

A long, long time ago, souls became too much for just a virtual construction to handle. So the universe gifted them a planet. It said, "take care of this, little ones." And with that one sentiment, the universe went on its way to take care of the rest of the elements throughout its constraints.

Now, it's time, the universe has decided. It's time to see how souls have manifested this planet. The universe then arrives for a visit.

"How are you doing?" It asks.

"Look! Look!" The souls cheer. "Look how many souls have been able to call your wonderous planet home!"

"This is quite a lot of souls," the universe marvels. "How do you possibly give a home for them all?"

The souls begin to falter.

"Well," one starts.

"Actually..." another trails off.

"Not all do have homes," a brave soul pipes up. "There's too many of us."

"But how can that be? I have given you a planet with so much land?"

"We don't always use all of it," the brave soul continues. "And sometimes souls will claim it. Policies can make it impossible for some souls to find their place here."

"That doesn't sound very nice," the universe observes.

"But we did what you asked!" Another soul exclaims.

"Yes! Yes!" A second agrees. "We filled this planet with souls!"

"Ah, but that's not what I asked," the universe corrects. The souls look up in confusion. "I asked you to take care of your planet."

"But we have!" The souls insist.

"No, we haven't," the brave soul counters. "The planet is sick. We can't hide that from the universe. It knows everything."

"Indeed I do," the universe confirms. "And it seems this planet is sick. There are too many souls here and not enough care for it."

"But the souls needed a home!" They counter.

"But you haven't given them a home," the universe corrects. "If you needed another planet, I would've given you one. It means nothing more to me than to see my time and space offer refuge to the elements existing within it. But this is not what I wanted."

"I know," the brave soul saddens. "I want it to be better. I want the souls to be happy. I want to change things."

"Things will change," the universe nods. "As all things do with time and space."

"But what about now?" The souls ask.

"Now, you do what I asked of you. You have to start taking care of your planet."

With that, the universe leaves the souls in the hopes that things will get better. But, as the universe had reiterated, only time and space will tell what type of change has taken place. Will

the souls be brave, and do what the universe has asked, or will they forever continue to misinterpret its guidance?