

Another chance

She was back again at the gates of Paradise. At least, that's what she'd been told. For all she knew, they could be the gates of the 'Other' place.

How many times had she stood here, in front of the angel, or were they demon, answering for her sins?

As usual, the Being in front of the gates noted meticulously her every decision and deed, in fine calligraphy, on the scroll. Finally, it was done and they spoke.

'So, are you ready, my dear? Will you enter now?'

'Not yet,' she answered, 'I need another chance.'

'To do what? Do you really think yet another life will satisfy you?'

She looked them in the face, her eyes clear, and nodded.

'We haven't found each other yet,' she said.

'Found who?' the Being asked. 'Your... 'soulmate'?' they added.

She nodded again. 'My soulmate... This life, I saw him just once, for a brief second.

Our eyes met on a crowded street. But we passed like ships in the night. And we missed our chance.'

'How did you know it was him?'

'As our eyes met, I saw into his soul... and I was overwhelmed by ...' Her voice trailed off as she delved down into her memories, which were already beginning to fade.

She took a deep breath. '... by the deepest love. But it was not to be, yet again.'

'So, what's that got to do with anything?'

'It's never been the right time or the right place,' she said simply, 'there's always something in the way. He and I are soulmates, and we deserve a chance, at least once. You owe us that.'

'If you're sure...'

They consulted the tablet in front of them. 'I'm afraid it will be a war zone this time, if you go through with it. How will you cope?'

She drew herself up to full height, strong in her conviction. 'With him by my side, I can cope with anything life throws at me.'

'On your head be it then.'

The Being smiled, or was it a smirk that wafted over their face?

'Go then, you're dismissed.'

As the dense fog of forgetfulness swirled around her, did she hear a whispered, 'Good luck, child'? Maybe. But then, nothing. Her new life was already beginning.