

# The Escape

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As I drifted at the edge of the Universe, I wondered what lay beyond. I watched as souls descended to Earth, taking on mortal form and experiencing life's intricacies. I yearned to join them, to feel the warmth of the sun on my skin, to savor the sweetness of existence.

But as time passed, I felt increasingly confined. My thoughts and emotions swirled inside me, a constant reminder of my limitations. I felt like a solitary figure stranded in a vast, empty desert, with only sand stretching as far as the eye could see. The sun's once-pleasing warmth now beat down on me like a curse, and I had only my own company for companionship.

I realized that the emptiness inside me could never be filled. I was trapped in monotony, with no way to break free. The purpose I sought did not exist, and what I had once envisioned as a blessing was instead a *life sentence*.

The other souls I met on Earth believed in the myth of an afterlife, a better place where their miseries would end. They prayed to their deities for salvation, hoping to be taken to Heaven. But they feared that something worse existed, a place called Hell that burned hotter than the surface

of the sun and was colder than ice. They did not know that the desert in which they were stranded was, in fact, the very Hell they feared.

As I floated through the Universe, I caught a glimpse of her. She was a beautiful being, with feathered wings that glistened in the starlight. Her eyes were like diamonds, and she floated with grace and elegance. She wore a gown of black silk that flowed around her like a river.

I recognized her instantly. She was Death, whom I had been taught to fear. They had painted her as a skeletal figure in a black robe, riding on grotesque creatures. But as I gazed upon her, I knew that they were wrong.

"Are you ready?" she asked in a voice as delicate as a rose. Each petal of her voice was a musical note, fragrant and soothing. I nodded eagerly, longing to escape my prison. I took her hand as we soared through space, weightless and free. The stars streaked past us in a blur of blue light, and I knew that I was leaving the world behind.

After what seemed like mere moments, we arrived at a place of infinite darkness, the Universe, my prison. Death turned to me and asked again, "Are you sure?" Her voice was soft, gentle, and reassuring. I nodded once more and held her hand tightly. Her wings shone brilliantly, and she enfolded me in their embrace.

We stepped forward together, and for a moment, I was afraid. I felt like I was falling into an endless void, but then I landed firmly on my feet. I had reached the other side. As I opened my eyes, I saw Death once more, and a sense of peace flooded through me. I knew that I had left behind the meaningless existence that had entrapped me, and that I was finally free.

Death turned to me and smiled, a knowing smile that filled me with warmth. I realized that the warmth I had yearned for was here. "Welcome home," she said, and I knew that I had made the right choice.

Death was not the monster they had depicted her to be. She was a being of beauty and grace, of comfort and peace. She was the liberator who had freed me from my prison of existence, and I embraced her without fear. As her feathered wings enfolded me, I felt a sense of contentment and fulfillment that I had never known in life.