When he awoke that morning, Adam wasn’t expecting to find himself trapped in his car at the bottom of Lake Stratford. But there he was. All it took was one idiot driving down the wrong side of the road and Adam found himself swerving off the cliff. Even now, he could see cracks forming along the glass panes. He wondered what would get him first: the pressure of the water or the lack of air. Nobody knew he was here and nobody would find out for quite some time. His phone had been irreparably damaged in the fall. With no options left, Adam found a sense of tranquility had overcome him. The sense of peace that came with the feeling of certain death. He expected his life to flash before his eyes but all he found was a strong yearning for his bed. The glass broke. In his last moment, Adam wondered why the water made his skin tingle. Then nothing.

He opened his eyes and found himself in darkness. Then an alarm blared. Adam slapped the alarm and got out of bed. The sun blinded him and he went to draw the curtains. He noticed his car was not in the driveway. “Strange,” he thought. He looked at the alarm clock. It was past noon. He looked down and saw he was in his work clothes. His phone began to sputter noises that reminded him of a funeral dirge.