

“Dying”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
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Day 22: “Dying”

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He remembered what it was like to die.

For the longest time, Patrick couldn't remember. There was a haze over everything—his previous life, what he was doing when he died, or how he died. The haze lifted a little, over time—Months? Years?—until he was fairly certain he knew who he had once been, and how he'd gotten here.

It had started with Amelia. Or rather, to back up, it had started with Amelia and the witches. There had been some strangeness in town. Even though they had agreed to get out of the hunting game for Casey's sake, when something wicked reared its head in their sleepy little Indiana town, neither of them could sit still for long. Especially not his wife.

So they'd investigated, they'd gotten close, and then nothing. The suspected wicked witches had fled. But Amelia wouldn't leave it alone.

And it had led to her death.

The doctor's told him it was cancer—a very aggressive form. It had seemingly come from nowhere, but he knew better. Those witches had done something to her. They'd poisoned her, cursed her. Within two months, she was gone.

Patrick remembered that. He remembered feeling numb after. He remembered Casey's endless questions. The five year old couldn't understand why her mom was dead and he couldn't explain it to her.

“Bad people,” he'd mumbled. “Very bad people.”

And he'd intended to make them pay.

He hadn't. At all. Instead, the years he spent hunting them down, waiting for the moment to strike culminated in the witches murdering him and leaving his then thirteen year old daughter an orphan. That should've been the end of it. His death should've finished it and it hadn't.

The witches brought him back.

And now, there was no such thing as dead or dying. He was already a corpse. A revenant. He

was no longer a man or a father or a hunter. He was a pawn and a puppet.

There was nothing Patrick could do about it.