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Julian and the Guardians of Time

Book 2

The Day That Kept Returning



Book 2 · English edition

Julian and the Guardians of Time

The Day That Kept Returning

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Moments · Questions · Routes · Time

A Morning for Trying Things

Dear children and everyone reading aloud,

At the red fountain, Rika loses her shoe. Soon afterwards, the same morning starts again. The Wind Festival never reaches midday, while Rika tries to make a mistake invisible.

Julian and Lio discover a practice connection. It shows possibilities without turning the real world backwards. People in the real morning needn't give rehearsed answers later.

These 25 chapters continue Book 1, "The Clock Without Hands". The Chrona begins with one golden leaf hand called Moment. Earlier connections are explained; reading in order is recommended for the story arc.

A practice disc and returning mornings belong to this imaginary story. Adults secure the festival cart, retrieve the wheel and check the routes. Children carry only the light paper picture by its intended handles and take breaks.

Read together and allow questions. Practice can help without promising a perfect day. A repaired wing can belong to a lovely festival story too.

Contents

1. The Lost Shoe 6

2. Twelve Bowls Until the Beginning 8

3. Three Wheels and a Little Castor 10

4. A Dog Outside a Closed Door 12

5. The Notebook Stays, the Screw Doesn't 14

6. The Woman with Copper Glasses 16

7. Three Final Sequences 18

8. A Pause Before Trying 20

9. A Different Mistake 22

10. The Wheel Between the Stones 24

11. A Dragon Without a Cart 26

12. The Last Practice Morning 28

13. The Hands Belong to Oskar 30

Contents · continued

14. Five Steps and a Question 32

15. No Fourth Practice Attempt 34

16. No Rehearsed Answer 36

17. The Unplanned Rain 38

18. Waiting Is a Plan Too 40

19. The Path Behind the Shed 42

20. The Hill Full of Wind 44

21. A Corner Tears Away 46

22. No Prize for a Perfect Day 48

23. The Hand Called Insight 50

24. A Notebook with Stains 52

25. The Ticket at the Station 54

CHAPTER 1

The Lost Shoe



The Guardian had checked the route to the red fountain. Julian and Lio stepped from the known gate onto dry paving. The Chrona lay in Julian's hand. One golden leaf hand, nine empty indentations.

A girl ran past. Her left shoe slipped from her heel, skidded across the square and stopped in front of Lio's paws. The fox nudged it towards her.

“Thanks! I'm Rika. Have you seen the festival cart?”

She put her shoe on, barely waiting for an answer. Blue pinwheels stood on a cart at the far end of the square. Julian heard paper rustling and a boy calling Rika's name.

The fountain splashed. Twelve little bowls gleamed against its red stone. As the final bowl filled, the light turned white.

Julian blinked.

He was standing at the gate again.

Rika ran past. Her left shoe fell in front of Lio's paws.

This time the fox didn't push it back straight away. “I know that shoe.”

Rika stared at him. Then she sat on the dry bench beside the fountain.

“So do I,” she said. “Very well indeed.”

Julian looked at the Chrona. Its one hand was still there. His notebook still said bell, fountain, shoe. Only the morning around them had returned to its beginning.

Lio sat beside Rika's foot. Julian stayed with her. A quick question about the cart could wait until they knew which morning this was.

CHAPTER 2

Twelve Bowls Until the Beginning



“How often has that happened?” Julian asked.

Rika counted on her fingers, stopped and shrugged. Dark shadows lay beneath her eyes.

“I don't know any more.”

The fountain's twelve bowls were almost empty again. Water travelled from one to the next. Rika pointed at the top bowl.

“When they're all full, it starts again. Today is our Wind Festival. I was supposed to take the cart to the hill. But it was broken. I wanted another try.”

“And now there's always a new morning?”

“Wonderful, isn't it?”

It didn't sound wonderful. Rika tightened her shoe strap and avoided looking towards the festival cart.

Julian drew twelve boxes in his notebook. He compared them with the bowls before ticking one.

Lio sniffed towards the water. “It smells of fresh morning. But nowhere smells of lunch.”

Rika didn't laugh. “We never reach midday. I just have to get everything right at last. Then it'll surely stop.”

Julian held his pencil above the page.

“Did someone explain that it would stop then?”

Rika shook her head.

He added a question mark beside her sentence. A hope could belong in his notebook. It simply shouldn't look like a checked instruction.

Then they asked the grown-up festival helper by the cart for a safe place to watch. Her name was Mara, and she wore a plum-coloured work jacket.

CHAPTER 3

Three Wheels and a Little Castor



A dragon with blue paper wings and a small windmill stood on the festival cart. Three large wooden wheels supported the platform. A tiny castor sat at its fourth corner.

Rika's friend Oskar waited beside it. He had short black hair and an ochre waistcoat.

“Where have you been?”

“I had to fetch something,” Rika said quickly.

Mara was about to inspect the fittings. Rika was already reaching for the handle. Before she could pull hard, the little castor slipped sideways.

“Let go and step back,” Mara said.

She secured the cart with a wedge and a support. The children stayed beside the bench. Lio kept clear of the wheels. Nobody had to catch a tilting platform with hands or paws.

A blue wingtip had caught against a post. Rika studied the crease.

“This time I just need to turn left sooner.”

“Perhaps we need a different fourth corner first,” Julian said.

Oskar folded his arms. He wanted to know why the little castor was beneath his cart at all. Rika looked towards the fountain. Its final bowl was filling.

The light turned white.

Julian stood at the gate again. The cart looked as it had before. The loose castor hadn't remained where Mara had set it down.

But new words remained in Julian's notebook: Three large wheels. Little castor tilts. Fitting not checked yet.

He held the page open as Rika's shoe skidded across the paving again.