

**Mors et Vita Duello Confluxere Mirando –  
Death and Life Contended in a Spectacular Battle**

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I am dead.

No, this is not like the clickbait used by some YouTubers trying to catch your minimal attention and get paid. This is not a cry for attention from a celebrity hoping to bounce back from his slump by lamenting his dying fame.

I am really dead.

If I had not been dead, I would probably be finishing my degree, trying to earn another in a field that interests me, and spending time with my family and girlfriend. At the weekends we would live fake lives in board games like Monopoly and Life and eat a large amount of sushi.

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I go back to the day I left your world. One of the perks of being dead is being able to go back and forth in time in the blink of an eye. Yes, I know what will happen to your stocks, who your kids will kiss in front of the altar, and what will make you cry three nights in a row. But please don't ask. You definitely do not want to regret your past decisions now and live with the fear of the days to come.

I see my cousin exiting the elevator with his mum and my eight-year-old self. He looked so much younger than he is now, with longer hair and cuter eyes crying for warmth and love. Time really has been adding a pot belly to his physique, or maybe it's the graduate school and the beers.

Rocky used to be my best pal. We played with each other in our grandmother's home every summer as his family would come visit from Canada during the holidays. Give us a few more years and we might have been the Asian Abbott and Costello.

He sprinted in right after the doors opened and darted from one end of the corridor to the other. He rang the bell and lo, the gate opened. He vanished as I trudged along like a penguin waddling on ice.

My body entered and removed its sneakers right next to a large pile of other shoes -- the pairs of sizes 34 and 36 of my grandmother and aunts, and another pair of Rocky's black Nikes. They lay right next to a piece of Chinese furniture that separated them from the path to the kitchen. Placed on top of the tall cabinet were four ceramic dolls. I shiver as I see one of them gawking at me.

Rocky appeared with two junior tennis rackets. Oh, I see what we were doing, a lightsaber duel. Skytalker versus Dark Evader. The excitement I have about this matchup engulfs the chills down my soul.

We both gripped onto our lightsabers. Rocky charged and waved his weapon towards my waist. I blocked with mine and tried to counter attack. We tangoed for four minutes until we bumped into the cabinet.

I hear it.

Woob...

Woob...

Woob.

The gawking doll fell to its right and hit the back of my skull.

If Issac Newton's mathematics had gone a bit differently, or if Moses had willed to separate this living room more evenly, I would have lived, and I would have been grateful for my precious life, eating sushi all day long.

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Thank God it *didn't* go right.

Just landed on Free Parking! Pass the sushi.