Good morning, afternoon, or good evening, Elaine:

Perhaps you are overjoyed to read my handwriting again (in which case, try to maintain that joy while you decipher my letter), perhaps you even are already starting to theorize that I faked my death and is still alive somewhere, since, as per common sense, dead bodies are relatively incompetent when it comes to penning a letter. But I mean, who are we kidding, right? You saw me draw my last breath, hopefully you attended my funeral, and you know, better than anyone else, that I’m dead, not any more alive than the paper that this letter was written on. But of course, I made preparations for my own death: this letter was written *ante mortem*. I hope you are impressed by my level of preparation, even for this sort of extreme situations, and I hope you won’t spend unnecessary amounts of futile effort searching for my “second life”, because it doesn’t exist.

You probably don’t remember, but a few years ago, I told you that if there is some form of life, existence, or consciousness beyond the coffin, I will surely contact you and tell you about it. A few months before I died, I called Steven and asked him to send this package to you a few weeks after my death in order to fulfill this promise. He’s not aware of it, but I planted another package with another letter in his house that claims my victory over death and my continued existence. If I did survive my own death, I would somehow metaphysically intervene and swap the packages, thus that letter, instead of this one, should be in your hands and being read by you right now.

I’m sorry.

But hey, take this as a win-win situation. If you check the package that this letter was taken out of, you would find a package full of candy. I let Steven include whatever he felt like, but I ensured the inclusion of chocolates; KitKat is my personal favourite. This way, you either get to meet me again at some point in the future, after your death, or you get to enjoy a whole box of candy and, especially, chocolates. In both cases, something good happens.

Do try not to collapse from sadness. There is, and I’m afraid I have to say this, no point in crying or grieving. If you’re reading this letter, that means there probably is no life after death. No soul, no metaphysical existence, no supernatural ghost or whatever. Hence, there is no “spiritual” connection between us, our relationship is simply the result of the interaction of senses and minds, quite exactly identical to all other interactions in the universe, such as the interaction between electrons and protons, the interaction between rivers and lakes, and others of the like. Would you be overwhelmed with grief if an electron left a hydrogen atom? Would you be crying yourself to death if a river stopped flowing into a lake? The exact same concept applies to my death, and your survival.

Further, consider this: since our interaction is purely one of physical matter, one that exists within our senses, wouldn’t it be correct to say, in a sense, since those candies and this letter continues to stimulate your senses and emotions, that I’m still alive and never truly left you? So long as I still exist in your memory, so long as you still remember the wonderful taste of chocolate and candies, I would still be alive in your subjective world, as I retain the same interaction and impact I used to have on you when I was *objectively* alive. As clever as you are, I’m sure you would be able to work out the philosophical detail on your own. The conclusion is provided, and *the proof is left as an exercise to the reader*.

I’m very sorry that I didn’t manage to swap the packages. Deeply, truly sorry.

With Love and Best Wishes, I remain

Yours Truly,

…