

## Golden

An old woman entered the room and gazed at the chair where her husband once sat. She does not come in here now, only when her heart feels strong enough. Dust has settled everywhere. It delicately lies across the mantelpiece like a thin sheet of ice sparkling in the late evening sunlight. The clock had stopped long ago. It is always ten past one. With its loyal resident gone, it no longer needed to push the hands forward. There was no more work left to do.

She shuffled gracefully into the room, further and further till she reached the bookcase. She remembered his favourites and where he placed them. *Goodnight Mister Tom* and *Her Benny* stood next to each other on the top shelf, watching over the rest. Her withered fingers caressed the backbones of each book, a different tale nibbling at her fingertips, searching for the taste of life, movement. They sought a pair of eyes so they could live again.

Near the bookcase, a gold watch lay on the footrest. She knew why he kept it there; he believed your feet always needed to know the time, so they could take you wherever you had to go. She slowly bent down and picked up the watch, and placed it solemnly on her own wrist, noticing how frail it had become. She felt the chill of the metal strap hit the warmth of her skin. She missed him greatly. The light in the room began to dip as the sun was setting. She had never replaced the light bulb so it became difficult to see in the evening dusk. She reset her feet into her slippers and pulled her cardigan tight around her ageing body. It would not be long till she was with him again. She headed out the room, with the watch on her wrist.

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