Thou shalt have no other prologues before me

I’ve never really stopped to think if the reason we travel so far is so we can appreciate when we get back home. I mean, that’s not what I did. Ever since someone put a magic hat on me all I’ve done is hustle to avoid the melt. It’s not easy when the world literally shifts underneath you and everything around you is different. It’s easy to get lost. Do I wonder sometimes who I am or who made me, how I got here? Sure. Do I think my entire experience could be some kind of simulation? No, I’m not crazy. I just lost my keys and now I need to find them. Ok, not JUST my keys. It looks like I lost six pages from my notebook for my standup routine, but I can still get home to the wife without that. Alright focus, we can do this. If you can’t stand the heat don’t be a snowman, right?