

The Wrist Watch

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By : **The Sheep**

Please read my short story The Wrist Watch.

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The Wrist Watch

I had bought a new watch.

I admired the new Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch. It was a nifty - Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch - indeed.

Time varies by whether or not you are enjoying yourself. Sometimes time goes slow. Sometimes, when you are having fun, time goes fast.

The time right now is:

12.15pm.

I rode on the bus to Technical College. I study Library Science at the mentioned technical College. I wore my New Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch. I wish time would go faster on this bus ride I thought. I could smell Peppermint but I did not know from where.

This Technical College, of which I was going to, was one of the best in the country. I was a good student of Library Science, getting an award last term.

I admired my Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch. Looking at the Quartz face I thought of the irony in my studying Library Science. Librarian, ironically, is such a time consumed profession.

Hours would be spent; scanning books with the electronic scanner, helping children with their school projects, and putting hundreds of books back in their places. What about the hours spent absorbed in our Library books!

I looked at my Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch. The time was:

12.30pm.

The bus was, with me in it, speeding past gum trees along with a bunch of cars - stampeding down the road.

There was an old man sitting in front of me sucking on Peppermints one after another. The old man had a gum-y smile, the call sign of not wearing his dentures, and to many sweets. I could smell the scent of Peppermints filling the air of the bus.

Then the bus broke down. The bus, all of a sudden, started jerking around. When the bus driver pressed his foot down on the accelerator, the bus would lunge forward. When the bus driver did not have his foot down on the accelerator, the bus would drag - making a terrible low reeling sound.

Then there was a clunk and the bus stopped.

The bus had broken down and just in case there was still danger, somehow; maybe a fire; or a collision, we all exited the bus onto the highway.

I looked at my Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch. The time was:

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12.50pm.

"In cases like this"... said the bus driver - who wore an orange vest and grey shorts, "incase of a breakdown, we have a shuttle van, that can take you to your stop".

Stranded on the highway, next to the bus, the few passengers looked awkwardly at each other. The old man still sucking his peppermints, offered me one. I took it, popped it in my mouth, and then the old man said, "today, sunny, you will meet an old, loved friend, and things wont go as you planned, boy".

The sun slowly moved across the sky. I looked at my Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch. The time was:

1.15pm.

I sucked on the mint, moving it slowly around my mouth. Peppermint flavour made the air fresh, when I breathed, through my nostrils.

On the shuttle bus, just finishing my peppermint, I was dropped off at my stop.

I had to make my way through a fair bit of town to make it to school. I shouldered my way through the crowds.

I was making my way through the many diverse people in the crowd, when I met a old school friend. The old man with the peppermints said this would happen.

Some people have a profound effect on you. Some people shine bright in your memory after a chance meeting. This old school friend was a joy to see again.

She was a girl, named Bobby. I never payed her much attention in school. She instantly hugged me and held me for a long time. My head raced, at the contact, and I felt emotions, built up over the years, of hard times. Hard times made from having to make my own way in the world. All those rejections, added up, escaped me through the emotions in that hug.

The time was:

--.--pm.

She held me back and smiled brightly. She was just so bubbly I couldn't help it. I went to kiss her. She averted me by tilting her head away. This all happened in a fraction of a second.

I had gone from a moment of meaning to a very embarrassing moment. For her. For me. I tried to save the situation.

"Aw, oh, listen, do you want to go for a drink?". I really wanted to go for that drink with her.

She, still blushing, said,

"Ar nar er sorry, I cant". Diverting her face from my eyes.

I thought dedjectedly in class, I thought, with my head down, of her and that hug.

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I caught the bus home. I long tiresome, tedious, ride home. I didn't look at my Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch. It gave me no joy.

The bus turned the corner, near my street, and I went home.

I arrived at home. And at length, I looked at my Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch.

'What's This!' the Quartz Movement Leather Banded Wrist Watch has stopped.

The time said:

2:43 pm.

That must of been just about the time she hugged me. And it was true, time did stop when I met this old, old, school friend. Sometime the smallest things make time stop.

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