

KEEP



ROLLING

## Keep Rolling

Life doesn't always seem fair. You keep rolling the dice, and, over and over and over 1. You gather yourself, hope for something better, and roll again—1. Another day, another 1. And after a while, it starts to feel like maybe the game is broken, like maybe *you* are broken. That the system has decided who wins and who loses, and you've already been assigned the wrong end. It gets heavy. You wonder why others get 20s and you get the floor. You begin to believe that maybe you were never meant to win.

But here's what most forget: **you never roll a zero**. That number doesn't exist on the die. The only way to hit a zero is to stop playing. To check out. To wake up and decide to feel nothing, expect nothing, try nothing. And some do, and for a while, I did too. I did it so I could tell you this story. That some spend their days in a kind of numbness, dragging the weight of their unrolled die through time, as if simply surviving through emptiness is the only option left. But that is not life. That is zero. That is the only way to lose for real.

We all suffer. That's not the glitch in the system—it *is* the system. Some suffer visibly, physically, publicly. Others suffer in silence, inwardly, with invisible weights tied to their breath. But the mind does not differentiate. To each mind, its pain is absolute. It becomes the limit of its known universe. And when you're trapped in your own story, in your own loop of low rolls and long nights, it's easy to forget: **the die can still turn**. You just have to roll it one more time.

And that's the secret. That's the whole point. It only takes *one* roll in the right direction to change everything. One good break. One unexpected moment. One shift in perception. One helping hand. The person who keeps rolling 1s isn't cursed—they're building tension. They're forging the kind of story we *remember*. Anyone can ride a string of 20s. But the one who rolls 1 after 1 and still shows up, still rolls, still believes in *possibility*—that's the one whose story matters. That's the one worth hearing.

And yes—it is still just a story. That doesn't mean it's false. It means it's symbolic. Framed. Told. Every explanation is a narrative, including this one. Even the metaphor of dice and rolling and fate and willpower—it's a story. But stories are what we live inside. They are the maps we use to orient ourselves through chaos. So while you must never forget that this is just another story, do not dismiss it. Use it, if it helps. Then, when it stops helping, roll another one.

Because that's the other rule: **we all get to play until we can't**. Until the game ends, for real. Until then, the only thing you need to do—the only thing the universe ever asks of you—is to *roll again*. You don't need to win. You don't need to prove anything. You just need to stay in the story. And in the end, it will be your persistence—not your score—that echoes.

So remember the rules, play fair, and always remember the story. And whatever number you rolled today: KEEP ROLLING... Keep THINKING!