1984

Dead Man's Float

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Dead Man’s Float · James Frazee

After holding your breath sixty seconds, the pressure in your lungs wheezes out like dead air from the bed pillows. In the shallow end of a lake, you sink to its floor where the filtered daylight covers your back like a blanket. You swear if this lasts any longer you might explode. You see the second hand of a clock stop, your lungs admitting only water. Now there are footsteps coming down a hallway and your entire body lifts uncontrollably to the surface, your room focuses, your father appears at the end of your bed and replaces the kicked-away blanket, combs his hand through your hair, clicks off the lamp and the last thing he says is Goodnight.