

2022

William

R. J. Davies



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Staring at the lifeless body lay sprawled out in the street. A man crouched down beside her and was trying to give her CPR, she watched with curiosity. How was she watching herself like this?

“Breathe!” she shouted at herself. “Breathe, damn you!”

Someone was calling 911. It was playing out in slow motion. The screaming and noise slowly faded away. She stood there helplessly as the man continued to preform CPR, not giving up for a second.

She couldn’t die now; she was only twenty-four. She had just gotten promoted at work, Ryan moved in, and they were talking about a future together. Tiffany shifted from one foot to the other as she looked around at the crowd that was gathering. A woman stepped in and spelled off the man who had been giving her CPR.

“What happened?” a man calmly asked her. She looked over and he was watching her body on the ground. His eyes looked so familiar, she knew him, but she didn’t.

“I don’t know,” she stammered.

“I don’t think you’re going to make it,” he frowned sadly.

“How can you say that?” she felt annoyed.

“Well for one you are standing here talking to me, and two your body is laying on the ground with that woman trying to save you.”

She looked back at her lifeless body. Sirens were approaching. It began to drizzle, some of the crowd dispersed. The medics came and started slipped her on a stretcher tucking her back in ambulance where they used a defibrillator on her.

It was like getting punched in the chest, she gasped and held her chest.

“Don’t fight it Tiffany,” the man smiled kindly at her.

“Who are you?”

“William.”

“Do I know you?”

“We were lovers in a past life.”

She laughed, “right.”

“Tiffany it’s time to go home.”

“I’m heading to the hosp-, ugh!” she grabbed her chest again, as pain shot through her body.

He touched her shoulder, and the pain went away instantly. Looking up at him she paused. His eyes were so familiar it was like ... home. “Who are you?”

“William,” he smiled.

His smile felt warm and loving. “You said that.”

“Yes.”

“Why are you here?”

“To bring you home.”

“No, seriously?” she watched as the ambulance pulled away.

“I am being serious Tiffany, I am William. A man who once loved and adored you, I still do.”

“Are you a ghost?”

“No.”

“What are you?”

He chuckled, “that’s one of the things I love about you. You get directly to the point. You know who and what I am.”

“Tell me.”

“You know already.”

“No tell me, I need you to say the words.”

“I am William, in a past life you and I were lovers. I may have committed some terrible acts which netted me this role that I actually enjoy. I am here to take you home. I have come to reap your soul.”

“Reap my soul?” what the hell was this guy saying. She noticed no one was looking at them. It was as if they weren’t standing there in the middle of a crowded street. Oddly no one touched either one of them either.

“Yes, I am a Reaper, I am here to escort you home.” He kissed her forehead. With that kiss an entire lifetime she had lived with this man in a past life flashed before her eyes.

“William?” tears slid down her cheeks.

He nodded.

She reached up and kissed his lips. “I’ve missed you so much.”

“I know babe. It’s time to go home. I promise you we can take the long way home this time.”

“I would like that,” she hugged his arm as they began to walk down the street.