

I'm not robot





You died in a car accident, leaving behind a wife and two children. I'm here to guide you through this process. Your soul is more magnificent than you can imagine. You've been alive for the last 48 years as a human, but your consciousness is much greater. You've had many lives before this one, and each time you're reborn, you bring back memories from those experiences. When you die, you don't just forget everything that happened in this life. Your past lives are stored within you, waiting to be remembered. It's like sticking a finger into a glass of water to see if it's hot or cold - you put a small part of yourself into the vessel and bring back all its experiences. You're concerned about your family, but don't worry, they'll be fine. Your kids will remember you as perfect, and your wife will feel guilty for feeling relieved that she's no longer stuck in an unhappy marriage. As we walk through the void, I tell you that all religions are right in their own way. You'll be reincarnated again, but don't worry about what happens next. Just enjoy the journey and the memories you bring back with each new life. I said this time around you'll be a Chinese peasant girl in 540 AD "This time, you'll be a Chinese peasant girl." "Wait, what?" You stammered. "You're sending me back in time?" "Well, I guess technically Time only exists in your universe." "Where are you from?" "Oh sure I come from somewhere else." "But wait. If I get reincarnated to other places in time, could have interacted with myself at some point." "Happens all the time And with both lives aware of their own lifespan don't even know it's happening." "So what's the point of it all?" "Seriously? You're asking me for meaning of life Isn't that a little stereotypical." No beating around the bush now, I just said it straight out: "There was a truck skidding along..." You looked at me with a mix of shock and confusion. "I... did I die?" I nodded. "Yeah, but don't sweat it, everyone dies," I tried to reassure you. You glanced around, taking in the nothingness that surrounded us. Just the two of us, floating in an empty space. "What's this place?" you asked. "Is this some kind of afterlife scenario?" I replied. "More or less, yeah." The story 'The Egg' by Andy Weir begins like this. Weir is a US-based novelist and ex-computer programmer who wrote the bestselling book 'The Martian'. He got inspired to write 'The Egg' after an argument with his aunt, which made him think: what if I had lived her life? That led to an idea of a system where people live each other's lives. 'The Egg' has been translated into thirty different languages and can be read here.

The egg by andy weir in spanish. The egg by andy weir summary. The egg by andy weir book. The egg by andy weir explained. The egg by andy weir pdf. The egg by andy weir epub. The egg by andy weir theme. The egg by andy weir meaning. The egg by andy weir questions. How long is the egg by andy weir. The egg by andy weir point of view. The egg by andy weir essay. The egg by andy weir reflection. The egg by andy weir analysis. Symbolism in the egg by andy weir.