



## Knocking at heaven's door.

The Watchtower lady was very attractive but seemed more concerned with her soul than her body. Anyone's body. Julia lounged in the doorway in her half-open housecoat watching the play of sunshine on the Watchtower lady's blonde hair and wondering what lay beneath the prim but pretty beige coat. She tried, too, to get a gleam from the blue eyes but for once her famed charm wasn't working.

"You see," the lady was saying earnestly (odd how she was definitely a lady and not a woman or a girl), we believe that human beings are doing their best to ruin God's world and we are trying so hard to stop them. Aren't you concerned about the state of the world?"

*'Nowhere near as much as I'm concerned about the state of my arousal,'* thought Julia, but she managed some kind of non-committal reply about how she believed in humanity's innate goodness and the likelihood of a successful outcome.

"And then," the beige angel went on, "there's the worry about getting into heaven."

Julia considered. Getting inside the beige coat and further might be glorious but probably wasn't worth the extra hassle. After all, this was Sunday and she'd promised herself a lie-in till the doorbell had dragged her down to this delectable but irritating visitor.

"Don't your lot believe there are only so many places?" she asked. "What are my chances?"

"Nil, if you don't even try," came the glib retort. Like the lottery then. If you didn't play you couldn't dream. But Julia could go back to bed and dream of playing.

She heard some kind of query as to whether she was interested in the bible and heard herself saying, "Not today thank you," as if it was an encyclopaedia or a new kind of vacuum cleaner rather than the chance of an afterlife. The lady muttered about 'no interest at all' and flounced away in an extremely ladylike fashion down the path.

*'Oh, there's interest, all right,'* thought Julia, sighing. *'Just, probably the wrong kind. Although it would lead to heaven, that's for sure.'*