helping your biological legacies to cope
(in ways you are unable to)

Seth Cable

While sitting alone in the living room one evening, my mind softening from a warm drink in the
dimmed lights, I spied an unfamiliar face peeking out from inside the toy box that we keep in
the corner. It emerged a moment later, trailed by a long alabaster neck.

“Well, hey there, little guy,” I said to the approaching object. “What’re you up to?”

It pulled itself towards me along the floor, yanked forth by two blunt appendages extending out
from the base of its wyvernous neck. It drew close to my legs, and then using a kind of tail (or
maybe flagellum), it hove itself up into my lap.

Its empty oval face turned upwards towards me, and through a widening mouth-slit, purred the
following words: “So, this world is basically fucking over, right?”


After a contemplative pause, it chirped back, “Are we going to survive?”

“Of course!” I chuckled. “I mean, most likely. We have money, and we know how to keep our
noses clean. And, after a while, at the end of this... this... process, there will be something new.
I hope it will be good. But, to be honest, it could also be very bad.”

It took a moment to consider my wisdom – the received wisdom of all the professional
opinionholders – and then whispered back, “But, even it ends up good... This process... In the
meantime...”

“Don’t,” I interrupted. “Don’t think about such awful matters. It’s out of our hands anyway.”

Its body spun over on my thighs, and I could see there, taped to the lower-half of its tail (or
maybe flagellum), a large red envelope. “I got you this card,” it sighed into the cushions of the
couch upon which we sat.

I removed the envelope and pulled out from it a purple greeting card, across which the word
“CONGRATULATIONS!” throbbed out in swollen balloon letters.

The card was fixed firmly shut by seven seals along its edges. I broke the seven seals of the card
and beheld within a manically gesticulating cartoon cat. Erupting from the mouth of the cat, and
seemingly suspended in air, was a massive slug-like growth, pale and bulbous, upon which was
inscribed the following text:
As surely as there is a day one day after today, there is a day $10^{10,000}$ days after today. And, upon that day, which will come, the extinguishment of the very final black hole in all creation will already have happened unimaginably far in the past, billions of times more distant than even our own very point of creation is from us.

Everything that has ever existed or has ever happened will sit upon time like the thin metal brace that clasps the end of a measuring tape, infinitely coiled and a deeper black than you could ever imagine.

Oh, and congratulations on turning five, asshole!”

I set the card down on the armrest of the couch, and asked the unfamiliar creature in my lap, “Did... did you actually just buy this for yourself, in case I wouldn’t be here?”