
Everything is born for no reason, carries on living through weakness, and dies by accident.
Satre

Ever since we came to this world, we have been curious beings. Curiosity is one of the main characteristics of humans. We want to know, we wish to learn, and we're not afraid to ask. Trough many problems we came across and all the questions we have answered, there is still one unresolved, unanswered. What is the point of our existence?

What, indeed. Between two obvious, that there is no point – a pessimistic one, and the very question – which could be defined as skeptic one, there is no actual answer, be it positive, negative, or neutral.

In the past we have dwelled on a fact that we are produced by a Greater Being, called God. In His many shapes and differences in cultures, God is always The One, The Creator, who bestows power and mercy upon us lowly humans, or anger if we are sinister. This belief is held to these days, however much less than it was, say, around just 20 years ago. Now, with our comprehensive knowledge we let go of belief that we root from a Higher Force, and tend to find that Force within us. Dare I say, we already accepted ourselves to be The God himself.

Yet, as we do not dwell on the question of God as much, He is also an instrument to answer the question we ask ourselves way too often – *Is there a point to anything I do?*

From my view point, there isn't. At least, not in a form we would expect it to be. Many philosophers tried to solve this problem in the past, coming to but a plain shadow of what the answer *could* be. After many centuries, we do the same, hitting our head in the wall or simply giving up before we even reach it.

The question of God is now far behind, as we already established it as simply perfection we need, but don't have in ourselves. Because we are imperfect, we need to believe perfect does exist, and that we will reach it one day. It is thus we tend to find the reason of our lives, if it does exist at all.

Firstly, let's look at it from a pessimistic view point. If you ask yourself why you do everything you do every day, you will never actually do anything. Now this is a higher problem, possibly connected to depression that is, ironically, rising within our society on the same scale our knowledge of the World is. If there is no point, why should you try, right? On the other hand, the positivism is usually connected to religion. Do well – and well will do you back, or simply live the life you want and be happy.

I always tend to be a skeptic, but I also think the golden middle is always the best. In fact, I am of the opinion, just as Sartre, that we do not really have a *reason* for existing. A reason is what you believe it to be, and a meaning to your life can be given by no one else, but you. Simply said, if you believe you have a purpose – say you were born to become the world's greatest doctor, psychiatrist or teacher, you will be the best, because you believe that is what you ought to do. If you believe you were born to die, you will live your life without actually living it. However, if you accept that you will die one day and want to accomplish something while you can, you have a chance of making an impact, even if so small. After all, when we die, all that's left is what we made while we were alive. Though you may never truly leave an impact that could change the fact of our mortality, you can leave a memory of your existence in this world, and for some that's enough.

On balance, what we ought to do at this point is to accept the truth – that we are mortal and as insignificant as any other being on this planet. This may seem as a rather pessimistic point of view, but it is actually the reality that could push us forward. If we become more rational about our limitations, we may just reach the answer of our lives.