

Personal statement



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

As I leapt from the window of the dreaded vessel, I vowed I would never be privileged to see the sun as it rose anew. I thought of the past. I pictured my creator and I admired the picture of my fated self-destruction. Death did not scare me. How could it possibly when I already embodied the anatomy of a corpse so fully? Yes, this would be enough for me. To expire upon the diamond plains with the northern waves buried below me was the moonlit future I longed most for.

My life had been altogether exhausted of breath and I, its humble advocate, was thoroughly depleted of any remaining will to gratify its pleas of invitation into the world that had so quickly recoiled from my hideous stature. This was to be how it ended. I had now outlasted the only identity that had ever attended to my entity at all. How could one conceivably carry on their everyday occupations without a single remaining acquaintance in the uncut span of the world? I longed for animation's kiss of farewell as I departed forever from the hatred and confinement of this world.

I advanced upwards along an icecap I had recently encountered as I continued my journey into death's grip of acceptance. I knew full well I would not be missed. Not a soul among me had even granted me the gift or humanity of identity. I walked, nameless, among the masses of earth's vast expanses. I was unknown, unneeded, and utterly and undeniably alone. As I neared my final resting place, a thought passed through me: What if instead of ended my existence in darkness and solitude, I exerted forth a flame to carry me on past this life?

And thus was decided my fate would be that of eternal fire, for darkness was all I had ever been entreated to know of. Reaching the apex of the mountain, I removed my flint and steel from my right waistcoat pocket and struck the two together with such force that I did not know if the rocks would remain intact to themselves. When no spark ignited, I grew impatient and enraged. I must be the only being alive to be unable to carry out their own suicide without encountering some form of complication. Once again, and with a slightly decreased amount of fury, I collided together my pyrites and brought forth a meager flame.

Shouting aloud my last goodbyes, which were directed at no one since the only man who ever cared for my existence was now departed, I pulled the flame close to my body and dipped a small edge of my jacket into the fire. As the light surrounded me, I did not fear. I was only anxious as to the unpredictable occurrences that awaited me in this new land I was soon destined to be engulfed in. After all, “ What could not be expected in the country of eternal light? ” I could not remember where this statement had first entered my mind, but the thought had remained with me throughout my entire journey to the ice cliff I now resided upon.

The flame now grew hotter as I had expected it would through many trial and error situations in my past and my breath escaped me as I gasped for clean air amidst the smoke and the ash. I longed for acquaintance from the hands that held me so firmly in place upon this mountain. I waited for release from the bonds of time and negligence. Yes, this was it. My final place of presence was destined to liberate my spirit at any moment in time. The flames hugged my being as the heat hissed words of acceptance into my awaiting ears.

Death's grip coiled around me like a snake with its unsuspecting prey, only this time, I, the victim, was entirely cognizant and welcoming of every agonizing touch. I greeted death as an old friend and received him with a full sensation of completion. This life was over for me. This world could cease to be. No one would even know I had departed. I could now be wed with my one true mate: destruction. I was finished here. My life could now truly begin. As the blackness crept into my vision and darkness enveloped my soul, I leapt free of the bindings of this life of human suffering and entered the land of eternal light forever.