

The catholic priest called in to give last rites sighed in relief, his work was almost done, finally he could shift to a new position. His feet hurt.

The priest started to murmur, "Eternal rest grant unto him, O lord..."

The doorway of heaven was surprisingly modern, it even had a plastic frame, thought the recently departed soul. But before he could even touch the slightly grimmy surface of the door handle, the door swung open.

"Do not be afraid," Said the angel who stood, hovered(?) at the edge of the doorway, unwilling to cross outside of heaven, "You have to make a choice."

"A choice?" Complained the man lightheartedly, "I thought when I died, I wouldn't have to make any more choices."

The angel was not amused. This should be taken as evidence even if anecdotal that angels don't have senses of humor, even fallen angels, if they attempt humor at all it tends to fall flat. Like a fallen angel cast out of heaven, those fall flat too, they even land with a splat.

"It was a real weight off my shoulders too," Continued the man, "So what's the choice? I hope it's something good."

"Heaven or Hell," Said the angel, plainly, it almost seemed robotic.

Down on earth the priest murmured, "...and let perpetual light shine upon him..."

The man glanced through the doorway, a golden street with golden light and bright colors lit up the world in front of him.

"Just to make things clear. That's heaven right," He gestured to the glowing light through the doorway, "Is it always so bright?"

The angel nodded.

"How does anyone ever rest in heaven?" Asked the man, aghast, "It's too bright. There is no place that can't live without darkness"

The angel didn't react, perhaps it didn't have the answer to the question.

"What about hell?" Said the man, "What's hell like?"

"...May the souls of all the faithful departed..." murmured the priest on earth.

"You're in hell now," Said the angel, "Hell is simply death without god. Forever before the doorway of heaven. But unable to enter."

"Oh," Remarked the man seemingly unimpressed now that his curiosity was quenched, "I hope you don't mind, I have two more questions before I make my choice."

"I don't," Said the angel.

"In heaven you get judged for your sins right?"

"One sin bars you from heaven but once you ask for forgiveness all is forgotten."

"...through the mercy of god..." Continued the priest.

"Last question," Said the man, "I promise this would be good."

The angel didn't understand how many one question could be any better than any other question, but nodded to continue anyway.

"Can you sin in heaven?"

The angel answered almost tentatively, "Unless the devil has not sinned, then it should be considered yes. But you will be casted out once you do, so it does not matter."

"So then there is no choice to choose heaven. If I choose heaven I cannot make choices in fear of losing it. Since to make choices makes the possibility of sin. And one choice will ultimately lead to sin no matter how long it takes."

"So you'll choose hell then," Said the angel, curiously.

"Yes," Said the man, "I think it'll be a fine choice, don't you? I think it's choices that make the person. And I rather fancy being me in hell, than a robot" he almost said 'like you' but stopped himself, " in heaven."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," Said the man, "I can choose to sleep for eternity here, which would make me much happier than I think I would be in heaven."

"...rest in peace," finished the priest as he made his way out of the hospital room and onto the next dead and dying man.