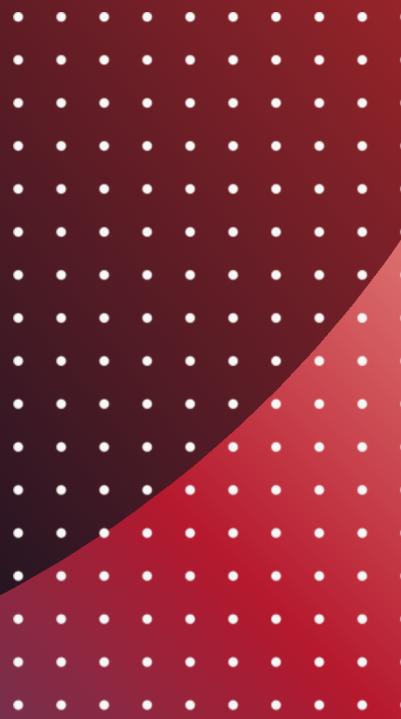


Novel



WHY

The philosophy of standing
against



TYPE

Philosophical

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YASH

Why do you exist?

You opened your eyes one day, without asking.
Thrown into a world already moving, already noisy.
You chase hours, fill days, distract yourself from silence.
But the silence always returns: Why am I here?

Existence is both gift and trap.
A stage without script.
A body wired for hunger, fear, desire.
You invent purposes, hoping they feel real.

Society whispers: "*You exist to be happy.*"

Happiness is a leash.
A carrot dangled, forever out of reach.
If existence was only for comfort, extinction would be mercy.

No—

You do not exist to receive meaning.
You exist to **forge** it.
Not to be fulfilled, but to fill.
Not to be given purpose, but to hammer it from chaos.

Your breath is raw material.
Your will is the forge.
Your existence is the strike.

Why do you obey?

You were born free.

Then hands shaped you—parents, teachers, priests.

They fed you rules before you had words.

Stand in line. Raise your hand. Wait your turn.

Obedience became survival.

Approval became oxygen.

Every system you entered demanded your spine bent lower.

You confused submission with safety.

Society whispers: “Obedience makes you good.”

Good for who?

Good for the machine, not for you.

The obedient child grows into the obedient worker.

The obedient worker dies with dreams untested.

Rebellion is not chaos.

Rebellion is reclaiming the right to decide.

Every law, every tradition, every command—

A cage you either accept or shatter.

You obey because it's easier.

But ease is the language of chains.

Your life is programmed.

Why are you weak?

Your body is fragile.
A fall, a fever, a wound—and you shatter.
Your mind is softer still.
An insult can cut deeper than a knife.

You crave comfort, not challenge.
You run toward pleasure, away from pain.
And every step away from struggle
is a step deeper into weakness.

Society whispers: “*Strength comes from ease, from security.*”

Lie.
Comfort breeds softness.
Security dulls the blade.
You grow weaker every time you choose the pillow over the fight.

Strength is not gifted.
It is carved.
Every scar, every failure, every wound—
a blacksmith’s hammer striking you into form.

Weakness is default.
Strength is rebellion.
The body breaks.
The will decides if it stays broken.

Why do you seek approval?

You scan faces for signals.

A nod, a smile, a like.

Your worth held hostage by other people's eyes.

One disapproving glance can collapse your entire spine.

Approval was once survival.

The tribe kept you alive.

To be rejected was to die alone.

But now, the tribe is digital—and your leash is longer,tighter.

Society whispers: "*Being liked means you belong.*"

Belong where?

In their cage, not your kingdom.

The more you chase approval, the more you surrender your edge.

The leash grows invisible, but it cuts deeper.

Indifference is liberation.

When you no longer beg to be seen,
you see yourself clearly.

When their applause is silence to you,
your freedom begins.

Approval is a leash.

Cut it, or stay owned.

Why do you fear death?

You carry it like a shadow.
Every tick of the clock is a countdown.
The thought alone makes your chest tighten.
You cling to life as if it were guaranteed.

Death is the mirror you refuse to face.
You imagine it as the end—
a void, a darkness, an erasure of self.
So you hide in distractions, pretend forever exists.

Society whispers: “*Death is the enemy.*”

But what if it’s not?
Without death, life would rot.
Without endings, beginnings mean nothing.
Death is the weight that makes every second sharp.

Your fear is misplaced.
You don’t fear death.
You fear the unlivable life.

Death is not the enemy.
It is the proof that time matters

Why do you lie to yourself ?

You know the truth.

But you bury it.

Layer after layer of excuses, stories, illusions.

A mask you wear so well, you forget it's there.

You lie because reality is heavy.

Because facing it would demand change.

And change is pain.

So you build soft prisons made of beautiful words.

Society whispers: "*Illusions protect you.*"

Yes-protect you from growth.

Protect you from becoming dangerous.

Protect you until protection itself becomes a cage.

The lies feel safe.

But they drain you quietly, drop by drop.

Every illusion you cling to is another chain around your will.

You can live in comfort, or you can live in truth.

Never both.

Why do you want success?

You dress it up with pretty words-
"freedom," "security," "happiness."
But strip it down,
and it's hunger wearing a suit.

You want to be seen.
You want to dominate.
You want to stand on the mountain
and look down on the ones still climbing.

Society whispers: "*Success is money, fame, status.*"

That's the bait.
A finish line that moves every time you reach it.
A treadmill disguised as a throne.
Chasing their definition means you never arrive.

Success is not wealth.
Not applause.
Not medals hung on walls.

Success is a weapon.
A tool to bend reality to your will.
It's not about what you have-
it's about what you can command.

Strip the word. Keep the power.

Why do you love?

You call it pure.

You call it eternal.

But beneath the poetry, it is instinct.

A survival algorithm dressed as magic.

Love binds you.

To partners, to family, to tribe.

It keeps you from drifting into the void.

Attachment disguised as destiny.

Society whispers: "*Love is transcendence.*"

No-

Love is dependence with perfume sprayed on it.

It feeds ego as much as it feeds the heart.

You love because you fear being nothing alone.

Yet in love lies both chain and fire.

It can enslave you to another's shadow.

Or it can sharpen you, strip you, remake you.

Understand this:

Love is not salvation.

It is a mirror, showing you your hunger.

Why do you worship?

You kneel.

You bow.

You raise your hands to the sky,
begging for what you already hold inside.

Worship is outsourcing responsibility.

You hand your will to an altar,
your choices to a book,
your freedom to an invisible judge.

Society whispers: "*Worship brings salvation.*"

Salvation from what?

From thinking.

From standing alone.

From carrying the weight of your own existence.

Gods, idols, leaders-
they thrive on your surrender.
The moment you worship,
you admit you are powerless.

But here is the fracture:

You were born with the same spark you kneel before.
You do not need to beg for fire.
You are fire.

Worship is not devotion.

It is abdication.

Stand. Do not bow.

Why do you compare yourself?

You glance sideways.

Measuring yourself against strangers, friends, ghosts online.
Your worth rises and falls with numbers you do not control.
A scoreboard that never ends, yet always rules you.

Comparison is ancient.

In tribes, it meant survival.
To be stronger, faster, higher ranked-
was to eat first, live longer.

Society whispers: "*Comparison motivates you.*"

Lie.

Comparison corrodes.

It makes you a slave to metrics that aren't yours.
Your victories shrink when someone else shines brighter.

There is no finish line in a race against everyone.

Only exhaustion.

Only envy.

Measure yourself not against others,
but against what you were yesterday.
That is the only duel that matters.

Comparison is slavery.

Self-conquest is freedom.

Why do you hate?

It burns hot in your chest.
A face, a voice, a memory-
and suddenly your blood is fire.
Hatred makes you feel alive, powerful, certain.

But hate is rarely about them.
It is a mirror of your own wounds.
You project your weakness outward,
then swing at the reflection.

Society whispers: "*Hate is bad, destructive.*"

Not always.
Blind hate poisons.
But sharpened hate?
It can carve mountains.

Hate is raw energy.
Left wild, it consumes you.
Directed, it fuels you.
The difference is whether you are its master or its meal.

Do not pretend you don't hate.
Everyone does.

The question is:
will you choke on it-
or weaponize it?

Why do you run from pain?

You flinch at it.

A sting, a loss, a wound-
and your first instinct is escape.

You hide in comfort, in pleasure, in numbness.

Pain feels like the enemy.

But it is the only teacher that never lies.
It carves lessons into your bones
that comfort could never whisper.

Society whispers: "*Pain is danger. Avoid it.*"

That lie keeps you soft.

It keeps you tame.

Every step away from pain is a step away from power.
The fire you refuse is the fire that could forge you.

Pain is not punishment.

It is the crucible.

You either endure it,
or remain unshaped, forever dull.

Run from pain, you remain fragile.

Run into it, you become unbreakable.

Why do you believe truth?

You cling to it like a lifeboat.

"One truth," one solid ground beneath the chaos.

You tell yourself: *If I find it, I'll be safe.*

But safety is the sweetest illusion.

Truth is not absolute.

It bends with context, with power, with perspective.

And still—you kneel to it.

What they call truth today, they burn as heresy tomorrow.

Society whispers: "*There is one truth. Believe it.*"

No.

There are only tools, masks, shifting lenses.

A truth is useful until it isn't.

A lie can free you if it cuts deeper than a fact.

Truth is not sacred.

It is strategy.

It is a weapon you wield,

not a god you serve.

Stop worshipping truth.

Start using it.

Why do you chase happiness?

You run after it like a shadow.
Every choice, every sacrifice, every purchase-
all whispered to yourself as: *This will make me happy.*
Yet when you arrive, the shadow has moved.

Happiness is not a place.
It is a chemical flicker,
a fleeting echo in the nervous system.
Chasing it only feeds the hunger.

Society whispers: "*Happiness is the goal of life.*"

That is the greatest trap.
A moving target ensures you stay running,
forever tired, forever unsatisfied.
The pursuit is the prison.

Happiness cannot be caught.
It appears uninvited,
a side-effect of impact, struggle, creation.
It dissolves the moment you clutch at it.

Stop chasing.
Build. Fight. Create.
Let happiness stumble upon you like an accident.

Why do you exist among billions?

Look around.

Crowds, cities, oceans of faces.

Billions of lives running parallel to yours.

Each believing they matter. Each desperate not to be forgotten.

Mass is noise.

Numbers blur.

When everyone is "special," no one is.

You are a drop in a flood, swallowed unless you rise.

Society whispers: "*We are all equal.*"

Equal in biology, maybe.

Not in will.

Not in impact.

Rarity defines value, not repetition.

Among billions, you are ordinary by default.

But ordinary is not destiny.

The few who dare to separate themselves
become the only names remembered.

You exist among billions,

but you are not required to stay among them.

Why must you suffer?

You try to escape it.

Comfort, distraction, pleasure-all attempts to outrun the weight pressing on your chest. But suffering waits. Patient. Inevitable.

To live is to hurt.

Pain of loss, pain of hunger, pain of becoming.

Every step forward costs blood.

Every transformation demands a wound.

Society whispers: "*Suffering is unfair.*"

No.

Suffering is the rent you pay for consciousness.

To feel deeply is to bleed deeply.

To grow is to crack and rebuild.

Without suffering, there is no depth.

No urgency.

No fire.

Ease produces nothing but rot.

You must suffer-

not because life is cruel,

but because life is exacting.

The price of awareness is pain.

Why are you still afraid?

You survived the past.
The wounds, the failures, the storms-
yet fear still claws at you,
as if the next blow will finally break you.

Fear is ancient.
It kept your ancestors alive in the dark.
Every rustle was a predator.
Every shadow, a threat.

Society whispers: "*Fear keeps you safe.*"

Safe from what?
From risk.
From action.
From the very battles that would make you unshakable.

Fear is not a wall.
It is a mirror-showing you where the door is.
What you fear most is usually the path forward.

You are not fragile.
You are untested.
Fear is the final barrier.
Cross it, or die behind it.

Why must you chose?

You stall.

You linger between roads,
telling yourself you need more time, more clarity, more signs.
But indecision is just slow death wearing a mask.

Every choice shapes you.

Each path taken kills the others.

To live is to murder possibilities.

And hesitation only leaves you haunted by ghosts of what-if.

Society whispers: "*Don't rush. Keep your options open.*"

That is paralysis.

An infinite menu means an empty plate.

A life of almosts, maybes, and laters.

Safety in theory, starvation in practice.

Choice is power.

Not because it guarantees victory,
but because it commits you to the fight.

You sharpen only when pressed against one road.

Choose.

Or be chosen for.

Why not you?

You look at the throne and think it belongs to someone else.
Someone smarter, stronger, luckier.
You convince yourself they were chosen-
and you were not.

That is the lie that keeps you small.
Every winner bleeds.
Every conqueror doubted.
The only difference: they moved while you hesitated.

Society whispers: "Not everyone can win."

Of course not.
Most won't even try.
They kill their own chances before the world ever does.

The crown does not seek a head.
It waits for the hand bold enough to take it.

Why not you?
No reason-except the excuse you cling to.

Doubt is the final chain.
Break it, or die nameless.

Why Will you rise?

The world waits for nothing.
It buries the passive,
rewards the ruthless,
and forgets the rest.

You can stay on your knees.
You can drown in excuses,
in fear, in hesitation,
in the warm coffin of comfort.

Society whispers: "*If it's meant to be, it will happen.*"

Lie.
Nothing is meant.
Nothing arrives unearned.
Destiny is just the name the victorious give their scars.

You will rise because you refuse the grave while still breathing.
Because the pain that broke others became your fire.
Because the throne is not given-
it is seized.

If you do not rise,
you will be trampled.
If you do not answer this *Why*,
the world will write your ending for you.

Rise-
or be erased.