

Dear mister Boss,

I am sorry to inform you that my last day of work will be at the end of the week. I am grateful for the opportunity that you have given me throughout the years but I was offered a job by your competition and I accepted it.

When I first started working with you, my job was supposed to be welcoming new clients into Heaven but my office has turned into a reclamation desk and I can't stand it anymore. In the past whether they were right or wrong about the afterlife, the Romans and the Greeks all thought the same. They believed that I was the Ferryman who would take them to the River Styx so that they could reach their final destination in the underworld and live a happy afterlife as a shade. But now there are so many different beliefs that contradict themselves that I never know how to react. The Muslims expect orgies and houses made out of huge hollow pearls, the Christians think they are entitled to everything they desire, the Buddhists and the Indus expect to be reincarnated over and over again, the Jews all want me to take them to a magnificent feast and those who follow Spiritualism expect to be turned into ghosts and to be able to communicate with the living. That is just too much too much to handle.

I may be out of line here but I have wanted to tell you this for a very long time. The advertising department has done nothing to clarify where people go after they die. Especially since you sent Jesus to earth and he was resurrected, and that was 2016 years ago.... And that is the reason why I accepted the job. All the souls that go down there when they die at least know where they are and what to expect: a dark and horrifying place of repentance that we call Hell. I wish you all the luck in the universe finding my replacement.

Sincerely,



Saint Peter