It was late. The sun went down, the tide went up. Lisa couldn’t stop shaking.

“You haven’t been yourself these past few days… not since your trip to the Bahamas”, said Marcus.

“Just mind your own business, Marcus”, snapped Lisa.

Indeed, she hasn’t been herself, and Lisa knew this. It was a cold night, full of fun and games, in the company of good friends. Lisa was at a bar, when she couldn’t help but notice a faint light coming from one of the distant islands.

“You see that light?” Lisa asked.

Everyone was too loud or drunk to answer her.

For some odd reason, Lisa found the will in herself to take the next ferry out to that island. As Lisa approached the hilly island, the light became brighter and stronger. Lisa raised an eyebrow, knowing something was happening. After making her way through the rough terrain, she stumbled upon what looked to be an orb. For a second, Lisa thought she was too drunk and was imagining this. As she went out to touch it, the orb struck her arm, and she passed out.

When she woke up, it was daylight. No birds were chirping, no cars, no waves, no anything. Once Lisa got up, she knew something was different. The entire ocean stopped moving. The flag on the mainland just stood there, in mid-wave. Everything looked as if it were frozen… in time. Lisa was not.

“Holy shit” Lisa exclaimed. “This has to be a dream.”

Lisa walked out into the water, and put her foot into the ocean. The water was still water, but Lisa could stand on it. She made her way into the island, pacing past the ferry stopped in time. When she got to the port, she stared at the clock on the board. It was 8:00 AM, and a Monday morning. She didn’t know that it has been 8 AM on a Monday morning… for the past 4 days.

At this point, Lisa knew something was happening. Whether it was her, or the world around her, she could not tell. She moved around all the people in mid stride; men, women, and children, rushing to get somewhere, and here she was. Lisa could move in time, while everyone and everything else around her stopped.

As she continued along the station, she felt a jingling in her pocket. She looked down, and pulled out a watch. A stopwatch, actually.