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Time to Go sample
NOT FOR SALE

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I Talk You Talk Press contact: info@italkyoutalk.com

Website: <http://www.italkyoutalk.com>

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Chapter One

Dan looked out of the big glass window of his office in downtown Kowloon, Hong Kong. He could see Hong Kong Island. The lights from the buildings on the island glowed brightly against the November sky. The heavy rain was hitting the windows, and the sky was growing darker.

A perfect night, he thought.

He walked over to his office door and looked through the narrow window into the main office. He could see Nancy Peng, his accountant, and the other four employees. They were working at their desks, looking at their computer screens and talking on telephones.

"I'm sorry," he said very quietly. He went back to his desk and sat down.

A message flashed on Dan's screen. It was from Nancy.

---Dan, we need to talk about the company accounts before the end of the month.

What time is best for you tomorrow?---

Dan deleted the message and switched the computer off.

"I'm sorry Nancy," he said to himself quietly. "I have to do this."

He closed his eyes. A phone was ringing in the main office. The two workers at the desks nearest to his door were talking in loud voices about some numbers. The rain was getting stronger.

Dan opened his eyes, stood up and put on his black jacket. Then, he opened his office door and walked into the main office.

"Dan," said Nancy. "Did you get my message?"

Dan did not answer her. He walked out of the door and got into an elevator.

On the ground floor, the elevator doors opened. Dan walked out of the elevator.

"Good evening Mr Hamilton," said the building receptionist.

Dan did not answer. He walked across the lobby, and out through the doors into the wet evening. He hurried through the crowds. Most people had umbrellas. He looked up at the sky. The neon lights glowed red, blue and yellow. The windows in the office buildings were very bright.

Hong Kong, thought Dan. I'm going to miss this city.

He walked into a car park.

"Good evening, Mr Hamilton" said the car park attendant.

Dan did not answer.

He got into his black sports car and drove out of the car park. It was 6:00pm. The roads were very busy. There were many cars and trucks on the roads.

He drove onto a main highway and followed the signs for the Container Port. Soon, he could see the lights of the port and the ships, cranes and containers.

Nearly there, he thought. He could see the bridge in front of him.

This is it, he thought.

There were many cars and trucks on the bridge. The wind was strong, and the rain was so heavy, that it was difficult to see. He drove slowly in the left lane on the bridge.

Here, he thought. He suddenly stopped the car at the side of the road.

People in the other cars and trucks sounded their horns. Some of them tried to look at him. The rain poured down on the car and the window. Soon, he couldn't see anything. He put his wallet and his mobile phone on the passenger seat.

He opened the door on the passenger side. The wind hit his face very hard. He couldn't breathe very well. He got out of the car and shut the car door. It was very noisy on the bridge. The cars, the trucks, the wind and the rain were noisy. The lights on the bridge were very bright. He walked along the side of the bridge. Then, he stopped and looked down over the railings. He could see very large ships in the port. He could hear and see the dark water below the bridge. He leant over the cold railings. A car driver sounded his horn.

Another driver shouted, "Hey! What are you doing?"

Someone else shouted, "Stop!"

There were many cars on the bridge, so no-one could stop. But they saw him.

Dan looked down at the water.

It's time, he thought. *It's time to go...*

The police arrived at the bridge. They called for the rescue team. They closed the bridge and a helicopter came. They searched the dark water for Dan for many hours that night. But they didn't find Dan. He was gone.

Chapter Two

Nancy Peng sat in Dan's chair in his office. She turned around and looked out of the window. It was a sunny day. The rain from the night before had gone. Nancy looked up at the blue sky. Then she closed her eyes. She was very tired. She hadn't slept very

well. She and the other workers had been working late in the office when the police came.

“Daniel Hamilton is dead”, they said. “He jumped off a bridge. We found his car, but we didn’t find his body.”

Nancy couldn’t believe it. She had told the other employees to go home and take a holiday the next day. That night, she had stayed in the office. She had been too shocked to go home. She had tried to sleep in the soft chairs in the meeting room, but she couldn’t sleep.

She had woken up early and made some coffee. She had many things to do.

Nancy thought about her boss, Dan.

I don’t know much about him, she thought. He was a really private person. We sometimes went out for lunch or dinner together and we had a nice time. But we usually talked about business. He didn’t talk about his private life at all.

-----END OF SAMPLE-----