

An Avocado
Afterlife 599 Words

“Avocado” 1

I don't remember how I got here. When I opened my eyes, I was in an earth-tone-covered cafe, at a table for two by myself. It wasn't until someone set a plate of bright green mush down in front of me that I realized I wasn't dreaming.

“American millennials love avocado toast, right?” a man in a suit smiled with thin lips. I stuttered.

“Don't worry about it, it's on the house,” he said.

“Where am I?”

“You think you'd know by now. You've applied so many times,” he took a sip of black coffee and immediately his breath soured from across the table. “You died. Again.” I opened my mouth — to scream, of course, — but everyone else in the cafe was calm. All of the milling about and pastries made it harder to panic than I would have minded. “Oh,” I mustered and took a bite of the toast.

“Yes, well I've gone over your resume and it's, again, not too impressive. Tell me, why do you want to get into the afterlife.”

“I've been here before?”

“Yes,” he rolled his eyes. “You've been here countless times, but you've never really screamed ‘after-life material.’ We're looking for a candidate who really wows our socks off. But you don't seem to have done much.”

“I've held a job before...”

“Yes, it seems you've held many without much passion for each,” He ran his finger down a paper in front of him. “Barista, pet store, grocery store, lingerie store (oh, that's racy for you), waitress — you understood your position in a capitalist society, but when we weigh the advantages and disadvantages you had with what you did, it all just averages out to ‘meh.’” “But I was helping people...”

“In a small way, yes. Moving on to your accomplishments, it's not impressive either. You know, you probably could've afforded a house if you didn't spend so much money on-” he gestured between them. “Avocado toast and lattes.”

It was hard to resist just leaving the table and walking out the door, but I could see through the windows and glass already, that without help it would just be a swirling mass or nothing.

“At least I graduated college,” I tried.

“Graduated?” He gummed the word around in his mouth. “Oh right, that ceremony where you walked across a stage for your \$40,000 piece of paper? It doesn't mean anything if it didn't fulfill you.”

“It served a purpose.”

“So you were satisfied with it? Oh! Did you at least get one of those silly hats? “The cap and gown?”

“Did you throw your silly hat in the air?”

“...no I held on to it.”

“Interesting...” he took note.

“I don’t need to prove anything to you.”

“Well, that’s sort of the point.”

“So, now what?”

“Well do you have anything deep to offer us? Any pockets of wisdom you’ve taken away? Why did you wake up in the morning?”

“This is so fucked. If you know me so well, you know the answer is because my alarm went off.”

He nodded and chuckled, “I do enjoy this dance, my dear, but I’m afraid I’m going to have to send you back down to try again.”

And suddenly the weight of my lives seemed bigger, like bags stacked full at my feet. “That sounds... exhausting.”

“Finish your food. Again it’s on the house,”

The man stood up and fully disappeared behind the counter. I stared at the peppered mush in front of me. If only I hadn’t eaten so much of it in a past life.