

Wrong day to Die
by
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Prologue

What the hell is going on? Was the first sensible thought that popped into my mind, amidst the racing thoughts and incomprehensible emotions it also seemed the most rational one. So I asked once again, *what the hell is going on?* I had no idea who I was asking, or what exactly that sentence formulation said about myself as a person, because it was pretty much the only thing I was clear about. And that's when I thought; *hold on*, because I realized that it really was the only thing clear in my mind. The matter of who I was, how I had come to be lost in both physical being and mental though, and why the whole matter wasn't terrifying me in the least, didn't seem as important.

It seemed like a veil of nonchalant was hovering around the whole room, which itself was as nonchalant as could be; four wooden walls, not counting the ceiling because there was none, and not counting the floor, simply because it wasn't strictly a wall. The walls, and floor, were painted a fascinating tinge of fluorescent blue, one that should have stung my eyes, but instead seemed more like a curious whim of the creator. The fact of the non-existent ceiling or one that hung at the end of the seemingly never ending walls, didn't disconcert me in the least, it only posed the question of how they managed to clean it, after all they had to once in a while, otherwise it would be raining dust and cobwebs.

At this moment in time, I was able to take a step back from the whole impossible scenario, and think it through quite thoroughly, at least as far as my current state of mind and vocabulary could take it and seeing as that was only just beginning to grow, or clear up; I didn't get very far. It seemed to me like someone very picky had been through my brain and gobbled up everything personal, leaving only the general knowledge that one would have but leaving me pretty much clueless to everything else. The things that I did know were rather factual, and of no aid to me, but I did notice something interesting, in that some 'facts' in my mind, I knew clearly to be false, and yet the notion that humanity believed them to be true was just as obvious. And seeing as I was human... I quickly cast a glance down at myself, two legs, two arms, ten fingers, five on each hand, hips, torso, breasts; I seemed human, and female. *Why wasn't that fact obvious?* I continued to brush my fingers across my face, a mouth, teeth, tongue, nose, two ears, hair, two eyes, ouch! Yeah, I was human, no other species would be stupid enough to almost accidentally poke their own eyes out. Ok, so human, human from earth, I was bold enough to assume, because that's where humans lived, right? But the rest... I started to pace, because that seemed like a natural thing to do, even if it didn't seem to aid in the thinking process. After the first few steps I promptly tumbled to the floor, my limbs and my thoughts didn't seem to quite agree with each other, as if I had been given a whole new body to work with and had failed to read the instructions. Once again I brushed aside the question of what that expressed about my person.

"Don't worry; it takes some time to get accustomed." A lulled voice struck my ears, like the first thing they had ever heard; which might in all things be true. I turned, as much as was possible from my awkward position on the floor, and discovered a desk made entirely from brown bricks. I tilted my head, not because I was disorientated at the sudden appearance of said desk, but because I seemed to be sitting at an angle to the rest of the room. Behind the desk sat a tall man, with limbs too long to be comfortable, and a skin colour too red to be healthy. His head was resting on his hand as his dark blue eyes kept watch over the miserable heap that was my self. His other pair of hands was leafing through the strewn out documents that covered his desk, moving them from one pile to another and then back again, with no sense of order or purpose at all.



"What...?" I had planned to ask the question that had first come to my mind, but at that exact moment I considered that perhaps using the original formulation was not the best first impression I could muster. Especially seeing as this strange man was the only other living being here and who might be able to clear up this mess.

"Yes?" He asked patiently, seemingly not willing to ease my problem and just come out with an explanation to this whole shenanigan. How impolite.

"Where am I?" I chose to ask first, seeing as the question of who I was and how I got here might paint me in the light of a crazy person.

"The reception, that's what we like to call it, although it is also sometimes, knows as the gateway or courtroom." He paused before continuing as he saw my blank expression. "This is where all the trouble makers end up."

"Trouble makers?" I asked confused, it didn't feel like I was a 'trouble maker' but then again, I guess that is what trouble makers thought of themselves.

"Yes, the ones that disagree with the system, get here early, or simply refuse to die."

"Die?" I whimpered; glad to see that the concept of death was one of the few things clear to me.

"Yes, they really are the worst, a lot of trouble and even more paperwork." He said, his eyes glazing over in annoyed reminiscence before snapping back to me. He found me, still tangled in a body that wouldn't obey my thoughts, mouth hanging open, and a conscious mind that had simply ceased to function. With a sigh he heaved himself up from his chair, and stalked around his desk towards me. I didn't react, my eyes were still locked on the place where he had been, and where his second pair of arms was still sorting away at his desk. I felt him haul me up and settle me down on the chair that was now standing opposite his own, to which he returned.

"You have nothing to worry though," He said, pulling out a few pieces of paper with knowing hands.

"From what I can see, your record is clean, no need to worry about having to redeem yourself." He tapped his chin with one of his long fingers, brows creased with a question that was unknown to me. I on the other hand was still trying to come to term with my apparent state of being, for all my cluelessness, death was an obvious bad thing. And it left a lot of questions open, some of which I wasn't sure I wanted answered. But the one that seemed least dangerous to ask, and most relevant at the time, was pretty clear in my mind.

"Why..." I tried, but it came out as a garble.

"What's that?" He asked, looking up from his conundrum.

"If my record is clear, then why am I here?" I asked, with a voice that although understandable, seemed to have passed through my stomach acid before leaving my lips.

"Well that's the problem, isn't it; you see, you shouldn't have died for at least a couple of years yet."

"And that's a problem?"

"In a way, none that should concern you however," He said with a comforting smile that didn't comfort me in the least. He didn't seem to realize that impact that death could have on a person and simply continued, alas more to himself than me. "It means that somebody isn't following the rules. As a matter of fact your whole record is a mystery to me; it seems you were scheduled to die seven times now in the past, but each time it was postponed. It seems like someone has taken a liking to you."

"Well apparently I have fallen out of favour." I replied dully, and he chuckled.



Suddenly he sat up straight, seeing as he had already been sitting very firmly before made it incomprehensible.

"This isn't good." He muttered, quickly searching through the mess on his desk while firmly holding onto my record. He pulled out another piece of paper and quickly scanned it over. "This is bad, very, very bad."

"How bad?" I cautiously asked, skipping the whole 'what' seeing as it wasn't my problem anyway anymore.

"Worse than decades of lost paper work."

"That bad?" I asked, relaxing back in the chair. I watched calmly as he hectically searched through his documents, picked one up, read it, cursed, and repeated.

I watched for a while before choosing to focus more on myself. Seeing as I had been just told that I was deceased, I found myself to be exceptionally calm, when I asked whether I was ok with being dead, I found nothing to object. Whether that was because my memory was simply not there, or because I didn't care, didn't seem to matter. After all, death didn't seem that bad, id dare to say that I felt pretty good for a dead woman, and like the strange man said, I had nothing to worry; my record was blank. Continuing this line of thought I started feeling quite curious about the whole death thing, for it was the only thing that I didn't know for sure when it came to general facts. I knew all the beliefs that humans had, but had no clue as to if any of them were correct. I found myself excited to find out; after all it was the great mystery of death, one that every living being wanted the answer to, one that even omniscient beings like me didn't know the answer to. How exciting.

"I'm sending you back."

"What?" I asked dumbfounded and willing to disagree with, however stupid the thought seemed.

"Why?"

"Because it isn't your time to die and if you're not alive in the coming days then there will be trouble."

"Worse than paper work?" I asked; glad to find that I was capable of sarcasm.

"Much worse."

"What if I don't want to go back?"

"Why would you not want to go back?!" He asked incredulous and I shrugged. "It doesn't matter, you need to be there when it happens and then you will be back here anyway."

"Well now I am really eager to return." I answered sarcastically, and he took the moment to send me an annoyed look.

"It's important that you be there, take it as a chance to say your goodbyes, not many people get the chance to."

"What exactly is going to happen?" I asked.

"Can't tell you; that would be interfering with the course of destiny." He answered, his attention having returned to his paper work.

"Then what is this?" I asked disbelieving. "A huge spoiler?"

He didn't answer, or didn't get the chance. I didn't have the time to find out, because the floor, that wasn't a wall, was suddenly no more, and I fell.

And I kept falling, with a speed that seemed faster than logic would agree to, and at the same time not at all. My concept of time, which was already lacking, didn't seem to fathom for how long I had been falling; except it wasn't falling anymore as much as being sucked towards an unknown destination. When finally



my eyes did spy some type of ground rushing towards me, I found reality to be catching up with the moment, and the world around me taking shape. The blue walls vanished into walls of dirt that closed in on me, till I wasn't as much falling anymore as much as being pulled through the earth downwards, or upwards.

When finally I did pop out of the earth I found myself hanging from the earthy roof, nothing below me but endless sky, and then in one sickening motion it all flipped back in place and I found myself back on earth, alive.

My body of flesh and bones was one of many spectators standing behind a yellow and black tape that separated us from the horrible accident. It seemed like a car crash of some sort, two cars, one red, one blue, flattened against each other trying to occupy the same small niche of space, nether one giving in. The structured chaos that surrounded the accident was that of police and fireman trying desperately to salve a hopeless situation. And all I could feel was pity, for that woman trapped inside the blue car, the only thing visible of her being a hand sticking out of the twisted metal.

"Oops. Sorry, wrong body, move along." I heard a voice echo painfully through my skull and once again felt the horrid feeling of being pulled out of the body of flesh and bones I had been occupying and being vaulted into the exact body that I had pitied mere moments ago.

Shit. I should have stayed dead.