

BY NEPHEW TWIDDLETON

Dermot, put three whiskeys on my tab for me, this gentleman and his friend here. You're welcome. But listen up, kid. I couldn't help but overhear your conversation, and I gotta tell you something.

The Universe isn't what you think it is.

The Universe, is a vast, cold, mostly empty expanse bathed in radiation. The Universe is dark. Almost all of it is a hostile environment. The Universe doesn't care about you. It barely tolerates your existence. It doesn't notice you as an individual. It will kill you if it gets the chance. The sun you feel on your face when you're at the beach? Yeah, it's just biding its time until it decides to turn that beach into glass.

Thank you, Dermot.

The Universe throws big heavy rocks all over the place, and zaps things with gamma rays. The Universe makes stars collapse in on themselves and consume less fortunate stars. The Universe is hungry, and you might be on the menu. The Universe is chaotic, and someday, it will die. We're not quite sure how, but we do know that we'll be way fucking dead before it happens.

The Universe runs on its own time, not yours.

You're less than a lighter flick in its lifespan.

The Universe is God, but unfortunately, God doesn't love you. God isn't what you think it is. God can't love you. God doesn't want to know what love is, and it doesn't want you to show it. God won't allow you to break its laws, despite your best efforts.

Go ahead, build a spaceship and try to get a speeding ticket.

You couldn't get into Hell if you tried.

So you see, the Universe certainly isn't your personal teddy bear.

The Universe is not all rainbows and magic unicorns.

The Universe doesn't owe you shit. No, sir.

The Universe certainly doesn't owe you a soulmate.

The Universe won't even be your wingman for the night so you can get some pussy, and The Universe isn't going to get you a free drink and listen to your problems.

What you gotta do is just fucking call that chick and tell her how you feel. And if she rejects you, move on to the next chick.

Time's short. Remember? As far as the Universe is concerned, your flame already went out, and it didn't even notice.

How's the whiskey?