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*Topic 2. "Perhaps you have had the thought that nothing really matters, because in two hundred years we'll all be dead."*

*Thomas Nagel: What does it all mean? (1987) Oxford University Press, p. 95*

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What does it all mean? Why are we here and what is our purpose? To be completely honest with you, I have no idea.

All of us, humans, just exist. To be more exact: we breathe and we try to understand this mess that is surrounding us. The young and the old, dumb, crazy, madly intelligent, lost, sick... everyone is on this wheel just spinning around, slowly. Some cannot even notice the quiet pressure they are under, which is caused by the powerful force that is spinning this wheel, called Life.

Imagine Life as a huge arm that is in the center of the universe, holding this golden wheel in which the humans are walking. Each and every one of them has a precisely defined number of circles they can walk. One of them may jump in euphoria, screaming "Eureka!", so relieved that he actually understood something. In the next circle he is already dead and replaced by a new soul.

Life is so cruel! It has no eyes and it is not affected by the humanly actions. Smiles, tears, love, blood, poetry, beauty. All of these things are a part of it. They may define the small fraction of it, but none of them, nor any other thing can affect it permanently. It cannot be hurt or killed! In the center of Life is a magnificent chaos. Stars are exploding and the new ones are born.

So, what can we do? We can accept the fact that we are mortal. Just a little piece of dust, unnoticeable in the amazingly wide galaxy.

...but still, what should we do in the mean-time? I mean, if we are already so useless to the space, maybe just mistakenly made, or out of boredom (if space has such a feeling), how should we spend this couple of wheel circles that we received?

We could ignore some facts, right? Why not! Why not ignore all of the facts and invent something better-fun! Ah, but, some people aren't that happy about the idea of fun. They can't take their mind of Life. They are pretty frightened by it. Fine we don't need to have fun then. If they want we can run until we run out of time. Pretend it mattered.

The work you have done, books you read, or wrote, things you learned and things you made took your time. Something had to!

I still don't know what the point is. I guess it's because there is no definite point. If you decide so, working for the next generations to have something to think about could be a pretty generous point.

Find your purpose. Something that will motivate you in this tiny world of humans. Don't rely on time and Life, they are too big for us as individuals.