

From *Stuck*

*I'm being nice, doing my work, telling everybody to have a blessed day when bam!
All of sudden I want to slap my boss and stab her in the thigh with a paper
clip. She's the type of woman who wants me to respond to each and every damn piece
of junk mail and sales call that crosses her horizon. I'm the type of woman who'll
throw it all away.*

*So you can imagine my surprise when I get raptured up to heaven with a bent
paper clip and a murderous attitude.*

*First of all, heaven ain't white. Or blue either. It's green. Lots and lots of
green. Baby puke green. Split pea soup green. So much green it makes me
nauseous. And there're snakes, too. It's a little too warm and the whole set up
looks like a Hollywood Garden of Eden. I'm not too happy about this. It's half an
hour past lunch time already.*

*I turn around. Looking for a door I must have come through. A hole in the
ground. Exit sign. Something. I do not have time to play around in Hollywood.*

*I'm getting ready to take two steps forward and faint when I hear a voice with
more bass than Barry White.*

*"What are you doing here?"
I always wanted to faint.*

Later on in the story

*As I get near it, I'm not there anymore. I feel all warm and wet and between
one blink and the next I find myself in a bubble bath. It's nice and all, but unnecessary
and uncalled for. The room is pink. Everything is pink. The tub, the ceiling, the
walls. Candlelit. Looks like a frigging sunset. Feels like the Twilight Zone. I grab the
sides of the tub and struggle to rise. The bottom is slippery and even though I can't
see past the bubbles it feels like there're fish in here.*

*There's a towel. Pink. I wrap it around me without drying off. Not that I'm
particularly hideous. Or shy...*

"Delores?"

Is that God calling me?

"Delores, will you come out here now?"

Can't be God. Sounds like my Uncle Max.

*Door. Doorknob. Not pink. Yes I'm ready to go out there. I need to get this
mess over with. Get on with life, damn it.*

*I would like to wrap the towel around my chest and tuck it closed, but I'm a
little too big for that so I settle for holding it with one hand and opening the door
with the other. For once I'm glad that I'm not taller, or the towel wouldn't be much
more than a cummerbund.*

But I guess God has already seen me naked.