Emily didn’t know what was going on. Nothing was moving. The clock on the wall stood still, the humming of the lawnmower outside ceased, the birds stopped chirping. *This has got to be some sick joke…* She had just finished her chemistry assignment to realize this. Emily was so focused on complex chemical reactions that she loved so much that this could have happened hours ago; she wouldn’t have known because the clock was not moving anymore and she didn’t track of time. The clock read 1:11pm.

Everything feels off. Tentatively, she tiptoed outside her bedroom and remembered that her father should be home today. It was his day off. Heart pumping, she quickly but lightly climbed down the stairs and through the eerily silent living room. *I thought the TV was always on whenever dad was home.* She turned back to check this to find that although the TV was indeed on, it wasn’t moving. On the screen was the weekly live Golden State Warrior’s basketball game… frozen.

Emily gaped at the screen, sure that she must be dreaming. *I can’t actually be awake right now*. *What is going on? Okay, maybe the TV’s just broken.* Unsure, she headed to the backyard where her father was last, working on fixing their seemingly hopeless garden. The clouds didn’t seem to be moving and there wasn’t even the slightest breeze. Walking on the grass didn’t even feel right. The wet grass should feel cold; instead, the water droplets were just getting on her. She felt nothing. “Dad?” *He has nowhere else to go today, he’s got to be here.* Her father was in a squatting position, with a small shovel in his hand. His eyes were closed.

The sunlight hitting her face was not warm as she ran towards her father. *This is definitely a dream.* “Dad!” *Why isn’t he responding? Why isn’t he moving?* As she approached him, she was forced to accept what she feared the most. In the middle of a blink, like everything else, her father was frozen. It was 1:11pm and only Emily was alive.