

Dear Joe,

Remember two weeks ago? When we were sitting in the hospital garden eating cake in the rain? For weeks, the weather hadn't changed, as if the world was saying goodbye to me. I made a face when we found a cherry in my piece that absolutely did not belong there. "There's nothing worse than fruit in a pie!" "The world is full of surprises," you laughed and flicked it from my plate into your mouth. How right you were about that, I'm just realizing now. It felt like two weeks ago, but in reality a lot more time has passed. More than a lifetime. More than your lifetime. I don't know what the weather is like right now, and I don't really care. I know you're not there anymore. That no one is there anymore. And yet I was the one who left.

Dear Joe,

I'm still here. I don't know how, I don't know why, but when I look down at myself, I see my body: with every breath my chest rises and falls. When I look at it, the hairs on my arms stand up and I can feel its siblings on my legs do the same. I see my hands moving through the air in disbelief. And my fingers holding the pen to write this letter to you. It feels good to write to you. It's something I can hold on to. Something to fill with life that reminds me that all of this is really happening.

Dear Joe,

When I woke up a few days ago, I didn't feel anything at first. I simply existed. My body was wrapped in a warm blanket and I felt the soft mattress nestle against my back. It smelled different when I inhaled - just like home. Not great or particularly exciting, just normal, like the daily routine that is all too familiar to me, but which I haven't been part of for years.

When I opened my eyes, the first thing I saw was the photo of us above my bed on the ceiling. The one with those terribly tacky glitter stars around the frame, which we once believed to be treasure. Next to me on the edge of the bed sat my mother. With a smile in her eyes, she took my hand. I just put my head in her lap and wondered if it was over, if this was the end.

Because this must be the end, right, Joe? If medicine can only do more harm than good. I just can't go on. I never would have admitted this to you, but months of chemotherapy have weakened my body and I've slowly given up hope. At the same time, this was the first day I felt better. Physically lighter than I've felt for ages.

I lay like this for a long time and my mother just sat there and stroked my hair, just like when I was little. And that was exactly what I needed. She wasn't in a hurry because I wasn't in a hurry. If we're just waiting here for death, then we've got time, I thought.

But at some point my mind started to wander and uncertainty started to build up in my chest. What happened? What will happen to me now?

And as the questions in my head grew louder, my mother looked me in the eyes and explained where I was.

I've died, Joe. Dead. My parents granted my wish and froze my body. My mother had tears in her eyes when she told me that now I am healthy again. She's so happy for me, my life still lies ahead of me.

Dear Joe,

Nothing is as it seems, everything is a lie.

My mother is just a reconstruction from my memories. A kind of virtual simulation. She explained it to me herself when I woke up. Using her voice. But it's not her. I feel kind of betrayed. As if I've been deceived by someone I trusted completely.

If I had to describe to you what's happening, I'd say my thoughts are becoming reality. I can make any person appear and it's uncanny how real you all stand before me: my mother turns into my father, then becomes my grandmother or to which person I direct my thoughts next. And there you are again and again.

It's like the world is a changing mass. As if there were no laws about how one molecule has to fit with another. Apparently there's some connection between what I think and what I see.

I'm in a rehabilitation ward, my mother said. A kind of rehab clinic for cryonics patients. So I'm not the only person who's chosen this path.

I'm finding it hard to breathe or think straight.

But I understand one thing:

All I see comes from me, from my memories. You are part of me. None of you is really there. I am all alone.

I want to go home, but this place doesn't exist anymore. How come you never believed in cryonics? Decades, maybe even centuries have passed, and I "slept through" them. And now I'm being given back life here, and I ask myself, what am I gonna do with it?

Dear Joe,

The days are blurring into each other and it is difficult to get my rhythm for life back. I can't get up, the sadness is in my bones and numbs my muscles. I can barely make it from bed to toilet and back.

It is as if my body has forgotten the rules of day and night, but my mind knows that I am still playing this game. The game in which you live and try not to die and in which you get extra points for being happy in between. I can consider myself lucky that I am allowed to play this game.

Right? I mean, I wanted it, I chose it, back in the day. So now I have to be happy and make the best of it, right?

I feel like I just woke up from a long dream. Or am I still dreaming? Sometimes, Joe, I'm not sure. But I feel and think and I'm hungry and thirsty. Remember when we used to tell each other about our dreams? "In the end, it doesn't matter whether you're awake or dreaming forever, you still have to eat and drink and sometimes take a shower. It's just one world exchanged for another."

And what a world. I fell asleep and within seconds teleported myself into a new reality. But supposedly many decades have passed between yesterday and today. What is space and time, if I can outwit them just like that? Or is it rather the other way around, that I was outwitted by them? I feel completely disoriented.

Dear Joe,

Sometimes I think I'm still in the hospital, because here are always some nurses coming in the door. Only here they have different names. They introduced themselves to me as „carers“. I can tell by the way they change how time passes. Carer one is replaced by Carer two, who is then followed by Carer three, who is again replaced by Carer One. The staff here are really very nice and are very devoted to me. Unlike in the hospital, I have the feeling that they really have time here. In regular intervals they visit me in my room, bring me food or try to start a conversation with me. These conversations are usually very one-sided: they talk to me and tell me about the world outside, while I just stare silently at the ceiling. They try to maintain a routine for me in which I am completely passive. The Carers say that I have a severe culture shock. But they also say it's quite normal, for my special circumstances. They are specially trained for these cases and will help me. "We'll work it out," they say.

I'm not so sure. But they're so optimistic, that's enough for two.

I actually wish all the time that you would take me in your arms and tell me that my misery is not my own fault. But the real Joe, not the one in my head. After all, it was my choice. I wanted to freeze myself. I dreamed about this world. But actually, I was just dreaming of a healthy life. To have a life at all. I just didn't want to die.

Now I wonder if physical wellbeing is really the opposite of death.

Dear Joe,

Remember when we used to wrap all those colorful ribbons around the maypole? Everybody had a silky ribbon in their hands and we all walked in circles around the colored trunk to the music. You were sulking because I held the golden yellow ribbon you wanted so bad. But I had just picked it up a little bit faster and somehow I just wanted to be mean that day.

All people in today's world are part of a shared system: they all have a personal "Digital Assistant". I imagine it like a giant maypole and every member has a ribbon that connects them to

the big whole. I also have a Digital Assistant, called DigAss by me. This highly sensitive device, which I put into my right ear canal, creates a direct connection to my brain and my eyes and can mediate between the two.

This connection affects almost all areas of life: it changes how we learn, how we communicate with each other and this way it can also give me access to my memories and thoughts and simulate them.

Sometimes only small pieces of information are being displayed, like when there is a breaking news story on NTV at the bottom of the screen. The temperature, the date, or whatever else I want to know. At the same time whole people or objects can appear to me in the here and now. The impressive and sometimes frightening thing is that these simulations can also extend to all of my senses:

When I woke up a few days ago in my room at my parents' house, I really thought I was there. The feeling, the smell, the light. These simulations are deceptively real, I can touch and experience everything.

It's hard to describe, but it feels like the realities overlap each other and you can slip back and forth without a single delay.

I think the difference between simulation and reality in general is just the separation of body and mind. The space I see vs the space I am physically in: My mind can jump between simulated realities, my body is fixed in one place.

The immersion is so perfect that I often forget it. Almost a little bit like with the VR glasses we tried out once in a museum and then you walked into a chair. Don't worry, Joe, that wouldn't happen to you here.

Someday this might be the future: We will only exist digitally, detached from a solid body. We'll be able to exist in all realities in parallel, in all simulations simultaneously. Because we will then only be a consciousness that experiences space and can claim any body in it for itself. Maybe one day I will simply become like my DigAss. A physically detached personality. And then nothing is simulation anymore, because there is no hierarchy between the realities. Everything is equally real.

Dear Joe,

After they showed me how to take this simulation ass out of my ear, this was my first action. I feel a bit like when we used go clubbing and only noticed outside how loud the music and how blinding the lights actually were.

The room I am really in is completely different than I expected. It is warm and friendly, very simply furnished with bed, a chest of drawers and a window to the garden. The walls are painted light yellow and there are white curtains.

On the chest of drawers lie the few things that now belong to me: the number of my cryopod. My birth certificate. A data medium containing photos of my family that were important to me before my "journey". I'm sure that stupid chicken song we once composed is on it. The tears roll into my lap and I had to put the letter away a couple of times already, so that I don't soak it completely. I don't know if I can ever stop crying again. There is just a huge emptiness inside of me. Everything I care about is dead now. I feel so terribly small and lost in this room. Is it bad to wish for death when you have just been given life again?

Dear Joe,

Many people also use the DigAss to cope with their grief. The carers encourage me to do the same. It should enable me to talk to the people from the past who have all left me today and thus give me comfort. It may well be that this works on people in the here and now. But for me it has nothing consoling, not at all. It is the opposite. At first, when my mother welcomed me, I thought it was nice. But as soon as I was informed about the true nature of this person, she became scary. I tested her, asked her questions and everything was exactly as I knew my mother. That's the problem. There was nothing of her own, nothing unexpected, that made the interaction with this person exciting. And that makes these people shallow. Conversations become one-sided, I can already imagine the end anyway. It's like when we have the same discussion for the hundredth time and we both know at the beginning anyway how it will end.

The simulated people will not surprise me, they will not develop. They can only present themselves as I remember them, preserved forever in this state.

My mother, you and everyone else are dead, that is the truth I have to accept. The hole inside of me because I miss you so much is not closed by this image, it only makes the distance between us more visible. Unattainable.

It becomes even more uncanny when you have someone reconstructed who you did not know well, from whom you may only have fragile memories. These gaps are filled in by an artificial intelligence based on what fits the basic profile of that person. The question is, who am I actually talking to? I can't tell the difference. Where does a person stop and the AI start? I've been told that the reason AIs are so deceptively real is because they consist of real brains. You just put a lot of personalities into them. For your acquaintance, a matching personality is simply selected from the database. My personality was also added to the database. It is so determined in the terms of use. Everybody can participate for free, but everybody has to contribute to improve the system.

Dear Joe,

My carers think it is important that I get out of this passive state. They say life is contact. A web of contact that you can fall into if necessary. My web has disintegrated. It no longer exists. They want me to get used to the DigAss and integrate it into my everyday life bit by bit. I am not very cooperative. Often I leave the thing on the dresser on purpose. I see it as my little rebellion against this new world.

But what I'll admit only to you: somehow my room, as it is, seems one-dimensional. Who would have thought that a few days with this thing in my head would be enough to make "normal" reality seem flat?

Whenever I wear the assistant, I feel overwhelmed with all these new stimuli. Often I don't know in which reality I should be right now, which "program", so to speak, fits best to the current external situation. At the same time, it itches me to use it again.

It's a little like back in secondary school when we all had to get our eyes tested:

I never noticed that I could see some things less clear than you could.

I could see everything that was relevant to my life. Then I put on the glasses for the first time. All of a sudden, I no longer recognized only trees and their leaves, but from each leaf I recognized the individual veins and the ants that were crawling around on the trunk. This was a total sensory overload for me and I didn't want to wear the glasses anymore because they gave me a headache. But above all I did not want to admit to myself that I needed them. It took me a few weeks to get used to my new world view. After that, everything looked blurry without my glasses, as if I was being deprived of the details. It will probably be the same with the digital assistant. Because not having the system, let's face it, is not a good option. Every place looks stale without all the details that could be shown to me, without the virtual realities I could enter. I'd be restricted to one-dimension in a society that lives in a multidimensional world.

When I am particularly sad, it actually helps me to get lost in my memories. I imagine that I am not here and now, but back then. And you beside me. What I need most about that is just to be close. I put my head in the curve from your head to your shoulder. Where you have those funny baby hairs. Sometimes we just stay like that for hours.

I will try to leave the DigAss in my ear for longer periods of time.

Dear Joe,

Little drum roll... Tadaaaa:

Cryonauts. That's what they call us: Like frozen astronauts.

Our thawing was like a moon landing when it was finally technically possible a few years ago.

When it was decided to resuscitate the cryonics patients again, things went terribly wrong at first. Especially the people from the early days of cryonics could not be saved. Their bodies and - most of all - their brains were too damaged, because the preservation techniques were still too underdeveloped in the beginning. When the first resuscitations succeeded, the doctors made sure that the cryonauts were physically healthy and released them into this new world on their own after a few days. It was a disaster. Many people died in the first four weeks. Either as a result of an accident or in most cases suicide. They were completely overwhelmed and had no one to talk to. Where should they live if they had to leave everything in the past? That is why the resuscitations

were stopped and together with doctors and psychologists a reintegration program was created, specially designed to welcome people like me in this new, strange world and to make the entry as easy as possible for us, so that we can later be released into our own lives successfully. Good for us and good for them, because what is the use of bringing people back to a life they don't want to live?

The carers have explained the program to me in all its stages. Here is the flyer they left me:

Welcome Back!

We welcome you to our present, your future!

A long, healthy and ageless life awaits you and we are looking forward to accompanying you in your first steps.

We are aware that you have experienced and endured a lot up to this point and we admire you for your strength that you have made such a courageous decision. We will now take care of you, you are in safe hands. This program has been developed by experts especially for cryonauts like you to make the transition as easy as possible for you, as well as for every other patient. You will be cared for by a warm hearted team, specially trained to help you get started in this life.

We understand that you may be in a difficult point in your life, and that feelings of loss and grief are part of your daily routine. Please know that this is normal for your situation and although difficult to bear, we encourage you to allow these feelings to happen. Only by accepting these feelings can you overcome them and thus leave the most difficult part of your new life behind you right at the beginning. From here on, things only get better and it is a joy for us to be there every time a patient like you discovers this world for themself.

Our resuscitation programme is based on 6 steps:

Awakening and arrival

Intensive individual support

Mentoring program: get to know other Cryonauts

Education: acquire the knowledge you need for today

Discharge into the world with company: Our Buddy Program

Standing on your own feet

What has happened so far?

After you were resuscitated, you were first in a special clinic, which cured you of all diseases. Once fully recovered, you were taken to this special facility for rehabilitation. The first few moments after waking up determine to a large extent how a person views this new world, so our first priority was to make you feel comfortable and secure (stage 1). Therefore, we simulated a familiar environment, so that you could slowly be welcomed by someone who was once close to you.

What will happen next?

As soon as the patient realizes where they are, intensive personal care is important (level 2). That is why each cryonaut is assigned their own carers who will try to help you through this difficult phase and familiarise you with your Digital Assistant. This phase of individual care you are currently in is of varying length for each patient and it is important that you do not feel pressured to do anything. Finally, when you feel ready, you will meet the other Cryonauts here in this building (level 3). Patients who have been here for a longer period of time will mentor the new arrivals and thus support each other. Together you will learn how the world has changed since you last saw it and how it works now (level 4). When you have passed this level, you are ready to go to school with the other people, where you will be given all the knowledge necessary for a successful start in our society. After a few weeks you will be released into the buddy program (level 5): the cryonaut moves to a local family and lives with them to get used to life outside this protected facility. With good personal development you will finally be released into an independent life (Step 6).

Dear Joe,

I left my room today, finally I feel ready. "One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind" - or what was it again?

There's a long corridor outside with lots of doors. It reminds me a bit of the old people's home where we used to visit your grandmother: Long corridors, many doors, everything in a very deliberately relaxed and cozy atmosphere, but somehow still a little too sterile. Actually the comparison is not bad at all, just the other way round. Because actually it's more like a rebirth clinic, if you like. The corridor has a stone-like floor. I don't really know how far I'm allowed to walk, so I walked around the cool floor quietly, as if we were on a trip to our parents' candy shelf. I didn't get very far when one of the other doors opened and an older woman stepped out. She did not see me at first, but the sudden change of light betrayed me.

The lights are like living units here. They sense the mood of those present and adjust their light temperature and intensity accordingly. There is something comforting about it, because the light is always there. It feels what I need before I can actually say it myself. Now the light is slightly bluish. It tries to calm me down. She turned to me and we looked at each other. I felt caught. After a moment she starts to smile. "Hey, there you are! I'm very happy to meet you. I've heard so much about you!" Now that I've gotten out of my room once, things could really start to take off. She says it's a sign that I'm ready for more. The way she talks, you'd think everybody here was just waiting to meet me. She linked arms with me and I felt the breeze of her slightly reddish, shoulder-length hair as we walked down the hall. For a moment I imagine that this is you next to me.

Dear Joe,

My nurse calls all the patients here „children“. That pisses me off because I'm already an adult, even if I haven't been for that long. Then she laughed and explained to me that by today's standards all the people in this institution are very young. Even those who were frozen when they were over 90. Compared to the rest of society, we are all still children.

Nowadays the disease of aging has been defeated. Nobody dies anymore because their body ages and decays. "Yeah, immortal at last!" But it's not like that. If an axe murderer comes around the corner, you have a problem, whether it's today or 200 years ago. Of course people can die, from disease, from accidents, or from a self-determined death. But they just don't die from being old anymore.

It's a disease, like measles or chickenpox, and you just get vaccinated against it.

The age of your body can be changed like beauty surgeries: You can have your body simulated in different "age states" and then choose which one you feel most represented in. I still look the same. But then again, I was never old.

I wonder how you can tell how old someone is when there are no clear physical indicators left.

But, Joe, does it really matter?

Dear Joe,

The cryonaut with the red hair is now my mentor. She guided me through the whole house and grounds of the reintegration facility until my legs trembled with strain. I'm just not used to running such distances anymore. I no longer sit alone in my room to eat, but at a table in the dining room. I could now complain about the food or about the weather or about other trivialities. That is somehow relieving. There are five tables here and at each table there are six Cryonauts.

It's good to meet people. We give each other support. On many evenings and well into the night, we tell each other about the old days. Sometimes we play card games together. You know, old-fashioned stuff. I'm surprised it's survived this long. I'm one of the youngest of the Cryonauts here. Very few children and youngsters have been frozen. Imagine, there are even a few families of cryonauts. I'd love to be one of those kids, but you all have always been skeptical...

Most of them were only frozen after their natural death at an advanced age. I can tell from their stories that many years of life experience separates us. And yet we are all children again in this world.

Many of those who have been here longer have an incredible urge to discover. They can't wait to step out into the world. „You'll soon feel the same", they encourage me. "The first weeks are the hardest."

Dear Joe,

I had a visitor today! Imagine that! I found it very exciting and I was quite intimidated. The visitor was my nephew. He says he is a distant descendant of mine, the great-great-grandson of my sister. He actually looks a little bit like her. This nose has simply always been quite prominent in my family. You know what I mean. And above the lip, he has the same dimple that we so often envied my sister for. He says I can live with him in the future, when I'm done here, to get used to living alone in this world. He now comes to visit me twice a week so that we can get to know each other better. It's all pretty crazy when I think about it.

Dear Joe,

Actually we are quite a few cryonics patients. The more progress was made in research on cryonics, and the worse the living conditions on earth became due to climate change and its consequences, the more people decided to go down this path. Limited living space, climate change, famine, increasingly new diseases, some people put their hopes in living on in a better future.

But for a long time there were no intentions to bring back cryonics patients, the world had enough to do with its living population. Then came a pandemic, which wiped out large parts of the population. Suddenly it was all about ensuring the survival of the human species. That's why they decided to resuscitate us.

Dear Joe,

Remember when we tried to teach each other Russian for hours? We sat up straight so the vocabulary wouldn't fall out of our ears again. Because that's what it felt like: The words just wouldn't stay in our heads.

Thanks to the digital assistant, learning today works very differently than it used to.

The fact that we now have digital access to the brain means that we can interact with it in a completely different way. It was explained to me in very simple terms: Our brain consists of numerous connections. And these can be digitally reproduced and tracked. Knowledge is now understood as a modular system. You learn by simply downloading so-called „knowledge modules“ into your brain and integrating them there: you have to apply this knowledge in order to link it with other knowledge modules and create connections. Unused knowledge is not properly integrated and gets rejected, so you will forget it again.

In the beginning I tried to integrate higher knowledge packages first, because I thought that I would make faster progress. You know me, always two steps ahead. But I got an error message: "Unfortunately you could not integrate this knowledge. You are missing knowledge module 1 and 2." Knowledge always builds on each other. It's like one of our thousand-piece puzzles where one piece was always missing:

If you don't have the prior knowledge, the next higher-level package can't even dock. The great thing about this system is that learning is very fast and you can focus much more on the application of the knowledge. If only this had existed earlier, I could have written you letters in Russian a long time ago.

We get the basic knowledge packages for free at school. It only gets expensive if you want to build on it later, for example to take up a certain profession. That's how you recognize the rich. They have knowledge from many perspectives and in many fields and therefore the best chances for a good job in which they get even more knowledge packages. Some things never change.

Dear Joe,

I can hardly get around to writing you long letters, my life is suddenly quite full. Of school, of knowledge and something like friends. The more I can move around freely and explore the area, the more I come into contact with the locals.

This whole world is not so different from the one you know, Joe. Some things even seem strangely familiar. It's like things have just been repackaged. But a lot of things work differently. I realize that time and again when I intuitively try to operate something the way I used to. Thereby I often get amused and sometimes irritated looks. Whenever that happens I try to pretend that nothing is out of the ordinary and simply walk away unobtrusively. From a distance I watch the other passers-by operating the machine and when I have gained new courage, I try again. In any case, the future is not what we imagined it to be like as children. If I had to describe it to you, I would say it is bright. Everything seems higher and wider, in many places it is more quiet and in some places it now makes noises where there were none before. Everything seems to me like a well-ordered jumble following a certain order, even if that reveals itself only at second glance.

Now, after school, I sometimes hang out with other youngsters. When you are around Cryonauts all the time, you almost forget that there are of course young people in this society who were born in the here and now. Somehow it's not so different than before.

You roam around and make stupid jokes from time to time, many of which I don't understand. Every now and then one is a little bit rebellious, sometimes they spray symbols on walls or benches and spit on the street to make a point.

Even though I try to fit in, I'm always a little behind. I feel stupid because I don't get some of their jokes, I just lack context. But I'm getting pretty good at laughing in all the right places. On the way home I let my DigAss explain to me what they were talking about. Sometimes I think I learn more relevant facts here than I do in school. I learn about life.

Dear Joe,

The big day has come: Today I move in with my relatives. You know, my great, great, great nephew. For days now, I've been very nervous and anxious. At every corner I feel melancholic in the evening while playing cards, I'm the last to go to bed, because I just can't tear myself away. At night I dream of getting lost in the city and not being able to find my way home. In those dreams I come back to a house where all of you live in, our family, our friends and you of course. Everyone stands like an impenetrable wall in front of the entrance and laughs at me. Then you come up to me and say: "You don't belong here anymore!" In the mornings I wake up sweaty and not at all rested. But of course I am also looking forward to the change. It is a step towards independence. And I get along really well with my relatives. I can consider myself lucky to have any at all and not just be sent to complete strangers. The suitcase is already packed and it's not like in my dream that I can't return. On the contrary, my carers jokingly said they expect me to make weekly status updates. Let's see how often I'll need them. But it'll be fine, I'll just let it happen. One thing is reassuring: thanks to my digital assistant I can't get lost. And I always have you with me.

Dear Joe,

The day before yesterday I went for my first aging check-up. My assistant made an appointment for me. You used to put off such appointments forever - you just didn't want to call the doctor at all. I always had to dial the number and hold the phone to your ear, so you had no choice: "Quick, it's dialling!" Thanks to the DigAss this is very comfortable: "You have to go to the doctors. They have a free time slot at 12.30. Should I book this appointment for you?" And here I am. In the waiting room I took a flyer for euthanasia support program. It explains exactly what my rights are and how I can decide for my free death. I think I'm going to sign up for that. Don't worry, it's not like I want to die now, but it's good to know your options, don't you think?

Dear Joe,

Today I was at xys deathday-party. We got to know each other at the euthanasia support program. The invitation came as a total surprise to me because I didn't go back after two meetings. It was beautifully prepared, more like a wedding than a funeral. The guests were beaming in their colourful outfits. The mood was exuberant, excited conversation vibrated in the

air. Did I even sense a kind of anticipation? As if everyone was waiting for the groom to jump out of the cake, but instead the dying man jumps into the coffin? I find that idea very morbid. I was dressed very inappropriately wearing black, I wanted to just disappear into the crowd, but instead I stood out completely. Someone asked me if this was my first deathday-party. And I was told that they can always tell who is a cryonaut. He gave me a colorful flower and I pinned it to my top. I am obviously alone with my grief, because otherwise all the guests at the party seemed to be very ok with xy's self-chosen fate.

Isn't that also what I wished for all the time? A freely chosen death?

Maybe it wasn't so much about living on as such when I chose Cryonics, but more about escaping this feeling of being at the mercy of it. I just wanted a choice. Regain control. And now here I am, and total control is too much for me. How do I know when I'm supposed to die? What if there's something else coming, what if I'll miss out on something?

Maybe I never stopped dying? Where's the line? What is the value of life if there is no longer death as a counterweight?

I should talk to xy, how does he know it's time for him?

While all these thoughts raced through my head, xy held a long speech in a solemnly carrying voice. It had something of a service. It was like he was giving his own sermon at his funeral. A marriage to death, he calls this day. I thought it was a little emotive. But what better place for pathos than on the day of your death? He gave away all his possessions after that. He said to me, "This is the best part of the party. I can give all the people I care about things of mine that will remind them of me and I can see if it makes them happy."

The people here have a very different approach to death. Perhaps because they can choose it themselves. Maybe because they're sure of it when the time comes.

For me it is still unimaginable, but I wish that one day I'll get to the point where I am able to let go of loved ones with such a good feeling.

I have decided that this is my last letter to you. I carry you with me always, you are part of me and through me part of this world. And I am well enough now to get along without the letters. Maybe this is my first step in the right direction.

The End.