

The Last Day

“My five year plan had never included committing suicide on this day; circumstances just seemed to lead me to it and that’s how I now come to be heading to my destiny.

As I travelled at warp-speed downwards at Walton-on-the-Naze cliffs towards the rocks below, my whole life didn’t pass before me, just bits of the present month.

Monday 1st June – Over our evening meal, Poppy my wife of thirteen years said, “I want a divorce.”

Wednesday 3rd June – During my morning tea-break at work my internal ‘phone rang. It was my boss Andy, “Bring your sales book in; I need to look at how you are doing this month.” During my afternoon tea-break, he called me in again. “I’m going to have to let you go,” he said, “it’s effective from now, so pick up your personal bits and leave the office. Don’t forget to leave the car keys. My wife had a nasty accident yesterday and I need another one”

Tuesday 9th June – I’ve got an interview at the local biscuit manufactures on Thursday. I ought to know a lot about biscuits, I eat enough of them. Selling them shouldn’t be too difficult.

Wednesday 10th June – I went to the bank to draw some money out to pay for my bus fare to the interview. The machine outside didn’t let me have any. I went inside and

explained my situation to the lady behind the counter. "I'd like your card, please," she said. She swiped the card and looking at her broken nail said, "Your account is overdrawn, I remember your wife coming in this morning and took out as much as we would allow."

Thursday 11th June – I arrived for my 11 o'clock interview five minutes early, which was remarkable as the bus I was waiting for didn't arrive. Fortunately Pete passed me on the way; my un-beloved wife was sitting in the passenger seat, she had been lucky too with a lift. At 11:30 I was still waiting in reception. I would say nerves overcame me in that time, but it was more like the cup of coffee the 11:45 interviewee got from the machine. It was a light coloured suit and the coffee showed up well. At 12:15 I was called into my interview. I was asked to sit at a lovely posh oak desk with a painting of the founder of the company on the wall. It felt a nice place to be. Then a wide-angle woman, dressed formally in her grey suit walked in the other door.

"The other side of the desk," she barked.

Fräulein Rottweiler wasn't impressed. She looked at me for a long time, I'm sure I saw her teeth snarling.

After the usual round of interrogation questions, "Why do you think you can sell our biscuits? Where do you see yourself in five years?" She then asked, "If you were a biscuit, what type do you see yourself as and why?"

I felt like a broken biscuit, but I knew I had to come up with some better than that.

"A chocolate Hob-Nob, I'd have a solid, interesting base and plenty on top."

“Pity it’s the opposition that make those! I don’t think you have done your homework about this company. Goodbye”

Friday 12th June – The thieving soon to be ex wife, walked past me as I was having breakfast and without any pleasantries shouted, “I want you to move out, I want the house.”

She then walked out of the kitchen door and promptly fell down the steps. Oh, how I laughed.

Monday 15th June – I went to see a solicitor about a divorce and to ask him about the house. The house had been left to me by my father. He said the best thing for me to do was to stay put and make a will leaving the house to someone other than the wife.

“Pete Perkins,” I said. “I want you to do a will for me today, leaving everything to him”

Pete and I had been best friends, we was born in the same hospital on the same day. He has always been there for me. He even used to come round and keep an eye on the wife when I was away on sales trips.

Walking home the rain fell down in stair-rods and I was soaked by the time I got home.

Tuesday 16th June – The rejection letter came this morning. I decided that I would take myself for a walk to the Naze, when I got there I thought that it would do me good to go to the viewing platform at the top of the Tower with its spectacular panoramic vista. The climb to reach the top via a 111 step spiral staircase is well worth it! It’s always been one of my favourite places having a cup of coffee and a look at the art

exhibitions there. On reaching the top and looking out I saw Pete's car in the car park.

I thought, *"I didn't know he had a day off today."*

Pete loved collecting fossils and with yesterday's rain, more may have come to the surface. He was busy on the sand, so I didn't disturb him.

Then I heard my wife's voice calling, "Pete, here are you? I have some ice creams."

It was at this point that I decided to jump. It was an impulse suicide. As I began falling I saw that Pete was writing in the sand. I thought I could see P&P, I didn't remember Pete being interested in Prose & Poetry.

As I came closer Pete stepped back to put his arm around Poppy, it became clear what Pete had written. Pete loves Poppy.

Pete stepping backwards had taken them directly into my downward path.

My fall was softened by them both; Pete had always been a good mate and Poppy a good wife.

My day started to improve then.