



There Are No Boring People In This World

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Each fate is like the history of a planet.

And no two planets are alike at all.

Each is distinct – you simply can't compare it.

If someone lived without attracting notice

and made a friend of their obscurity –

then their uniqueness was precisely this.

Their very plainness made them interesting.

Each person has a world that's all their own.

Each of those worlds must have its finest moment

and each must have its hour of bitter torment –

and yet, to us, both hours remain unknown.

When people die, they do not die alone.

They die along with their first kiss, first combat.

They take away their first day in the snow ...

All gone, all gone – there's just no way to stop it.

There may be much that's fated to remain,

but something – something leaves us all the same.

The rules are cruel, the game nightmarish –

it isn't people but whole worlds that perish.



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