

Slow Motion

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Slow motion. I can see that 9mm of lead traveling towards my face in slow motion. I know, that I should duck, or step aside, to let it travel past me, but I can't. As if I'm frozen. As if my body is caught in the same slow motion as that bullet coming my way. Only my brain seems to work at normal speed, the rest is slowed down, like the footage from a high speed camera. Am I supposed to see my life flashing by in my mind now? Because, if I remain frozen in that slow motion, that bullet is going to hit me right between my eyes. This slowed-down time, passing before that bullet hits, will be all the time I have left. Yet, no memories of my youth, of my life flash by. Instead, I think of her debt that won't be repaid now. I think, that I should have noticed that cop, waiting for his turn behind me, when I showed my gun to the clerk behind the counter and told him, to put all the money he could grab into the bag I gave him. I think I should have dropped that damned piece and raised my hands, when that cop told me to. I think, I've been a fool, to even consider robbing a bank, to save her from those loan sharks. But all of that is too late now, as I watch that bullet closing in on my face, in full slow motion, but unstoppable. There's nothing I can do but watch the damned thing coming. Coming to hit me in the...