

Nathan Ashborn

Death Recorded for Tomorrow

**Her Details. Her Trusted Doctor's Signature.
Date of Death: Tomorrow.**



Death Recorded for Tomorrow

Her Details. Her Trusted Doctor's
Signature. Date of Death: Tomorrow.

Nathan Ashborn

THRILLER

CONTENTS

INTRO	4
Chapter 1 - Eighteen Minutes	13
Chapter 2 - The Patient Who Wasn't There	26
Chapter 3 - Building B	46
Chapter 4 - The Risk List.....	68
Chapter 5 - Dead in the System	91
Chapter 6 - The Man After His Own Funeral.....	110
Chapter 7 - The Second List.....	135
Chapter 8 - The Price of Disappearing.....	150
Chapter 9 - The Dead Man Who Came Back	171
Chapter 10 - Someone Had to Stay	192
Chapter 11 - Three Minutes Later	221
Chapter 12 - The Man Who Wasn't on the List.....	239
Chapter 13 - The Doctor's Hour.....	258
Chapter 14 - The Doctor Becomes the Patient.....	274
Chapter 15 - A Body for the Doctor	297
Chapter 16 - Patient Zero.....	314
Chapter 17 - Dress Rehearsal	338
Chapter 18 - Seven Forty.....	352
Chapter 19 - The Man Without a Record	380
Chapter 20 - Restored.....	401

INTRO

When Lena Wysocka saw her own name in the field marked "deceased person," for several seconds she was certain she was reading someone else's document.

She wasn't frightened.

Not yet.

She was sitting at the kitchen table with one leg tucked beneath the chair, her laptop open between a half-finished cup of coffee and a box of allergy tablets. A fine October rain fell beyond the windows of her Warsaw apartment. The glass reflected the lamp above the counter and her own face, a little pale after twelve hours of work, but unmistakably alive.

The email had arrived at 10:47 p.m.

Sender: Central Medical Records Archive.

Subject: Document Made Available to Patient.

Lena had almost deleted it. For the past several months, she had been receiving similar automated notifications after every appointment, test, or prescription change. She clicked only because she had undergone a CT scan two weeks earlier and was still waiting for the report.

The attachment was not a test result.

It was a death certificate.

She slid a finger across the trackpad and enlarged the document.

Surname: Wysocka.

Given names: Lena Maria.

Her PESEL number matched digit for digit.

So did her date of birth.

The address was outdated - the apartment she had moved out of a year and a half earlier - but it had been hers. This was not a random coincidence involving someone with the same name.

Her eyes moved lower.

Date of death: October 4, 2026.

She looked at the bottom-right corner of the screen.

October 3. 10:51 p.m.

She laughed.

The sound seemed so alien in the empty kitchen that she stopped immediately.

"Very funny."

She said it aloud, as if someone might be sitting on the other side of the laptop, waiting for her reaction.

Her first thought was ordinary enough: a system error.

Her second: fraud.

Only the third made her straighten in her chair.

The certificate looked real.

Not like something someone had put together in a word processor. It had an identification number, a facility code, system markers, fields Lena did not even understand. At the top was the logo of St. Michael's Hospital, where she had been treated for more than ten years.

She scrolled down.

The immediate cause of death had been entered as a medical abbreviation.

SCA.

Lena knew what it meant.

Sudden cardiac arrest.

Below that: cardiopulmonary failure.

And lower still was the doctor's name.

Tomasz Radecki.

This time she did not laugh.

She read it again.

Tomasz Radecki, MD, PhD.

Medical license number.

Electronic verification.

Signature.

Lena pulled her hands away from the keyboard.

Dr. Radecki had been treating her for nine years.

He was the one who had identified the arrhythmia another doctor had dismissed as stress. He was the one who had personally called her after one of her tests instead of waiting for the scheduled appointment. He was the one who kept saying that patients deserved the truth, even when the truth was uncomfortable.

He was one of the very few people she trusted without reservation.

Her phone lay on the table.

Lena picked it up and dialed his number.

One ring.

Two.

Three.

Voicemail.

She hung up.

She glanced at the time. It was late. Radecki had a wife, children, a normal life. He should not be answering calls from a patient at nearly eleven at night.

Except someone had just used his name to sign a document declaring her dead.

Tomorrow.

Lena opened the message details again.

The sender address looked legitimate. The link led to the same portal she had used before. She was logged in through her own profile. The document was visible in her medical history.

This was not an attachment sent by some anonymous stranger.

The death certificate was actually in her patient record.

She stood up from the table.

Suddenly she needed to move. She crossed the living room and checked the front door even though she remembered locking it.

Top lock.

Bottom lock.

Chain.

Everything secure.

She went to the window.

Six floors below, the street was nearly empty. Wet asphalt reflected the streetlights. A white delivery van was parked

outside the shop. Someone ran along the pavement beneath an umbrella.

Nothing unusual.

She returned to the laptop.

There was one more detail on the document she had not noticed before.

Time of death.

07:40.

Lena stared at the four digits.

At that time tomorrow, she would normally have been in her car.

But on Sunday she was supposed to be somewhere else.

At eight in the morning, Dr. Radecki had asked her to come to the hospital.

Not for an appointment.

For an additional test.

The phone vibrated in her hand.

Lena jerked so violently she nearly dropped it.

A message.

From: Tomasz Radecki.

She opened it at once.

"I saw you called. Is everything all right?"

For a moment, she simply stared at the screen.

Then she began to type.

"I received a strange document. A death certificate. Mine. It has your signature on it."

She read the sentence twice and pressed send.

Two check marks appeared.

Read.

Ten seconds passed.

Twenty.

A minute.

Radecki was typing.

Then the indicator disappeared.

He was typing again.

Then stopped again.

Finally, a reply arrived.

"Don't open anything else. Don't call the hospital."

Lena felt the tension that until then had been trapped somewhere beneath her breastbone move higher.

She typed:

"Why?"

This time the answer came immediately.

"Are you alone?"

She looked at the door.

A minute earlier, the question would have seemed absurd.

Now she stood and switched off the kitchen light.

"Yes."

He did not respond for a long time.

Lena called.

The call was rejected.

She tried again.

Rejected.

A third time.

Radecki's phone was now switched off.

The death certificate remained open on the laptop screen.

Only then did Lena notice the small icon at the bottom of the document.

Modification history.

She clicked it.

First entry: document created at 21:16.

Second: authorized at 21:22.

Third: made available to patient at 22:47.

There was a fourth entry.

Scheduled closure of patient record.

Execution date: October 4, 2026, 08:00.

Lena read it several times, trying to decide whether it could be some standard system function.

She did not know.

What she did know was that at eight in the morning she was supposed to be at the hospital.

Her phone vibrated again.

Not a message.

A call from a private number.

She stared at the screen until the fourth ring, then answered.

"Hello?"

For a moment there was no reply.

Only a faint hiss.

"Hello?"

She heard breathing.

Then a man said:

"Ms. Wysocka, please don't come to the hospital tomorrow."

She froze.

"Who is this?"

A brief silence.

"If Dr. Radecki calls, please don't tell him that you spoke to me."

The call ended.

Lena immediately dialed Radecki.

His phone was still off.

She walked to the balcony door and looked down.

The white delivery van was still parked outside the shop.

This time its headlights were on.

A few seconds later, it pulled away.

Not toward the intersection.

It drove slowly beneath her building.

Lena stepped back from the window.

The laptop made a short sound.

The document refreshed.

The doctor's name still read Tomasz Radecki.

The date of death was still tomorrow.

Only one field had changed.

Time of death.

Instead of 07:40, it now read: