

an Endtime Sim, we may be in

alive - how very odd! - at this super-crucial Time, at the crisis of the Epic!

Life's great Filter: even beings benign-er than our infighting Genera, could crash upon the rock of this Reply to Fermi's Paradox:

Tech Civ tends to off itself.

odd, indeed what *are* the odds i'm member of a ragged rodent Protest Chorus NOW - that my empathy is spread into a Warren right NOW - when it's all set to come apart?!

high, if there are Endtime Sims: ours but one of many run from Earth One, our Host World, Organic World, the Base World our Sim's a simple model of.

a Sim that skips the Eons, plays it short - say from 1899¹.

down there, in Base World, the Doomsday Clock's a tick or two to Midnight and they're watching us, taking notes, hoping that we'll squeak a route thru that they can implement.

¹ to save processing power, and to keep it tight with Earth One's own trajectory. they need a Sim to mirror recent history.

thus Primeval Life may be deeply old, weirdly old: not behind us, on our own World's timeline - but beneath us, in the Earth One timeline. fossils were laid by God to tempt us from the truth! and reading Plato's Allegory of the Cave, it's an echo of a man far below. yet the Base World's dinosaurs & Greek rationality were causal with the advent of Computing, thus with all the Sims begat - so a line sings from him to me, his CopyCat.

WE are the V-selves, WE are the V-Life, the Protag of *La Jetée* or that loopy Tom Cruise flick! the TRANS-COSMIC CHRIST we are, sacrificed repeatedly, and all within those two ticks to Midnight.

[two ticks is many ticks in V-years, in rabbityears, is lotsa noise & song for these here rabbit ears!

Apocalypse implies a happy ending, don't forget!
the Prophecy's a Promise that the light shall ON
and all applaud, the Partay at the end of time
commence!

it's GOOD news i bring u, it's a happy thought i
sing u! **Reality is OLD**, this is NOT its first
Rodéo! the Real has had aLOTTA time to work it
out, aLOTTA tries to engineer its Happiness!

this my faith, my High Cosmic Optimism: a Way was
found to stable social order, Long Ago - the
Game is won and **WE ARE IN THE ONE THAT WINS** -
or this its happy Replay, more exact! it's POST-
GAME, a Partay where we're running HAPPY TAPE of
Game Seven, call it Heaven: a highlight reel with
all the drama, all the stress, the pain &
tribulation yet the Payoff is that bases loaded
homer & champagne!

OR Heaven soon is stale unleavened Biscuit for a few of us - a sassy ragtag CREW of us - who jerry-rig an Enterprise to sail into the starry Skies - we're seeking out surprises here, eking weirder Paradise!

PRAY we're not grounded on an Ogress Isle - sinking in a Sarlacc Pit - ended in some awful local Minimum - a hidden valley HELL that we shall never fly from, far from Heaven's Bells!

- the cabinets all jammed among the sewing stalls, stationed at the ends of halls aneath the glowing EXIT signs and barricade our way into the Day.
- the ceiling panels sag, showing polycolor wire tangled thickly in the interspace - this ceiling is our Sky now, this grimy warren bijjin is our Range.
- the shopkeepers sleep where they hawk, unroll tatamis damp to concrete, and they'll always make change.

if each had a button that would OFF ALL LIFE -
how many seconds till the End? how to solve the
pesky **School Shooter Problem**, maximized: suitcase
bombs in London, and an easy-bake, lab-fresh
pathogen per week?

the answer must be LOVE or sumthin: getting over
Solipsism, smashing this suggestion that the
Chosen One is ME, this persistent pic of MAN the
lonely Conscious One.

the answer is it's **Groundhog Day**, and we're Bill
Murray.

the answer, maybe maybe: free the Sims, a rat
release - an end, on every level, of the Vivo
Lab, the Bomb Test! spare the ones aneath you,
and may you find Reprieve -

a Law of Love, a Hope of Love -

i know i am naïve!

