49 I finally found this huge skyscraper. It is beautiful and threatening at the same time. Glass is all the way up in my sight. The lights are flashing as they do all the time, they are tireless like New York. Everything is fast paced, nobody rests, everything has to be now.

I am taking a step forward to the entrance of the building and see the `sign in` button right in the middle of the door. I take another step forward expecting the door to open but the door doesn’t open.

I see other people in there. Why am I not allowed to come in? Under the Sign in button is another one which says log in. But for what should I sign or log in? Maybe I need to click the sign in button to get in the building. Indeed as I click the sign in button the door opens. I walk directly to the reception.

“Hello miss, welcome to the social tower. We just need a few answers from you before you can start” The nice woman smiles at me. “What is that for?” but she seems not to listen to me. She looks a bit artificial, like she is made of plastic.

“What is your name miss?” She looks at me with her perfect artificial smile. “My name is Greta Allinson”. She smiles again. “And where are you from, Greta?”

“I am from New York”

“How would you describe yourself in one sentence?”

I am getting slightly frightened.

“What do you need all this for?”

“Is that your answer Greta?” she is still smiling.

“Where do you live and where do you work?”

This time I am answering guardedly “I am still living in New York, Manhattan and work for a Cosmetic Company.”

“No worries Miss, just one more question and then you are ready to go.” She smiles again, artificially “How old are you?”

“Twenty two” is all I say.

“Thank You Greta, now we know everything we need to create your account.”

“But what account?”

“Congratulations and Welcome; you´re now an official member of our community Greta. Please feel free to have a look around, whenever you need help don’t hesitate to ask.”

I don’t know what to do next, so I just follow all the other people. A few seconds later I am lost between all these people who just running around like they are in a rush. But I don’t know where to go so I just follow the masses to the staircase. I open up the door and my phone rings. I’ve got a message: Welcome to our community Greta.

I don’t know what all this is about but somehow it feels right. I look on the screen of my mobile phone and see many familiar faces, my phone ask me whether I know these people. I press the green ‘yes’ button. A second later I get a message from one of my former school friends. Now My phone asks me to post a photo of what I am up to right now; I upload one of my café this morning, and just a few seconds later someone likes it.

I’m getting to the next Level, and my phone is still sending me tasks and requests. I am always getting likes and comments on my postings. I feel for the first time like I am part of something.

I can´t

I am getting better at how to use the program and all its different features. I get more and more likes and comments for what I am sharing. I’ getting new famous friends and even my first few followers.

I’m getting kind of addicted to all of these challenges and all this newness which it brings with it. I’m curious but also looking for the feeling of being someone. And finally, I am someone. Not just the normal Greta. I have already got over a thousand followers and every one of my pictures is getting thousands of likes. This time I start to be someone and not just one of so many.

We will do almost anything for the perfect picture with other famous members of the community and we all have great times together.

The levels still aren’t enough for me so I start to rush all my way up to the top. I just want to take every next step faster than the last one. Running up the way to the top is exhausting but I am always looking for another possibility to go even further than my own boarders and I am full of adrenalin to go even higher than before.

I can´t look

I feel almost invincible until the moment I realise I have reached the top floor. There are no more steps I can take, no more levels to go, and no more challenges to complete. I stand right at the end of the staircase at the very last floor in front of the very last door. Realising that I am alone, before, on the floors below, there were always people with me, my friends, my family and my neighbors. But now I am here, and I am alone. I might have lost them in the rush. I look up my friend list on my account and realise that they are no longer my friends. I have lost them on the way to the top.

All that is left for me to do is take the very last step. I grab the door handle open the door and walk through it. A fresh wind blows around my face. I am finally standing on the rooftop of the skyscraper. I can see hundreds of skyscrapers ad all their flashing lights. The view from here is incredible.

Suddenly someone appears beside me and grabs my hand. I look into her face and, … The only face I see is my own. She is me. She looks like me just in perfect form. She has no scar in her face, no mistake, her face is just perfect, even if she does look slightly like a doll. But she is still more perfect than I could ever be.

“Come with me” she walks me all the way over the roof to the edge. She looks at me and smiles.

“You need to decide” she says.

I can´t really think anymore. I try to free my hand but she won’t let me.

She takes another step forward.

“You need to decide”

“What?”

“Who of us will survive” she says that so calmly as if it is totally natural.

“WHAT?” I am shocked.

“You have to decide who of us will survive”

Neither of us says anything for a moment.

“I am You Greta”. She looks at me.

“I know” is all I say. She is my perfect reflection she is everything I am not. And everything I always wanted to be.

I have lost so much on my way up here, I lost friends relationships and parts of my family. Just for being Famous and admired by others. I almost bullied people because they did not fit in or just to make myself feel better. I lost myself in this absorbing, controlling and compulsive community without knowing what price I paid.

“Greta” she takes my hand again.

“Come up to me” she steps up on the edge and stays with her toes right at the edge.

I can´t look now.

I am doing the same. My toes touching the edge and I can feel the air on my skin.

I can´t look down.

“One of us has to jump Greta”

“Why?”

“You have to decide which life you want to live” she smiles warmly.

I look at her and again recognise her perfection in every inch of her skin. But I have to ask myself:

Is perfection worth dying for?

To lose everything?

To lose yourself for fitting in?

To be what they want and tell you to be?

To let them control you?

I can see all these people down there at the street. They are running around, drinking coffee on their way to work. Trying to get a taxi to be on time.

“Greta”

As long as I am looking down I feel vertigo more and more.

“Greta decide”

Which life do I want to live? The real one, the one that I can live myself or the one that is the flawless and controlled one?

I need to make my own decision but the most important question is:

Would you jump or would you not?