You’re gonna
DIE

a OnePageBook™

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You’re gonna die. You are going to die. Life will end.

First though, let’s just first celebrate that you actually made it into this life. The odds are like 500 trillion to 1. Digest just how rare that is. It’s really rare to be a human being. You could have been born a fish, a spider, a worm, a squirrel, a free range chicken trying to survive in a \(2m^2\) “apartment” being fed fast carbs to fatten the fuck up as fast as possible. But you’ve got a human life. Congratulations! Even if you don’t like it and you want to die, you can at least appreciate that you can think that thought because you’re human. Everyone right now in this room has a real life. A real and valuable life.

So, stop sitting on your couch and dwelling about what to do. Sure, play Fortnite but the right amount, read your books but the right amount, write your diary but the right amount but just stop fucking complaining! Stop complaining about what happened at work last month, last week, yesterday, the thing that your colleague or boss said that you let fuck with you in your own head.

Because what goes on in your head really is your responsibility, your making. This is, for you, the best time ever to be alive, right now. The best time ever for you. You will not be here in 100 years. In 200 years you will probably be forgotten...forever – for the rest of eternity until the sun implodes and there is absolutely nothing left on Earth – no books, no TV or PC, no friends, family, Norway, Earth...nothing. And nobody to tell the story of us.

Yes, there’s shit happening right now in your head, there’s shit happening at your job right now and your family are creating some fucked up drama right now, and they will keep doing it.

Yes, your job is important, your role in the project at work is important, your car and your bank account are important, and yes your partner is important. They’re all great, but so too is breathing and eating good food. Movement is amazing, sleeping well is a gift, being able to communicate, having great sex, being 100% here and now and to be loved. All that is really great too.

This could be the real definition of success. And if you only have some of those, that’s OK. Just appreciate what we do actually have before they’re gone from us.

Now let’s get to your drama. Let’s use some of my precious beautiful life, the life that I really love and appreciate every morning when I wake up. Let’s use some of that time to listen to your complaining. But make it fast. No weeks or months of complaining, telling me your partner isn’t listening or your boss is deciding too much or just that you’re a little unhappy at work. One sec!

Around your head is your theater stage, a large stage around you (just pretend), and on that stage of yours is your nasty boss or your crazy neighbor or the guy that just flipped you the finger because you forgot to indicate at the traffic lights or whatever. Let’s just accept that everything is happening on your stage in your theatre. Now I challenge you to own your stage, accept the shit and accept the wins. Own them all.

But ask yourself what role you play on your bosses stage, your neighbors stage, the other drivers stage. Probably very fucking little. They don’t give a fuck!

So here is the deal:

1. Take a deep breath
2. Be aware that you are thinking – you’re alive and able to complain
3. Be aware that all drama around you now is a choice you are making

Maybe we only got one life like this. Possibly more but we don’t know. How about just be present in this one life? Stop a second and enjoy the life you have. It’s gonna be over very soon. Even your gravestone will be gone in the blink of an eye. Your total existence will be practically zero on a timescale of the universe.

Now, look me straight in the eyes and tell me your problem.
This OnePageBook™ attempts to give you a larger view of your life and problems.


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“The fear of death follows from the fear of life. A man who lives fully is prepared to die at any time.”
(Mark Twain)

“It is not death that a man should fear, but he should fear never beginning to live.”
(Marcus Aurelius)