

The Life - After Life

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Prolog

It was night when it happened, I was born. I grew up in a family of 4. My mother, my father, my brother and me. I went to kindergarten, then to school and then I graduated like everyone else. Finally, an apprenticeship in the IT sector and then a permanent position in a really cool company. Throughout my life I have always had 1 best friend and my hobby was the PC. It wasn't much, but I was satisfied. But there is one thing that has bothered me my entire life.

A strange feeling, deep inside me, as if I were different. Something that cannot be described. As if only the body were human but the mind was from another planet. I thought about this feeling over and over again throughout my life, but never came to a solution. After I retired and now had time again. I thought about it more and more and this feeling of not knowing what it was was driving me more and more crazy. Even 10 more years later, I didn't know what it was and it stayed that way. Until the day came that awaits each of us. And so I fell asleep, confused but also satisfied, forever.

Chapter 1 – The Awakening

But instead of ending up in heaven or hell, I suddenly woke up in a kind of pillar. A glass-like cylinder with a green goo-like liquid in which I was floating in water. But I couldn't move. I thought, "YES! I wasn't crazy after all. I was right!" When I look around I realize that I'm not the only one in such a capsule. There are hundreds or even thousands of capsules in a large hall. The end of which I couldn't even see. Apparently I'm the only one who woke up. In the distance I can see you emptying a capsule. It was a young woman who had damage all over her body. She was probably killed in a car accident in her life. Which, strangely enough, I had seen on the news a few days earlier in my life. Apparently the physical damage and the age at which you died remain. When I notice this, I try with great force to turn my head down to look at my own body. It's shocking to me that my body doesn't look like it was around 80, the age I actually died with. But more like my early 20s. At exactly the physical age when these strange spiritual feelings were strongest. I vowed to get to the bottom of this physical secret. But how am I supposed to get out of the goop column? However, the more I move, I suddenly feel that less and less air is being supplied to me through the breathing mask. " Dammit, I have to get out of here quickly, otherwise I'll have a

problem!" OK. Don't move very calmly. Just keep playing death. Just don't draw attention to yourself." I'm slowly getting more air again. " Phew. It's better." I close my eyes so as not to alert anyone. " I have an idea that won't be very pleasant and I'll probably pass out for a moment, but it doesn't help." I hold my breath until I'm almost unconscious. My column triggered an alarm. " OK Show.. time "They all suddenly come running in my direction. I take a deep breath and continue to fake what happened. A moment later I can no longer stand the excitement and open my eyes slightly to take a look. I am astonished to see that my column is surrounded by these creatures. Apparently it's something of a highlight here when someone collapses in the column. With my eyes still slightly open, I saw one of you pressing something like a keyboard. They seem to have copied people's clothing style. Because he is wearing a white coat that you would normally only see on a doctor. " Ok, luckily it doesn't seem to have noticed my old mistake." I close my eyes again and feel the mucus slowly becoming watery and slowly draining into the bottom of the column. My column is then opened. I feel a cold draft on my face . Which isn't a big deal, though, as my body is still covered in the layer of slime. The touches of their apparently slimy limbs feel strange. In addition to my surprise, two of the many touches feel like people's hands.

Which confuses me a lot. I just think:
" Living people? Here? Among you? But why?" I've decided to find out later. After you got me out of the pillar and strapped me onto something like a stretcher. Drive me straight in one direction for a while. I don't dare open my eyes again at first because I can hear many footsteps. A while later we suddenly stop. Someone shouts at the other creatures in an incomprehensible language. They all seem distracted, then I opened my eyes again very slightly. We stopped in front of a room that looked like the entrance to a futuristic operating room. I just think: "Oh shit... It's over for me now..."

I close my eyes again, scared to death. I'm shaking, but you don't notice it because of the layer of mucus. After the loud speech of the unknown creature, most of them leave this place. I only hear a few footsteps. They then pushed me into the hall and lifted me onto a table. The remaining steps left, then the place. Now I'm all alone with one. It begins to examine me. I'm so excited you can almost hear my heartbeat. A chill runs down my spine. I start to sweat, which you don't notice because of the mucous layer. It draws some blood from me first. Meanwhile, I feel someone's limbs again. To my amazement, there are a few people's hands that I had already felt before. Which confuses me even more. All I can think is: "Is this doctor a human being? What is he doing here? Why

is he here and why is he working with these creatures?" While I'm thinking about my extreme astonishment, I suddenly feel something like a metallic round thing on my slimy naked body. I just think to myself: "Damn, that can only be something like a stethoscope... Damn, I'm done..." The metal thing lies on my body for a while. The doctor seems as if he can't believe it himself. He doesn't let anything happen to him remark and doesn't make a sound. After a while I just hear him putting down a few metal objects and operating some device. Which made a pleasantly loud but strange noise. When it stopped, he came up to me again and suddenly said yes me: "You don't have to pretend anymore. You can trust me. We are alone. I've closed your observation window and there are no such things as cameras in here. So don't be afraid. We are unobserved." Frightened, I open my eyes slightly. And then I saw him standing to the right in front of me. The doctor. He looked like the typical doctor from the human world. About mid-40s. White coat, white trousers and white slippers. Gray hair and half-bald. I now open my eyes fully and continue to look at him confused. He looks at me with a slight grin and says: "You're really interesting, you know that? You're the first who did it, "The Virtual Matrix called "life on earth" in the psyche itself, has ended. What is not intended!" I answer with a halting voice: "D.. The.. first...? Wha..

What's wrong with you? Are you a human too?" The doctor replies: "Me? I'm not here voluntarily, you know. The chance of life after death was determined by you. My life was observed by this species because I'm... I have done special research in my life. My matrix was then manipulated and terminated by you. And yes, my death was programmed by you. You perhaps remember the tragic death of the doctor in the matrix in 2012?" Indeed remember I myself. It was a tragic death in which 25 people were involved in a train accident. He had cared for all those injured and divided up the remaining supplies that were left in the collapsed tunnel fairly. There were 24 survivors. He was the only one who died from exhaustion. The accident happened between Germany, Switzerland and France. "Yes, I remember," I answer the doctor. "Even if your death was programmed by these creatures. You have saved 24 people in your life and you have my complete respect for something like that." I say in an astonished voice. "Thanks, boy." Says the doctor. "But here I am only the death doctor of these creatures. Which I am, by the way "I call you slime and if I don't play along you will no longer be of any use to me. You would then dispose of me." The doctor says in a disappointed voice. I answer Him and say, "I'm very sorry to hear that, Doc, but what about me? I lived a contented life in my matrix. Had a good family, a good job and died

happily in 2070 at 77 . Now here I am, looking like I'm in my early 20s and waking up in a strange column of goo... Although I have to say that I've had this strange feeling my whole life. As if it was all fake... This feeling started in the 20s and stayed my whole life. Until I died at 77. So what's going on here, Doc?" The doctor answers in an interested voice: "Well, I was the only one who noticed the old mistake on the column. I was the one who opened your pillar, but are you sure you were happy? You know, I've been working here for a few years now and that's the only way I can explain it. Because you've had this feeling your whole life and never talked about it to anyone. It could be that you have triggered a bug in your matrix. Who continues your life, but then ends it." I answer him and say: "And what should I do now? My life is considered to be over, as you say, and I don't have a programmed use for these creatures either. If that becomes known I'll be disposed of too! And you'll also have problems if it turns out that a second person is living among you. But above all, where am I here anyway? What kind of creatures or slimes are they? What happens to those who are disposed of? Why are there? "Is it this Matrix experiment from the slimes? And what goal are you pursuing with it?" I say in a worried voice. The doctor answers and says: "We will find a meaning for you. The fact that you are here and have the chance of life after death cannot be

without reason. But first we have to get you out of here and hide you. Before the patrol comes by. Put this on." He held out a suit of armor with a helmet. "This is armor that you originally made for me. I wore these at the beginning. When I briefly worked for the patrol. It looks very similar to the patrol and is equipped with a mucus secretion function. So that no one is different from you. There is also an automatic translator built into the helmet that converts every spoken word into your language. However, you hear everything in your matrix language. You won't attract any attention at all and now get cleaned up quickly." As I wash the slime off, I ask him casually: "What kind of strange stuff is this?" "I'll tell you all that, but now hurry up!" He says in a slightly stressed voice. The armor and helmet surprisingly fit like a glove. "I'm done, I tell him." The doctor answers me in a hurried voice: "Good! This will cover you from the patrol and the guards if the worst comes to the worst. While you were busy, I took a dead man out of the cold room who looks slightly similar to you in stature. We'll act as if we have to dispose of you. That'll answer one of your questions. The slimes can't tell us humans apart anyway . So let's go!" We put the dead man on the stretcher where I was lying before. Smear it with the slime and cover it with a varnish. Then we go to the door.