

Final Testament

My fear of death does not stem from an unwillingness to lose my physical manifestation. In the way that I am still the same person after my amputation, I am still the same person when my body dies. That is not me that will be buried, but just my *ship of Theseus*. If it were anything more, then I have died many times before in my life, when the individual cells of my body died and were replaced by new cells. And if I have died many times before, then what is there to fear?

This is not to speak of my soul, or any other religious concepts. This is a purely secular concept – a collection of ideas. These are ideas that are either rippled forward from others in me, or are constructed myself. That's what makes a person. Jesus is not a relatively-fit brown male. He's a collection of ideas.

And so, if my ideas then ripple onto others, then I live on. And I am immortal.

Thus the problem of death is reduced to the problem of rippling onto others. I do believe that my life has on it's own rippled in some ways. I hope that when Christy and Réna are lying on their own death bed, they look at my life and gain strength, and face it with courage.

"Can a man still be brave if he's afraid?"

"That is the only time a man can be brave."

- George R. R. Martin

What you are reading is my final ripple. Selfishly, I want to bring meaning to your own life with my ideas, so that there is meaning in mine. So I am creating this immortalization of my own ideas and those that I ripple forward. Whether it be how to juggle, my favorite song, a quote about fear, a funny joke, what it means to love and to be loved, or what it means to live a good life.

I just had my first lung metastasis removed. Hooked up to an IV drip of some kind of opiate, getting one of my first tastes. Oh god does it feel so good. I got a lot of visitors and it means a lot that so many people care. Or maybe it's the drugs, who knows. My girlfriend Cassandra visits every day, even though it's an hour drive from her house.

It was just her and I in the room. I needed to pee but I was too weak to put my prosthetic on and walk to the bathroom. I rolled onto my side to pee into a bright blue jug that a nurse gave me, and set it back down. Cassandra went to grab it. I insisted she leave it, I was sure that one of the nurses would take care of it. But she insisted. And she took it and emptied it into the sink and set it back down.

And that meant so much to me. She didn't care that I couldn't stand up. She didn't care that I was weak. She didn't care that I was scared. Because in that moment she saw me for who I am as a person.

A long time ago, I started writing down the memories that I want to remember. Following are 20 memories from the list, in no particular order:

1. Lying in bed with Meag post-surgery, high on hydromorphone, listening to *Saturn* by Sleeping At Last for the first time.
2. Getting accepted to the University of Waterloo for Computer Science.
3. Cuddling with Sydney on the Don Mills bridge during sunset, high on oxycodone.
4. Lying in bed and using 40mg oxycodone for the first time, wrapping up in my blue duvet. To this day I believe that was the happiest I have ever been.

5. Smoking a cigarette with Zahi in a parking lot after discovering that my cancer had spread all over my lungs.
 6. The summer semester spent in Waterloo, living with Brandon.
 7. Dropping acid with Ethan.
 8. Talking to the CTO of Zenefits on the phone, getting my first job offer in San Francisco.
 9. Making my valedictorian speech and getting a standing ovation.
 10. Looping a chord progression and then solo'ing over it with the Blues scale for the first time.
 11. Taking my first high-dose THC oil (it was an oil that someone had made for me).
 12. The many beautiful drives between Toronto and Waterloo, with the help of an opiate and that bit of time to think about life.
 13. Playing "Let Down" with Mitch in his San Francisco apartment. Especially the last verse, with the harmonies.
 14. Skipping high-school classes with John to go to the hipster coffee shop that Aidan showed me.
 15. Doing my combinatorics assignment in Julia's apartment, and her saying that my passion for math was attractive.
 16. Solving the secret santa graph theory problem with Nick and David after Valerie's secret santa. Specifically, figuring out the probability that the graph of secret santa present-giving has only one component.
 17. Having sex with Elena for the first time. The flirting beforehand was very exciting as well. She looked so cute in her sun dress, smoking a cigarette on my balcony.
 18. Learning to juggle in the REV lounge. I just stayed there for hours with new juggling balls, and kept going until I could finally do it.
 19. Taking two milligrams of hydromorphone and then going to swim with Nick at PAC.
 20. Installing a key-logger onto every software engineer's computer at Zenefits'.
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Christy [12:54AM]: I never tell you but you've been my role model my entire life

Christy [12:54AM]: I love you so much man I never tell you cause im shy

Christy [12:55AM]: I look up to you everyday

Christy [12:55AM]: Every second of rocket league I just wish it would last forever

Christy [12:55AM]: Thanks for always being there for me

I had a really, really good day today.

I woke up, made some breakfast (boiled eggs and tortilla), and drove off to the gym. When I got back home I did a bit of work, off-boarding a Singaporean integration I had been managing at Coinbase. I also practiced some guitar with Mitch for the OK Computer anniversary party next week. A bunch of us are going to perform the whole album there.

I watched an episode or two of The Office, and then visited Stubbs. I brought nothing but what I was wearing and a key to my house. We talked about girls, music, and old memories. Then we broke open the door to his apartment's roof with a cinderblock so we could get up and smoke a cigarette.

I went back home and spoke to Varun – he let me know that I could finally switch from the payments team to the security team. This was something I had wanted since I joined Coinbase. I'm feeling that spark for programming again for the first time in a while.

After that, I had my first real night-in at my new apartment. Brandon and I went out to buy a new TV, so that I can set-up a cryptocurrency monitor in my room. We also picked up some mushrooms, onions and T-bone steaks. He cooked them delicious while I played some chess (I borrowed his mouse so I could play some real speed chess).

When the food was ready, I poured some flat ginger ale into a glass, crushed up some lines of hydromorphone, took a few bong hits, and put on a nature documentary with Brandon about the jungles, and then another about the oceans.

I just got back into my room, and now I'm writing this.

To top it all off, I have a date with Rachel tomorrow. I've had a bit of a crush on her for a while and only just told her I was interested yesterday.

All of this happening in one day is almost hard for me to believe. I'm happy right now.

5:

Wrinkles in the skin by your smiling eyes:
the bunching of our lazy lovers' sheets.
Fingers flailing to entrap yours through the IV tubes:
the clasp of a winter coat zipper.

4:

Kisses from my forehead to my neck:
butterflies flitting over what is theirs.
Pills popped at prom to forget the IV tubes:
loose teeth rattling in a prescription bottle.

3:

Words whispered into sleeping night air:
explosions of stars fighting through the city smog
Words whispered into buzzing day air:
red stoplights at a busy intersection.

2:

"Friends" of mine you fucked while high:
winter wind's knives forcing teary eyes.
Years since I've cried about it. About anything:
the cracked, dried out desert of what used to be a lake.

1:

Time seeing each other post-breakup:
the one-use shampoo bottles hotels give out. Never quite enough
shampoo to feel clean.
Smile walking past each other:
paper mâché faces held together by pride and children's craft glue.

- Cassandra

"If only there was a way to know you're in the good ole days before you've actually left them."

- Andy Bernard

I was sitting on the back-porch of my parent's house in Toronto, trying to coax Réna to come outside and chill with me, but she said it's too cold. I told her that it's all in her head, and that was enough to convince her to come out.

I asked her: "*Réna, what's the purpose of life?*". She replied, "*Sim, I'm only 12, I don't think about stuff like that yet.*"

I moved to California to intern as a security software engineer at Zenefits for four months. One of my more exciting projects was my "Disgruntled Employee" simulation, under my manager Shreevasta. I was to spend one week, acting as a software engineer who had just been fired and wanted to hurt the company as much as possible. The one condition was that I did not damage anything in an irreversible way.

I brainstormed a few ideas, some good and some bad. Eventually I decided on trying to install malicious software onto other employee's computers. I found a GitHub repository that was a Mac OS key-logger written in C++, and forked the project under the name 'Doxorubicin', using a fake GitHub profile named "Greg Kasparov."

I wrote a Python script that compiled the project, and added it to open in the background when the computer turns on. It would then periodically e-mail me the recorded text using G-mail's API. For an extra touch, I obfuscated the code using ROT-13 (which I discovered then was a vim command, g?) and set the encoding of the file so that the cipher-text could compile (thank you based Python).

My first method of spreading the key-logger was pretty retarded. Artem approached me asking for help with an admin privileging bug on his computer, so I booted up my key-logger on a USB and came to his computer. I told him that I had a script to fix it, installed my software, and then left. He found the program, and when he opened it and found the text "hacked123" as the G-mail API password, he had caught me. He threatened to tell my manager but I explained to him that it was a simulation, begging him not to tell anyone because then my fun would come to an end. He agreed to keep quiet.

My second method was a lot smarter. We used pip to install dependencies, sourced from a simple requirements.txt file. I got to work creating a Python library, which was empty except for a post-install hook that installed the malware. It took me a while to get g++ compilation in the hook. After creating that, I made a pull request to add my library as a dependency (sourced from the GitHub so that none of the code was directly in the company's repository).

I then harassed a few of the other interns, telling them I had a one-line diff that I needed reviewed as soon as possible. I made a whole story about how my manager, who normally reviewed my pull requests, was out of the office, and that it was urgent because I had forgotten the import in a previous critical code change. I managed to convince one of them, and the change was out. I started getting some very personal information e-mailed to my computer, including passwords, text conversations, and the like.

Over the next 48 hours, some employees had noticed that suddenly a pip install required sudo permissions. Some got suspicious and started looking into it. I panicked and deleted the repository, but was eventually caught. I later presented what had happened in totality to the company at an all-hands meeting. A handful of people outside of the security team applauded me, but the rest were clearly irritated that I had invaded their personal privacy.

Fuck I love Stubbs so much. He's such a big part of my life and I wish I had the ability to express how much I fucking love him. He means so much to me. All the memories we have, joking

about girls, talking about life. Smoking cigars at the reservoir with him were some of the best memories of my life.

Stubbs, I love you. I'm so proud to call you one of my best friends. I'm going to miss you so much when I'm gone.

Listening to a good song is like a life experience. Even now, I'm listening to *First Breath After a Coma* by Explosions in the Sky, and it gives me so much emotion I feel like I'm bursting. I don't know if I want to laugh or cry or all of the above. Music is like a form of thought. Someone else's thought. And they painted a picture of how that made them feel as a human, and then made it understandable to others. And so now I feel the emotion of the song. That emotion is completely detached from the creator of the song. When I listen to it, the idea the song represents – the idea the song is – it becomes my idea. It might be the same kind of idea as the author's, but it's a different idea, because the author and I are two different people and cannot possibly experience exactly the same thought.

But that's lonely, because then I can never share this experience with anyone else. Others can tell me that they do feel the same emotions, but how would I know?

Marijuana definitely enhances the experience. I'll never forget listening to *Idiotique* for the first time while 'experienced' – after listening to it hundreds of times sober, I only just noticed them harmonizing. The song became a whole new experience. It was such a crazy moment.

There are a lot of times I look back on and remember feelings through songs. I can fondly remember an all-nighter I pulled in my first semester after dropping out. I didn't need to pull an all-nighter, but just chose to for the experiences' sake. I ended up discovering *The Money Store* by Death Grips. It was a fantastical experience. I felt like I was high on methamphetamine, semi-lucid from a lack of sleep and tweaking out. Specifically, listening to *Get Got* while smoking a cigarette on my balcony just as the Sun rose.

Or there are those low, low times, listening to *Let Down* and crying my eyes out. But they always come with a recovery – an immense good feeling of how beautiful it all is.

Note: This is written by a very under the influence Simon (the Simon writing this is the same Simon that wrote the above, just by the way – hello! Nice to meet you). Anyways, I just wanted to say that I'm not really sure if this kind of entry deserves to be in whatever this document is. I've only got 6 pages written, I really hope that I end up writing a fuck tonne of other material because if not then this shitty note is going to be like 20% of what was supposed to be my immortality. Like c'mon man, what the fuck.

I change what kind of music I listen to a lot, but there are some albums that I always come back to and they're amazing every time in a new way. Albums like *OK Computer* or Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. Or alt-J's *An Awesome Wave*, twenty one pilot's *Vessel*, Neutral Milk Hotel's *In The Aeroplane Over the Sea*, Kid A, *A Moon Shaped Pool*, *In Rainbows*.

Not sure why I didn't list Amnesiac (good hangman word), that's the tattoo I'm getting soon with Rachel.

I kept a running list through my life of all the recreational drugs I've used. Emphasis on the word "recreational". If I've used the drug but not recreationally, it doesn't count. Otherwise I'd be able to

list diphenhydramine and pretend I'm a bad-ass.

Opiates: Oxycodone, Morphine, Hydromorphone, Codeine, Fentanyl, Hydrocodone, Tramadol

Psychedelics: Marijuana, LSD, Psilocybin

Gabapentinoids/Racetams: Pregabalin, Gabapentin, Piracetam

Dissociatives: Ketamine, Nitrous Oxide, Dextromorphan

Amphetamines: MDMA, Adderall, Methylphenidate, Lisdexamfetamine, Dextroamphetamine

Benzodiazepines: Clonazepam, Lorazepam, Etizolam, Alprazolam

Other (Stimulants): Nicotine, Caffeine, Cocaine

Other (Depressants): GHB, Ethanol, Kratom

Journal entry titled "OCT 28 2015 – THE BEGINING"

I just got off the phone with Laks, the CTO of Zenefits. He offered me a 4-month co-op term for \$7000 USD per month, as well as housing, flights, dinners catered, and a Macbook Pro. I intend to accept the offer – my only worry was scanning positive for osteosarcoma before the term starts, but it came back negative yesterday (I'm absolutely ecstatic!). A bit worried (understatement) that I'll be missing my people – Zahi, Stubbs, Nick, even Julia (I'm really into the girl).

For context of where I am, I'm in 2A computer science at the University of Waterloo. I recently stopped taking pregabalin for recreation and its done wonders for my depression. I am currently high on some pot I smoked off my balcony on 257 Hazel St.. I have a big exam tomorrow on CS 246 – Object-Oriented Programming. Currently listening to "Avril 14th – Aphex Twin" on repeat, whom thm recommended me.

Genuinely, the pregabalin stopping, being cancer-free, Zenefits, bodybuilding, Stubbs/Julia/Nick/Zahi have all done wonders for my happiness. And the pot too. Looking forward to see what the future holds.

Journal entry titled "DEC 29 2015 - LONLINESS"

I arrived in San Francisco yesterday. My condo is beautiful and I've been getting a lot done (MIT algorithms course, reading 48 Laws of Power, etc.), but I'm lonely. I miss having company I love and that loves me already. I've been unsuccessfully talking to girls on Tinder. I hope with time I'll create something intimate here. In the meant-time, constant self-improvement, so worst-case scenario I come back to Canada and make my relationships even deeper. Assuming the cancer doesn't come back by then.

Journal entry titled "JAN 02 2016 – NOT THE ANSWER"

New Years was alright – went out at ~6:00PM on 10mg Ritalin, ate and drank with a group I met at the bar (they even paid for me), and came home by 10:00PM to Skype Tanya. Yesterday I had my first date with Andrea – she's cute but not my type, and she hasn't 'clicked' into ontological mode at all. She wants to hang out tomorrow too. She helped a bit of the loneliness but I cried again today. I feel a bit better now after reading, drinking, smoking, coding, and Explosions in the Sky. I feel content but I want more. Realize I'm less depressed if I play life like a game (namely, people). I want to be

powerful and larger than life. I want people talking about me. Also messaged a heroin dealer, but no response. I'd probably just buy pills. Also, missing good quality food, I suck at cooking.

Journal entry, untitled. In the margin is written 'I don't deserve life.'

THINGS I FEAR THE MOST:

- Dying alone, living alone
- Wasting my life away like everyone else
- The cancer coming back
- Watching Zahi and Myrna grow old
- Not being loved
- Not having intimate relationships
- Losing touch with my true self
- Panic attacks
- Never experiencing opiates again
- Dying when I'm not ready
- Losing my mentors (Zahi, Nick)

THINGS I LOVE THE MOST:

- Crying, letting myself feel emotions
 - Music (Saturn, Your Hand in Mine, Everything Has Changed)
 - A beautiful mathematical concepts
 - Being ~~told~~ shown I am loved by those I love
 - Cuddling the girl I love
 - Intimate talks at 3AM about philosophy
 - Impressing other people (mainly myself)
 - Pregabalin, opiates, benzodiazepines
 - The epiphanies from THC, shrooms, LSD
 - Having a cancer x-ray come back clear
 - Nick, Stubbs, Meag, Zahi, Christy
-

Journal entry titled "JAN 18 2016 – GIVE ME NOVACAINE"

Still no friends in SF. Not sure if I even want friends at this point – they wouldn't understand these lows. I've been having a lot of panic attacks. I'm scared about the cancer. Why do I even want to live? The days go by so slowly but the weeks so quickly. I'm wasting my life away. Not because of laziness, but because of hopelessness. I don't think there's anything better for me. All I want is opiates to temporarily get away. I hate this life and I would hate any others' life too, I guarantee it. I've lost my fire, my spark, my wish for greater things. All I have is my own mind, that hides terrors and fears that I'm too scared to delve into. And so I do not delve. I instead choose a life of GABA agonists, living day-to-day as a drone in hopes of a saviour. But I know not this saviour does not exist. I used to believe the only way to defeat the transient nature of life was temporary pleasure – I still do, in my hedonistic narcissism; however, I realize now these pleasures are rare. Opiates are my only calling. I'm a drug addict without his drug – I am nothing. This gives me power – as many ranging from Robert Greene to Bruce Lee have said, "assume formlessness." I am formless as I have no identity. All I have is my

rationale. No spark, no ego, no will to go on nor a will to end it all. I want the answer – I want the key to the heights of happiness. And knowing me, when I get there, it won't be enough, and I will die an unrealized and unhappy thing. I feel I have so much potential – my constant 'ontological mode' realizes so many truths, and I see what others do not. But, due to my failure to eloquently present these ideas (or even find someone to understand them!), I will die another peon, the people of the world not understanding the real Simon. This is the real Simon – not the bodybuilder, not the mathematician, not the programmer, not the valedictorian. Not the Maechavallian asshole who does as he pleases. The real Simon is the one who wants to down a bottle of hydrocodone and sleep in forever's bliss. This is the real me, and it has been since I awoke, and will continue to be until the day ~~deat~~ my lungs are filled with osteosarcoma.

Journal entry titled "FEB 03 2016 – PANIC", ripped out and placed back into the journal

I'm in a constant state of haze. Simon has not had time to think in too long. My life is a haze of kratom, lorazepam, constant fear, stomach/heart problems. I feel like I'm having a heart attack everynight, going to sleep questioning if I will wake up. I don't know if its physical or mental anymore. I feel like I'm dying from the inside. I just want to go home, take a dose of THC, and cuddle with Meag. But even that doesn't seem appealing when I think about it. I hate this constant panic. I'd rather be depressed than anxious. Depression had its ups afterwards – this is just constant fear. I've become a drone to the system, working my life away. I don't feel anymore. My one thing to look forward to is chess. What else? I want a meaning. I want to fight for and die for a purpose. I want to be remembered as a walking figure of power. I want to crush my enemies and be feared by all. I would do anything to fight someone right now. I need to be violent.

Journal entry titled "APR 22 2017 – REHAB"

Read through previous entries, and wow I was a pussy. Currently moving out of Hazel, remembered this ~~journal~~ diary. Things are a lot better. I now have terminal cancer though, but I think it helped my mental state because now I'm forced to be happy for optimizations' sake. I learned to actively not continue in thoughts that are negative. I have not cried in a while. Sometimes I still get really sad, and usually I'm mildly sad, but I've had a lot of moments of happiness. Usually at least once a day. I just need to keep practicing living in the moment and ignoring bad thoughts. I don't know why I ripped the last two entries out. I need to stop that. Also, I have become a stoner. ~~And~~ I still fear death but I know it's inevitable and I'm starting to really accept that. I'm becoming less scared each day. I'm so fucking proud of myself, I really came a long way from those previous entries. Cancer was not my life's trials after all. Why did I try to identify myself through cancer? My real trial is mastering my mind. To not try to control what I cannot. To not worry. To live life present. To laugh with Stubbs, to cry with Nick, to forgive Grandilli, to play chess with Zahi. Fuck it's so obvious to me now. Why did it take me this long to figure this out! Jeez Simon. Keep up the good work.

Hey team,

I have some sad news. Simon will be taking a two month break from the payments team due to health issues, and this will be his last week.

Simon joined the payments team last year as an intern. A few weeks before he was to fly down to San Francisco, he was diagnosed with a potentially terminal condition.

He returned to Canada to focus on medical treatment and continued his internship remote. Simon really enjoyed working on the payments team and chose to drop out of college to contract for Coinbase as a remote engineer. In his time here, Simon has worked on rewriting LHV (our European SEPA payment method), Knox, and also owned the Paypal and Xfers integrations. And he did all this while dealing with personal challenges that I can't begin to imagine.

Simon, we're honored that you've chosen to spend your time with us. You've been an incredibly valuable payments engineer, and we'd love to have you back when you're ready.

*Thanks,
Varun*

In the past month or so the pain has begun. There is a tumor on my right side, below my surgical scars. When I take a deep breath in I can feel the pressure against my ribcage. When I turn to the left I can feel it tugging on my innards. But the pain I feel is not all physical, it's also emotional. To realize that it is the beginning of the end.

Done are my days of normal living. The rest of my life will be plagued by death, at the very minimum in the form of physical pain. I will always be reminded that the present moment is all I have left. That I will never graduate university. I will never meet the love of my life, nor will I ever hold my child.

I am just finished watching the movie *Dorian Gray*. I think the point of the movie was that Dorian had lived a life full of hedonism and come to realize that would not make him happy. But how much happier are any of the other characters?

I now have a choice to make a decision between two options. Spend two years shooting up heroin, participating in orgies, and living life purely for a dopamine rush. Possibly, that life would finish off with a week or two of regret. Two years of euphoria for two weeks of pain.

The second choice is to continue as I am – an 'adult' that cares about others. The potential to be satisfied with a good life. Feeling the pressure against my ribcage. Two years of pain for two weeks of euphoria.

It eluded us then, but that's no matter – tomorrow we will run faster, stretch our arms farther... And then one fine morning –

- F. Scott Fitzgerald

How lucky I am to have something that makes saying goodbye so hard.

- A. A. Milne

I wonder what will happen after I die. I have never had anyone close to me die and so I don't know the standard procedure. If my will is executed properly then my assets will be transferred to my siblings, but what about everything else? My possessions, my friends, my family, my body?

I hope my possessions are put to good use. It scares me to think that something like my electric guitar will be hung up on the wall in memory of me. I've spent countless hours with that guitar, making and playing beautiful music, and I want it to continue playing that role. To be hung up as a reminder of my death would be the worst fate for it – to taint the life in it.

I worry about a few people in particular. I have suicidal friends who have told me that after I die, they will follow. I hope that they are not people of their word. I worry about Myrna too – I don't think she will live a good life after I die. I worry that she will grieve forever, or that she will spend the rest of her life identifying as 'the mother whose son died.' What a miserable existence that would be.

Do you see what I'm saying? Move on. Love and be loved, live in awe of all that the world has to offer. I wish I had the privilege to continue experiencing life – to throw your life away because of me would destroy any positive ripple I could have. It would mean that the only living memory of Simon Joseph Hajjar is in pain. To hang yourself on the wall in memory of me. And what the fuck kind of way is that to be remembered?

Real talk.

It makes you wanna do anything enjoyable for hours, even days. Sometimes that's playing Mario Party 4 with your friend. Sometimes it's playing guitar and making shitty recordings with your brother (that you'll listen to with great nostalgia later). Sometimes it's taking apart the engine on that old broken down car at your buddy's place. Sometimes it's cleaning your kitchen, and like, really cleaning, like moving the fridge and sweeping/mopping behind it. These are all activities which are a tone of fun when you're on drugs, and you'll do this sort of thing for 5, 10, or even 30 hours without a break.

But oh man. Once you get to the sex stuff... oh man. Whether you're jerking off to the most crooked, depraved porno on the internet, or your wife is sucking you off for an hour or two, when you eventually orgasm, it's like nothing you'll ever know unless you feel it. You'll shriek like a dying animal and flop around like a fish as every nerve in your body is jolting with pleasure that you'd normally feel only in your loins. You pump out what feels like gallons of cum as you helplessly convulse like you're having a seizure. It takes forever to get there, but once you're there, you'll know why you worked so hard for it.

So why do I still recommend skipping on meth, in spite of the fact that I've had so many wonder times on it?

Is it because you'll go crazy like the people in this post? Nope. They were trashy before they did meth. Is it because you'll steal from your mom's wallet to get high? Probably not. I never did. Is it because your life will spiral out of control and you'll be homeless/jobless/friendless/hopeless within six months? This happened to a couple people I knew. Well, more than a couple. But definitely not everyone loses control like this. You know those dirty scoundrel types that you can just tell they're tweakers? They're few and far between. Most users hold down a steady job and pay their bills and all that. They just spend all of their disposable income on drugs, so that means no vacations, no retirement, no little purchases like a new lawnmower or computer. But they still handle the bare basics of their lives. That's most drug users. That's what I was.

So why do I still say to avoid the stuff? Is it because it's fun to buy a new lawnmower or computer? Is it because it's nice to have the money to take your kids to Disneyland? Is it because it's much cooler to drive a nicer car than to keep buying \$800 Craigslist specials that breakdown after six months?

Yes, those are all reasons to avoid it.

But the biggest reason, and this is something no one ever told me, is that it's too good. It makes you feel things you should not ever feel.

No one should ever have that much fun playing Mario Party. No one should enjoy playing guitar and singing like that. No one should feel that content when they're scrubbing their kitchen tile with an old toothbrush. And no one should ever have an orgasm like a meth orgasm.

Why not? Why not feel those amazing feels?

Because now every day life sucks for me. Video games are boring. I used to be a serious musician and I hardly ever pick up my guitar because it's just not the same. And my kitchen floor is filthy all the time now because cleaning it feels like a chore, instead of feeling like fun. And sex? Well, it's always a let down. I still have sex with my wife all the time, but as I climax, all I can think about is how it didn't feel as good as it could. You know those orgasms where the stimulation stops right as you climax? Like, where you finish while nothing is touching you and it's kind of lame and not that great? Well, those are the only orgasms I can have now.

I wish someone had warned me about this. I wish someone had told me that meth was going to ruin gaming, music and sex for me. But instead they just told me I'd go crazy and steal from people.

- Posted on Reddit

The cliché of terminal illness is that it grants you a paradigm shift in how you think. Suddenly it's easy to ask that girl out, or stand-up to that bully.

For years I waited for that click. Some epiphany that would change my life and make me live presently, enjoying every moment of life and accepting death when my time comes.

Ironically, the click was realizing that there is no click. My current state is all I have to work with. Asking that girl out, standing up to that bully, facing death – they will always be terrifying experiences. But realizing that there is no click gives you a sort of willpower. Asking that girl out is terrifying, sure, but I'm dying soon and this might be the only chance I have. What kind of man wants to think on their deathbed, "I'm glad I didn't take any risks!"

So fuck your challenge. Give me any Radiohead song written in weird time signatures and I'll be shredding it on my guitar in a day. Point out any girl and I'll have sex with her that night. Tell me that I use drugs as a coping mechanism and I'll go a year sober. Give me a cliff to jump off, I'll make sure to bring my wing-suit.

When I die, no god will tell me 'Simon, you lived a moral life', because I didn't. I've cheated, I've stolen, I've hurt others. But I'll be damned if the gods don't say 'Simon, that was a fucking radical life.'

Happy 1 month early Christmas dawg,

Just wanted to say how thankful and glad I am that you're my friend, you're one of the coolest dudes I've ever met. Hopefully there's a lot more times like this summer because that was one of the best times I can remember, although it doesn't look like Grandilli will sublet to me ... (lol). Even if I don't live there we're still gonna have a sick time, so let's do more stupid and fun shit. Christmas dinner is gonna be sweet too I just made an ingredients list. I'M FUCKING HYPED.

I wanted to thank you for everything you've done and being there for me. I'm always there for you too and you know that. I think the only negative thing I can really think of about our friendship is that it didn't start earlier, because damn we could've been doing dumb shit together for so long.

*Hope you enjoy your expensive ass present,
Brandon*

Ketamine is fucking sick. I'm feeling wobbly right now – dissociatives give you such a weird feeling. I wouldn't know how to explain this to anyone who hasn't done a dissociative.

You snort the ketamine and after a minute or two your nose goes numb. That nasty drip starts at the back of your throat but you still feel normal so you keep doing whatever you're doing. Your mind wanders and suddenly you realize that the window is looking at you funny. Suddenly it hits you – oh my god I'm tripping balls.

The Earth is not a big rock, infested with living organisms, any more than your skeleton is bones infested with cells. The Earth is geological, yes, but this geological entity grows people. And our existence on the Earth is a symptom of the solar system and its balances, as much as the solar system is in turn a symptom of our galaxy. So in describing my talking at the moment, I can't describe this just as a thing in itself, because I'm talking to you. And so what I'm doing at the moment is not completely described unless your being here is completely described also. So if that is necessary, if in other words to describe my behavior, I have to describe your behavior, and the behavior of the environment, it means that we've really got one system of behavior. That what I am involves what you are.

But the problem is, you see, we haven't been taught to feel that way. The myths underlying our culture and underlying our common sense have not taught us to feel identical with the universe, but only parts of it, only in it, only confronting it. Aliens. And we are, I think, quite urgently, in need to coming to feel that we are the eternal universe.

- Alan Watts

It's unfortunate I'm not eloquent enough to define certain emotions and ideas. I get crazy ideas all the time, like [redacted]. All these crazy ideas and I wish I could write them all down and share them with the world. Even if some of them are dumb or shitty, fuck it, I'm proud of the way my mind works. The way I picture things, everyone does it differently you know. It's crazy to think about.

Or those feelings when something nostalgic happens. Like when you're sitting in Lux and thunders strikes and it reminds you of all those night-ins at REV cuddling and drinking cocoa and watching the rain. I wish I could share that feeling.

I get discouraged writing this 'final testament' thing sometimes because I can't find a way to put these ideas into words, or even to decide which ideas are worthy of being put into words.

- *Let Down* by Radiohead
- *Your Hand in Mine* by Explosions in the Sky
- *Saturn* by Sleeping At Last
- *Clair De Lune* by Flight Facilities
- *All Too Well* by Taylor Swift
- *All I Need* by Radiohead
- *Climbing Up The Walls* by Radiohead
- *Cigarettes & Saints* by The Wonder Years

- *House of the Rising Sun* by alt-J
 - *My Way* by Frank Sinatra
 - *The Dead Flag Blues* by Godspeed You! Black Emperor
 - *Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space* by Spiritualized
-

[redacted]

I wish I could be around longer so we could even just hang out more. I've struggled a lot with feeling empathy and you've done so much to help me through that.

When you let me stick-and-poke a dot onto you to show that you care about me, my heart melted. The fact that someone loved me enough to permanently ink themselves. When you got a matching Doxorubicin tattoo, my heart doubled in size (I should see a doctor about that, I might have cancer or something). You cared enough about me to make sure you remember me for the rest of your life, and that means so fucking much to me.

You showed me how to be wild. How to get out of my comfort zone. You gave me confidence. The crazy shit that we pulled together really did ripple through me and I showed that a lot in my life as a result. Piercing your smiley, trespassing under bridges to watch the sunset, fighting off fire marshals, breaking into Cory's house. You were the only friend I felt totally comfortable cuddling.

I love you so much Syd.

One of the harder parts of dealing with death is the realization that a lot of my dreams won't happen. Plans that are made to act in the future, whether it be self-improvement or recreation or whatever, may not happen if I don't act soon enough.

I dream of a lot of things. I have fantasies about dating Rachel, or winning the World Series of Poker, or having two legs again, or going skydiving. And it hurts to realize that a lot of these things won't happen.

Another element that will feature in the Red Maze is the figure of the Minotaur. Unlike the representations of the monster in myth, the Minotaur of the Red Maze is a sad creature. Briefly, the myth of the Minotaur is as follows: When he became King of Crete, Minos prayed to Poseidon to send him a snow-white bull to seal his position as king. Minos was supposed to sacrifice the bull to Poseidon, but kept it instead. As punishment, Poseidon made Pasiphae, Minos's wife, fall in love and lust with the bull. She had Daedalus (father of Icarus) create a 'cow-hide' for her, that she could crawl into and the bull would fuck. This went to plan, and Pasiphae gave birth to the Minotaur, a man with the head of a bull. Incarcerated in the labyrinth which King Minos commissioned Daedalus to design, the child born of Pasiphae and the snow-white bull grows to maturity. Every seven years, seven youths and seven maidens are sent as tribute from Athens; once in Crete they are imprisoned in the maze, where, one by one, they are devoured by the Minotaur. This continues until Theseus is sent as part of the tribute; the daughter of Minos, Ariadne, falls in love with Theseus, and gives him a ball of red thread so he can find his way out of the maze after killing the Minotaur. The figure that haunts the Red Maze is a crying minotaur, a monster aware of his fate, conscious of his isolation, his own imprisonment and of the abhorrence and fear he causes to all who see him.

- Stanley Donwood

My job at Coinbase affords me a lot of freedom. I make about \$70/hr working from home, and I always add hours to my time-sheets. There have been weeks where I didn't open my computer except to send a few messages, and claimed overtime each day. It may have been selfish, but I'm dying and I want to live life as best I can, and if that means taking money from a corporation that would barely notice the difference, it's an easy choice. I don't want to spend my remaining time as a corporate drone.

I'm in San Francisco again, for one month, to orient myself at my new job at Coinbase. Then I'm moving back to Waterloo. Mitch let me crash on his couch so I don't have to scamper around for a one month lease.

I really don't like this city. It feels lonely and I hate working. Mitch being around really helps a lot. Sometimes, when we both get home from work, we jam a little with Jane's guitar, and it's so fucking fun. Today I took pregabalin and we played *Let Down* by Radiohead. On the third verse I sang thm's part and Mitch sung the harmony, and I swear to god I almost cried, it was a fucking beautiful moment. That song really means a lot to me, and I'm so grateful to have shared that experience with someone I love. It made San Francisco no longer feel so lonely.

Life's all about experiencing the small moments, and fucking hell Mitch, that was a small moment.

We're at Sydney's cottage. We just graduated high-school and everything is fantastic. The one thing I'm not happy about is that I'm going to be moving to Waterloo soon and so have to break up with my girlfriend. I tried to break up with her but I was too weak and the words wouldn't come out.

I'm getting a bit drunk now. I'm high on some pregabalin for one of the first times after convincing my oncologist to prescribe it to me with a bit of deceit. I asked for an older drug, gabapentin, that isn't as recreational. It's now being replaced by pregabalin everywhere, and so she suggested a prescription for that instead. I did that to avoid being labeled as drug-seeking.

Everyone's starting to pass out and there's nowhere to sleep that's comfortable, but Sydney's bed is big. We talk for a bit and then I kiss her. Holy shit this is one of the most intense emotional experiences of my life.

my nigga y u writin final testament bs with this second person present tense bullmothafuckij shit, nigga white in the past tense like a normal nigga. "he ran to the yard. I wondered if he thought of moss" thats past tense my afrikaan, and it doesnt sound as retarded as "he runs in the yard. I wonder if he thinking a moos" u a retard man go back to masterbating and stop this mothafuckin nigga-shit, sheeet

I strive to be someone to look up to. Someone that empathetically brings on inspiration in others. Someone that makes you the wildest, smartest and happiest you've ever been.

And what is it all about? Well we say, one must live. It's necessary to survive. You know, you really must go on. It's your duty. We think, in other words, part of our Western philosophy, that we think we have a drive to survive. That we must go on living. Because some big daddy said to us, "you gotta

go on living! See! And you better make it, or else!” There really is no necessity to go on living. The fear of death is completely absurd, because I’m you’re dead you’ve got nothing to worry about. So you’ll be alright.

So in the same way, this thing here, this plant – I’m quite sure it doesn’t say to itself, “you ought to go on living. You’ve got an instinct to survive which is something other than yourself, in which you have to obey.” Now you see, living, like this plant, is something spontaneous. In Chinese, the word for nature is 自然, which means “that which happens of itself.” Not under control of any outside boss. And so you stop this spontaneous flowering of nature if you tell it “you must do it.” It’s like saying to someone “you must love me.” Well, it’s ridiculous. If I were to ask my wife, “darling do you really love me”, and she says “I’m trying my best to do so”, it’s not the answer I want. I want her to say “I can’t help loving you. I love you so much I could eat you.” And that’s what the plant feels in growing. It doesn’t feel it must grow. It’s not under orders. It’s not a military chain of command. It does this spontaneously, so that when you try to command this spontaneous process, you stop it.

- Alan Watts

I am a poly-drug addict. Sobriety brings with it an intense craving to artificially change my mental state to fit my current circumstances.

Going for a walk in the park? Better smoke some weed. First date with a cute girl? Down goes a gram of pregabalin. Lots of errands I need to run today, better take some vyvanse to help. Now I can’t sleep. I’ll just eat a milligram of clonazepam. Wake up, I overslept, shit. Go out and have a cigarette. I wonder what playing music is like when tripping. Rail a few lines of ketamine and find out. Did I eat yet today? I have a headache, nothing some hydromorphone can’t fix. Out goes the straw. Might as well eat a few demerol and some THC oil to change up the high a bit.

I know I’m addicted, but honestly I don’t know if that’s a bad thing. I’ve experienced emotions and other worlds that sobriety couldn’t dream of. I’ve eaten mushrooms and burned in hell for a thousand years, and I’ve danced the night away with the people I love on a point of MDMA. I’ve lied in my bathroom trying to puke before the high kicks in, and I’ve had my eyes roll into the back of my head in utter euphoria. The highest of highs and the lowest of lows. An addiction to escape, probably, but I don’t regret it. I get to die before I turn old enough to regret it. It was fun.

I realize I’ve overcomplicated death for too long. I take these two statements as my axioms:

- 1) One day you will die.
- 2) You want to live a happy life.

So why have I wasted all this time panicking, being scared, being sad? It doesn’t change that I will die. And it sure doesn’t make me happy. And so I choose to let go of those feelings. Not by hiding them, but by delving into them and realizing they are baseless emotions.

Myrna [1:32AM]: She told us bad news last year and she was wrong

Myrna [1:32AM]: Did she specify a year ? How sure is she ?

Simon [1:35AM]: i dont know

Simon [1:35AM]: didnt talk much

Myrna [1:35AM]: I don’t know what to say

Myrna [1:36AM]: I love u so much
Myrna [1:36AM]: R u planning to stay in Waterloo ?
Simon [1:40AM]: i love you too
Simon [1:40AM]: nothing to say
Simon [1:40AM]: everything will be ok in the end
Simon [1:40AM]: I am staying in waterloo for now

[redacted] [10:52AM]: Okay well you have had me thinking for a while and I've gotten a lot of help and I've lost another friend to the same thing and I wanted to let you know as stupid as this sounds but you were the reason I took the risks I did in order to be at the school I am now and to be happy in a sense. You showed me some deep ass songs that got me through some BULLshit and gave me a new perspective. And even though we didn't workout the way I had hoped I have never met anyone like you and as much as it should be a crime the amount of shit you have been through I think it's made you who you are so I'm thankful for that! Text me when you're in Waterloo if you want to grab a coffee and catch up I'd love to hear all you have done since last year!

How rare and beautiful it is to even exist.

- Ryan O'Neal

Hannah [10:21PM]: Hey Simon, so I don't want you to find this weird but I was hoping to talk to you about this before I go for the tattoo. So I know it's crazy that we met over stupid tinder and I never expected to meet someone who would impact my life so greatly in such a small amount of time but I Did. You inspire me. Not because you're sick and so strong but because your free spirit and soul. I am a very anxious individual and it holds me back from living life a lot of the time. But when I spend time with you, you push me outside my comfort zone and make me want to live life despite that voice in my head holding me back. You are not the type of person someone comes across every day and I admire you for that. The quote "how rare and beautiful it is to even exist" reminds me that even though there are dark times I need to take time to appreciate what life has to offer but it also reminds me of you. I don't know if this is weird because I haven't known you for a long time but I want a reminder on me that I can look at and remember to take those risks and will push me like you do. Also I know with your letter you are making it so it will exist forever and you have asked me if I think about my friends who have passed away. I can't promise you that your memory will live on forever but I would like to have this tattoo so you know you will be remembered for my forever. I told you that I wanted to cover my body in tattoos that remind me of important things that have impacted me greatly and will make me the person I am and I'd like for this to be my first piece. But it wouldn't be right to do that without checking with you because you

did show me the song haha. I won't take offence if you find it odd or if it weirds you out.

I'm lucky I get to die young. I never have to watch my parents grow old, or experience my brother and sister dying. I don't have to study for university, or work a job I hate. I don't have to worry about gambling, or drug addiction. I don't have to stress about my cryptocurrency portfolio. I don't have to have my personal information tracked by the government anymore. I don't have to worry about living up to my full potential.

I don't have to exist and experience the pains of life.

I'm unlucky I have to die young. I never get to watch my children grow old, or experience my brother and sister become adults. I don't get to graduate university, or work a job I love. I'll never win the WSOP, or get to try heroin. I won't get to see cryptocurrencies replace fiat currencies. I don't get to participate in the revolt against the government for their violation of privacy. I'll never get to live up to my full potential.

I don't get to exist and experience the joys of life.

I'm still too concerned with being a hero. I want my death to mean something. To set an example of courage. But I'm so weak. All I feel is terror. I don't want to live and I don't want to die.

I'm so scared. I'm so fucking scared. I want someone to hold me and tell me everything will be OK, even though it's not.

I told myself I wouldn't obsess over death and yet here I am. I told myself I would be strong, that I would experience beauty while I still could. But what the fuck is the point? I'm so tired, I'm done with it all. So I keep putting on a smile like this cancer hasn't already killed me.

Hey Christy. I know you're going through a hard time right now and that's OK. These experiences are what make you realize life is worth living. Pain is temporary.

I love you man, with all my heart. I'm so proud of you. I love the person you are. You're the only person that can always have me laugh until I cry.

I want to be a role model for you. Honestly, I feel sometimes that I'm not enough. But I have hope. I just hope that I helped teach you something about what it means to live a good life. Like Zahi always told us, take the good and leave the bad.

Hannah [6:28PM]: Hey, I'm not trying to make this weird or super serious but I don't want to cross any lines and ruin things with you. Are we "seeing" other people or what is your opinion on that. I'm totally open to whatever I just want to know where we stand so we are on the same page.

Simon [6:46PM]: I was actually planning to ask you if you wanted to date when I got back from Vegas - are you interested in that? I was planning to ask in person but ㄟ(͜ʖ)ㄟ. Is that something you're interested in? I just feel a bit weird asking because I'm dying soon so idk I feel like I'm putting a burden on you if we date, so I understand if you don't want to, truly

Hannah [6:52PM]: This just put the biggest smile on my face and kayla caught it on camera haha. I really like you and I know the situation is complicated and I didn't want to push you to be with me if that isn't something you want, but I would love to be able to say you are my man. Honestly yes we don't have all the time in the world but I would regret it forever if we didn't give this a try. (I mean I have wanted this for a while). I would really really like that

I'm just arrived back from Las Vegas yesterday. The elevators were broken so I had to walk up the stairs with all my luggage. I was more out of breathe than I ever have been in my life. I woke up drenched in sweat with no clean clothes, and the laundry machine is broken so I can't wash anything. It seems petty but truly, I finally feel my first urge for death. This is all far too much. I'm losing my ability to take care of myself. I can hardly handle going upstairs once, let alone all this back and forth, back and forth and mental stress. It's far too much. Please cancer, kill me soon.

Some of my proudest achievements:

1. Designing a 5-bit CPU in Minecraft while undergoing chemotherapy
 2. Discovering a new type of mutation (chromoplexy w/ inversions) researching at SickKids
 3. Getting a job at Coinbase in San Francisco paying \$70/hr at the age of 20
 4. Deadlifting four plates, 405lbs total
 5. Programming Baduk with Hitanshu and Xuanji, the best Go platform created
 6. Setting key-loggers on all of the software engineers at Zenefits
 7. Being accepted into the University of Waterloo for Computer Science, my top choice
 8. Completing the assignments for "*MATH 239 – Introduction to Combinatorics*"
 9. Winning \$12,900 CAD in Las Vegas, card counting in Blackjack
 10. Traveling the world – places like Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Lebanon, Australia, America
 11. Earning >\$10,000 from bug bounty programs where I found hacks in Uber and built features for Augur's development team
-

If only I had been born a hundred years later, I would be able to upload my consciousness to my computer and live as long as I please as a digital simulation — ironically, only to never die and unlock this current digital simulation I'm in!

The laws of thermodynamics state that the universe as a system goes from order to chaos. As everything in the universe fights to get to a lower energy state, they release this energy, resulting in more entropy. But, through random chance, atoms can go from chaos to order. Through random movement, things can just happen to collide and remove entropy. Granted, this is extremely unlikely.

When I die, a potentially infinite amount of time will pass. In the same way that monkeys smashing on a keyboard for eternity will produce the full works of Shakespeare, the atoms randomly colliding around the universe will produce, over an infinite amount of time, will produce many (but not necessarily all, i.e. a universe where protons are larger) different arrangements. If this particular arrangement of the universe I'm experiencing at this moment is possible, then it is possible for it to happen again. Granted, the next time around I might have an elephant trunk out of my forehead, but it means that I might not be dying after all. Just taking a break from life.

Actually this is an obvious question but it's not what you might think. Let me explain it to you, I've been an opiate addict for a long time and tried many drugs. Drugs that are 'uppers' have the most 'obvious' euphoria. For example if you take adderall/coke/meth/speed/MDMA you will get this shining bright euphoria, self confidence, energy, and other drug-specific feelings (for meth like you are king or for MDMA like you love everyone). However, you owe these drugs back what they delivered to you. After a meth binge, or lots of MDMA use, or staying up all night on coke you will feel like shit. To an extent this aspect is similar to an alcoholic hangover.

On the other hand, for many people who experiment with heroin they are underwhelmed (not including IV usage, but most experimenters rarely ever IV first time). They just feel good, chill, happy, but they feel like this spooky drug 'heroin' hasn't delivered. They are just mellow. Oh obviously it has all been a lie they will think. Heroin isn't spooky, it's chill. It's not addictive like everyone else thinks. It doesn't make you do stupid shit or stay up all day and hallucinate like amphetamines or coke. It doesn't empty your serotonin like MDMA or give you a hangover like alcohol. People tend to just think oh, what a nice drug.

So the next day they wake up and everything is normal. No headache or shitty feeling--just a slight afterglow of that nice feeling. Oh it was cheap as well! It only cost \$10 for a whole night of being high! I thought people said heroin was expensive? And then next weekend comes... There are all these drugs I could do but I liked heroin. It didn't 'fuck me up,' I could still think clearly. No hangover. No feeling like shit later. I still was awake. It just made me happy and content with life. Oh and it's only \$10! Well, I should get some more for the whole weekend. This is great! I will use Heroin on the weekends now!

Now let's say this person works and has responsibilities. He knows he can't go into work drunk, or on MDMA, or high. So he doesn't. It's actually simple. But heroin... Well the user might actually find they do better work on heroin. Instead of being sad or grumpy or depressed with his job... he is just... happy. Mellow. Content. Everything is fine and the world is beautiful. It's raining, it's dark, I woke up at 5:30AM, I'm commuting in traffic. I would have had a headache, I would have been miserable, I would have wondered how my life took me to this point. This point I'm at right now. But no, no, everything is fine. Life is beautiful. The rain drops are just falling and in each one I see the reflection of every persons life around me. Humanity is beautiful. In this still frame shot of traffic on this crowded bus I just found love and peace. Heroin is a wonder drug. Heroin is better than everything else. Heroin makes me who I wish I was. Heroin makes life worth living. Heroin is better than everything else. Heroin builds up a tolerance fast. Heroin starts to cost more money. I need heroin to feel normal. I don't love anymore. Now I'm sick. I can't afford the heroin that I need. How did \$10 used to get me high? Now I need \$100. That guy that let me try a few lines the first time doesn't actually deal. Oh I need to find a real dealer? This guy is a felon and carries a gun – he can sell me the drug that lets me find love in the world. No this isn't working, I need to quit.

To answer your question, heroin feels nice. That's all, it just feels very nice. You can make the rest up for yourself. Attach your own half-truths to this drug that will show you the world and for a moment you will feel as clever as Faust.

- Posted on Reddit

I have found my peace through stoicism.

To not react to that which I cannot control. To realize that sadness itself cause me more pain than that which causes sadness. To be strict with myself but tolerant with others. To truly realize that pain is temporary, but so is victory.

Memento mori. Remember that you will die.

I realize now that, years after my death, this final testament can no longer be read as intended – with the context of who I was and how I lived my life.

The following is a puzzle. The winner of the puzzle will claim \$100 USD.

One person I look up to very much is Claude Shannon. He taught us so much about information theory. He highlighted one beautiful algorithm in one of his theorems – an algorithm that has perfect security.

05a29fafb0faf949928c72115d5a1c53ebc6b2ffad5cc1b697cb7caf93ed6c07

I originally had in here a tirade against political correctness. But I realize that I'm wasting my time trying to change anyone's mind. Believe what you will, I don't care, I'm dead.

But James Damore hit the nail on the head.

Meag came to visit today. It made me happier than I've been in a long time. I haven't seen her in ages, but when she came I instantly felt that same old comfort. She's my person. I love her with all my heart. She understands me in a way that no other person does. I love everything about her. The way she laughs, when she gets all excited beating me in Crazy Eights, the way she sings along to any Taylor Swift song I play on the piano.

The way she kisses, her lips so soft. How she puts her leg over my legs when we cuddle. How her head fits perfectly in my shoulder. How she touches my face, how she loves me for who I am, regardless of what an asshole I am to her. She forgives all my faults.

The way she wraps her arms around me.

I wish I could spend more time with her, but the logistics of work and distance makes thing so difficult. I wish I had the nerve to ask her to be mine – it hurts whenever I hear of her seeing another guy. But after I've broken her heart so many times I feel I need to respect her dignity and let her find a new person to love. I wish I could never see her again so that I could stop feeling so much for this girl.

I'm head over heels for her after taking her for granted for so long. I wish with all my heart that I could call her my girl until I die. But it's too late now. I fucked up.

The one regret I have in my life.

I always told her that I wanted to ruin her to that no other guy she saw after me would ever compare. But it looks like she's ruined me instead.

I love you Meag, Now and forever. I'm going to miss you so much.

Medical Records Report:

Date of Visit: 17 Aug 2017

Simon came into the clinic today urgently for increasing dyspnea and pleuritic chest pain. His oxygen saturation was 98 on room air and he is breathing about 20 breaths per minute, however, was taking frequent deep sighs.

Chest x-ray performed demonstrates significant development of pleural effusion and disease progression of the right lung, but interestingly very unimpressive on the left side appreciated. The CT scan, however, does demonstrate very small pleural lesions on the left lung.

Gratefully, Dr. Cypel was able to arrange for Simon to obtain a chest tube, and this regard, Simon was sent to Toronto General Hospital Emergency Department.

Prior to leaving, Simon asked for OXYCODONE instead of PERCOCET, and I have faxed a prescription down to PMH pharmacy for this. Simon asked also about his prognosis, and in light of the new developments, I unfortunately had to explain to Simon that it was possible his prognosis is less than 3 months now. An urgent referral was made to Tammy Latner, and one of the physicians from that team will be following Simon at home now. I also instituted CAD pump through CCAC, which hopefully has been started upon discharge from Toronto General.

I have not booked Simon back into clinic; however, he knows he can come back to clinic at any time for followup. I have recommended monthly chest x-rays in order for us to be able to monitor his disease. Simon has also asked about MAID, and I have asked him again to approach this topic with his home visiting Palliative Care physician. We have previously made a referral to Princess Margaret Palliative Care, and I will follow up on that referral.

I will also refer Simon to social worker to see what disability forms can be organized for him.

Nick, I've put off writing something for you for so long. Because honestly, I can't think of the words to say. You've had such an effect on my life.

That time that you found me crying behind Quiet Place and came and sat with me and we talked, I consider that a life changing moment for me. A realization that people do care.

We fucking ruled the world together man. Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Las Vegas, Calgary. We're like fucking soulmates. I don't even have the words for it.

Fuck man, you're such a big part of me. And I know I'm a big part of you too. I love you more than I can express. Everything you've done for me – whether it was sitting through my shitty nihilistic rants, or helping me plan out a sick party, or giving me moral advice on the girl I'm seeing. You were such an integral part of my life, I can't believe we only met a few years ago. I feel like I've known you forever.

I love you Nick. I know'll take over the world, and I wish I could do it with you. You fucking know we would.

When I was in Grade 8 I was undergoing chemotherapy. I was so unhappy with who I was as a person. I was physically repulsive, unintelligent, lazy and over-emotional. And I told myself that if I survived this cancer I would become a better man. I made a list of all the features of my ideal person. Someone who was physically and mentally strong, someone who was one of those classic crazy but intelligent clichés. Someone who the girls swooned for, who the guys looked up to. All sorts of features. Specific, measureable goals that I could achieve.

Last week, Anna wrote me a letter, about the person I was from her perspective. It's quite the long letter so I won't include all of it, but here are some snippets:

... That night you guys had a lot of people over (which now I realize is just how your house is when you're there), which I didn't expect in the slightest. That's never happened to me on any tinder dates.
... So I'm sitting at your island hanging out with everyone, and I start to realize you're nuts. Absolutely crazy. A character. Taking your leg off and on, going onto the house roof. What a dope guy, I thought. Sucks about the cancer.*

*Brandon's Tinder date, not mine

... When Brandon mentions the fact that I'm there, you drunkenly run up to me and bear hug me. You didn't remember that the next day. Brandon has mentioned to me separate that your cancer got worse by now. But I couldn't tell, it was the same old crazy Simon.

... The times where you weren't in the house (when you went to Vegas, the extended BC trip with Nick, music festival in Michigan), were so quiet. The apartment used to be the hang out spot for 8+ people... It's a cool effect.

*... The memories I have with you are all so fun, my perfect ways of getting to know people and doing things. Hedonism. THC oil peanut butter spoons. The computer game. Just sitting in your room listening to you and Stubbs play music. The casino. Hangman in the living room. I didn't realize it in the moment, but those are some of my favorite moments period. **Just raw human existence. No ego.** I wish we could have more of those moments, get to know each other more. I want to applaud you on living your every day life with these moments.*

Reading her letter, and specifically the quotes I've selected (and bolded) above, made me sob like a bitch. It made me realize that my Grade 8 self's plan had come true. I am become the person I wanted to be. And I'm so fucking proud of that.

Some of my favorite hobbies that I had throughout my life: programming, juggling, lock-picking, cubing, bodybuilding, chess, guitar, piano and women (kek).

Well, so what do you do in the face of that suffering? You try to reduce it. Start with yourself, what good are you, get yourself together for Christ's sake, so that when your father dies you're not whining away in a corner and you can help plan the funeral, and you can stand-up solidly so that people can rely on you. That's better. Go be a damn victim? Of course you're a victim.

How you overcome the suffering of life is to be a better person.

- Jordan Peterson

There is going to be a paper called "Replication-associated rearrangement bursts generate canonical gene fusions in bone and soft tissue tumors", and I'm listed as one of the contributors. That feels pretty fucking cool that there's a scientific paper out there with my name on it. Go check it out if you're science-inclined. I was the one that made the programs to detect chromoplexy, and the pipeline to detect mutations in general.

You've always been my role model Zoob. Whenever I'm in a sticky situation, I know you'll magically have a way to solve it. We had such simple interactions but I loved them so much. Talking about cryptocurrency technical analysis, crushing me in chess, telling me about all your crazy theories (I'm telling you, you gotta build a logical argument and start from the bottom, not the top).

I love you Zoob. Stay strong. I'll be setting up the chess board waiting for your arrival.

Mimey [10:37PM]: You taught me a lot. You have a lot of values that I think are good and I aspire to hold more fully

Simon [11:57PM]: Can you tell me what I taught you?

Mimey [5:26AM]:

1. Taking risks for their own sake is a huge part of the human condition and makes life more lively
 2. It is important to sing along to songs you like even if you think you are a shitty singer
 3. It's okay to be obsessed with something as long as you aren't half assed about it
 4. I'm probably not going to become a drug addict and I'm too anal retentive about it
 - 5.. It's lame to behave as though you like/enjoy specific things less than you really do
 6. What it feels like to be passionate about another person in not just a sexual way
 7. Reminding yourself what kind of person you aren't with a tattoo or otherwise, is equally as important as reminding yourself what kind of person you are
 8. Don't be afraid to try to be a polymath even in today's modern world where it's more challenging
 9. Remember to add some silliness or ridiculousness to your life
-

I'm so happy with the person that cancer made me. If I could go back and choose, I'd make sure I get cancer all over again.

Personal Records:

- Bench Press: **285 lbs**
 - Deadlift: **405 lbs**
 - Squat: **265 lbs**
 - 3×3 Rubik's Cube: **1:00.95 min**
 - 5×5 Rubik's Cube: **14:31.50 min**
 - Chess Blitz Rating: **1670** (*measured w/ Glicko-2*)
 - Project Euler Questions Solved: **106**
-

John and I made a fake OKCupid account once. We flirted with a lot of guys and told a bunch of them to meet 'us' at the McDonalds on St. Clair and Yonge, around 2:30PM (right after school). We left DEL and showed up to the McDonald's and saw some *angry* guys. Looking around for this fake girl, like where is she? I fucking lost it, that was hilarious.

We also tried to make a flamethrower. We got a pipe, called it the nozzle, and produced nothing from that. One time we tried to hook up a Raspberry Pi to the school's auditorium sound system so we could play 'There is no spoon' louder and louder each day until people notice, but realized that 'crystallized sound-waves can't be mimicked' or something.

We've tried (and failed) to do so much dumb shit but it was a blast. Just living in the moment and trying to build a flamethrower with your best friend, what else is there to ask for?

I love you Juan. But fuck you Rob, you're not funny and I'm glad your wife left you.

Valerie [11:29AM]: another question – random, but sparked my interest, why do you have both tattoos in the same spot? is there any significance behind that

Simon [11:31AM]: Yeah, they're like the different sides of the same coin to me. One is the person I could be (the crying minotaur who just self-pities), and the other is the one I want to be (the man who remembers he will die and lives appropriately)

Valerie [11:33AM]: oh simon, you're such a genius

There have been a few people now that have gotten a tattoo for me, and fuck does that mean a lot. To think these people want to acknowledge my effect on them so permanently, it's like the most sincere compliment. There are eleven tattoos in total on other people's bodies, for me. Ranging from Saturn, to Doxorubicin, to a "cut-here" line where my leg was amputated.

I don't know what I did to deserve such beautiful people around me.

Fitter, happier, more productive. Comfortable. Not drinking too much. Regular exercise at the gym, three days a week. Getting on better with your associate employee contemporaries. At ease.

Eating well. No more microwave dinners and saturated fats. A patient, better driver. A safer car. Baby smiling in back seat. Sleeping well. No bad dreams. No paranoia. Careful to all animals. Never washing spiders down the plughole.

Keep in contact with old friends. Enjoy a drink, now and then. Will frequently check credit at moral bank. Hole in wall. Favors for favors. Fond but not in love. Charity standing orders. On Sundays ring road supermarket. No killing moths or putting boiling water on the ants. Car wash. Also on Sundays.

No longer afraid of the dark or midday shadows. Nothing so ridiculously teenage and desperate. Nothing so childish.

At a better pace. Slower and more calculated. No chance of escape. Now self-employed. Concerned but powerless. An empowered and informed member of society. Pragmatism, not idealism.

Will not cry in public. Less chance of illness. Tires that grip in the wet. Shot of baby strapped in back seat. A good memory. Still cries at a good film. Still kisses with saliva.

No longer empty and frantic like a cat tied to a stick. That's driven into frozen winter shit.

The ability to laugh at weakness.

Calm.

Fitter, healthier and more productive. A pig in a cage on antibiotics.

- Thom Yorke

The worst thing a doctor could tell me right now is "Simon, you're cured, you're going to live a normal life." My mental state is now so focused on a drive for the moment, rather than for the future. I wouldn't last a minute in a 9-to-5 job. My human impulses have taken control of me. How could I go from a life preparing to die, to a life preparing to live?

The Globe and Mail, Tuesday, December 3, 1991

"I am outraged and incensed that The Globe and Mail would publish a letter in which A. Trevor Hodge bestializes Palestinians (letter – Nov. 16). Mr. Hodge cynically claims that, during the Persian Gulf war, Palestinian parents refused gas masks for their children so their deaths would further the Palestinian cause.

The Israeli army was deliberately slow in passing out masks to Palestinians, essentially denying them proper protection. The Canadian government's decision to send its own masks proves this point.

But more importantly, as a child of Palestinian parents, I can attest to having had nothing but deep love and devotion from my parents all of my life. So can every other Palestinian child I know. The Globe and Mail creates a great sense of disgust and anger by giving coverage to a sinister lie that Palestinians have no feelings toward their children.

In order to understand the hurt that Palestinians feel from cowardly attempts to dehumanize them, consider how outraged Jews feel when equally malicious claims are made that Jewish leaders allowed and even encouraged the slaughter of European Jews by the Nazis to gain world sympathy and a Jewish homeland.

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The $P \neq NP$ problem is usually looked at as a mathematics issue, but I think it stretches even further than that. $P \neq NP$ is a problem that will determine a kind of intrinsic beauty of nature. If $P = NP$, there's almost something 'missing' from nature. Any kind of one-way information becomes impossible (granted, it may be possible in other complexity classes that I am not aware of, but let's just assume that each equality on the next levels are true because I'm not a computational complexity theorist). Anyone who can listen to Mozart becomes Mozart. Secrecy becomes impossible – what one knows, everyone knows. That would be such an ugly feature of the universe – as though you could come out of a blackhole. Information can no longer be manipulated. I really do hope that $P \neq NP$.

It's a lot of fun to spend a month learning something, but usually, after that, it's just a grind to get better unless it's something you're truly, innately passionate about. Kind of like some idea of diminishing returns, things just get more tiresome as you learn more about them. So you move on to something else.

For example, Rubik's cubes. You can spend a week learning how to solve it, trying to get a sick time – maybe even close to a minute timing. Then you go and start practicing, getting better technical control, learning a few optimizations, and mentally you start developing patterns to recognize. You keep going. By the end of the month, you've exhausted the best of the algorithms you're using and can't get faster. What's next? Oh, I could learn CFOP and get my time even lower! But fuck, that means

remembering millions of algorithms. And the grind begins. So instead of grinding away just to get diminishing returns, you put down the cube and go start out playing guitar. That personal fulfillment you got out during the first month was crazy: learning something that most people can't do, making you a better person than you were a month ago. But now it's just a grind and the magic is gone.

I think this is why I have a lot of hobbies. I get a massive amount of fulfillment learning something new but this is an issue that I continually face. I can lock-pick a tumbler lock, but not anything more complicated. I can play a lot of Radiohead songs on guitar and piano, but can't read their sheet music. I can beat most people at chess, but can't identify a Roy Lopez opening when I see one.

To be clear, I don't think this is a bad thing. It just means that I become a jack-of-all-trades, which I think has a lot higher utility than a master-of-one.

Please kill me already cancer. I'm suffering so much. You've taken away everything from me. My hopes, my dreams. My life has nothing left. Just the suspense, waiting to finally have relief from all this pain and suffering. Please kill me cancer, please.

I'm so into Rachel. I wish so badly she didn't have a boyfriend. Imagine just cuddling her next to a fireplace with some hot coacoa, snuggling in a mess of blankets and pillows. We cuddled the other day and I wanted to kiss her so bad. Not even in a sexual sense – the drugs I'm on kill any sexual urges. I just want to kiss her because that's what feels right to do.

I'm seeing her in two days and I'm really excited. Honestly, this is one of the few things in my life that keeps me strong – the prospect of one more romantic relationship before I die. I think it's really unlikely unfortunately, as she has a boyfriend, and is moving back to Waterloo in January and she's much less likely to do a long-distance relationship. Not to mention that it adds the burden of having to deal with your boyfriend dying and the fact that he can't even get his dick up without a pill. It really sucks to look at it realistically.

But fuck man, when I look in those eyes, realistic doesn't matter anymore. It's just her and I in bliss.

Rachel, if you're reading this, please don't be sad, you couldn't have known I was this into you because I had to hide it. If I scared you off with too much affection then my last romantic prospect would leave, and all hope is lost. Staying un-rejected keeps me happy.

Instead, I am badly oppressed by the gnawing sense of waste. I had real plans for my next decade and felt I'd worked hard enough to earn it. Will I really not live to see my children married? To watch the World Trade Center rise again? To read—if not indeed to write—the obituaries of elderly villains like Henry Kissinger and Joseph Ratzinger? But I understand this sort of non-thinking for what it is: sentimentality and self-pity. Of course my book hit the bestseller list on the day that I received the grimmest of news bulletins, and for that matter the last flight I took as a healthy-feeling person (to a fine, big audience at the Chicago Book Fair) was the one that made me a million-miler on United Airlines, with a lifetime of free upgrades to look forward to. But irony is my business and I just can't see any ironies here: Would it be less poignant to get cancer on the day that my memoirs were remaindered as a box-office turkey, or that I was bounced from a coach-class flight and left on the tarmac? To the dumb question "Why me?" the cosmos barely bothers to return the reply: Why not?

- Christopher Hitchens

The Times 3 January 2009 Chancellor on brink of second bailout for banks
