

# Another Different Heterogeneity

Farshad Ghassemi Toosi

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For the thousandth time, this feeling, with its intense severity, has captured me: anxiety, panic attacks, and fear over ridiculous, meaningless, and trivial things. I find myself overthinking excessively, accompanied by a strange sensation that invites me to cry, although I lack the energy to even move my head or shed a tear. No one understands better than I do the intensity of this feeling and how it manifests in each moment. Suddenly, all the pleasant and meaningful concepts and feelings around me become shrouded in a color palette of sadness, grief, sorrow, and fear.

These emotions create a simulated prison, with heavy chains binding my hands and legs, transforming me into a living corpse that can sense everything but cannot move or react. Nothing brings me joy or satisfaction; it's as if there's a spell surrounding me, preventing me from experiencing happiness or contentment.

Oh, today is Monday, the day I have to visit that eccentric, manic, and psychopathic doctor. He props his left leg upon his right, perched in a luxurious and stylish chair. He talks for an hour, and at the end, he casually suggests, *I want to see you happier and more energetic next time*. Do I appear happy or energetic at all for you to expect such a change, you idiot? It's my misfortune and bad luck to be stuck with an idiotic and narcissistic person like him as my psychologist. Oh my God, nobody can fathom the extent of my annoyance towards him.

I left my bedroom, feeling typically numb and detached, and proceeded straight to the kitchen. I grabbed an apple and poured a glass of oat milk before returning to my bedroom to prepare for my visit to the doctor's clinic. It was around 4:30 when Dan called and asked me to wait so he could pick me up. We planned to go together to the clinic and then grab a bite to eat afterward. I was well aware that he would speak to me like an older brother, offering advice on what is good and bad for me. Despite these expectations, I agreed to go out with him. After my divorce, Dan provided significant support, helping me overcome the separation and enabling me to regain stability in my life. However, it wasn't long before I found myself in the same gloomy, painful, and wretched atmosphere I had experienced prior to my marriage. Sometimes, I wish he hadn't helped me during that time, as it might have prompted me to make decisions sooner, rather than waiting until now. Dan did what he believed was best for me.

It was around 6 pm when Dan arrived, and I was ready. We went to the clinic together. I feel completely anxious for no apparent reason, or perhaps there is a reason that I'm not aware of. I struggled to speak as if my tongue is locked in my mouth. I feel like something is squeezing me. It's like living a nightmare that repeats itself almost every day. Poor Dan, tried to make me laugh or even smile by telling numerous jokes and funny stories. None of them resonated with me, or maybe I just didn't understand them. Why do some people believe that laughter helps alleviate depression? For me, contemplating death brings a sense of relaxation. The thought that this pain won't last forever, that death will eventually come, offers a fleeting calmness.

I was the only patient in the clinic, waiting to be called by the secretary. As soon as the previous patient left the examination room, I was called in. After exchanging the usual greetings, the doctor began asking me some clinical questions, and as usual, I started getting angry with him in a ridiculous and foolish manner. I told him that I haven't experienced any improvement; in fact, I'm getting worse day by day. I asked him, *You've been seeing me for six months now. Have you noticed any progress? If there is any improvement, I should be the first one to recognize it. My condition hasn't changed at all, and if anything, it has worsened. All the stress, anxiety, overthinking, and irrational fears, along with the disgusting and bothersome thoughts, not only persist but continue to intensify. Depression and anxiety have become inseparable parts of me. They torment me and stab my soul. I sometimes feel like there isn't enough space for me, as if it's too constricting. It feels as though there's no place for me among people. Even Dan's advice drives me crazy. I know you asked him to talk to me and remind me of certain things at times. I'm exhausted, Doctor, truly exhausted. This may seem like a game or an experiment to you, but to me, it's torture. Please don't let me suffer any longer. Help me bring this game to a peaceful end and don't try to keep me in this situation.* Doctor: *First of all, I must say I'm glad that you've been more talkative in this session compared to before. It's a positive sign. Furthermore, I don't want to keep you here against your will. I simply want to show you the right path so that you can have a bright, happy, and healthy future. Your request is a one-way road, with no turning back. While I'm not opposed to euthanasia, I believe it should not be your immediate solution. I firmly believe that psychological problems have solutions and can be treated, unlike certain physical illnesses that have no cure. That's why we shouldn't jump to euthanasia right away. I will visit you again next week, and I want to emphasize my motto once more: Think about your problems, write them down, consider multiple solutions for each issue—any solution, even euthanasia—and convert them into mathematical values to see the final result. This approach broadens your mind and helps you uncover hidden aspects of your problems. We'll continue with the current medication and review it again next time.* I gazed out the window in the doctor's room, observing the curtain as it swayed in the breeze. I then expressed my thoughts to him, saying, *Life is not a gift; it's a cage whose dimensions aren't tailored to match the depth of our emotions or the level of our awareness and consciousness. Life was imposed upon us without our consent.* Doctor: *Alright, thank you for your*

*sermon. Now, I need to see my next patient.*

On the way back, Dan insisted on stopping at a café outside the city to grab something to eat. *'This man is insane, He doesn't realize who he's talking to!* I said it to myself out loud. Dan responded *'He's considered one of the most knowledgeable psychologists in town.,* *'Well then, I feel sorry for this town if they think he's the most knowledgeable psychologist,* I retorted.

*What did he say?* Dan asked. *After a lengthy conversation, he mentioned that he was glad I spoke more, seeing it as a positive sign. Someone should tell him that if I spoke more this time, it means I have a better understanding of myself and have become more resolute in my decision. It doesn't indicate any signs of regret or a change of heart. He fails to comprehend my message. He dismisses me and treats me like a nagging child. I fail to see the reasoning behind such absurd rules that require four months of counseling before being allowed to pursue euthanasia. Four months have passed, and my decision remains unchanged. In fact, I am more determined than ever, but this lunatic refuses to understand and insists on more sessions. Dan, I am truly exhausted. I'm tired of everything about myself, my thoughts, and the people around me. Some emotions classified as psychological ailments have no medical cure. These emotions torment me for no apparent reason. I know you wouldn't understand. And that doctor, he wouldn't understand either, despite calling himself a psychologist. All I desire is to be freed from this pain. I want to escape from depression, sadness, anxiety, and panic. Unfortunately, this pain has become a part of my body and soul, and I desperately want to be free of it. Dan, please help me. The doctor might reach out to you and ask you to talk to me. Please convey to him how determined I am and how exhausted I feel, Dan.*

Quietly, with tears filling his eyes, Dan replied, *What do you expect me to tell the doctor? To let you end it all?* My anger flared up, and in my usual furious manner, with visible veins in my neck, I retorted, *No! Go and tell the doctor to leave me be, to let me suffer even more until I perish from misery and sadness. That's what you all want, isn't it? You would find solace in witnessing someone slowly dying in agonizing pain and misery. You may then offer your pity, saying he was sick and succumbed to an illness—poor soul. But you fail to see the other side of the story, the extent of the torture and pain endured, and how effortless it would be for him to embrace a peaceful and painless death instead of enduring such agony. I have been sick, not only for an extended period that defies treatment, but I have also worsened, subjected to torment every single day. I dare say you wouldn't be able to live in my situation, not even for an hour. Imagine waking up to crippling anxiety without any understanding of its origin. When you are unable to shed a single tear, you become a wretched individual devoid of the strength to even cry. It's as if you were an orphaned child left alone, oblivious, and lost. Psychological illnesses are far more complex than physical ailments. I understand that there is currently no cure for my condition. I have tried various treatments, such as medication and meditation, but it seems futile. My liver is deteriorating, so why do they persist? Why do they continue to hold onto hope? What is the point?*

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The following morning, I awoke once again with those dreadful and overwhelming sensations. It felt as though I had lost control over my mind and body. Anxiety permeated every single cell of my being, and I was engulfed in a profound sense of despair. Even the smallest and most trivial things could bring me to tears, making it difficult to breathe. My fingertips grew numb and cold, the chilling sensation unmistakable.

Death appears to be the only escape from this predicament. Death, when correctly understood and accepted, is not a frightening prospect. Instead, it offers a serene realm where suffering no longer exists. Death represents the ultimate endpoint in time and space, devoid of any trace of pain, joy, nightmares, memories, or perception. There are no regrets, no agony, no depression—only a deep slumber without nightmares, impervious to any awakening. No more doctor appointments, medication schedules, stress, trembling limbs, or the fear of losing someone significant. All these disturbances would suddenly cease. Upon careful contemplation, one can recognize that voluntary death is the most beautiful and peaceful gift one could ever receive. The prospect of a voluntary death itself is exhilarating, and to be honest, it is the only thing that doesn't make me nervous or anxious, as I know it will bring absolute peace and tranquility. Depression is a suffocating force, particularly when tears fail to materialize, and life becomes unbearable when plagued by depression and anxiety.

"Take it easy" or "Calm down" are the two annoying expressions that people around me keep telling me. How can I take it easy when I am not emotionally capable of it? Would you ask someone who is suffering from the pain of a kidney stone to calm down and not move, just relax and calm down? No, you wouldn't say. My pain is not as manageable as kidney stone pain, and yet I am expected to calm down and take it easy. How blind we are to the reality of psychology. The story is a lot more complicated than it looks. The only remedies for these types of complications are first, to have a very sudden and significant change in the environment around the patient, or second, to discover a medication with an extraordinary, robust, and effective impact. The third remedy is absolute peace and quietness, which is not achieved by anything but death. The second solution has not been discovered yet. The existing and current medications are nonsense; you have to use each of them for a long period of time, and then your doctor starts indoctrinating you to believe that there was some impact when in reality there was absolutely no impact (at least not on me). I am not going to be fooled by these doctors anymore.

If things continue like this, I will die quietly in pain, and one day I will sleep and never wake up again. I am certain that this is more acceptable for those of you who do not want to accept that I also have rights, and under these circumstances, I can decide to end my life before I die in pain while suffering.

One of the problems is that we do not have a correct definition of life, and we do not try to make one. We mostly stick with cliché definitions in books or blindly rely on a series of people who I'm sure were suffering from some sort of psychological problems, such as Rumi, Nietzsche, Socrates, or other philosophers. They just ruminated some grass. The problem with most philosophers is that each of them prescribes one page of the large lifestyle book and believes

all people would be living in a utopia if they follow their prescription.

Now, there is a similar scenario when it comes to psychologists, psychotherapists, and psychiatrists. Surprisingly enough, some of them have never realized that we cannot come up with one prescription for people who share the same symptoms. Believe me, I know such people in this field. I believe they know very well what is wrong with me and they know the solution, the solution that I am also looking for. They don't want to admit it because they are lost in many contradictory definitions of psychology and humanity. They don't want to admit it because they cannot properly explain this to the public. I am more than ever ready to go for euthanasia; it seems that I am becoming more determined every day. This procedure is too slow; they intentionally decelerate things with the hope that the person changes their mind and returns to a depressed, sad, and gloomy life and dies from the depression and its side effects. So, the anti-euthanasia people are happy and say, "We saved one more life and helped humanity," while in reality, they destroyed humanity by letting someone feel pain every day and every moment.

People like me are treated like laboratory mice. These psychologists learned specific treatments for certain diseases in college from their books, and they can only treat those. They start talking to you, take note of what you say, and try to associate it with the closest disease they have learned in college. Then, they start prescribing some relevant medication to what they think it is, and it harms the liver. If it works, they believe they're the best. If it doesn't, they move on to the next closest disease and prescribe medication related to that.

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Next week is my final committee meeting for my case; if they don't vote for euthanasia, then I will decide what to do.

Although time may heal old wounds, it can also be very cruel and stubborn, not forgetting or forgiving the smallest mistake you made or the miseries that happened to you; it always remembers them. It registers everything you do and everything that happens, with no forgiveness. Time doesn't allow you to go back and fix your mistakes. Time has never helped me forget my mistakes and miseries; in fact, they are constantly brought up in front of my eyes. Sometimes, an old memory becomes like a hammer stabbing my head even harder than when it first happened. Time has never made my pains less painful. The memories of all the miseries have always been with me, carrying the same amount of pain, or even more, than during their own time. I can always taste the freshness of old pains; they never fade away for me.

Every morning, I wake up with a horrible feeling, sweating from the nightmares I had. Whether it's being in a plane crash, arriving late for an exam, failing a course, or being in an accident, my consciousness tortures me when I'm awake, and my unconsciousness tortures me when I'm sleeping. No one has ever been able to help me with these types of problems. I know the only remedy for this chaos is to get rid of this crazy and sabotaging spider web that greedily surrounds me. Even the thought that there might be a remedy for my pains fills me with stress and anxiety once again. I feel like all the hormones in my blood are messed up, with one up and the other down. I feel utterly devastated

and depressed, and I again relate it to metaphysics and other nonsensical ideas. My whole body is numb, devoid of energy, like a freshly dead man. My sluggish body is so cold, and I can hardly move my fingers. It feels as if there's an immense weight on them. My body and skin are dry as a desert, and they feel completely withered. If I move my hand, my whole body will crack and crumble.

Is it my fault that medical science can't treat me? Should I be tortured because medical science hasn't yet found a way to treat me and give me the moment of happiness I deserve? I'm suffering because people prefer to see me alive and breathing, no matter how devastated and desolate I am.

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The alarm clock is sounding for the second time, and I really have no energy or desire to get up, but I have to be at the clinic in an hour. I managed to drag myself out of bed and headed straight to the bathroom, and then to the kitchen for a bitter coffee. When I saw my puffy, red eyes in the mirror, I realized that I had cried again while sleeping, having yet another nightmare. I found myself in a wide street with partially destroyed buildings. I was utterly terrified and had no idea where I was. It didn't resemble anywhere in my hometown or any other location I had visited before.

I sat on the curb of a corner near a roundabout. The pedestrian area was unrecognizable, buried in dust, broken bricks, and shattered glass. There was no one in sight, except for an old lady on the other side of the roundabout, pulling a shopping trolley bag and walking very slowly. She wore a big, long blue coat with a brown scarf covering her head, and a pair of gray shoes with no socks despite the cold weather.

I ran towards her and asked, "Do you know the name of this place?" She stared at me for nearly 5 seconds, but without saying anything, she continued on her way. I paused for a moment, watching as she moved further away. Determined to find answers, I walked quickly to catch up with her and asked again, "Ma'am, do you know the name of this place? Why is this street destroyed? I can't remember anything."

She looked at me once more and simply said, "Would you help me pull this trolley bag? I am so tired." I replied, "Sure," and took hold of the trolley, walking alongside her. She moved even slower than I did. After a few steps, I turned to ask her about our location again, but she was nowhere to be seen. I stopped and looked around, utterly confused. There was no one in sight as if she had never been there. The trolley bag was still in my hands. Overwhelmed by confusion, despair, and anger, I began to cry. I sat down again, opened the trolley bag, and saw a big blue coat with a brown scarf and a pair of gray shoes. They were the exact clothes she had been wearing just moments ago. Was she carrying duplicates of her clothing? The confusion left me feeling completely frustrated. I stood up and continued walking with the trolley until I encountered a pregnant woman. She approached me, claiming that the trolley belonged to her. She described precisely what was inside the trolley, and I handed it over to her. I asked her if she knew the name of the place, but she didn't respond. She walked away with the trolley and vanished in an instant.

Why am I plagued by such nightmares? What is the meaning behind them? I can't find any connection to my life. Then again, I'm not surprised. I am not a healthy man, and it's expected to have such nightmares.

Today, the weather is warm and sunny, and my constant companion, depression and anxiety, is still with me. She tickles me, and I often think we've become accustomed to each other. If one day I were to be "cured," I would suffer from a new depression due to losing my old one. Losing a habit causes illness. Oh, wait, what's this on my lips? Another cold sore? I despise cold sores—an uninvited annoyance on my lips.

It's 9 o'clock, and Dan will arrive anytime soon. "You have a cold sore again. Did you not sleep well last night?" he asked. "I slept okay, but close to dawn, I woke up feeling stressed. I was filled with anxiety for no reason, and then I realized I had a bad nightmare." I replied. "I know. You get cold sores when you're very stressed and have nightmares," he said.

"I'm so tired of myself and my constant struggle to stay alive. I wish everyone understood this. I can't concentrate. My head feels like a heavy weight on my body. I wish I could escape somewhere far away from everyone, far from everything I have ever known or seen. I wish I didn't have any memories of anyone or anything from the past. There are no sweet memories I want to revisit. I just want to be born again like a newborn baby or wake up like someone who has been in a coma for a long time and now has a completely clear memory. I don't want anything anymore."

"Look, we all have these feelings from time to time. We experience ups and downs, happiness, and gloom. You're not alone," Dan reassures me. "You all have these feelings from time to time. I have these feelings all the time. There's a big difference. Let's go. We shouldn't be late."

The clinic was empty, with no one in the waiting room. We approached the secretary's desk and informed him that I have an appointment for a meeting with the board. He asks us to sit and wait until we are called. We take a seat on a yellow-colored bench in front of the desk. My right foot starts shaking uncontrollably, resembling someone with Parkinson's. Surprisingly, I don't feel stressed. Dan glances at me with a smile every now and then. The door of the clinic opens, and a pregnant lady with a shopping trolley enters. She spoke quietly to the secretary, who responded in hushed tones. Afterward, the pregnant lady leaves. Seeing her nearly triggered a heart attack, and I felt myself about to faint. My hands turned ice-cold, and my lips started to tremble. Once she's gone, a man in a suit enters the clinic and heads straight to the main room. After a couple of minutes, it was my turn, and I was called in. Dan didn't say anything, he simply nodded with a confident smile on his face as I stood up to enter the meeting room.

- "Please have a seat." After a brief moment, one of them spoke, "We are going to take note of some of our conversations. Do you consent?" "Yes, you can even record voices and everything." "There's no need for voice recording. Today is the last session of the consultation, and you will be informed whether or not you are eligible for Euthanasia at the end of this session, following a brief private session. Is there anyone accompanying you?" "Yes, a close friend

of mine is waiting outside.” “Very good. We may have to ask him to join us at some point. Do you have any questions before we begin?” “No, I don’t have any questions.” “The final written report has been reviewed by all the members of the committee. In several places in your report, you mentioned that since you started consulting with the recommended experts, you have seen no improvement in your condition, despite using all the prescribed medication and following the recommended lifestyle changes. Your desire for Euthanasia remains unchanged. If you were to play the role of the judge, what factor would you attribute to the entire process’s failure to change your mind about Euthanasia?” “There is no single factor to blame. I appreciate all the efforts you and your team have made. It simply doesn’t work for me. If you really want to find fault, then I am the problem in the system. I am the incompatible piece. Not every problem has a solution, or at least not yet. In other words, the solution to this problem is death. I am content with this solution, and in fact, I am the one seeking it. Every day is torture, and living like this is slowly killing me with more pain. I’m sure, deep down, you would be relieved to see me die from pain rather than having to sign the permission letter, so you won’t have to face the irrational public opinion.” “Sir, we are here to help you, and I assure you that what we are doing is aimed at reducing the amount of pain you are experiencing.” “Then I hope to receive the approval letter soon.” “We would like to have a brief discussion with your friend. Could you please ask him to come in and wait outside until we call you back?” “Dan, they want to talk to you. They asked me to wait here.” “Okay,” Dan said. Dan entered the room and introduced himself, “Hello, my name is Dan.” “Thank you for coming. Please have a seat. We would like to ask you a couple of questions about your friend. Your friend mentioned in his final report that he has shown no signs of improvement in his condition and mood since starting the consultation with our expert team. From your perspective, we want to know what factor you believe might be hindering his healing process. We believe you have been close enough to him for us to trust your insights, and we assure you of complete discretion. Anything you share here will not be disclosed to anyone outside of this room, including the patient himself”. “I’m not sure why the medication and meditation haven’t helped him. I haven’t seen any improvement. It’s easy for me to blame him since I’ve never seen him actively trying to change his mood. I’ve known him since we were kids, and he’s always been gloomy and stressed, often for no reason or over insignificant things. His condition has been deteriorating over time, despite no particular major events or problems in his life. He’s always been trying to convince me that his request is justified. I’ll feel guilty if my words influence your decision in any way. I’m not a psychiatrist, so I don’t know how to handle these situations. I can’t convince myself whether his request should be accepted, but I do see how serious and confident he is about it. I’m disappointed that nothing has been able to help him so far, neither medication nor professional practices. I don’t know whom or what to blame. It might be unfair to say, but did you truly do everything necessary for him? If so, why hasn’t he shown any improvement? Maybe he didn’t follow the instructions precisely, or perhaps he wasn’t prescribed the right medication. I don’t know, I really don’t know. All



I know is that I don't want to see him gone". "Thank you, sir. We appreciate your concerns for your friend. What you're saying won't impact our decision since it has already been made. Our team has provided everything they could for your friend. So, based on what you've explained, you haven't noticed any external factors contributing to the problem?" "No, I haven't noticed anything specific, except for himself." "Thank you, sir. You may leave the room and call your friend to return. The session will continue..." "As you know, we have made our decision regarding your application, and we're going to discuss it with you now," one of the doctors said. "I can't wait to hear it," I replied. "We have approved your application. This means we will facilitate the euthanasia process for you at the central hospital. The earliest date for this will be the 23rd, which is 5 days from today. You can change your mind and cancel the process at any time, and you can resume consultation whenever you like. We recommend you continue your medication, but if you don't want to, you can stop at any time. You'll need to book an appointment at least 8 days prior to the desired euthanasia date." "For some unknown reason, I knew you would approve my application today. I'm grateful for this and thank you for your help. I don't know what else to say. I'm satisfied that I could prove I'm right." "You can get the forms from reception and feel free to contact us if you have any questions." "Thank you."

After an intense conversation, I finally managed to convince Dan that this decision is best for me. He suggested that we spend time together every day, going for walks, and visiting museums, and theaters, and I agreed.

**Day 1:** It was the first day after the final consultation. I woke up feeling relatively calmer than usual, without any nightmares or disturbing dreams. In my dream, I was on a childhood vacation with my family, and I wandered off when I spotted two adorable puppies and some poultry nearby. While my family anxiously searched for me, I was completely absorbed in the cuteness of those animals. Eventually, they found me, and I had to say goodbye to those little creatures. Surprisingly, that dream left me with a good feeling, as I spent time with those cute animals and then reunited with my worried family.

Later in the morning, Dan called, and we went to visit the town's war museum. It was a place we had planned to visit for years, and coincidentally, we chose that day. War has always been one of the most complex sociological phenomena for me, and I've always wanted to understand it better, but my thoughts often get tangled in the process. Some people invade others to impose their beliefs, behaviors, and way of life for various reasons. They either claim ownership of their land or believe their ideology is superior and should be universal. Are we truly evolved enough to govern the world under a single universal system? The chain of ignorance seems to grow longer every day with incurable psychological illnesses like the "big-man syndrome," slavery, discrimination, and racism, yet no one seems to care. Ironically, some believe that slavery, the "big-man syndrome," discrimination, and racism have ended when they very much persist.

"Are you done with your sermon? I'm starving," Dan interrupted. I simply smiled at him, satisfied that I had expressed my thoughts.

**Day 2:** I woke up with the same numb and weary feeling. My plan for the day was to call the clinic and schedule the promised date. After a series of questions, the clinic redirected me to the central hospital, and after nearly half an hour on the phone, they booked me for 10 am on the earliest available day. Apparently, I have to be hospitalized one day prior for additional check-ups. It's another absurdity of this system that they require check-ups before euthanasia. What a joke!

Dan suggested visiting a plant shop just outside of town. It was a large garden that sold a wide variety of plants, both indoor and outdoor. It would be nice to stroll through the garden, admire the plants, and perhaps be tempted to buy a small indoor plant in a tiny pot. However, there was no point for me to do so. Dan picked me up, and we headed to the garden. On our way, we grabbed a cup of tea and began our walk. As we strolled, Dan remarked, "Look at the incredible diversity here. It's amazing how many different species coexist. Diversity is a gift. Just imagine if we were the only species in the world, or if all people were exactly alike, physically and behaviorally. We might still be able to survive, but we would miss out on so many wonderful creatures to observe and appreciate." I looked at him and said, "If you'll allow me another sermon, I must say that this diversity may seem beautiful to us, but it's a celebration of the strongest and fittest species that have survived or evolved over millions of years. Each victory comes at the cost of the death or decline of several other species that might have been more beautiful than those we see today. They either couldn't adapt to the changing world, lost to stronger species, or (said ironically) perhaps they were bullied by other species until they perished. This world, or at least our planet, is the domain of the fittest and strongest species. If you're not strong enough, no matter how attractive you are, you're destined for extinction. There's no beauty in this, just a cruel chance and the accident of having a better, stronger, and more adaptable genome to the environment. The world is harsh; it spins rapidly on its axis, and those who can't keep up are subject to death and extinction. Dinosaurs, Neanderthals, and countless other species that once existed are no longer here because either other species pushed them toward extinction or the environment changed. We kill and slaughter animals for food, abuse them, and steal their products and skins, knowing that they can feel pain and have a desire to live, even though they may be less intelligent than humans. We are different from kettles; we are more intelligent, so we domesticate animals for our benefit, at the cost of their lives. How can we justify this? It's simply ugly, unethical, and painful, yet we continue to do it." Dan applauded me with an ironic smile on his face.

**Day 3:** I woke up very early, around 6 am, but couldn't move. My entire body felt cold, and my fingers were numb. I looked out the window of my bedroom. The sky was overcast, and it felt like rain could fall at any moment. Finally, I managed to get up, feeling in a terrible mood, stressed, and filled with anxiety for no apparent reason. I went to the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror. With my usual reluctance, I washed my face and went to the kitchen to make myself a cup of coffee and some toast. Since I had no plans with Dan, I wasn't expecting him. I collapsed onto the couch and gazed out of

the living room window. Despite the black coffee I had, I still felt incredibly sleepy. Dan called and asked to meet up and do something, but I told him I preferred to spend the day on my own as I felt exhausted, even though I hadn't done anything since I woke up.

**Day 4:** Dan called again, but I refused to go out or do anything with him. I sat in the living room on the sofa, wrapped myself in a blanket, and still, my legs were shaking, and my entire body was stressed. Even booking the last day of my life couldn't alleviate this horrible feeling. The tips of my fingers were cold and numb, and I could almost hear the sound of blood flowing through my veins. I took another sobbing deep breath, like a small baby after a long cry. I knew I was going to die and never feel this horrible feeling again, but even that knowledge didn't make me happy. Another cup of black coffee and I drifted back to sleep.

**Day 5:** I woke up to Dan's phone call, asking me to spend the day at his place for dinner and watch a TV show. I reluctantly accepted the offer. I got ready, and Dan came to pick me up. He was planning to cook some vegetables with rice, knowing that I liked those types of dishes. After dinner, we played chess. I'm not particularly fond of chess, but I played because Dan suggested it. My favorite board game is Backgammon. I find chess boring, as it's all about thinking and lacks external elements. I don't understand why some people are so into chess. Backgammon is a versatile game; it requires a good strategy and involves an element of chance. In chess, you have to constantly think and have a multi-dimensional mind, considering the movement of pawns, knights, queens, bishops, and rooks all at the same time. It's stressful if you genuinely want to win and enjoy the game. Chess can be boring because it demands sharp concentration, which I don't possess. On the other hand, Backgammon incorporates both chance (which is beyond your control and decision-making) and strategy but is not as complicated as chess. You leave some of the game's burdens to the roll of the dice, and you play your best strategy based on the face or fate that the dice show you. In Backgammon, the tokens (pieces) are all the same, while in chess, there are six different types of pieces, each with its unique movement rules. There is no king or queen in Backgammon, and there are no pawns sacrificing themselves to protect the king and queen. All the pieces in Backgammon are equal and worth the same. If one of your pieces is captured by your opponent, you cannot play until that piece re-enters the game. In chess, if a piece is captured, the game continues as if that piece never existed.

This world is similar to chess on a larger and more complicated scale. We are all pawns getting sacrificed for the king. When one of us dies, the game continues as if we have never been in the game before. Millions of people in thousands of different wars fought and died to save the dignity of an ideology, like the dignity of the king. For what? Because they believed it was the best ideology. The pieces of the game are not beaten one by one but rather millions by millions, ethnicity by ethnicity, city by city, village by village.

Dan, the world is very similar to chess for me. It is complicated. I've tried to think about it for so long to make sense of it and understand why it is played like this, and why, in general, human life has no value to humans. Why doesn't

the game care when millions and millions of pieces are beaten and the game still goes on as if nothing has happened? We have set a bunch of stupid rules that we don't even respect. Life in this world is boring, stressful, unfaithful, painful, complicated, and totally unfair. Maybe that's why I don't like playing chess and consequently, I don't want to play in this world. Dan was all ears. When I finished, he didn't make any comment and just said, "I will make some tea."

**Day 6:** I woke up with a relatively fresh head; I didn't mind getting out of bed earlier than usual. I went to my small library and took the last book that I was reading but had left unfinished a long time ago. The book was titled "Homosapien and Free-Will." I used to enjoy that book from time to time, but once anxiety hit severely, I always put it away. After a couple of pages, Dan rang the bell without notice, and I had no choice but to let him in. I put some water to boil for a couple of cups of tea. I think I eventually liked having him around that day, maybe because I probably got up on the right side of the bed. Dan saw my book and immediately remembered it as I bought it when we were visiting a book fair. Dan usually isn't into this kind of book and genre; he is into science fiction and fantasies like all those "star-something" and "Lord of Something" books that I don't even want to learn the names of. I can't find any joy in watching a science fiction movie or reading a science fiction book like Harry Potter, even when I was a teenager or a kid. He used to sometimes argue with me to make me watch one of those movies, and when I tried, I would get bored after the first 5 minutes. It's just not for me.

He was looking at the book when I brought two pints of tea with some dark chocolates and dates for him. He asked if I liked the book, and I said, "Yes, pretty much. It's very educational, scientific, and historical. Not the history we're used to hearing, but an unwritten history of humans. How we came here, how determinism has ruled us ever since."

Dan, with a sarcastic smirk, said, "I didn't know you are a determinist." I smirked back at him and I replied, "All I know is that we are all mocked here, a species with a lot of feelings, actually too many feelings, emotions, logic, and consciousness left alone in this world. We create stories and scenarios because either we are unable to properly use our brains to answer the questions or we simply love to indulge in fiction. We have truly proven that we are unable to manage ourselves in this world. We cannot tolerate each other if we look and sound different, if we have different skin colors, or if we think differently. We kill each other for made-up reasons, ideologies, and religions. Even the wildest animals are not as cruel to their own as we are. Name an animal species that commits genocide. Name an animal that kills its mates or its own species on a massive scale. Yes, humans are the only animals that do that. Our brain is now our enemy. There is a paradox here. The brain that is able to define what utopia should look like is now building a hell." "All these villainies, for what?" I continued. "To live for around 80 or 90 years in this world? And then what?"

"Well," Dan responded, "you will be rewarded based on what you have done here in this world. So, if you have sown good deeds, you will receive a good reward; otherwise, you won't."

"How naive!" I retorted. "If a mentally ill person with tons of psychopathic

problems like paranoia, bipolar disorder, and narcissism causes trouble and chaos around them, would you judge them and put them in hell if you were God? Or would the better solution be to find a way to treat that person somehow? The emergence of most dictatorships is due to the ignorance of the people around them. A normal and psychologically healthy person would not commit crimes. A psychologically healthy and educated person does not discriminate based on skin color, religion, lifestyle, or ethnicity.”

”If I wake up with very low levels of serotonin and dopamine in my body, and I have a frown on my face and don’t respond or speak friendly to you, would I be subject to a penalty?” I continued. ”On the other hand, if someone, for any reason, wakes up every day with a full amount of serotonin and dopamine, smiles at everyone at home and at work, and has the energy to accomplish things properly, would that person be morally better than the first person? Most of the time, we easily understand and empathize with visible problems. For example, we don’t expect a person with poor eyesight to read a normal book without glasses, so we don’t criticize them for it because we understand the problem; it is tangible. How can we judge and accuse each other for things that are intangible and not easily sensed? Is that fair? We only see physical flaws, like someone being paralyzed and unable to move. We quickly understand and never judge. We don’t easily realize complex problems, especially certain psychiatric problems that lack outward reflection. Our behaviors are reactions to the chemical and physical interactions in our bodies. It’s very difficult to say, but I believe that even the most villainous person in the world has no freedom to decide what they are doing. It is the internal (our body) and external (people and situations) environments that govern us.” I continued: ”Free will is a myth. If you throw a stone at a large dog, she will most probably attack you, and we wouldn’t punish the dog because she is meant and developed to have this reaction. We are not different in terms of reacting to what is imposed on us; we are only different because we have much more complicated brains and physical structures. Every single moment and occurrence in our lives was destined a long time ago, and in theory, the future of everything is predictable, although not yet in practice. If we had a supercomputer and knew the position and energy of every single cell and molecule in the world, including our brain’s synapses and neurons, we could determine what someone would say in two minutes or how they would sit, and so on. Even scientists have discovered that when you decide to move your hand, your brain commands your hand to move before you consciously make that decision. This means that we are deciding to do things that have already been predetermined by the brain, without our conscious awareness. With this fact in mind, how can we judge people?”

”This is absurd,” Dan interjected. ”I understand that there is a certain degree of determinism associated with our behavior, but we can’t say we are predetermined to 100% degrees. I can decide whether to talk or not to talk.”

”It may sound absurd,” I replied, ”but it was also considered absurd when Galileo said that the Earth is a sphere and not flat. It is a delusion to think that we have the option to decide one thing over another. The entire process of decision-making is performed by our complex brain, based on two factors:

brain structure and external factors. Every behavior and reaction we exhibit has multiple dimensions, each of them being a response to a stimulus, whether internal (such as body and brain chemical/physical reactions) or external (such as lights, sounds, pain, and other senses)."

"Take a look at these newly developed robots that can interact with you and have embedded feelings through software and hardware. They can also react to your emotions to some extent. So, do they have free will, or are they simply designed to respond to stimuli? We, humans, are almost like super robots with incredibly intricate and complex designs that have evolved from apes, which in turn evolved from other mammals, and so on, tracing back to single-cell organisms in the depths of the oceans around 4 billion years ago. I suppose we can agree that a single-cell living entity does not have free will. If that single-cell entity lacks free will, but we possess it, then there must be a parent-child pair somewhere along the evolutionary path where the parent lacked free will, but the child had it. Doesn't it sound stupid?" "I really don't want to discuss this topic any further," Dan said.

"Have your tea," he continued with a smirk on my face, "It's getting cold and tasteless like our discussion."

**Day 7:** I woke up very early, around 5:30, which is not my usual waking time. I tried to pull the duvet over my face and force myself to sleep again, but it was no use. The weather outside was a bit chilly, and staying in bed under a thick duvet seemed pleasant. I managed to sleep for another three hours and woke up around 8:30 with a terrible feeling lingering from the nightmare I had during my second sleep.

I wished I hadn't slept after 5:30, but it was too early to get out of bed and start another dreary day. It wasn't a good start to the day, unlike yesterday when I could discuss my favorite topics for hours with Dan. I knew he would call, and since I was feeling cranky due to my nightmare, I texted him and said I would be staying home alone until at least the afternoon to see how I felt. If I felt better, I would meet him for tea; otherwise, I would wallow in misery for the day.

I sat on the couch in the living room and watched some TV. It was around 1:00 pm when I started feeling sleepy again after having a bit to eat. I decided to take a nap with the hope of waking up refreshed and going for a walk afterward. However, when I woke up, it was already 5 pm, and I had another nightmare, one that has haunted me since my school days. It involved missing an exam and not receiving the passing award for my degree. It had never happened to me in real life, but the nightmare had always plagued me since my teenage years or even earlier. Despite being familiar with this recurring nightmare, it still felt fresh and terrifying every time, leaving me disappointed and filled with intense emotions about its consequences. It was now 5:00 pm, and I had a gloomy day with two unpleasant dreams. I felt groggy, bored, and still sleepy. I had a black coffee and resumed watching TV. I noticed that Dan had called me a couple of times, so I texted him, explaining that I wasn't in the right physical and mental state to meet anyone for anything. Perhaps I could find solace in a nice hot bath accompanied by some classical music.

**Day 8:** I woke up relatively energetic. Dan called and wanted to meet. Today was technically my last day at home as I had to go to the hospital tomorrow. With Dan's help, all the necessary legal matters were now resolved. He arrived after nearly half an hour since he called. I asked him to stay with me to go through some more errands. I had already sorted out most of the important tasks with Dan, such as accommodation and bank accounts. He said he would pick me up tomorrow, and we could go to the hospital together. He also offered to stay at the hospital until everything was done. I smiled at him mischievously and thanked him. As he was leaving, he asked me again if I wanted to extend the appointment for another week or so. For some reason, I didn't want to overreact to his suggestion. Over the last eight days since my case was approved by the committee, I had become somewhat calmer. With confidence, I firmly declined his offer, and he didn't make any further comments before leaving.

I made myself some herbal tea and relaxed on the sofa while watching TV. Tomorrow, I was about to embark on the longest journey of my life, but unlike previous journeys, I felt no stress or need to double-check my belongings. I was incredibly relaxed, more so than ever before. I wished I could preserve this feeling indefinitely. With each passing minute, I grew happier, reaching a pinnacle of satisfaction that even manifested as a smile on my face. It was a smile of fulfillment, a smile of victory. This victory represented the biggest battle of my life and served as proof that my true nature and the environment around me did not align with what society considers "normal." I had triumphed by demonstrating to people and experts that my nature was incompatible with the so-called "normal" environment, and I had fought for it with unwavering determination. Either the environment or my nature needed to change, but as science had not yet advanced enough to alter my nature, I decided to withdraw from this chaotic game. I couldn't be happier or more excited about my decision. Now was the time for me to depart from this chaotic environment, leaving behind a legacy of remarkable experiences and discoveries. Now, it was time to peacefully conclude the battle without any unnecessary drama.

## 1 In the Name of Nature

After enduring four decades of a miserable life, I have finally arrived at the place where I should have been long ago. There has always been a nagging feeling within me, telling me that I was misplaced in this world. I have perpetually viewed myself as a stranger among others. And so, I have chosen to end my life on my own terms. I never required anyone's permission to determine the course of my life, and I have always possessed the capability to do so. However, this would have only added another mystery to the long list of unanswered questions: why did he/she take his/her own life?

I am not the first nor will I be the last person to experience this incompatibility with the environment and the absurd norms and traditions imposed upon us. I am sick, and this sickness has been imposed upon me by the world

around me. The issue lies in the fact that some people are audacious and callously define what is considered natural or unnatural based solely on their own experiences. Unfortunately, this is a common occurrence in every society.

My illness is akin to the tale of a prisoner confined within an invisible cell for what feels like a lifetime. Those around me fail to see the prison bars; instead, they perceive a sad, depressed, anxious, and wretched man aimlessly wandering. They inquire, "What is wrong with you?" Yet, no matter how much I attempt to articulate my emotions, they either refuse to comprehend or are incapable of doing so. Where is the fault in me?

Ever since I ceased to believe in prayer, I have refrained from uttering curses or hurling vile words at those who have hurt me and my foolish sentiments. Perhaps I have grown weaker since abandoning my faith in prayer, but I simply could not sustain my belief. Faith and prayer are akin to opium; they provide solace and relaxation. Over time, I have lost both, and despite several attempts, I have been unable to regain them.

If aliens were to exist, I would introduce myself as a person in exile. If they were unfamiliar with the concept of "exile," I would explain that it is a punishment imposed upon individuals for not thinking like others. If they were to inquire about the meaning of "punishment," I would describe it as a gratifying sensation for some, while tormenting for others, resulting from a disagreement. And if they were to ask about the definition of "feeling," I would inform them that it encompasses a collection of chemical and physical reactions within the body. I am confident that they are well aware of what chemical and physical reactions entail, given their high intelligence.

The fact that your life is solely experienced by you and no one else may appear simple and obvious, yet few truly believe it. We continue to establish rules and laws for people based on our own experiences. However, not all forms of pain are felt equally by everyone. So how can we prescribe a remedy for something we have never personally experienced or experimented with? Pain manifests in countless forms, and rejection is one of them. What is the remedy for this type of pain? How about the remedy for ignorance? Or discrimination? Do these pains affect everyone in the same manner and intensity? This world has been severely disrupted by our actions. Some of us oppress others simply because we can, while others bully for the sake of amusement. Why is it that humans are the only species on this planet that easily kill their own kind for senseless reasons? We are our own greatest and most dangerous enemy. Shame on us.

Are we suited for this world? Have we evolved enough to coexist within it? I am content knowing that I have not contributed to the pain in this world by bringing a child into it. Death is the destiny of everyone, and when you bring a child into this world, you are essentially gifting them death and pain. From the moment we are born, we begin the process of dying. I do not wish to be the cause of death for another individual.

In an attempt to alleviate the fear of death, we introduced the concept of an afterlife and resurrection. I acknowledge the intelligence behind such a notion, but it remains a foolish promise. This is nothing more than the intelligent



fantasy of the *Homo sapiens*.

We, as humans, are the other end of a long chain that began with one-cell living entities around 3.77 billion years ago. They are all our ancestors, including the one-cell living entity itself, dinosaurs, and fishes. Will we all have a next world? Even the one-cell living entity? Dinosaurs? Fishes? If not, there should have been a parent-child relationship where the parent has no next world, but the child does. The existence of our species today as ape-like mammals is the result of a minor incident. If dinosaurs had not gone extinct, we would not be here today.

What are we proud of? Our intelligence? Our complex brains? The same complex brain that empowers us to bully each other? The intelligence that allows us to be racist? The complex brain that enables discrimination? Colonialism? The invention of deadly weapons to kill our own species? The exacerbation of global warming? The pollution of our oceans? The establishment of laws and rules that have perpetuated discrimination against women, people of color, and different ethnicities for ages? The existence of the slavery system? Congratulations to all of us, as no other animal could accomplish even a fraction of what we have done, and we have done it all on our own. Let us stop deceiving ourselves; we are not the most privileged species, but rather an unfortunate one. We have misused our intelligence far more than we have benefited from it because we mistakenly believe we are intelligent when we are not in a true and fair sense.

No other animal bullies members of its own species simply because they look different or behave differently. This intelligence not only afflicts us, but it also afflicts other species. We have made all other species serve us, while conveniently forgetting or disregarding the fact that we share a common ancestry with them at the beginning of the evolutionary line. We are distant cousins with other animals. There is no need to take pride in ourselves because of the small brain in our heads, which has caused great harm to ourselves, other species, animals, and plants. We have been violent towards ourselves and other species simply because of that damn complex brain of ours.

Being human, with this level of intelligence and a complex brain accompanied by a vast array of emotions, while still living in a world polluted by our actions, foul behaviors, ignorant discrimination, egos, stubbornness, the "big man" syndrome, shallow decisions, racism, and many other problems that are somehow derived from that complex brain, is the ultimate disappointment. I despise this world, and I have every right to do so.

I detest the concepts of nation and race. Throughout the history of modern humans (since the cognitive revolution), there has not been a known period without war on Earth, and most of these wars have arisen due to ego, self-aggrandizement, ideology, and racism.

Possessing a high degree of emotion and a high degree of logical sense is not beneficial. It makes us hypocrites. We experience emotional pain more intensely than any other animal, and our complex brains struggle to analyze emotions while generating the most peculiar solutions. We are in a critical state of evolution, having a significant amount of emotion and logic but lacking the

ability to balance them. Humans may need another cognitive revolution to gain a better understanding and develop mechanisms to navigate their emotions and logic more effectively.

In all fairness, our species is incomplete. We are the most foolish creatures when it comes to utilizing our capabilities wisely. Crows use their small brains to accomplish astonishing things, and dogs employ their emotions to win the support of humans without ever harming their own kind. On the other hand, we employ our brains to create weapons and kill each other in the name of nations (which are mere constructs) and religion.

What truly is a nation? It is a border drawn by individuals who may have been considered eccentric some years ago. Now, you are South Korean, she is North Korean, someone else is American, and the next person is Mexican. When you approach the border, there are only a few meters that define your nationality. Animals do not have nationalities, flags, or national anthems, and more importantly, they are not proud of their nation and nationality. So why should humans be? When will we realize that all of these are myths and illusions?

Celebrating a nation is a celebration of our divergence from our cousins, migrating to different locations, perhaps due to a scarcity of food many millennia ago. Animals do not discriminate based on gender, and they do not discriminate against each other for their preferences. Oh, my non-existent God, I am tired of all these things. Even as I write this letter, I feel utterly hopeless and disappointed, eagerly anticipating its completion so I can sleep forever. Millions of children go to bed hungry, while in other places, some people struggle to decide what to eat, thinking that the world is confined to what they can see around them.

I am leaving for good, and I hope there will be no blame placed on anyone. This world is certainly not worth experiencing for a second time, under any circumstances, if one possesses a shred of conscience. Life is not worth living when it is filled with noise and injustice. We are incapable of utilizing our consciousness properly to discern what is good and what is bad. Humans require another significant evolution or revolution to align their emotions and logical sense better. Until then, a world without a doubt is not worth living.

The End.