I could clearly see something white approaching my face and after that i couldn't breathe. I was flapping (waving with) my legs and arms, but i could't let out a single (weak) scream. My enemy (killer...) surprised me, cought me off guard while I was sleeping. If only I'd realised that, I would have inhaled before the white thing fell on my face, I would have had more time to fight. If only I'd had a phone or a lamp nearby, or some other thing thay I usually keep beside my bed, a glass of water perhaps, but no, there was nothing there for me to hit that insidious creature with.

 I'm not sure but I think it was a pillow, a white one, fringed with lace, heavy, impervious feather pillow. My grandmother's pillow, no doubt, it wasn't mine. My pillow is soft and fluffy, it's slim and blue, but the one which killed me (the murderous one) had been placed on my granny's bed since the beginning of time. She doesn't sleep on it. My grandfather used to sleep on it, she said, and he died long time ago, a year or two after I was (had been) born. And now she's waiting for him to come back to her and, of course, lie down beside her. She is a silly woman, do doubt (for sure).

It seems that I'm dead now. So it seems. I don't feel any pain, I'm not sure if I breathe, there's no way to confirm that; I bring my hand closer to my mouth but I don't feel the air flowing, I put it on my chest but I can't feel any movement. I think the blood isn't flowing through my body anymore. This means I'm dead. But I can hear, I can see. And these are not some indistinct (unclear) voices or vague pictures, but completely clear, even sharp ones.

I don't know where I am. I'm walking but I don't feel my muscles moving. I'm barefoot but I don't feel any tingling in my feet; it's neither cold nor hot. It's not so bad being dead, that is, if I am dead in the first place. I don't know. While I was alive, I mean while I knew I was alive, I used to imagine my own death sometimes. But those imaginations were never so stupid as this is right now, with a pillow and without a sound. I imagined myself crossing the street. It's raining, a real downpour (shower), like in the summer. A car comes out of nowhere, a nice car, a new type of Mercedes, it can't be some wreck, or, God forbid, a bike – it would be so embarrassing. The tires screech on the wet road, the siren wails (howls), and the impact brings me right on the hood of the car, and then I fly over the roof. There's blood everywhere, there is lightning and thunder, people run and scream and cry, there's an ambulance, the police arrive and I'm lying dead in a pool, the rain dissolves my blood and makes it pinkish, soft pink. It's beautiful, really interesting. Not like this, not being killed intentionally. What a disgrace!