**The Deep Blue Nothing**

The flicks of silver fish tails sent flashes of light into my eyes. I swam through the school, chasing them into the long seagrass. My laughter sent a stream of bubbles to the surface. I was free, weightless, nothing could hold me back. I kicked my legs and was propelled to the surface for my next breath. Then I could return to my underwater paradise, where if could kick and twist and…

I felt something catch my ankle as my fingertips skimmed out of the water. I kicked again but I couldn’t get my face to the air. I looked down. A fishing line, almost invisible, was wrapped tight around my ankle, cutting into the skin. I struggles to free myself, but I only tightened it further. My head began to pound in lust for oxygen, but hard as I tried my fingers could do nothing to budge, my head was in agony. In a last desperate act, I clawed for the surface. Blood flow was cut off to my foot and my head was still half a metre underwater. My insides burning, my skin freezing, my arms and legs exhausted, I relaxed. I took a deep breath in and felt a surge of icy water rush down my throat.

My head stopped hurting. All pain had disappeared, as had the water, the seagrass and the school of herring. In their place, nothing… An expanse of nothingness met my eyes. It was white, there was no colour. There was no heat, but I felt cold. Something, a voice, maybe my own, said, “You’re dying.” I was. But if felt no sadness. I wasn’t angry, disappointed, not even slightly annoyed. I was forgetting my life, my past, and how to feel. I was dying.

In front of me, a shape formed out of nothing. I think it was a door. Yes, definitely a door. It wasn’t particularly interesting, but I don’t think a door is an object of great interest.

The handle turned silently, there was no noise here. It began to open, and the brightest, purest light imaginable shone out. Through the door, that was it. How simple it all was. I was so close now, the lack of emotion I felt could have been happy. It was easy now…

‘I can feel a pulse!’ Someone yelling in this silence. Thar wasn’t right. The door was closing, the light faded. It dissolved back into the nothing. The nothing grew dark. Then the light, hot and dazzling shone at me again.

The sun. The sun in it’s blue cloudless sky, shining and beaming. Everything cam back. Sun, beach, swim, herring, seagrass, fishing line, ankle. But they’d never been gone, had they? But they did go. And the door came out of nothing. I smiled. It had all been so simple. Maybe one day I’d go back and make it through the doorway.