anger, would not get off the wheel as easily as the Mini's wheel.

While Charlotte's anger and stress increased in direct proportion to the distance she traveled, it reached the highest level when she came to the front of the WindenMark building. She left her car in the middle of the road and threw the key to the parking lot security and entered the building. When she reached the turnstiles at the entrance door, she realized that she had forgotten to take her card and asked the security in the lobby a visitors pass, "What are you waiting for, open it?" She had to open the turnstile, and when she pressed the call button of the elevator, she had to watch the decrease in the numbers on the indicator. This made it hard for her not to light a cigarette in the cabin after wasting another minute.

Finally, the elevator reached the floor where the CEO's room was situated. Keeping the gap between her steps about five centimeters longer than usual, Charlotte walked to the door of the room and opened it casually without bothering to knock.

Charlotte's raiding entry caused the postposition 'like' to fall from the sentence as a result of the situation she encountered. His former secretary, Jasmin, was launched from Nils Brunkhorst's lap with a reflex when the door opened, and with her eyes, she drew a route from Nils to Charlotte to perceive what had happened. Noticing the situation, Jasmin ironed her skirt with her palms, buttoned the two buttons from the top of her shirt, and left the room without saying anything, trying not to show the embarrassment on her face. Charlotte, on the other hand, did not even bother to look after her. Because the person to whom she wanted to show real anger was Nils Brunkhorst.

Nils was jumping out of his seat and said, "How rude not to knock!" but Charlotte's "Shut up!" prevented the words from coming out.

“I am ignoring your rudeness right now because there is something more important to account for. Why the last month sales rates were so low?” Nils’s eyes shifted to his computer at Charlotte’s words. “Stop, don’t bother.” When Charlotte took out her cell phone and quickly touched her finger several places on the screen, a message rang out from Nils’s computer. “Check the attachment.” While Nils’s eyes remained on the computer, Charlotte turned and walked, grabbing his arm, opening the door halfway, and without turning her face, she addressed Nils. “By the way, you don’t need to examine it, you’re fired.” After these words, Nils’ blank gaze shifted from the computer to the closed door.

Charlotte, feeling her long-accumulated anger subsiding as she called the elevator. The late arrival of the elevator had kept the frivolous smile on her face for a while, rather than aroused her nerves this time.

In the company of two other people, and after stopping on two different floors, the elevator reached the lobby.

Charlotte left the building and walked to the parking lot, conveying her “good luck” wishes to the lobby’s security. Subsequently, she received her keys from the attendant and came to the parking lot where her car was parked.

The moment she got on her mini and started the engine, she jumped off what she saw in the overhead mirror. With a reaction from her childhood, she pulled her palate with her thumb and turned around. In the back seat, a man in a brown cap and a yellow scarf was sitting smilingly.

“Sorry to scare you, but we have to go to the watch shop as soon as possible.”

One of Charlotte’s most important principles in her new life, which started with her father’s death, was not to question men with caps. Obeying this rule, she nodded, put the auto gear back in, backed up from the seat, turned around, and pulled her Mini out of the parking lot. The journey, which was quiet until reaching the main road, ended with the passenger’s bored murmurs. The man puffed his cheeks and let out a sound of humph, removing the cap.

“I never liked this hat,” he said as if he was expecting this reproach to mean something to Charlotte. However, although it didn’t make any sense to Charlotte, she looked at her passenger in the mirror, and when she saw the number three trimmed hair on the short goatee beard without a mustache, she shook her head.

“By the way, my name is Rubén Carlos David De La Cruz, you can simply

call me Carlos.”

“All right, Carlos,” Charlotte said, pausing briefly between two words. “It is obvious that you are also a time guardian.”

“Yes absolutely... I will answer you before you asked, sand.”

“Sand?”

“Yes, the hourglass is my special interest.”

“Understood.” Charlotte could no longer stand the slow car in front of her and changed the lanes. “You will help me to get back the watch from Adam Kahnewald.”

“Ha? - No, that is in no hurry, we should go to my time first. As al- ways.”

“As always,” repeated Charlotte.

When the car crossed the bridge tolls to the South Side, Carlos’s rest- less attitude in the back seat reached the limit, he forced himself through the gap between the seats. Although Charlotte lost control of the car for a short time during this transition, she was able to regroup with a swift move.

“What are you doing?” said Charlotte. “I’m driving, can’t you see ?!”

“You were prettier than I saw from afar,” Carlos said, ignoring Char- lotte’s question. “So, I don’t like the back seat, I mean the times we fol- lowed you before ...”

Although Charlotte was embarrassed by this compliment, she did not show it.

“Hah, we’ve arrived at the shop,” she changed the subject.

“Beautiful!” Carlos opened the door without waiting for the car to stop, and after stumbling a few times when his foot stepped on the ground, he could only stop. Charlotte suddenly braked on this move and got out of her car and said, “Are you crazy?” she said.

“Didn’t you say we arrived at the shop?”

“Yes, but you could have waited for me to stop.”

“Waste of time. We have to go.” After Carlos pointed his finger at the watch shop, he walked in that direction with quick steps. When he got to the door, he grabbed the knob and tried to open it several times, but when he failed he got angry and spread his hands. “Come on, you hav- en’t opened the door yet?”

Charlotte clapped her tongue on her teeth and scuffed through her purse, found the key, and opened the door. She had just pushed the door when Carlos said, “I’m sorry,” he gently pushed Charlotte aside and rushed in. Charlotte, who was passing through it, probably the weirdest guardian she had ever encountered, also rushed after Carlos.

In the ambiance where the scent of wood and metal came together to create a typical fragrance, Charlotte was watching Carlos with his left hand on one of the watch showcases, and Carlos was watching the shop with his half-circle gaze. At that moment, the store looked bigger than ever, and Charlotte she felt so small.

When Charlotte heard the voice of the message on her cell phone and put her hand in her purse, she couldn't see that Carlos made a sign that he found what he was looking for and opened the door of a closet.

When she took her eyes off the "HOW YOU CAN FIRE HIM!" message from Noah Meyer and witnessed that Carlos pulled out some items from the closet and casually threw them, "What are you doing!" she couldn't help crying out. Even though Carlos did not react to this shout and put her hand on his shoulder, it did not help. Carlos got up and pretended that Charlotte was not there, continuing to poke around, throwing what he found. While the man sent some items to a corner as soon as he got them, he was examining some for a while, but as a result, he was not satisfied with any of them and he continued his search.

"What are you looking for?" Charlotte finally asked. When he was reacted to this question in the same way as the first one, she started to wait by putting her hands in her waist.

Carlos's search and Charlotte's observing him continued for a while, Carlos again made a same sign, rising from his place and disappearing to the side of the workshop. Charlotte jumped from her seat with the sound of glass shattering as she followed her.

"It doesn't matter, another jar," Carlos called out. Charlotte realized that a jar had been broken, but unaware of what he meant by another. Carlos came back with a jar of golden sand in his hand, grinning like a Cheshire cat. "The right jar," he said, shaking his catch. "Now we're ready to go!"

|Chapter 7| Evening

“If a man in the morning hears the right way, he may die in the evening without regret.”

Confucius

“If a person is on the right path in the morning, he will stay that way in the evening and will not regret it.”

Confucius

|19:00|

The Sand's of Carlos

8th century, a port town in Seville

Tic, tac, tic, tac. In the captain's cabin, the lead weight hanging from the end of a rope repeats the same steady sequence of sounds as it hits the wood. The gloom of the cabin, equipped with the timbers of the dark fir tree, faded a little with the two candlesticks symmetrical to each other and was illuminated with the help of the moonlight seeping through the stern portholes. Captain Rubén Carlos David De La Cruz, sitting at the desk in the middle of the cabin, at an equal distance from the bed, which is separated by a red velvet curtain on the pier side, with cabinets with various celestial navigational instruments and maps covering the star-board side, Captain Rubén Carlos David De La Cruz, was busy rasping a piece of glass in his hand. This piece of glass carefully accepted the touches from Carlos's fingers to transform into one of the hundreds of hourglasses in the cabin, gradually reaching the intended shape.

After a while, Carlos left his cabin, abandoning his work and putting the hourglass on the table. He walked along the deck and descended from pier to pier. The creak of wood and leather mingled when his leather boots, which stepped onto the pier where his ship was moored, came across one of the loosened timbers. Carlos pulled his foot back and pressed one of the stronger ones, and with his punched hands on his waist, he gazed to the lights of the town.

The black trousers he tucked into his boots; Carlos showed the whole town that he was a captain, in his white robe with a dovetail skirt, gold-embroidered with buttons hidden, and crescent blades hanging from either side of his waist. His fists on the waist, on the other hand, supported this truth.

Carlos turned around when he heard the sound of wood creaking that was not coming from him. He smiled when he saw the young aide, Marcio Moreno, who had stepped onto the pier, and when he came to him, he put his hand on his shoulder and shook him firmly.

“We returned to Seville after a long time, huh Marcio!”

“Yes, captain.” Marcio was hardly able to respond, still being shaken by Carlos.

Realizing the situation, Carlos took his hand away. “Let’s see if our old place is still in the proper place?” As Carlos started walking ahead, Marcio followed him about half a step behind him. With every step they took, the scaffold continued to creak and the loose timbers kept moving.

They had only taken about twenty steps when two women cut their way. The two women, with their red curled wigs, heavy make-up, open collar, puffy shoulders, a patterned woolen dresses that reveal their breasts, and corsets that narrow their waist by a few centimeters, even if they looked the same, the fake beauty spots they placed on their cheeks were in contrast to each other. When they noticed Carlos, their mouths opened with a grin, snapped at the hips, and kissed the necks, each closed with a small scream.

“We’ll be stopping by later, ladies,” Carlos said to the women behind him, then saluting the forehead with his index and middle finger.

“Do you know them, captain?”

“I do not know, but I think they know me.” Carlos winked at Marcio without breaking the grin on his face. “Let’s first find our place, Marcio.”

“Ok, captain.” Marcio had noticed that Carlos had been looking left and right for about five minutes, and he decided to help him to find the way.

Carlos filled the void of his sentence, “From this - side,” by pointing the street to the right, and began to walk in that direction with brisk steps, regardless of whether Marcio was coming or not. Leaving the sea to the right and the buildings to the left, Carlos left the buildings about three hundred

meters behind him, traversing between the buildings and walking a few meters through the alleys, the result of finding what he was looking for, he stood in front of the door, placing his grin on his face. "Here we are, Marcio," pronouncing the last 'o long. "You can't find a better beer than in this place in the Mediterranean."

When they opened the double-leaf door and entered, they came across an environment that was the opposite of the deserted and quiet street. On the platform used as a stage, women waved their skirts and danced to the music, while a group watching them clapped applause to the tempo. On most of the tables, goblets and laughter rose, on a few of the gambling games such as liar's dice, dominoes, cards were played, and one table held an arm-wrestling tournament. When the warmth of the environment was added to the fireplace burning in the corner furthest from the door, it seemed that people had no intention of leaving into the dark of the night.

"There's an empty table over there," Carlos said, closing his eyes and breathing in the smell of alcohol in the air. "Let's sit down."

Not five minutes had passed since they sat at the round table, which served as an appetizer for some bedbugs when a fat man with hirtellous hair and an apron yellowed with dirt, sat down in the empty chair at the table. While Marcio waited unquestionably how Carlos would react to this man sitting at their table, what his captain did was not matched by any of what Marcio had in mind: the captain was first surprised, then put a grin on his face, and then jumped from his seat and hugged him.

"It's been a long time, Carlos," the man said after he slapped Carlos on the back a few times.

"Was it that long?" He turned to Marcio. "Marcio, this is Miguel. He is the son of Antonio, the owner of this place. "

Marcio's smile, expressing his pleasure to meet him, disappeared suddenly when the man in front of him showed a long face.

"I'm the owner now," Miguel said sadly. "It's been a year since my father died."

"Condolences, my friend."

"Thank you."

"So how is it going? I see it's very crowded around here."

"You came across a crowded day, otherwise things are not so good since these Umayyads came down on us. But let's not talk about these now. Would you like a beer? "

“Okay, I was just telling Marcio that you can’t have a beer like the one you have here anywhere else.”

“Ok, then two beers are coming.” as Miguel rose from the table and disappeared into the crowd, Carlos’s eyes caught on a hooded man sitting alone against the wall in the dark, not touching his beer. But Carlos could feel him staring at him too.

The staring between them was interrupted by this cry. “The beers have arrived too!”

Miguel left the beers he was bringing to on the table, his wrist grasped by Carlos as he forced to turn back. “Who is that man Miguel?” He asked without taking his eyes off the hooded man.

Then Miguel took his eyes away from Carlos, who was holding his wrist and turned to the direction Carlos was looking at. After watching the man for a while, he sat down again in the empty chair. “I don’t know his name, I guess no one knows. He comes here every night, asks a beer, and sits all night without drinking. No problem as long as he gives me money, I’ve gotten used to it, and now I give the same beer.” Miguel smiled at his intelligence. “He leaves around closing time, I don’t know where he goes. One day, one of the waiters was obsessed with saying that he would follow him, but the man seemed to disappear after he walked through the door. He is a shady type, as you will understand. “

“Thank you, my friend.”

“Carlos, let me go back now. You know, crowded.” When Miguel got up from the table once more, he heard noises coming from outside the tavern. No words came out of his mouth, but Carlos could read in his eyes that it was a bad situation. As the noise increased and the door of the tavern swung open, Carlos saw a group of Umayyad soldiers entering. After watching them for a while, he returned to his beer. Other customers shouted out “Umayyads!”, got up from their tables, and assembled around the group. Carlos, on the other hand, was astonished by this but continued to sip his beer without paying much attention. Marcio had a contradiction between following the crowd or his captain and eventually chose the captain.

As the footsteps echoing on the wood approached, Marcio’s eyes caught hold of the soldier in black uniform in silver armor, which appeared behind Carlos. The soldier rested his hand on Carlos’s shoulder, after holding back the standing ones with his gaze. With the touch he felt on his shoulder just as he was bringing his beer to his mouth, he spilled some of his beer on the table

and sighed with anger and stood up. After briefly examining what caused the waste of the beer, he sniffed and grasped the wrist still on his shoulder and turned it over. The soldier had just felt the signals of pain in his wrist that changed direction with a head blow to his nose.

The soldiers, who were not indifferent to the attack against their commander, drew their swords and formed a crescent that blocked the table. Carlos was already turning his double sword in his hand when the crescent started to close around him. This time, Marcio unsheathed his rapier and took his place in the ranks of Carlos, without thinking further.

The high-pitched musical, which started with the sound of metal against metal, was soon replaced by grunts and the cutting of meat, and the tavern was trapped in chaos when other customers, encouraged by Carlos and Marcio, attacked the soldiers. Some of the soldiers fell to the ground by the sword of Carlos, Marcio, or one of the other customers, and some with blows from items unfamiliar to war, such as table legs, fireplace iron, drinking bottles. What was certain was that the dispute was against the Umayyad soldiers standing in the tavern.

While all the customers greeted their small-scale battle with a sweat of surprise and joy, Carlos sat at his chair as if everything was proceeding in its normal way, taking another sip from his unfinished beer. The beer had not yet finished draining from the esophagus when the empty chair next to him was filled unexpectedly, and Carlos had to cough to avoid suffocation. Even if the person sitting next to him was the owner of the tavern, Miguel, or any other customer, he would not have reacted like that. That night, there was only one person who could cause him to choke in his beer, and that was the person now pulling up the empty chair from the table and sitting next to him. Carlos cleared his throat after capturing the hooded man who arrived at his table with his gaze for a while and asked, "Who are you?" He needed to turn his voice into a tone serious enough to make him forget about the previous incident of the choking.

The man watched Carlos for a long time without raising his hood that covered his eyes. Seeing Carlos losing his temper, he added. "My name is Zaden⁹. I've been waiting for you to come here for a long time."

"Did you expect me to come?"

Zaden ignored Carlos, who was asking his words as a question, tossed his hand into the pocket of his robe, pulled out a folded sheet of parchment and carefully unrolled it and smoothed the folds with his hand.

“This is a map,” Carlos said, voicing the obvious.

“Here (Zaden pointed to a dot on the map with his hand) is a cave. We need to go there.”

“Why?”

“In the cave on this island lies a treasure much more valuable than gold, we need to go there and take it.” Although Zaden’s tone of voice that calmed the other listeners, made Carlos uneasy and it got on his nerves, he had no intention anymore of listening to what this man sud-

9 Zaden:

denly came up with.

“We are full of tales of these liar pirate treasure maps, old man. I don’t know who told you to wait for me, but you waited for the wrong captain. Go look there are bilge rats who can have an interest in them.” Zaden did not bother to turn his head as Carlos pointed at the far end of the tavern. “Get ready tomorrow, we set sail after dawn.” After the man folded the map carefully and put it in the pocket of his robe, he got up from the table and disappeared into the crowd. Carlos, on the other hand, nodded and put up his cup with patience. “Come on, Marcio, cheers. Let’s go back to the ship!”

A bit later Carlos listened to waves’ meeting with the ship’s board created a duet sung together by the crackle of wood and the sea, with stretched moors and waving sails to accompany this song as backing vocals. This melody, which will keep the unfamiliar from blinking, sounds like a lullaby to Carlos, sleep-rest as if he were in a cradle on his ship swaying quietly despite being tied to the dock. But the door of his cabin knocked, which was played as if the wrong few notes had been pressed, interrupted his sleep, causing him to suddenly jump out of the bed, half-naked, and headed to the door with frustration. When he opened the door with this sloppy frustrated face and saw Zaden in front of him, he couldn’t hide his astonishment. Last night, when he said, “We are sailing after dawn,” Carlos had not to take Zaden seriously and finished his beer.

Carlos rubbed his eyes as if he wanted to make sure it was real. Zaden’s raised hand stopped him when he opened his mouth to say something, though he was not sure what he had to say.

“Don’t say anything. We need to hit the road as soon as possible. You

better change your clothes. “

Despite not knowing why, Carlos put his boots on his feet, following the man’s suggestion, then put on a shirt, sat down on his bed, and buttoned his buttons. “What is this all about, where are we going, who are you, what are you doing?”

“For now, it doesn’t matter who I am. When we reach our destination, I’ll tell you everything. You won’t believe me, whatever I’ll say to you. So let’s get as soon as possible on the road. You will have your answers.” “I don’t set sail without knowing where to go!”

Zaden nodded in agreement and handed Carlos the paper he pulled from the pocket of his robe. “Plan your route! Compasses, parallel rulers, astrolabes *. Whatever you need, time is precious.” When he saw that Carlos was busy examining the map he was holding, Zaden raised his voice. “Come on, get started as soon as possible.”

After Zaden left the captain’s cabin, Carlos studied the map he was holding for a while and stood up and went on board. He climbed the stairs to the stern vault and took the helm on the cruise deck, and yelled “MARCIO!”. While Carlos was preparing to shout for the second time, his aide had finished on the cruise deck, with a bow and heel salute, he began to wait for orders.

“Wake everyone up. Weight anchor, all abroad, to oars, clear the deck, unfurl the sails. Come on, come on!” Carlos was clapping his hands while giving his orders. Marcio repeated the orders *, raised all the sailors, and called everyone to their places of duty. The sailors sleeping in ‘fox’ way woke up with Marcio’s screams. First made themselves, and then the ship ready and began the take-off maneuver.

When the ship Arena Dorado left the dock, the captain had his eyes on Zaden instead of his crew. Zaden noticed that Carlos was looking at him. But he didn’t mind, his gaze to the front end of the ship. When Captain Carlos caught this laugh in the sleeve, he moved one step closer to Zaden and began to look down with his head forward.

“I’ll tell you when we arrive at the island,” Zaden said, keeping his eyes on the bow. Carlos then turned his eyes to the direction Zaden was looking at.

“Mr. Pérez! Take the helm. When the wind takes it easy, the oars are clear, I’m in my cabin. “ When Mr. Pérez obeyed and took the helm, Carlos left the main deck and moved into his cabin. He spread the map

on his desk and began to examine it. Although many lands on the map looked familiar, he never thought that he had seen the island marked by Zaden before. That Carlos, who claimed that he knew the Mediterranean like the palm of his hand, did not know this island was highly unlikely. However, he did not have any idea why he listened to Zaden and went on a cruise, however, a voice in his head said he should go on this cruise. As the weather darkened, the sea turned into a monster that wanted to swallow everything in it. The waves crossed the board of the Arena Dorado and covered its deck with salty water, the ever-changing wind filling, and emptying the sails. Feeling that they were being dragged into a storm, Carlos leaped from his wedge and began to take the helm personally.

“Where’s that damn lookout!” yelled. “Marcio, find that lookout to go up to the crow’s nest and let us know from where the storm is approaching.”

“Immediately, captain.”

When Marcio left the cruise deck, Zaden appeared where Marcio had been before. Carlos turned his eyes towards Zaden. Though he had trouble holding the rudder and he did not want to turn his eyes away from the bow. Uncomfortable with the man’s smile looking at the horizon, he focused again at the rudder. “MARCIO!”

Despite the roar of the wind, Marcio climbed onto the cruise deck as soon as he heard the captain’s call. “Yes, captain?”

“Why isn’t the lookout answering?”

Just as Marcio was shrugging his shoulders, the shouts from the deck got Carlos his reply.

“STARBOARD HEAD SHOULDER, TEN CABLE AWAY!” Carlos had stopped with Zaden clutching the rudder just as he was about to break the rudder to the pier to escape the storm. “What are you doing?” Carlos asked, trying to force the rudder to the dock, but could not overcome the power of Zaden, who had grasped the rudder with one hand. “Ok, you got it strong, but we have to go back to the dock to get away from the storm.”

“No!” Zaden said with a confident expression. “Starboard fifteen.”

Despite Carlos’s skill, he turned the rudder fifteen degrees to starboard. “Are you crazy?”

“We have to go through this storm to get where we are going. Great

Captain Carlos, you want to be known as the one who escaped from a small storm.”

“Is it small?, to my experiences, eleven to twelve Beaufort is awaiting us over there.”

“Steady as it goes,” Zaden said, speaking the last word. Again, Carlos felt the need to obey Zaden’s words, which he could not understand. He felt against it, however, something was stopping him. As the ship continued its course into the storm, the clouds began to shine black in the moonlight, and the wind began to shatter the ropes of the sails it inflated. Arena Dorado lay more than thirty degrees from a pier to starboard. The few sailors who had lost their balance had gone into the very cold waters and disappeared. Those who could survive tried to tie themselves somewhere, but even the strongest sailor ties were breaking one by one.

As Carlos was busy trying to keep the rudder steady, hearing the laughter rising from Zaden, he felt the need to take his eyes off the bow again. Zaden while he was laughing at the broken ropes and the sailors falling into the sea, Carlos was regretting his obedience.

“We’re getting closer,” Zaden said at last.

“Why did I accept this nonsense, why?” Carlos spoke to himself and focused on the rudder again.

The storm manifested itself more at every mile the ship traveled, and thunder and lightning showed themselves as if inviting to a frightening feast. When Carlos reached the heart of the storm, he lost control of the helm. Lightning struck the mainmast as the ship began to spin like a pinwheel in the impudent storm, splitting the mast in half. Mainmast creaked and fell into the sea with the sailors who tied himself first to the deck and then to this mast.

As the severity of the events increased, Zaden’s laughter increased in direct proportion. Carlos, who lost the rudder first and then the most important mast for cruising. He was about to go crazy. The completely uncontrolled ship was trapped in the waves, and the yaw reached forty-five degrees. All efforts were futile, although the ship was tried to be balanced with oars. Successive waves hitting the starboard made the ship go into the direction of the pier and the big wave that followed made the final blow and capsized the ship. Carlos felt the cold water touch his skin at last, and then it was all dark.

When the dawn broke, Carlos, Zaden, and Marcio's unconscious bodies hit a beach. Apart from these three bodies, pieces from the wreckage of Arena Dorado and dozens of hourglasses from Carlos's cabin were also dragged here.

As the scorching sun evaporated the water, Zaden, whose face was covered with white salt, was the first to wake up. He shook the sand from his hands, then wiped the salt off his face, and settled down. He laughed when he noticed three hourglasses stuck in the sand at his feet. He leaned forward, pulled one of the watches from where it was stuck, put it in his pocket, and stood up. After examining the surroundings for a short time, when he saw Carlos's unconscious body, he rushed in that direction. When he got to his head, he crouched and slapped the captain with two whopping slaps in the face, causing Carlos to jump out of place. "Wake up, sleepy!" Zaden said in a mocking tone. He pulled his hood down, squeezed it, and put it back on his head.

"Where are we?" Carlos asked. He asked this question to refresh his consciousness rather than having the purpose of getting somewhere. "We arrived." Zaden's response, on the other hand, drove this consciousness into more confusion rather than refreshing it.

"Where's Marcio?"

Marcio woke up, vomiting water to the ground as if he had heard his captain calling out to him. Taking support from his forearms, he turned to face down and coughed for a while and then sat down on his knees. He cleansed the saliva from his mouth, coughed a few more times, and when he was confident, he stood up.

"Captain?"

"Are you okay, Marcio?"

"I'm fine, captain. Are there more survivors?"

"We don't need anyone else!" Zaden's answer was not the proper answer to that question. "I want you to follow me now."

"Can we dry at least our clothes first!" Marcio objected. "They dry on the road. Come on, follow me."

Zaden front, Marcio in the middle, and Carlos behind, they began to walk over the island, Carlos felt he needed an answer now. "Are you sure we're in the right place?" he asked persistently.

Zaden's response consisted of a single word that made clear sense:

"Yes!"

Carlos stepped aside when he was almost crashing into the tree branch that Zaden stretched to make his way, but Marcio had his share of the branch blow. “Ah!” Carlos turned to him when he moaned and nodded as if he was okay, and continued after Zaden.

“Can you tell us why we’re here now? That was our deal. “ “Wait and just follow me.”

Zaden’s implicit answers did not seem to open up, but Carlos could not do anything but wait and follow.

As they went deeper into the island’s forest, the sounds of wild animals and exotic birds rose in harmony with their surroundings. Tree branches and bushes getting denser with every step they took made their walk difficult, and the sharp leaves blew with scratches on their skin. Finally, when Zaden pulled the two large leaves as if opening a curtain before them, a cave revealed itself.

“Here we come!” Zaden said with great pleasure.

When they reached the front of the cave, Carlos realized that the intensity of the light shining inside was strong enough to dim the sunlight outside. Marcio, who was not very fond of the dark, seemed content to come across a luminous cave.

“Come further,” Zaden said, inviting his comrades in.

The inside of the cave was shining brightly as compared to the outside. As if the presence of this light emanating from the pond right in the middle was not enough, the cave wall was decorated with burning torches. All these light sources are reflected from the marble rocks and golden sand on the ground. It made Carlos and Marcio’s faces shine like a light. At the sound of the splash of water accompanying the whistling wind running through the rocks, Carlos grimaced. “I hate monotonous sounds. Plop, plop.” After Carlos examined the inside of the cave. He remembered that he had to ask the question he should have asked before.

“Yes Zaden, why are we here?”

“I think you owe us an explanation right now!”

“Please.”

Zaden threw his hand into the pocket of his robe and shuffled it for a while, then pulled out the hourglass he had brought from the beach. “I want you to fill this hourglass with golden sand here. You also need to make a mechanism that will control the flow in the throat that connects these two chambers.”

When Carlos took up the hourglass that Zaden had extended and examined it for a short time, he soon realized that it was one of his watches. When he looked up and tried to ask the reason for this, he saw that Zaden was not there. "Where's Zaden?" Carlos asked. When Marcio answered this question with a curvature of his lips and a shrug, Carlos began wandering around the cave, looking for Zaden in every corner. Realizing that he could not find him in the cave, he went out and scanned the surroundings, covering his eyes. But the madman that made them come here was nowhere to be seen until Carlos felt Zaden's hand on his shoulder. "Where did you disappear, huh?"

"I'm here."

"I see."

"I saw that you are not doing what I said, I came back to say it again: fill the inside of the clock with sand and build a mechanism that can control the flow. Hurry up!"

"But why will I do that?"

"I'll tell you when you made it."

"What the hell!"

Carlos hit his feet back into the cave and opened the top cover of the clock in his hand and emptied the sand and filled it with gold one. With the awareness that he had finished the easy part, he focused on making the mechanism that would control the flow, which was the main issue. After turning the hourglass in his hand for a long time and running his fingertips around the throat of the hourglass, he had an idea. After teasing the lapel pin out of the torch, he made a hole right in the middle of the throat and passed a thin wood fiber through this hole. This fiber acted as a valve, and the flow can be controlled by pushing and pulling it forward.

"I did it!" Carlos said, after eight hours that seemed to him to be shortlived, he had achieved what Zaden wanted. When he saw Zaden, he showed him the watch. "I did it," he repeated.

"I see it," Zaden imitated Carlos.

"Yes, now tell me WHY are we here?"

Zaden looked into Carlos, who had run out of patience, nodded quietly, and put his hand on his shoulder. "This clock can control time and you will control time."

Carlos had an expression on his face that showed that he thought for

sure the man in front of him was crazy, however, Zaden looked more serious than ever.

|20:00|

Hello Needy Sea's Compass

Tick Tack Tick Tack... With the closing of the watch shop's door, the hitting of the CLOSED sign hanging on the door began to keep a rhythm accompanied by the ticking of the clocks in the showcases. However, another series of sounds of the thump and rumble echoing inside the shop were loud enough to overwhelm all the ticks. Unable to even wait for the car to stop, the time guardian, Carlos, started haphazardly to toss every item he came across after they entered the store. Though Charlotte tried to stop him several times, realizing that she would not succeed in the end, she gave up, putting her punched hands in her waist, and started watching him.

When Carlos raised his finger and stood up from his crouching position, Charlotte tended to follow him. She heard the sound of breaking material, from inside, bouncing first, and then staying where it was. "It doesn't matter, another jar," Carlos called out.

Another jar? Charlotte was trying to grasp what Carlos meant, but since she had not been able to grasp any of his actions since she first saw this man, she finally decided not to dwell on this word.

Carlos returned after a while with a jar full of golden sand in his hand and a grin on his face, saying "The right jar," and showed Charlotte what he had. "We are ready to go now."

"What are we going to do with this sand?" A wading feeling inside Charlotte said she would regret asking this question.

"We'll fill this," Carlos replied, pointing to the golden, empty hourglass he pulled from his pocket.

Charlotte said that she guessed that, as Carlos squeezed the jar between his legs and opened the top lid of the hourglass, then opened the lid of the jar and poured some sand into the watch. "We are ready to go now," he said once more, then frowned for a moment and waited. As Charlotte sighed deeply at Carlos's words, seeing the hourglass handed over to her, the expression settled on her face again. Seeing Charlotte standing still, Carlos said, "Come on, touch!" she needed a reminder. Charlotte nodded, then stretched her hand to the clock. As soon as her fingertips touched the watch, the windows of the

watch shop turned into grains of sand and spread on the floor, then all the walls shared the same fate of the shop windows. Then all the surrounding buildings, roads, vehicles, and even the sky turned into sand.

A gentle wind cleared all the sand, only an endless whiteness remained. When Charlotte was scanning the familiar whiteness with her eyes, realized that Carlos was already walking five paces ahead of her, she ran after him. Carlos stood still after glancing behind Charlotte to make sure she was catching up. He reached out his hand into space, grasped the invisible knocker with his fingers, and opened the door to another area of whiteness.

Charlotte was scanning this familiar whiteness with her eyes. Then she realized that Carlos was already walking five paces ahead of her, she ran after him. Carlos stood where he was after glancing behind Charlotte to make sure she was catching up. He reached out his hand into space, grasped the invisible knocker with his fingers, and opened the door to another whiteness.

As they entered the door, they were greeted by headless mannequins on metal rods, evenly spaced left and right. Whereas the mannequins on the left were each different from each other and equally strange, the ones on the right looked the same: a white shirt, black vest, and caps that looked the same except that they were of different colors.

“Clothes belonging to people who have controlled time throughout history,” Carlos said after allowing Charlotte to examine the clothes for a while. While the ones on the left are from their period, the ones on the right are the guards’ clothes. You will understand there has always been someone controlling the time,” he explained.

Charlotte’s attention was drawn more by the clothes that were different from each other, rather than the village guard clothes she knew. She immediately noticed Nebenteru’s white one-piece suit and Zhang Wei’s black robe. It was the last outfit that impressed her the most. A dirty white shirt with fine black lines on it, golden cufflinks on the cuffs, and a brown linen vest. Tannhaus’s favorite clothes were right in front of Charlotte. She saw the mannequin before him as her father for a moment, and when the moment was over, a single tear from her right eye slipped down her cheek and disappeared into the eternal whiteness. Had it not been for the hand she felt on her shoulder, she would have lost herself in the whiteness of the tear. Carlos’s tender hand covered the side of her

shoulder, making Charlotte feel better. “We’d better go on the road now,” said the guardian, in a velvet voice, after allowing Charlotte to look at the dress for a short while. Charlotte could only answer that with a nod. After a short walk, Carlos opened another door and found themselves again in the middle of the eternal white void. While the grains of sand that started to fall from the sky turned from white to gold, they fell overlapping to form houses, roads, and trees made of sand. At first, these shapes looked like sandcastles; but gradually the shapes formed into real houses, roads, and trees.

“Welcome to Algeciras,” Carlos said in a sincere voice.

The last grain of sand also reached the object and the environment became completely real. The sand under their feet only lost their golden color and remained as sand. Although she did not reveal herself under the moonlight, Charlotte understood that she was on a coastline, and the sound of waves from behind her seemed to prove this.

“Spain,” said Charlotte.

“Huh, we’re in Andalusia right now. If we talk about the geographical region, yes, you are right actually. Oh, by the way, the clothes look good on you. “

Charlotte hadn’t noticed that her clothes had changed until Carlos told her. Though she was used to this change during these transitions, she had not yet been able to look at what she was wearing. “Thanks,” Charlotte said after quickly checking her clothes. She tucked her brown leather pants into her boots, and left a few top buttons of her frilly white blouse open, revealing her deep cleavage. The strapped leather bracelets Charlotte wore on both her wrists were the kind that Charlotte wouldn’t look at in her real life, but now they were making her feel stronger. “Not exactly my style, though,” she added. “Let’s return to the subject. Do you see those lights ahead?” Carlos waited for Charlotte to confirm than he continued. “Here is the camp where Carlos is; I mean where my former self was at this time.” Charlotte waited for a while to choose the words properly, but then she was surprised by the words that came out of her mouth: “Are you doing this on purpose, or do you enjoy this?”

“What do you mean?”

“Never mind.”

“Ok, now go to that camp and say you want to meet with Captain De

La Cruz.”

“Is he the captain? I meant, are you the captain? “

Carlos held up his index finger. “Didn’t I say that before?” When Charlotte answered Carlos’s question with a shake of her head, Carlos nodded. “Now, you learned. Before you forget, you’d better take the right jar with you. “ The captain handed Charlotte the jar he took out of his pocket.

“So, what I’m going to do here how will it affect time? Is this the right thing? “

“The right thing,” Carlos said with his lips curled. “If it serves the purpose, then it’s the right thing.”

“So when we get our work done here, things will be the same in my time?”

“That’s our goal, yes and we think it’s right to do this, but there is no such thing as absolute certainty. The only way to understand this is to experience it. When you get your job done here, we will only understand its effect on the other time when the results come out. Consequently, we can only understand whether what we have done serves the purpose or not when we see the results. So, to find out whether it is good or bad, we must wait for the result. Good luck! “

Charlotte began to walk towards the camp after Carlos’s go-away sign with the back of his hand, with his tongue pounding in his teeth with a squeaking sound. The last time she looked back to check on Carlos, the man had already disappeared, replaced by stridulating of crickets into the night.

As Charlotte approached the camp, she noticed the mobility of people as far as the darkness allowed. One group carried the piled lumber one after the other while another was bringing in new ones, and hammer sounds were rising from the far end of the camp. When Charlotte was able to select the endpoint to which the timbers were moved, under the dim light of the torch and lanterns, she realized that the group was busy building a ship on the sled.

People working quietly caught Charlotte’s attention. There were piling sounds of timber, hammer sounds, and the random sounds of tools, however, she didn’t hear any human voices. In the dark of the night, there was another sound that contrasted with all these sounds: a fastpaced violin rising from one of the tents set up on the far corner of the ship.

As Charlotte was walking, she was so caught up in this roaring turmoil that she could only notice when she had reached the entrance of the camp that two people blocked her. The taller of the two men, whose clothes were of a sailor, made a stop sign with his hand. As if it was not enough to treat his hair and beard with a razor, he also scraped his eyebrows and wore hoop earrings in both ears as bright as his hairless face. "Stop!" The man wasn't convinced that the hand signal alone was enough and he had to put it in words.

"I stopped," Charlotte said, citing what was already known. "Who are you?" the other sailor asked. The man's voice had taken Charlotte back to high school's years but she couldn't remember where she heard this voice.

"I came to see Captain De La Cruz."

"No way," said the short sailor. "Do you know what would happen if we let everyone meet with the captain? We are doing a vital job here and we do not intend to risk anyone's life anymore."

"But, I'm sure he will accept to see me."

"No," said the two men at once.

Charlotte put her hand on her forehead and sighed, then combed her hair back. "What will we do then?"

"Do you want to see the captain?"

"Yes."

"I think I can arrange this." Charlotte understood what the man's eyes and words implied, however, she was thinking of turning down this unpleasant offer by punching the man on the face when a familiar voice rose from behind the men: "Let her pass!"

With his bare chest covered in tattoos and a violin in his hand, a man had come out of the largest tent. His face could not be seen because he was in the shadow. But, when the man came a few steps closer, she could see his face.

"Carlos?" Charlotte asked, surprised by Carlos's appearance. The real reason for this confusion was both because she did not anticipate that Carlos would have such an attractive man and that she was affected by it, although she could not admit it to herself.

"Captain De La Cruz," Carlos corrected. He had stood exactly one step away from Charlotte. He made his index finger like a hook, and put it between Charlotte's upper lip and her nose, and pulled back and looked at his finger. "Your nose is bleeding. It's frosty here, you are cold, Charlotte. We'd better go to my tent. "

Inside of the tent felt bigger than it looked from the outside. This de-

ception was because of how the items inside were placed. At the far end of the tent's entrance, the makeshift desk and chairs, a few wooden chests secured with padlocks, and some ornaments that were obtained as loot formed a wide triangle, while the uncomfortable-looking mattress stood alone in a secluded corner.

After Carlos sat on his desk, he gestured to Charlotte to sit down on a chair too. After waiting for Charlotte to sit down, he opened the drawer of his table and pulled out an envelope. He lifted the lid of the envelope and started to lint with his fingertips a pinch of tobacco he had pulled out.

"David had told me that you would come." When Carlos looked up from the tobacco and noticed Charlotte's questioning gaze, he continued, feeling the need to explain. "When I mention the other me, I don't want to call him Carlos. When I talk about him, I prefer to mention my other name which I don't use often. He's a strange enough man anyway, and knowing that I'll be like him in the future is even stranger." Carlos finished picking the tobacco and started filling the pipe he took out of the drawer.

"He is a bit strange," Charlotte agreed.

"Isn't he?" He squeezed the tobaccos into the pipe with his thumb and lit the tobaccos with a match. After taking a breath and exhaling the smoke, he decided to return to the main subject. "As you can see, we are building here a ship. We are building this ship for a special purpose. In recent years, the raids of the Umayyads have increased and they started to plunder the villages. Our strength is too little to deal with them. That's why I made a plan with Marcio. By the way, Marcio is the man I trust most. According to the plan, we will take two people, one woman, and one man, from each of the villages of the Algeciras and set sail to the Arena island to rebuild the Spanish civilization." Carlos blew gently on his pipe so that it would not go out. He was also staring into Charlotte's eyes to make sure that she was understanding what he was telling. "But, we have a problem, we need my hourglass to get there, but the hourglass passed into the hands of Câlût, the most ruthless of the Umayyad captains. There is no sand in the watch though. So, David had promised me that he would send the sand to us through you. "

After these words, Charlotte took the jar given by the other Carlos out of her pocket and placed it on the table. "If my experiences up to this

point do not mislead me, we can put this sand in an hourglass.” “Absolutely,” Carlos agreed. After laying his pipe on the table, he opened the drawer again and pulled out a hollow hourglass. “Let’s fill its inside.”

While Charlotte opened the lid of the jar, Carlos had removed the watch guard. Enough sand pouring out of the jar filled the clock, and they both closed the lids again.

Charlotte was glad that Carlos’s calloused hands caressed her hair and then her cheek, she closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. The presence of Carlos beside her in the bed made Charlotte feel safer than ever. The captain leaned over on his elbow, bringing her closer to his lips. “So, sweet,” Charlotte whispered, enjoying the hardness she felt between her legs. The moment that stiffness filled her, she suddenly heard a noise that sounded in her ears. At that moment, Charlotte remembered that she had spent the night in a specially prepared one-man tent, and realized that Carlos’s existence had been a dream.

She was not wide awake yet, but the sounds from the outside made her awake for sure. Her involuntary awakening made her take a few minutes to perceive her whereabouts, and when she remembered she was in eighth-century in Spain, she got up from the bed by rubbing her eyes with her palms. When she got out of the tent, she noticed that the ship was complete and was being dragged towards the sea by sliding on oiled pipes with ropes. While a large group was shooting the ship with HOPHOP sounds, the other minority group was applying grease on the pipes laid on the ground. Some women carried water in buckets, a few helped the ropes, however, most of them preferred to sit in the shades and look. During all the hustle and bustle, what caught the most attention of Charlotte was Carlos’s action: the captain closed his eyes as if he didn’t care about anything, and began playing his violin. Until Charlotte saw this sight, she thought there was a huge difference between the man she met in Winden and this Carlos which was a normal person. But, while one of the most important stages of his plan was taking place, he was playing the violin. It made Charlotte change all her thoughts.

When Charlotte reached Carlos with a slow stride and the captain felt his eyes on him, he took a break from playing the violin.

“Good morning, Charlotte. It’s a big day today, ”Carlos said, placing his violin in his box.

“Good morning,” Charlotte said, struggling not to reflect the embarrassment of seeing her nightly dream right in the face. “Yes, I noticed you are landing the ship.”

“Yes, everyone is ready. The ship is ready too. We now seem to be ready to sail. Look, they’re run-up too.” When Charlotte looked at the pole Carlos pointed to, she saw a skeleton holding a violin in one hand and an hourglass in the other, and the banner adorned with two swallows facing each other over the skeleton head on a black background.

“I’m thinking of changing this banner, maybe something a little simpler.” “I think you should just try the skull and bones,” Charlotte suggested.

By depicting the icon that will become the most famous flag of the pirates seven centuries from now.

“Keep it in my mind. Let’s go towards the lifeboats. “

When a dozen lifeboats reached the ship, sailors, and passengers aboard the ship wearing crucifixes hanging from the ship. While one of the lifeboats was towed, the others were left to their fate in the sea, and the actual cruise started when the captain took the helm.

“Marcio!” shouted Carlos. Hearing his master’s voice, the aide immediately ran out on the cruise deck. Charlotte was not surprised this time she saw a darker Gilbert than the Gilbert she knew. What she was surprised at was that she had never come across him until now; however, she attributed this to his intense work during the construction of the ship.

“Marcio, the sea is still. Tell the deck, we will continue like this, those who can rest can rest. “ Marcio nodded at every word of Carlos. “Call Mr. Santos to the helm. Mr. Antunes should go to the lookout periodically. “ “Aye, captain.”

As Marcio disappeared, Carlos watched the horizon, forgetting Charlotte’s existence. “How do you know where we’re going?” Carlos, upon hearing his question, was startled for a moment.

“Thanks to the hourglass,” he replied. The sand in the clock he placed next to the rudder was dancing. “You just need to know how to read it.” When Carlos blinked, Charlotte could not help but feel embarrassed this time.

“Starboard stern-shoulder... There is a galleon!” Upon the sound of the bowl, Carlos leaned the single-lens binoculars he had taken out of the wooden box next to the hourglass and looked toward the stern of the ship. He wasn’t happy with the lens so, he looked again after taking

it down and cleaning it with his sleeve. He scanned the ship from head to aft, the flag which stood on the mast, and focused on the starboard. When he saw the golden Arabic letters in the middle of the star and the white moon staring at the sky at an acute angle on the green banner with a tail cut in the shape of a swallow, he clenched his teeth and lowered his binoculars.

“Câlut!” he said, without opening his teeth apart.

* * *

The brass spyglass which Carlos used, made the same sound every time it stretched out and shortened. Tick and plug. The captain started to open and close the brass spyglass in his hands after seeing Câlut’s green star and moon banner. He was doing this involuntarily, not on purpose, but he was setting up plans in his mind that he could no one let in. Câlut would not need to use binoculars to realize that his ship was much faster than Carlos’ ship, and according to his calculations, they would have caught them in about six hours. After stopping this thinking and closing his binoculars one last time, he looked from the stern to the sailors on the main deck.

“Everyone to the shovels! HARD AT STARBOARD! We’re returning!” While Carlos’s yell was echoing all over the deck, the sailors glanced at each other for a short while because they could not understand the reason behind these orders, but they immediately moved to their posts to carry out the orders without question. Marcio, the only person who dared to question the order, immediately climbed onto the cruise deck and came next to the captain.

“Captain, why are we returning?”

“Time to pay off, Marcio! Rather than Câlut catching us from behind, we will straight on to them. “

Marcio nodded, biting his lower lip after examining the crazy smile on his captain’s face for a while. “The guys are already panicked, captain. Câlut’s ship is much faster and much more powerful than ours. “

Seafarers were unaware of what was spoken on the cruise deck of the ship making a hundred and eighty degrees turn, adjusting the sails, hanging from the oars. Carlos spoke back to the main deck as if he had ignored Marcio’s

words. “Paddles FASTER! Come on!” Adjusting the pace of the rowing with the order, the drum sound accelerated, and as the two ships approached each other, the expression of madness on Carlos’s face reached the extreme.

“Charlotte, with that prankster hat today you’ll realize how different we are. I will cut off the head of that Câlut and hang it on the boltsprit like an ornament. “

Though Charlotte was petrified of Carlos’s aim, she remained silent and began to watch the approaching ship on its prow with squinting eyes. As the two ships approached rapidly towards each other, Charlotte could feel that they were being dragged into a battle, every each meter they were getting closer.

Marcio opened his binoculars and briefly inspected the bow, then turned it off again. The desperate look on his face left him unnecessary to utter any words. However, he still wanted to tap out this statement with his tongue. “Captain, the ship in front of us is much stronger than us, its three-row deck is full of cannons, not to mention the fore and aft guns. We have a lost battle!”

Although Marcio’s warnings reached Carlos’s ears, he didn’t listen. But Charlotte, although she had never taken part in naval warfare before, realized that the enemy had a much stronger armament, and she began to think about an idea that would open Carlos’s stuffy ears.

“Carlos!” Charlotte called out, ignoring the title of Captain De La Cruz.

“Carlos! I am not a sailor, nor do I understand war, but in this case, I can easily realize that we need to make a plan rather than attack directly. You need to recover as soon as possible, or you will drag us to the bottom of the sea. “

Carlos paused for a while as Charlotte also took a stand against him. On their prow, without taking their gaze from the ship of Câlut, who was approaching them rapidly, “I think you are right!” he said. “But we don’t have time to plan! We are about to come within firing range! ”

“Don’t we have time?” Charlotte couldn’t stop herself from laughing. “You forget that we can control time or even stop it.”

Carlos nodded several times, expressing that he understood the logic of Charlotte’s words. “My cabin, now!”

After Carlos gave the helm to one of the sailors, he followed Charlotte and Marcio and landed in his cabin. After going behind his desk and scrambling the drawers for a while, he found the hourglass filled with sand brought by Charlotte and put it on the table. Shortly after the sand began to slowly flow

from the upper chamber to the lower one, Charlotte grasped the hourglass and placed it horizontally on the table. The sand inside the clock, which was parallel with the table surface, was evenly distributed in the two chambers and the flow stopped.

"I think we have time to plan now!" Charlotte said. Carlos noticed the mischievous smile on her face.

"Marcio, do you have any plan?" Carlos was briefly surprised when he turned his gaze to his aide. With them stopping time, Marcio remained steady like a statue. After getting up from his desk and coming to his side, Carlos waved his hand at Marcio's eyes and checked his reflex. However, the young man seemed to be frozen he was not even breathing. "I should have guessed that would happen."

"I think I'm the one with more experience in this situation."

"I guess so. Then you must have a plan."

Charlotte responded with a frown to Carlos' question. "I'm more experienced with time, not naval warfare. But..." He squinted one eye and twisted his mouth as if to show that he had an idea. "When two ships come side by side, we stop time, cross over and get the hourglass. Then we sink the ship. I guess this is the best idea that could come out of me! "

"I think it's wonderful!" When Carlos turned the hourglass to its upright position, the sand in it began to flow again, and soon afterward, Marcio's body dissolved.

"Are we going to try to stop time, Captain?" Marcio asked, unaware of what had just happened in the previous period.

"No need to try, Marcio," Carlos grinned, showing his teeth. "Now, we will implement the plan."

Marcio could not understand what the captain said, and could not prevent Carlos from frowning as he twitched one after the other.

"Faster!" Carlos yelled, who had already struggled to keep up with the rhythm of the drums and had begun to hang more vigorously on the oars, even though they knew they couldn't pull faster. Some paddles were unable to catch the series, causing irregular fluctuations in the row of paddles.

As the distance between the two ships approaching each other at full speed decreased, the expression of the grin on Carlos's face increased in inverse proportion, he kept turning the hourglass in his hand, impatient to stop time. While Câlut's ship came to the board, the enemy's cannon bays started to open one by one. When Carlos saw the black-bearded giant staring at him on

the cruise deck, he clenched his teeth and turned the hourglass horizontally to stop time. All, except Carlos and Charlotte, were frozen. The two ships, the sea, and the wind surrendered to the same fate.

“Let’s finish this job,” he said, landing on the main deck with Carlos and Charlotte. He grabbed one of the empty ropes and winked at Charlotte. After that, he used the rope to swing himself to the opposite ship, like a pendulum. When his feet touched the wooden floor of the deck, he let go of the rope and straightened up, and he could not hide his astonishment from the person that he saw.

“Charlotte?”

Charlotte turned around when she heard Carlos’s voice. “What are you doing here?” they both asked at the same time.

“This is your ship. I haven’t gone anywhere,” Charlotte said, as surprised as Carlos himself was, thinking to grasp the cause of the event.

“Then try again.” Carlos grabbed the same rope and swayed towards the enemy ship again. When his feet met with the deck, when he saw Charlotte again in front of him, he could not control his nerves anymore and shouted a swear, and then apologized.

“I guess stopping time doesn’t work, we have to come up with a better idea.” When the sand of the hourglass began to flow in a horizontal position, violating the laws of physics, Charlotte remembered that they could only stop time for a certain period, and when she noticed the cannonballs ejected from the enemy ship’s portholes, her pupils became twice as large. When he threw his surprise off quickly and turned the hourglass over with an agile movement, time flowed back and the cannonballs returned into the barrel. Charlotte then flipped the clock horizontally - making sure it was back flowing enough - and stopped time again.

“Carlos, we have to come up with another plan,” Charlotte said once again. The fixed gaze of Carlos sitting on his knees on the deck showed that he was already trying to find an idea. Loss of hearing, which is the detrimental benefit of these fire blanks, made Charlotte difficult to hear.

“I have another idea!” The captain suddenly jumped to his feet, took the hourglass from Charlotte’s hand, and brought it back to an upright position, allowing the sand and therefore time to flow again. “Everyone to the lower deck! Everyone!”

When Marcio heard this order, he was right next to Carlos and realized that his questioning gaze was insufficient, “What’s going on, captain?” he

needed to ask.

“Marcio, everyone on the bragging deck. Now. Charlotte, come with me, we’re going downstairs. “ Carlos grabbed Charlotte’s hand and pulled it into the bonnet that opened onto the bragging deck. Although Charlotte felt uncomfortable being pulled along, Carlos’s hand was somehow making her felt safe.

By order of Carlos, everyone had emptied the upper deck and moved to the bragging deck where the cannons were located. Questioning expressions settled on the faces of Marcio and other sailors, who had never witnessed the rudder idle, while confusion prevailed in those of the passengers who were unaware of what was happening.

“Solve the spurs!” Carlos said after he made sure everyone was down. “Take the shovels in, close the porters!”

Marcio, like the sailors, who are in charge of the orders, nodded and moved away from the others to execute the orders. He got close to Charlotte and Carlos. “What are we doing Captain? How can we sail without someone at the helm? “

“That’s the point, Marcio. Exactly!” Carlos’s grinning lips pulled out and exposed all his teeth. “The enemy will think exactly that, they will be surprised when they cannot see anyone on the deck. We will take advantage of this process and seize their ship.”

The stray cruise of the ship ended with a blow from the pier side. While Câlut was boarding Carlos’s ship, the ship leaned towards the starboard with a loud noise, and several people fell to the ground, unable to keep their balance.

The crack of wood accompanied by the metal sounds showed that the grappling hooks connected between the two ships, and the incomprehensible shouts proved that the first influx from the enemy ship had passed.

“Support the drop-down door. We must delay the enemy’s passage here. Hold the door! ” shouted Carlos. The sailors started blocking the door.

Although it was easy to handle at first, the blows coming from the other side of the door started to make their work difficult and weakened their resistance after a while.

Carlos, after watching the resistance at the door for a while, came up to Charlotte, looked into her eyes, and, unexpectedly, his lip met Charlotte’s. Although Charlotte was unresponsive to his kiss at first, she quickly shed her surprise and responded warmly. If they had not lost their balance as a result of the ship’s tilting, they would not have left each other for a long time.

Carlos couldn't stop his smile as he helped Charlotte regain balance. "I'll be back," Carlos said in a whisper that only Charlotte could hear. "Marcio, Mr. Castillo, follow me." At the call of their captain, Marcio and Mr. Castillo stepped out of the crowd and Carlos opened one of the cannon lodges and moved to the opposite ship with the help of a riding plank. Charlotte felt lonely, more alone than ever when Castillo and Marcio followed suit.

The noises coming from the door opening to the bragging deck warned them that the enemy was starting to force the door. The sailors close to the gate shielded their shoulders, while those in the back supported the backs of those in front. Shaken by every blow after the door, the sailors changed places whenever they found the opportunity, so the resistance continued with the same strength. However, the breaking of the lock of the door as a result of the denser narrowing made their work even more difficult.

"This place is clean," Charlotte turned her eyes from the door to the porthole door when she heard Carlos from the other ship. "Charlotte, can you help me get the passengers to the other ship?" Carlos was on the main ship, while Marcio and Mr. Castillo remained on the other ship. "Just in case you need it." He handed the hourglass he took out of his pocket to Charlotte. When Charlotte realized what that meant, she couldn't help but feel worried. Although Carlos hadn't said it directly, that meant something might happen to him, and Charlotte wasn't feeling ready for it yet.

While Carlos went to help his crew to hold the door, Charlotte directed the passengers to go to the other ship. On the other ship, the passengers, sent by Charlotte, were taken in by Marcio and Mr. Castillo supporting the passengers who had difficulty passing. After all the passengers passed Charlotte looked at Carlos, who was still holding the gate, and with the help of Marcio, she passed on to the other ship.

Many enemy corpses lay on the bragging deck of Câlut's ship. The two men had thoroughly cleaned the ship before the passengers came over.

"We are ready, let's cut the ropes," Marcio said, and without looking back, he ran up the stairs of the main deck. Charlotte had not fully grasped what Marcio wanted to do. When she followed Marcio to the main deck, to find out what was happening. She saw that Marcio and Mr. Castillo were axing the ropes that connected both ships.

"Why are you cutting the ropes?" Charlotte shouted.

"Captain's order!" Marcio replied. He was continuing to cut the ropes. "We

will separate the two ships and start sailing.”

“What do you mean we will start sailing! What about Carlos and the others?”

“Charlotte felt the real meaning of Carlos’ giving her the hour-glass much deeper now.

“They will follow us after they stop the enemy. Our primary goal is to keep the passengers safe.” The two ships began to diverge when Marcio struck hard with an ax on the last rope. “Mr. Castillo, take the helm and I’ll bring passengers who know seafaring on board. The wind is coming from the stern, you don’t need the ingenuity to sail.”

As Charlotte struggled with her emotions, Carlos was fighting with the enemy, who had destroyed the door to the lower deck of his ship. Swords were swiped inside the tailstock, dripping blood from injured bodies painted the wood of the deck red. The heads that left their shoulders rolled like cannonballs as bodies that fell to the ground were crushed under others.

Carlos has been knocking down the enemy sailors one by one, swinging his two swords right and left, ignoring the cut he took on his left arm. Carlos’s eyes turned when he saw the two-meter tall man at the doorstep with a morningstar in his hand. When Carlos’s eyes met his nemesis, Câlut, he started running towards the giant man by swording the enemies in between. Câlut, on the other hand, was swinging Carlos’s men to the ground and killing some of them with a single blow. As the two men met, the morningstar and the sword met each other, and the fight that would decide the fate of the two crew began.

Câlut was keeping Carlos away from himself by using the advantage of his size that resembled a giant, and protected himself in the half-circle area of the morningstar’s weapon. His heavy body aggravated his movements and his black beard was soaked with sweat in a short while. The sweat flowing from his forehead began to burn his eyes by becoming too dense to be stopped by his eyebrows. Taking advantage of his agility, Carlos ended up on the right side and the left side of the enemy, swiping his swords in the gaps he found, making small cuts on Câlut’s body. When the chain of the morningstar got entangled in one of Carlos’s swords and took it from his hand, Carlos was left with only one sword. However, this gave him the chance to move still faster, and he could easily avoid strikes several times.

Câlut was thoroughly annoyed because his opponent was tougher than he had anticipated. This anger caused him to break away from the discipline of war, and as a result, he started to fight by swinging the morningstar weapon

randomly. Carlos realized that his opponent was losing control and the advantage was his. He first leaned away from a morningstar blow and aimed the sword at the enemy's right hand. Câlut dropped his morningstar weapon, because of the pain of the blow he received, and was left unarmed. Carlos detached Câlut's head with a single blow of the sword. While the headless body remained standing for a while, first on its knees and then falling to Carlos's feet, on the other hand, his head, which declared its independence from the body, rolled over to the pier side and stopped by hitting the cannonballs.

The grin of Carlos, who had taken the life of his nemesis, revealed the whiteness of his teeth. Carlos's grin faded from the pain he felt in his back and then in his chest, his eyes darkened as his white teeth painted red. As soon as he dropped his guard in the first flush of the victory, one of the enemy soldiers threw his sword into Carlos's back. While most of the enemies who saw Câlut was defeated instantly lay down their weapons and surrendered, but this soldier stabbed his sword at Carlos for the sake of becoming a hero. But before he could see Carlos fell to the ground, he was killed by a cut in his throat.

While Carlos was surrounded by his sailors, the entire wood of the lower deck was covered by a dark red layer. After the ship's doctor crouched next to the injured body and felt the pulse, he turned his gaze to the sailors. The feeling under his fingertips was an indication that there was still hope. Charlotte was staring at the wake that stretched like a trail at the stern, pouring a little bit of hope into the sea with every passing second. Not knowing what happened on the other ship, she shuddered.

"Marcio! We have to go back. Carlos might need us." Charlotte was suggesting that they should return, perhaps for the tenth time, albeit in different ways. But each time the words came out as if she brought it up for the first time.

"The captain ordered not to come back, go ahead no matter what. They can take care of themselves. They are very good sailors and good fighters."

Marcio had patiently refused Charlotte's request each time, consoling her with similar words. However, the words did not help to soothe Charlotte. The seed of concern planted in her heart by the cutting of the ropes had already covered her whole body like ivy, and this dead-lock could only dissolve seeing Carlos alive.

"SHIP ON ABAFT SIDE!" The sound rising from the crow's nest was first

physically reflected on the deck. While Charlotte rushed to the stern to see the ship with her own eyes, Marcio had already used his spyglass and focused on the ship's starboard. Seeing on the deck Carlos's black banner-waving was a relief for a short time. But given the possibility that this might be a trap, this comfort gave way to worry.

"Still Carlos's banner has been buckled, but we still have to be cautious," Marcio told Charlotte. "They are much faster than us, and we don't have much luck if it is captured by the enemy, because there are not many people to fight on the ship."

Charlotte grasped the seriousness of the anxiety through Marcio's eyes. The only thing she could do was to pray that the ship had not been captured by the enemy, and this desperation stretched her nerves, she was trying hard not to cry.

Marcio began to gnaw his lower lip as the ship was approaching swiftly with the wind behind it, closing the distance. Although he was doing this move to buy more time, he had little hope. "Everyone, be prepared!" he shouted to the deck. "Swords, sticks, axes... Whatever you get now... Carlos's ship is behind us about fifteen minutes away, but I'm not sure who's in it. Let's pray we don't have to fight."

The distance that Marcio had seen was closed just as he had predicted, and the ship coming from behind showed its bow from the starboard stern shoulder. Although Marcio did not take his eyes off the binoculars the entire time, he was not sure who was in control of the ship until the two ships came alongside. Ultimately, the familiar faces he saw on the ship proved that Carlos's men won the battle. Although this situation ensured that his anxiety disappeared in a short time, the fact that he could not see Carlos among familiar faces caused him to be scorched with the anxiety of different origin. Charlotte was experiencing similar anxiety, her eyes scanning the entire deck with hope.

"Marcio!" This sound from the other ship caused both Marcio and Charlotte to prick up their ears. Even the possibility that the voice could come from Carlos made Charlotte feel excited. However, the voice came from a sailor whose name Charlotte did not know. "The captain was injured, he is now in his cabin. We will take him to your ship with the doctor. "

When Charlotte heard that Carlos was injured, she felt a tightness in her left chest. Whether it was because of the pain of this squeeze or the incident that had happened to Carlos, although she was not sure, she couldn't stop the

three drops of tears from slipping down her cheek one after the other. While the unconscious Carlos was being taken to the other ship on a stretcher, Charlotte had the opportunity to see him closer, which made her feel more pity. When the stretcher was lowered to the deck floor, Charlotte, noticing the grains of sand in Carlos's left palm, recalled the hourglass Câlut had captured and immediately went down to the main deck and into the captain's cabin. She couldn't find it in the first few drawers she tried, when she opened the double-door cabinet, she noticed the hourglass standing on the second shelf. After putting the hollow hourglass on the desk, she took the watch Carlos gave to her out of her pocket and placed it next to the other. Being careful not to damage the windows, she opened the top covers of both watches and poured the sand of the filling into the empty one. As soon as she closed the cover of the clock she had filled, the sand in it began to dance and curl like a snake. The head of the snake passed through the neck of the hourglass and reached the upper chamber and began to point like an arrow at a fixed point.

To be able to examine the sand inside, Charlotte took the watch in her palm and, holding her fingers on its tip, slowly turned it to the right and then to the left. The outer chamber of the watch rotated with Charlotte's wrist movements, but sand's grain within they stood still, pointing to a fixed point. "It's a compass," Charlotte said to herself. Although she was not confident about the directions, she was sure that the direction of the clock was not north. But the feeling that thundered like a drum inside her told her to follow that direction.

When Charlotte got back on the top deck, she saw that Marcio was barely handling the helm. The strong wind filled the sails and dark clouds clustered on the ship.

"A storm is approaching," Marcio warned Charlotte. "What have you got?" Charlotte lifted the hourglass so that Marcio could see more easily. "I think we should follow this direction." Turning the hourglass left and right, as she did in the cabin, she showed Marcio that the sand was locked in a fixed point. "OK! Give me the hourglass! You go down on the lower deck. A strong storm is approaching. Trust me, you don't want to be on the main deck when we're caught by it."

Charlotte nodded at Marcio and went on the lower deck where Carlos was carried. As the ship rolled, Charlotte struggled to keep her balance, trying to walk with support from the banisters and cobbles. When she got to Carlos's

bedside, she fell to her knees, ignoring her balance, and caressed the captain's forehead with the palm of her hand. There was no need for a thermometer to understand that the temperature she felt at her fingertips was around forty degrees. Carlos was burning like hell, but his body trembled as if he had been exposed to ice cold. As Charlotte tightened the blanket on him to dampen the shaking of the man, a blue light poured through the portholes first, then the sky roared the entire deck.

The ship was lying on starboard on a pier, occasionally stopping and hitting stern hard. On the lower deck, a few pieces that had escaped the sea ties had begun to be thrown loose, striking several passengers, causing injuries. While some of the passengers could not stand the churning any longer, some began to pray for the storm to cease as soon as possible.

Albeit later than they had hoped, prayers eventually took effect and the ship reached calm waters after battling the storm for a day. Charlotte fell asleep at Carlos's bedside, when she opened her eyes, she saw the moonlight pouring through the open porthole. "Land ahoy!" Rising from the main deck as she relaxed her restrained body and stood up. Hearing a familiar voice she immediately went to the main deck.

"We're approaching the island," said Marcio, still at the helm, when he saw Charlotte. "The other ship is about ten cable aft. We lost each other in the storm, but now we found it again. They are all good sailors."

Charlotte guessed that there was an island in the fore, though she could not see it clearly at dusk. The moon had created a path of light that stretched over the sea to the island, and all Marcio had to do was follow this path.

When both ships were harbored at the beach, passengers and sailors landed. Carlos's injured body was transported on a stretcher, the ship's doctor and two sailors accompanied him.

"Where now?" asked the sailor, holding the bedside of the stretcher.

Marcio locked his eyes as if the answer was hidden in Charlotte's eyes. But Charlotte's eyes were caught on the hourglass, which was still in Marcio's hand.

"The route isn't over yet," Charlotte said. "We will continue to follow the hourglass." At Charlotte's words, Marcio looked at the hourglass in his hand and nodded slightly.

"Mr. Castillo! make a camp on the beach. We'll continue," Marcio instructed. When Mr. Castillo walked away to fulfill the mission, the two sailors carrying Carlos, Marcio and Charlotte began to walk into the forest.

None of them were sure where they were going, and what to find where they went. They did not even have the faintest notion of why they were watching the hourglass, but they knew they had to follow and Carlos had to come with them.

Their journey towards the depths of the island, on the road illuminated by the torches in their hands and the light of the moon filtering through the trees, ended at a cave.

“This is the cave!” Marcio said, “We came with Zaden.”

Charlotte had also remembered the cave she had been before at different times and in different places and felt that her journey would end in this cave as it was before. She began to walk towards the cave. The entrance was full of light. Without saying anything, the others followed her. The inside of the cave did not look any different from the one she came with Nebenteru and Zhang Wei before. Marble stones, pond, longan tree, golden sand on the ground. Everything was where it was supposed to be.

“Dip Carlos in the water!” When Charlotte turned in the direction of the voice, she saw the other Carlos standing in his yellow cap. When Marcio and the other sailors saw this man, who suddenly stood before them, a mixture of surprise and awe settled on their faces. Charlotte, on the other hand, knew that Carlos, who was lying on the stretcher, and the other Carlos were not the same person.

Carlos, “Come on!” he called.

“Should we put him in the water?” Charlotte asked. She remembered that when she had come with Zhang Wei before, Qing Lin put his hand in the water and burned as if it had touched the fire.

“Trust me,” Carlos said. “Put it in the water.”

Charlotte closed her eyes and nodded, then she addressed the sailors. The sailors then slowly put the stretcher into the water. After hanging the stretcher on the surface for a while, it started to sink slowly, covering Carlos’s body with water. When the water reached the wound on the captain’s bare chest, the wound shrunk in, leaving only a line behind.

Carlos opened his eyes as soon as the last blood clot on the wound went into the water. Seeing Carlos recovered, the glow in Charlotte’s eyes faded suddenly as Adam Kahnewald appeared at the far end of the cave. |21:00|
Memoires Buried in The Wreckages

Tick Tack Tick Tack. Charlotte’s heart, which injected a mixture of fear, surprise, and tension into her veins in front of the scene she saw, was beating

like a clock that missed its rhythm. The interval decreased with each shot, and the violence was forcing the rib cage. With the shock of leaving Carlos behind, the tear that had slipped from her eyes to her cheeks had not yet dried up, but she was under another shock. Moreover, this shock, with the revolt of her emotional breakdown, affected Charlotte much more deeply than she had anticipated. The place where the Serbien Watch Shop was supposed to be was covered with rubble, and other buildings adjacent to the shop also shared the same fate. The street, like those left behind after a war, was as quiet as someone mourning for they lost. When Charlotte scanned her surroundings, she noticed that most of the buildings within her view were either destroyed or severely damaged. The landscape she saw was like a painting that faded in all its colors.

As she came to few steps closer to examine the wreckage, a highpitched ringing began to harass her ears, and a dense smell of sulfur filled her nose to such an extent that she could not smell anything else. The heavy air of the environment filled her lungs, she couldn't get breathe comfortably. The lime dust lifted from the rubble by the gentle wind licked her skin, made her eyes tearful. The feeling of not belonging here was slowly taking over Charlotte's whole self.

"What happened here?" Charlotte whispered to herself. When she began to step on the debris, the stones hit each other and made harmonic sounds, some were dragged down due to the inclination. Although Charlotte was in danger of falling several times because of the displaced stones, she managed to keep her balance. Thinking that every stone under her feet was once a part of the shop, gave Charlotte a feeling she couldn't perceive. When she reached the highest point on the wreck, she had a better view of her surroundings and changed the question in her mind: "Where am I?"

Because of the vibration in her upper leg and when the location message of Gilbert came, Charlotte stopped her thoughts and took her phone, out of her pocket. It was strange that her phone was in her pocket, as she always carried it in her bag, but she suddenly realized also that she was not carrying a bag. This unusual situation seemed insignificant compared to what she was in, but Charlotte still found it odd. When she looked at the phone screen, she saw a text message from Gilbert. She had never seen before Gilbert sent a direct text message. Since the first moment she returned to this time zone, everything seemed strange. When Charlotte touched the letter icon, a four-word message opened: "Charlotte, where are you?" Charlotte decided to call

Gilbert as she didn't like sending messages. After the phone rings for a long time, she heard a screeching "Hello!".

"Gilbert, I'm in front of the store, where are you?"

"Char... -phone line... Drive... Delete... Know... -you." Due to the constant squeaking of the phone and the muting completely, the words from Gilbert were heard only a few syllables by Charlotte, and then when Gilbert hung up, the dial tone echoed on the loudspeaker. A few minutes later another message came from Gilbert. Charlotte, gathering her hair behind her ear, opened the message: "Phone lines are not working prop- erly, Charlotte, don't you know?"

"No, I do not know!" Charlotte told herself. What was going on here? While she was shaking her head, she was also writing a text message. "I'm in front of the shop, where are you? Let's meet." The message could only be sent after two minutes had passed.

Charlotte, though she had not yet fully understood what was going on, she thought that she was in a similar situation as in the twenty-first century, Third Reich. Anything Carlos changed in the past must have created a new alternative reality in her world. Her feeling of not belong- ing to this place reached the highest point in support of her thoughts and she began to think that she should get rid of this place as soon as possible.

When a message came from Gilbert about his location, her phone be- gan to thrill, Charlotte set aside all the theories. She was aware that she had to take steps to come up with solutions rather than theorizing and to realize this she had to take a real step first. When she came back to the sidewalk to find a taxi to go to Gilbert's location, she saw her Mini parked on the roadside, she was glad that she would not waste time waiting. Cu- rious about where the Gilbert location was, she reached her car with se- rial steps, started the engine, and set off. As the car's exhaust fumes vent the lime dust from the debris pile, Charlotte's mind was simply trying to grasp the situation she was in.

Since the navigation system was working in a chaotic manner that would not look like the phone lines, Charlotte had to stop several times and got directions to reach the address sent by Gilbert. Although the scarcity of the people on the street did not make it easy, everyone she talked to seemed to know this address very well. The encounter with many ruined buildings along the way caused Charlotte to confuse even the roads she already knew, but after a few attempts, she managed to reach the address. Even if she had come to this place before, she could not understand where she was, due to its

current state.

When she stopped the car, her windshield framed a landscape of hundreds of containers. Containers were evenly spaced as if measured with a ruler.

When she got out of the car, a vicious odor burned her throat, proving that the sewage system had not been fixed yet. Grateful that the diverting wind carried away the scent for that moment, Charlotte began to scour her eyes to find Gilbert. Seeing a few young people talking in the empty area, she focused on it. Shortly after, her eyes crossed Gilbert's, and the young man rushed over to Charlotte's Mini.

"Welcome, Charlotte," Gilbert said, in a tone unmistakable of any emotion.

"Thank you," Charlotte replied. "Gilbert, what's going on here?"

"What do you mean, Charlotte?" Gilbert frowned, thinking it would help him grasp the question he heard.

"The shop is destroyed, many houses are in ruins..."

"Charlotte, are you all right? Ok, I understand, you still can't accept that the shop is destroyed, but I did not imagine it would be in such a bad situation."

"Gilbert, I don't ask why, but I don't know what happened!" said Charlotte, putting on the most serious expression on her face. "Why are these people here in the containers. How were the shops and other houses destroyed?"

"Ok," Gilbert said, with the expression on his face of someone who doubted the other person was insane. "There was a major Winden-centered earthquake about a week ago, remember?" Gilbert bit his lips and shook his head, and Gilbert continued. "Well. The earthquake was much more severe than the ninety-seven earthquake, hundreds of thousands of people lost their lives, as many were lost ... Many of the buildings have destroyed, almost all that were not destroyed were severely damaged... ALM Bridge has destroyed too and so many cars on it fell to the water..." Gilbert paused for a while after each information he gave, to check whether Charlotte could remember or not, and continued when he could not see any expression. "St Hanse Hospital was also destroyed. We had not yet received my mother's body, and she was also buried in wreckage. Search rescue teams work to continue on the wreckage. To avoid confusion, it is forbidden to approach the wrecks while they continue to search, and they only allowed to people for the identification of the bodies removed, every evening at four pm. You bring me there every day. That's why I texted you now."

"I think I got it." Although Charlotte said that, but she was still believing that her theory on an alternate reality was real. Gilbert relieved finally that

Charlotte could remember.

“As I said, Charlotte, I know how the demolition of the shop affected you deeply. I do understand you, I buried too many memories too, but not remembering what happened does not change the reality.”

“You’re right, Gilbert,” said Charlotte, deciding that it would make more sense to accept Gilbert’s reality instead of talking about her theory. “Let’s go to the hospital before it’s too late.”

“Ok, Charlotte, hold on two minutes, I’ll take my bag and come back.”

Gilbert returned to the car after a little over two minutes, they headed to St Hanse Hospital, Charlotte had the opportunity to observe the extent of the damage caused by the earthquake much more clearly. Damaged buildings were surrounded by security lanes. Rescue teams were searching for people alive under the wrecks of the collapsed buildings, and in some areas, people in queues were provided with food and medicine. As they approached the hospital, they saw that a building that had been removed from its foundation and leaning against the next was being demolished by construction equipment to prevent any further danger. When they left this work area behind and crossed the side road, the hospital wreckage surrounded by a crowd of people showed itself. When they got out of the car and merged with them, they noticed that this crowd was not so disorderly. Iron bars arranged to form a path allowed the crowd to line up in a certain order, and the head of the row was tied to a tent. Two officers waiting in front of the tent took a few people in, one after another, and after a while, those who entered were coming out from the other end of the tent. After a waiting period of about half an hour, it was the turn for Charlotte and Gilbert, and when they entered, they encountered an environment equipped with an air conditioning system that blew cold air. When Charlotte noticed bodies lined up next to each other, she was subjected to a tremor unrelated to the cold.

“Those diagnosed are taken to the ice ring to await burial,” Gilbert said when he noticed Charlotte was looking at the transported funeral.

“Got it,” Charlotte could only say. She did not know how to respond to Gilbert, who had been waiting for days to find his mother’s dead body and now examining dozens of corpses, and she sensed that every word he said would be meaningless.

When they got to the exit of the tent, Gilbert’s face fell. She understood from his statement that he had lost hope since he could not find his mother today.

“Not today,” Gilbert said as they came out of the tent.

Charlotte wrapped her arm around his shoulder to comfort him. “They will eventually reach her, my brother.”

“Yes, sister, I know. At least I know my mother is dead. The situation of the relatives of the patients who are still waiting with the hope of being alive is worse. “

Charlotte appreciated Gilbert’s mature demeanor and was a little surprised that she didn’t expect it. “Do you want anything to eat?”

A bitter smile settled on Charlotte’s lips as Gilbert nodded in a hint of affirmation.

As they got into the car and set off, Charlotte said, “What would you like to eat?” asked.

“Hamburger,” Gilbert replied in a voice as if no other answer was possible. Although Charlotte did not like fast-food meals, she gave her consent because she did not want to disappoint Gilbert on such a day, “Well, where would you recommend?” she added.

“Caesar’s shop, of course. The man’s main shop was destroyed in the earthquake. But he immediately opened a small container shop there again. He could not fully recover, but the local people who knew the situation of Caesar eat from there to help him. Homemade burgers are very good. “

“Caesar, then,” said Charlotte and Gilbert gave directions, they arrived at the burger shop in no time.

As Gilbert said, the shop consisted of a small container piled right in front of the debris that had not yet been fully removed and six or seven tables placed in front of it. The fact that only one table was empty was an indication that Caesar was still earning his own money despite all this disaster.

Noticing that Gilbert and Charlotte were coming to the shop, a man in his sixties quickly came out of the container to greet them. With uncovered gray-white hair, white mustache yellowed from nicotine, high cheekbones shining like an apple, and a smile on his face, “Welcome!” Said the man, whom Gilbert had been talking about.

“Thank you,” Charlotte said. Gilbert, on the other hand, preferred to respond only with a smile.

“What shall I prepare for you?”

“Caesar’s specialty two-hundred-gram hamburger for me. Charlotte, what do you want?”

“I would like the same, but lower weight, please. “

“Ok, it’s coming right away.”

Shortly after their hamburgers arrived, and before Charlotte could swallow her first bite, her phone rang. The name Noah Meyer, written on the phone screen, made Charlotte remember that she also had an ordinary life.

“Sir?” Charlotte answered after letting her bite pass through her throat.

“Hello, Miss Charlotte. I called you to get confirmation that you were attending the charity ball of tonight. “

“Charity ball?”

“Yes, for the benefit of those who suffered from the earthquake. You are coming, aren’t you, you stated that you will come with a plus one.”

“Ah, okay. Yes, I will. “

“Okay then, see you.”

When Charlotte hung up the phone, she decided to use this extra place for Gilbert, after wondering with whom she was plus one. “Gilbert, would you like to come to the charity ball tonight with me?”

“I said that I was coming, Charlotte. You even sent a dark blue tuxedo from the WindenMark warehouse two days ago. “

“Is that so?” said Charlotte “So where, and what time is this ball? I could not remember.”

“In the Kudamm, eight o’clock,” Gilbert replied in a monotonous tone.

“Charlotte, are you okay? I’m seriously thinking.”

“I’m fine, don’t worry. I just forgot. Let’s finish the meal then. We don’t have much time left.”

“Ok.” Gilbert downed the last remaining portion of the hamburger into large bites and waited for Charlotte to finish her meal. When Charlotte realized she couldn’t finish her hamburger, she offered Gilbert to eat it, which he accepted with great pleasure.

After Charlotte paid for the burgers, they were back on the road again. It didn’t take long for them to get to Charlotte’s house. The house has managed to survive from the earthquake, not having shared the fate of the others.

However, it suffered a great deal of damage from its front. The steel construction built in the front garden of the house showed that Charlotte had shifted her living space a little forward after the earthquake.

“I’m getting ready and coming right away,” Charlotte said, and when she entered the steel structure and found her room, she noticed a purple strapless dress on her bed. Knowing that she always put the dress she would wear on her bed in the morning at such events, she was not surprised by this

situation and immediately started to change her clothes. Thinking that she needed a hairdresser, she straightened her hair in front of the mirror, realized that she was ready, and returned to the car.

“You look beautiful as ever, Charlotte,” Gilbert said as Charlotte sat down in the car.

Then Charlotte smiled and thanked and said, “Let’s get you ready, too,” she started her car.

After the car reached the city and Gilbert put on his tuxedo, this time they were on their way to the place where the ball would be held. In places, Charlotte, who had to rely on the headlight of the car due to the lack of electricity on the road, was witnessing the amount of damage in the illuminated landscape.

They left the dark scenes behind them and arrived at the ballroom held in the open air. Noah Meyer personally greeted them when Charlotte parked her car and came with Gilbert under the arch, the starting point of the ballroom.

“Welcome, your table is on that side,” accompanying the pair, Noah Meyer was depressed. “People lost their lives, their homes, their assets, everything. And our rich crew is officially organizing an entertainment event as a charity night.” What WindenMark’s owner said on the way to the table was an official translation of Charlotte’s feelings.

“You’re right,” Charlotte said as she sat at the table.

A few minutes later the ball had officially begun and the waiters carrying drinks were over at the tables. The slow music that filled the ambience, after a while, caused the guests to get up from the tables and dance in pairs.

It was expected to earn a great income from this ball, which was attended by the famous figures of the social society, and the money to be folded together with sponsorships and donations was planned to be used in the renovation of the city and to help those who suffered from the earthquake. It was obvious that this plan would be successful; but, like Noah Meyer, he did not seem very happy with this ball, which was like a party for everyone. At that time, a hand she felt on her shoulder made her return from her thoughts, when she saw Adam Kahnewald in front of her, her eyes widened in surprise and she was almost looking opened-mouthed.

“Would you like to dance with me, Miss Charlotte?” the man said in a confident tone.

“No, thank you,” Charlotte replied with the same certainty.

“Please, I insist, don’t insult me in front of so many guests.”

Charlotte felt uncomfortable when she realized that all eyes on the table were on her. However, the main reason why she accepted the invitation to the dance was the tempting of wanting to understand what Adam was up to, rather than her discomfort around the guy.

Perhaps Charlotte, who allowed him to grasp her from her waist, thought of him as the most disliked man in this world, leaned her wrists against his shoulders.

“Do you miss Carlos?” the man asked when Charlotte had never expected. Although the tears held by the lower eyelids made the answer obvious, Charlotte chose not to put it into words.

“Don’t you see what it takes to live there?” continued Adam Kahnewald.

“These guys are using you for their benefit.” Turning Charlotte around her axis, keeping her back against her chest, he wrapped her in his arms.

“You’re wrong,” Charlotte said, letting herself out of Adam’s arms and face him again. “Have they helped you so far? Just think! They were only busy with their interests.” The man had grabbed Charlotte’s waist tightly as if he was afraid of her escape. “You also know how to use the watch. You can get more money, more power with it. Join me, let’s be the master of the world together. “

Charlotte pulled her wrists and pushed Adam by his chest. “Stop giving promises!” she turned quickly to the table and took her bag, then moved to the parking lot of the place. She rummaged in her purse and found the cigarette case. As her hands were shaking, she forced herself to take one cigarette out of the case and she placed it between her lips and lit the lighter with her shaking hand with the same difficulty. Gilbert was next to her the moment she inhaled from her cigarette.

“What happened to you? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, sweetheart!” As she put the cigarette to her lips again, Charlotte leaped up when she felt a hand on her shoulder. While the effect of being in a tent full of the dead in the afternoon had not yet passed, sensing the presence of a bony finger caused a small scream to break from her throat. Turning around to see the owner of the hand, she found a man in a burgundy cap and a red scarf, looking at her with a serious expression on his face. The fact that his dressing style reminded Carlos of her increased the pace of Charlotte’s heart for a moment, but her rhythm dropped when the man said, “Charlotte, my name is Abu’l Isa Al Cezeri ... We need to go to the watch shop urgently.”

“Charlotte, what’s going on?” For the first time Gilbert met a time guardian, he could not understand how this man knew Charlotte and what he wanted from her.

“I’ll tell you on the way,” replied Al-Jazari.

“We’d better go to the store as soon as possible.”

Al-Jazari, who said he would make the statement, was sitting in the back seat, frowning, while the puzzled expression on Gilbert’s face continued to be explained when they set off. His gray beard reached his cheekbones, his arched nose shadowed his lips like a beak. When he met Charlotte’s eyes in the rearview mirror, he remembered his promise and began to speak. “Okay, now... when you came back from Spain -”

“What Spain?” Gilbert interrupted directly, the already frowned frown of the time-guardian frowned deeper.

“It’s a long story, Gilbert... Please, go on!” Charlotte replied.

Al-Jazari cleared his throat before he could speak again. “With your return, an alternative reality had emerged. There was a big earthquake and the watch shop was destroyed. “

“I already guessed that,” Charlotte said.

“But what you don’t know is that Gilbert never gave the watch to Adam Kahnewald because the watch shop was destroyed.”

“What alternative! And how do you know about the watch I made for Adam Kahnewald? “

“That’s right,” Al-Jazari agreed. “Charlotte hasn’t shared these with you yet, has she?”

“Charlotte, what is this man talking about?”

“Here we are,” said Charlotte, without answering Gilbert’s question and stopped the car.

Al-Jazari got out of the car after examining the wreckage of the watch shop through the windshield for a while. Gilbert, who was left alone with Charlotte in the car, with curiosity looked at Charlotte and asked, “Charlotte, what’s going on?”

Charlotte thought up a logical explanation, closing her eyes. But when she realized that no explanation, including the truth, would make sense, she said, “Come, I guess it would be better if you saw it for yourself,” and walked out of the car to the wreckage of the store. Gilbert followed her after he bent his mouth and shrugged his shoulders. Al-Jazari, whom they had seen in the ruins, was hoping to find something, from the piles of rubble.

“Are we looking for the watch Gilbert made?” Charlotte asked as she reached the man.

“No, we’re looking for a lighter,” Al-Jazari said. “Come on, help me what are you waiting for!”

With Al-Jazari’s voice raising, Gilbert, with his arms folded over his chest, watched in amazement, came to help with the search. On the other hand, Charlotte, who was strained because of her dress, felt as with every stone she was removing she felt that she was destroying a piece of the store, and these feelings reminded her of sad memories. Her last phone call with her father before he died was still in her ears. Now she would have given up everything to keep that conversation as long as possible. Then her father’s diary came to her mind. Thanks to that diary she made a bet and won the lotto. She accidentally took back time during dinner with her ex-assistant Jasmin and then played with time for the first time on purpose. The emergence of Nebenteru, Zhang Wei’s drought-stricken land and Carlos, Carlos, captain of Arena Dorado. Leaving him behind had deeply affected Charlotte. Although she could not figure out why, in a very short time Carlos’s presence had completely captured Charlotte’s heart and then, like everyone else, again she was left behind.

“Is this it?” The question from Gilbert caused Charlotte to slip out of the web of memories she felt into. Gilbert showed a silver capped lighter to Al-Jazari. The man’s eyes radiated with the joy of finding what he was looking for.

“That’s it!” he said with a huge smile.

|Chapter 8| Night

“One hour in the morning is better than two hours in the night.” African Proverb

|22:00|

Fire of Al-Jazari 1206, Artuquids Dynasty

Tick Tack Tick Tack... The voices rising from the only house whose lights were on in the village, trapped in the darkness of the night, had already scared and silenced the crickets singing their songs. The breeze as delicate as the kiss of a young girl blew through the open window of this house and flickered the candle flames defying the darkness. When he realized that the candles were resisting not to blow out, Al-Jazari left the wooden hammer in his hand, lowered the shutter of the window, cut the wind, and returned to the job he was busy with.

Al-Jazari placed the fifth candle next to four candles placed on a wooden assembly. Dark red candles were lined up in front of a wooden scale, like soldiers standing by. The master tied the five candles together with the greasy string that he was holding through the metal rings he placed next to the wicks of the candles at different heights. Then he lit the rightmost candle with a match. When the candle started to melt and the fire touched the oily rope, the rope began to burn, and the fire began to walk along the rope. Al-Jazari's eyes glowed more than the fire, as his apparatus worked. After a while, as the flame shrunk, the light in Al Cezeri's eyes faded and was replaced by flames of anger. When the back of the clockmaker's hand, which was thrown with a fury, hit the fixture, the candles jumped out of the counter and fell on the pile of rags. Al-Jazari cursed as the flame felt on the rags, then quickly got out of the panic he had fallen into and crushed the fire with his foot before it grew.

Ali bin Mohammed, the young apprentice who came to the room after he heard the curse, ran to the workshop. Seeing the angry expression on his master's face, he understood that he should not ask anything. But succumbing to his curiosity he asked “What happened, master?”

The master's answer was firm and clear, although it did not clarify the situation: "Nothing!"

"Well master, then I'll leave you alone with nothing." Knowing that his master would be angry, Ali could not prevent the impulse to behave in a cocky manner and was stopped by Al-Jazari just as he was leaving the workshop.

"Wait a minute. We will go to the market. "

"God, master, you made enough nonsense. which market is open at night?"

Al-Cezeri, whose nerves were strained by the words his apprentice used, frowned. To calm down, he first clenched his teeth, then inhaled a deep breath through his nose. "Cut that out! An apprentice doesn't question, he only obeys. Get ready, we're leaving."

As Ali left the workshop tsk-tsked, Al-Jazari was also set out to prepare a saddlebag. When the preparations were complete, they put their coats on and went out to stand against the darkness of the night.

With the last light going out, the village was trapped between the bars of darkness, and the crickets, who could not remain silent any longer and began to sing their songs again. The night was in total silence, except for a dog whose whereabouts were unknown, occasionally barking and chirping of the insects' song. The feet of Al-Jazari and Ali, crushing the sand-covered ground, added a new sound to the night. While the mudwalled and awning buildings of the bazaar fell behind one by one, the question of what they were looking for in the bazaar at night was still digging in Ali's mind. Despite Ali's rodent thoughts, Al-Jazari seemed pretty sure where he was going, he waited for a while, listening as if he was waiting to hear a voice at every crossroads. As they approached the south exit of the bazaar, a puff sound stopped the master and his apprentice. When Al-Jazari turned to the direction of the sound, he noticed a pair of eyes glowing in the dark alley. After a while, a hand, known to belong to the same body like the eyes, showed himself under the light and signaled to come. Al-Jazari was aware that he had to obey this call, and he had started to take his first steps in that direction where the eyes caught his attention.

The pursuit of Al-Jazari and Ali, who followed the shadow moving along the dark alley, ended when the shadow met with the light and showed a human being. The dark-skinned man fixed his slanting eyes at Al-Jazari and asked, "Have you brought it?". Although there was no accent in the man's words, Al-Jazari guessed that this man was not from the environment, he

emphasized that he could be Coptic.

“They are here,” Al-Jazari said, lowering the bag he had hung over his shoulder, untying it and pulling out a piece of bread and a bottle of wine. A smile appeared on the dark man’s face, confirming his satisfaction. He expressed this feeling by saying “beautiful,”

“Follow me.”

They stopped in an empty area after a short trip in the alley led by the man Al-Jazari thought that he was Coptic. In this place where they were standing, there was nothing in sight except the earthen floor where clumps of grasses spread unevenly, where the light of the moon and AlJazari’s lantern was shining. After looking around for a moment, the man crouched and picked the sheet covered with soil from the ground, and a wooden cover appeared. Under the wooden cover, the stairs which lost in darkness stretched invitingly down. When the man went down the stairs without saying anything and disappeared in the dark, Al-Jazari and his apprentice Ali had no choice but to follow him.

When they descended from the ladder - unlike what appears from above - a non-dark environment greeted them. Moreover, it was quite big and large for a shelter hidden underground. However, the fact that the essence of the ambiance of this spacious environment consists of ammonia originating from moisture and urine caused the noses of those who entered to feel the need for fresh air deeply. Aware that he could not meet this need at that moment, Ali blocked his nose by using his thumb and index finger, and Al-Jazari had already lost his sense of smell. Noticing Ali’s physical reaction, the dark-skinned man of the shelter said, “Try to handle it,” but Ali’s gag confirmed that it would not be easy for his guests to do so. Deprived of his sense of smell, Al-Jazari, on the other hand, had the opportunity to take a look at the very familiar toolbox, which was in the unknown shelter for a short time.

“At your request, I’ve been bringing you bread and wine for forty days,” Al-Jazari finally said. “And at the end of the fortieth day - that day is today - you said that what I wanted most in this life would come true. I didn’t believe these words, but you looked so poor and awkward that I decided to help you. Moreover, you didn’t even tell me your name. “

“I don’t remember you asking for my name,” the man said. “They call me Nebenteru,” Nebenteru spoke this name as if it meant something to Al-Jazari. However, Al-Jazari’s attention was drawn to the water clocks lined up on a

table against the wall. Slowly he approached the table and carefully picked up one of the water clock bowls. He ran his thumb over the Arabic letters 'Jim' and 'Alif' on the clay bowl. "These are my watch- es," he said without addressing anyone. "I threw them away because they didn't work the way I wanted them to." Al-Jazari set the bowl down with the care he received, walked with his index finger across the table, and saw the fire clocks lined up next to the water clocks. Four fire clocks, which were once released from Al Cezeri's hands, stood respectfully in front of his master.

"How did these clocks get here?" Al-Jazari said this time he turned and asked the question directly to Nebenteru. "Especially this clock." His hand pointed to the last fire clock. "I just threw it away just before I got here."

"Just before, right after, days ago, years later... Time works different- ly for us, Al-Jazari. And we need you. "

"Who are you?"

"I was sent here as an ambassador of Od Tengri."

"Who is Od Tengri? Which dynasty's khan is it? I have never heard of him." Nebenteru couldn't help but laugh at this question. "Od Tengri is not the khan of a dynasty you know. It is the khan of time. And he will be your father. "

"My father?" Al-Jazari lost his mother during his birth and never had the opportunity to know his father. Abû'l Isa, who was left alone, was placed in a dervish lodge and stayed there until he was fourteen years old. He was exiled from the lodge after a while because he spent all his time watching the water dripping from water clocks and disrupting the duties assigned to him. Now, a man was saying that his father's name was Od Tengri.

"Clocks are our main concern," Nebenteru said, passing Al-Jazari's question.

"Your interest in water clocks was fine, but it was the wrong choice for you. Fortunately, after a short while, you made the right deci- sion and headed for the fire. However, the fire you use is wrong."

"Fire is fire, what's wrong. The mistake is in the candles or in the wick! "

"The fault is in the fire," Nebenteru repeated. Then he took out a fold- ed piece of sheepskin from his inner pocket. Al-Jazari, when he scattered the leather he had shaken and spread on the table, understood from the drawings on it that it was a map. Nebenteru put his index finger on a point on the map and said "Od's Cave." Nebenteru's gaze was fixed as if he was waiting for Al-Jazari to say something, but the watchmaker kept on talking when he was silent. "You need to go to Od's Cave with the last clock you made."

“Why?”

The mountain that they encountered after leaving a few kilometers behind them proved that Al-Jazari’s inference of the map was correct. The winter snow on the top of the mountain, whose skirts were covered with grass with the most saturated green, resembled a skullcap. As the altitude increased, the chirping of the newly nested birds echoed on the branches of the denser trees, while the gentle breeze whistle accompanied them.

“According to the map, somewhere around here must be the entrance of the cave,” Al-Jazari said, ignoring the birds and the wind. “You go this way - he pointed the left side with his hand - and I’ll check this way. Whoever finds the cave first will call out to the other.”

“Okay master,” Ali, after confirming his master, pulled the scotch of his horse to the left and started trotting in that direction, while Al-Jazari chose to get off his horse and seek by walking.

After a short while, Al-Jazari heard, “Master!” When he heard Ali’s call, he unwillingly straightened himself and listened.

“Master!” the same word echoed for the second time in the foothills of the mountain. Considering the possibility of something happening to him rather than the fact that Ali had found the cave, Al-Jazari began to walk in the direction of the voice with quick steps. When he reached Ali, he found him frozen like a statue, looking at a single point. Where he looked, a fascinatingly beautiful and terrifying beam of light was pouring out from the cleft formed at the foot of the mountain.

“I think this is the cave,” Ali said without taking his eyes off the light.

“It seems so.” After confirming, Al-Jazari began to walk slowly but firmly towards the light. However, when he realized that Ali could not move from where he was, he went back and shook him. Then they went through the light together and entered the cave, they were greeted by an unrealistic view. On the golden sand, white glowing marble stones formed a path, stretching towards a light-emitting pond. The tree on the right side of the pond was displaying its grandeur with its branches like an awning.

“I think we need the branches of this tree,” Al-Jazari said, putting his admiration for every bit of the natural wonder he was in. Then he reached the tree and pulled the two twigs he could reach from the trunk. After doing what Nebenteru had said, putting the branches on top of each other in a positive way, he tied them together with the ribbon twine he took out of his bag. When he checked the tightness of the rope and put the short part into the

water, a skinny blue flame ignited the end of the branch, creating halos on the water. When Al-Jazari took the branch out, he had not yet been overwhelmed by the contrast that the water was a source of fire, he felt on his shoulder one hand, which caused him to bounce off with a surprise. Al-Jazari, who found Nebenteru in front of him when he turned around, tried to get rid of the shock he just had by pulling his palate with his thumb.

“With this branch, you are holding and the flame burning at its end, the fire clock will now work as you wish,” said Nebenteru, after waiting for Al-Jazari to come to him. “I should even point out that it is better than that. Please take out the fire-clock device you brought with you.”

Al-Jazari shook his head positively, took the watch out of his pouch, and handed it to Nebenteru.

“Let me also take the branches.” The Egyptian sundial master took the clock extended to him and the branches with the flame at the end and lit the first candle of the device. The flame at the end of the candle’s wick danced, emitting a dim light next to what is inside the cave. However, the wax did not show any signs of melting. “Ali, can you get me some water?”

“Water? Okay.” While Ali was walking towards the pond with the flask he took out of his pouch, Nebenteru used his thumb and index finger to keep the fire moving from the first candle to the second candle at the fire clock.

“Watch carefully now.” As Nebenteru’s fingers approached the first candle, the fire shifted in that direction, and the remaining part was extinguished without a trace.

At that moment Ali appeared next to them again and said, “Water? Okay,” he started shuffling his pouch. Al-Jazari was looking after him with confused eyes as he found the canteen and moved towards the pond.

“What just happened?” the fire-clock master asked.

“Now you will be able to control the time with this clock.”

“How so?”

Nebenteru ignored this question. “By the way, I suggest you put the timer rulers horizontally rather than vertically. Because now you will measure time according to the progress of the fire, not the melting of the candles.”

The man was gone when Al-Jazari’s eyes left the fire-clock on the ground and returned to Nebenteru. The confused gaze of Ali, who returned with his water canister in his hand and the thoughtful gaze of Al-Jazari, remained in the cave.

|23:00|

Ashes Of the Melting Clock

Tick tack tick tack. Every piece of stone that Gilbert ripped out of the wreckage was hitting other stones and rolled downwards with the sounds of tick and tack, and a breach was opened at the point he dug with each minimized stone. Together with a man whose name was AlJazari, they came to the ruins of the watch shop and started looking for a lighter at the man's request. When Al-Jazari, who was digging the wreck alone at first, got angry for getting no help from Charlotte and Gilbert. They after that set out to search, and the rubble and stones on the ruins began to move.

When Gilbert dislodged a stone, a piece of silver reflected the sun's rays onto his face. The young apprentice, hoping that this might be what they are looking for, picked up the silver-capped lighter from the stones and cleaned the dust on it with his thumb, then held it to Al-Jazari and asked, "Is this it?" Al-Jazari reached Gilbert's in two steps and looked at the lighter with sparkling eyes. The happiness that came with the emergence of what he was looking for made his lips stretch out to form a smile. "That's it!" he said, in a tone that clearly stated how happy he was by each syllable. "Now, we can go to the past."

After briefly shuffling the pocket of his coat, the man pulled out an object large enough to fit in his palm. Five small red candles placed on a wooden assembly were tied together with a string. Al-Jazari held the device in his palm at the level of his eyes so that Charlotte and Gilbert could see it more closely, and after making sure what they had seen, he explained, "This is a fire-clock device."

Gilbert felt the need to quench his curiosity since it was Al-Jazari's words rather than the clock's device that caught Gilbert's attention, and he asked "What do you mean by "Now, we can go back?" "

When Al-Jazari heard Gilbert's question, he turned his gaze to Charlotte, as if she was the one who had to answer. Charlotte shrugged her shoulders and said, "I think it's time for you to learn it too."

"What do you mean, Charlotte?"

"He's coming with us," Al-Jazari said instead of answering the question.

"After all, he found the lighter."

"No way! No way." Charlotte recalled that she lived with Nebenteru, Zhang Wei, and Carlos, and thought that was not a smart idea to lure Gilbert into this danger, and she protested by raising her voice. However, Al-Jazari's words caused the ambient air to be scorched with a different breeze at a time:

“You don’t want your brother to come with us?”

Although Gilbert saw Charlotte as his older sister, the way Al-Jazari spoke the word ‘brother’ made Gilbert feel that it had a different implication than ‘a brother’. Thereupon, his lips opened and closed several times as if he wanted to talk, but he could only make a sound of meaningless syllables. He had many things on his mind, but he could not send the signal to transmit them into words.

“You have nothing to say, Charlotte? Boy, Tannhaus Serbien is your real father!” Absorbing the information revealed at an unexpected moment, Gilbert was stunned, while Charlotte gently shook her head and sighed. The state of calmness and shock that covered the ruins ended with Al-Jazari’s speech again: “Come on, touch this rune as soon as possible!”

“Master Tannhaus was my father?” Gilbert, ignoring Al-Jazari’s instructions. Charlotte was slowly approaching with her scowling gaze to Al-Jazari to touch the device.

“We don’t have much time,” Al-Jazari said, looking at Gilbert, who was still in shock. “Come on, touch that device!” he repeated.

Not to test Al-Jazari’s patience any further, Charlotte, did what the man said, touched the fire clock device. When the fire clock master realized that Gilbert was still standing, he took his hand and put it on the device himself.

“Get ready!” With the words of Al-Jazari, a strong wind surrounded the trio and began to swing their hair and clothes irregularly, like a dance style with a rhythm. When the wind calmed down and the clothes returned to their normal state, this time, flames of saturated red filled them. The area around the watch shop was burning, trapped in a fire, but they didn’t feel any heat. The fire that started from the ruins grew in a short time and covered every part of the visual horizon. Everything touched by the fire instantly turned to ash like a burning piece of paper, the gentle wind swept away the remaining ashes. When the fire completed its work and the ashes were swept by the wind, only whiteness remained.

While Charlotte, who had become used to this whiteness with no beginning and no end four times before and experienced this transition many times, seemed quite calm, Gilbert’s already-present astonishment reached its peak when suddenly seeing everything around him disappear.

“Did I die?” Gilbert asked. Seeing the flames surrounding him first and then an empty whiteness prevented him from offering a more logical explanation. “No boy! Where did you get that idea from?” Al-Jazari gave the command

to follow implicitly by taking his first steps in the endless white- ness.

“Where are we, then?” Gilbert was looking for the answer to this ques- tion in the eyes of Charlotte walking next to him, rather than Al-Jazari who was walking ahead. He hadn’t been able to get over the surprise that he heard that the woman, whom he felt close enough to call her with her name without using any Miss title since the day they met, was his real sister. “Master Tannhaus, was he my father?” After stopping for a while, he repeated. “Which one do you want to be answered first, kid? I don’t like to be asked questions one after the other.”

“He didn’t ask too many questions!” Charlotte threw in. “He just learned that his master is his father, there is a man in front of him talking about time travel, then he saw everything around him turning to ash in a fire, and when all this was over, he opened his eyes in the eternal whiteness. Moreover, it all happened in less than five minutes. It may be normal for you, a little normal for me, but it is not easy, even impossible, for Gilbert to grasp that these are real.”

“There is a saying you best learn the job while doing,” Al-Jazari said. “I am sure he will get used to this situation in time and his questions will decrease automatically. Now, follow me!”

Al-Jazari stopped after walking for a short while when he came to the point in his mind. Although this place where they stopped seemed no different than anywhere else, Charlotte knew that it was not exactly like that. The other guards who had come here before stood in the middle of the whiteness and opened a door in the void and made a transition to a new place. Charlotte guessed she was in a similar situation now. The fireclock master grasped a knob that was not visible in the whiteness and opened the door to close it as Charlotte guessed it. Charlotte was able to catch only one sentence from behind the door in this short time interval: “We must hurry, Tannhaus!”

“The wrong door,” Al-Jazari said, with the comfort of a short return from his mistake. “The inexperience of not being a very old guardian,” he added, with an impish smile.

Charlotte was disturbed by Al-Jazari’s sudden closing of the door, and she was intrigued by the fact that she thought she heard her father’s name. She asked, “What’s behind that door?”

“You’re not ready to see through that door yet.”

“All this seems so pointless,” Gilbert said, he seemed to be still look- ing for meaning in his situation.

“It is normal that it seems meaningless. Time has no rational growing direction. In essence, it is completely absurd and meaningless. Time has no rational side. It’s the people who mold it into measurable patterns. For this reason, we have time meters called clocks. But our watches are far from rational. Time needs to be free, and only if you can set it free, you can give a meaning to all of this. “

Al-Jazari took a few more steps before he stopped, as Gilbert strained the watchmaker’s words through his logic and tried to make sense of it. “This time it must be the right door.” When he grasped another invisible door’s handle and opened it, this time there was no sound from inside, and the only thing they could see was white again.

As Al-Jazari closed the door behind his back, little flames appeared at his feet, and Gilbert jumped from his place. However, when he realized that the flames were not radiating any heat, he stopped jumping and watched. The little flames slowly lost their redness and turned green and their calm and steady movements eventually turned into grass. In a short time, the triad was surrounded by flames of different shapes, and the shapes of these flames solidified and turned into trees, buildings, and animals. When all the flames were extinguished and the ashes were blown away, the endless whiteness gave way to a completely different landscape.

Floating earth and dust hid the village’s adobe houses behind a brown filter. The grasses growing in the ground became increasingly sparse, after a while they were replaced by dry bushes. The grass, which was crushed by the horse carriages constantly using the same road, formed a path in two lanes, stretching towards a village. In the distance, sheep bleating and dog barking filled the ears, as evidence of life in the village.

As Charlotte was used to these passes, she put her hand over her nose and wiped the blood that was draining while Gilbert was throwing up his hands and fell on his knees. He wiped his mouth on the sleeve of his white silk fabric shirt that replaced his navy blue tuxedo.

Al-Jazari, on the other hand, looked around as if he was looking for something, then nodded confidently and told the other two to follow him. “As I said, I sometimes make mistakes because I’m not as old as the other time guardians, so I try to be cautious,” he said as he began to walk the long path to the village.

When they walked about four hundred meters along the path, AlJazari suddenly stopped, unexpectedly, Charlotte and Gilbert could hardly stop not

hitting him. "According to the rules, I shouldn't go any further from here," said the time guard.

"What rule?" Charlotte remembered that the previous time guardians had disappeared after a certain period with her, and she could never make sense of it. Now, Al-Jazari's mention of a rule caused her to reflect on the existence of much more complex facts behind these flashbacks. AlJazari, on the other hand, ignored Charlotte's question, and after urging them to follow the path to the village, she looked at the watch, which Charlotte was sure was a Serbien.

"If you hurry up, you'll be on time for dinner," said the fire-clock mas- ter.

"Ha! Before I forget... (He pulled out the lighter Gilbert found in the ruins and handed it to Charlotte) Take this with you, you will need it." When Charlotte picked up the lighter, Al-Jazari wished them good luck and gently pushed them off their backs and led them towards the village.

After taking a few steps along the trail, when Charlotte turned around, she saw Al Jazeera disappear and sighed. "Now we need to meet with the other Al-Jazari," she said to herself.

Gilbert heard what Charlotte said, but instead of asking a question on that subject, he decided to repeat the question, for which he still could not get a full answer: "Charlotte, where are we?" Each time Gilbert called her Charlotte, Charlotte was heartbroken, feeling that she could not get used to it for a while. "We are in the past," she replied.

"How so, we are in the past? How? Why are we here? "

Exposed to Gilbert's waterfall of questions, Charlotte gasped for a while.

"We'll learn together, Gilbert," she said, freeing the air that filled her cheeks.

"Well, Master Tannhaus..." Gilbert said as he walked along the path, hoping that the questions in his mind would be answered as much as possible. "Was he my father?"

Although Charlotte thought that she was ready for Gilbert's unfortu- nate question, still, the question made Charlotte feel heavy in her chest, making it difficult to breathe. Before she could answer, she stopped walking and turned to meet Gilbert's eyes. "That's right, Gilbert," said in a tender voice.

"Tannhaus Serbien is your father."

Charlotte hoped Gilbert would react to this confirmation. However, she could not capture any expression of emotion on the boy's face. Af- ter a while, Gilbert opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, then gave up. He took his eyes away from Charlotte's and looked at the ground. At that

moment, a sentence that Charlotte could never have guessed came out of his mouth: "I suspected that Master Tannhaus was also traveling in time."

"Come on," Charlotte smiled at Gilbert's reaction, reminding them to keep going. After continuing for a short while, they reached the village square and came across a long bait-supplement table. One group sat at the table and chatted, some carrying food to the table, others giving commands to those who were carrying food. While pedestal torches accompanied the candles placed on the table, the dusk into the light, the blowing wind was trying to extinguish it by blowing into the flames.

When they got close, Charlotte counted the eleven people sitting at the table. Sitting in the middle, the young man resembling Al-Jazari and the young man looking like Gilbert immediately caught her attention. Soon she realized that other people also had familiar faces. Her neighbor in her old apartment Erhard, her friend Sigiwald from the university, Kemal working in the accounting department of WindenMark, and six more men whom she could not name but whose faces are familiar.

"The people sitting at that table look very familiar to me, sister," Gilbert said.

"Are you sure?"

"So," Charlotte's question made Gilbert doubt himself, but he decided to support his thinking. "Yes."

While Charlotte nodded to Gilbert's answer, she was thinking about how Gilbert knew those people she knew. After a while, Al-Jazari noticed Charlotte and Gilbert, he got up from the table, came next to them and drove Charlotte's thoughts away.

"Welcome," said the man. "It is good that you could catch up to dinner, please take a seat." The hand outstretched by Al-Jazari pointed to the empty chairs on the table.

When Al Cezeri returned to the table, Charlotte pointed through her eyes at Ali sitting at the table and said, "Doesn't he look much like you?" she asked Gilbert.

"Like me?" Gilbert loudly expressed his astonishment at Charlotte's analogy. "This is exactly the youth of Master Tannhaus ..."

Charlotte could not be sure that the reason for this analogy was that Gilbert saw people differently or that Tannhaus's youth resembled Gilbert, and could not allow this thought to be distracted by Al-Jazari's invitation to the table once again. When Charlotte sat in the chair to the right of Al-Jazari and

Gilbert sat on the left side, Charlotte giggled involuntarily, seeing Ali and Gilbert, who were alike, side by side.

“Now we can start,” said Al-Jazari, who was sure that everybody took their place at the table, got up and spread his hands, showing the food on the table. The table was adorned with dishes Charlotte had never seen before, poultry and hunting animals such as roasted duck, quail, and rabbit were also placed among them.

After the meal was finished, Al-Jazari turned to Charlotte and asked how she found the food. As Charlotte said that she liked it, Al-Jazari smiled in satisfaction.

“Now, you must be wondering why you came here.” When Charlotte and Gilbert nodded, Al-Jazari continued. “Watch carefully now.” He pointed to one of the men at the table. When the man took his plate and got up from the table, Al-Jazari said, “Now he will fall,” and at that moment the man stepped on a branch on the ground and fell.

“How did you know that?” Gilbert expressed his astonishment with words, while Charlotte stared a questioning gaze on Al-Jazari, awaiting an answer. Charlotte’s curiosity was not based on how Al-Jazari knew this, but rather her inability to establish the relationship between this incident and their presence here.

Al-Jazari, while smiling at Gilbert’s reaction, was a little concerned about Charlotte’s. “You are here to prevent this,” he explained.

Gilbert’s confusion increased more with this answer.

“What? Prevent the man from falling?” he asked.

* * *

The plate of the man who had just risen from the table and fell, bounced on the stone ground several times, making rhythmic sounds, and then broke with a clink. Following the sound, Al-Jazari’s “You are here to prevent this.” On Gilbert’s words, “What? prevent the man from falling?” his question caused the watchmaker to burst into small-scale laughter, and when he saw the boy’s face blush, he stopped. He would have been embarrassed by his reaction that he needed to add “Partially.”

“I think I should explain everything in a little more detail.” “If it’s okay,” Charlotte said in a moody tone.

“Well,” Al-Jazari agreed, “As you know, I’m a fire clock’s master. And

as you probably know, the fire clock I had, had one feature: controlling time. One morning I noticed that the clock was strange; but I could not solve what was causing this weirdness. Anyway... That day, I did my usual work and slept, and I didn’t care about the strange thing related to the watch. But things got a little interesting when I woke up the next morning. “

“What happened?” Listening carefully to Al-Jazari’s story, Gilbert was thrown in, as if trying to speed up the man’s quiet narration.

Al-Jazari continued telling his story after grinning softly at Gilbert’s reaction:

“The events I experienced the next day were unbelievably equivalent to the previous day. Everything! Although I first considered this as a coincidence, it continued in the same way for days. It was as if everyone, except me, was always doing the same thing. Over and over I went to different places and made observations, then set a course for myself and watched it every day and saw that everyone was doing the same thing at the same time. So I decided to get involved in the event and organized this feast. I convinced nine people to come. I changed the course of time, however, when I gave the same feast the next day, every- thing that happened at the banquet repeated. Like the fall of Ahmet ... I started to think that I could not find any solution to this anymore, but I continued to think about it. Then one day, the other Al-Jazari appeared and said to me that you were about to come. And we can fix things to- gether with you.”

“I am not surprised!” Charlotte said, frowning. “For some reason, I’m always the last to learn about them. How do you think I can help in solv- ing this incident that I know nothing about yet? “

Al-Jazari was disappointed by Charlotte’s harsh reaction, but he stood firmly, closed his eyes, and responded by shaking his head. Then he peeled the robe to his waist and pulled out a folded piece of paper from his inner pocket. The pulp and color of the paper caught Charlotte’s attention, and she soon realized that it was a piece of her father’s diary. When Al-Jazari handed the paper to her, Charlotte, with the return of the familiar feeling touching her fingertips, was sure of where the pa- per belonged and felt a deep feeling she could not describe. When she opened the quarter-fold diary page - as she did when she had been with Zhang Wei - she predicted that she would encounter a riddle again, but only when she read the first words she realized she was

wrong. “My dear daughter.” Her feeling that she could hear her father’s voice in her ears while reading the two words caused Charlotte to take a break from reading for a while, but she was able to continue after recovering. “My dear daughter, there will come a day and they will ask you to thaw the circulating time. All I can tell you is that if a fire burns in the middle of the water at the beginning of time, that fire will freeze and melt all time. ”

Charlotte was unable to prevent her from hearing her father’s voice in every word, and her feelings intensified when the effect of the uniqueness of his handwriting was added. This time her father gave clearer instructions rather than a riddle, which made Charlotte believe that things would be a little easier, but a voice whispered that she should still be cautious.

“We have to go to the cave,” Charlotte finally said.

“There is one here too, right?”

After Al-Jazari nodded Charlotte, “We set out with dawn, the group is coming with us. Thirteen people will go on this quest,” he added.

As Al-Jazari said, the group of thirteen set off with horses and galloped, despite the wind that whipped their faces, at dawn, which was extinguished with the teasing sound of the village rooster. While Charlotte, who had taken riding lessons while she was in the college, sat upon the horse and kept up with the race comfortably, Gilbert, unlike Charlotte, looked very uncomfortable, grimacing with every blow to the groin.

“My legs hurt!” Gilbert rebelled. Hoping that someone from the group would hear him and take a break, but instead of taking a break, one of the riders said, “Keep your back straight!” He had to be content with this advice.

As the sun continues to rise in silence, the group had already left the village behind and entered a grove where the resin scent of moss-covered pine trees filled the nasal passages with their north-facing faces. The dry soil gave way to the soft green grass, and the soothing bird chirps filled the void of the village rooster.

When the clock with the chain on Charlotte’s neck struck twelve and the sun reached the very top, they had reached a valley formed by two not very high hills. Knowing that the valleys are always dangerous, one of Al-Jazari’s men stood in front of the others and glanced left and right, then stopped and raised his fist hand in the air, signaling the others to wait. “Bandits,” he said, turning behind him in a whisper that he was sure everyone would hear.

“Bandits?”

Gilbert repeated the same word, slightly louder than the pioneer’s whisper,

and Charlotte squinted her eyes. Gilbert's pupils grew big enough to paint his irises completely black, and his nostrils widened to either side as if to show his fear. Unlike Gilbert, Charlotte looked as calm as she could, wondering about Al-Jazeera's move.

"Don't worry, be calm," Al-Jazeera said, addressing Gilbert rather than Charlotte. Al-Jazari's suggestion was interrupted when nearly twenty horsemen came down from the two hills, leaving a cloud of dust behind them, and had to warn his men to stand close to each other.

When the bandits came down to the valley, they formed a circle, imprisoning Al-Jazari's group in their midst and started to circle them. After a while, when one of the bandits broke the circle, the others stopped turning.

When the man took down the black veil that covered his mouth, Charlotte realized that this man looked like Noah Meyer, owner of Wind-enMark, Gilbert's "Father Baldemar?" with a roar, he was confident in his theory of similarities. Then Gilbert's whispering to himself, "Master-Tannhaus is my real father," caught Charlotte's attention.

The head of the bandits in the body of Noah Meyer, or Stepfather Baldemar, stroked the manes of his horse and grinned, showing his teeth yellowed from tobacco, after peering the group with his eyes under the scowling brows. "If you want to pass this valley, you have to pay a fee."

Charlotte, wondering what to do in the face of this threat, turned her gaze to Al-Jazari. The fire-clock master nodded and said "Ok," then put his hand in the pocket of his robe and took out a pouch. After loosening the shirring of the pouch, he took out one of the gold coins, placed it on his thumb, and with a flick, he threw the gold to the bandit's head. Examining the gold he had caught in the air for a while, the man grinned once more, showing his yellow teeth, and added, "A gold for everyone."

"A gold for everyone?" Al-Jazari said. His voice seemed to tremble, even though he tried not to show it. "But I don't have that much gold."

"It's okay," the bandits said after the head of the bandits rubbed their thumb and index finger on their mustache. He pointed to Charlotte with his hand and continued: "Then you will give me her."

While Charlotte was frowning at this offer, Gilbert on his horse turned red with anger. The ransom of a man who spoke in the image of his stepfather and his voice had caused his anger to exceed his threshold. As the grinning man with his yellow teeth waited for an answer, Gilbert, unable to control his anger any longer, made an unexpected move and unsheathed the dagger

suspended in the saddle. The dagger got stuck in the throat of the bandit's head after a few swings in the air and dyed his yellow teeth red with blood. The man was crouching on his horse with growling, choking with his blood. The bandit, who finally succeeded in removing the dagger stuck in his throat, fell off the horse and let out his last breath through the hole in his throat. Seeing their leader dead, the other bandits dismounted one by one and started walking towards Gilbert. Aware of the seriousness of the situation, Al-Jazari said, "We are now ruined!" Gilbert was staring at the men approaching him, not blinking, as he muttered. Even when the bandits narrowed the circle and gathered around Gilbert's horse, it was not possible to catch an expression of fear in Gilbert's eyes. The seriousness of the faces of the men made Gilbert feel even more upright. However, his inability to see the anger in the eyes opposite caused him to question the situation.

Gilbert was aware at that moment that he could not take any action to delay his death, and he began to wait for his inevitable end. However, as the bandits stood on their knees one by one, then prostrated, Gilbert looked around in hopes of an answer, asking what was going on. The bandits stood up again and swung their fisted hands to the sky and said, "Long live Almighty Chief! Long live Almighty Chief! Long live Almighty Chief!" His lungs pounded three times with his cry, and Gilbert realized that death was not as close as he had predicted.

"Who killed the Almighty Chief, become Almighty Chief!" one of the bandits said, "We are also your servants. Three times for our Almighty Chief!"

"Long live Almighty Chief! Long live Almighty Chief! Long live Almighty Chief!"

Gilbert didn't know what to say to the bandits cheering on him, but he took his right hand to his heart and tried to make it clear that he accepted the cheers. Then he turned to Al-Jazari, whom he hoped he could get some answers, "Well, what will happen now?" asked.

Al-Jazari thought for a while, "They can come with us too. There is no guarantee that no other dangers will arise. We always need the help of people who are experienced."

"All right," Gilbert said and turned to the bandits. "Bandits!"

One of the bandits coughed and whispered, "My servants," as if to indicate that Gilbert's form of address was wrong.

"Yes?"

“My servants,” repeated the man.

“Ha! My servants! You will follow us! ”

“Your wish is our command, Almighty Chief!” shouted the bandits echoed all over the valley, the group set out with horses walking in trot.

The group’s journey was about to come to an end as the sun shed its last light from the horizon to the sky. First, a mountain showed itself, then the entrance of the cave, which drowned the foothills of the mountain into a sea of light, appeared in all its glory. When they reached the foot of the mountain, the crowd freed their horses in the pasture and entered the cave one by one, passing through the light. When the thieves of Gilbert, who were added to the apostles of Al Cezeri, filled the cave, it was understood that the limit of occupation of the cave was already exceeded, and while the people inside threw and puffed with anxiety, beaded sweat began to appear on their foreheads from the heat. Realizing that this situation was unwise, Al-Cezeri took out the fire clock, which had been in his hand for a while, on one of the white stones on the floor, and asked Gilbert to come and take the bandits out. The effect of the empty volume created by the men who came out on Gilbert’s instructions showed itself in the rest, with the more comfortable breathing. The cave now, Al-Jazari housed thirteen people, including Charlotte and Gilbert. Thirteen people who had dinner together yesterday and set off together...

Al-Jazari took the fire clock he put it on the white stone and dragged the golden sand on the ground with his foot and came as far as Charlotte.

Contrary to the questioning gaze in the fire clock master’s eyes, Charlotte had a glow in her eyes like an expat who returned home after a long time.

Charlotte went to the pond, the source of the gurgling sound echoing on the cave walls and the light that illuminated the whole environment. She looked at the longan tree, which stood open like a gazebo by the pond, and the golden sand that more than anything else reminded her of Carlos. A voice whispered that she would not be able to see this cave again, and the tone of that voice had a certainty that she had never heard of before.

“What are we doing now?” When Al Cezeri’s self-doubtful tone drowned her inner voice, Charlotte turned to him. Charlotte’s face, who had been holding the lighter she had turned on her fingertips for a while, was covered with a smile. The wisdom of this facial expression was so great that Al Cezeri felt confident that she knew the answer to this question.

Charlotte squeezed the lighter between her thumb and index finger and held it

towards Al-Jazari and said, "If a fire burns right in the middle of the water at the beginning of time, that fire will melt freezing all time!" he repeated the words his father had written in his diary.

"I think you have figured out what is meant by these words. If we look at the expression on your face..."

Charlotte's smile turned into a grin with the words of Al-Jazari. "I guess we have no choice but to try and see this, right?"

After Charlotte finished her words, she began to slowly walk towards the pond. Every step she took left footprints in the sand and some sand stuck to her soles began its journey with Charlotte. Upon reaching the pond, most of the grains of sand had lost their strength and found their new home on the ground, the rest set off on a new journey to the bottom of the pond with Charlotte's first step into the water. Even though the soles touched the water, Charlotte's footprints showed no signs of wetting, as if disregarding the laws of physics and allowed Charlotte to walk on the water by revealing the buoyancy of the water. Charlotte looked as if she was walking on a glass surface rather than a liquid.

Every step she took left little circles on the water, which crossed each other to form a chain that stretched into the middle of the pond, where Charlotte was standing. When all the links of the chain disappeared one by one at her feet, starting from the sand floor, Charlotte lit the lighter she was holding. The flame on the tip of the lighter started to grow after dancing for a while. First, the water of the pond at Charlotte's feet evaporated, then sand and rocks followed them. Eventually, the flames were all over the place, leaving only Charlotte and Gilbert. As the flames faded, a more familiar sight filled the place of the cave: the street in Winden, where the Serbien watch shop was located. Moreover, both the watch shop and other buildings stood where they should be. The earthquake was as if it had never happened.

Charlotte extinguished the last piece of fire that remained on the ground like a butt with the tip of her heeled shoe. "I think we did it!" she said with a sigh. Gilbert also sighed deeper, imitating Charlotte:

"Charlotte, can we talk now?"

"Okay," Charlotte replied. "But let's go inside first..." When she felt the door to the shop, she realized it was not locked. In response to this unexpected event, she bent her lips and pushed the door open. As the bell of the door rang, Charlotte and Gilbert's eyes widened as if to pop out of their sockets with the landscape they just encountered.

|Chapter 9| Midnight

Eternity is not an everlasting flux of time, but time is as a short parenthesis in a long period.

John Donne

|23:59|

End of the World's Gem

Then, as the pointed ends of the sign of the closed-door hit the glass, a timbre accompanied by the seconds of the pocket watch in Charlotte's pocket rebelliously manifested itself in the shop where silence prevailed. When they came in, Gilbert and Charlotte's eyes widened when they saw the man with a gray cap on his head and a smoked scarf hanging from his neck, and their lungs resisted not to let out the air they were holding. The man was busy with something on the first horizontal showcase with his back turned that the two could not see. When he heard the door shut and turned his face, Charlotte and Gilbert's astonishment blended with fear, reaching a level that no one could bear.

"Ta... Ta... Tan..." stammered Gilbert, he could not finish the sentence, and let out his breath shivering.

"Welcome guys," Tannhaus said after waiting for Gilbert to calm down, with a voice that made the longing felt over, and a sincere smile on his face.

"A... A... But..." Gilbert's much higher level of confusion than Charlotte was showing its effect by not being able to return his speech to normal. When Tannhaus, aware of the situation he was in, grasped his shoulder saying "Take it easy, son," Gilbert, contrary to these words, began to tremble with fear. Tannhaus then slowly withdrew his hand and muttered "All right."

"Okay, okay... I'm calm."

While Gilbert was trying to autosuggest with his words, he was pushing the feeling of fear that had turned into an invisible object in his mind towards the floor with his palms facing down.

Charlotte, watching Gilbert's reactions blankly, did not move as if she was in a catatonic phase. After a while, when she got out of this phase, unexpected

by Tannhaus, Charlotte got to his side in two steps and got around her father's neck and started to cry. As long as the hiccups permitted, she only said the same thing: "Sorry, sorry!"

Tannhaus knew very well what his daughter apologized for. When she picked up the phone before he died, Charlotte had cut the conversation short, on the pretext of being busy. However, Tannhaus aimed to hear her voice one last time rather than talk to her daughter, and this meeting was quite enough for him.

"Shhhhh..." said Tannhaus Serbien, gently stroking his daughter's back in circles with one hand. "It's over. Look, I'm here." He grabbed Charlotte by both shoulders and separated her from his chest. The hiccups were cut, but he fixed his eyes on the brown eyes, whose tears continued to flow. As Charlotte whispered "I'm sorry," one last time, Tannhaus closed his eyes and nodded, biting his lips. "Let's go inside. I have something to tell you." As Tannhaus strode towards his office, his two children behind him glanced at each other before following him, and when Charlotte caught the fear that was still present in her brother's eyes, she took the first step to encourage him.

When they entered the office, Tannhaus Serbien gave up and turned to the wooden turntable in the right corner, as he sat down at the desk, on which he caressed his hand. Charlotte was unaware of the presence of the wooden record player until her father went next to it.

"It's still the same record," said the watchmaker, without turning his face. "Anroozha Volume One." He lifted the pin of the turntable and put it where he was now memorizing. As the record started spinning, the last song he listened to before he died began to echo inside the office. "Daryache Noor," "Light of the Lake." After listening to the violin crying silently for a while, he stopped the recorder and sat down at his study desk. Seeing their father sitting, Charlotte and Gilbert also settled uneasily in the guest chairs in front of the table.

Although Gilbert faded slightly to his initial fear and confusion, he still dared not look at his father's face, preferring to scrape off the raised leather from the armrest of his seat with his fingernail. Unlike Gilbert, Charlotte's tears, on the other hand, stopped flowing, but the drops of water had not yet descended, staring at the Tannhaus and waiting for an explanation. However, Tannhaus Serbien, instead of talking, opened the drawers of his desk one by one and began to scramble them carefully. Finally, finding what he was

looking for, he placed a triumphant expression on his face and pulled out a brightly shining blue object from the drawer. "You know what that is," he said, and without waiting for the others to approve, he explained. He opened one of the other drawers, and with a shorter search this time, he pulled out another object. "This is Azazel's mechanism." He placed the index finger of his right hand on the core wheel and the left one on the other. "The first and last two artifacts that control time."

Charlotte had witnessed Azazel's experience with Od Tengri and learned that Azazel produced this mechanism while traveling back to the past with Adam Kahnewald or Azazel as was his first name.

Charlotte had witnessed Azazel's experience with Od Tengri and learned that Azazel produced this mechanism while traveling back to the past with Adam Kahnewald - or Azazel as his first name -. However, when she saw this piece, which stood like a large marble under his father's finger, once more closely, she had just realized that it was the mechanism Gilbert had shown her to dissuade the day she decided to sell the shop. A mechanism that would stop time forever with a single touch ...

When Tannhaus noticed Charlotte's eye wading, he waited for a short while and drew her daughter's attention back to himself by an artificial cough.

"You, Charlotte," he began to speak again, "between these two, you visited the times of the four important clocks that have controlled time throughout history, and their masters have been of great help. You have settled the deviations that occurred in their time intervals.

These were all tests of the great test. "

"What exam?" "The test for what?" asked Charlotte. While waiting for an answer from her father based on all the events, he was instrumental in more problems ending up in his mind like a mushroom.

Tannhaus returned to his speech saying "Time is tired now and needs to be renewed". Because this sentence did not answer any question, nor did it fit into the framework of logic, Charlotte had squinted under her scowling eyebrows and her mouth slumped; However, she kept her silence, believing that it was best to listen to her father without saying anything. "And you, my daughter, have shown us that you are the only one who can achieve this, which I did not doubt. Of course, this is easy to say, but not everything was so simple. First of all, I must point out that when you go back to Al-Jazari's time, things have changed. The most important of these are; Adam now has the watch Gilbert made. Because of the core wheel inside, that watch can

control the time. “

“Yes, but he can only use the watch when the bearer is chosen by his master,” recalled Charlotte.

“I both read this in your diary and heard from Nebenteru.”

Tannhaus, who nodded throughout his speech as if to show that his daughter was right, interrupted when he was sure it was his turn to speak, “But this is not the case for Adam Kahnewald.”

“How so?” Being quite a stranger to the conversation, Gilbert asked his question eagerly to learn the details of this incident that he was instrumental in, and when he realized that he was not stuttering, he dared to look at his father’s face for the first time.

“Adam or Azazel was Od Tengri’s favorite assistant. When Od Tengri liked Nebenteru’s sundial and decided to make him his first time guardian, Adam opposed it and turned his back to Od Tengri. You already know this story, Charlotte. “

“Yes.”

“That day, Adam swore that he would cause deviations in time. With the advantage of being the master of time, he could also dominate other clocks that could control time, but the others always refused to break the promise of their masters and turned away from Adam. The man finally understood that only if the master gave the watch of his own free will would enable him to control it. The watch Gilbert gave him provided exactly these features. “

“But you’re the watchmaker who can control time, not Gilbert!”

“Yes and no,” Tannhaus said. “My death was also part of a plan. So you would be the time carrier, and Gilbert, the new watchmaker. The clocks you made would not have anything special, but Gilbert, on the other hand, could not control time. But the clocks Gilbert made would be able to control time, and you would be the one who would control the time. That would make Adam’s work even more difficult, he needed both of you. However, this caused the clock made by Gilbert for Adam to become the one watch that could control the time. Adam is much stronger now. “

Feeling all the blame was on him, Gilbert’s face fell and Tannhaus wanted to reassure him, “You didn’t do anything wrong son, raise your face. It’s time to stand upright from now on. Now, we have a place to go together.” He opened another drawer, but this time he was not looking for anything, he was putting all the tools inside him on his work table. These slipshod throws of Tannhaus, who placed all the tools meticulously and symmetrically under normal

conditions, caused Gilbert to be surprised and he met this change in his master with suspicion, however, he never gave up on the idea that it was best to watch what would happen without saying a word.

“It’s all right,” Tannhaus said after completely emptying the inside of the drawer. “Now,” as he hit the gold hard, the drawer’s chipboard was dislodged and a secret compartment revealed itself. The gold-colored skeleton key, standing alone in the drawer, looked like it had been waiting to come out for years. The smile on Tannhaus’s face, whose eyes were divine light, stretched his lips till his cheeks as if he was waiting for this moment at least as long as the key. Moreover, Gilbert could have sworn that his master whispered “Finally,” when he picked up the key.

“Follow me,” the old man said, supported by the armrests of his chair, stood up and headed towards the wall behind him. When he saw Charlotte and Gilbert rise as well, he lowered the frame hanging on the wall, containing an enormous replica of Salvador Dali’s *The Persistence of Memory*, better known as *The Melting Clocks*, and a keyhole without a door was revealed. Without missing the smile on his face for a moment, Tannhaus placed the golden skeleton key in this slot and turned it clockwise, first some mechanical sounds were heard, then part of the wall was pulled inwards, and then the wall was bent out with a similar mechanical sound. At the end of this process, which was getting faster and faster, the wall was opened to two sides by turning as if it were a wheel system. Now, a corridor covered with dark spruce parquet ran from the clock shop’s office to the unknown. Tannhaus finally revealed the unknown of this equation with his words “Welcome to the Time Control Center!”

The clocks hung at equal intervals on the walls covered with the same paneling as the floor of the corridor was hitting the teak in harmony. The second bars were so neatly arranged that every tick and every tick filled the entire corridor at the same time, not one of them lagged behind this sound pattern. Tannhaus took his first step into the corridor, filled with the scent of the wood and the varnish covering the surface. He took a breath from his nose to his lungs, and after waiting for a while he released it from his teeth. When he started walking again, with Charlotte and Gilbert following him, the sound of heels at every step and the creak of the wooden floor that followed covered the harmonic ticks of the clocks. As the number of steps they took increased, the wooden clock with the pendulum leaning against the wall at the end of the corridor grew larger and the sound of the pendulum,

instead of the ticking sounds, began to fill the ears.

“This is Divine,” Tannhaus said as they reached the front of the clock.

When Charlotte learned the name of the watch, she felt the need to ask the question in her mind: “The Time Control Center... Divine... Are we talking about the fact that time is concrete?”

Tannhaus turned to her at her daughter’s question. “Both yes and no!”

Hoping to get a clear answer to the question she listened very carefully to her father. But his unclear answer made her not hesitate to put her frustration on her face.

“Come on, follow me.” Tannhaus headed for the door made of wood darker than paneling, to the right of the corridor that ended with Blessed. When the door opened, Gilbert and Charlotte had the chance to see through their father’s shoulder, a hustle and bustle. Tens of people were transporting the wads of paper they carried in their hands from one place to another, and as many people sat at their desks, picking and filling the sheets one by one from the piles of paper in front of them. The two people who seemed to be responsible for maintaining all this seemingly complex order, on the other hand, joined their arms on their chests and gave instructions to others. While it was obvious that one of the men had the navy blue suit he wore altered accordingly and carefully selected every piece from his tie to his handkerchief, the other one wore a casually put on brown suit, which was at least a size bigger for him. When they heard the voice, they both turned to the door, and when they noticed Tannhaus, they were at their side with quick but not hasty steps.

“Welcome, Tannhaus,” said the man in the dark blue suit, hugging and leaving Tannhaus, then turned to Charlotte and Gilbert and added,

“Welcome.”

“Thank you,” Tannhaus said as his children nodded to the greeting.

“Hello, I’m Frits,” the man said, reaching out to Charlotte and shaking it.

“This is my colleague Burke.”

Charlotte, hearing the names, was sure that her hypothesis she had in mind was a law. “I think the time is a tangible being,” she said, not realizing that she was saying it aloud.

“A being?” Frits said, “It’s a bit of a complicated story.”

“Much,” Burke supported his colleague.

“The Time Control Center is a structure established for the smooth running of clocks, or time to use it literally. Concreteness is - “

“It’s a bit of a complicated story,” Burke interrupted Frits. “Instead of wasting time with that, we have to show you what we have to show you.”
“Right!”

“Follow me.” The others followed Burke as he slipped out of the hustle and bustle tables and began walking towards the far corner of the office. Burke and Frits continued their cursory path, Charlotte and Gilbert took the utmost care to avoid hitting the employees carrying their papers and wears out of their way, they tried as hard as possible not to interfere with their work. His short grueling journey was concluded when Burke finally stopped in front of another door of dark wood. The wooden door had neither a handle nor a knob in sight, but when Burke grasped the gap a few centimeters in front of the door and pulled his arm towards him, the door opened. Inside there was a much smaller room than the office they had just left; the walls were covered with mirrors, creating an illusion of space. Since the room was oval and the mirror did not have any cut points, the person was also deprived of direction. Charlotte looked at the door they had entered to alleviate this deprivation; though, the door was now integrated with the mirror and disappeared. Despite all this, the room was very bright even though there was no light source, and it was quite spacious without any windows. Charlotte thinks that the biggest reason for this bright and spacious room was that the room was empty. When she noticed the particle hanging in the air in the middle, sparkling and winking, she realized that the room was not as empty as she had guessed.

“Come, get closer,” Burke said, waiting for the others to follow his instructions, then continued: “This particle is time itself.”

“Time itself is Od Tengri,” Frits corrected.

“Od Tengri has stated that time is coming to an end,” Burke continued. Azazel and his supporters take advantage of this situation, causing deviations in time and the life of time is rapidly decreasing. “

“Deviations?” Gilbert said, interrupting when no one expected.

“Yes, deviations,” Frits replied and put a bale of newspaper on the table that Charlotte could not understand from where and how he had taken it out. Picking the top one and swiping it across the table so others could see it, and read the headline: “1974 Model Zero Mileage Car” When Charlotte and Gilbert looked like what was in it, she took the other newspaper and slid it across the table in the same way. “Today Was Yesterday.” Realizing that the other people were still unable to perceive it, he took turns throwing the

newspapers and reading the headlines: “A Week Unliving Woman, Minus Twenty Minutes Extension, His De- ceased Wife Woke Up In The Morning.” Frits searched for an expression on the faces of Charlotte and Gilbert that expressed their understanding, but, when he could not find what he was looking for, he felt the need to make a statement and started to explain the newspapers again by show- ing them one by one. “1974 Model Zero Kilometer Car. In this news, he mentioned that although it was a 1974 model, there was a car that had never been used and that was as shiny as it came out of the factory.

“Today was Yesterday Incident, and in the detail of this news, it is mentioned that a man in Pommerby lived twice the same day and told all the events that happened that day to his friends minute by minute.

“In Woman Who Didn’t Live for a week, as can be seen from the headline, a woman from Gelting claimed that she has never lived the last week of her life.

“In the Minus Twenty Minutes Extension event, it is mentioned that while the sixty-fifth minute of the match is played, the match time sud- denly stops and two zeros are written on the scoreboard. At first, this was thought to be a scoreboard error, but when the match records were viewed, it was seen that twenty minutes not played were recorded and two goals scored.

“I think the scariest thing is that Linfred Selig, who woke up one morning in Berlin, found his wife, who died four months ago, asleep in his bed.

“I think you understand a little more now.”

“So, what should we do now?” Charlotte asked.

“There is only one way to stop Azazel,” Burke said.

“It is also about stopping time.”

“Well, we can do that easily anyway.”

Tannhaus put his arm on his daughter’s shoulder and said, “This one is a little different.”

Following Tannhaus’s instructions, Charlotte and Gilbert set out quickly with the Mini Cooper towards Hasselberg to stop the time. Tann- haus advised them to be very careful on the road due to the deviations in time and announced the direction as the Hassel Clock Tower. He also suggested that they would go separately and meet in the tower, as the intensification of deviations would make it dangerous to act together.

As they crossed the ALM bridge and left it behind them, everything around them suddenly changed shape and the exit of the bridge cut off Charlotte’s

path by connecting to a dead-end street. Neither Charlotte nor Gilbert, who was sitting next to her, could hide their astonishment at this supernatural event. The fact that the current direction was connected to an unknown road made both their eyes twice as big.

When Charlotte turned the gear back into position and moved to get out of the blind alley, she had to stop again with the parking sensor squeaking at the high pitch. Like the road suddenly caught in a deadend, the entrance to the blind alley had been cut off by a black car that came from nowhere.

The four men, dressed in black, got out of the car and headed for the Mini Cooper. Although the front doors were locked, they opened without difficulty, and unlike the doors, Charlotte and Gilbert were forced out of the vehicle, then blindfolded and put into the other car. They didn't even have the opportunity to question what was happening.

Charlotte, blindfolded, was trying to detect what was happening around her by making her ears work overtime. The engine of the car started, and after driving on asphalt for a while, she began to hear the sound of tires crushing stone and soil. Then the friction of the pads and the squeak of the handbrake filled her ears. Wherever they were, they probably had reached their final destination so that they stopped.

Charlotte heard the door open, then one hand grasped her arm, forcing her out of the vehicle. With her eyes closed, she had to sit with the pressure she felt on her shoulders after her journey to the unknown place about thirty-five steps further. The stiffness she felt in her hips made her think that what she was sitting on was a wooden chair, her hands were pulled towards her back and her wrists were tied together from behind.

The light leaking from the gap opened by the two fingers between the cloth and her eyes reached an intensity that would disturb her eyes when the cloth was completely peeled off and lowered to her neck. Narrowing her eyes for a while to adjust to the light - when she had a clear view - she found Adam Kahnewald in front of her. The space around her, illuminated by a few sizzling fluorescent lamps, looked like an abandoned warehouse.

"Hello," Adam said without expecting any response from Charlotte. Because there was not the slightest change of facial expressions in Charlotte's expressionless face. "Sorry to bring you here this way, but I had no other choice." The sincerity in Adam's words was to show that he was truly sorry. "This time guardians are pushing you to do their errands - I told you before! I still can't believe you haven't noticed this. They tell you the truth and reality

are theirs, but truth and reality are diverse only from point of view. Come, join me! Let's be together the master of the world. "

As Adam Kahnewald repeated the proposal he had made earlier, Charlotte shouted that she was not interested in it. "I will never stand by you!"

With the last syllable coming out of Charlotte's mouth, Carlos appeared in front of the warehouse entrance door, wearing a brown cap and yellow scarf. Following Charlotte's eyes, Adam suddenly disappeared into nothingness when he noticed Carlos behind him. After Adam, his men also followed him, and there was no one left but Carlos, Charlotte, and Gilbert in the warehouse. In three big steps, Carlos got behind the chairs and first freed Charlotte and then Gilbert from the ropes. "We don't have much time, follow me!"

Charlotte rubbed her wrists with blood blisters due to the ropes and stared at Carlos, with passionate love, she smiled: "Thank you."

Carlos took a step closer to Charlotte and grabbed her shoulder. "Charlotte - you know, it's not me."

Charlotte knew that the time guardian across from her was not the Carlos she fell in love with, somehow, it was enough for her to see someone in his image and to have this image belong to the person she most wanted to see in life, she felt helpless.

Carlos left Charlotte with her emotions for a short while and headed for the exit of the warehouse. When she pulled open the sliding door, the scene revealed made Gilbert yell: "This is- that cave!"

The time guardian shook his hands and replied, "Yes - and no," in a phrase quite familiar to Charlotte, who ended her emotions. "Our main job is not in this cave," he added, "we just need to get something from here."

"What do we have to get from it than?" Charlotte asked, trying to hide the sadness in her voice.

"It!" Carlos was pointing to the pond. "You know what it is, Charlotte!"

"Yes, the heart of time."

Carlos nodded. "At the same time, the ore of the core wheel. Now what I want is for you to go into the water and take a piece of it. Do you understand?"

Charlotte didn't want to question why and how she felt tired at that moment. She wanted all this adventure to end as quickly as possible. She nodded at Carlos and took her first step towards the pond. Until the nose of her shoes was in the water, Charlotte's uneasiness dominated her whole self. However, with this first contact, she felt peace. The pond, which she hoped to be cold,

warmed her body as if she was wrapped in a blanket, as if to prove otherwise, making her want to stay there indefinitely.

When the water reached waist level, she felt ready to dive. Shutting her eyes and plugging her nose with the thumb and index finger, she took a deep breath into her lungs and buried her head in the water. When she opened her eyes, the clarity of the water prevented her from losing her vision, which gave Charlotte the feeling of flying through the air rather than being underwater. She followed the call of the bright sphere in the middle of the pond and began to glide towards it. Half a meter before she stopped and dropped her feet down and stood up. She wasn't sure what to do; but listening to the voice inside, she reached out to the sphere and pinched a piece from the sphere. The piece that she had plucked continued to emit a constant brightness after a short flash. When she swam back out of the pond with the piece of light she had trapped in her palm, she noticed that she didn't even get a drop of water on her.

"Come on, follow me," Carlos said, making sure Charlotte was in good shape and headed for the hanging ladder from the cave wall to the left of the pond. He was already halfway of his climb making a metallic sound of each step he made, Charlotte and Gilbert followed him. When Carlos reached the top of the ladder, he pushed up the ceiling cover above his head and opened it and moved to the floor of the upper floor. Realizing that Charlotte was having trouble climbing up, he threw his hand and pulled her up, then felt the need to help Gilbert too.

"Where are we?" Gilbert asked as Carlos closed the lid that remained on the floor.

"Right now, young friend, we are on the top floor of the Clock Tower," Carlos said, clapping his hands together, shaking off the invisible dust. Charlotte's question that started with "Well now..." ended with Carlos raising his index finger and silencing her. The hourglass master had puffed up his ears, his eyes fixed on the stairs behind Charlotte and Gilbert. Noticing that Carlos was paying attention, Charlotte and Gilbert turned in that direction. The clicks from the ladder increased in intensity and eventually evolved into three people. Burke, Frits, and Tannhaus had climbed the ladder, panting.

"Time has deviated, we couldn't get directly here," Burke said.

Frits shrugged his jacket and straightened his tie. "But we caught up."

As Charlotte turned her questioning eyes to her father, then to Frits and

Burke, Gilbert said, "What's going on?" He didn't hesitate to ask. Charlotte, without waiting for an answer to her brother's question, turned her gaze back to her father and asked, "What are we going to do now?" Tannhaus smiled that was not out of contentment on his face and said, "We will wait!" He looked at the watch on his left wrist. By then an expression of determination settled on his face, signaling that the time had come, a movement started right in the middle of the room. On the one hand, light beams danced, in front of it, water waves rose towards the ceiling, on the other hand, the grains of sand formed a small diameter hose and a great fire burst about a meter behind the hose. After a while, light, water, sand, and fire took the form of a human silhouette, and soon the silhouettes became real bodies: Nebenteru, Zhang Wei, Carlos, and Al-Jazari were reincarnated in the Clock Tower in their time clothes. At the same time, Carlos in the sailor suit appeared and Carlos with the cap disappeared. Charlotte's eyes glowed with the joy of seeing her own Carlos this time, while the hourglass master hugged Charlotte tightly and kissed her lips in two big steps, as if not wanting to leave.

"I missed you," Carlos said, keeping his eyes on Charlotte.

"Me too," said Charlotte, as if the words were knotted in her throat, their resilience not to turn into hearable voices could only become a whisper.

"Everybody put their time resources on the ground," Frits said, harnessing the romance breeze in the setting into a storm of urgency.

With Frits' order, the watchmakers put their hands in their pockets.

Nebenteru took a mirror, Zhang Wei a bottle of water, Carlos a jar of sand on the floor, while Al-Jazari put the lighter Gilbert found in the ruins of the watch shop.

"Charlotte you too!" Frits reminded. "Hah!" Charlotte waited for a moment to understand what Frits meant, and then, placed the ore of the core wheel that she held in her palm in the middle of the four separate time sources.

A piece of time vanished as if nothing would happen. Then a white light rose above the mirror, followed by streaks of blue that rose above the water, yellow from the sand, and red from fire. As the translucent, colored lights intertwined with each other, forming a spiral and ascended to the ceiling, the gray beam that rose from Charlotte's ore of the core wheel passed through the middle of the four. The beam of light pierced the ceiling, reached the sky and drowned colors everywhere, and then all the lights went out. Darkness turned everywhere.

“Stand! - Stand! - Stand!” Three identical words from the unseen person filled Charlotte’s ears. Her vision in the confinement of darkness was still not clear when it slowly came to light. Then everything slowly became clear, as if someone had adjusted the focus of her eyes. The first thing Charlotte noticed was that she was lying on a bed with a white sheet. The second thing she noticed was a woman in a white outfit. As Charlotte thought probably a nurse, the woman noticed that Charlotte was awakening and ran out of the room. After a while, she returned with a man in a white coat. Charlotte thought that he was probably a doctor. She was trying to open up her perception, trying to understand why she was in the hospital.

“Good morning,” said the man to Charlotte. She was now certain that the man with a white coat is a doctor.

“Where am I?” Charlotte asked, ignoring the doctor’s greeting. “Why am I in the hospital?”

“You’ve been unconscious for a long time, we’ve been keeping you under control.”

“How did I get here?”

“You had a traffic accident. According to what the lawyer of Serbian company, Adolph, told me when he called you to convey the news that your father had passed away, he first heard a hard brake and then a crash. Also, according to the information I received from the company you work for, you have been fired. When we met with your boyfriend, some things in your private life did not go well. With all these psychological factors combined, we estimate that the physical impact of the accident was much greater than under normal circumstances,” explained the doctor.

“Well, I indeed got into a traffic accident after receiving the news of my father’s death, but that accident was not such a big accident. After the accident, I talked to my father’s lawyer, then I bought the shop on myself. I became a partner at my old company. “ Charlotte was trying to understand what was happening and wanted to explain her experiences in return. She was aware that it would not be right to tell the parts about time travel, and she tried to give as much detail as possible on other issues.

“These must all be tricks of your mind played on you after the accident while you were in a coma,” the doctor said. “We have encountered such cases before. Patients waking up from a coma tell about lives they have never happened, even some claimed to have been in a different body. But we think these are the post-traumatic effects of psychological factors.” With the lamp

he took out of his apron pocket, the man looked into Charlotte's eyes, listened to her pulse, and then asked the nurse to take a blood sample for analysis. "You looked fine; I think we can discharge you as soon as the results of the tests come."

As Charlotte could not yet understand what she was going through, the doctor made the sign that they were done, and left the room, wearing the cream-colored cap and white scarf on the chair. The combination of scarf and cap made Charlotte's subconscious work again. The Standard Uniform of the Time Guardians: Cap and scarf.

Charlotte, who could not have any health problems as a result of the tests, was discharged with the approval of the psychiatric clinic. She left the hospital after signing the documents that she was discharged at the hospital counter. She knew that the clothes she was wearing belonged to her, but she could not tell when she last had worn them. It had been months, but the date on the discharge paper was March 15, 2016. So, not even a week has passed since her father passed away.

Charlotte still could not fully grasp what had happened, turned her face behind the hills of Winden to the east, and watched the sunset. As she lost himself amid the orange lights of the sun, she heard a voice behind her: "Miss Charlotte!" A nurse in her white uniform who came. "You forgot something."

The nurse put the pocket watch in the palm of Charlotte's hand, put a small smile on her lips, and went back to the hospital.

Charlotte, C.S. She passed her thumb on the relief, then pressed the button and opened the lid: She couldn't help but smile when she saw that the clock had stopped at 5.11. She was confident that somethings were over now, she threw the pocket watch into her coat's pocket.

* * *

Charlotte felt the need to check that the watch was in her coat pocket, even though she had placed it there a few seconds ago. The thing she was feeling made a smile blossom on her face. Knowing that everything had come to an end now gave her peace of mind, hoping to relieve her of all her fatigue. When she turned around to set out for a taxi, a tall man in a cap blocked her way, freezing this peace.

“Doctor?”

“I was hoping you could recognize me, Charlotte,” the doctor said and took off his cap so that his interlocutor could examine him better.

For Charlotte, it was still unfamiliar with the face in front of her. She squinted her eyes and focused on remembering. Ultimately, she was able to say “Od Tengri”. “I saw you with Azazel.”

“Yes, of course, the way he wanted to see me.”

“What will happen next. Is everything over?”

Od Tengri bent his lips. “Both, yes and no.”

“This feature must have passed from you to the time guardians.”

“Come on,” Od Tengri told Charlotte to walk, slightly pushing her waist.

“Yes, everything is over. We have come to the end of the concept of time for this universe. But as you have experienced, there are many alternative realities and as many parallel universes. We are done here, but no as an answer comes in here. There are other universes that we have to organize.”

Od Tengri put down the wooden bag he had been holding since he came near Charlotte and opened its hinged lids. The complex mechanical layout seemed to be in order with every part of it. No one besides her father could have built such a mechanism.

“What’s this?” she asked

“This is a tool that Tannhaus is working on.” He lifted his index finger, causing Charlotte’s lips, opening to speak, to close again. “It is not the Tannhaus you know. But he also needs you. You can stay here and get the peace you hoped for, or you can go ahead and save the lives of many innocent people. This tool will open the door of universes that suffer from deviation in time. It will allow you to continue where I left off.” He put his index finger on Charlotte’s chest this time. “The choice is yours.”

Charlotte could not be sure what decision to make. She put her hand in the pocket of her coat and took out the pocket watch. The lid opened after a click and let the ticks out again. The smile that appeared on Charlotte’s face at that moment was a reflection of that she had already made her decision.

Although she could not hear from that distance, her heart and the clock beat were in the same rhythm: tick tack, tick tack ...