

The UNiverse Journal

(A Quarterly Refereed Open Access Multidisciplinary e-Journal)

“Plan”

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I don't want to die, I like living fine
here on earth but in Sunday School I learn
that I have to, die I mean, and I'll go
to Heaven or Hell, it all depends on
how good or bad I've been and I'd better
be good and quit sinning, never mind that
Jesus died for my sins, if I mock Him
by sinning on purpose, Miss Hooker says,
she's my teacher, then I'll go to Hell just
the same. I'm ten years old and already
life's pretty serious and if I die
before I get my soul saved then that's bad
for me forever, Eternal Hell is
what that will mean, it will be more like death
that never dies yet I'll still be alive,
which will make it worse. Miss Hooker never
sins, not on purpose anyway, she sins
only by accident, like we all do,

Adam and Eve set us up for that but
anyway she's off to Heaven when she
kicks is Miss Hooker, and if I ever
want to see her again I'd better plan
to get saved and sinless, as stainless
as possible anyway, so when I
wake up dead she'll be there to greet me, in

Heaven I mean, and I can tell her all
the things I want to tell her now but can't
because I'm 10 and she's 25 and
have lousy luck. I bet I don't make it
to 18 to Miss Hooker's 33
when I'll be old enough to take her out,
even to ask her to marry me. So

Hell might be all right and at home there's no
air conditioner, no color TV

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either, so I'm used to doing without
but not without romance, it's natural,
so I'm getting ready for hell's heat wave.

After Sunday School today I went up
to Miss Hooker to tell her that I love her
but after I got love out of my mouth
she smiled and said, *I love you, too, Gale*, but
I could tell she meant as a friend and not
a husband, even a fiancé, so
she missed it completely. But God got it.