

You can't race time.

I had spent everything chasing for it. But you can't. You can never keep up with time.

Monday

I was meeting Eve today. I grumbled out of bed and looked for some somewhat clean clothes under the abyss of mess. I should really get round to tidying my room. Undeterred, I went into the kitchen and made myself some breakfast. Strawberry jam on toast, it was. A fresh jar of jam too. Without a care in the world, I wolfed it down, went to the bathroom, and then got my red winter coat out. It would for sure keep me warm in these wintery conditions.

Tuesday

Checking I locked the door, I stepped into the garden, taking care not to slip on the ice. Deeply breathing in, I didn't get the stereotypical sense of fresh green grass and birds at your call. No, I smelt rancid car fumes and could just hear some neighbours in the next street arguing about who was taking up the most space for their car. Typical. I texted Eve and she replied almost instantaneously, saying she would be at the library in 5 minutes. The library was our favourite place to meet- away from everyone, where we could just immerse ourselves in a fantasy world. On the way, I saw a red bottle lid, embedded in the ice. I scraped it off and turned it over in my hand. It was shining; so captivating that I put it in my pocket and decided that this was a wonder Eve needed to see as well. She loved funky finds as much as me.

Wednesday

I had to take the bus to reach the library in the end. It's a long story. Turns out, the library has a backdoor that you could only access by bus. Roadworks were happening at the front entrance, so that way was out of the question. Couldn't get rid of me that easily Eve! It was one of those bright green Park and Ride buses, except I just rode the whole way. I finally reached the library after what seemed like years.

Thursday

I stepped in and I instantly felt a warm feeling, although that might have just been the radiators cranked to the max. I checked in with my card and returned the mountain of books I had recently found in all sorts of places; one about sci-fi down the side of the sofa; two about fantasy- one under my bed and another under the stairs; even a few random ones in the kitchen! Luckily, this library doesn't issue fines, or else I would have been up to my eyes in debt. I walked on and reached the table where me and Eve sat.

Friday

Embracing each other tightly, I felt another warm glow (and no, it was not the radiators this time). We wasted no time in discussing the latest crazes and fashion trends. Apparently, leopard print scarves and zebra print coats are in. Not to mention leather boots. I can only hope that these were fake. We also talked about what the other has been up to during the holidays. I was mostly stuck indoors with no company other than my cat. He's called Mr Jeffery. My siblings were always out and my parents were on a business trip. Sigh. The perks of being the

youngest. Eve however, was an only child and her dad worked abroad. Her mum, though, worked from home and always had time for her. I can't even the last time I had a conversation with my mum that wasn't something about work. Anyway, Eve told me about a new book she was reading-it was called Red Den. It was about a brother and a sister who escaped from their life by creating a den made from chairs and a blanket. But they always ended up being reminded of their reality and how they couldn't run away to a fairytale. The red showed their outrage at the world. Deep, I know.

Saturday

I was rummaging through my pocket and found some loose change. It added up to £1.74. That was just under enough to buy two hot drinks. Eve gave me some more money and after a debate about which flavour I should get, we decided on one velvet chocolate drink for me, and a white chocolate hot chocolate for Eve. Caffeine was a big no-no in the library. I asked Eve if she wanted to come with me, but she said she preferred to stay in the warmth. No problem, I was the only one with a winter jacket. I walked out, with my hand in my pocket clutching the money. I beared against the wind licking against me and swung open the door to the Cafe. The little bell jingled and I was instantly greeted by the smell of the luscious cakes and drinks. I ordered our drinks and left, trying to keep the drinks steady in the red, flimsy, plastic containers.

Sunday.

I reached the library. I went back to our table. Eve was gone. At that moment, the hum of traffic and hustle and bustle of life re-started. "Eve", I called out. "Where are you?". My calls were to no avail. All I got was weird looks from the librarian which I knew was a warning. I discarded the drinks and ran out, stopping only when I realised I had dropped the red bottle lid. I never gave it to Eve. And now she's gone.

The time went too quickly. Where did you go? I spent all this time trying to find you, but I could never race the clock.

All I have left of you is the red bottle lid. I know you would have loved it. If only I had more time to give it to you.

(Eve)ry time I see something red, I think about you.