

The Party

White was classic. Clean lines on the starched tablecloths spread beneath folded napkins. Silver candelabra sat in the middle of each table. The host picked up a wine glass and held it in front of the flame, rays of light split in all directions. A silver knife mirrored his smiling face. Everything was ready. It was all just perfect. An enormous net of white balloons hovered way above his head. The orchestra were tuning up and he could hear someone whistling in the kitchens. He checked his watch, only five minutes to go. Peter approached looking rather dapper in his new bouncer's uniform.

“All set sir?”

“I think so Peter. This is it, the day we've all been planning for. Are you ready to get the door?”

“I'm on it.”

He watched the black suit meander his way towards the grand entrance. Turning back to the orchestra he raised his hand and they at once started up with his favourite Beethoven. With a broad smile he followed Peter to the entrance and with a nod of his head the great doors were swung open.

Outside the clouds were fluffy and white but there weren't any guests to be seen.

“Peter! Where are they?”

“It's fashionable to be late sir. These days no one is ever quite on time. Do you have your mobile switched on? One of them is bound to call and let you know.”

He fumbled in his pockets and pulled out the strange silver gadget. It was silent. He turned back to the orchestra inside and shouted.

“Play louder!”

They did.

Trying not to show his displeasure, he returned to the tables readjusting a napkin, tucking a chair in. Twice he pulled the phone out of his pocket just to check he hadn't accidentally switched it off. He hadn't. As he refolded his tenth napkin the orchestra stopped.

“What is it?” he demanded.

Sheepishly the conductor stepped forwards and muttered. “We could try some Hip Hop,” he bit his lip, “we've been practising,” he hurried on.

“Hmm, go on then.”

The orchestra struck up once more with the modern instruments they had been hiding under their seats. The so called music wasn't something he recognised.

Frowning he went back to the doorway. Peter was waiting for him.

“No one yet I'm afraid sir. It's looks like there might be another party on.”

“What?” he roared. “Where?”

“Down there sir.” Peter pointed.

Beneath them an angry red glow pulsed. Sounds of laughter and shouts of merriment drifted upwards.

“Damn them to hell!” God shouted.

“I think they already are.” Peter added.