“I don't want to achieve immortality through my work. . . I want to achieve it through not dying.”  
*Woody Allen*

A small Warning before you begin: This document is not well formed, just like the idea.

I have figured out one way to immortality. Yes, the little conspiracy theorist clinging on my brain ceiling has come up with a contingency plan to rival my beloved Gods.

The idea is simple... **Disappear!**

Without a trace, yes!!

I will be immortal because you will never find me, neither dead, nor alive. This is the brief of all that will happen:

On my works, the famous ones and the not so famous ones alike, they shall mention the year when this world first saw me. The timeline won’t have an end. It would be something like:

(I live in the digital age and I’d better be documented on Solid State devices and the silver plates. Your wish, if you want Leather hard cover books. I won’t be reading any of them, neither digital nor printed.)

Then a day will come, like every time when my works would be lost to time. Another day will follow, when all the mentions and references of my works would be wiped out of this face of earth too. Just like old times. But I’ll continue to live, still. I would be spoken of; I will be narrated in stories. They shall compare me to [Dionysus](en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dionysus), and the likes. And soon I shall travel, from bedtime stories as an eternal character, to the religious books. Or maybe, I’d have a religion of my own. In a country like India, where Cricket can be religion, it would be easy. And with the type of media prevalent these days, it should be a piece of cake. Someday, ages later, I’d be prayed to, and that shall mark my ascension to the throne, my ascension from immortal to divine. And I am not dead, I will not be.

An idea can change lives. A fact, that if I be lost forever and never be found, the probability of my being dead is ½. But so is my probability of being alive, ½.

Maybe, I’d be dead, but maybe I’d be alive, just like my Gods. Maybe they exist, maybe they don’t.

This uncertainty is funny, and can even make the dead laugh. [Werner Heisenberg](http://en.wikiquote.org/wiki/Werner_Heisenberg) was a scientist, a revolutionary of sorts. To me, he was a funny man who just gave the world a reason to laugh more.

*“The more precise the measurement of position, the more imprecise the measurement of momentum, and vice versa.”*

“*He lies somewhere here*” an epitaph on his grave. Had he not died, no one would be able to exactly tell if he was there where he was seen or was it just another illusion of uncertainty. Well, I won’t repeat his mistakes, I’d never be found.

Note: This has a prerequisite. I need to be famous. I am working on that too. Soon you shall hear of me from foreign tongues and probably alien languages. So if a UFO lands in your backyard or on your rooftop, he’s probably looking for me, so bring him here.

The idea to immortality is simple... **Disappear!** Read more about my immortality plans at <http://aestheticblasphemy.blogspot.com>