

Two Angels Walk Into A Bar

Deea Avram

Two Angels walk into a bar. They're spiritual vibes, made of the purest type of energy so they are ungendered by nature, which makes it very hard for them to pick one gender or the other whenever they decide to visit Earth. That's why they both took the easy way out and opted for highly androgynous looks for their human-like physical bodies. They couldn't even make clear selections for other distinctive features, so they ended up looking more or less like twins. Except for the hair: one of them sported wavy, long red hair, the other – short blonde hair.

"An old-fashioned, please!" says Red-Head.

"Same for me, please!" echoes Blondie.

"Stop copying me!"

"What? No! I really like old-fashioneds!"

"You like old-fashioned?... or you like Don Draper?"

"Bah, Don Draper... he's bound for Hell, that one!"

"Yeah..."

Pause. They look down. Then, Red-Head continues,

"But he sure knows how to live! I mean, he enjoys every bit of his precious gift of life!"

"Enjoys?" reflects Blondie, "I don't know about that. He does live intensely though, doesn't he?"

The bartender fixes their drinks and the two angels take a sip in sync, then restore the glasses on the bartop and, backs rounded, cling on to their old-fashioneds contemplatively. A few minutes pass before Blondie breaks the silence:

"So what do you think it all means?"

"What's that?"

"This! All of this! The irrefutable nature of the undying spirit that we all possess; even if those who choose to be reborn as humans tend to forget. It's basically eternal bliss for everyone, no matter what!"

"Yeah. Unless you do want to be reborn a human and you end up being a mass murderer or a dondraper or something of the sort. Then you pretty much go to Hell. What was your question?"

"Well, eternal bliss, right?" Blondie looks for approval in its companion's eyes. There's no room for approval there; Red-Head's eyes are shot with old-fashioned. It can't hold its alcohol too well. Blondie pushes forward, "Right? As angels, it's all we can feel. But it gets kinda boring after a few hundreds of thousands of years, right? So God makes all of this! The Earth and the sky and nature and the possibility for some of us to get down here and feel things, experience pain and happiness, falling in love and drunkenness, laughing fits and broken hearts. For the very brave – or very bored – he even started this whole *Reborn as a Human* campaign... *'Hop on the Karma train, they said 'it'll be the adventurous journey of several dozen lifetimes!'* All of which was made for us to appreciate eternal bliss more fully, right?"

Red-Head is starting to get bored. Which is pretty cool, considering it was one of the many emotions they could only experience in physical form, on Earth.

"Right," it managed to dignify Blondie with an answer. "So?"

"So... what I'm saying is... what's up with Hell? Why are we being punished for a free will we were given precisely so as to go through a series of earthly events which would eventually only make us praise God more?"

Pause.

"See? Old-fashioneds always make you philosophical! I'm only here to enjoy my drink, Blondie!"

Pause. Blondie looks sad, a luxury they can afford only in this shape and form.

"Look," Red-Head resumes, "How am I supposed to know? I'm only a character in a very short story. I don't know!"

"What?"

"I don't know, Blondie! How should I know?"

Silence. They both stare back into their glasses. They chug the rest of the drink and look on pensively at the shiny surface of the bartop. It was a state they did not take for granted, because they knew they could only fall this deep in thought when in human shape. So they each thought in their own heads in silence, then looked at each other as we would look in a mirror, and smiled.

Outside the bar, up in the sky, beyond the clouds, up in the atmosphere, beyond the ozone layer, up in space, beyond our galaxy, up in the vacuum, beyond the Universe, there was God. In a place where any other being couldn't have told one universe from another, God could see the two angels as clear as day, in all their details, beauty and glory. And they were glorious indeed. God looked upon them with Love, and Laughed. In the end, that's where John had had it wrong, and humanity had blindly followed: at first there wasn't the Word, but Laughter. How different would it have all been, had they gotten that one detail right from the beginning.

