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*100 Word Tale*

Time.

It was the middle of the night. The doctor would visit again tomorrow. She listened. In the panelled hall, grandfather's clock ticked its comforting, lazy tick, slower than a heartbeat. Once each second, tick, tick, tick, the slow-moving pendulum measuring out life's pulse. Two and a half billion ticks gone, give or take. She remembered it arriving. A motor lorry delivered it, following Grandad's trap to the hall door. Two men carefully brought it indoors, fussing over making it level. As Grandad wound it he told her it would measure her heartbeat, never stopping. It never had. Until now.

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