

~The Eternal Purgatory of Charles Darwin Freehill~

-By Arjun Kesavalu-

It has always been said that your life flashes before your eyes right before death, and I now can finally confirm that saying. The last thing I heard before death was the honk of a car and screeching of tires. I also remember seeing a silhouetted tall figure with many eyes, who offered me a choice. I would get 10 million dollars and become immortal. The catch, they told me, was an immortal snail would be chasing me for eternity, and if it caught me, I would die.

I was at the time idiotic enough to accept the deal. I had not known at the time if it was God or the Devil, and I still have yet to figure out, if I ever do. Upon coming home to my wife and children, everything was normal, except I always knew where the snail was, relative to me. One of the first things I decided to do was trap it in a cup, secure it to a metal plate, and put it on a rocket, as I laughed and flipped it off while it was taking off.

Years later both of our children died, and soon after, my wife noticed I wasn't aging. She has accused me of trading our children's lives for immortality. The love of my life had left me and was put in an insane asylum less than a year later. I was delusional and had believed she would return to me. I had watched all of my friends, family, and everyone I ever loved throughout the years that went uncounted died. I had grown devoid of any "good" emotion and became more and more resentful as the years blurred together.

This is where I am, years later, praying and begging for the snail to return yet it does not. I pray for the being who cursed me to let me take it all back. I pray for my wife to somehow return. I pray to see Noah and Ava, my two little angels, just one last time. I have tried everything from spending lots of the money that remained trying to perform seances, to trying to join them all in the afterlife. Nothing works. I've tried hanging, shooting, cyanide, cutting, falling, freezing, drowning, burning, exhaustion, poison, sickness, overdosing, blood loss, giving myself seizures, and even the very thing that got me into this mess, getting hit by a speeding vehicle. Nothing has worked, yet I still feel the pain of one thousand gunshots through my skull.

I have a mouth but I can't scream loud enough to get anyone I love back or release any suffering.

The closest I've ever gotten was a ritual where I could interact with the being who cursed me. Their shadowed and silhouetted figure only said, "You have always been afraid of losing the ones you love. But even before immortality, was anybody afraid of losing you?" That was all I heard before he vanished yet again.

I have tied myself to a chair, and kicked off the ground. Waiting and waiting underwater, for someone to find me and this note.