

# The Handover

By Kayla M. Sytsma

I find it astounding how many of you want to throw me away. Your beings are my outlets, and everyday, thousands of my lights are turned off. It's really a shame. But since they say "Life is not fair", I won't be; some of you are just waiting to be handed over.

Some of you believe that I am found in the butterflies, rainbows and the laughter of young children. Now is my turn to tell you that you are dead wrong. My location is not set by your human standards, but rather by my mood. My mood? Yes, Life does have a mood.

When I am not busy running your world, I like to look in on some of my experiments. I say experiments, because in all honesty, each one of you are a walking trial of my ideals. This explains why not one of you are alike, and some of you aren't quite "right". I am certainly not perfect but I'm pleased to see that my oopses are playing their own cards quite nicely.

It is a misconception of yours to say that Death and I are enemies. We are co-business partners, and as such, we keep each other employed. In the fine print of our agreement, I always get to handover the body.

As I handover, I store away the appearance, knowledge and life story of everyone. It is then I get a chance to review your profile, and even then, some of you aren't really worth knowing. But some of you do get a second glance- and yet, those of you I look at are nothing alike. Your life stories are all in extreme difference, but all have something in common; all gave what little piece you contain of me to someone else. It is these stories that fascinate me- make me believe that I could create something so... worthwhile. It is those people, with their simple ways, deep hearts and kind minds that restores my faith in your simple humanity. It's these who make me lie awake at night, wondering how I could create everyone to have this capability. I have finally concluded that it's nothing I do, but rather their own decision to not have me as their god. A god? Yes, to many of you, I am the highest achievement, the biggest prize in the game. When things are at their best, and hardships are far in the rearview mirror, I am thought to be attained- it is then you say that you're so alive.

But to the ones who get a second look, I am nothing more than a tool. It would surprise you that I feel threatened when I am made higher than I ought; yes, it makes me nervous, as if one wrong handover would wreck everything. But to those who use me properly, it is then that I feel alive.

When I hand you over, will you get a second look?