

According to my notebook, it's inspired by /x/'s shitposts, but I cannot recall any particular post.

A dude is dying of a heart attack. No one arrives on time to help him, so he just sits there and waits for it to end, alone.

He stays here however, angry and disappointed. We are all told there is either hell or heaven, but why should he stay here instead? There was not even a chance to talk to somebody. He wondered how much time would pass before someone would find him, call the cops or whatever to check the smell from the flat he lived in. Well, that was not his problem now. Besides, who would he talk to, really? As far as he knew, everybody hated him, and this feeling was mutual. But, on the other hand, maybe he should at least pay a short visit to some people who did not hate him? If only he knew this would happen so quickly.

The urge to talk was a minor issue, he soon realized he had a worse problem he couldn't quite control, his arising anger to be exact. He knew he needed to do something quick, but had no idea what. The dude was utterly lost and furious. So he leaves the room he died in, without any idea where to go, just to leave and find something, someone. It could be compared to running outside in anger without any purpose. So, as he pursued nothing in particular, he caught himself up in an unfamiliar room of someone else. He was just about to leave and keep running, but he realized he saw the most dumbfounded look at the face of man in the room.

He saw him.

Good thing the stranger had already put the small bowl of soup on the table, otherwise he would for sure drop it. At first he thought it's just an intruder, probably here to rob and kill him, but he immediately realized something was off about that dude who just showed up out of nowhere. This calmed him up a bit – at least he wouldn't be robbed and could eat his soup. So, he sat down slowly, keeping an eye on the intruder. He was scared anyway, but at least no physical harm would be done to him. Probably.

“What happened?”

“I think it was a heart attack.”

“Did it hurt?”

“As hell.”

The stranger did not quite know what to do, he stared for a moment at the surface of the table, like a kid that was being disciplined. How was he supposed to know what to do with ghosts? He never saw one, not to mention someone recently deceased. Well, maybe he didn't know what was the standard procedure for a ghost, so he tried to at least imagine he wasn't one.

“Have a sit.”

Having nothing better to do really, still annoyed by everything, the ghost moved a chair and sat down staring at the stranger. After he has done it, he realized he managed to pull the chair without any issue.

“What’s with that look? Did I do something wrong?”

“Wouldn’t YOU be pissed?! How old do I look to you?”

“Hey look, I didn’t bring you here. Maybe we’ll think of something.”

“Think of what? I didn’t get to say goodbye to anyone, I left a lot of mess back there, what do you want to think about?!”

“I can see you. You pulled that chair. Maybe you can do more than you think?”

“Others didn’t see me.”

“What if you, I dunno...”

“What a surprise that you don’t know.”

The stranger sighed in defeat. Not only was the ghost invading, he was also noticeably angry. At least he didn’t attempt to attack him. So, he started eating his soup. Since the ghost was uninterested in solving the issue together, and the soup was getting cold, was else he was supposed to do?

“Do you want some?”

“You must be joking... I don’t want your pity”

“Don’t mistake kindness for pity! Maybe you would at least *for a moment* forget about being so annoyed if you had some? I know some people would give food as offerings to the dead? Maybe *that* would calm you down, a *sacrifice*?”

After thinking about it for a few seconds... why not try it? Even if he could not eat, he would at least *tell himself* it was alright, because there would be a nice bowl of warm soup in front of him.

“Bring it in.”

So the stranger left to fetch some. In the meantime, the ghost tried desperately to think clearly. What was really wrong with him? It would probably be normal to be angry after dying so unexpectedly. But there was something else, he didn’t know what it was though...

“There you go.”

“...Thanks.”

He took a spoonful, but somehow couldn’t force himself to eat. Well, probably it was for nothing. He just pretended, dipped the spoon in the soup so he wouldn’t just stare at it. The stranger for sure understood. He was sure he would stain the chair if he tried to eat anyway. So they finished their meal in silence. The stranger reached for cigarettes, offered one to the ghost.

“I’m pretty sure these are what killed me.”

“Smoked a lot I suppose...”

No response.

“You know, I’ve heard stories of dead people visiting others in dreams... Maybe you should try it?”

“How?”

“Oh, I don’t know, I never did that. I’m sure you’d find a way.”

“Listen, I probably wouldn’t fix anything anyway. Too much of that. I need to get used to this new... state. Or find a way to move on!”

“I don’t think you’ll move on if you leave so much stuff you are talking about.”

Now the ghost sighed. He thought it would be easier. Life always was a little bitch, now death turned out to be equally annoying.

“It would be too much.”

“Well, you should at least try. Start with your goodbyes. Then move on to the tougher business.”

“Do you think it’s worth trying?”

“I do. I think you have two problems here, you are furious that it happened so early, and you left people who have some hard feelings for you.”

“Heh, they sure do.”

“So maybe that’s worth taking care of?”

“...”

“I cannot do this for you, you know.”

“I know, I know.”

“Have you had anyone?”

“Not really”

“A loner?”

“I think I was more of a dick rather than a loner”

“Well, can’t say I didn’t notice.”

The stranger received a disgruntled look from the ghost. Yes, he was rather an unpleasant person, but there was no need to point it out to him.

“Hey, have some respect for the dead, would you?!”

The stranger just snickered. He apparently found this comment funny. Most importantly, it also squeezed a smile out of the ghost.

“You know, I think I should start taking care of everything here too”

“What, are you going somewhere too?”

“No. I don’t want to end up like you.”

The smile on ghost's face faded. After all, he was right. Maybe he didn't have as much control on when he would leave, but surely he could at least try being a decent person. Now, when it was too late, he had to come up with a solution for this. He didn't want to stay here wandering for sure. How would he find every person he had to apologize to? It seemed hopeless. And the stranger saw him being upset very well.

"Well, on the other hand, since you don't belong here anymore, maybe just try forgetting? Let go of everything."

"What?! No!"

"So you are afraid and reluctant to fix all your mess but at the same time you don't want to leave it behind?"

"I cannot just forget it all!"

"How else did you imagine it? I told you – you don't belong here anymore. You either let go, or stay here like that until you learn and fix everything."

"I hate it, I fucking hate it!"

"Calm down.."

"Leave me alone!"

The stranger just backed off a bit. Since he saw the ghost interacting with things up to this moment, he would rather stay out of his reach while he was so disturbed. But he had no idea how to bring him down. None of what he suggested seemed to please him. Maybe he should just give it up and tell him to go away? He felt some kind of compassion towards him, the urge to help him, so letting him go was out of the question. So he just had to wait until the ghost calmed down, then he would try again, maybe something else.

"Alright, do what you want, I won't push you."

The ghost just sat at the table, covering his face in his hands.

"Take some time, as much as you need."

He thought he heard him sob.

"You know, people don't just die of heart attacks so quickly! It's just.. unfair!"

"Maybe it was a serious one, or you had more and didn't know about them."

"I shouldn't be here."

"But you are. I'm sorry it happened to you, really. Try to redeem yourself, please."