

SHARED CANVASES:

Thoughts on Life Scripting



Ella: (leaning forward, eyebrows raised, a glint of mischief in her eyes) So tell me—do we script our lives, or are we just characters in someone else's story? Can we choose our orbits, or are we mere satellites of a collective, guiding star?

Shu: (exhaling, swirling her cup, a half-smile on her lips) Co-authorship seems like the best answer to me. Some of the ink in our lives comes from invisible authors: ancestors, collective karma, the cultures we inherit. Our ink flows from the thousand pens of history.

Juanita: (tracing circles on the table, her voice steady but quiet) The self isn't a canvas; it's a mirror. Each so-called 'choice' reflects deep, implanted needs from markets, families, or our planet. We think we're painting our own outlines, but we exist in a shared collage made from the brushstrokes of everyone who's touched us. Free will is a powerful illusion, isn't it?

J

ack: (glancing at the clock, its second hand ticking steadily, relentlessly) And all this debate is a beautiful absurdity. Juanita's right: determinism reigns supreme. Entropy is the only true author, dictating our inevitable end. We are just chemical reactions playing out under a clock face. We're just a series of chemical reactions unfolding beneath a clock face, with just enough time to splash on a few colors before everything vanishes.

Ella: (faintly smiling, eyes meeting Jack's in a challenging dance) Maybe that's the point: don't fret about finishing anything—just keep layering colors! The choice to paint in spite of futility is oddly beautiful!

- T Newfields

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