

A collage-style poster with a dark background. At the top, a UFO flies through a blue sky with white clouds. To the right, a black electric guitar is positioned diagonally. In the background, a city skyline with a prominent skyscraper is visible. On the left, a large, textured, brown alien face is partially shown. At the bottom right, a computer monitor displays a first-person shooter game scene with a character holding a gun in a ruined city. The title 'A DEEP INTERVIEW WITH A GAMER' is written in large, bold, white, blocky letters across the center.

A DEEP INTERVIEW WITH A GAMER

BELISARIO FOSCA W.

A deep interview with a gamer

Belisario Fosca Wieler

To God, to my wife, to my parents, my sisters, my
cats, and myself.

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PART ONE

THE DEAL

To whoever finds this

Hi dear reader! This is a story about binary forces, decay and death versus hope and life.

From the bottom of my heart, I hope you find inspiration and a spark of joy. After all, you are alive!

I know this writing format might seem strange at first, but bear with me and it'll grow on you.

To start, I like and appreciate documenting my life's work and the progress of my missions with my humans. So, if you are reading this, it means that you received a copy of my interview logs. Why you? Well, I like to send these copies physically or by email to five people per job, and I send them to people who I think can really understand concepts from beyond planet Earth. I'm not from this dimension, which is why I'm saying this.

Alright, let's get straight to the point.

Next on the interviewees list is Frank. He's a high school student, very philosophically smart. He will probably become a philosopher, poet, or actor.

I remember my first conversation with him. He wasn't scared at all, in fact, he was filled with awe and curiosity. For a fifteen-year-old to be abducted by an alien, me, and have an attitude so open, it's outstanding.

He seemed to really understand the complicated topics we discussed, such as dreams, the present, the past, and the future.

Oh, shit! I forgot to introduce myself. Hi! I'm an alien, but not the kind of alien you might imagine. I'm a cosmic entity that can communicate with any living being in the universe. I can talk to people, animals, plants, and other aliens, I connect with anything that is alive. I live everywhere and can move faster than the speed of light. For example, one second I might be watching people enjoying and savoring the best pizza in Napoli, and the next second, I might be watching aliens building their ultra-technological flying saucers on Saturn.

But why? Why do I call myself an alien? Nowadays, people don't believe in shit. They're closed off. Ironically, people preach about being open-minded, yet they're actually becoming dumb and emotionally numb. They create more and more division by the minute. If I tell them that I'm a cosmic entity living in a parallel dimension, they won't believe me. That's why I present myself as an alien.

Ok, now. To help you understand my life's calling and personal mission. I only work with humans, and I represent death and belief. My goal is to make belief the default emotion in the human race. I do this simply by talking to them. I like to say that I interview them and guide them towards finding their own true calling. It's a challenging job, but humans are, without a doubt, the most emotional species in the universe, even if they aren't the most intelligent. That's colossally exciting!

How do I pick the right human and why I didn't pick you? Well, I choose interesting and troubled individuals, I abduct them early in life, and give them a mission and

purpose. Years later, I reenter their lives. This time, there's no abduction, I go to them. Once they recognize me, I interview them to check their progress. If they're on the right track, I share more wisdom with them. However, if they have forgotten or ignored their mission for any reason, I give them a ticking clock.

I hope it's clearer now. Let's continue talking about Frank. Where were we? Oh yes! The curious Frank. That kid was a happy kid, filled with hope. Even when abducted, he always asked me smart shit.

And what did he look like? Well, first, he was pale. He didn't spend much time outside, he liked to read, play games, and try different stuff with his computer. His hair was dark and short, very short, like a soldier's or a prisoner's, that short. He was wearing a loose black Blink-182 T-shirt, tight dark jeans, and black and white Converse sneakers. He also had an iPod, his wired earphones were coming out of his T-shirt from the neck level.

I chose him because of the essay he wrote about why people get obsessed with the future while neglecting the present. That outstanding piece of work, was an inspiration for me.

Oh, yes. Normally I like to curse a lot, it feels natural to me. But since Frank was fifteen in this first conversation, I need to keep things clean. Yeah... I know, it's bullshit.

Then, how do you know who you are?

The first contact.

Frank asked me, “What’s your name?”

“I don’t have a name. I don’t need it.” I explained to him that from all the galaxies and planets that I visited, humans are the only ones who have names. The other ones like me, just think and communicate.

He then asked me a very interesting question, “But then, If you don’t have a name, how do you know who you are?”

I replied, “Well, I know who I am because of my thoughts and actions.”

I remember seeing his face. He didn’t believe me, not at all.

Before we continue, and for you to have an idea about the timeline. This happened twenty years ago, so this first conversation between Frank and me happened in 2005.

I explained myself to him better, “Ok, it seems I need to elaborate on my answer. Um... Ok, got it. Do you like music? What’s your favorite band?”

He smiled, gave me a rock sign with his hands, and simply said, “Green Day. A hundred percent.”

I replied to him, “Hell yeah, Bro! That’s what’s up!

Jesus of Suburbia must be one of the greatest songs ever written. But for real, you know, you humans have amazing music, the best in the universe.”

He said to me, “For sure, the entire American Idiot album is a masterpiece. Every second of it! But wait, wait, wait, did you just said, there’s music in other planets? Can I listen? Do you have some? What about the instruments? The music tempo?”

As much as I love to talk about music, I felt that the conversation and my mission were being deviated.

I replied to Frank, “Of course I have bro! And the instruments are way different. Most of them are inside the mind, and the real skill to learn is how to think like an artist. But first, we need to finish our conversation. Right?”

He answered, “That’s ridiculous! I will need to hear it. Ok, let’s continue. You were telling me that you know who you are because of your thoughts and actions. So?”

“Ok, let me explain.” I said.

“Let’s take Green Day’s singer, Billie Joe Armstrong, as an example. Why do you think he gets to do what he does and always play with a smile on his face? He didn’t start as good as he is now, and certainly, when he was a kid, he dreamed about being a rockstar. Right? In fact, he met Mike Dirnt, the bassist, when he was fourteen!”

Frank responded, “Right! But he was always Billie Joe Armstrong!”

Teenagers! I thought. It’s hard to explain things to them, even though, nowadays they are smarter than most of adults.

Then I said to Frank, “Yes, of course, you are right, bro. But let me ask you this, what do you think his thoughts were when he was fourteen? What do you think

he did in his free time?”

He replied, “He must have been obsessed with playing guitar and trying to form a band. Right? Because he wanted to be a rockstar since he was even younger than I am. And now, now he’s a punk icon.”

I said to him, “Word, bro, he’s a rockstar and a punk icon who helps and inspires millions of people! That’s it, that’s him. He’s not only a name, he’s an inspiration. He was inspired by his own thoughts, he’s a mix of thoughts and actions.”

I saw Frank’s face turn sad all of the sudden, he said, “Yeah, he is that... An inspiration.”

I felt bad, my intention wasn’t to make Frank feel sad. But why is he comparing himself to Billie Joe Armstrong?

I said to him, “Bro... why are you sad? I hope you’re not comparing yourself to him. Everyone is special, I loved your essay about the future and the present, that makes you you, those are your thoughts. That’s why you are talking to me right now, nobody else is, you are a pretty special human. Plus, I have a very important job for you.”

The Past. The Present. The Future

And just like that, like a teen, his mood changed quickly. he was curious again.

He said, You have a job for me? How are you going to pay me? I bet you don't have money!"

I calmly responded, "Ok, you got me. But I don't and would never need money, Billie Joe didn't need money, and believe me, you won't need money either. This job is bigger, this job is as big as Green Day's inspirational story. Interested?"

With wide-open eyes, he answered, "Oh, hell yeah, I'm interested. What is it, though?"

I explained it to him, "Well, do you know what the past is?"

"What do you mean, the past? Well, in my essay I wrote that the past is just an excuse for people to complain." Frank said.

Surprised, I said, "An excuse for people to complain. Um... That's a bit negative, bro, dark. But, ok, let me add this to your thought. The past is what you have been doing the last year, let's say going to school, maybe playing video games, writing your essay, or learning some skill, right?. That is the past, that's what I mean.

Um... Think about it this way, the present is an explanation of the past, and the past are stories that shape the present. You wouldn't be here if you hadn't written your essay, and you wouldn't have written your essay if you weren't interested in philosophy. Right?"

Frank smiled and said, "Wow! Just like Billie Joe and Green Day, their hardworking pasts explain their inspirational present." Which I have to admit, for being fifteen, that conclusion is top-notch. Frank's very smart.

I replied to his comment by saying, "That's exactly it! Bro. It seems that my lessons will be shorter than I thought. You are a natural philosopher!"

Frank said, "What about the job you had for me? What is it?"

I then said to him, "Wait, bro, don't get ahead of yourself, chill. I have more wisdom to share with you. Don't waste it, you are the chosen one after all."

He answered, "Cool, I'm the chosen one. And that's only because of my essay?"

I said to him next, "You don't realize, but what you wrote, um... actually, your way of thinking, is outstanding. There are adults who wish to think like you, to have such thinking control."

He interrupted me and said, "It's emotional intelligence, not thinking control. I can't control minds."

I was astonished, I answered, "You see? That's why you are the chosen one, bro. You are correcting a cosmic entity! Ok, let's keep going. So... We now have the concepts of the past and present crystal clear, let's go ahead and talk about the future!"

As usual, he surprised me with his answer, "The future doesn't exist, there's nothing to talk about."

"Interesting." I replied, then I said, "Help me to

understand your point of view. In which sense? There are way too many variables and factors to consider, right? Like, of course, if tomorrow the earth gets hit by a meteorite, all of you humans will be dead in a heartbeat. But what are the chances of that?”

He rolled his eyes at me, with his human eyes looking up, almost like he was trying to look up his own brain.

He answered me, “Of course I know, that’s almost impossible! Can you please tell me the job? What do I need to do?”

I replied to him, “Ok, ok. I’ll be quick. We said that the present is an explanation of the past. So, naturally, the future is an explanation of the present. Don’t you think? Let me ask you this. What do you think will happen to Green Day in the next ten years if they keep playing and recording albums? Assuming that none of them die crushed to smithereens by a meteorite.”

His curiosity and attention came back. Typical human behavior, only focusing on what they care about. I don’t blame them, it’s the way to be. I’d be a human if I could, they are fucking fun!

He replied in awe, “They would be almighty big! Like bigger than The Ramones!”

I was amazed by this teenager, I replied, “Bro! You really know your punk! And, yes, they would be almighty bigger, like you said. You see? Right now we know that because of their hard work in the 90s, Green Day is what it is now in 2005, and we know for sure that if they keep up this level of work, in ten years they will be almighty big! Probably the best punk band ever.”

He said, “That’s awesome!”

I replied, “Hell yeah, bro!”

The job. Frank's calling

The time has come. I will now explain to you, dear reader, the job I have for Frank.

As you know, he's smart and he understands the three most important concepts in the universe.

First, he must teach these concepts to his community and then to the entire world. He must find a way to communicate these concepts. This will all depend on his skills, of course, as well as his interests and the things that he loves doing.

This is how I told him.

I said, "Ready, bro? The job is simple. I won't overcomplicate things for you. I won't give you a long list of steps or an endless to-do list."

He said, "Nice, the last thing I need is another to do list. My parents are crazy. They have a to-do list on the fridge for everything, clean your room, clean the bathroom, do the dishes, defrost the meat, do your homework, go to guitar class, and go to French class. You name it, it's there. They even have a to-do list for my bathroom routine. Can you imagine?"

I replied, "I think that's wonderful! Um... How's your French? I bet you can do more than just introduce

yourself. I bet you can also play Green Day songs on your guitar. You are a very disciplined young man. You see? That's what we talked about. What you told me is an explanation of your present."

He was surprised, then he said, "You are right, that's true. But right there in the moment, right when you have to do it, it sucks! I'm sure that in your dimension, you don't need to do the dishes ever, but here, it's the worst torture for any human being. I challenge you to do the dishes for one week in my house. You'll end up apologizing to the Lord!"

I answered, "I'm sure it sucks, bro, and I accept your challenge. After this, you can give me some dirty plates, and I'll wash them."

Then I told him, "Ok, so, since you have a perfect understanding of the three concepts we discussed, the past, the present, and the future. Your job and your life's mission will be to use that knowledge to first teach your community and then to teach the rest of the world."

Frank threw me a look of disagreement, and he said, "Oh no no no, I don't want to be a teacher. Sorry, but I don't think I like this job of yours."

I replied to him, "Chill, bro! Let's break this idea down. Let's go back to Green Day and Billie Joe. Their music is not only a mix of guitar, bass, and drums melodies, it also has lyrics. Imagine their songs without lyrics. And tell me, who writes those lyrics?"

He replied, "Billie Joe."

I said, "Yes, and he doesn't write about random topics like how juicy a watermelon is, right? He writes about his emotions, he writes about his experiences, and he puts on paper all of his fears, all of his happiness, and all of his challenges. Whenever they play, their hearts beat differently, their hearts beat the right way. They are

there, just living, just being. That's winning, when you do things that make your heart beat different."

Frank replied, "Yeah, you are right! Their lyrics aren't about how juicy a watermelon is or why koalas eat so much eucalyptus. They are deep and meaningful."

Then I said, "Well, having said that, Green Day is not a band of teachers. They're a punk band, but at the same time, their song lyrics teach about hope, self-belief, and self-control."

Frank thoughtfully replied, "Ok, cool. I don't need to be a teacher, but still, How? What do I do to teach? I like music, I like philosophy, I like video games. It's true that I wrote a nice essay about the exact things you want me to teach, but yet again, I don't want to be a writer. I just want to have fun!"

I told him this, "Exactly, that's the point, happiness. That's for you to discover, bro. What I can say to you is follow your heart, do what you love, and trust your intuition, and only then you will be able to transmit passion and happiness. That's the secret, make your heart beat differently."

You know Frank by now, right, dear reader? He's so smart.

He said, "Ok, so what I need to do is find something that I like doing and teach about the past, present, and future through it. Is that the job? Why? Why don't you do it yourself, like you're doing with me?"

I could only say this to him, "Because I need the planet Earth to have peace, and it will only work if everyone knows what it really means to be alive. And average humans will only follow other fellow humans. That's why I need you."

Yet again, I got another strange look from Frank, and

then he said, "What? Why do you need peace?"

I just looked at him, and with a calm voice I said, "Because if humanity doesn't learn those topics and doesn't start living in peace, all humans will be divided. And division creates insecurity, and insecurity creates violence, and violence is synonym of confusion. And to be honest, that's bad, and simply it doesn't work for me. But, It's going to be a long process, probably more than twenty or thirty years. That's why I need time and people like you, young and smart."

Frank said, "Confusion is bad, that's true."

Adding to my previous idea, I said to him, "Plus, by doing that, your happiness and self-confidence are guaranteed. You will live free of worries. And believe me when I tell you this, money will come by itself. You don't need to worry about that. Just enjoy your life. Trust me."

Frank was ecstatic, I could feel his energy. I knew he was going to do great!

I asked him, "Ok, do you have any more questions?"

He asked me, "I have two more questions. First, how do I know when I succeed? And what happens if I don't succeed?"

I answered him, "Well, in exactly twenty years, I will talk to you again. Think of it as a follow-up. We will chat about your life, your past, present, and future. Then, we will see and decide together what's up. Do we have a deal?"

"Deal! See you when I'm thirty five!" Frank said.

PART TWO

THE FOLLOW-UP

Excitement

Ok, let's keep going with the story. We are now in 2025! Time to pay a visit to our friend Frank! Honestly, I'm so excited! By the way, I hadn't visited or seen him before, because I didn't want any spoilers. After the deal we made in 2005, I just wanted the twenty years to pass as quickly as when a hamburger bite hits your dopamine! I'm fucking excited.

Bear with me, ok? It will get messy because I will write as the interview goes. Well, I will not exactly write. I'm far too intelligent for that. What will happen is this, I'll think, and the words will appear. I'm a mix of Harry Potter, Vecna, and Eleven from Stranger Things. And still, I am more powerful. Remember, I represent death and belief.

Ok, so... In order to go visit Frank, I need to locate him. Alright, wait, let me just meditate for a few seconds...

Um... Um... Um... Got him! Oh shit, Frank looks weird, he has long hair now. He works at a video game store, which is cool because I can get discounts on games. Video games are another thing to praise humans for. The Last of Us is the best story ever written! Ok, let's take a

closer look. He's fat, still wearing dark clothes, and looks kind of sad. What happened to him? Wait, he's leaving. Ok, I'm following him.

He's in his car. I can't talk to him right now. Let's wait until he pulls over to a safe place.

He's home. We're good. He just grabbed a soda. Is he going to his room? I suppose. Oh, yes! That's perfect. He's sitting at his desk. I'll just appear on his monitor and talk to him. Oh, hell yeah! This is going to be legen... wait for it... dary! That's from the show "How I Met Your Mother."

Are you inside my screen?

Ok, be ready, I will appear on his screen in 1... 2... 3...

“Yooo... Frank, What’s up bro?”

“Frank? Shit, did you faint? Fuck! Frank, oh shit, fuck I don’t know what to do.”

Sorry for the cursing, Frank is already thirty five years old, he’s not fifteen anymore, so I’ll just be me. But if you are less than eighteen, please stop reading this, unless you don’t give a shit, and if that’s the case, I salute you, little human!

I will continue to try waking him up, “Frank! Frank! Frank!”

Ok, he’s waking up, he’s waking up.

“Frank, my bro! All good? I’m so happy to see you, my man! I’ve been counting the fucking years!”

Is this for real? Is he really not remembering me? I didn’t change at all, I don’t age. How is he not recognizing me? I will always be the same fucking alien. Damn, you see? Just like we were saying before, this excitement ended in less than five seconds, just like a hamburger bite.

Oh, by the way, in this section of the interview, when Frank talks, his font will be in *“italic.”* You know, since

this is live, and we'll go fast. I just think this is good for differentiating "him" from "me."

"Are you a hacker? Why are you dressed up as an alien? Is this a joke? Mike, are you joking? How did you gain access to my network?"

"Who the fuck is Mike? Hackers? Seriously? I'm way more powerful than that. I not only have access to your fucking network, I have access to your thoughts! But I won't get inside your brain, 'cause what's the fun in that? You don't remember me? For real?"

"What are you doing with my computer? I can't do anything. I can't even use my mouse. Who the fuck are you? What do you want?"

"Bro, are you sure you don't remember? Did you hit your head or something? I'm the alien man! You made a deal with me."

And just like that, I recognized that spark of thrill in his face. It's true that your face expressions will always remain be the same. But fuck, finally he recognized me!

"Are you for real? Wait, are you like... Are you inside my screen? Oh hell yeah! Hell yeah... Yeah! I knew you were real, man. Nobody believed me, man. I told them, and they silenced me, man! I then thought and convinced myself that our first conversation twenty years ago was just a dream."

"Broooooo. Finally, you remembered! I was getting so worried, I was shitting my pants, man. I was waiting for this day to come, my bro. I'm visiting your dimension just to talk to you, and your screen happens to be the funniest medium to have a conversation and for you to see my face. And, you don't need to use headphones or a microphone, by the way. I'm inside your head, but don't worry, I won't mess with your memories or personal bullshit. But if I wanted, I could take a look at when you

lost your virginity... But I won't, or did I already see it?"

"Oh... Fuck off, don't look at that, that's my personal shit, man. Wait, I want to check if I can feel you inside my brain. Wait a second... Nope, nothing. Oh damn, you are a fucking badass, man. Oh shit! We can curse now! Fuuuuuuuck me, man... After twenty years, dude, I'm thirty five now. Shit, I'm assuming you don't have a name yet? Wait, are you now like a super old alien?"

Oh yeah... If only he knew that I'm immortal, remember? I'm a cosmic entity, I can't die. I will be around for the rest of eternity! I will work forever, and after Frank, there will be other humans to teach wisdom and convert them into teachers of the universe's secrets. I'm talking to you, reader, so don't be all confused with me.

"I don't have a fucking name, man. I told you, I don't need one. And for your information, I'm indeed a super old alien, but I'm a fucking cool super old alien. I'm more than a million years old, that's why I know everything, my bro."

"Fuck, man, I feel it, I feel all your wisdom. Definitely a weird kind of wisdom, but I dig it. For being a cool super old alien, you say fuck way too much, but it makes me feel safe, you know? Like I don't need to put a mask on just to talk to you."

"Bro, imagine the number of personalities that I had over the years. For example, I've been unshakably confident like a Bad Motherfucker, I've been scarred and relentless like Batman, but the new one, the one with Robert Pattinson, and I've also been a hyper-logical misfit like Sheldon Cooper. But my personality right now is by far my favorite. It's fucking refreshing."

"I would like to change personalities like that, it would be a great help. If I could, I would be John Wick,

so I could kill with love every piece of shit that bullied me.”

“Fuck yeah, man! Wait... Did someone killed your dog?”

Fucking bullies, man

Are you as excited as I am, dear reader? I want to know how he's doing, if I have to guess, he either is a professional soda taster, or he does something with video games. Fuck, I want to know if Frank kept his end of the deal. Maybe he teaches by analyzing game stories? Maybe. Let's figure this out, shall we?

"Yoooo... Green Day are still kicking it out bro. Did you listen to their last album? It's fucking sublime!"

"Yes, yes, yes! It's amazing. Dilemma is my favorite song, man!"

"They have been playing for four fucking decades, man, definitely they are the best punk band ever. Yoo, wanna know a secret?"

"Yeah, of course! Tell me man."

"God's favorite band is Green Day."

"God's favorite band?"

"Fuck yeah, they are. Well, that's the name of one of their compilation albums, but that doesn't mean it's not true. They enjoy playing so much that they became eternal. They kept playing and performing, and they became God's fucking favorite band. There you go for the explanation of the past."

“Oh yeah, that. The past, the present, and the future.”

Shit, I have a bad feeling about this... Sounds to me that our friend Frank didn't come through with the deal after all.

“What's going my bro? How have you been? Are you happy, man?”

“Oh yeah, man, I'm surviving. I work, I eat, and I do things that I like.”

“What is it that you like doing?”

“Play video games, because I feel safe inside their worlds! I don't need to be me. Being me is a pain in the ass.”

“What the fuck? You only play video games? Last time I checked, um... Video games were fiction, they are fucking entertainment, man. What about your world? Please explain it to me better. Because you and only you are the owner of your own world and rules. You must live in your own world, or you will die in fucking fiction, bro.”

“Yes, I know. But it's the only place I don't feel judged. I've dealt with bullies my entire life, which is why I only feel comfortable existing in the gaming world. I sell games for a living, and I eat and play games. That's it.”

“Bullies? Oh man, just tell me their fucking names. I'll make soup out of their eyes, and then I'll make them drink it. Fucking cunts.”

“Oh yeah? You can do that?”

“I can do whatever you can possibly imagine my man, and then I can do it better. In fact, I could just think right now about making them having eternal diarrhea or making them forget how to talk, and then it would happen, right now. Do you want that? Or do you

prefer the eye soup plan?”

“It’s a very big decision, man. Let’s think about it.”

“Right! While we think about vengeance, let’s talk about our deal, man! I’m excited, dude. What have you been cooking? How are you teaching about the past, present, and future, my bro? Tell me all about it.”

“Oh, the deal! I really tried, man. Right after our conversation twenty years ago, I went to my parents and told them everything. They told me it was just a dream or a nightmare, and they ignored my story. Then I went to my teachers, but they shut me down too. When I tried to teach my friends and classmates about the present, I was ridiculed and rejected. That’s when the bullying started.”

“Shit, bro, that’s rough. Sorry for that, it must be hard as fuck, man. But wait, are you telling me that you only tried once? So... You tried to teach only once, you got rejected once, and then you stopped trying? Is that right?”

“Yeah, that’s right. I was bullied pretty hard... And technically I tried three times, three, not one.”

“Sh... sh... Bro, We had a motherfucking deal. Honestly, it’s like you deserved to be bullied, man. Why the fuck didn’t you stand up and fight? You gave up on your first try, man. I know you are so fucking smart. Now what? What do you think is going to happen? Oh boy, we had a fucking cosmic deal, man, and you blew it! Fuck! Green Day would be so disappointed. Do you think those guys were never told no? Bro, they got braver from getting rejected.”

“I’m sorry. I don’t know what to tell you. And who the fuck are you to tell me that I deserved to be bullied! Even if I did, what the fuck, man? I bet you’ve never been bullied, and why would you? You are a motherfucking almighty alien. Don’t tell me I deserved to

be kicked out of my D&D party, don't tell me that I deserved to be kicked out of my guitar classes, don't tell me that I deserved to be kicked out of my French classes, and don't you fucking dare to even try to say that I deserved to have no friends."

"Bro, Frank, I'm sorry, man, you are right, about everything. I don't have a fucking clue about been in a D&D party, or being in a French class, or even having friends, maybe you can teach me."

"But Frank, as much as I don't have a fucking clue about being a human. I can say these words with total confidence, and listen carefully. Life is not fair, life is not easy, and don't expect it to be. It never was, and it will never be easy. You think you have the biggest problems? Well, wake the fuck up, you don't. Stop falling into the trap of thinking you are a victim, accept what happened to you, and get over it. Otherwise you're just digging your own grave with sadness, bro."

"The truth is that you failed me, and in cosmic terms, that is bad to say the least. I need to think what to do. I'll read the cosmic contract. I honestly care for you, man. Please wait..."

"Ok, stop with your nonsense. Who gives a fuck? I'm fine living this way, man. Nobody bothers me anymore. And surely I don't owe you anything. I didn't stick to the deal, so what?"

"So what? Really? So what? Oh... My man, I think you never understood who the fuck I am. And just so you know, I give tons of fucks, bro."

Cosmic contract my balls

I can't believe this. Fucking Frank didn't stick to the deal. He didn't even try! Twenty years I've been waiting for this moment, I had such great expectations for him. What a shame.

Well, now, I have to explain to Frank who I am. And why he doesn't know? I sent him the contract several times.

Fuck, Frank's not at his desk anymore. Ok, he is in the bathroom, let's wait for him... He must be taking a shit.

Ok, he's back... Let's continue.

"Frank, you little fuck, I know you think that you don't owe me anything, and that's fair. But let me tell you two things real quick. One, I am a cosmic entity, and I represent Death and Belief. And two, twenty years ago, we made a deal, meaning that we signed a fucking cosmic contract. Having said that, it's true, you don't owe me shit, you owe to the fucking universe, stars, gods, and everyone else in between."

"You are the death? Like the death death? But, I didn't receive any Cosmic contract? And sure as hell I didn't sign anything."

“Dude, didn't you check the contract? I left it inside your favorite book. Did you never read it again? And you signed the moment you said ‘Deal, see you when I’m thirty five.’ Don’t you fucking know about verbal contracts?”

“I never opened that book again. I stopped reading when I started getting bullied. What does it say?”

“Frank, come on! I sent you a reminder every five years. Didn't you check your inbox? Your email address is frankthestranger@gmail.com, isn't it?”

“Oh fuck. That’s my email, yes. I must have sent it to the spam folder. Shit, I didn’t know it was this serious. Death? What? I’m seriously afraid now, so... You decide who to kill? Are you going to kill me?”

What do you think, dear reader? All of this sounds like bullshit to me.

But Frank was about to have a panic attack, what a pussy. But still, I will help him. I will at least try. After reading the contract again, this is what I came up with.

“Frank, breathe, man. Getting like this doesn't suit you, man. I know you are not a pussy. What happened to you, dude? You were smart, curious, and interested in everything. I’m sad for you. I really wanted the best for you. And believe it or not, I’m helping you right now. I just read the cosmic contract, and I have a little bit of good news.”

“Really, what are the good news?”

“I said a little bit of good news. Don’t get your hopes high. So, you understand the position you are in, right? Frank, listen carefully. To put things into perspective, you failed to deliver. You didn’t accomplish anything at all regarding your mission, which was to teach people about the concepts of the past, the present, and the future. Over

the past twenty years, you didn't do shit. You sat in front of your desk, just playing video games and drinking fucking soda. Those are the facts, and as you know, that explains your present. Do I have your full attention now?"

"Fuck you, man. cosmic contract my balls..."

Well, dear reader, Frank broke his own screen. He thinks that he's free, he really thinks that he's free from the contract. Well, let's make him think that he is, shall we? Let's wait a few minutes, and then we come back, only this time we will surprise him inside his mind.

PART THREE

THE SHOWER

Boo

Ok, dear reader, sorry for all the previous shit, but there are deals that you can break, and then there are deals that you can't break. And fucking Frank thinks that I'm the enemy here, all because he wants to find an excuse or a reason for his failures, other than that he wasn't brave enough to find the help needed to overcome his pain. He just accepted his life as it was, and his reality became that, a bullied smart kid and after, a bullied man without a horizon.

He thinks I don't understand humans, but I fucking do, and even better than humans themselves. I understand the pain he must have suffered growing up, but as I explained to him, life is not easy, and you can't take the role of a victim, because you're not a victim and never will be. Life keeps going, with or without you.

And don't get me wrong, I am still a fan of Frank, as you can see, he's still smart, funny as fuck, and he has a sharp mind. He's just lost, and that's why I'm here. Let's continue, shall we?

I'm ready. Let's go inside his mind, he will be able to see me, and he will listen to me without a problem. Let's just check that he is not driving... Well, he's not. He's in

the shower. Fuck, even better, let's go.

"Boo."

"Aaaaahhhhhh, I can't see anything. What the fuck is happening? I only can see you."

"I know, I want you to see only me. I told you, man, I can do everything! By the way, why the fuck did you break your screen, bro? It was a good fucking monitor, man. 4K and everything."

"Oh no, no, no. I'm sorry, ok? Just let me go. I promise I don't do anything bad. I don't even drink, man."

Frank puked in the shower. He's really scared.

"Frank, calm down. Like I was saying, I have a little bit of good news. I can offer you a new deal. And let's just cut the bullshit, ok? I will tell you what happens if you don't do this with me. First scenario, since you didn't stick to the deal we made twenty years ago. I will have to kill you..."

"Kill me? Please no, please, please."

"Shut up, man, I didn't finish. Second scenario, if you succeed with the second deal I am about to offer you, then I won't kill you."

"Oh my god, what is it? Tell me, what's the second deal? I don't want to die."

The ticking clock

Ok, now, dear reader, remember about the drastic consequences? Remember the ticking clock? Well, let's see how that goes with Frank.

"Frank, You have ten minutes to convince me why I should forgive you, and what's your plan going to be to achieve the first deal objective in less than one year. Give me those two things, and we are golden! I'll leave you be, and I'll fuck off. You won't see me until next year. Your next answer should be yes or no. If you say no, you die right now."

"Yes! Of course, yes. Thank you man."

10:07 PM

"Perfect, bro, the clock is ticking, you have ten minutes. And It's a good thing that you are in the shower, the perfect place to think and come up with a plan."

"Ok, ten minutes, shit ok, fuck, I don't have a clock in my bathroom. What time is it? Fuck, I need to think about things that I like doing and how I can use them to teach, ok, ok."

"It's ten oh seven. And one piece of advice, my man. Remember that your heart needs to beat differently. Only you will know how."

10:08 PM

"I like video games, that's for sure. I like to talk about them, um... I like... Shit, man, I hope I don't run out of hot water."

"Chill, man, you are doing good, just focus. I'm here if that happens, I'll make your brain think it's hot water. I got you."

"And I need to teach about the past, the present, and the future. Right? Fuck, man, I am so fucking nervous."

"You are right, man! Time is ticking... tick-tock, tick-tock."

"Shut the fuck up for a minute, you fake alien. Shit, you think this is a joke? I'm fighting for my life here, do you know what that means? It means survival, man. Something that you will never feel. You fucking cunt, I'll show you what's what."

"Frank, Frank, yeah! You are back, little fuck. Yes! This is the kind of passion that makes fucking eternal life worth having. But ok, I'll shut up, man. Do your thing."

10:09 PM

I'm nervous. Do you feel nervous, dear reader? Fuck, humans are very cool. I just love them. I assume you are human. I hope you are fucking cool.

While Frank thinks. Let me ask you this, do you have something that when you do it, you just feel right? Like, you are ok... Does your heart beat differently when you do that?

And I'm not talking about how you make money, because, if I'm being honest with you, money doesn't matter. If you do what you like, and if you do it with love, money will come to you. Money is a concept that people attract. I learned that line from the lyrics of a song by a cool rapper named Ren. You can check him out.

Shit, what time is it? Let's check on Frank.

10:12 PM

"Super Fraaaaaank, how's it going? Five minutes remaining. Do you have something for me?"

"Yeah, I think so. First, why you shouldn't kill me...? Well, that one is simple. It's because I'm fucking alive, and by being alive, I'm the definition of hope, I'm a force of nature. A force that can give and transmit hope. And yes, I know I've been stuck in my own shit and traumas for twenty fucking years, and I thank you for making me realize that. A little bit of tough love was needed. I know now that I can give a lot more. That's why you shouldn't fucking kill me."

"Thanks to you, bro, thanks to you! Fuck yes, man! You will become a legend, dude, the legend of hope. Fuck yeah, man, you just gave me hope. Shit, mission one is completed. Now, you have fucking four minutes to plan, man. Go go..."

"Hell yeah man, I can do it, I really can... Let me think."

Frank is back, the legend of hope. If he does this, he will be part of history. It's weird, though, right, dear reader? Pressure makes humans stronger, and humans that can deal with pressure are naturally smarter than the ones who don't know how to deal with pressure. Look at our friend Frank. Five minutes ago I was about to kill his ass, now he is giving me sermons about hope and how I don't understand shit, and that's true, in a way. Then, he's cooking up the best plan ever to teach his fellow humans about the past, the present, and the future.

Fuck, you see? I love my job. Even though I represent death, don't forget that I also represent belief. I renovate belief in people. It's believing. It's the mix of belief, hope, pressure, and the right heartbeat that makes humans the

most powerful beings in the universe.

I'll repeat it, and I will put it in capital letters.

IT'S THE MIX OF BELIEF, HOPE, PRESSURE,
AND THE RIGHT HEARTBEAT THAT MAKES
HUMANS THE MOST POWERFUL BEINGS IN THE
UNIVERSE.

That's the secret.

10:15 PM

"Dude... Dude, dude! I got the plan! I got it, man. I fucking got it..."

"You've got it? Ehhhhhhhh! Let's go, Frank! Are you crying? Come on, man, don't fucking cry right now man. We have less than two minutes, fuck, stop crying. You can do this! You are the legend of hope, dude."

"Ok, I'm fine. Let's go man, let's go! LET'S FUCKING GO. AAHHHHHHH"

"Spit it out, man. Come on, hit me with your best shot!"

"I will start by giving free speeches about how an experience with death can help you realize that courage is what it takes to have peace and to fight back when you are being misunderstood, to fight for your vision, to fight for your spirit, and to fight for your existence. I'll make reference to video games and how taking action in the present can help you elevate your hope. Everything will be sponsored by my boss, who loves the good type of marketing."

"Then, after six months and having gotten the hang of it, I will start talking about the concept of the present, past, and future as 'The Legend of Hope'. Let's say a podcast on YouTube, Spotify, or Apple. Next, we do short content on TikTok and Instagram to show our brand design."

10:16:30 PM

*“We test the fuck out of that for the next four months, and then for the last month. I can start developing *THE PRESENT ACADEMY* by *The Legend of Hope*.”*

10:16:50 PM

“Oooohhhh, ooooohhhhh! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes, man, yes! You did it, you fucking did it. You can stay alive. Super Fraaaaaank.”

“I got it, man. And I felt it, dude. I felt my heart beat different, you know? the right way. Fuck, man, this was an experience. I’ve never thought I would fight for my life. Now that I’m safe, let me tell you this. I’ve been inside my head for way too long, and having been ten minutes from dying, it made me think that every single person who bullied me is lost and can go fuck themselves. Fuck, I took it way too personally, man. Everyone has opinions, people can say whatever the fuck they want, and no one can change that. I just need to feel proud of myself, I just need to love myself, and I just need to believe in myself. I got this, I’ll own this, I’ll make this thing grow, fuck, I’ll grow.”

“I’m happy, man. I’m finally happy.”

The End.