

Intertransit Diner

By Jeremy Tiefenbrun

"Stop," I thought as I peered into the heart and soul of the driver heading into me. He caught on and stopped as I climbed back on the right side of the road. Another passing car was attempting the same thing as me from the side I just left, and we were about to make an appointment with fate. A truck had jackknifed and it messed with the flow of traffic. "You're taking me, to the point of no return," the nameless eighties song blared on the radio. When the crash came, I kept thinking, "Nothing lasts forever, and then some. What if it did last forever, in the grand scheme of the cosmos?" I thought. I didn't even feel the pain as the car smashed into my car. There was an instant flash of light...and then nothing. A few moments later, I found myself drooling on the table in a diner. I looked around and wondered what the Hell just happened. All kinds of thoughts went tumbling about in my mind. I looked outside the window and saw a large

freeway with trucks and cars driving to and fro amidst a distant cityscape of high rise skyscrapers. The waitress went up to me and said, "Welcome to Intertransit Diner". She was hot. Tight body, pink skirt, cute auburn hair, and she chewed nastily on some bubblemint type gum. I smiled at her nervously and said, "Am I dead? I thought I hit a car."

"All right. All right. Read the computer, check the menu, and get back to me," she said, and continued. "You're cute, but you're in between. No destination yet. We don't mix with 'tweeners'."

"Excuse me, but what are you talking about?" I said, ready to lose my mind. I stroked my messy brown hair. I was still in my jeans and t-shirt. My Nike's were dirty as they were before.

"You told me you liked me, just now in your mind. You'll have to forgive me, I just started on this job. I just forgot people in transit don't communicate with their minds

yet. It wasn't so long ago that I sat at a table just like that."

"I see. I think I'm gonna be sick." I sighed.
"God help me."

"Ha!God! That's a name for Earthers. Up here, we call God the Source, and we understand its all up to you if you want to worship. But hey, I respect your beliefs." she muttered. "The omellette is good. Later sweetie." I looked outside, saw the cars rushing by on the freeway, going to their destinations. "What kind of afterlife was this?" I thought.

I saw the television above the diner counter across from me. "Storm brewing in New London.Weather today, 48 degrees and foggy," the newscaster said. If this was the afterlife, why was there a storm?

"Damn that weather!" a scruffy trucker in a plad shirt and jeans by the counter shouted at the tv. "So close to Paradise and we have to deal with this bullcrap!

I began to cry. I didn't know what to think. The waitress sat down next to me.

"Honey, I'll look at the computer with you if you want. It's not so bad. We all got somewhere to go. I'm on break anyway."
I wanted to shout as she loaded the laptop. She navigated me through a website, and told me to register a login password and username. I did so. And when I did, she navigated me again to a menu that said, "My Afterlife."

PROGRAM
MENU

She clicked on PROGRAM. When I opened the window, it said:

Tom Myers:

Age: 27

Accident: Car crash

Outcome: Return to Earth. Survival or Go Forward.

CHOICE: VICTIM'S

KARMA: HIS

REASON: The body made a significant recovery. Only the mind has to want to return.

AWARD: Ability to return and teach enlightenment if conditions allow.

EVIDENCE: "What if it did last forever, in the grand scheme of the cosmos?"

NOTE TO USER: Materializing physically in the Intertransit Diner is an acknowledgement that in your life you have achieved a level of enlightenment. Intertransit Diner is in a world close to the Source, a physical world of enlightened beings. Most people go through judgement in normal channels. You have been given a choice. You forced the other driver to "stop" with your mind, body and spirit. Not many can perform this act successfully at once. It is a form of enlightenment.

"You live, if you want. I suggest, if you want to get back, take bus 15 at 9:00. Want breakfast? It's only 8:00. The next bus to the Earth Tunnel is in an hour. What would you like to eat?" she asked.

"I'd like to know where I am?" I asked.

"This diner is on a higher plane of existence, very close to Heaven. The last physical plane before people can move on. We're all one family really, see, connected to the Source."

"Who chooses where I go?" I asked.

"This time, you do it appears. Your physical body on Earth survived the crash I guess, and you're still young. Most people go forward. Most people don't have that choice to decide about survival. It doesn't have to be your time yet. So you were rewarded with a choice."

"Will we ever see each other again?" She kissed me on the cheek.

"Ya never know baby. Tell you what. I recommend the omellete. I'll get it for you. It's free. We don't do things for money in the Intertransit Diner. It's volunteer."

"This sucks," Tom said. "I was expecting angels and harps."

"We all do, baby, we all do. The Source is a great mystery. Personally, I'm agnostic, and don't pray, but hey, that's just me. " I looked out the window, stared at the rushing cars and trucks..I was stuck in between worlds, but what did it matter. Somehow I knew I'd be forgetting what I learned in the Intertransit Diner. It was sad, but at least I was going home.