

THE  
PRODUCT

BY  
JOE VIVINAO

9:29 AM

Lights out.

I spent my whole life behind a screen, training myself how to paint, training my mind on how to buy and sell crypto currency, and now it was a cold piece of nothing staring back at me.

We knew this was a possibility for a week, but I like many others dismissed the prophets of this catastrophe as hysterics. And why wouldn't I? My life was in this machine. I told myself that if electronic devices on Earth were wiped out that I would not try to start up a new life, I would kill myself.

2:15 PM

The streets are wild with people. I don't know why I stepped out. It sucks not to be Japanese in a catastrophe like this.

I remember that when the tsunami hit Japan everyone on camera behaved so orderly. Not so here in the U.S. I'm not sure why I'm even writing this here. It's like a weird addiction that I can't put down.

If I can't see words on a screen I need to see words on a page.

It's the only way I can't live. Fuck my head's a mess. I only went out to look for suicide methods. The hardware store. The gun store. There was nothing at the gun store. I thought about going door to door asking for a gun to kill myself but I started to also think that they'd shoot me for being a looter.

But wait.

If I wanted to be shot, then why not go door to door, anyway?

God this is horrible. The world's coming to an end and I'm memeing ALONE.

2:40 PM

I don't have the courage to kill myself. Fuck fuck fuck.

2:50 PM

What's the problem?

Am I just that bored with my existence that I have to observe this?

The product affects your mind from a distance. Your thoughts become all twisted when you're in close proximity to it; and if you touch it, your cells explode. Not a peaceful death at all. But it's, surreal? I don't really know how the product works. It's fascinating but brutally beyond my comprehension.

9:50 PM

So, my friends came over. People I trust, who trust me, who care about me. I listened to Steve drone on about the product and how it “makes an imprint of your mind as it kills you.”

“If you kill yourself, you won't survive.” he said.

Ideas like these are why I haven't committed suicide yet. I'm in a spooky situation where there is not any right way to move.

I can't sleep.

Or, I don't think I'll be able to, haunted by the blood and screams of agony outside. What a trick human consciousness is. All this effort and stress just to be blown away like this. I don't understand, and it would be rude of me to jam our conversations with my lack of understanding.

But if I had. . . maybe the product would not have been made?

I don't know why I feel like the product is somehow my responsibility.

“Everyone had a role in the products design, whether they can admit it to themselves or not.” Anna said.

Fuck I hate me. I really hate me. I've become a bewildered and stupid character suddenly completely sapped of their talents.

“Passive. You've always been passive.” I told myself just now.

My head aches, and I'm sad and angry.

Goodnight.