Antonio

From the diary of Antonio:

Life is not ours. We do not, nor will we ever, own it. It is that plain and simple. My colleagues say it’s another one of my acid spin outs or my natural paranoia seeping out. They are wrong. I’ve done my research. I’ve looked up my facts. I am not crazy! There are other forces at work here!

Our lives are controlled. They are planned out years in advance. And all of it is out of our grasp. We have no say over what happens to us. We think we do but it’s all an illusion. We do inexplicable things because we don’t control it. We are played as if in a game. Our players decide our fates. How we die, who we meet, how we feel, how we act. It is all mapped out.

I am not confused as to why nobody but me has figured this out. We are content with the pointless and answerless lives we lead. We fear that there is someone greater than us. We lust for power and anyone else with more power than ourselves is a threat. Looking for a threat means acknowledging that there might be one.

The ignorance of humanity disgusts me.

That brings me to another point as to why we have not unraveled this mystery until now. The rest of the world is stupid. They never contemplated this fact. I am sure many have conjured up this idea but how many have acted on it? How many have really thought about it? I, being better than all you, thought about it nonstop. This thought process triggered my player’s curiosity. He or she, if they even are by divided by gender, pushed me to research.

I had controlled situations of different types of people. I sat and watched them go through a number of set ups, each meant to trigger a different emotion. I monitored their brain
waves when they did something they couldn’t explain later. I was shocked to find that the part of the brain that controls reasoning completely went black. Nothing there worked. It was all gone. Something else had to be controlling them. Every instance of unexplainable behavior showed the same facts.

This information brought feelings of excitement to my threshold. I quickly gathered my data and research and showed my colleagues. They thought I had finally crossed the line between sanity and insanity. But there was no line to cross. And if there was, I was yet to cross it. My sanity was still perfectly intact. Yet they continued to be disbelieving. They all left me to myself. We never spoke with each other and they tried to find projects without me in them.

My feelings were unhurt but I was angry. I was completely and extremely livid.

How dare they think I’m crazy? How dare they think they’re better than me? They were just afraid. They feared the greater power.

I vented my feelings to my dear wife, Sarah. She, too, thought I was “going off my rocker”. One night an argument escalated and she woke up our two beautiful children, Morgan and Seth. They started packing while I watched in horror. By dawn she had the car loaded up and she was just about to step in the driver’s seat. She said three words that made me boil with more anger and not regret letting her leave.

“Get some help.”

Then she stepped in the car and sped off.

I walked inside emotionless. Her player was just afraid of my knowledge. She was just holding me back. Now I could venture around the world looking for believers.

And that’s exactly what I did.
I met many people. All of which denied my thoughts. Some took my number but never called. Others didn’t even bother to listen to my research after I proposed my idea. Near the end of my expeditions, many walked in, saw my face, and walked out.

I was becoming known.

I finally had a brain wave. I changed my name and my appearance.

But that alias became known as well.

Having run out of money, I decided to stay as I was. I was finally able to organize a meeting after eight months of going without.

It was at a health hospital. Paranoia invaded me at first, but I was assured that this was going to help the patients with their inexplicable behavior.

I entered in high spirits but it didn’t last long. I told my name to the receptionist and she widened her eyes. Her hand twitched and two big looking men came and grabbed me. That’s where I fell unconscious.

I woke up in a straight jacket and in sweats. They gave me a diary for an hour of monitored writing every day. Afterwards they read it when they think I don’t know. I get three warm meals and twenty hours of isolation.

I sit here rocking my life away.

But I don’t worry. My player has it all figured out. They shall save me. Though I have a fear in the back of my mind. What if my player has forgotten about me? What if I had lost my usefulness? What if... I’m doomed... to this room... forever?