

**Alright, we're back. I'm your host Bill Knightly, and this is the Evening Show. Looking at our next guest here, and this-well this one's a doozie. Hank Schmidt from the Institute of Dimensional Exploration's got a new gadget here and says- (what are we doing here?) Says we're going to be chatting with someone from the other side, heheh. Sounds spooky. That's right, direct from the other side is our next guest. Hello there! What's your- ... what's your name?**

**<Distortion>**

**Seems like we got a little interference. Hello? And you are...?**

I am one of the lucky ones in Heaven.

**Heaven, eh? How bout that folks? Heaven! And what's it like up there?**

We are told that we are dead and that we have 200 years here, after which we reach finality.

**Got a wise guy, eh?**

There will be nothing on the other side of this other side, The Man says. 200 years unable to die, to spend more time with family and friends, no consequence, no morality, followed by the only true peace that can practically be. ~~The Man makes his compelling argument- swiftly. Practiced.~~

**Fascinating. Uh, who is this Man you're speaking of?**

Some nearby are calling him St. Peter, but I never caught his name.

**Well, our time is short on the air here. If you'd continue... How did you come to be in Heaven?**

I died a frightening but mundane death. Same as everyone else. I ask the folk around me who they are and how they died. No one I know, but we figure out we all died more or less around the same time. Only we don't all speak the same language, and there are so many of us here. Room enough for all, but so, so many are here.

**Anyone familiar up there?**

I don't recognize anyone. I wasn't young when I got here, but I guess I was too young to know too many dead people. I could try to find my grandpa, or Buster Keaton.

**Well, tell old Stoneface he's still making an impression. Are there- ...**

Someone tells me, someone who's been here longer than however

**I'm sorry you're-**

long it's already been for me, that I can always ask. I look to Them walking among us,

...

**Wh- who are you speaking of now? Excuse me? Hello? ... (can we get this thing working again?)**

The Man is gone, ... but there are Others.

**We seem to be experiencing a bit of... a bit of difficulty here.**

~~I decide not to ask.~~

...

**Ladies and Gentleman, bear with us as we re-establish our connection. Just a few moments more.**

**I- I believe we're back. Hello? Hello? What is it like over there?**

~~I make a few friends. We like to talk about our lives.~~ It's not too different from when we were alive, really. Except we don't need to eat or drink or sleep. We can if we want but we don't need to. Most of us stopped all that after the first couple years. There's books and a cinema. We can't really make anything new though. Some people try to put on plays or have dances. I can't, not really.

**Why not?**

I only have one leg. Not from the accident. I lost it many, many decades ago. In another life.

**You ought to just ask, uh, St. Peter for a new one then, huh? Heheh.**

You don't get new legs in Heaven. You don't get to be younger. You don't get to see better or look better. You're just you.

**Oh... well, alright then. We-**

So I got the one leg and sometimes I use crutches or sometimes I'll use a chair or sometimes I'll just sit and stare for a while.

**That's... That sounds awful. Can we-**

But see, some people are missing both legs. Or have no arms or legs at all. Some people, we have no idea who they are at all. You ever see anyone on the news or in a hospital, and they have nurses clean them every day and they have a machine that feeds them, but they're just locked inside a body that can't do anything? Well once you pull that plug they come here with us. We got whole buildings of people who can't move or talk or maybe even think. People who can't tell us who they are or where there might be dead people who they might want to see. Whole buildings full of people who can't do much of anything except wait for 200 years to finally be stamped out. I am one of the lucky ones here.

**Yes. Yes you mentioned that. What... What do you see around you?**

It's also dark most of the time. Most of the places I've been too. Sometimes it's not, but most of the time it's dark here. We can see okay. You'll be able to see okay when you get here, as long as you can keep your sight till you die.

**Heh... I- I guess we'll all take special care till we... Till we get there.**

When you get here you'll still be you, pretty much, but you'll have a powerful blue light shining out through your face.

**What is that?**

No one seems to know what it is, so we all just call it our soul or whatever your religion calls it. You can see out just fine, except somehow the light keeps you from seeing yourself in the mirror. It's like staring into the sun, only the sun seems to be staring back.

**I don't- Hunh. That doesn't really seem too pleasant for Heaven.**

It's a little spooky at first. You'll get used to it. We all did. The first 5 or 6 years are a little rough, but no one's really bothered by it much past 50 years.

**Oh. How are you handling it?**

I remember being scared as anything at first. The light shines through your eyes and you can't even see where anyone is really looking. ~~But the mouth is the worst part. Even when you close your mouth, everyone can see the black outline of your teeth through your lips.~~ It's mostly fine, unless you go visit those buildings with those poor souls who just have to wait. You see their light shining out their wrecked body and you just know they're in there.

**Well... God rest their souls, or... whatever. So... is that it then?**

It seems awful strange, as far as Heavenly expectations, ~~but here we are.~~ No lakes of fire or brimstone or torture. No horned demons laughing at us while we wail and weep.

**It is Heaven though?**

~~Sure,~~ no one but us ever said it was Heaven.

**Well what is it then? Where are you? Do you know?**

**<more distortion through this>**

We could, if we really wanted to, we could ask one of Them as they roam huge and silent. We don't though. We don't ask Them where we are. We just count the days until oblivion.

**... Hello? ... (Did we- did we lose him?) ... Hello, are you-**

**(what? ... Get him back on, or... well, call it. ... Just cut the cast. Cut the cast!)**

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