

Spinning.

Miu Tanaka, 13, Hannover

Repairing — it feels like a magic word, as if time could fold back on itself, like pressing a rewind button.

But reality isn't that simple. When something breaks, it doesn't always return to the exact shape it once had.

Maybe that's why we cherish it. Why we hold it gently. Kindness gathers in the cracks, circling, circling, like a merry go round that keeps finding its rhythm again.

So we climb back on, even if the paint has chipped, even if the music wavers.

The ride begins again, not as it was, but as it is now — a repaired circle, turning softly into its next loop.