

I stared at the ends of the theatre, oozing into existence, ignored by all of human society. I watched the play effortlessly. I had all the time in the world, literally. Looming across the theatre, I recognised the play that they were playing, Death of a Salesman. I had played it back in the day and was annoyed by their lack of posture and action.

“Willy’s motivations are all wrong,” I exclaimed across the stage.

Though I was not paid any attention it’s hard having a life of a ghost from the past. Luckily there was still one person I could talk to, fellow critic Marcus. We kept exclaiming and noting down the atrocious flaws in the play which could change the American dream. This stage’s voice echoes across the states. Before this stage wasn’t painting any sort of big picture for anything, especially not something as big as the American dream. Though over time ghosts of the past have crowded in this theatre to add some entertainment to their exit of life.

“All of this could potentially create a ripple effect leaving many households questioning the truth of the American dream,” I screamed in panic.

Marcus devised many options, either tell the truth emphasising some particular roles but this could lead to a revolt or a rebellion. Or we could do nothing, leaving millions of households in America questioning about what is true success. Those were the two main ones, but there were still many other outcomes that could come untold from what we do.

Around the phantom box different outcomes of all the possible Americas flashed across the walls.

“We have to make a decision now, it’s almost the end of the play” Marcus said, his legs shaking in worry.

“But if I go up people might recognise me and know about the ghosts and the importance of the theatre. They can exploit its powers to bend the rules of life and death and commit havoc across all of humanity,” I exclaimed imagining the outcome with vivid pictures.

It’s time for me to go up or not to either reveal all the truth or to withstand all of humanity from there potential whether good or bad. Whether I die for real or if I am the discovery of a completely new era I will always have a love for drama and I wish that if anything it continues to prevail through anything.