Was life ever meant to be worth living? That was the question always on the mind of a young man living his life as he thought.

His name was Scott.

Scott was an easy going man. Standing five feet six inches tall, most people blew right past him not even realizing he was standing there. He didn’t mind, Scott always saw them.

He had a rare gift being able to see others for what they really were. Some would say it was a curse. He rather enjoyed it as time grew on. This gift made it possible for him to recognize when he could and couldn’t trust someone. Almost like a built in lie detector.

Standing on a curb, Scott ran his hands through his black hair. Taking a deep breath he took a step into the street. He didn’t see the car as it came to a screeching halt. The impact threw Scott across the street and onto the hood of another car.

“Someone call an ambulance!” A stranger’s voice rang out.

Scott was knocked out cold.

As a police officer appeared on the scene he asked the first person he came in contact with, a woman. “What happened here?”

The woman, shaking from the incident, shook her head. “He... that man” She said pointing to Scott’s body. “He was hit.”

The officer walked to Scott’s body kneeling down next to it. He proceeded to check vitals and life signs. Picking up his walkie talkie, the officer spoke into it. “Cancel the ambulance.”

The officer stood up. “I’ll need to take a statement from you.” He said to the woman. “Shouldn’t take longer than a a half hour. Please walk with me.” He escorted her to his patrol car.

Scott watched his lifeless body. “What in the hell?” He said. Walking towards people he attempted to get their attention. No one would recognize him. They couldn’t see him. He was dead.

Scott watched as the autopsy was performed. Watched as they cut into his body. Weighed his liver and heart. Watched as they probed his kidneys. If he could feel it, he would have puked his guts up. Oh too late, there they were on the table as well. Splendid.

“What are you doing here?” A voice from behind came.

Scott turned around. He stood face to face with a man wearing a black robe, a sword in his hand. The man removed the head piece so his face was visible. Scott looked at the sword. The man lowered it.

“No need to worry my boy, I’m not here to kill you. You’re already dead.” He pointed the sword in the direction of Scott’s body.

Scott nodded “I know that. Who are you?”

“I’m death.”

Scott’s hands began to shake. If he was waiting on any indication that he in fact was dead, and the autopsy didn’t do it, this was it. “What do you want?”

“I’d say I want to take you to the afterlife, but I don’t have that option.” Death said. “You see, you weren’t suppose to die today.”

Scott shook his head. “What?”

“You aren’t meant to die for another thirty or forty years tops.” Death said. “You went earlier than you were meant to.” Placing both hands on the sword he shrugged. “Sorry.”

Scott pointed back at his body. “Then put me back!”

Death looked over Scott’s shoulder to his body on the table. “Uh, you really want me to do that champ? I mean look at you. Your heart’s across the room. I’d hate to see what kind of condition you’d be in if I were to...”

Scott threw his hands up in the air. “I can’t believe this! You tell me I went too fast and now you can’t put me back in my own body? What kind of Death worker are you!”

“Only the best sir.”

“Uh huh.” Scott replied. “Sure you are. I suppose you take kittens away from their families all the time and you don’t care.”

Death shook his head smiling. “No, we take kittens very seriously. You humans just get in the way from time to time.”

“Get in the way?” Scott walked across the room standing over his body. “I was on my way home from work! How could I be in anyone’s way?”

“You were in the car’s way.”

Scott placed his hands on his hips. “Right... so how are you going to fix this?”

Death drew in a breath, which was strange to Scott considering he was Death. What breath could he even use.

“Well?”

Death hesitated. “I could offer you... a job.”

Scott approached Death “A what?” He paused. “I die and you want to give me a job?”

Death nodded. “Yes... you’d be my apprentice of sorts. I do need good workers.” He raised his hand “Since I can’t place you in your own body, and there are rules against placing you in another body... it’s really your only choice. Well unless you want to pass on.”

“Pass on... to what?” Scott asked.

“To the other side of course.” Death smiled. “However, I’m not sure you’d want that option. There’s been fighting and such.”

Scott let his head fall. “Fighting... in Heaven. Just great. What more surprises will-”

Death cut him off. “Oh Heaven’s fine Scott. Who said anything about Heaven?”

Scott raised his head in disbelief. “What? You mean I’m headed for Hell?”

Death shrugged again. “Sorry, I don’t make the rules. So, do you take my offer or not?”

Scott looked back to his body and then to Death. “Shoot, I’m not ready for Hell. Might as well help you a bit. Maybe I can work my way to where I want to be.”

Death put his hood back over his head. “I wouldn’t count on it.” He said. “This way.” Death opened a portal. The two walked through it leaving mortality behind.

Scott walked into a bright room. Well if this between place had rooms that is. He wasn’t sure what it was. Just something.