

## Twelve Chimes by Jess Rodgers 5DC

I just can't believe it, they are finally in for good. No more noisy moving van or loud voices, oh no, just the soft sound of my ticking. It's **1** o'clock and the newly married couple stroll past, holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes.

I now strike **2**. They walk by again but this time the wife's top barely fits over her belly and they both have a look of excitement on their faces.

It's **3** now and they travel back along the hallway, a beautiful baby in the husband's arms, each of their grins are travelling from ear to ear.

I chime **4**, and the toddler waddles past, naked and wet, fresh from a bath, the couple sprint in and tickle them gently whilst giving them a quick tell off for running away. However, they are all chuckling.

**5** chimes and they're here again, the child in school uniform telling the couple about their day in immense detail.

It's now finally **6** and the child has quickly grown into a grumpy teenager, eyes fixed to their phone. The couple walk in after, beginning to get lines and grey hair.

I now chime **7**, and the young baby I once knew has grown to be a young adult and is moving out. Tears roll down the couple's cheeks as they kiss goodbye and depart.

It's **8** o'clock now and the wife hobbles in, calling her child on the phone, and I hear over my calm ticking that the husband has passed away.

The time is **9** and the wife is going to a care home. I've been sold! To an antique shop!? The moving men heave me up and carelessly shove me into the van. I'm taken away on a horrible bumpy ride and finally placed in the shop.

It's **10** o'clock and many years have passed as I've been standing here collecting dust until...

...**11** chimes come and a couple comes to peer at my wonderfully carved oak wood and look at the surname engraved on me. Is one of them the child, because apparently I belong to them!

They take me to their home and I learn what new technology is like. I have even made friends with a digital clock; I chime and they beep all the way up to **12**, the time now. And here I stand for years and years watching their life go by, wondering, did they collect me because I'm important or because I'm family history. After all, I'm only a Grandfather clock.