

Diary Entries Seized by the Chill-Verment

Chill-tober 25, 2420

Now I know things aren't going to be the same ever again. The po-chill-ice and the Chill-Verment made everyone on Earth and the Mars colony take the chill pill 10 years ago. Nowadays, everywhere I go, everyone's just a "chill guy who doesn't care about anything." I guess I really wouldn't care about it if I had taken the chill pill myself. I still don't know how I was overlooked, but I suppose their system isn't that efficient or effective. There are about 100 others like me out there. The Chill-Verment monitors and tracks every communication system, so it's been hard to connect with the others, but we find ways to still do our secret meetings on moving to the newly formed Venus colony.

Chill-tober 28, 2420

I just finished a conversation with my roommate Jamal, and now I'm worried the Chill-Verment is going to find out our secret. I don't feel like explaining it all, so I'll just write it down. It started with Jamal walking into my room and saying, "Hey Billy, guess what?"

"What is it now?" I responded somewhat rudely.

"They just caught one of us and forced him to take the chill pill."

"Who?"

"No one we knew, just some random kid. But that's not the point. Now that they know we exist, they've tripled their security and started labeling us as 'crashouts.'"

"So what? Are they going to find us now?"

"Maybe."

"Really? Dang."

"Say, why are you so against taking the chill pill?"

"... Why are you?"

"Well, I want to experience real peace in my life. A pill that forces me to isn't going to cut it. And I heard when you're on the pill, your consciousness is still in your head, but the pill chooses all the actions for you. Sounds like a nightmare."

"How do you know that?"

"Uhh, I heard it from one of the other crashouts."

“Wait, how did he know—”

“But enough about me. Why are you against taking the chill pill?”

“... Free will.”

“Huh?”

“Free will is the most important thing for humans. I’m not going to let a pill take that away from me.”

“Good point, I guess.”

“Why doesn’t everyone else see as clearly as we do, Jamal?”

“You know the great galactic war with the Ignota aliens killed 45% of all humans, right? Even though we won, it left billions of people mourning the death of their loved ones and left the few survivors traumatized forever. It was the perfect opportunity for Mr. Chillardude and the Chill-Verment to take over, claiming they could ‘fix’ all their problems.”

“You lost your parents in that war, right?”

“Yeah, I did.”

Chill-vember 2, 2420

I feel like I want to talk about this to someone, but I also don’t want to, so I think writing it here would be a good compromise. When I was 10 years old, when Mr. Chillardude and the Chill-Verment’s chill movement were taking over the world, my parents always emphasized that free will is the most important thing for humans and that we should never give it up. I never really took them seriously until we decided to live on Mars.

But then, the spaceship we were on was intentionally crashed into by some psycho in another spaceship. The court wouldn’t take on our case because everyone involved was on the chill pill and didn’t care enough to pursue it or bring that psychopath to justice. The chill pill stripped them of their free will, making them less than human by eliminating their empathy. This made me realize that my parents were right.

After Billy finished writing this, the Chill-Verment arrested him with the help of Agent Jamal, and he was forced to take the chill pill despite his resistance. However, before Billy took the chill pill, he had a conversation with Agent Jamal, which we have recorded here:

[Billy] “So you were a mole this whole time?”

[Jamal] “Yes, but I’d rather be referred to as an ‘undercover agent.’ It’s more professional.”

[Billy] “A mole is what you deserve to be called.”

[Jamal] “Be careful what you say. The Chill-Verment is watching.”

[Billy] “I couldn’t care less about what the Chill-Verment could do to me.”

[Jamal] “Whatever you say.”

[Billy] “I have one question though, ‘Jamal.’”

[Jamal] “Shoot.”

[Billy] “Why me?”

[Jamal] “Elaborate?”

[Billy] “Why did you guys decide to spy on me?”

[Jamal] “See, we knew about the crashouts for a long time, and you had the most evidence of being one of them. We also knew that if we followed one, they would lead us to the rest of them. So, in summary, you have already doomed your allies forever.”

[Billy] “WHAT?! NO! Y-YOU WON’T GET AWAY WITH THIS!”

[Jamal] “I already have.”

[Billy] “But what about your parents? What about all that stuff about true peace?”

[Jamal] “Believe it or not, I made all of that up on the spot! Pretty impressive, right?”

[Billy] “But what about that speech about the war?”

[Jamal] “The war?”

[Billy] “Yeah, that speech about how the war was—”

[Jamal] “I believe this conversation is over now. Guards, take him away.”

[Billy] “WHAT?! NO, IT’S NOT!”

[Billy] “JAMAL! GET BACK HERE!”

[Billy] “JAMAAAAAL!”

[Billy] “MARK MY WORDS, JAMAL. YOU ARE NO LONGER SAFE, YOU HEAR ME? YOU DIE TONIGHT!”

After this conversation ended, Billy was forced to take the chill pill. Unfortunately, the chill pill had little effect, so instead, he was executed via exposure to space. Due to his treason, he did not receive a burial.