

I invite the readers to a thought experiment:

“Imagine a stage, comprised of all our environments and the entities that are within. We are actors and actresses with scripts to guide our performances. The stage is large, and just above the horizon, at the edge of the stage, is the audience – seemingly indifferent to what we do. All we can see and recognize are the flickers of glimmer that shine brighter than the stage lights, and what appears to be conversations hidden under the cover of their gentle hands. In some ways, we feel like the audience – gazing, admiring, and mimicking them as if they were the true stars of the night and we, just one of the myriad of floating debris circling the sun. We are in some ways powered by the audience and they too, powered by our presence. It is as if we are symbiotic like the barnacles and whales, and essential to one another’s survival and status.

It is during one of many ordinary days, you come to an epiphany and decide against the script. But, you find this to be much difficult than you had expected or hoped it would be. You then begin to recognize a bundle of strings (so subtle in appearance that one could possibly go through life unnoticed) so firmly established in all segments of your body, including your brain, attached to mysterious and unrecognizable entities above. You feel chained and worst of all, you have no clue as to who you are detained by and for what reason. Unable to put these curiosities to rest, you decide to consult a friend, who is completely unaware of your findings.

Your friend finds your thoughts to be preposterous and feels it is shy of delusion. You try to explain and provide sound reasons and evidence, but it continues to feed into your friend’s suspicion of you having gone mad – he simply doesn’t see it. Feeling hopeless with your friend, you turn to others, whom have given you similar responses. You start to wonder whether the world has gone crazy, or whether it is only just you. It is perplexing to you that nobody seems to be concerned with questions like how and why we are here, why are we chained and instructed to

follow scripts, who exactly wrote the scripts, who created the stage and for what purpose, and who is our audience? In fact, it is puzzling that the more you speak of this matter, the more isolated you feel, and more of an outcast you represent to your peers and colleagues. They all seemed awed and accepting of the forces. So passive in their actions, they seem analogous to the grandmother watching his son beat his wife.

In time, you find yourself more alone and vulnerable than you did before. Nobody would listen to you as either they believe you are some sort of a lunatic or they were just too busy following the script. As time continues to progress, the urge to pick up your script becomes stronger. The more you think about following the script, the more you see in the faces of your peers and colleagues, an illusory view of encouragement. You see happiness and acceptance, although its authenticity is vague. On the other hand, when you think more about going against the script, you see a dark, endless road of misery, loneliness, and apathy. You see pity in all that are consumed, in which you are certain of its high authenticity. What do you do?"