

## TIME TICK

The silence of the room was broken by the slow monotonous ticking of the clock mounted above the ornate fire place. Tick tock, tick tock, ticking the hours and minutes of my life away. At last, unable to stand the ticking any longer, I pushed back my chair, from my desk, glared at the clock and left the study.

Peace at Last, standing on the patio looking out to the placid blue sea. This is what I craved, peace and quiet, as I settle myself on the sun lounger.

I awoke with a start, disturbed by the maid asking if I was ready for my afternoon cup of tea, I nodded and she went to get it. I must have fallen asleep again, because when I woke up, the tray with the teapot, cup and saucer were on the table, indicating that the maid had found me asleep and left the tray.

The sun had gone in and a slight breeze rippled the surface of the swimming pool and I felt chilled. Then I heard it, The faint unmistakable ticking of a clock, out here on the patio.

The maid returned to retrieve the tray and I noticed she gave me a puzzled look. It was not to be wondered at. How would you react to see your employer with his ear pressed hard against the wall? Especially when the wall was bare of any adornment. Feeling a bit of a fool I made my way into the room, looking at the clock which had stopped at twelve o'clock but was still ticking. I turned and ran blindly into the hallway, but the ticking followed me. Was there no escape from it?

They found me the next morning dead at the side of the pool with my hands pressed over my ears and by my side a little doll with its ears pierced by two sharp needles.

Bob Mather.