

THE SEVENTH HOUR

TAKE TIME BACK

THE FIRST WHEEL



WHO IS SPEAKING?

Every voice has its own color.
See the color — you know who is talking.

ELI — the fix-it kid — this is his story

"I fix things. That's what my hands do."

ELI, TELLING THE STORY — the story boxes

"There are two kinds of things in the world..."

TOCK — the penguin watch — Eli's teacher

"Hands first. The knowing follows."

AYA — the girl from the First Age

"Kah."

MR. RIGGS — the pawn-shop man

"Wind the past, not the clock."

Now — the story begins.
THE SEVENTH HOUR: TAKE TIME BACK

There are two kinds of loads in the world. The ones your arms can carry. And the ones that carry YOU down.

There. Loose isn't broken. Loose is just asking for help.

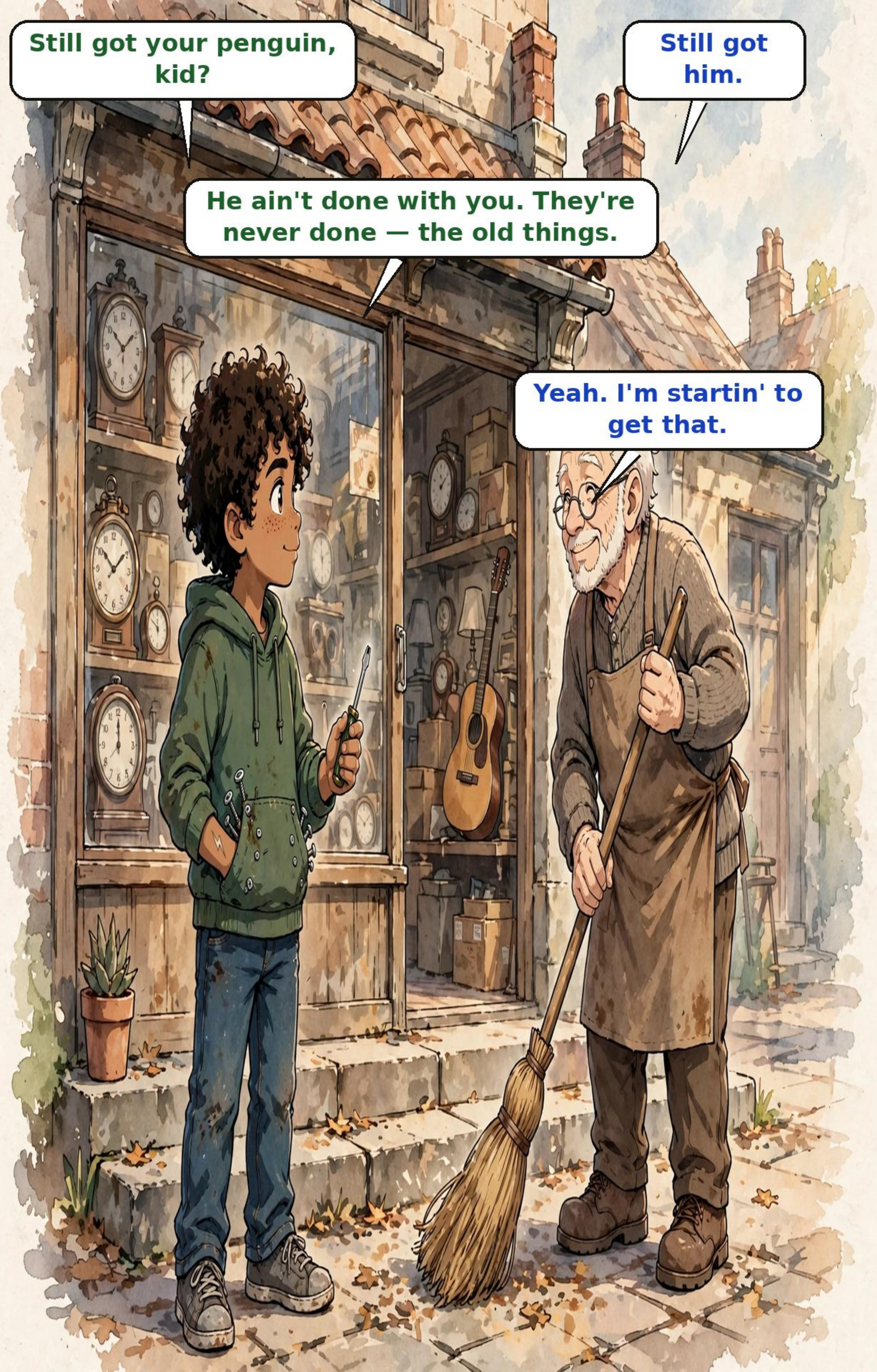


Still got your penguin, kid?

Still got him.

He ain't done with you. They're never done — the old things.

Yeah. I'm startin' to get that.



Okay, buddy. I know the drill now. ...Mostly.

Again.

Again?! What is it this time?

We're going back in time.

I packed snacks. ...Kidding. Mostly.



**In the Beginning, only first things
can hold their shape. So he folded
into the next-best thing.**

**Put me
on.**

**Last time, the
Beginning was
cold and dark and
holding its breath.
This time —
smoke. Warm
light. Fire, living
everywhere we
taught it to live.**



Walk in, Fixer.

**Tock. Wait. Before
we go in — why me?**

Ask it plain.

**Mr. Riggs said the statue was
waitin' for the right hands. And
the watch fits right on my mark.
Like it was made for it. Why?**

**Because it was. The mark is where
I sit. It has always been where I sit.**



**He said it like the weather. Like it had
always been true.**

We are older than the villages. Each of us guards a ground. And waits. Sometimes stone. Sometimes a hundred years.

For the right hands. Not the strongest hands. The hands that match the work the world needs next.

From birth. Every mark is different. Its shape signs what you will bring your people.

Waits for what?

And the mark was already there? Before we ever met?

Mine's lightning.



The spark. You brought First Fire. Now the same hands learn the wheel. Choose, Fixer.

**Choose who you will be where
we go.**

**Him. It's always him. He's
got my belt.**

**And your
rank?**

One. Earned.

**One rank. The tribe will read it —
and ask what comes next.**



Aya had been practicing my words at the fire, night after night. She'd saved them up like stones.

Eli! Eli — you came back!

Rank. One.

That was Orra. The tribe's memory. When Orra nodded at you, the whole village breathed easier.



Grandmother says...
welcome home,
fire-bringer.

Kah!

I got it — pull — pull —

Okay. Ow. There's got to be a better way to move heavy.

Is there?

Something that doesn't... fight the ground.

Hands first, Eli.



Again! Again!

**Wait. Wait wait wait. The logs didn't drag.
They ROLLED. The load didn't get lighter
— the ground stopped fighting it!**

**Keep
asking.**

**What if the round part... stays
UNDER the load? What if it never
stops rolling?**



**The blueprint only opens after my
hands learn the materials. My hands
had just learned something round.**

One blueprint, Eli. Build what
your hands found.

Faster is a teacher
too.

Aya saw it before I did.
She usually does.

Planks. Braces. A square hole.
I see it. But a slice off a trunk
would be faster — one cut,
both sides.

Kah! There! That one is
already... broken open.

Grandmother says — a lame leg
makes the whole body limp.
Cut again. True.

Again. True. Okay.



**It broke. It just...
broke.**

**Then it taught you something.
What did it teach you?**

**The crack ran OUT from the middle. A
slice shows the END of the wood — it
splits as it dries. It was never one piece.
It was rings, waiting to let go.**



**In the watch, the sand was
falling faster than my heart was
beating.**

**We need the wheel from
the blueprint, Tock.
Planks. Built — not
sliced.**

Three planks. Grain running long — the way the tree grew.

And what holds them as one wheel?

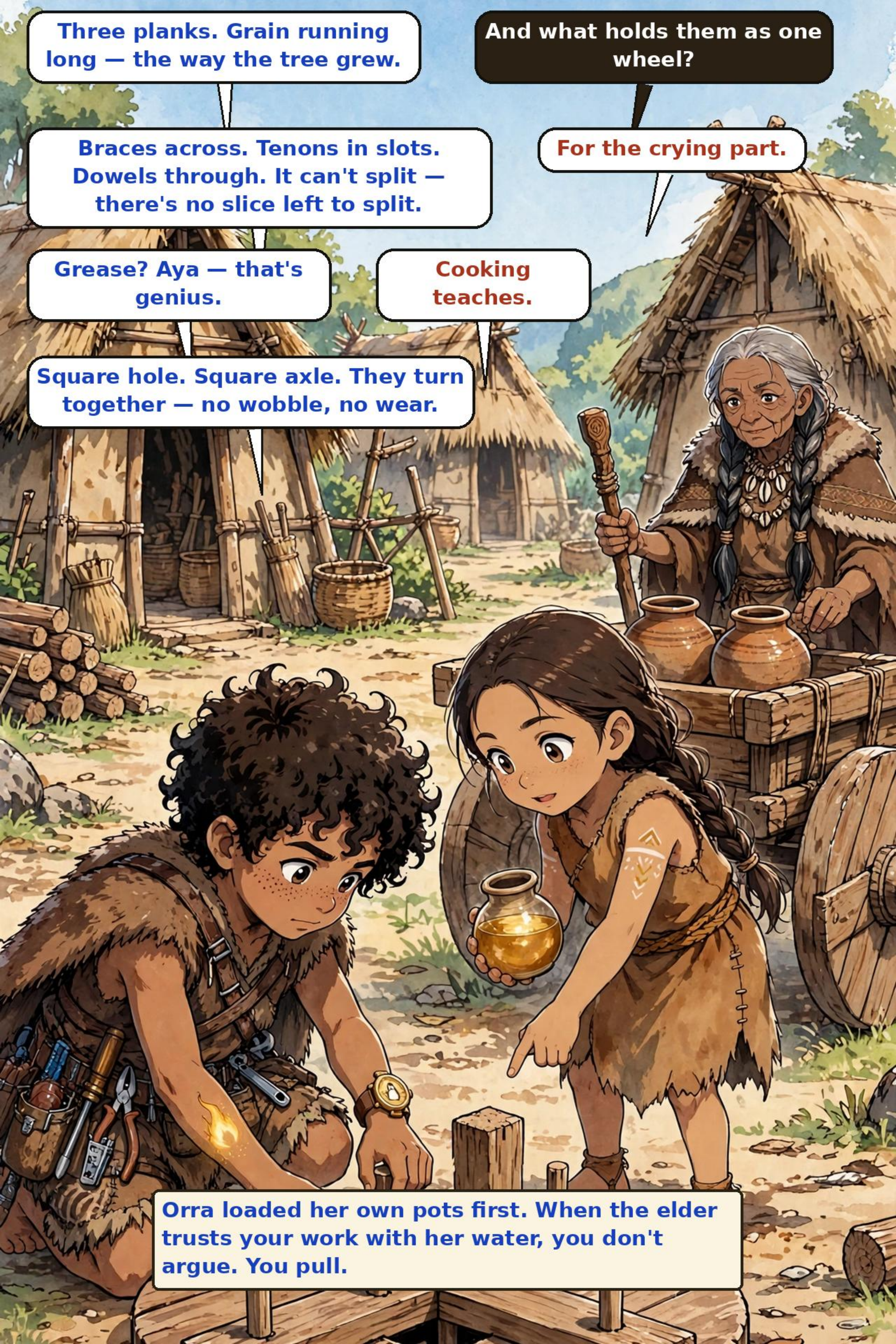
Braces across. Tenons in slots. Dowels through. It can't split — there's no slice left to split.

For the crying part.

Grease? Aya — that's genius.

Cooking teaches.

Square hole. Square axle. They turn together — no wobble, no wear.



Orra loaded her own pots first. When the elder trusts your work with her water, you don't argue. You pull.

**Wheel!
Wheel!**

**Six trips... now
one.**

**One trip. One
trip!**



**The load hadn't
changed. The way had.**

**Come on — one more — Tock, tell
me there's time —**

**There is exactly as
much time as you
use.**

We beat the sky!



**Grandmother says — the fire
made our nights warm.**

**You make our backs...
un-broken.**

Tova, Eli.

**It means: thank
you, Eli.**

**Tell her — the fire was hers too. She
held the wood. They all did.**



**Your second rank,
Fixer.**

**A wheel. ...I earned
that one too.**

**Orra read my arm like a story.
Flame. Wheel. She nodded like the
story was going somewhere good.**

**Count the sand,
Eli.**



**Twelve grains rose back. That's what
a wheel is worth, the first time it ever
turns.**

**On the far side... the sweet
trees. The water says no.**

**The water says no.
...For now.**

**Time to go home,
Fixer.**

**Next time,
Aya.**

Next time!



**Some loads you carry. And some
loads... learn to roll.**

TOCK TEACHES THE FIRST WHEEL

The real plank-built way - the way the first wheels were really made.

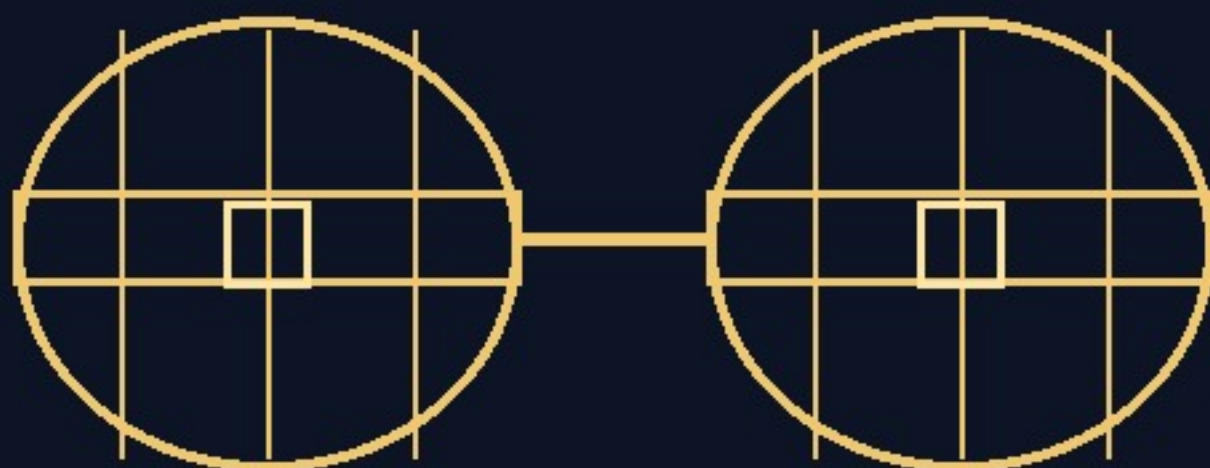
- 1 CHOOSE STRAIGHT-GRAINED WOOD**
Pick a straight-grained log. Its grain must run LONG - that is its strength.
- 2 SPLIT LENGTHWISE PLANKS**
Split or saw 2-3 wide planks ALONG the grain - never a slice across.
- 3 JOIN WITH BRACES AND DOWELS**
Edge to edge. Cross-braces in tenon slots, locked with dowels: ONE disk.
- 4 CUT A SQUARE HUB HOLE**
Square hole at the center. Round holes wobble loose. Square holds.
- 5 A SQUARE OAK AXLE**
Squared to match, so axle and wheels turn TOGETHER - one piece.
- 6 CROSS-PEGS TO LOCK IT**
Pegs lock the axle ends. No metal. No spokes for thousands of years.
- 7 GREASE WITH COOKING FAT**
Smear cooking fat on the turning parts. Fat quiets the crying part.

WHY A SLICED ROUND FAILS: a trunk slice dries from the middle out and splits along its rings - exactly where the first cart's wheel cracked. Planks don't split: their grain runs the strong way.



Eli builds the wheel the true way - planks, braces, dowels - just like this issue.

TOCK'S BLUEPRINT - THE PLANK-BUILT WHEEL



- PLANK DISK - 3 planks, grain long
- CROSS-BRACE + DOWELS lock it
- SQUARE HUB HOLE - square oak axle
- AXLE TURNS WITH THE WHEELS
- COOKING-FAT GREASE on the axle

"Hands first. The knowing follows. This is how the first wheel was really made." - TOCK

TOCK'S RULE: real builds are only ever made with a grown-up beside you.



A NOTE FOR PARENTS

This comic teaches real first things - fire, the wheel, the boat, the house - the true way they were first made, step by step. Every build inside is a build to try together: parent and kid, hands first. Tock's rule stands on every page - real builds are only ever made with a grown-up beside you.

- Tock

INSIDE THIS BOOK

Issue #2 - "The First Wheel"

Eli earns the FIRST WHEEL - and his second rank.
Plus the TOCK TEACHES page: the real plank-built wheel, step by step.

BY MIGUEL MEDINA