

## The End of the World ft. Ben Affleck

The world was coming to an end, (the world was always coming to an end), and for some reason, I was taken inside an auditorium so elaborate and enormous that it could only exist in a dream (or a Christopher Nolan film). I was lead down a paradox of walkways past shadows and brightly lit spots like in a theater to help patrons find their way during the show. The building was empty and quiet, but there was a buzzing coming through the walls that signaled that something big was about to happen. I made my way through a spiral of walls and found Ben Affleck, who requested my presence in the first place, sitting cross-legged on the floor. He was stressed and anxious, yet still and waiting patiently for my arrival.

“It’s ending, all of it, and you’re the only one who can stop it,” he pled.

“Me? How? Why?” I asked genuinely.

“Your mirror. It’s the only way for us to find the light, to find the right way.”

“But how?”

“It’s the only way to see the true reality behind all of the alternates.”

I felt honored and paralyzed at the same time. How could I, a fucking nobody, be responsible for saving the human race from a shift in the space-time continuum? Why was I given this job and more importantly, why was Ben Affleck the one to tell me?

The next thing I knew, I was walking down the same spiraled hallway as before, yet the spiral never ended. Each turn seemed infinite. The change had already begun and the infinite realities that laid ahead could only be sorted with the use of shining my mirror on them. A bright light would shine on the true reality, leaving the imitations in the dark. I pointed my mirror, found the real world, and ran through it for it was only detectable for a few seconds.

Cut to others and myself in a speedboat driving towards Manhattan. (Who was I with? Were they Ben Affleck’s celebrity friends or people from my past?) I closed the boat’s cover as if closing a sunroof and dove us beneath the surface for a faster trip towards the Big Apple.

We reached the shore, a sandy beach that led onto concrete and eventually the city. We ran the streets looking for people to save. I flashed my mirror around every corner, trying to keep us in the right reality.

I led them to a giant, empty building to congregate them into a place where they would all be safe.

Somehow, I ended up back in the endless spiral, replica truths at every turn, seeing

people I know and people I used to know. Whether I truly cared for them or not, I had to save them. Everyone was so thankful to be saved, but I didn't have time to accept gratitude, I had to go on and save more.

I walked and walked, the fear slowly creeping up with each step. I lead more people to the empty building. I walked some more, found more people, and trekked on. I walked for what seemed like hours, like days. The change was finally coming to an end, when I finally found myself back with the hundreds of people I was able to save.

Everyone assembled in small groups as if a party, each group mingling and talking about themselves and how the new world would be. I walked in and a silence fell upon the room. Every face I saw smiled and for the first time in my life, I actually felt like people were happy to see me. I walked around receiving kind looks and pats-on-the-back. Everyone seemed so relieved, but the only thing I could focus on was all the people I neglected to save. Our new world would be miniscule, but at least we would still have a world.