The Final Day

Today was the day. The day she would die. Jennie could hear the ticking of the watch on her wrist, indicating the time she had left to live. It was covered in scratch marks because she had smashed a hammer into it a few months ago.

"Jennie! Get ready for school. You’re already late.“ Her Mother was downstairs making breakfast.

"Sweetheart, you have to stop oversleeping."

"I know. Mom, I’ve just been feeling had the last few days." sighing. her Mom responded “Well. I hope you feel better soon. You have to get a good grade on your report card this year. You don’t want to disappoint me, do you? Also. bring an umbrella. It’s been storming the whole morning. Don’t get a cold. You can’t miss any more school. ” Groaning, Jennie grabbed her umbrella and ran out of the house.

Outside, it was storming badly. Her hair was getting messed up, and her clothes were getting soaked in the rain. Hastily, she had to run the last few meters and arrived at school completely drenched.

Suddenly, her watch started buzzing loudly. She could hear the ticking of the hands of the clock getting louder and louder. The buzzing became so deafening that after a while, everyone started to turn to her and see what was happening. All of a sudden, the buzzing stopped. She could hear her heart beating out of her chest as she looked at her watch.

Instead of indicating the 12th of October 2090, her date was now 2021. Exactly Two months from now. How had her date changed? What was happening?
The day before her death date, she had planned to go to the psychic the next day. hoping it would help stop her inevitable death. It had been scary even just thinking about going into the shop. It was an unofficial rule that the shop was forbidden to enter. It was each of the shop's customers' last resort and no one would go there willingly. Rumors said that the owner was a crazy 100-year-old man.

Jennie didn't know what to believe, but because of her sorrowful situation, she had to see for herself.

A few steps ahead of the door, she contemplated if it was really necessary.

However, the fact that she was going to die sooner or later, made her push the door open and quietly step into the store.

Trying to be careful, she looked around, not daring to make a sound. Turning around, she took a good look at the room. It was different than she had pictured it. It was completely quiet, and she could hear a clock ticking in the background. There was a dusty bookshelf on the wall that was overflowing with books. Except for a lamp in the far corner, the entire space was dark.

Jennie didn't know what to do. As far as she could tell, there was no one in the shop, and the ticking of the clock made her too nervous to just stand in the middle of the room and wait. So she went to the bookshelf and took out a book. The cover said 'Diary'. Suddenly she didn't know if she should read it. Would it be too nosy of her? After thinking about it for too long, Jennie decided to take a look at it.

The book looked ancient with its wrinkled and dusty pages. The person who wrote it was probably dead already.

Curiously, she turned to the first page.
“It’s today. The day I’m going to die.” It said on the first page. Jennie continued reading. “Mom is still stressing about my grades, even though I’m going to die soon anyway. I’m just in high school, so I shouldn’t be this stressed. My life has been miserable ever since my date changed.”

“This person’s death date changed too?” She thought to herself. “I’ve tried going to doctor’s appointments and have done everything I can to prevent my death. I even smashed a hammer into my stupid watch.” A hammer?

“Hmm, Hmm,” a voice coughed right behind her. Frightened, she slammed the book shut. As she looked at it, she noticed something she hadn’t noticed before. The book had a name on it.

...Her name.

Shocked, she stared at it, until she remembered that the old man was still standing behind her. Slowly, she turned around. The man had worn-out clothes on and looked old with his beard and glasses. His expression was serious and he slowly raised one eyebrow, while reaching for the book in her hand.

She didn’t want to let it go. so she shouted: “Hey, why is my name on here? Why is this book describing everything that’s been happening to me?” “Miss, I don’t know what you are here for, however, you should have never looked at this book. Don’t you have any manners?” He shouted at her. Startled with everything that was happening, she didn’t even notice that the old man had already pushed her out the door before she could respond.

Back home in bed, staring at the ceiling, she couldn’t think of anything except for the incident that had happened today. It was obvious that the book was hers. But how was the book written? She didn’t even own a book of that sort. The more she thought about it, the more confused she became. She decided to sleep, concluding that she would never get the answers she
wanted, and knowing that she was about to die anyway. She had come to accept that her death was near and that she wouldn’t wake up tomorrow. Just as she was losing focus and drowning in a wave of darkness...

Her alarm woke her up.

Disoriented, she looked at the time on her alarm clock.

It was the next day.