

Dead People
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I was just wandering like everyone else. Everything was dark and all I could see of myself was my bones. I see others as well. They were just skeletons wandering aimlessly. Now, at that time, that's all there was to me. I didn't know I was a dead man walking. Everyone I knew was the same way. I didn't think anything of it. I wandered around searching for something more until one day I met someone really weird. He was soft. It looked like he had something covering his bones like a bag or something. He held my hand up to where his chest bones would normally be and I felt the strangest sensation. I felt a bump. But it would go a way and come back. It was extremely regular. Bump...Bump...Bump...Bump...Bump...I recoiled in fear. "What is this thing?" I thought to myself. Then he spoke my language. He said I could have one too. He told me that I was dead because I had done wrong things in my life. He also told me that there was someone who could make me alive if I would just seek forgiveness. Now, I was searching for something more but this seemed too radical a thing to accept. But he persisted. He told me that he's lived both ways and that the way he is now is better. He talked about a man named Jesus who had paid a heavy price so he and I both could be more than just dead people. This guy seemed serious and there was no denying he was different. So I asked how I could be like him. He told me to look up and talk into the air. He said Jesus can hear you from anywhere so you could just talk to him no matter where you are. He told me to ask forgiveness for the wrong things I had done in my life and to ask him for rescue. At his instruction, I talked to the Jesus guy. I asked him to forgive me for my wrong things and rescue me by bringing me from death to life. When I had said this I saw a bright beamlike light coming from the sky. It hurt to look at and I was tempted to try to move out of it. It concentrated on the top of my skull and began to move downward. I felt a strange cleaning sensation and it felt as if my head had something on it. The light kept moving down until it completely covered the two holes in my skull that I use to see out of. It was very bright. But the light kept moving down. And as soon as it moved past my seeing holes I was struck by what I could see. Those who had looked normal just seconds before I could now see were just bones covered in black silt. The landscape looked horrible. It looked like something had destroyed everything around me. I also could see more clearly those who had talked to this Jesus guy. They stood out like a sore thumb. Before, they just looked softer and rounder than everybody else. Now they had color. The light kept moving downward and I eventually could smell the death all around me. I looked down to watch the beam of light turning my bones pure white and then the same soft stuff that my new friend had followed the newly cleaned bone. The light covered my chest bones and left the same "Bump...Bump...Bump..." I had felt in my friend's chest bones. It moved downward and I saw there was more to me than just bones. The whole process took far less time than it took you to read this but it left me completely different. I began to sing and dance. I was so happy to have finally found something more. But then I looked around. I once again saw the death around me. I knew what I was supposed to do. I had to try and tell everyone around me. They needed to be alive too.