

Imagine, one day, you were given a **choice**. You could choose one side: **become immortal**, unable to be killed, but be like that for eternity or you could choose the other: **stay mortal**. However the immortality come at a cost, as most things do in this world. If you choose the path of immortality, you give up the chance to ever have any meaning in your life. You give up your purpose. Whatever you were created to do, whether it be finding a cure for cancer or creating world peace, you must give that up. You don't know what that is, and if you choose the path on immortality, you never will. But you say yes, regardless of the consequences.

Perhaps you wouldn't have made any difference anyway. That butterfly effect? A butterfly beats its wings by your nose and causes a disaster on the other side of the world? Nah, you call bull honkey. It doesn't matter - you don't matter, at least to anything or anyone outside of your immediate connections - and it'll all be fine and dandy and you'll live with minimal, maybe even no, consequences. Keep deluding yourself like that. That kind of thinking your doing right now? Yeah. That started wars.

So, whoop-dee-doo, you're now **immortal**! You'll never die, never be hurt again. But wait! Did we forget to tell you that your family, your friend, your pets, *everything* you ever knew, did we forget to tell you that all of that *wasn't* immortal? So now, millenias upon centuries upon decades upon years later, after you've gone through ruin and heartbreak as everything you know collapses and dies, *now* you learn that you were **important** in the grade scheme of things. You learn that *you* were supposed to aid in the World's survival long ago; but, because of the choice you made, the immortality you chose, you were never given the awareness, the resources, the ability to save the world that you were meant to obtain long before the unwittingly wrong choice you made was set before you.

So, yeah. Needless to point out - go ahead, call me Captain Obvious - you have made the worst choice in the history of worst choices. The entire Universe as you know it, it gets destroyed. In front of you. And you can't do a single gosh darn thing to help *anything*. Everything you know, pets, people, places, continents, oceans, seas, stars, planets, solar systems, *all of it*, disappears. Collapses. But you, the immortal being, you out last even the ending of Everything. You are left, floating through, suspended in absolute, indefinite, infinite, nothingness. Nothingness with a feeling of such unbelievable loneliness, that your feeble brain, your *immortal* brain can barely conceive it, much less perceive and understand it.

Not only are you left alone, without a living thing for company, you have no inanimate, non living entities either. You, quite literally, have *nothing*. I mean, yes, technically you are the Universe now, if that brings some kind of petty comfort to think of it that way. But you, *you* have nothing. You have you. You. Only you. With nothing, no one, nowhere, forever. And ever. And ever.

And all this, all this pain, all this misery, *all of this*, all because you thought it didn't matter. You didn't matter. That you meant nothing. That you had no real, meaningful purpose. That little old you couldn't possibly make a big old difference.

But you did. And now look what you got yourself into. Yeah you, you silly little nugget. You're gonna be pretty bored and more than a little lonely for all that eternity, aren't cha.

Or perhaps you did it out of selfishness. Maybe this wasn't 'cause you felt useless. Yeah, maybe all you cared about was prolonging your life and you didn't care what consequences came because of your oh-so-smart choice. Lemme fill ya in on somethin' here, pardner. That thinking? The 'devil-may-care' attitude you gotchya self there? That has started wars. It has separated parents. It has caused murder.

Hmmm. So how'd that work out for you? Didn't go well, now did it? Did'ja ya learn your lesson? If you didn't you get an eternity in the time-out corner to think about it!

What's the moral here, you ask? Lovely story, you tell me. You walk away, probably to forget everything I've told you by the time you go to bed tonight. But for those of you that I planted a seed in, the moral is this. Be selfless and always remember that you matter.

Or else, one day you might destroy the Universe and be left to suffer in misery for your stupid choices. Tortured horribly, endlessly, by the void that *you* created. With absolutely *no* escape. **Ever.**

What would you choose? Would you choose longevity over purpose?

Immortality over meaning?

Or would you choose to be selfless?

Would you choose to run headlong into the unknown, knowing that you have a purpose?