

Black Day

It was a black day when the pestilent Viral X surfaced in the world. This letter will tell the story of Wit, and how nothing changes under the blue bird sky of life... or even the shades of gray of a cloudy day. Some people say of life and its happenings, that: "It is what it is." But to this Wit thought you can't spout shallow quips that state the self-evident and hope for your audience to arrive at the deeper levels of thought in the depths of the lakes of knowledge... One day Wit was on the public transit and was chit chatting with a fellow. This man had been staying at the local homeless shelter and thus infused with religious pandering. And as Wit was getting off the bus, he told the man good luck.

"God don't need luck." The man pointed out.

"God helps those who help themselves." Wit replied.

Wit meant that self-help is the only help one gets from an imaginary being, but the fellow on the bus took it as a slight. All I can say briefly is that people believe all kinds of dumb things, like that we live on a flat earth. Time doesn't necessarily weed out stupidity from the path of life.

The Viral X pestilence exposed the world as a dramaturgical stage upon which we are all its actors, and in the case of Viral X, actors in a masque of mirth and melancholy, wearing literal masques, and so goes the masquerade, and so goes life: "it is what it is," the herd goes herd fashion over the edge of a flat world into the nether of oblivion.

Anyhow, perhaps more on that later.

Wit had an old friend, or a former friend, that he lost to the Viral X, and this person's name was Rig. But Wit did not lose Rig to death so much as to the solitude of the pestilence. As I said, it was a black day when Viral X descended upon the world; though, no one really knows exactly when it started, or if it will end for that matter. Whereas Rig was dead to Wit in spirit, Wit's childhood friend Rambler was just dead. But the man Wit was today, would not be the man who experiences death, Wit's "online-therapist" Umwelt tells him.

In the end, the time of Viral X was like the shadow of a black sun on a hollow world: a savage disease ushered in a spectral era of uncertainty for a bleak future.