



Once Upon A Time In Adland

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Once upon a time, there was a very talented direct marketing man, who actually treated his clients and colleagues as human beings.

Hard to believe, I know. But he did exist...

One day, he had a long lunch too many - and suddenly died.

When his soul reached the Pearly Gates, he was met by St. Peter.

"Welcome to Heaven", said St. Peter. "Before you settle in, though, it seems we have a small problem. We've never had a direct marketing man in here before - and there doesn't seem to be any reference as to what to do with you".

"No problem", said the DM guru. "Just let me in and we'll figure it out later."

"Well, of course I'd like to, but rules are rules. However, we've had an idea", said the saint. "What we're going to do is let you have a day in Heaven, a day in Hell and then you can decide where you'd like to spend eternity".

"Sounds fair to me", replied our hero. "I'm completely comfortable with the culture of testing, so let's get on with it".

In no time, he was in the lift, with the down-button pre-pressed. When the lift-doors opened, he found himself on the first tee of his favourite golf course.

In the distance was the club-house and standing in front of him, were all his dearest departed friends, old golfing and drinking buddies, and a few highly-respected advertising and marketing gurus, who he'd always wanted to meet.

They gave him a warm welcome, and he played the best round of golf he'd ever imagined.

After a gourmet dinner and drinks at the club, hosted by Old Nick himself, (who turned-out to be the most charming fellow), they were joined by a group of the most beautiful girls he'd ever seen, and he was asked to take his pick.

Spoilt for choice, he picked three of varying racial origins and they were all whisked off in a private helicopter to his mansion overlooking a beautiful azure sea, and he spent the night, tirelessly exploring every corner of his libido.

Next morning, he did it again. Then, it was time to go - and up he went in the lift, and started his day in Heaven.

He spent the next 24 hours lolling about the clouds, strumming his harp and singing. People smiled continually and the mood was wonderful. It was a relaxed and chilled out experience. He liked it very much, especially after his physical exertions the day before.

As the evening moved on, he had dinner with St Peter. He was quite a jovial fellow and clearly liked a glass or two.

After dessert, St Peter looked up and said, "So", you've had your day in Heaven and your day in Hell. Now it's time to choose."

The DM man paused for a moment, trying to think of a way to put it diplomatically.

"Well", he said. "This comes as a surprise to me, and I never thought I'd be saying it - but all in all, and taking everything into account, and begging your pardon, as I don't want to appear ungrateful, I enjoyed Hell just a tad more than Heaven.

So, if it's all the same to you, I think I'll take the Hell option".

St. Peter escorted him to the lift, asked him once more if he didn't want to change his mind - and, when he was told he didn't, waved him goodbye as the lift-doors closed.

When the doors opened again, he found himself in a wasteland, something between a desert and a slagheap, but without the charm. There was a gale blowing.

All his old mates were there, sure enough, but they were naked, emaciated and covered with boils, and were fighting each other for lumps of something that looked disturbingly like animal droppings - and eating it with every appearance of disgust.

They were too busy to bother acknowledging him.

It was raining. And, very, very cold.

The Devil came up to him smiling and immediately kicked him fiercely in the balls.

"I don't understand", he gasped, as he struggled to his feet. Yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and a country club, and we ate lobster and drank Chateau Petrus.

There were babes galore and everybody was nice to me.

Now, all I can see is devastation, unhappiness and shit”.

The Devil, smiling still, looked at him, and shook his head slowly.

“Ah, but you see”, he replied, “Yesterday you were a prospect.

Today you’re a client”.