



IT'S STARTING TO SHOW A BIT. MAY I ASK WHY?

TIME USED TO BE A PRECIOUS COMMODITY. IT MADE EVERY MOMENT SOMEHOW MORE MEANINGFUL. NOW, TIME MEANS *NOTHING*. PEOPLE *WASTE* TIME. WE FILL OUR TIME LOOKING FOR NEW WAYS TO *GET OFF!* IT'S ONE LONG PLEASURE BINGE! DAYS, WEEKS, MONTHS IN THE V, AND THEN THEY KILL THEMSELVES. SEEN THE SUICIDE RATE LATELY? ANYWAY, THAT'S WHY! SORRY--*YOU ASKED!* WHY DO YOU CARE?

IF I WERE HUMAN, I SHOULD THINK THAT LIVING FOREVER WITHOUT MEANING OR PURPOSE WOULD BE SIMILAR TO BEING DEAD--POSSIBLY WORSE.

YEAH, MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THEY USED TO MEAN BY HELL. WHAT'S *YOUR BOOK* SAY?

IT WAS MORE THAN ONE BOOK: A FAIRLY THOROUGH COMPENDIUM OF RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL TEXTS WITH MANY BENEFICIAL ASPECTS TO EACH.