Anomaly by Chandler Flowers

You don't really forget what dying feels like, especially when you shouldn't have survived.

I know what happened, I've been planning it for a while now. I was waiting for my morning subway and I was tired. Not just from sleep deprivation from living in a soul sucking society, but *tired*. *Tired* from living, from hurting, from existing. So, I jumped in front of it as it came into view. The last thing I saw was the headlights of the train and the terrified face of the driver. The last thing I felt was the entire force of the vehicle slamming into my chest. Then, there was nothing.

I saw absolutely nothing.

No human being should survive that. No human being could have survived that.

So, how am I in a hospital bed right now, surrounded by a nurse and a doctor whose voices faded in the background the second they started talking?

"Mr.Jameson? Mr.Jameson, are you there?"

Finally, the doctor's voice managed to snap me out of my thoughts.

"I'm here, but how?" I croaked out.

Just then, the door burst open and Matt, my best friend, barged in with a terrified look on his face.

"Parker, thank goodness you're ok!" he exclaimed as he ran to my hospital bed.

"Hey, Matt. How did I get here?" I said.

"I found you on the subway platform, unconscious. I took you to the nearest hospital as fast as I could. I've been waiting for you to wake up for…"

"Wait, unconscious?"

“That’s right. You collapsed due to sleep deprivation. Nothing else was wrong, but we need to keep you here for tonight.” the doctor said.

“..Are you sure? I was hit by the subway. I felt it hit me. I died! I know I died!” I said.

“I promise you, I found you on the side of the platform, and nothing was broken. If you were really hit by a train, there wouldn’t be anything left except your brain splattered everywhere, and trust me, I would remember that.” said Matt.

“You could have had a hallucination due to lack of sleep.” the nurse proposed.

“IT WAS REAL. I KNOW IT WAS REAL. I’M NOT CRAZY!” I screamed.

Silence. The nurse and doctor exchanged a knowing glance.

“I’ll be back to check on you in a moment. Get some rest, Mr.Jameson.” said the doctor.

The nurse and doctor left the room. Matt sat down in a chair next to my bed.

“I’m not lying, Matt. I really felt everything. I really died.” I tried to explain.

“Well, I’m not lying either. I found you by the platform, out cold. Parker, you’ve been missing your medication, haven’t you?” questioned Matt.

“No, I haven’t. Not this time.”

“...Are you sure you’re not lying?”

“What? Matt, we’ve been friends since we were kids. What reason would I have to lie to you?”

“It's been 7 attempts this year.”

I froze. He’s been counting? Matt stared down at the hospital floor and choked back a sob.

“Seven times, I’ve walked in on my best friend trying to disappear. Seven times, I dragged you to a mental ward to get help. Seven times, I introduced you to therapists and medications that could help you. And now this?!”

Matt looked at me with a mixture of sadness and fury.

“I’ve been there for you for so long. IS THAT NOT ENOUGH? OR DO YOU WANT TO MAKE EVERYONE WHO’S EVER LOVED YOU SUFFER?”

Silence. Matt stood up and glared at me.

“I’m going home. Don’t expect me to save you anymore.”

Matt left and slammed the door shut. I sat there, tears streaming down my face, but nothing more. I couldn’t even refute anything he’s said. Maybe, deep down in my soul, I don’t want to get better. I lay back down on my hospital bed and forced my eyes to close. Maybe this is what I deserve.

Matt left the hospital and entered his car when his phone suddenly rang. It was his boss. He answered it with a smile.

“Bravo, Matt. You put on a very good show.” said Boss.

Matt chuckled.

“Only the best acting for a monster like him.”

“Remind me how many times you want to do this.”

“One million. One for every text message he sent her, every tear my parents and I shed, and every year she should have lived if our friend Parker hadn’t pushed her too far.”

“Are you ready to reset?”

“I am. Do it.”

As Parker lay down in his hospital bed, he didn’t realize it would be the last time. Soon, the world that he lives in will be reset and he will get the death he wants. But, he won’t remember that. He will be reborn into another baby and live another life, burdened with the fact that he’ll always want to die. And no one will save him, no matter how hard he cries.

It’s what he deserves.