

Saturday, October 3, 2026

Morning Update • Story Time • Sun, 04 Oct 2026 02:23:08 GMT • 3:43

Marina: It is six o'clock on a Saturday evening in Greyrock Cove, and the harbor bell has not rung.

Marina: Sixty years. That brass bell has rung at six o'clock every single evening for sixty years, and tonight there is nothing but the wind off the water.

Theo: I wound the clapper myself at noon, the way I have done since before you were born. When I came back at supper time, the tower was empty. Somebody took our bell, Marina.

Priya: I traveled two hundred miles to photograph that bell for my book about coastal towns. This morning I took a picture of an empty tower instead. An empty tower is not much of a photograph, let me tell you.

Marina: The whole village is talking. Old Peterson says he saw Jonas near the boathouse at dusk, carrying something heavy on his shoulder.

Jonas: I was moving crates of mackerel for my uncle, that is all I was doing. If I wanted to steal a bell, I would at least steal one made of gold.

Theo: Hush, both of you. Look who finally decided to join us.

((cafØ door chime - chime01.wav))

Wren: It was me. I took the bell.

Marina: Wren? What on earth are you talking about, child? You are ten years old.

Wren: The town council voted last Tuesday. They are going to take the bell down next month and put up an electric horn instead. I heard my mother talking about it at the kitchen table. So I hid the bell where they can never find it.

Priya: You hid a harbor bell? It must weigh forty pounds. Where could you possibly hide it?

Wren: In the sea cave, under the north cliff. I rolled it down the beach path in my brother's old rowboat trailer. It took me three whole afternoons, and I never told a single soul.

Theo: The sea cave floods at high tide, Wren, and high tide is less than an hour away. If we lose that bell to the sea, we lose sixty years of evenings.

Jonas: Then we had better run. I know the cliff path better than anyone. Follow me, and mind the loose stones.

Marina: Wait for me. I am coming too, and I am bringing the big lantern from behind the counter.

((low fog rumble - deep_rumble_01.wav @ far-left))

Priya: The fog is rolling in fast off the water. I can barely see the path anymore.

Wren, how much farther?

Wren: Just past the tall rock that looks like a sleeping dog. There. Do you see her? The bell, sitting right there on the dry sand.

Theo: Well, look at that. There she is, safe and sound. Come on, all of you, help me

Theo: Go on, Wren. Pull it like you mean it.

((brass harbor bell, distant - bell_01.wav @ far-right))

Marina: There it is. Half past six on a Saturday evening, and the bell is ringing over Greyrock Cove.

Priya: I got the photograph. The bell, the sea cave, all five of you, and the fog lifting off the water. This one is going on the cover of my book.

Jonas: The council can keep their electric horn for the foggy mornings. But the evenings belong to the bell. That is the new rule, starting tonight.

Theo: And Wren? Next time you want to save something you love, you tell the village first. We are very good at saving things, when we do it together.

Wren: I promise. And the bell promises too. Listen. She is still ringing.