

- "Dude, you lost the challenge, you have to jump in the pool now!"

- "Yeah, if you weren't all screaming at me to hit that shot like a bunch of maniacs, maybe i would've actually done it!"

- "Yeah, and I could 've been an astronaut. Jump already, it's not that big of a deal!"

It was my only opportunity to be the "center of the party". I just had to shoot that damn ball into a cup... And I failed.

- "Dan, if you don't jump right now, I'll push you in myself! Cmon, you can change your clothes after."

Okay, let's just get this done with. Three, two, one...

I jump in.

...But i don't hit the floor. In fact, I don't hear any of my friends anymore, and not because the water is muffling them. No, they're simply not there.

I keep sinking further and further into the water. Panic kicking in, I start pushing myself towards the top, desperate to just not die and get a breath of fresh air.

I spring out of the water, shallowly breathing in all the air I can get. I can hear my heart beating so rapidly, it feels like it's going to jump out.

- W-what the fuck?!

All I see around me is an absurd amount of water, almost like an ocean. It stretches everywhere around me. The only thing I can see is the sun high up in the sky blinding my face. Anxiety kicking in, I call for my friends.

- John, Maddy, Alex, what is this?! This isn't funny anymore!

Of course I don't hear any response. I'm fully alone, surrounded by water that will soon be my grave.

Suddenly, the eerie silence gets broken by a small noise. Soon it grows, coming closer and closer. Then I see it's a wave, about to eat me whole. Before I can even react, it hits me, and now I'm underwater again.

This is it. This is where I die.

I see and hear nothing. Just pure void.

Then suddenly, I plunge out of the pool I jumped in.

I start screaming violently and, afraid of being put through that hell again, I reach for the ground. I lay on the concrete, shaking and crying, barely being able to form a coherent thought. Just:

- "I'm never going in that fucking ocean again".

Soon John approaches me.

- "Dan, what the fuck? It was just a small pool, stop exaggerating. You'll be fine."

After I calm down a bit, I try to tell them about it. The sudden feeling of sinking into nowhere, the vast ocean around me, and the sheer panic of being completely alone and helpless. But all they saw was me plunging into the pool and immediately jumping out of it.

Some reacted more nicely, some called me a lunatic, but no one believed me.

Maybe they're right? Maybe I did just hallucinate it, and I need to get myself checked?

No. I can still feel being underwater, where only the sun existed, with nobody to help, or no land in sight. Just water.

It felt way too real. I know I wasn't hallucinating.

I don't know what that was, or what to do about it. My life keeps going on like nothing happened, but I keep living in fear, afraid of somehow ending up in that place again. I start shaking each time I catch sight of a pool or an ocean. Everybody calls me weird or crazy and says I should get over it.

If only they knew the hell I went through...