

# Let's Start with the End

*by* Christian Bell

Okay, I'm the one who's been tasked to write informational notes for you, the extraterrestrial visiting our planet. Make it snappy, our head honcho said, give 'em little bits each time, I know you can do it. Well, I'm going to assume you can either read English or have a nifty translation device. Let's start with the end—death. Upbeat, huh? Well, you should've seen our twentieth century. I assume you know about death and aren't immortal. Maybe you are immortal and you've been able to travel hundreds or thousands of years through space to reach us. I think immortality is boring. Perhaps you do too which is why you decided to travel the universe. My doctor told me to exercise so I don't have poor health later in life like my father. My father lived when eating a rare porterhouse was the mark of a man. Depending upon where you land on our planet, eating dead bovine flesh is considered either decadence or sacrilege. My head honcho looks like a guy who might eat a porterhouse. But he's not. He's buried in debt, wears stained clothing, and we laugh at him. Anyway, here's how life works—you're born/created, you live 75 years if you're lucky, then you die. What happens when you die, you might ask. Well, that's the big question. I won't get into it here. My dad died and I miss him. That's what I know. Next time, I'll try to be more upbeat.

