A Conversation between a Dead Man, Himself and His Alarm Clock

by Nathaniel Tower

He was dead when he tried to wake up.

"Wake up," he yelled silently to himself, although it didn't sound silent to his voice.

"Brr, brr, brr," shouted his alarm clock as it glared two red fives, a colon and a seven at him.

"," said his immobile body.

"Come on, wake up. Get your worthless ass outta bed."

The alarm clock continued in its monotony.

His body continued as well in its own form of motionless monotony.

"Come on, you can't be serious. You have to have at least one more day in you," his voice shouted at him. The voice wasn't sure whether or not the body could hear him, but he didn't see how it couldn't. If he could hear the alarm clock, then surely his body could hear him. After all, the voice was coming from *inside* of the body, and the body must still work if the voice could hear the alarm clock coming from the *outside*. The voice itself had no way to perceive sound.

But the body just continued to lie still, saying nothing but, "."

The voice continued to yell motivational musings at the body, trying to inspire it to get out of bed. It had so much left to live for. There were so many things yet to do. Today was going to be a great day. But the body responded to none of it.

It was indeed going to be a great day. There was going to be a promotion, a bigger salary, a new corner office with a *window*. Of all the days to die. This was simply the worst timing.

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The alarm clock continued to “brr,” not knowing anything else it could do to help. It was beginning to sound tired.

The voice was beginning to get tired as well. Tired and angry. “WAKE UP!” he shouted in a last effort to coax the lifeless body out of bed.

No, the paralyzed body said silently back to the voice.

“Then go to hell,” the voice said.

“Brr, brr, brr,” the alarm clock said eternally.