"No!" Thomas screamed. Don't get attached to this man, he's dying. Thomas rolled around in pain as his heart was giving up. See? Told you he was dying. His heart stopped. Tom stopped rolling on the floor of his house. He was dead.

The ambulance arrived a second later. Walking through the door Susan looked around. The house was modest. A tad small for her liking. But she wasn't here to decorate, she was here to… oh shit a body. Susan rushed to Tom's side and started rescue breathing.

Tom didn't wake up.

Tom's soul watched the event unfold. He saw his body laying on the floor. Tom couldn't believe what was going on. He was really dead. The life he led was over. There was nothing else to be debated. Life really was over for him.

"What a dirty shame." A voice came from behind.

Tom turned around to see who was talking with him. A cloaked covered figure was standing there. Dressed all in black, the man had bony fingers. Well he didn't have any fingers at all, it was all bone. This startled Tom, he gasped.

"Oh child, do not be shocked or afraid." The man said. "My name is Death. You are done with this life and are ready to cross over."

Tom shook his head. "No, no I'm not. I need to get back to my life." He ran over to his corpse. Tom tried to jump back down on the floor in order to repossess his body. When it didn't work, Tom looked up at Death.

"You did this to me!"

Death shook his head. "No Tom, I'm afraid you did this to yourself." His response was cold. "You didn't take care of your body the way you should have. Years of smoking and drinking. Your heart just gave up on you."

Tom sat up on the floor. The EMTs were giving up on him. Preparing his body for transport, they took Tom out the front door.

"Are you ready to go?" Death asked.

Tom shook his head. "No, I refuse to believe this is the end. You cannot tell me that this is the end!" He stood firm. Tom refused to give up. There was no way he was experiencing the end of his life.