

## The heavens spoke to me – Imogen Clements

I think I must be dead. I always imagined I would feel something, but nothing. No sound. No feeling. No vision. No nothing. So I must be dead. It is my duty to tell you how I died, as every story has an author and this is my story. It was 1932. I was cycling to work, to my laboratory, when I was hit by an automobile. After that, I remember nothing. When I opened my eyes there was only blackness. I didn't feel sad, just empty. I stayed this way for what felt like eternity.

Suddenly a beam of light shot down from above and the heavens spoke to me. They told me that years had passed since I had died and because I had been working on the influenza vaccine, they wanted to send me back to earth. There was a virus sweeping across the world, COVID-19, that had caused a pandemic and they wanted me to work on the vaccine. For a moment I was stunned, thinking '*why me*'? The heavens said that I had the knowledge to save the world. I then woke in blinding sunlight, in the middle of the road.

I realised that death was like sleep, but heavier, like being pressed against the seafloor. But now I had woken, I felt like floating on the top of the ocean. The sun was brighter than I remembered. I was so dazed and only came to my senses when a big red, tall, automobile drove towards me. I sat up and realised I needed to move so I wouldn't die for a second time! I rolled over towards the pavement hurriedly and sat up, astonished by everything that had just happened.

I stood up, regaining control over my body, and walked on the pavement, with everybody else, towards the city. I stopped at a shop window full of summer clothes and saw my reflection. I was wearing my brown suit with navy tie, which must have looked quite dated and out of season now. My hair was still black as night, peppered with silver. I hadn't aged a day.

A large building loomed ahead. It was St Thomas' hospital London, according to the sign. I looked down at the pavement and realised that I had no idea how I, William Grey, was to help make this new vaccine in this new era. Near the hospital entrance, I spotted a discarded card on the floor and picked it up. On it was a picture of a man in his early 50s, called Robert Holland.

Thinking of my instructions from the heavens, I looked around to find the science laboratories. This was my chance to do some good in this world, to help invent a vaccine so that hundreds of thousands of people wouldn't die. I ran my hands through my hair to make it as silky as Holland's, and then stepped into the hospital.