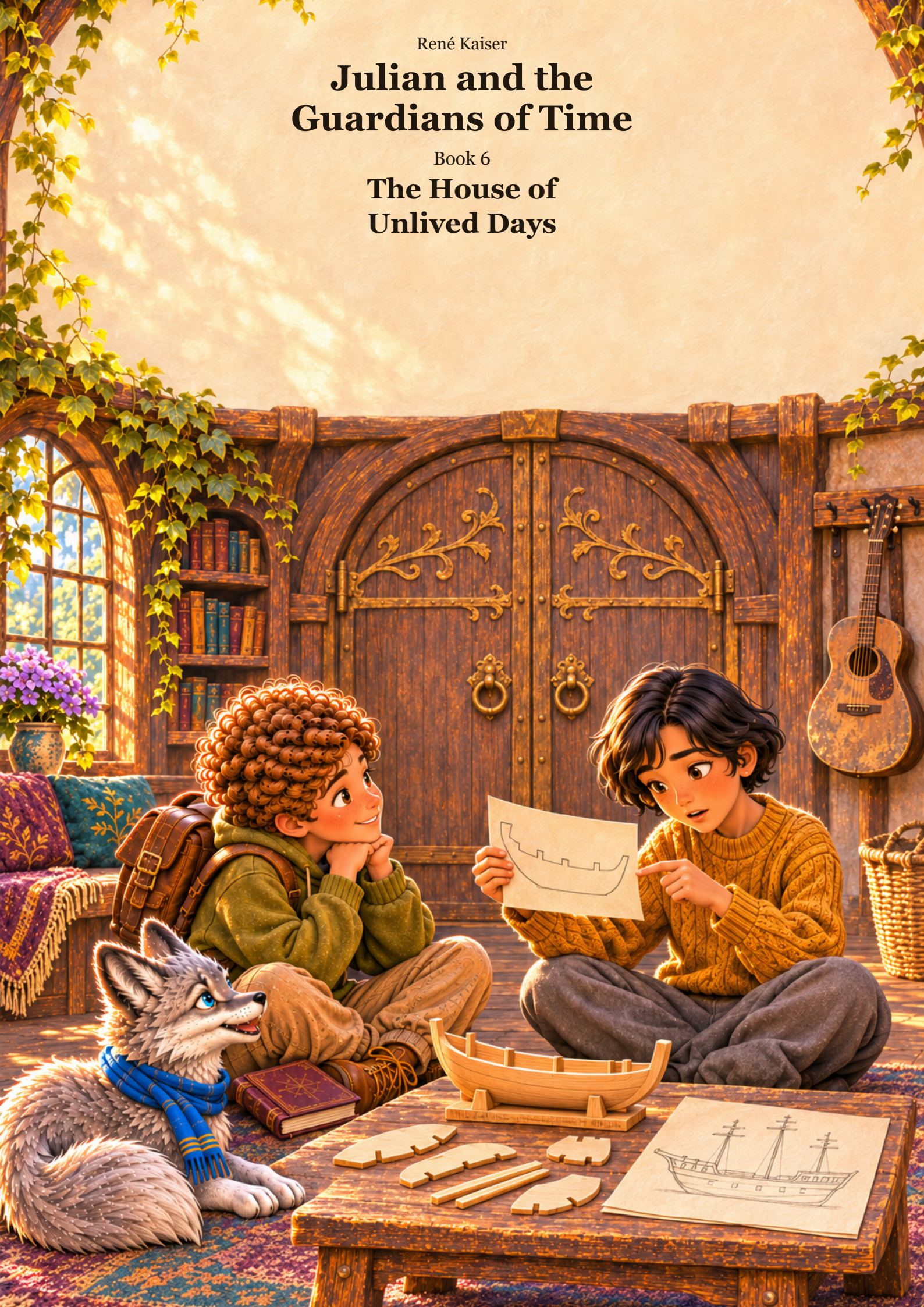
René Kaiser

Julian and the Guardians of Time

Book 6

The House of Unlived Days



Book 6 · English edition

Julian and the Guardians of Time

The House of Unlived Days

René Kaiser



Moments · Questions · Routes · Time

A Beginning May Be Small

Dear children and everyone reading aloud,

In Tomorrow Street, Milan waits outside a house full of unlived plans. On his drawing, the ship has three masts. In front of him, there is only a board so far. Julian and Lio want to know what he needs for a beginning.

Not every pause is putting something off. A closed workshop, tiredness, missing help or an agreed appointment together can be good reasons to continue later. The characters ask about each particular reason.

These 25 illustrated chapters continue the first five Time books. Moment, Insight, Memory, Hope and Priority already belong to the borrowed Chrona. Reading in order is recommended for the continuing story arc.

The house shows imaginary picture rooms. Mr Tick and the guardian check the routes. Children use paper and light prepared model pieces; adults handle tools and heavy work.

Read with pauses. The short trial times are offers for the characters, not rules for every child. Nobody needs to talk about a personal unfinished plan.

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CHAPTER 1

A New Tomorrow



The next morning the house inside the Chrona looked exactly the same. Dark windows. A boy beside a board. The sign above him promised a beginning tomorrow.

Lio studied it from the rug.

“Then we could leave tomorrow.”

Julian folded his arms. The fox grinned.

“Very funny.”

The model bridge box stood on the table. His next craft session with his friend was arranged for the afternoon. One support was still missing.

Julian showed his mother the plan. The pieces stayed safely on the shelf. They didn’t have to travel through a new doorway.

The guardian checked the crossing opening from the house picture. A bright street lay beyond it, not a dark staircase.

“Mr Tick is on duty there today,” she said. “Have uncertain paths checked. The Chrona doesn’t do work on your real model.”

Julian nodded. He took his notebook and the small silver clock. Five hands lay in their places: leaf, spiral, folded map, bud and scales.

Lio walked beside him onto the solid surface beyond the door.

A sign above the street read TOMORROW STREET. Similar signs hung on the houses. On the first Julian read only one word: TOMORROW.

He put the Chrona away.

“If that’s written everywhere, we won’t find the boy by the sign alone.”

Lio sniffed the morning air.

“Then we ask. Luckily that’s something we can do today too.”

CHAPTER 2

Tomorrow Street



Outside the first house, a man stood beside a garden fence. One board was missing. Tools lay inside a closed box.

“Are you repairing the fence?” Julian asked.

“Tomorrow,” the man said.

Outside the second house, a woman examined her bicycle. Its tyre was flat.

“I’m asking at the workshop tomorrow,” she explained.

Julian was about to sigh. Then he saw the note in her hand.

“Have you got an appointment?”

“Yes. The workshop is closed today.”

He took back his sigh. Not every tomorrow meant the same thing.

At the next gate, Mr Tick waited with a route folder. His large round glasses had slipped to the tip of his nose.

“A work trip,” he explained. “I’m checking access to the House of Unlived Days.”

“Do all these plans belong to the house?”

Mr Tick looked towards the woman with the bicycle.

“No. An agreed repair appointment isn’t a lost day. You have to ask before judging somebody else’s intention.”

Lio nodded.

“Otherwise you collect wrong labels instead of finding right answers.”

Mr Tick showed them the solid way to the entrance. Thin planning surfaces beside the paving were blocked off. The children weren’t to use them as shortcuts.

Julian thanked him. On the very first street he had almost squeezed everything into a single word.

The large house stood at the end of the path. A boy sat on a low bench inside its open entrance. Beside him stood a board with a pencil drawing. This time Julian asked his name first.

CHAPTER 3

Milan’s Ship



“Milan,” the boy said. He had dark hair and an ochre jumper.

Julian sat only after Milan made room. Lio lay on the solid floor beside the bench.

“Are you the boy I saw in the window?”

Milan looked up.

“Could be. I often sit there.”

The outline of a ship was drawn on the board.

“A model?” Julian asked.

Milan’s face brightened.

“With three masts. Little sails. A steering wheel. Perhaps even tiny cabins.”

He pointed to the drawing. His fingers travelled from one mast to another.

“A railing could go here. And steps at the back for the people on the ship.”

“The model people,” Lio said.

Milan smiled.

“Of course. I’m not building a real ship on my bench.”

Julian studied the smooth wood.

“Which part have you built already?”

Milan sat back down. His hand slid away from the board.

“None yet.”

“What would you like to do first?”

“Begin tomorrow.”

Julian heard the familiar word. Even so, he didn’t want to decide immediately what it meant this time.

“Are you waiting for somebody? Or do you need something?”

Milan hunched his shoulders.

“Perhaps the right wood. Perhaps a better plan.”

A moment earlier he had described the ship so vividly that Julian could almost picture the little sails. Now his hands lay still in his lap. There seemed to be more than a free afternoon between the picture in his head and the first piece on the bench.