

## How Would You Vote?

Submitted by Marty Riske

While walking down the street one day a U.S. Senator is tragically hit by a truck and dies.

His soul arrives in heaven and is met by St. Peter at the entrance. "Welcome to heaven," says St. Peter. "We seldom see a high official in these parts, you see, so we're not sure what to do with you."

"No problem, just let me in," says the man.

"Well, I'd like to but I have orders from higher up. What we'll do is have you spend one day in hell and one in Heaven. Then you can choose where to spend eternity."

"Really, I've made up my mind. I want to be in Heaven," says the senator.

"I'm sorry but we have our rules."

And with that, St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell. The doors open and he finds himself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a club and standing in front of it are all his friends and other politicians who had worked with him. Everyone is happy and in evening dress.

They run to greet him, shake his hand, and reminisce about the good times they had while getting enjoying their long, powerful and luxurious careers in Washington D.C. They play a friendly game of golf and then dine on lobster, caviar and champagne. Also present is the devil, who really is a friendly guy having a good time dancing and telling great jokes. They are having such a good time that, before the Senator realizes it, it is time to go.

Everyone gives him a hearty farewell and waves while the elevator rises away.

The elevator goes up, up, up and the door reopens on Heaven where St. Peter is waiting for him.

"Now it's time to visit Heaven."

So, 24 hours pass with the head of state joining a group of contented souls moving from cloud to cloud playing the harp and singing. They have a good time and before he realizes it, the 24 hours have gone by and St. Peter returns.

"Well then, you've spent a day in hell and another in Heaven. Now choose your eternity."

The senator reflects for a minute, then the senator answers: "Well, I would never have said it before, I mean Heaven has been delightful, but I think I would be better off in hell."

So St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell.

Now the doors of the elevator open and he's in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage. He sees all his friends, dressed rags, picking up the trash and putting it in black bags.

The devil comes over to him and puts his arm around his shoulder. "I don't understand," the Senator stammers, yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and golf club house and we ate lobster and caviar, drank champagne and danced and had a great time. Now all there is is a wasteland full of garbage and my friends look miserable. What happened?"

The devil looks at him, smiles and says, "Yesterday we were campaigning .....today you voted for us!"

KICK IRRATIONAL by Brian Lord

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