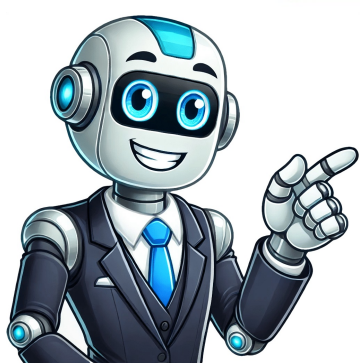


I'm not robot





It was a fatal car accident, leaving behind a wife and two children. Your death was painless, but the EMTs tried their best to save you. You died, and that's when you met me. I told you the truth - you're dead. Everyone dies, so don't feel bad about it. You looked around, seeing nothingness except for us. "What is this place?" you asked. "Is this the afterlife?" I said. "More or less." You asked if I'm God, and I replied. "Yup, I'm God." You expressed concern for your family - your kids and wife. I reassured you they'll be fine, that your kids will remember you as perfect in every way. Your marriage was falling apart, but your wife will feel guilty for feeling relieved. You asked what happens next, and I said neither heaven nor hell, but reincarnation. You wondered if your past experiences would matter in the afterlife. I told you that your soul contains all the knowledge and experiences of your past lives, even though you don't remember them right now. Your soul is magnificent, beautiful, and gigantic, with experiences from multiple lifetimes. I explained to you that you've been in a human form for 48 years and haven't stretched out yet to feel your immense consciousness. There's no point in remembering everything between each life. I told you that you'll be reincarnated as a Chinese peasant girl in 540 AD, which shocked you. You asked if I'm sending you back in time, and I said yes, technically. I come from somewhere else, where things are different. There are others like me, and we exist beyond your universe's concept of time, to comprehend the nature of existence, but honestly you wouldn't grasp it." "Oh," you responded somewhat disappointedly. "Wait a minute, though - if I reincarnate to various points in time, I could've interacted with myself at some point." "Sure thing, happens all the time," I said with a hint of nonchalance. "And since both lives are only aware of their own lifespan, you wouldn't even realize it's happening." "So what's the purpose of it all?" you asked rather thoughtfully. "Seriously?" I inquired back at you. "You're asking me about the meaning of life? Isn't that a bit clich  ?" "Well, it's a reasonable question," you continued undeterred. I locked eyes with you, saying "The meaning of existence, the reason I created this entire universe, is for you to mature and grow." "You mean humanity as a whole? You want us to mature?" "No, just you," I clarified. "I made this whole universe specifically for you. With each new life, you evolve, mature, and become an even greater intellect." "Just me? What about everyone else?" "There is no one else," I stated matter-of-factly. "In this universe, there's only you and me." You looked at me with a blank expression. "But all the people on earth..." "All you," I said. "Different incarnations of yourself." "Wait, I'm everyone!?" "Now you're getting it," I replied with a congratulatory clap on the back. "I'm every human being who ever lived?" "Or will live, yes," I added. "You're Abraham Lincoln?" "And John Wilkes Booth too," I mentioned. "You're Hitler?" You asked, horrified. "And you're the millions he killed," I said. "You're Jesus?" "And everyone who followed him," I elaborated. You fell silent for a moment. "Every time you hurt someone," I said, "you were hurting yourself. Every act of kindness you've done, you've done to yourself. Every happy and sad moment ever experienced by any human was or will be experienced by you." You thought deeply about this. "Why?" You asked me again. "Why do all this?" "Because someday, you'll become like me," I said. "Because that's what you are - one of my kind. You're my child." "Whoa," you exclaimed in awe. "You mean I'm a god?" "Not yet," I clarified. "You're still just a fetus. You're growing and evolving, but once you've lived every human life throughout all time, you'll be ready to be born." "So the whole universe..." you said, looking puzzled. "It's just an egg," I answered. "Now it's time for you to move on to your next life." I didn't mince words. "There was a truck and it skidded..." You looked at me, and I said, "You died." There was nothing. Just us. "What is this place?" you asked. Is it the afterlife? I replied. It's more than that. You asked if I was God, and I said yes. But you didn't look like me - a man, not a god. You looked at my hands and saw a grammar school teacher. "Don't worry," I said. "They'll be fine." Your family will remember you as perfect. Your wife will cry on the outside but feel relieved inside. You asked what happens next, if it's heaven or hell. I said neither - you're reincarnated. The Hindus were right. All religions are right in their own way. We walked through the void. "Where are we going?" You asked. Nowhere in particular. It's just nice to walk and talk. You asked what the point is, if your experiences don't matter when you're reborn. I said they do. Your soul has all the knowledge of past lives. You just can't remember them right now. "Your soul is magnificent," I said. A human mind can only contain a tiny fraction of what you are. I told you this time around, you'll be a Chinese peasant girl in 540 AD. You stammered, and I explained that time works differently where I come from. There are others like me, but I wouldn't explain it to you. I posed a question that seemed almost clich  . "Are you genuinely seeking the meaning of existence?" You persisted in your inquiry, and I locked eyes with you, stating, "The purpose of this universe is for you to evolve." "You mean humanity? You wish us to grow and develop our intellects?" No, it was just you. I created this universe solely for you. With each new life, you matured and became a more advanced version of yourself." "Just me?" What about everyone else?" "There's no one else," I said. "In this existence, there's only you and me." You appeared lost in thought. "But what about all the people on earth?" "All you. Different versions of you." "Wait. Am I every human being who has ever lived?" "You're starting to understand," I said with a pat on the back. "Am I Abraham Lincoln? And John Wilkes Booth, too?" You seemed appalled. "And what about Hitler?" "The millions he killed are also you." "I'm Jesus?" "And those who followed him as well." You fell silent. "Every time you harmed someone," I said, "you were harming yourself. Every act of kindness was to your own self." "Every happy and sad moment experienced by anyone is yours as well." You thought for a long time before asking, "Why? Why did all this happen?"

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