

Hey, I felt like telling him, you've never seen a woman before, or what? He was shining his torch straight at her pussy and staring at it, as if he was trying to memorize the look of it. But hey, there really wasn't much to see! He would have had to open her legs for that.

I was getting a really awkward feeling with this guy. I would have preferred if he had just taken that dead body and fucked it. Maybe it would have sort of excited me to see that. Something new for a change!

I tried to read into his thoughts some more. Perhaps I could even influence them? I was seeing the body of the woman from his point of view now. Without really noticing how it had happened I obviously wasn't hovering above my own body anymore. It seemed I was somewhere in the head of that night-watchman now. There, I seemed to have found a clear thought of his. It was a thought of a few minutes ago, not a fresh one, but it was the closest coherent one I could find. Something about winter-tyres, how he would get them fitted on his car next week. I tried to find something else, but there wasn't really anything else, just a jumble of loosely associated fragments. It felt mostly like static noise.

Well, I must say, if I had been a night-watchman, having the whole night to myself like this, I would have had many interesting thoughts. Perhaps I would have gone over mathematical theorems in my mind. I would have run through thought-experiments like Einstein. Perhaps I would have eventually made a new breakthrough in General Relativity, what about that? Einstein wasn't exactly a night-watchman, but he did have a rather boring job at the time when he invented his greatest theories! But this particular night-watchman sure wasn't any kind of Einstein. The only clear thought he had had all night was whether the time was right to get the winter-tyres fitted to his car. I guess you need to have a certain level of education to be able to run thought experiments in your mind. And if you have that kind of education, you don't become a night-watchman.

Except that right now he was looking at that pussy.

Frankly, I don't remember ever having looked at a pussy in quite this way before. I don't even really remember when I saw a pussy in real life for the first time. I guess I had seen many in porno magazines before that, and I didn't even bother to look properly when I was finally confronted with the real thing. I just pushed my dick into it and went in and out till I came, and it really wasn't so special. Frankly, I don't find pussies so exciting, nor girls for that matter. I must have found them exciting at some point, but that was really, really long ago. I keep having to make up fantasy-stories so that I would be able to fuck them, else I get bored and perhaps in the end I couldn't even do it anymore (though this has never happened so far...). For example, I imagine that I'm a little boy again, and that she's my teacher, that stiff little lady who was my teacher once, and that it's her pert little mouth I'm pushing my dick into. Or the little neighbour girl, once again when I was a little boy, the one who always had glossy little shoes and wouldn't ever talk to me...

I have a hard time inventing all these fantasies, and the real girl I'm working on becomes utterly meaningless to me in this process. But I always thought this was normal. Once you've had a selection of girls, you've had them all. Nothing is really new and exciting anymore, how could it be? But of course you still keep going at it, because what else could you do? You still have to empty those balls, it's a physiological need! So you fall back on those old fantasies from the time when the world was still a big and mysterious place...

This night-watchman, uneducated, stupid and dull though he was, still had something I had lost long ago – for him a pussy, and indeed the whole body of a woman, was

still a grand, indeed an almost sacred, thing! I would have liked to find out how this was possible. I would have stayed in his head longer if it had been bearable – just I really didn't feel like analyzing the best time to fit winter tyres onto a car in more depth!

But he was still important to me, this night-watchman. After meeting him, I was convinced that I wasn't dreaming. I couldn't have invented such a guy all by myself, not even in my wildest dreams – he had to be real!

If he was real, then surely all the rest was real too. I wasn't going to wake up in any hospital bed or in anybody's loving arms. I was dead, and if I could still think, that's because I had become a ghost!

And even if it wasn't really true – I mean, perhaps my life beforehand as a living person hadn't been really true either – it was still true enough that I had to deal with it somehow, make something out of it. The only other thing I could have done was to stay right here and go insane with disbelief. I didn't see that as an option, so I...

I just flew backwards in time! I can't really say how I did it – I just did it! The night-watchman went walking out of the chamber backwards, the chamber-door was shut, but with the wrong noises, a bit like the softly squeaking opening noises, but not quite that either, since they were played back in reverse... It was really like watching a film backwards! I found I could accelerate or slow down the process at will. The men who had brought me in came back to fetch me again, walking backwards, brought me back to the ambulance, which drove backwards to the place where I had been found...

I suddenly had a wild hope – maybe I would live through my death in reverse! Maybe I would be re-united with my body!

I would live again, and this time I would know about the gap between the two highway-bridges – I wouldn't fall through it again!

But then it occurred to me that if I was to be re-united with my body in the instant before death, that would be the instant before the impact, when I was flying through the air, utterly unable to do anything to save myself. Since I would surely lose the ability to move backwards in time as soon as I stopped being a ghost, I would just die again straight away...

I almost shied away from trying at all. But then I still did. I saw myself flying upwards (I mean falling in reverse), I saw the terrified, stupid grin on my face, but I didn't dare to look into my mind to see what thoughts I had at that very moment.

Anyway, soon enough I saw myself pop out through the gap between the two highways and fall back on my feet on the other side of the security plank. There was the police-car with the flashing blue lights standing on the other side of the highway, right behind my car.

So I hadn't re-united with my body, after all. I was just a spectator.

The rest was pretty boring, so I flew over it faster. Soon I was watching myself driving the car and muttering curses under my breath about the fuel-gauge. Once again it was like watching a video of myself, but actually it was even worse, because I could go so close to myself as to see every wrinkle, the dirt-flakes in the corner of my eyes, the hairs inside my nose... It occurred to me that this is how my girlfriends had seen me, from this close and in this much detail. All these years all these various girlfriends had seen me like this, and I had never thought about it, had never been aware of it...

Then I started feeling for my thoughts, the thoughts in that head in front of me. There wasn't so much there, or in any case nothing terribly interesting.

Perhaps I had half expected that now, as a ghost, I could probe into my sub-consciousness and discover great secrets in there that I had never been able to access through ordinary introspection before. But it seemed I couldn't, or maybe there just wasn't really anything interesting there that I hadn't known of before.

So perhaps, after all, I had judged the night-watchman and his winter tyres too harshly.

I raised myself above that body of mine driving the car. I went right through the windshield, without feeling anything. For a while I hovered above the car, then hopped over to another car, lowered myself into it, inspected the driver, to see if he was more interesting than myself (which he wasn't).

I didn't really know what to do next.