

A Date With Death

I laid flat on the bed. There was no sound but the clock ticking, the birds chirping, and the heaving of my breaths. With each one I took in, it hurt harder each time I let it out. That was how I knew it was time. I closed my eyes and folded my hands over my chest. Everyone I loved had seen me in this state already. My family, my friends - all that was left was him. It had been years since then, but perhaps he would finally come. After all, I was old now, and my time was up. Still, perhaps I would have just a moment to spend with him...

I felt the last of my hope drain out of me as my final breath left my body. My body, my feelings, everything - it was all being siphoned out of me. Still, with the little power I had left, I opened my eyes to allow a sliver of sight into my soul. That was when I saw him. At first, I wasn't sure if it was just an illusion, but I saw him.

Death.

I wanted to reach out to him. I wanted to caress his face and tell him how much I missed him. I wanted him to know that I still loved him after all this time, but I couldn't. I was too weak to do anything, and yet, Death understood. I felt his arms wrap around my feeble form as my eyes drooped to a close. His head touched mine, and although there was nothing I could do, the whispers of his voice was all I needed to feel at peace.

"My apologies for being late, my dear," he said, "but your date with me has merely just begun."

I then felt Death's kiss atop my lips, and everything went black.