

I'd like to tell you the story of my life.

In my early days I wandered around seemingly without aim, but with an air of optimism. There was something delightful about exploring this unknown world. I remember the first love of my life who charmed me with her quarkiness. She quickly became the puzzle I constantly obsessed over trying to piece together her nature. But as I delved deeper I started to get the feeling that she was unnatural, and then one day I learned she was a STD model. Needless to say this was a massive problem.

So I moved on--confident that I could find the girl for me. And that's when I met Susy. What a rush! Her inner workings translated and lifted me through space and time. We got married and our unification was grand indeed. Eventually we had a $so(n)$. The three of us would lie in the park on weekends, soaking in the $su(n)$ until we were UV complete.

But as time went forward things became more disordered. The grindstone to which we hold ourselves, time wore through the facade of our marriage and I realized that Susy contented herself on stringing me along. She eventually left us. I tried to explain to our $so(n)$ that it was not his fault, but he was broken.

And now I sit here, looking out on the landscape of my life and wonder if it could have been different. Has an inflated ego caused a flatness of personality? A distant horizon taunts me, incessantly reminding me how disconnected my universe has become.

Apathy has long since settled into my bones. I guess I'll turn on my technicolor television and see if there is anything good on tonight.