Flash Fiction Competition 2014

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Harsh, sand boiled his already swollen feet but Aaron knew, the reward would be more than worth it. Looming up in front of him was a stone tomb. Leaving all of his thoughts of the past behind him, he trudged closer. His leaving had not been a pleasant one, but he remembered the vision clearly; his friend pleading, his blonde hair flopped over his eyes. Remembering the cherry tree, with fresh blossom falling from the tree, spiralling gently onto the wet ground, and the cheerful buildings. He felt tears prick in his eyes, then roll down, making tracks like a snail.

As he approached the massive door he felt doubts creep into his mind. Kneeling down in defeat, he wept piteously into his hands. Then, a grating sounded in his ears, and he nervously looked up. Then down. Beneath him was a glinting, enormous ruby, thrust far into the sand.

He went further and further into the gloom, leaving the door wide open behind him. Creaks seemed to come out of nowhere, groans echoed around the narrow tunnel, but Aaron was not disturbed. On he continued until the darkness swallowed him.

Gold glittered ahead of him, and he rushed on past goblets, swords all studded with gleaming, precious gems. Then a shout echoed behind him. Frozen with shock and fear, Aaron slowly turned round, preparing to face a dreadful sight. Were the stories and myths about there being curses on the tombs of great pharaohs really true? Then a blonde head, with soft blue eyes peered into the tunnel. Aaron breathed a sigh of relief; a part of home had come to him. Connor had been so thoughtful to come here. He would treasure this moment forever; promise to be the best person he could to him, he thought as he plummeted towards him.

Running breathlessly towards the hoard of treasure, his friend’s sweaty hand clutching his. He must have ran after him to here, Cairo, all the way from Faiyum, their hometown. Far in the distance, gold, silver, diamond lined the walls with ancient mosaics of the Egyptian gods. However, the best of all was the stunning tomb of the pharaoh, which glittered from the light of the torches; situated along the walls. He felt his face go bright red with passion.

A tremendous shaking erupted so fierce that the tomb began rocking alarmingly. Aaron grabbed a handful of glittering treasure, then ran. Reaching the end of the tunnel seemed to take ages. He could see the stone door, still open ahead of him, and hear his friend panting behind. Dashing, relived through the exit, but then a goblet of gold clattered to the ground, hitting the blood-red ruby. Again came the grinding noise and his friend was not yet at the end of the tunnel….. Banging shut, the door slammed down, trapping Connor in forever. In that moment, he realized that friends are much more important than jewels, and his handful of gold clattered to the ground.
The 21 Evil Dwarves by Elias Stammeijer

One misty evening 21 evil dwarves tiptoed out of their tree house, carrying axes and spades. Together they marched into the forest, chose a tree and started digging around it. Once they dug a trench, they started digging horizontally, towards the tree. As soon as a root was reached, the dwarves stopped digging. The chief dwarf looked at the root and shouted ‘Dwarves 9 and 10, come here!’ Two dwarves immediately jumped into the trench and started digging further. Dwarves 9 and 10 were the best at digging, so they were under the tree in no time. The chief dwarf shouted for dwarves 1, 2, 3, and 4. These four dwarves carved 21 necklaces out of the heart of the tree.

Further on in the village a 15-year-old boy called Mico lived together with his uncle. Mico loved to go on adventures. Now and again he went camping, every time he went a little further into the big forest.

On that misty day Mico went on one of his usual camping trips. He reached the edge of the big forest, took a big breath and ran inside. He ran for a long time. When he stopped to catch his breath, he looked around himself. He had entered unfamiliar parts of the woods. Mico walked a little further, set up his tent between two hills and started to explore. He jumped around, climbed trees and then spotted something. Mico climbed higher to see what was going on. He saw little things moving underneath him and they were like little people. He pressed himself against the tree and held his breath. Suddenly the figures vanished and Mico climbed down the tree trembling.

The next morning Mico packed his stuff and ran home to tell his uncle what happened. When he reached the edge of the forest he could not believe his eyes: all houses were broken down and there were no people anywhere. He sprinted to his house. It was half broken down, door open, he went in and screaming ‘Uncle, where are you?’ There was no sign of him anywhere. Mico looked around, ran outside and saw footprints of dirt leading into the forest. Mico decided to follow them.

In the deep forest Mico found the little figures standing around a big rock. They were dwarves, Mico discovered. There was his uncle with 20 necklaces positioned around his feet, and one around his neck. He was getting hypnotised. Mico pulled a rope out of his bag, threw it over his uncle and held tight. Mico started pulling and running, dragging his uncle along. The dwarves were after them. Mico was panting like a tiger, but kept running. Mico had the sudden idea to climb a tree! He managed to get himself and his uncle in a tree. He then took his magnifying glass and he set a pinecone on fire. He threw one, hit a dwarf and puff, it disappeared. 20 more pinecones later, they were safe!
The Story of Frank by Nathan Elliott

Frank Lucky is 13 years old, lives in England and is currently late for school. He is inhaling his breakfast, which could be passed as toast, but really is just smoking black ash, whilst trying to put his socks on, brush his teeth and have a shower all at the same time. On the way out he is knocking the big mirror by the door to the ground. Frank hears the family heirloom smash into a million pieces but he doesn’t even turn around to look. He dashes through a construction site, passing under a ladder as he goes. Just then his bag splits and all the contents spill out onto the road, including his lunch money, which rolls conveniently into a nearby gutter.

Looking up he sees a coal-black cat walk out in front of him. He thinks nothing of it, picks up his stuff and dumps it into his bag. Before he gets five feet forward he steps in a big pile of dog poo on the pavement, slips and falls. Just then a fat seagull flies overhead releasing its dinner and breakfast all over Frank’s school jumper. He takes off his jumper and stuffs it into his bag. Before he gets five feet forward he steps in a big pile of dog poo on the pavement, slips and falls. Just then a fat seagull flies overhead releasing its dinner and breakfast all over Frank’s school jumper. He takes off his jumper and stuffs it into his bag. Before he gets five feet forward he steps in a big pile of dog poo on the pavement, slips and falls. Just then a fat seagull flies overhead releasing its dinner and breakfast all over Frank’s school jumper. He takes off his jumper and stuffs it into his bag.

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He is running, school is close, when a bucket of white paint falls on his head covering him with paint, but even worse he can’t get the bucket off of his head. It’s stuck. Frank continues blindly to what he thinks is the direction of the school. Running, he can’t see a thing. It must be here somewhere. Just then he hears a crash of thunder and a lightening bolt strikes the top of the paint bucket. He falls to the floor dazed and lies there for a few seconds. About to give up, through a crack in the bucket he can see the double doors to his school. He triumphed.

He dashes into school and his classroom and is met by his teacher. Frank is covered in poo, paint and is shivering. He has a broken nose and there is a smoking bucket on his head. His teacher looks him in the eye and says softly ‘Frank, it’s Saturday.’
Candyland by Bailey Smart

In the year 7097 the robot devil and his crew the Hulk, Wolverine and John the Robot Devil were in space jail. The good people in this story are Borus the animal, Darth Vader and R2D2. The Robot Devil, Hulk, Wolverine and John went into Liberty City. The good guys got teleported to Candyland by the bad guys.

In Candyland there are Malteasers, Haribos and a chocolate fountain. R2D2 said “Where are we?” They were in another dimension far far away. The good guys started to wander around Candyland. They could see tons of racers racing on Doritos crash court. There were 16 racers on the race track; somebody in a pink car was winning. It was miles ahead of everyone. There was no way they could lose. But someone in an Audi R8 turbo diesel injection over took the pink car, which was called Pink Lightning.

The Audi R8 won by a big margin. He got up to 204 miles per hour, the new land speed record. The previous land speed record was 202 miles per hour.

The person in the Audi R8 crashed into a Malteaser and went right through it. He was knocked out. The other racers tried to wake him up but he wouldn’t wake. He was out cold for an hour and a half. He finally woke up and didn’t remember anything at all. He couldn’t remember his name, age or friends. He looked like he was drunk or something. He didn’t know where he was; he thought he was in a dream.

Because of his confusion, he started running away from everybody and climbed up a tree to hide from everybody. Everybody started to look for him but they couldn’t find him. He thought he had got away but the girl from the pink car found him. He told her not to tell anybody where he was but she said that everybody was worried sick so she had to tell them. He moved and hid in a new place - a bush that was huge; it was as tall as the Great Wall of China. But then a giant Malteaser rolled into him and he was knocked out again. He was passed out on a high bush when they found him and they carried him back to the race track. He got a medal for coming first but he gave it to the girl in the pink car and said: “You deserve it. You’re the real winner. I cheated. I put nitrous in my car.”
Once there was a boy called John. John wanted to be a pro bull rider. He spent a lot of his time trying to find a bull to ride knowing he would take great care of the bull. He really wanted to call the bull John the Second. He finally found a bull, a red bull, and then all he needed to do was find a competition.

John and John II were practising in John’s gigantic back garden. John knew that practise makes perfect, “I know that too,” said John II.

“You can talk?”

“Obviously. All bulls can talk, but we usually do it secretly. I don’t. I like speaking to humans,” said John II.

“Say, do you like the name John II?” asked John.

“No offence but no, not really,” said John II. “I really like the name Max.”

“Ok then. I shall call you Max.”

“What were you wanting a bull for anyway?” asked Max.

“Well,” said John, “I wanted a bull because I want to be a pro bull rider. But it is your help I need with that Max.”

“Well I was thinking we could be like adventurers,” said Max.

John liked this idea and they made their way to the forest. In the forest they saw a massive steel circle so they sat down. Max saw a button and wondered what it did. BOOP, Max pressed the button. Nothing happened. ‘I wonder what’s wrong’ thought Max. WWWWOOOOOOOSSSHHH. Suddenly the circle shot as fast as a bullet past the clouds.

“Sweet. We have our own little private jet,” said Max.

“I know,” said John.

“Do you want to travel around the world on it?” asked Max.

“Ok,” said John.

They got onto the jet. A plane was only about 10 feet away but Max and John agreed that their jet was superior.

“We should go back down now,” said John, “because it is getting dark.”

“How do we get down again?” asked Max. “Maybe if I press the button again?... Pressed it.”

When they had landed John told Max to go to the toilet if he wanted to stay with him.

“YYYYEEEEESSSSSS!!!!!!!” shouted Max.

“Let me lay out some rules: I am going to build a special door for you to go into the garden to go to the toilet. Also when you want food, ask. Don’t go taking whatever you want. And lastly you can play
video games on my Xbox One,” said John.

“Perfect,” said Max.
It was late at night, the trees were rustling and wolves were howling. The streets were quiet which was strange because it was Friday night. But then, suddenly, I heard a scream - it sent a chill down my spine. I saw a shadow: it was a mental patient and then a whole group of them showed up! I hid behind a wall praying for them to go away but just then I saw a red figure emerge from the ground. I stared at its bloodshot eyes. It said in a deep voice “I can help you. All you need to do is give me your soul.” I agreed but it was the worst decision I ever made in my life.

It had creepy effects on me. I could speak to the dead but all they did was threaten me all the time I would wake up at night and start screaming uncontrollably but the worst thing was I would get phone calls from and unknown caller. The number was 666 and all I heard on the phone was whispering and mumbling. The only words I could make out were “help us.” I looked for medical attention but they didn’t find anything wrong with me. On the news I heard that all the software had been hacked so all the prison and asylum doors had opened. Everyone was out. The prisoners and mental patients were out in the open then the person came back and said “I control you now. You are now going to help me make the world a pile of ashes.” Then he disappeared in an explosion of fire! He had burned down my house I didn’t know what to do.

I went to a homeless shelter but got nothing because it had been changed into a bomb shelter because bombs had started falling out of the sky. I was worried and scared, ‘what should I do?’ I asked myself. Then I heard a big BANG. He came back. I stared into his eyes and suddenly he fell to the ground. He shouted “HELP ME! HELP ME!” and when I looked at him, he had changed into a normal person and said: “I’m possessed by the devil but you were saved by not being afraid of that thing.”

But the world was ashes. It was gone. The buildings were gone and the crops were gone.

50 YEARS LATER the crops are back and most of the buildings have been rebuilt. But the demons are still alive waiting to find another victim.
Once upon a time there was a monster. He was red, fat, slimy, and well he had one eye. He was enormous and he was as big as three Eiffel towers stacked on top of each other. He slept inside an enormous cave that went right through the Himalayas. All of the avalanches were normally caused by the monster. His name was the One Eyed Gubblee Doo. He wanted revenge on Thor, the king of the mountains.

They met when the monster was only a little child. The monster was really just a very normal human called Ben. One night Thor appeared and said “I need you to do the impossible task”. “Give me the eye of a little child” he boomed. “And you will have great power.” He had always wanted power. Ben found an eye floating next to him. Little did he know that it was his own left eye which had popped out! “THROW IT THROUGH THE VORTEX”, Thor screamed. “Ben, are you okay up there?” “Yes, Mum” cried Ben. He threw the eye through the vortex. His skin weakened and turned red and slimy. His eyes became dark green and he turned into a giant in the next few seconds. Thor just laughed. Ben, who was now The One Eyed Gubblee Doo, ran and found hideouts and food and that’s where he is now. His left eye has stayed popped out ever since that day.

After that Ben, The One Eyed Gubblee Doo, always wanted revenge. Thor was not at all good. He was a wicked king. One night Ben was asleep and a squeaking sound came from the window. He woke up and found a goblin. “Goodayy mate” the goblin said. “Who are you?” Ben exclaimed. “Jason” the goblin said. “Well what are you waiting for come with me” the goblin said with excitement. He led Ben to a vortex and the goblin jumped through. Ben took a leap and went through too. Jason then turned blurry. “Wow Jason, what is happening to you?” Ben said. “Ha Ha Ha” Jason laughed and he turned into Thor. “THOR” Ben shouted. Thor took out his sword and took a leap at Ben. Ben dodged and threw the sword at a chandelier. “AAAAHHH” Thor screamed. “YYeess!” Thor was strong and he threw the chandelier at Ben. But Ben was strong too. Ben threw the chandelier away and grabbed a ginormous pillar and took a swing at Thor. Then Thor broke out of the rocks that were covering him. With his hammer he knocked out Ben. “HA HA HA HA” shouted Thor. Ben lay dead on the floor, or maybe not! Suddenly Ben stood back up.

The battle lasted five years so let’s go five years forward. SLICE! Oh yeah I think Ben chopped off Thor’s head. All’s well that ends well. EVERYTIME A HERO WINS!!! Well, it does in my stories!
The Eye Of The Slave by Lisa Stevenson

February is usually a freezing cold month but not for me, oh no, because me (I’m Millie) and my class went to Egypt! My teacher, Miss Harper had said the trip was for educational proposes only but does she really expect me, the most popular girl in school, to be educational?

As I step off the boiling tarmac of the airport and onto the soft sands of Egypt, the golden sun beats down on me. “Right boys and girls! Today we are going to the tomb of Pharaoh Taa II and then a boat trip on the River Nile!”. My eyes actually looked away from my phone screen (for once) when she said that. I am a very artistic person and the thought of seeing real life hieroglyphics excited me. “Come on guys!” I shout running forward. My friends just look at me like I’m crazy and Miss Harper shouts back “good to see your taking education seriously... for once”.

“As you can see, the Egyptians were very artistic however historians can’t work out what some of the hieroglyphics mean. That concludes our tour for today” said our tour guide, Tristan. I couldn’t help feeling a little disappointed because I really enjoyed it so as my class started to leave, I strolled further into the tomb.

The hieroglyphics were amazing but part of a picture was missing, covered by a big bolder so with all my might I pushed it away to reveal the Pharaoh and someone with a knife (a slave I guessed) looking at him. I could tell he was looking at him because there was a line showing the direction of his view. I quickly took a picture on my phone and sprinted out of the tomb. Luckily everyone was still there looking for me. I rushed straight up to Tristan and showed him the picture and explained. “What?! Really?! Let’s go and see!” so we all rushed into the tomb to the point where I had found the hieroglyphics. “Wow! That’s amazing! Millie, I think you’ve just solved the mystery of the death of Pharaoh Taa II! That’s been a mystery for centuries!”

So now I am partly responsible for the great revelation of the cause of Pharaoh Taa II’s death and I’m partially famous. It turns out the slave was envious of the Pharaoh’s great power and decided to kill him to get his own way, hoping someday he would rule Egypt. Since then I’ve been really interested in solving mysteries. Who knows what I’ll solve next?
The Cure by Paul Nicolson

In London there was a boy called Phillip(or Phil to his friends). He had dark black hair and was dressed in a charcoal top and leather jacket with dark grey boots and black skin tight jeans. He placed a pebble on his palm and focused on it, a few minutes later he felt the rush of a cool breeze brush on his palm and it slowly lifted into the air. He heard a knock on the door and the pebble smacked the ground with a tremendous ‘THUMP’. He ran down stairs and opened the door “Hey, what’s up?” Asked Luke leaning on the corner of the door way.

“Just come in I got something to show you!” Phil replied with excitement.

“Honey are you ok?” His Mother asked “Yes Mum I’m fine” Phil said.

Phil ran upstairs and Luke followed. Phil sat crossed legs with the pebble on his palm.

Luke was a nice boy, he had red dyed hair and colourful clothes.

“Is that it? You can balance a pebble on your palm?” Luke asked with curiosity “Just sit down and shut up!” Phil replied

So Luke sat on the bean bag and watched the pebble. Slowly the pebble raised and hit the roof. “Whoa” Luke said

Before Phil could reply the network of mirrors called, It was the Grand High Wizard. “It will be with you so young one!” Said the Grand High Wizard the hung up.

In the blink of an eye the Grand High Wizard appeared in a blue laser-like force field.

“Hello there” said Luke “Why, a mighty fine day to you to” Said the Grand High Wizard.

Before anyone could reply the Grand High Wizard teleported everyone to an old Victorian town. “Where are we?” said Phil.

“We’re in the middle of the disease that killed millions!” Replied the Grand High Wizard “Wait, won’t we die?” Luke asked terrified “No right now were immune, all we have to do it treat the disease and save the world” Replied the Grand High Wizard

They trekked through the old town and came across a man with blood dripping down his face and a needle in his eye. “Help me” The man said groaning “We will do our best to find an antidote” said Luke

They moved further through seeing people closing windows, doors, anything that could help the disease spread among the city.

“What now we have been here for hours on end and found nothing” Said Phil sadly

“We will find a cure, an old wizard called Merlin was close to it but he died and we will avenge him” Stated the Grand High Wizard

They entered a science lab and tried to make an antidote, they took people to test on and one worked they cured as much people as they could.

“Time to go home I think” said Phil “Yep” said Luke happily.

They got teleported home and the Grand High Wizard, Luke and Phil went down in history.
The Orphanage by Coleen Elvey

It was dark in the orphanage and almost everyone was sleeping. A boy by the name of Matt was running through the halls to get to his room. When he got there he opened the door it made a creak making matt jump, he tried to turn on the night but no use it didn’t work “oh no.. Must of went out... blast” he said as he sighed the room had an odd sent of perfume it was odd because he shared room with a boy not a girl. He ignored it and started walking to the lamp ‘click’ nothing happened he panicked and started repeatedly clicking the switch to the lamp ‘click, click, click’ still nothing he felt a breath go down his neck. His eye widened frozen with fear he wasn’t alone and his friend was sleeping in bed “w-who’s there?” he said with a stutter “the voice softly spoke “your worst nightmare” as soon as he heard the voice he screamed. The boy who was sleeping woke up in shock seeing a person behind matt he reacted and tackles it “GAH!” the figure screamed as the both fall the ground. The boy was pining it down and matt just stood there watching “matt get the torch” matt did nothing “MATT TORCH NOW!” the boy shouted matt handed him the torch. The boy turned it on and shined it into the figures face. It was a girl long brown hair and bright green eyes like emeralds “Octavia!” the boys shouted at the same time. She grins and took the torch shining it in the boy who was pining her down “olla! Nathan and matt” Nathan jumped off her in shock face bright red Nathan looked awkward, shaking his black hair out of his blue eyes.

She stood up with a devilish grin the night randomly turn on making them all jump in fear there was a note on the door the writing was red and dripping like blood Nathan took the note and started reading “welcome to my game walk outside to start find notes to tell you what to do good luck” he looked at Octavia “is this note you’re doing?” She looked at note and read it “n-no...” she looked a little worried, she slid her finger on the red ink she looked closely at the red on her finger she licked it a little.. Her skin went pail “b-blood...” she spoke with a shaken voice “l-its blood” she dropped the paper on the floor looking at it like is slapped her, matt just sat there trying to take in what she said “I-I don’t know what to do” she said with a shaky voice. They all didn’t know what to do what can you do “if... this is a joke it’s not funny!” Matt shouted with an angry yet scared tone of voice, Octavia looked at him shocked “who the hell would joke about this?!”. With a loud crack the floor collapsed below them.
The Trip by Shannon Stephen

Halloween, The night everything mysterious happens in Radville.

Kids go missing, dark shadows round every corner, blood dripping from roofs, blood puddles and screaming.

Talia, Joe, Jai and Tanya have been best friends since primary. Now they were 18, they were allowed to go on holiday together. They were going to have an unforgettable experience in Radville...literally. As they got into the loaded car, they heard a big bang as the engine started and the smell of petrol filled the air. The journey lasted 6 boring hours. At last they got to Radville. It was as silent as a cold night. Mist surrounded every object. Suddenly someone appeared “Oi! all kids go home at 7.30, its dangerous out here!” he hissed at the 4 kids standing in front of him. Ignoring him they set out to look for the cabin they were staying in.

When they got there, they heard screams, so they followed it. It was a radio. “phew” whispered Joe. “What is that?” said Talia with interest, looking at a big black bag. Tanya opened it. Her jaw dropped and a tear slipped from her eye. “What do you see?” Jai said worriedly, “it’s a h-and!” whispered Tanya, now fully crying. They all stood in silence, the air thickened as they stood still. Just then, a scream came from the bathroom. Jai went himself. When he opened the door the light flickered off and Jai got dragged into the bathroom. The rest came running into a mass of blood on the floor and a dead body. Everyone cried and tried to save him. Nothing worked.

All scared, they sat in the bedroom looking for a solution. what was it that killed Jai? They looked for clues. They couldn’t get away because Jai was the only one who drove, They ran to the nearest local shop. Not a soul to be seen for miles. Howls echoed around the small village. A dark figure stood in front of them. Tanya started choking, Joe tried to help but it was too late. Tanya laid of the ground dead. Only Joe and Talia was left. They then realised they were next. They looked for someone to help. They both started to panicked and they ran to find safety, just then a big car came racing down the long straight road. Soon enough, Joe was on the ground. His heart hardly beating. Suddenly his heavy breathing stopped and Talia was alone. She felt someone grab her and put tape on her mouth, she was knocked out. When she woke up she was in a white room, at the door she seen another girl. Then she realised she was in quarantine... A tall man came in, Talia was told about the legend of Radville. A monster who’s method of murder is a needle in the eye. She tossed and turned that night she had nightmares of him sticking needles into her pupils. She was stuck in there with no communication...
Eye for an Eye by Glen Christie

As my eyes opened and closed opened and opened and closed I slapped my face multiple times trying desperately trying to wake myself up. So far I had tried coffee, energy drinks, pinching, loud music and slapping and yet I was still as tired as before. I wanted desperately to go to the land of dreams and unicorns! But NOoOoO that was stopped by an 800 word essay on BUTTERFLIES!!!!!! I waved my hand to smack my pencil against the desk. Oh yea I forgot to mention I am telekinetic or well a magical glowing purple crystal did passed down generation by my family. I picked up my pencil and continued to write painfully.

I looked at my clock. 11:59pm. I stared at the clock until it turned to 12 and the moment it struck 12 the earth started to shake like god was making a solar system smoothing blending us until there was nothing left but blood and pulp. I fell of my chair and looked out my window and panicked as I say a giant crack in the road open up to reveal the fires of hell rising up out into the world as demons flew out I ran to my room door and sprinted out. I was 18 at the time so I lived in a dorm at collage. Everyone was out partying their butts off but I stayed in to play video games as I did every night. I ran out the front door opened it. Instantly regretting doing that I closed it again because what was outside was worse that my dad’s cooking. I opened the door bravely keeping every feminine scream inside me. I bolted down the road as fast as I could looking around not to trip on anything limp or dead. I tried to find some sort of weapon to use defend myself my powers could pick up anything I could so that wasn’t very much. I eventually found some broken glass that was in in big shards that I could use well. I heard the powerful growl of a demon. I slowly looked up trying to not think about my impending doom but I was too late. This giant red skinned, fire breathing, winged, creation of the devil himself. I spun the shards around him confusing him I located his weak spot. His eyes. They were big and an easy target. I shot one of the shards his way. As it pierced through the squishy eyeballs. The red skinned freak of nature screamed in pain as it cried blood. It ran around like a headless chicken swinging its wings and arms trying to hit something. It hit a lamppost that started to fall not realising I ran away to only get hit by this falling lamppost and dropped dead.

I opened my eyes to a blinding white light I sat up. I was wearing white. Everything was white. Then it hit me. This is heaven.