The Moment Time Stopped

Sir Douglas – retired World War 2 air pilot, was in the Colditz Castle study. Polished wood was the surface of everything – the desks, the window frames. He is an old-fashioned man and prefers the company of silence and timber. The old leatherbound diary, one where he wrote his victories and cherished his family. It contained his past and the present that went on forever, and the people who told him that Great Britain would appreciate him forever. No. Of course not, but he was young, foolish, and impulsive, and the thought of winning his country’s love was enough for him to try to fly to the moon.

Many people have said he is a foolish old grandpa. They don’t know what they’re talking about. This man is an accomplished citizen, and no regular grandad. If he hadn’t been in the World War, Britain would have collapsed. He wasn’t a mere foot soldier – he was the sole reason Germany lost. 22 victories – only a couple losses. His legs may have died long ago, but he will live on.

The black-and-white framed photographs with his long-gone friends, late mother and father that he never knew. They were forever gone, lost to the heavens, but one of his earliest memories, one that he vowed to remember, was of the hands wrapping around the coffee cup in the safe havens, the same way protective arms had held him.

Just like his now.



He hadn’t noticed – just a subconscious, yet something seemed a little…strange. His hourglass. It was a small, pathetic cerulean thing, and was given to him by a Char Wallah on the battlegrounds. They said that it was luck – a small reminder that there would be people protecting him, not directly, but always and forever. The hourglass had frozen, drops of sky-blue sand frozen in the stillness. As he touched the hourglass lightly, he glanced at the image in the picture frames. He smiled, thinking of the memories he once had with his best friend.

His time in the army was over. The hourglass started once more, millions of grains of sand, as if they were his age seeping through his grasp, tearing away at his age.

He saw it now - his late mother, a warm fuzz whenever he thought of her. The sacrifices she made. The friends he lost. The time in the army. The time serving his country. It was all over now, flickering flames dying into wisps of smoke. His time was over too. His kin were waiting for him on the other side.