

# Individual Status Report VI

## EECS 582: Senior Design Project II

Sandy Urazayev\*

56; 12022 H.E.

*Disclaimer: I'm okay and this is purely a work of fiction.*

Today must be the day. How could it not? Tonight's the night. Look at the stars, marvel at their beauty. The breeze is so fresh as if it came flying straight from the Mediterranean lands. On a quiet night such as this, it is no secret that the leaves of nearby trees are all singing of God. The Universe itself is singing a lullaby, preparing its subordinates to fall asleep before the new tomorrow. Must be a shame that it will all end for me today. It must be today.

On my quick walk back home, I saw a girl running across the street. I couldn't tell why she was running, it was pretty late, she has to go to bed soon. Little bush noises I heard right before make me believe she was playing with a ball that flew in there, whilst of all, she was searching for it. Some people do have good genes, what a beautiful child. I'm sure her parents love her dearly. This must be my corner to get back home.

"Mister, mister!", I heard suddenly from behind. It was that same girl but tainted with a weird and scared look in her eyes. Am I really that detestable at first sight? "Mister, mister! Have you seen my mom?". Thank God. It wasn't me, she's just lost. How will I look for her mother? Where should I start? Is it all right for a man to hold hands with a girl? I am looking for her mother and trying to help her. I had to do none of that, as her mother appeared right around the corner, all worried, but at the sight of her daughter, I could feel the air of relief soothing her.

---

\*University of Kansas (ctu@ku.edu)

"Thank you, mister!". That girl probably thinks it was all thanks to me. That I simply willed her mom into existence, or I should say to appear right in front of us. I wonder if she will remember this short encounter between us. No matter, she probably won't. I hope she has a good and long life in front of her. But what I do know is that I will. Eventually, this is my last day on Earth. This little, short, yet precious memory this girl gave me is what I will take with me. I should be thankful.

I'm home. It feels good to be home. The weather today was definitely something that I could never ask better of. I sat down at my desk, crawled my hand under a little napkin on the table. "It's still here, good", I said out loud. Why would it not be? The loaded revolver I've been keeping under this napkin for good two months now. Every day I try to finally push myself to do it. Finally, get enough courage in me to exclaim profoundly - "This is it! This is how I must go". But I never do. Last moment, before I pull the trigger, something holds me back. I question whether it is my cowardice or something that doesn't want to see me go.

I thought of this long and hard. Sometimes, I try not to think of it too much and take it more naturally. What is life? Why am I here? Does it matter what I do, what I feel? And what, if I'm learning how to use Flutter to create cross-platform GUI applications, who is going to need that? The designs I created for the application, with how all those pretty little tabs align and give the user the power to choose different configurations plus settings for different devices. Do they amount for anything? Is this really all there is to life? Doing one thing this week and planning me showing the designs to the team, and also getting a working dummy Flutter MVP working? The naive me hoped there is more.

Is today really the day? Thinking back, I see that girl in front of me. Wait, she smiled. Yes, yes! After she saw her mother, she looked at me with the most lively and hope-filled eyes I have ever seen, and she smiled. She smiled as I used to when I was a boy. This is life and the Universe telling me it is okay. There are better people in this world than me. Why should I be a hindrance to them, for that little girl? She will live life, there is no rational nor emotional need for anyone like me around people like her. They deserve to live because they yet possess that joy for life.

Thank you. I can finally go in peace now. If that little girl can hear me,

I wish you live a happy life. Doing what you feel doing, loving sincerely, supporting your mother, and being friends with yourself. Your little smile proved to me that it will be okay. I thought the Universe and reality would go when I go. But today I saw, it must go on, but without me. I can leave them to a better-off world with hope. They will never read GTK documentation pages, learn the C++ boost library, or learn how to convert cartesian coordinates for IMU data interpretation. It is going to be a life of hope for them that I could never afford, me, who already lost the taste before ever feeling it.

I made up my mind. The resolve is what matters. Thank you for your smile. You gave me life and courage. The life of what comes after me and the courage to make that life happen for all of you. I slowly get the napkin out of the table's way. I see the beautiful metalwork of the revolver. The soft candlelight is reflecting beautifully. What a sight to behold. Shakespeare said - "Courage isn't the absence of fear, but acting in spite of it". I'm scared, but her smile gives me enough will to finally act. All I need to pull that trigger....