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Life, Death, and other Junk

What is life? Humans live their lives like rats scrambling around a never-ending maze trying to find the way out. Just like we experiment with rats, some being is conducting this dangerous experiment with our lives. Life is as pointless to humans as it is for the rats. If we fail, we die. If we succeed in finding the exit, we will be thrown into another more challenging maze; perhaps some tempting bait will be added to the maze to entice and distract us. We can never succeed in life, so it is useless to try.

The universe is the way we say it is, because we are the people looking at it. A rat would perceive the universe to be different, even though we would consider rats and humans to be living in the same universe. The same could be said for humans and those beings that are conducting this experiment with our lives. The “experimenters” might see a whole other universe, while all we can see is the inside of the cage confining us. For example, we think that nothing can travel faster than the speed of light while rats may think nothing can travel faster than the speed that they can smell something. We impose limits on ourselves when there may be no limits.

I have nothing against the belief of a being, more powerful than we can imagine, someone we call God. There could very well be someone watching over us, someone conducting this experiment. But worshipping God, now that is a futile attempt at getting the easy way out. Have we ever spared any rats because they worshipped us? Of course not. We know we are more powerful than the rats; we don't need them to tell us.

There are many beliefs about death. I, of course, don't know exactly what death is, but worrying about death and what comes after is a waste of time. One possibility in death is that we never really die in the sense we mean. If a rat was suddenly pulled out of the maze by a human

scientist, wouldn't the rats inside the maze, enclosed in their own universe, think that the missing rat had died? It is possible that when we supposedly "die", we move on to another universe.

This other "universe" is what we call the afterlife. Some people work all their lives to try to get into heaven. If God controls heaven, what makes us think that God will treat us better in heaven than on Earth? Why do we assume we will have a happy and peaceful afterlife? When we take a rat out of their maze, the rat is put right back into another deadly experiment, which may be much worse than the first one. If we just vanish from existence when we die, there is no reason to worry about what comes after death, since there is no afterlife. If there is no death, and there is an afterlife, why do we worry about death if we never die? Since, in either case, death or an afterlife is inevitable as we know it, we should not worry about these things we can't control.

Go ahead and do whatever you want to do. There is nothing we can do to change the world. We are insignificant and make absolutely no difference whatsoever in what we do to this puny world. We have the same chances of getting out of this unrelenting experiment as the helpless rats. We have no way to fight what we cannot see or understand. Life and death are unavoidable. Our actions are irrelevant so go ahead and experiment.