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Note to a Stranger

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Oh what I would give for just one more scent of the soothing breeze of freedom. I would give my life to stand on the grass of independence even if it was only for a fleeting moment. Merely one more ray of sunshine would bring me the joy of a lifetime. I remember how the sun would shine ever so radiantly during the day just to be relieved of its duties by the seducing moonlight. But now, I am exposed only to this fluorescent devil and its artificial radiance that flickers at every waking moment. I remember seeing vast areas of grassland, unadulterated by human construction and pollution. Those lands, ruled by the native animals with an iron fist, were so spacious and unrelenting in freedom that you could walk in any direction for miles and only see the majesty that is mother nature. However, here in these dreadfully cold walls, I see no beauty. I see only these dreary walls that confine my existence and suffocate me in concrete. The floor has a constant hold of my naked body with its frigid hands that afflict me with rapid shivering. The entire room calls out my name and tempts me to end what little life I have left in order to absolve myself of this horrid place, but I will not let it tell me how to die. I will not let it determine how my book ends. I will either escape from here or I will die trying. To whomever may find this note, know that I did not let this hellish room coerce me into taking my own life, and know that I did all I could to achieve my freedom from the man who stole it from me. But most importantly, please know the blessings of freedom. As a dead man's final wish, dear stranger, please rejoice in every aspect of the wondrous world that you have been given, indulge in mother nature, and enjoy the family and friends that you have been blessed with. I do not know you nor will I ever meet you in this life, but I trust that you will fulfill my one and only wish. I hope to see you in heaven, dear stranger, and I pray that this note reaches you well. Carpe Diem.