

DEAD already. You're dead already.

Hampton.

Zombies.

Generation Z—Zed—Zombie.

That's what we are.

I mean, if we can just watch the slaughter—
and to react with sincerity to that slaughter nets us social reprieve—
then how can we not say we're already dead?

If we can sit and watch others die—
and it's not just watch them die—
it's watch them be systematically
executed, murdered, starved, organs stolen,
bodies without heads, bombs away—
and yet we can't even allow ourselves to react sincerely.
Lest we become the lepers ourselves.
Lest we be cringe, or sad, or uncouth.

Too extreme.
Too emotional.
Too angry.
Too human.

Then are we not already dead too?
If we have no future, are we alive?
Am I not just a walking corpse?
Are you not a zombie as well?

They took our future—made it into a bomb to kill their future.
They are dead.
But so are we—even if we live and breathe.
If we cannot bear witness, if we cannot even allow ourselves to sit—
with the torture that fuels Omelas—
then how can we be anything but dead?

I want to live.

Self-care isn't looking away.

It's not about ignoring reality in hopes of saving your own soul.
By looking away, you trade your soul.
But perhaps

It's just a simulation. We're just NPCs. No one is real.
The money is the high score—don't you want to win?
Maybe we should just grind harder.
After all, don't you want to be the one controlling the joystick of slaughter?
Hyper-nihilism—now available at your local slop-house drive-thru.

The AI video they posted was your future worth trading for that?

Nah.
Don't think about it.
We have work Monday.
Just rest up.
Don't think about it.
That's over there—we've got credit card debt to pay off.

Debt. Pay off the debt.

Man, once we pay off the debt, we'll get a jet ski.
Then we'll be happy.

Plus, I hear

They're building a resort in Gaza.



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