

Demise

Tameka Borton

The lines of fact and fiction are often blurred. The side of cold unchangeable facts often collide with a place of pink elephants and other such ridiculous riffraff. When this occurs, a gray mass is formed. It is here, where you exist; a reality full of chaos, discord and melancholy. I thrive here. Amongst the pandemonium and pain I prosper, watching people cope with their day-to-day activities, which in hindsight don't really matter.

My name is Chaser. I have all the time in the world. The interchange from day to night means nothing to me. I do what I please, how I please, whenever I please to do so. I will live for eternity. I have all the time in the world.

Time walks hand in hand with termination. As time progresses you deteriorate; I do not. Your once radiant and youthful appearance turns to something of a walking corpse, with fond memories of your better days at a loss. Time kills. It takes your beauty, your body, and your spirit; mercilessly. Is it not ironic that all humans seem to want to kill time? To waste their time with deeds so meaningless in the scheme of things, is that not irrational?

All I need to do is wait. What I am waiting for, is irrelevant. The real question you should be asking is why are you waiting? Why are you reading this piece of paper that was either given to you or you have stumbled across during your pointless existence?

Upon reflection, I conclude that time does have some sort of grasp upon me. I need time to elapse. You should wish

otherwise, for while time is killing you, it is not killing me. Killing time doesn't stop that. Using time makes your existence worthwhile.

Please, stop reading. Use this time. Don't kill it. Not by reading this.

If you are still reading, you're too stubborn and/or curious to take good advice when it is given to you. What does it matter; it's your time you're killing. It is your death that draws closer, not mine.

By now you may be asking who exactly I am. What is my purpose? Where do I come from? Why am I so seemingly pessimistic in nature? I am asking the same questions of why you are not fulfilling your purpose? Where do you think I am leading you? Why do you not listen to my seemingly pessimistic words?

I am Chaser. And I wait. I watch. I observe. You know this now, so turn away, and live.

Didn't think you would. Like I said, I care not; your death draws closer, not mine.

Death. Often a topic for discussion. It is your kind's fascination with death that has developed the need for religion. And it is your differing ideas and notions that lead to holy wars, discrimination, and personal issues that I care not to elaborate on.

For a species with such intelligence, I don't understand why you consume yourselves with the idea of death. Your chosen religion (or non religion) dictates how you live. Your ideas about the journey after death influences how you live. You live to please your god/goddess/elephant with six arms.

Many believe in heaven, so when people die there can be some closure by knowing they have 'gone to a better place'. You also edit your lifestyle so you may be granted entry into this 'heaven' and avoid 'hell'. You live in preparation for your death.

Some of you believe in karma. Again, your actions are dictated by this belief. Some of you believe you join the earth

when you die, and yes, the consumption of animals and treatment of plant matter is dictated by your belief. You don't want to die a bad person.

And then there are some, perhaps the wisest of you, maintain there is nothing after death. At least these people are encouraged to live their lives, and do not seem to talk about death very much. Speaking of which, yours still draws nearer. Stop reading. Turn away. Live for life, as death is imminent.

Yet another observation of your species: you are stubborn and foolish and should be smacked with a broom.

Some of you may have gotten the point by now. Others, not so much. If you are in the first category you have stopped reading this. If you are in the second ... well, you are not here to read results. Then what are you here for?

Why do I bother? You aren't going to listen anyway ...

People also seem to work a lot. It seems a majority of your day and stress is work related. I understand the purpose is to gain money, with which you buy the bare necessities. Thus, I conclude you spend most of your time trying to live. You also spend money on entertainment; televisions and such. Things to 'pass the time'. This I still don't understand. You try to live, but then when the opportunity rears its ugly head, you hide, watching ESPN hunched over microwavable mac and cheese. At least some of you have the decency to watch the news and make a steak.

But why watch the news? It simply tells of all the terrible things in the world.

I just realised why I like the news ... the deaths, the riots, the misery and despair!

Why not go out and be a part of that? Life, I mean. What's the worst that could happen? You could end up on the news ...

You can still stop, you have the time...

My name is Chaser. I am a demon. Sent to wait. I have waited patiently for the Armageddon; this will occur in 23 minutes. And you wasted your time reading this, as opposed to tossing it aside.

TAMEKA BORTON

I asked you.
I warned you.
The world will end in 23 minutes.
How will you waste that time?



Tameka Borton wrote this in 2010 when she was in Year 12 at Casuarina Senior College in Northern Territory.