René Kaiser

Julian and the Guardians of Time

Book 9

The Guardians of Time

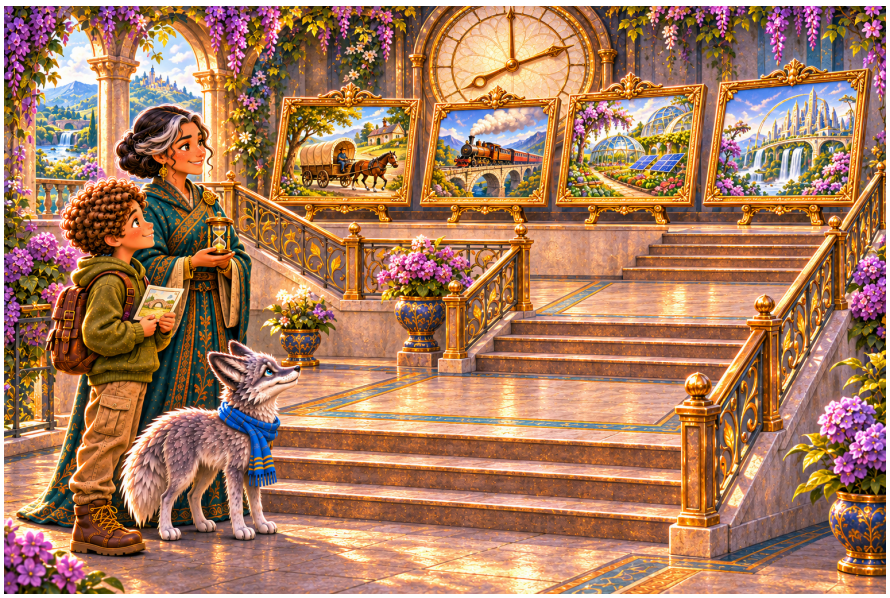


Book 9 · English edition

Julian and the Guardians of Time

The Guardians of Time

René Kaiser



Moments · Questions · Routes · Time

What We Leave for One Another

Dear children and everyone reading aloud,

Lio’s paw has been examined and can bear weight again. With agreed pauses, Julian and his friend set off for the hall of twelve guardians. Golden threads connect places and people from different times.

These 25 illustrated chapters continue the first eight Time books. The Chrona has eight experience hands and two remaining places. The twelve guardians and the three main hands of their great clock are different things.

An old tree, a damaged bridge and a shared square raise concrete questions. Who prepared something? Who looks after it today? Which effects are recorded, and which futures remain possible?

Adults handle repairs, route inspections and responsibility for shared facilities. Julian contributes observations and questions. He doesn’t have to clean a city alone or move heavy clock parts.

Read at your own pace. You can stay with the characters, leave questions open and consider different ideas together.

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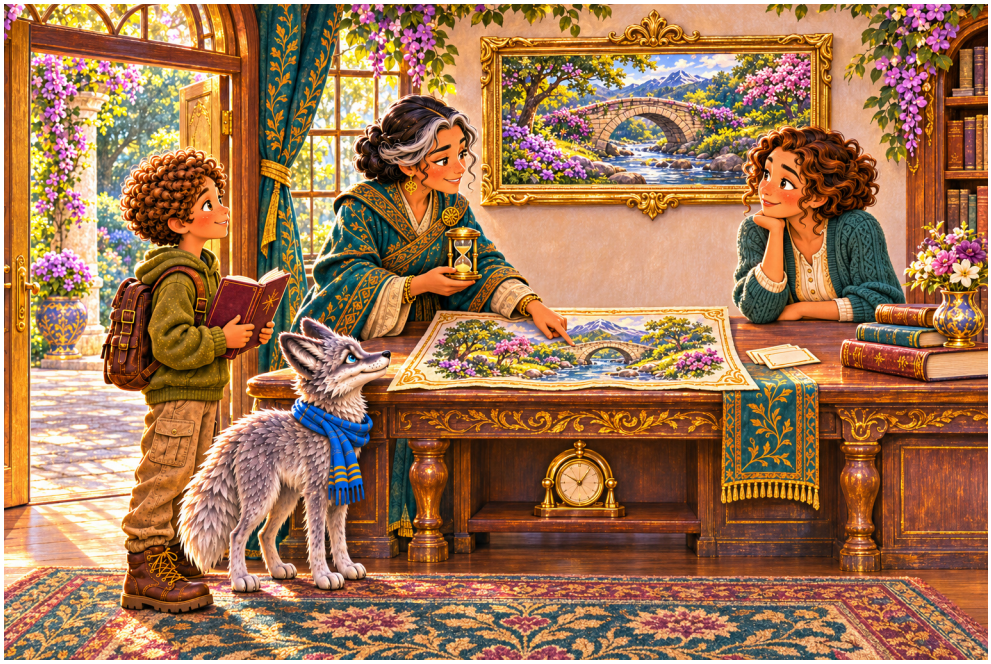
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CHAPTER 1

Golden Threads



A few days later, Lio came to Julian’s door with the guardian. His hind paw had been examined. Now he could put weight on it well again. A short route with pauses was agreed for the new journey.

“No surprise mountain runs,” Julian said.

“I planned a dignified stroll anyway.”

The guardian smiled. Mum heard where they wanted to go. Then Julian showed them the Chrona.

Eight golden hands shone. Two places at the bottom right stayed empty. In the little picture display, golden threads ran between a tree, a bridge and a river.

“Not only your time,” Julian read.

Lio considered the tree. One picture showed a boy planting; another showed children beneath a great crown. The second scene was framed as a possible future.

“The people don’t even need to meet,” Julian said.

“And can still leave something for each other.”

A toolbox appeared beside the bridge. At the river, a picture showed dark water. Julian looked more carefully instead of deciding from the first friendly thread that every connection must bring something good.

The guardian opened a broad passage of light.

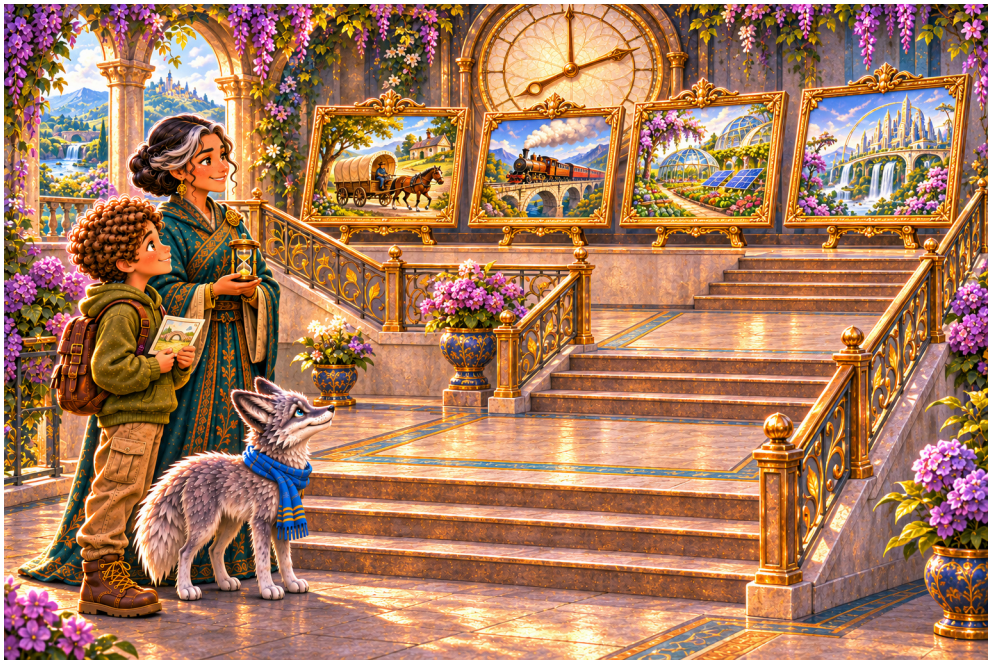
“Today we’ll look at decisions that reach beyond your own afternoon.”

She checked the threshold. Lio waited until the route was cleared. Julian put his notebook away.

The Chrona showed many lines. He didn’t need to understand each for a beginning. He could take the first question already: Who uses later what is left today?

CHAPTER 2

The Stairway Through Times



Beyond the passage began broad stairs with a firm rail. They led only to a gallery. Above them floated pictures making the route look much longer.

The guardian checked the steps. Julian climbed slowly; Lio stayed beside him on the cleared side.

A horse-drawn wagon passed in the first window. In the next, a steam engine stood at a platform. Farther along Julian saw cars, tall houses and roofs with gardens.

“Are we travelling through all these times now?”

“We’re looking at pictures,” the guardian said. “The steps beneath your feet stay the same visitor route.”

Julian kept a hand on the rail. Beneath one window lay a drawing of an old stone bridge.

“People still use things like that later.”

“Sometimes,” Lio said. “If they’re maintained and checked.”

Another picture showed a new city. Vehicles floated between buildings with turning wind turbines beyond them.

Julian was about to ask exactly when it would look that way. Then he saw branching lines beneath the frame.

“A possibility, not a prediction.”

The guardian nodded.

A wide bench stood on the gallery. They paused before approaching the great gate. Lio sat comfortably. He didn’t need to show he could manage every stair without interruption.

Julian looked back at the pictures. People before him had built routes he walked on. People after him would deal with things his present left behind. The door before them had a name: HALL OF THE GUARDIANS.

CHAPTER 3

Twelve Places



Beyond the gate lay a great hall. Twelve pillars formed a circle. Between them stood an enormous clock with three large hands.

Julian held his little Chrona beside it.

“Three up there. Ten places here. And twelve pillars.”

“Three different things,” Lio said.

Somebody waited at each place. Julian recognised the guardian with copper-coloured glasses and a silver bob. The conductor with the dark plait and silver sleeve badge was there too. The woman with the brass bowl stood beside her.

His own companion went to the free place with the sandglass.

“Twelve guardians check different connections. That doesn’t mean each belongs to exactly one hand in your Chrona.”

An older man with silver hair showed an archive book.

“I look after memories passed down.”

A young woman held an open route map of the present. A young guardian in a blue coat showed branching future pictures.

Julian looked between them. They had visited some connections separately during earlier adventures. Now he could recognise their different jobs together.

“Do you have to agree on every question?”

The guardian stroked her sandglass.

“Not immediately. But we must listen to each other and check what belongs together.”

Fine bright dust sank from the great clock into a closed collecting bowl. A dark line followed the dial edge.

Julian didn’t step closer beneath the mechanism. The visitor circle was closed off. The next question came from the clock itself.