

You don't want to leave your chances to wherever time and space may drop you off. You like having control of your destiny. You decide that it is your time to die but at least you will give the rest of the world a chance.

"A noble decision," says Farnsworth.

He turns back to the keyboard and starts typing.

After a minute he turns back to you, "The device will go off in ten seconds. You have any last words?"

You think hard. It has to be something good. Though it will not be recorded, you want to die knowing you went out with your head held high. Then it hits you, the perfect thing to say. The phrase that would truly cement this event and send you out on a high note.

"I \_"

Too late.

**THE END**