

## COUNTDOWN

By Rachel Loveday

**Monday April 2<sup>nd</sup> 2011**

**06:18**

**(Damien has 15 hours and 17 minutes left to live)**

I was supposed to be up at six. I jump out of bed, put on a singlet and a pair of shorts and rush downstairs. There was a time when I hated running and now I can't live without it. I love the feeling of the cool air on my skin. I can feel the adrenalin and endorphins flowing through my body, it all clears my mind and makes life easier to deal with. Plus, I've gotta keep slim for Elly.

**09.30**

**(Damien has 12 hours and 5 minutes left to live)**

Feature writing-my first lecture of the day and the week. I hate writing on the little desks attached to the chairs; it's smaller than my notebook. I'm trying hard to listen, but holidays are approaching and going home is the only thing on my mind.

**12.00**

**(Damien has 9 hours, 35 minutes left to live)**

Lunch time. A foot-long meatball sub with a coke. I'm treating myself today. I was supposed to have lunch with Elly, but she had to go to a group meeting for one of her assessments.

**13.00**

**(Damien has 8 hours, 35 minutes left to live)**

Second lecture: Professional practice. A big subject, but an easy one, I'm just listening to everyone's presentation on how they write, why they write, what inspires them, etc. Three hour class = a long, tiring class.

**16.30**

**(Damien has 5 hours and 5 minutes left to live)**

I'm done for the day. I know guys shouldn't have a problem picking out clothes, even for a date, but I do. I like to wear things that Elly likes. She says that she likes me in pretty much everything, even in a pair of shorts and a T-shirt; she tells me that she thinks I'm sexy when I'm comfortable, but she also says that she prefers me wearing nothing. I think I will go with jeans and a long-sleeved shirt.

**18.30**

**(Damien has 3 hours and 5 minutes left to live)**

Elly thinks that I'm goofing around when she sees my jaw dropping reaction. She doesn't believe me when I tell her she's hot or gorgeous. She's wearing a little black dress, with black stockings and black high heels. She's wearing her hair out, which has grown since the last time she wore it out and she smells like roses.

**21.30**

**(Damien has 5 minutes left to live)**

Elly is in the corner store buying popcorn. She wants to watch a movie at my place. Her car is at the mechanic's and I don't own one. Elly wants to walk, but I told her that you don't know what kind of psychos are out at night and we'll get a cab.

The store's ATM doesn't work, so I have to go to the one across the street, I tell her I'll be back in a minute.

I could have sworn no one was here five minutes ago, but I can hear footsteps. I turn around to see a random party-goer, presumably from the pub a few feet away, standing in front of me.

'Hey mate! What time is it?' He asks me in a casual tone.

'Oh, it's 9.30.'

'Okay, great thanks.' He says with a smile as three other guys appear behind him.

'You didn't really want to know the time did you?'

'No I didn't.' He quickly replies, pulling a knife out of his pocket.