

# **Do-Over**

## **by Gary Jordan**

Copyright © 2007

Chest Pain. Yeah. Third time in ten years, and this one feels worse than the other two. The big one. Can't breath. I'd speed-dial 911 but the phone's out of reach.

And then the pain stopped. I had no feeling at all, like floating in air, and I wondered-was it true? Did God send some people back to try to make better lives for themselves? I'd read all those stories, Rewind, Replay, Doing It All Over and a dozen others. Were they... divinely inspired? It made God seem more like the Coyote Trickster than the stern Jehovah of the Jews and Catholic School.

Then I began to feel sensation again. Noise. Motion. Wind blowing through my hair. Blurry images everywhere, starting to focus. I'm in a car, waving at people. A convertible. Who am I? Who's with me? There's some other geezer waving and smiling, one of those professional smiles that don't mean anything. I suspect I have one on my face as well.

There's a woman next to me. Holy shit! She's Jackie Onassis! Am I... Am I Aristotle Onassis, the richest dude in the world in his time? What year is this? Where are we? Did Aristotle ever ride in parades? I thought he was semi-reclusive. There are bodyguards all around. Ari was certainly rich enough to afford bodyguards, but these guys all have that stereotypical dark suit government service look.

Wait, I recognize that building from TV. That's the Texas Schoolbook Reposit...

Fucking Coyote!