

## The Argument

“You’re that bloke that crashed into me.”

“It was your fault, you pulled right out in front of me.”

“You were going too fast, you idiot.”

“I’m not an idiot, you are. You shouldn’t be allowed on the road.”.

“What’s it all matter, we are both here now.”

“Well, I got here first.” said Sydney pushing his way to the desk. “Hello, my name is Sydney Street. You should be expecting me.”

“No, you’re not on my list Mr Street,” said the man behind the desk.

“Are you sure about that?” said Sydney taking a hanky out of his pocket to wipe the sweat away that was running down his face.

“Yep, I’m sure, try upstairs. Stairs or lift, it’s your choice.”

“Oh, I didn’t know you were both in the same area. Upstairs will be where I am wanted, I’ll take the stairs thanks. I’ve had enough of being stuck in a passenger carrying machine today.”

“One, two, miss a few,.....miss a few more,..... and a few more. Fifty Thousand and Twenty Four. Ah, I see the gate, just a few more steps to go.”

“Hello, my name is Sydney Street. You should be expecting me.” he said to the man standing behind the podium.

Shaking his head Peter said, “No, you’re not in my book Mr Street.”

“Look Peter, I see that's what your name tag says, I’ve had a bad day. Can you at least look in your book again and check please, as I’m sure you must have made a mistake.”

“I can check, but I have never been wrong.” Peter answered smoothing out this white robe, before lifting the book one more time.

“Just as I thought, your name is not in my book, you must be one for downstairs matey,” reiterated Peter with a slight hint of a grin.

"It's far too hot and noisy downstairs for me, I can't go there! Anyway, the chap on the reception downstairs claimed I wasn't on his list either. Not that I thought I should have been. I have always behaved myself. Always abided by the Ten Commandments."

"Right Sydney, we have a problem here. Moses has updated my tablet and has added an extra commandment to it. This is the one that you committed just prior to you ceased to function in the mortal world."

"But I'm not on downstairs list either."

"Oh, downstairs. They haven't got tablets down there, they are behind the times and are doing it the old fashioned way. I bet they haven't read the memo that went out yet."

"What, changing the rules now are we? Trying to catch innocent people out with new commandments on your new fangled gadgets." Sydney in a voice so loud it would probably have been heard downstairs..

"Look Sydney, we had a meeting a while back and decided that after a couple of thousand years or so the commandments were about due for a revision ." said Peter.

"I'd like to see the ceo about this, this is unfair." Sydney yelled at Peter.

"Sorry, he is out today playing golf, so I'm in charge. You will have to go back downstairs and that's that. I write you a note for whoever is on the desk today."

"What, I don't deserve to be downstairs. What did I do wrong anyway?"

"I don't think I have to tell you that, it's not in the rules."

"You're a bit of a big head Peter, standing there in front of your great fancy pearly gates, with your Facebook page open."

"OK, OK, it was something to do with the language you used before driving into that other guy's car."

"Oh poo."

"That was close to what you said."

"No, I'm going to stay here till the ceo gets back here. I'm going to picket these gates, I'll chain myself to them with the chain that is holding my St. Christopher, you wouldn't dare to break that."

“Stay there then, see if I care.”

“Ah, hello,” said Peter to his next client. We are expecting you, come through. Sorry that the silly old fool who drove into the back of your car has chained himself to the gate.”

“It’s was my fault, I shouldn’t have been so pushy.”

“Oh, come on in Sydney, while the gates are open, we need a few more to make the numbers up,” laughed Peter