A Fate Worse than Death

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

He looked up, from the postcard he had received unexpectedly in the mail. *How could he say that to me?*

He felt woozy. He couldn't believe it. The shock was too much.

He blacked out.

Waking up, he was surprised to find himself floating over himself, slumped over his desk in his home office, where he had himself.

Holy shit! he thought. *I've had a heart attack and died!*

It was a strange experience, floating over one's dead body, detached. But he had heard about things like this.

But then, something weird happened.

After a while, his abandoned body blinked and woke up, as if from a long nap. It blinked its eyes. It seemed to be re-adjusting.

What the fuck? he thought, floating above, unable to let go.

His abandoned body started working on the paperwork he had been meaning to get around to — with more economy and dispatch than he had ever managed for the task. The abandoned body got it all done in 40 minutes.

Fucker! he thought frantically. *Stop it! That's my life!*

Eventually, the abandoned body got up and left the room. It was just in time to greet his wife and daughter, who were just coming in the front door.

No, no! he thought. Still stuck following his abandoned body around, he watched in horror as the abandoned body carried on a conversation with both of them, tousling his daughter's hair and commending her on her soccer game performance, and sharing inside jokes with his wife that only the two of them had known.

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Shit! he thought, helplessly, feeling more and more helpless by the moment. *How long is this going to go on fo—*

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THE END