

Pendulum.

CODELL HESITATED - but there was no guarantee that the future would be any different from the past. He got up to leave, looked long at her, and grabbed his clothes. It was meant to be. No surprise. It was the same forward as backward; the clock didn't lie. He wanted to leave, having made up his mind again yesterday. *There is a way of leaving without leaving.* His brain raced. *Is that what woke me?* She was breathing heavily, sleeping. Then something woke him again.

He fell asleep for the second time. She came to bed. It had to be. Just like, of course, at had been at 11:11 p.m. the night before. This time it was 1:11 a.m. He looked at the clock. It was she at the bedroom door; something woke him; please say yes

yes please; something woke him; it was she at the bedroom door. He looked at the clock. This time it was 1:11 a.m. Just like, of course, it had been at 11:11 p.m. the night before. It had to be. She came to bed. For the second time he fell asleep.

Then something woke him again. Sleeping, she was breathing heavily. *Is that what woke me?* His brain raced. *There is a way of leaving without leaving.* Having made up his mind again yesterday, he wanted to leave. The clock didn't lie; it was the same backward as forward. No surprise. It was meant to be. He grabbed his clothes, looked long at her, and got up to leave. There was no guarantee that the future would be any different from the past - but CODELL HESITATED.

#