



Toast

Jack Williams

First Edition

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Marty had a glass of champagne in his hand. Everyone was looking at him. Then he made the toast.

“To my lovely daughter and her loving husband Craig. May they have many happy years together. And never fall out of love. To the bride and groom.” said Marty. “To the bride and groom.” the crowd repeated.

Then everyone gulped their drink. Including Marty. But for him it did not go so well. He had a heart attack. It started as a severe pain in his chest. Very quickly it crippled him. He dropped his drink. He fell to the floor. Maybe it was just too much stress for him. People noticed. His relatives.

One of them shouted. “Oh my God. Marty.”

His wife came running over.

“Marty. Marty can you hear me.” she said.

Marty was unable to answer. Then Marty

died. Instantly he arrived next to a man. God. He didn't know it was God. He wasn't even sure why or how he had got there. He tried to figure out what had happened. His memory failed him.

“Marty.” said God.

“Yes.” said Marty.

“I'm God.”

Marty didn't know what to say.

“Oh.” he said.

“Aren't you impressed.” said God.

“I suppose. Why am I here.” said Marty.

“You died Marty. You had a heart attack. You're now dead. This is the afterlife.” said God.

“Well when do I go to heaven?” asked Marty.

He was sad that he died. He did not even remember it. Dying that is.

“Soon Marty. First I want to discuss your life with you. Is that okay Marty.” said God.

“Okay. Sure lets do it.” said Marty.

“Good. Lets start with your childhood Marty. You were so good Marty. Such a nice little child. And you were so good to your Mother.” said God.

“Yes.” said Marty.

“The two of you loved each other very much. She died Marty. That made you really sad.” said God.

“Yes. Well is she here? Here in heaven.” said Marty.

“Yes. But you cannot meet her yet Marty. Soon. It's good that the two of you loved each other so much. Some families don't love one another. And you're Father he loved you dearly.” said God.

“Yes I loved him very much.” said Marty.

“Good you can meet him too. Soon.” said God.

“Well good I'm glad.” said Marty.

That warmed his heart. He felt elated. God seemed like a good guy.

“You were a good little boy who had a newspaper route. Yes Marty you were a good child. Then came your teenage years. That's when you met your wife Karen. She loves you deeply.” said God.

“Yes and I love her too.” said Marty.

“Good then you were a football player.”
said God.

“Yes.” said Marty.

“Did you enjoy that?” asked God.

“Yes I did.”

“Then your Father died Marty. And that made you sad.”

“Yes. Yes it did.” said Marty.

“Then you grew up and got a job as a policeman Marty. That's a good job to have. A protector. Policemen do a lot of good. Then you're Mother died of cancer. And that too made you sad. Everybody dies Marty. Including you. Then you and Karen had a daughter. Lily.”

“Yes Lily. I love her very much. She is just about to get married.” said Marty.

“She already did Marty. You died at her wedding.” said God.

“Oh.”

“Yes you died Marty. You had a heart attack. You did a good job of raising your children Marty. You were a great Father. Lily loves you very much.”

“Yes I love her too. I'm gonna miss her. Can I say goodbye?” asked Marty.

“You don't have to Marty. You see you

were so good I'm going to give you a second chance at life. I'm going to put you back at the moment you died like nothing ever happened. How does that sound Marty?"

"Good. I'd like that very much. Thanks a lot God."

"No problem Marty. Do you still want to meet your Mom and Dad?" asked God.

"Sure I would like to." said Marty.

"Okay here they are." said God.

And then they appeared. Marty's parents. They didn't look old either. They were young. And beautiful.

"Hi Marty." they both said.

"Mom. Dad. I'm so glad to see you. I've missed you so much. I love you both. So how are you."

"We're well." said Marty's Dad.

"Yes son we're well." said Marty's Mother.

Marty felt amazing. This really warmed his heart.

"So what's it like in heaven?" asked Marty.

“It's great son.” said Marty' Dad.

“Okay time to go Marty. Are you ready to live again?”

“Yes I suppose so.” said Marty

“Okay get ready Marty you will be alive in a minute.” said God.

Then Marty appeared back at the wedding. He had his champagne in his hand.

“To the bride and groom.” said the crowd.

This time it went well. Marty didn't die of a heart attack.

THE END