

Can Life Lie?

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Is life as sincere as we are? Was life as **clear** as Truman was? “Life is not sincere. It’s just stronger than us, and a great challenger,” could be Truman’s answer. There are no facts that life is anything really serious either.

Can we design life or do we accept our reality? “Life is something that happens when we are awake, but my life was something that happened when I was **sleeping**,” Neo might say. There only exists one success in life; *to be able to live your life as you want*, but did they (Truman-from, “the Truman Show” and Neo-from, “the Matrix”) in their worlds?

This world could have been a huge, white room, like the Construct was from, “the Matrix.” It could be just like Neo’s life, where we must make really difficult decisions; such as whose life we will sacrifice. It can be like Truman’s too, where we lose the most important people in our life and are always surrounded by many little cameras...even inside of their eyes maybe! Many people accept the games of life like Truman did. We can try to hide our feelings by putting them in the corner of our heart, without ever forgetting them...Or, we can have them and simply not know them, like Neo. Anyone can be a director that commands our life. This happens because they may want to give our life direction, or to figure out their own. Nobody knows everybody, so maybe someone out there really has superpowers. We can continue living **as directed** or like Truman did, sail away on a boat; what’s important is not how big it is, but rather to try escaping to find what you really want.

Strange things happen in life and sometimes we don’t know how to confront these issues. We may be used by others to reveal our character, or to find out how much we love our life. Just like Truman, when Cristof (the Director of, “the Truman Show”) was changing the weather to make him stronger, not to kill him. We may also be controlled creatures, somewhat like Neo, whose life was designed to make **machines** work, rather than to live his life in **peace**. So, just as the best parts in life come from struggles, rather than triumphs...Fight for your life, for your reality, and for everything you love because what’s most important is not to win, but that we fight and we learn something from it.

Fighting to learn the truth about my reality, I’d take the Red Pill (from Morpheus as in, “the Matrix”) and eventually discover that here, in my world, it looks like there’s no morning or evening. Time passes too quickly for me to see any changes. I feel strange clothes on me. I can’t understand how they are made or of what. My head is heavy and my arms have some little metallic things inside them. They are heavy too, which makes my arms stronger and also able to fight in **The Matrix**. Could the machines have used people’s love to work instead of their life?? The machines made me red-eyed, and heartless. I now take **energy** from them just as they do from humans. All of this I **feel**, because I can’t see myself in the mirror. Is that because I am Life’s Lie? I don’t know. I am invisible, because I don’t want to know or see the truth and I want to keep it away...