

**Unearthly
Prisoner**



**Story and Cover Art
By Franko**

School life can be incredibly monotonous. The ritualistic repetition of routines and the expectation of consistent excellence steadily wears down the psyche.

It does not help that the current state of society seems so keenly invested in success to the point where positivity can be turned into pointless preaching about abstract ideas of hope.

This may leave a person feeling numb to the haze that is the world.

But what if that haze was suddenly broken through?

What would a person do if they found out their classmate is not human?

What if that same classmate also had the ability to give answers regarding the deepest problems in life?

I feel ill. Unstable. Bothered. My body feels hot and my cumbersome bones feel heavy. By textbook definition, it would be obvious that I am having a panic attack. However, I know on a conscious level that this is just a weird mix of bewildered excitement and a smidge of fear.

It is lunch time. An ungodly period in school where a stampede of overworked teens gets to more or less take a break from the scoliosis-inducing class chairs. This meant that everyone was focused on replenishing their reservoirs of energy with food or drinks, discussing various details about something or someone with their friends, which would otherwise afford them glares from the teacher in the classroom. Or in the case of some busy bees, stressfully drilling information for an exam or quiz into their brain, even though they already burnt it all into their retinas.

I have other plans. As pretentious as it is, I have convinced myself that I am on a mission. Or investigation, if technicalities are important. After a torturous period of slowly dragging my lethargic body through classrooms and bitterly studying for tests that made me feel nothing but hollowing emptiness, something similar to a miracle occurred a week ago: a new student arrived. Usually, even just novelty is enough for me to get hooked on something or someone, but this was a special case. This time, I found something intriguing not from the positive qualities of the newcomer, but from the sheer unnerving pressure their existence exuded.

The new student was nothing short of an anomaly. It was as if this specific person was handcrafted by someone who had “perfectly balanced attributes” as a line of reference. For starters, there were no discernible characteristics on the newcomer. It wouldn’t be absolutely correct to say that he was masculine, but neither that she was feminine. Androgyny was also false. The best way to describe the presentation of this student was a look that exudes an air of *otherness* and a form that lies *beyond* the border of the naturally possible human appearance.

The name did not help either. It was so incomprehensibly long and hard to pronounce that even the teacher did not bother trying to butcher it. So, the class gave the student a short nickname. Zee.

It seemed that Zee was a perfectly proportional amalgamation of perfect adjustment and otherworldly oddness. While being capable of giving completely normal answers about personal life and further details pertaining to it, Zee would also not shy from going off into strange esoteric tangents that would leave most participants stumped. Only few found some fun within the borderline neurotic weirdness that this person was displaying. I, on the other hand, felt neither confusion nor lighthearted intrigue. I felt uneasy familiarity.

The things Zee did and talked about would always remind me of something, though I didn’t have a clue of what exactly. On the surface, Zee was just a very eccentric mythology kid. But there would never be discussions about the Greeks or Egyptians. Instead, what would be discussed was a collection of obscure cosmic occurrences and cataclysms that sound like the plot of some sort of mind-breaking sci fi movie. There were also the drawings. Oh, the drawings! Zee had a tendency to idly sketch various symbols and sceneries inside a small spiral notebook. When questioned about it, Zee would describe the drawings as depictions of actual places. Rarely

anybody would try to get any elaboration on those drawings, either because the weirdness would repulse them or because they would feel that by enabling Zee, they would be responsible for acknowledging some disturbed kid's delusions. Those same sketches were also the trigger that made my gears grind and finally come up with an answer to my internal dilemma.

As soon as I got home, I immediately went to my computer. My grumbling stomach signaled that I was slowly wilting away from hunger, but my nagging desire to simply *know* and *understand* everything conquered the mental alarms made by my sympathetic nervous system. I was on a border, perfectly balanced between the notion of knowing and yet not fully understanding *what* I was knowing. Ignorance and enlightenment. The paradox was eating me from the inside, and the only cure was to plunge deeper into the rabbit hole. Fictional pieces often depicted that the descent into madness was as easy as skipping over a rock, but I never fully realized that. It seems that to completely understand such a phenomenon one has to experience it firsthand.

I typed away each and every buzzword, thought and mental picture that managed to tease my noggin, like some sort of malicious plague of flies that delighted in my confusion. The places, events, EVERYTHING that Zee explained during school time started piecing together into a comprehensive picture. The painting of terror gave a possible answer to my cumbersome discomforts: that Zee is an ancient deity. Specifically, a cosmic deity. In the works of H.P. Lovecraft were mentions of various godlike entities that predate the time of Earth - nay, the "time" before the existence of the time-space continuum. They were described as geometrically impossible beings whose true form transcends dimensions and whose visage can break the minds of humans. The physical three-dimensional world is their sandbox, and they can freely bend any aspects of it to their whim.

I felt like Bella Swan when she started researching vampires, only I did not realize that my classmate was some kind of romanticized creature of myth, but rather an incomprehensible horror from the most primordial parts of the universe.

Clues led to more clues. Even though Lovecraft was a racist with a ton of phobias which, if he were not from a wealthy family, would have probably placed him in a mental asylum, there was a small community of people who did not see his works as pieces of fiction that fed off of his irrational fears, but rather unholy gospels about a world unseen and creatures almighty. Even with this new piece of information, I needed concrete evidence on the supposed alien nature that Zee possessed.

As much as I hate admitting it, this involved a bit of heavy stalking and observation. But I deluded myself into believing that this was for a noble cause, since the novels Lovecraft wrote pictured these entities as evil tyrants. I thought that, maybe, the revelation would help... somehow... someday. Even though humans cannot do anything to those creatures.

But that was irrelevant. My mind was forcefully opened. The dull mechanical world that my life had been for so long was challenged and shaken at its foundations. The prospect of some fictional piece being a factual part of reality changed **everything**.

After a while, I lost hope. Almost. Despite a great amount of spent time and energy, my stubbornness pushed my tired, carcass-like body to yet another attempt of “alien observation”. And it paid off, scarily enough. I managed to catch Zee in the act of bending space itself, which was presumably used for transportation, as the humanoid god-child disappeared in what appeared to be a collection of floating air ripples similar to those formed on a disturbed surface of water.

And now I am here. My body moving, mind racing, and spirit slowly trying to untangle itself from this mess in order to return to the cycle of reincarnation in hope of experiencing a less disordered life the next time around.

I decided to talk to Zee about my... findings. I do not know why, but the taste of otherworldliness gave me an ambiguous purpose that felt more meaningful than the normal world’s expectation of me to pick a job in my teens for the purpose of monetary gain and a role of usefulness. Maybe Zee will make me one of the many possible followers an eldritch deity might have. The idea of a twisted alien priesthood sounds like an adventure that would only be possible in movies.

No matter the case, fantasizing about possible outcomes will not provide actual answers. Without realizing it, I now find myself practically at an arm’s length away from the table at which Zee was eating. My fight or flight response is flaring. Despite the fact that the supposed deity is right next to me, I am finding that I just do not have any idea what to do. I mean, what? Am I just going to ask: “Heeyyyyy thereee, are you maybe, um, I dunno, a boundless space creature older than time?”. Might as well staple a “put me in an asylum” sign to my forehead. I did not expect that my prolonged catatonic standing would give Zee enough time to just stare at me blankly.

Ah. There it is. A small heart attack. Just dandy.

“You took your time”, said Zee.

“Huh?”

“I mean, I was sort of expecting you to approach me already, but then again there *WAS* the probability of you wimping out.”

I am stumped. Was I... anticipated???

Zee gestures from across the table. “Sit down, please.”

Dumbfounded, I can do nothing but obey the command.

“Umm... and *how* exactly did you know that I would be arriving?”

“Well, it’s not EVERY day you purposely show off your divinity to bait some nosy schmuck.”

Aaaaand crash. My mind just shattered. I mean, great, not only was my arrival predicted but also **orchestrated**? This day could not get any better. I *knew* that casual teleportation bit was too good

to be coincidental, but my obsessive need to gain at least some sort of concrete proof on Zee dulled down my critical thinking.

“S-so you know about my.... investigation?”

“Yep. I do get that you humans possess an inquisitive nature, but did you really have to follow me around like a creep? Talk about rude.”

Don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry.

“I... um.. am.. SO sorry, your.. um... Clarity?”

Zee just stares at me with a disgusted look while sipping chocolate milk.

“Ew, just...NO. I just-. Ugh. Okay, okay. It seems that my toying has gone a bit too far. Might as well spill the geometrically impossible beans. But first...”

While pronouncing the last sentence, Zee delicately flicks a wrist. Everything shakes. Violently. My first thought is an earthquake, so I place myself beneath the minorly protective cafeteria table. Yet, while looking around, I see that no one is fazed. Despite the fact that everything is quaking, every student is just nonchalantly walking by to finish their own personal business. I then notice something. A giant crack, slowly forming throughout the floor. Strangely enough, it is going specifically around the table Zee and I were occupying.

Is this how I die? By getting swallowed into the earth while nobody notices? I’ve never had an experience in the past during which I almost died. I’ve never known this terror before. This empty void. This situation that has absolutely unknown results.

As I am preparing for my inevitable demise, I feel a light kick. I look up, and see Zee sporting the most unamused poker face in the world.

“C’mon. I thought you wanted this sort of stuff. The interesting part is just about to occur.”

I lift my gaze from the floor and start looking around from under the table. The shaking is still prevalent, but something strange is happening. While the area within the circle formed by a crack is still shaking, it appears everything outside the boundary of the circle is shaking even faster. As if watching a rubber band get suddenly stretched, everything around us is bobbing up and down at incredible speeds.

And just like that, the resolution to the climax. Everything just...breaks apart. The walls, the floor and the ceiling are now sporting cracks that formed on them in a flash. Yet again, the students are completely oblivious. The cracks are all connected to the circle surrounding the table Zee and I occupied. It is similar to how children would sometimes draw the sun as a circle with lines poking out from the shape to act as rays.

As if that was not enough, yet another violation of scientific laws occurs.

Everything outside the circle just starts.... distancing away from it; sections of our surroundings simply floating away. What makes everything worse for my mortal mind is that everything is just idly levitating into space. Not a pitch-black void. Not some emulation of the pristine white training room from "The Matrix". LITERAL SPACE. Twinkling lights, star dust, nebulas, galaxies -all are visible to the naked eye here. The best analogy would be as if someone cut a circle within a cake's center and just then decided to take away all of the surrounding pieces. As everything drifts away into infinity, until every part becomes just a tiny dot too blurry to be visible, I just stare dumbfounded while realizing that our leftover part of the probably pulverized school was aimlessly hovering in the starry vastness.

My silent shock is quickly interrupted.

"Ay. Oh. Kay. Now that we're done, you can go ahead and pick your jaw up so we can get to the actual nitty gritty."

I slowly crawl from the gum-ridden underside of the table and sit across from the person that just took apart *everything*, without any reaction.

"How...why....", I mumble out.

"Simple question. Now, I know what you're thinking. No, I did NOT just annihilate everything that surrounds us. I merely bent the spacetime fabric to form a little pocket dimension in which I can control how time flows. That way, we get privacy from nosy outsiders, and you get practically an eternity to get the answers to your questions."

Silence loudens between us.

"Okay, I lied. You do not get an eternity. Just enough time before I get bored."

Is this a dream? I start pinching myself and slapping my cheeks. I even contemplate stabbing my thigh with a fork.

I once more say nothing, too dumbstruck to even rationalize the current events. Am I really just sitting in the middle of cold space with a literal god?

Zee huffs impatiently. "You know, just because you can have all the time you want here does not mean I will enable it. I have more interesting things to do than staring at a panicking bag of anxiety."

With the stern wake up call, I force my mind to ground itself and decide to cooperate.

"Why... did you lure me here?"

"Isn't it obvious? I was getting tired of your little wannabe spy career. I figured that, judging from your crater-like eyebags, you were becoming obviously self-destructive from your search. So, my idea was that I might as well quench your thirst for knowledge."

I gulp. "How were you aware that I was observing you?"

"Stalking is the more correct word, but to answer your question: I am aware of everything that happens in the area I am occupying. Nothing can hide from me. Your attempts of creeping from afar were laughable at best. Oh, and also, you left an incriminating search tab open when you lent your phone to the person sitting in front of me. I mean, come on. Have some finesse."

Despite my current situation, I can feel my cheeks warming up from nervous blushing.

"Then, does that mean.... you are what I think you are?"

"Yes. I AM, in fact, a cosmic entity with godlike capabilities."

"If that is so, why are you here? Why did you decide to attend a high school?"

"'Cuz I got kicked out of my alien one."

My eyes widen. "Wait, really?"

Zee snorts while laughing. "Heh, no. Absolutely not. I am here not by my own choice."

My body jolts. Not out of choice? Why would someone like Zee get forced to do this? HOW could someone like Zee even be forced to do anything?

"What do you mean? Were you sent by your eldritch parents?"

"No. First of all, I do not have parents. Secondly, I was not sent here willy nilly, I am *imprisoned*."

"Imprisoned!? Why would you be imprisoned? During my research, I didn't find that cosmic horrors had a judiciary system."

"It's not that simple.", says Zee with an eyeroll. "I need to remind you that the internet definitely isn't a sacred archive that stores completely truthful information of the affairs that are unknown to the majority of human populace. As for the matter of 'justice', if we were to call it that, I am a member of a specific clan of gods. And each clan has their own guidelines and values that everyone is supposed to adhere to. I got arrogant one day and decided to basically commit what humans would call a 'crime', but it's much more complicated than that concept. So, as punishment, I got catapulted to this moldy space rock in order to learn humility by reexperiencing life as a powerless human. My power returns only by living through many lifetimes and accepting enlightenment that I gained from them."

"Oh, okay. That would mean that since you can create pocket dimensions, you've lived a very long life as a human, correct? Do you, um, think you now have a better understanding of what being a mortal means? Do you feel that you have learned a lot from your experience?"

Zee shrugs, "Maybe? I'm not really sure. While I do think I can be considered a much better 'person' in comparison to the one I was before my fall to Earth, I really do not have a framework by which I could determine how drastic my progress is."

Disappointment washes over me.

“Although,” Zee begins bashfully, “I *may* have managed to combine my limitless cosmic knowledge with simple human wisdom. Even though I do not know whether I have objectively improved to the point where I am worthy of regaining my divine status, I can for certain say that there were a lot of things to learn on this planet.”

I nod empathetically, showing my shared pride for Zee’s growth. This sensation quickly starts to die off once I realize how this situation could be utilized; how I have the perfect chance to deal with what I have always had to battle with.

“Um.... Zee?”

“Yeah?”

“Is there a possibility that you could... *share*... some of that wisdom with me?”

Zee’s head tilts inquisitively to the side. “Um, okay? It really depends on what you want to know. Some things are beyond the human mind. Certain types of knowledge will quite literally melt your brain.”

“Oh. I mean- good to know? But I doubt any of my questions are too... out of bounds... in terms of what can be comprehended by humanity.”

“Well alright then. Just to be sure, I will try to, pardon the term, ‘dumb things down’ to the human level in case we DO dangle on the edge of infinity.”

I take a deep breath and notice the sensation of air entering me. It is calming and pristine. Despite the fact that we were in a closed pocket space, it does not feel stuffy at all. I let my mind and body ground themselves before asking the big questions. Even though I am the one that sets those exact inquiries, I feel dread from having to externalize them. And what’s more, the possible answers are in the realm of the unknown; humanities’ greatest source of fear.

“I want to know whether you are aware of the answer.”

“The answer? To what?”

“Well, you know. **The** answer. To everything. Life. Existence.”

Zee presses back into the chair with crossed arms. “*Ah*. I should have foreseen this. You are actually one of the only few humans that has managed to ask this type of question to a literal god, y’know.”

I roll my eyes. “Could you *please* answer the question? It is important. My nerves are wrecking me from the expectation.”

“Fine, fine. But humor me to return with another question: why is the answer so important to you, and what do you think it is in the first place?”

With an annoyed cringe, I frustratedly exhale a bit of air through my nose. Why does it matter? I am the one that is in the unknown. I mean, I guess it would be courtesy to allow this one counterquestion. I **am** really just a guest here.

“Okay, fine. You really wanna know? I. Have. Zero. Ideas. I really have **no** concrete opinions on what to think or expect. It feels as if the world is duller than one would expect it to be. Every time I think about the all-important answer about what is the purpose of my existence, I am either directed to religious dogmatism or toward the fact that the society seems to be in constant demand of someone who will heed every order for some agenda. It feels as if I am supposed to know where I am going without even being aware which path I am treading to that destination.”

Silence. While deafening, it acts as a cushion between my vent of frustrations and what I hoped would be my final answer.

“Mmmmmkay. Understandable. I will give you the answer. And rest assured there will be no agenda since, well, I am too unmotivated to even have an agenda to puppeteer you toward.”

I feel my spine tensing and straightening, with my back fully pressed into the support of the chair. This is it. The end. Roll the credits. A whole new chapter opens and a new life awaits me. I can feel the euphoria of resolution course through my body. The majority of my problems will be dispelled into nothingness.

My mind is elated so much it interferes with the feeling of time. Seconds pass by, but they are not separate units anymore. They have formed a single conglomerate of existence that cannot be empirically deduced and measured. It stretches like expensive taffy pulled in Willy Wonka’s candy factory. The temporal flow is put into a halt. I have no idea whether this is some other space-time trickery, but I do not care. I could be held in this stasis up to what a human psyche would interpret as eternity as long as there is promise of sweet enlightenment at the end.

Zee leans onto the table into a relaxed slouch and says: “There is no truth.”

Like a dumbstruck fawn that is seeing the headlights speeding toward it, I freeze. Time continues its normal flow. Slowly trickling away into nothingness. Tick. Tock.

“... what?”

“Hm? I said that there is no-”

I interrupt: “I know what you said! I just want to know what you meant by it!”

Zee’s face shifts to a mix of confusion and concern. “It is... exactly... what is sounds like?”

My blood is boiling. Are these mind games? Or is my mind too fragile to take the answer?

“I. Do. Not. Believe you.”

“Aha... and why exactly?” says Zee a bit defensively.

“Because it makes no sense. You said there was an answer, yet now you say that there is none. You are quite literally a sentient section of the fabric of the universe, something that would be considered only factual by mythology, yet somehow there is no ‘system’ or anything that holds any sway over meaning? That is preposterous.”

Concern yet again returns to Zee’s face. “Okay, just let me clarify-”

“Bah, who am I kidding. Why am I asking you? What do you know about being human? You are here just because you’re literally a criminal deity that has been sent to cosmic *timeout* for your own idiocies.”

With that, a frightening yet controlled grimness falls over Zee’s expression. “Correct, and because of that if you sass me again I CAN and WILL slap you so hard that your head will momentarily enter the 4th dimension and collapse into a black hole.”

I recoil from his threatening jab. Fear is filling me and I remember I have nowhere to run. REALLY smart of me to provoke a literal god.

Zee continues to glare at me with discontent, but then the alien’s face turns to somberness. “I DO get the stakes and hardships that are brought by being human. As much as it is probably hard for you to imagine, I did have loved ones as a human in my past experiences. Multiple times. But you learn one thing as an entity who has known eternity: even though entropy, destruction and decay are inevitable to virtually all things, that does not mean that the moment between genesis and oblivion is devoid of potential meaning.”

My body relaxes. “...What do you mean?”

“I mean that life DOES have meaning. There just isn’t **one** answer that underpins everything. There is the same number of answers as the total number of all living beings.”

I look on/at them in confusion. “So, there is just the answer that I provide?”

Zee proudly shakes with approval.

I continue: “But even I do not put much value in what I say or think. How is being human meaningful at all if I do not see any authority or power within myself? How can I give myself something with so much worth like personal meaning, if at the same time I do not think I hold any importance?”

Zee smiles lightly. “I see it very differently.”

“How so?”

“You are a tiny particle. A tiny grain inside a gigantic sandstorm that is ever so turbulent. By rational design, you would be insignificant. But here is the funny part: somehow, in some way, you have the potential to be the catalyst of change without even trying. Your people constantly worry about how changing things in the past would impact the present, but are profoundly blind

to the fact that their interaction with the present literally alters possible futures. Each of your movements is fabricating or obliterating a different tomorrow without even an ounce of divinity. You do not realize it, but you are practically a tiny god. Without the whole omnipotence part, of course.”

Silence falls as I attempt to process what has just been said to me. “Naturally, there are some imperfections in this statement,” Zee continues.

“How so?”

“Well, because there are so many personal goals and ideologies in the world, there may be clashes between them. That means that there are people that will attempt to squish, diminish or invalidate whatever philosophy you hold dear. In life, to protect what is meaningful, one has to be ready to fight and stand up for what one believes in, and not waver. Matter falls apart quickly, but ideas and desires, with enough effort, not so much.”

“What about the bad beliefs and opinions? That is, the ones that can be used to hurt others out of hunger for power or malicious hate?”

“That is why people need to develop basic ideology-shaping skills like intuition, critical thinking, and emotional intelligence. Belief is malleable, and these tools are the best in making sure it does not harbor irrationally grandiose passions and disdains.

“Oh, okay. Thank you. I’ve never really heard someone be so direct about those matters. Most people are very vague about these topics and would rather convey them in ambiguous ways that they expect everyone would be capable of deciphering.”

“Well, you DID ask me to not be sneaky while answering your questions.”

“Do you have any.... general advice I could use to live a good life?”

“Definitely. It goes: think of yourself.”

“Um, elaborate? That just sounds like something very.... self-absorbed?”

“You misunderstood. By that I mean you should put yourself first, and then others. No one is always worth anything at YOUR expense, be that health or wellbeing in general. People covet ‘self-sacrifice’ and turn it into a grandiose act of sainthood that EVERYONE should strive for. A majority of those same people are simply a collective of whiny toddlers that just want to get favors from others without having to reciprocate and be held to the same standard of virtue. You should not be a selfish egomaniac, but you should also avoid being a doormat. You need to realize that the only person that will be completely reliable for your needs is, obviously, yourself.”

“Huh. That makes sense. Very well, I will attempt to do so.”

“Is that all you wanted to know?”

“Well, I mean-”

“GREAT. I am getting painfully bored. Let’s get out of here.”

“Wait, wha-”

Zee claps and cuts off my sentence. As the sound is reverbing through my ears, I start feeling a new sensation. Vertigo. Weightlessness. My brain is beginning to panic and theorize that our own little quasi-asteroid with a cafeteria chair suddenly lost its unique gravitational pull. But I am wrong. Very wrong.

“You might try to sit as firmly as possible,” says Zee.

I begin looking around out of confusion and see that we are quickly pummeling downwards. The stars, space dust and lights have blended into a blurry smear. I try to scream out of the primal fear of falling, but I simply cannot force my lungs to push any air out. My eyes fly to Zee, and I am met by the sight of a person that would probably be bored by an impending meteor strike.

Inside my ears, I can hear the blood vessels pump the red fluid of life in response to my fight or flight instincts. Now that I notice the blue orb that I inhabit I am REALLY starting to shake. Is this maniac flinging us at the planet? Is Zee trying to kill me? I heard once that launching even a sand particle at high speeds through space at Earth can cause catastrophic damage, so are we going to pulverize a community of innocent people?

After attempting to “ground” myself back to our little formerly floating cafeteria floor, I am met by the indicator that my inner monologuing was too long. The light blueish edges of the upper atmosphere are surrounding us. Once again, I am looking at Zee who is nonchalantly eating lunch. I will have to pretty much accept the fact that everything may end. Who was I kidding? Why would an ancient star-being impart wisdom onto me for free and just let me live? The sadist probably wanted to fill me with hope just to see me suffer out of amusement. Somewhere in my mind, I just KNOW that these thoughts do not make any logical sense, but my cognitive abilities are just blunted by what I can only interpret as inescapable doom.

I am going to close my eyes and prepare for the impact. I look below myself and see the school we were in just moments ago. I shut my eyelids and approximate the countdown needed for the inevitable crash.

5...

4...

3....

2....

1...

And just like that, somehow, I now find myself with my forehead throbbing on the tabletop. I look around myself and see a few students looking at me with concerned faces. Or at least faces with the “what is this lunatic doing?” expression.

“Told you that it would be smart to try and stiffen yourself.”

I look at Zee with bewilderment in my eyes. “Are we back on Earth?”

“Well, technically, we never left Earth in the first place, but sure, yeah, we returned.”

“Then why did I find myself headfirst on the tabletop?”

“Well, since I had to collapse our little pocket world into the regular one, the metaphysical impact of everything released enough energy that your soft and unprepared back simply flung your whole body downwards: just like in one of those amusement parks rides, only there was no security belt preventing your injury.”

I pause for a moment to take it all in. We’re back and I am NOT dead. Breathe in. Breathe out.

“Anyways, it was a pleasure talking to you, but honestly I am a bit bored so I’mma just leave,” says Zee.

“H-hold on! Just like that?”

Zee does an eyeroll. “Do you have any thought-provoking questions about life?”

“Well, no, but-”

“Then I have no real reason to stay then. Toddles.”

Before I could protest any more, Zee is nowhere to be seen. A silent calm fills me. The bittersweetness of the situation is apparent. But I guess gratefulness is the appropriate response.

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The important thing is that as of right now, I feel renewed. It feels as if I was released of a burden by having something that should be really obvious and intuitive explained in an understanding manner. The fact that someone outside of my world acknowledged all of that gives a certain air of validity to everything that has been probably philosophized over and over by thousands of people. I never noticed I was bearing chains of passive restriction. They made me surrender to fate. But now, the release from their agonizing clutches is slowly making me feel rejuvenated. This is not a miraculous remedy, of course. I still feel a bit like a passionless drone right now, but the seed of potential has been planted. The sensation that there is possibility for me to do and enjoy anything in life, without having to constantly reminisce on the fact that the universe I inhabit does not intrinsically care about anything, reinvokes my hope.

Nothingness has the potential to be everything.

I feel that through time, with a bit of effort, I can grow in pretty much infinite possible directions.
But that can wait.

I have a math test after lunch.