

## Back in time

Cars whizz along the bustling streets. Fumes trail, headlights beam, engines roar. People curse the congested roads. Every tick of the clock, every minute that passes makes the frantic drivers boil with anger as they fear time will overtake them. Anxious people dart here and there, blanking out the wondrous world and desperate to beat the clock. Chimney pots flood the sky and roads turn into steaming clouds.

People swallowing without savouring and gulping without tasting. Small families are forgotten, there is never time to meet up with relatives. Would we change our lives if they were limited? What if time froze, still and silent? What if there was peace in the great city?

Time ticks with worry, "Have the people forgotten how the world once was, once upon a time? Now it is time the world learnt to not waste a minute as time can never repeat itself". Time chimes with fuming anger, and he wrung his hands of time in desperate frustration. His hands swung around his head.

The cogs of time grind and shriek and sparks fly from the wheels as it slows to a halt. Time froze. The great city was brought to a sudden silence and peace was drawn. Clocks chimed, their last watches stopped their pulse, time had taken its last breath.

Sounds emerged: the whirling of the wind whistling through the stiff trees, birds tweeted and chirped from branches. Colours crept out: lakes rippled with a glistening hint, flowers burst with a splash of colour. Feelings brightened: raindrops tapped gently onto delicate skin, fierce wind slapped devilishly. Noses twitched: the sweet scent of scrumptious pastries chased the wind, freshly cut grass and blooming blossoms spread their aroma. Taste buds swelled and mouths watered: a soft, gooey brownie melted on the tongue, juicy, sweet watermelon burst with flavour.

It was the time they finally noticed what they were missing out of in there world, they just needed to notice what they were doing to themselves. Time knew his job was done in the great city, knowing he had helped them by providing a glimpse of the beauty of what surrounded them.

Clocks had their breath of new life, they were being raced once more as people snapped back into the hustle and bustle of their daily routines. Now was the time that he could rest and keep a watchful eye on the vast city. In case they forget again.

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