

## **Anti-clockwise**

*Nina Simon*

Patches of low-lying mist frost the lake close to where Jessica sits. Moonlight halos dark clouds, casting an ethereal glow over the night as memories ripple through her mind.

On warm summer nights, she loved to sit here with her father, anticipating the moment when he drew on his pipe, blew smoke rings always the prologue to a new story.

'Dad,' she calls but her only answer is an echo. As her hand feels the empty space beside her, tears escape.

Lifting her face to the sky, she notices the moon emerge between clouds. Held by its luminescence, she can't look away, and as she gazes, its glow becomes a clock face. The second hand starts to spin anti-clockwise.

She smells the leafy aroma of tobacco, hears a familiar voice begin;

'A boat moved slowly across the lake....'