

1.

Furry creatures dwell in a secret place, where colorful butterflies fly, gently swayed by a forever soft breeze. That is where I was born. There was no love. You see, love is not a natural thing. The perpetual intricacies that go along with it, are the irreversible proof of my point. I never received any, nor did I ever give it, since I have absolutely no experience on what it is. Useless and redundant it seems. Non-existent even. A fable conjured up by humans with nothing better to do than to fantasize, to elevate their primal needs to something more... well, moral, I guess.

Kind of pathetic and cowardly, not to want to stand for what you really are.

I awoke with a startle, as from a spoon thrust forcibly into a porcelain plate, eager to scoop up nourishment. Consciousness rushed in, and I realized that I should be happy. But from that first moment I felt a dissatisfaction with my existence. Like a nagging beep that sounds constantly in the

back of ones head, the awareness came to me: I don't like this! I felt I should be sleeping, and that sleep would be so sweet. I should be happy. Something like a conscience was telling me I should be grateful for this existence, this... life. I didn't see the logic of it. My rationale didn't see the need for being aware of myself, and having to be so constantly. Why? Surely, not for my own sake.

Observing creatures in my surroundings, I noticed how all of them seemed to be preoccupied with their own little merits, going about their own businesses. They seemed unaware of others existing around them, and when their paths crossed, they just moved confusedly around one another, as if the other was just a mere obstacle, never acknowledging its existence. Is this life? Am I supposed to behave accordingly? First of all, the doings of all these little creatures came across to me as futile, unnecessary. Why were they even here? Were they part of an equation that also kept me alive, that was somehow responsible for my own existence? In that case their lives must be counted as useless as mine. But they seemed to be

at it, regardless. Foolish it appeared to me. As if, in a philosophical way, they were already dead.

And then, I beheld myself, and I noticed that I was beautiful. A peculiar emotion rose in my spirit. Somehow my features gave me some sort of satisfaction, and I felt as if this might be the reason for my being. Beauty, I reckoned, was certainly a fulfilling thing to behold. It was an enrichment of my awareness, to know that I was beautiful. But how could I know? As men say, beauty is a matter of taste. But my appearance was indisputably handsome to me, beyond any possible discussion or argumentation. Anyone who would see me and find me detestable, must have been foolish and not part of normality. And another feeling rose in my being, which I wholly enjoyed, and from the beginning it gave me meaning, a reason to exist and it became the driving force behind all my actions. If I was going to live, let it then be for myself, and for myself alone.

And so I started walking the plains on which I found myself, utterly disgusted by all the life I saw around me, but at the same time driven by an

overwhelming sense of curiosity. Could there be something in this ill-begotten universe, other than myself, that could arouse my zeal for existence? I would have to find out. So I wandered the eternal fields. I wandered to and fro, ever to a new horizon. I traveled for ages on end, and I couldn't begin to describe the wonders and miracles that I beheld. And even though my wisdom grew, and my knowledge was well on its way to surpass that of any other living creature I knew, satisfaction was still a thing that remained bereft of me. Oh cursed me, stained forever with the spell of life!