

Why are we here on earth?



May be we're not.

How do I know if anyone else has
thoughts?

How do I know if anything exists?

Everything is seen by my eyes,
heard by my ears,
and interpreted by my thoughts.
Can I really trust myself?



Hey, why do you think we live?

We were first thrown into this world
and now we have to live because we have
fallen in love with it.
At least with one thing in this world.

What did you fall in love
with?

The people.





For real,
what's wrong with humans?

I thought you
loved them!

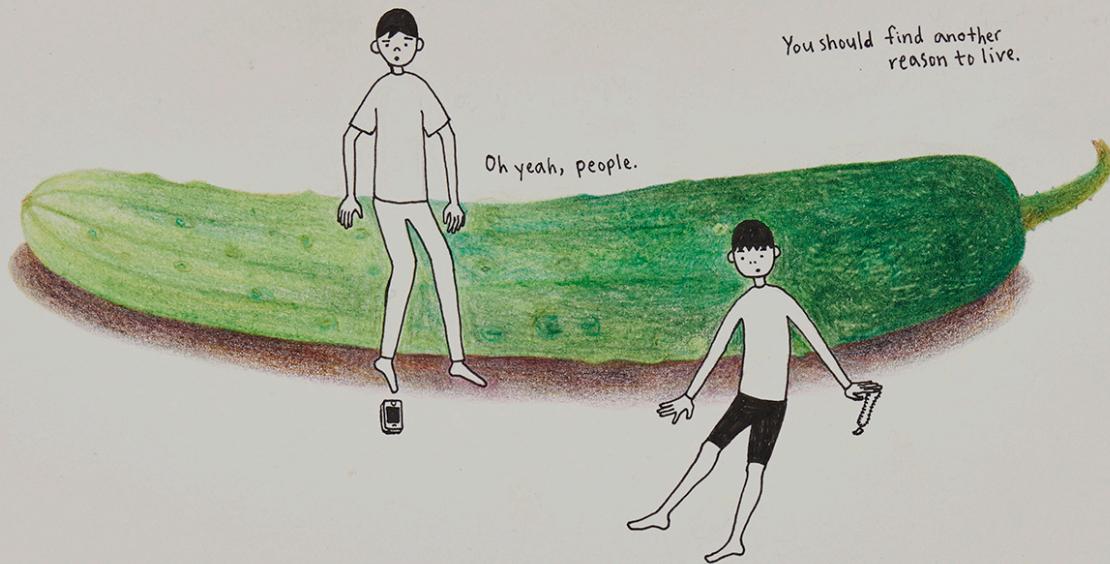
I do, but can't they love
each other too?



What should I do if I have no passion?

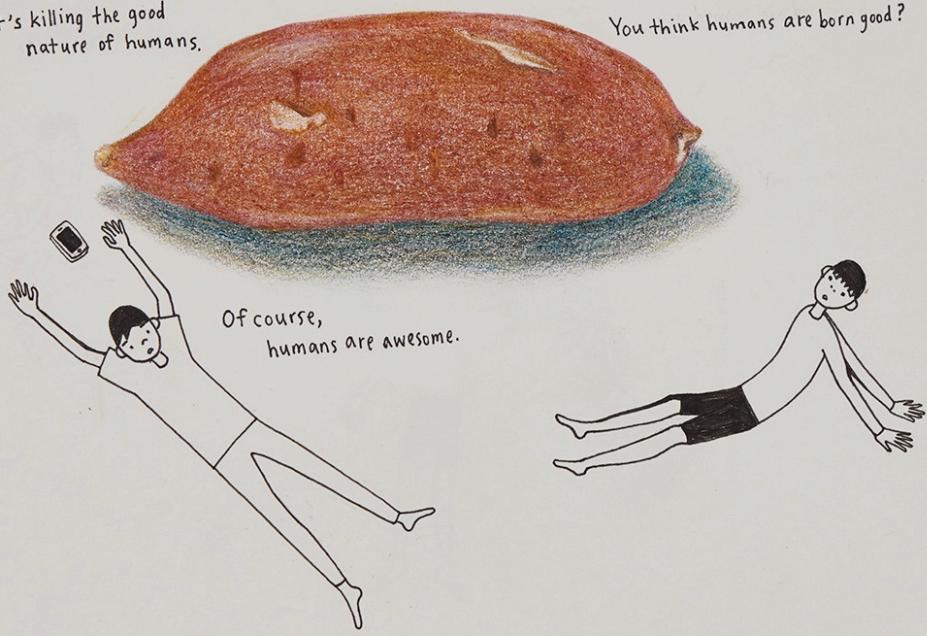
You should find another
reason to live.

Oh yeah, people.



I hate society.
It's killing the good
nature of humans.

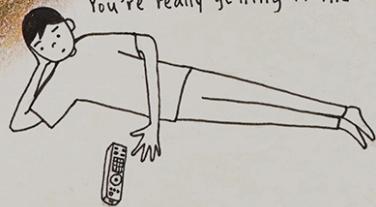
You think humans are born good?

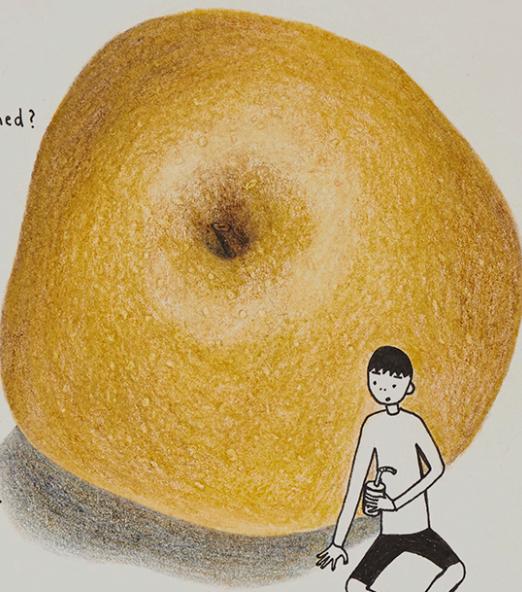


Hey, you know what?
I think I'm starting to get
this world.
The more I get it, the more I hate it.



You're really getting it then.

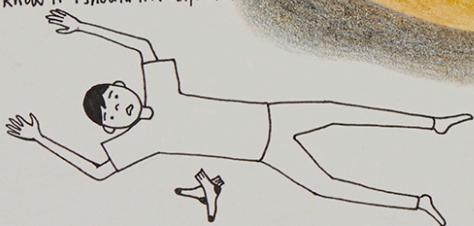




What happened?

Everyone is telling me I shouldn't
trust people.

I don't understand.
I don't know if I should live anymore.



Is it okay if people don't get your art?

They do.

They don't.

They secretly do.

They really don't.

Then they do unconsciously.



Our conversation is getting shorter.

Because we stopped thinking.

Why did that happen?

It's either we're getting old, or
getting happy.



Hey, I stopped thinking.

I used to have so many thoughts and ideas, although they faded away as soon as I got my first iPhone.

I used to think I was very different from others, I thought my thoughts were unique.

Then I learned that they weren't.

I learned that there were other people who thought:

maybe my whole life is a lie and my life is broadcasted
on a TV show and everyone I know is acting.

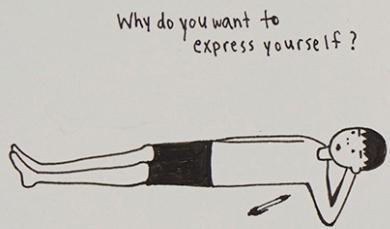
When I told my mom about this thought, she told me there was an exact movie like that.

Maybe that's why I stopped thinking. Because
all of the ideas exist anyway.

Everything had been thought of, or made already.
What's the point of repeating?



Why do you do art?



Why do you want to
express yourself?



I want to express myself.

I want people to like me as I am.

