

## ***That Early Morning Feeling***

**By Rolfe Porter**

As the light slowly began to fill the room I raised myself and strode over to the window. By standing on a chair I could see over the far wall to the recreation ground where a number of people were beginning to gather.

After breakfast I took another look out of the window, by now there was a large crowd: children, mothers, fathers and a couple of dogs. Then, just out of the corner of my eye, I saw a rain cloud moving slowly across the sky. The crowd of course hadn't noticed it, they were too busy eating sandwiches and pouring drinks from their flasks.

As my door was opened I stepped out and once more looked at the sky, then quite slowly the clouds seemed to split into two, giving the area a strange, stark shading of light. As I turned to my right, the varnished woodwork of the stage upon which I was soon to stroll, started to glint. Behind me I could hear someone complaining that it was about time I showed up, and that they didn't like to be kept waiting.

As soon as I started those four steps to the top, everything went quiet and there was a unique stillness such as I had never experienced before.

I took a deep lungful of air and walked over to the middle of the stage. For dramatic effect I slowed down and paused, this annoyed my watchers who cried and heckled, calling for me to hurry up. And never being one to disappoint my audience, I quickened my pace.

"That was the last thing I will ever do, because I was told to do it," I thought to myself. Then slowly the rope closed around my neck. Silence.