

I Will Be Forgotten

My life will end, and nobody will remember me. I think about it often, very often. How can I leave mark on history, something to be remembered by, if people seem to forget about me while I still exist? How can you even prove whether you exist or not if nobody knows about you? Seems like your importance to people don't depend on who you are, but on how social you are.

People either bore or scare me. How can you talk about something so boring and unimportant as what you had on breakfast or how was your day? Small talk. There is so much more in this world that could be a topic of a conversation than your new t-shirt. These people just bore me, but there is also so much in people that is evil.

I read news, study history, observe the world and wonder "How soon are we going extinct? How much time do we have? Is there a point in legacy if everything will be dust?". I do enjoy my life, when I have purpose, some grand meaning to everything I do. But what legacy could I leave if humanity will go extinct. What else should I live for? Happiness? Is it the purpose of human life? Then why don't I feel like it's enough? Can I stop worrying about my legacy and just live? I can't.

I'm young. Is it common for young people to worry about their legacy and purpose? Why do I worry about it? Why can't I be happy with what I have? I will be forgotten. Doesn't matter what I do. But I can't live in a moment too. I feel so far away from everyone else, that's probably why people forget about me.

If I hate people so much, why would I want their attention? Maybe I have something to say, but nobody notices me, or I don't have anything to say and that's just selfish lack of attention. Maybe I am some sort of unrecognized genius, and nobody notices me because they fear me. Or I actually am unimportant, and nobody notices me because why should they?

But even if I have something to say to the world, why am I writing this right now and not working on any of my ideas? Is it just laziness or fear of not living up to my own expectations? Maybe both, but I can't even make myself try with this fear that it won't turn out the way I imagined it.

I hope one day I overcome myself and bring my ideas to life. I really hope so.