

This World Was Made For Me

Repeat after me: this world was made for me.

How do you feel when you say that? Do you feel selfish? Or... do you feel empowered?

I don't believe that I exist for anyone else's fulfillment. Rather, anyone and everything exists for mine.

I can say that because from my perspective, it's the truth. From my perspective, the purpose of anyone and everything else is to be exploited by me.

Sounds harsh, right? Don't worry. It's really not. It could be... if I were a psychopath, but I'm not, so it's not.

The principles I hold, ultimately, are for my own betterment. Luckily for others, those principles can be held by myself and everyone else without interference. It is possible.

For that, you have nothing to worry about. But you could worry, right? And why would you? Because I have a sneaking suspicion that you agree with me about the purpose of anyone and everything else.

You see, it doesn't matter who or what you are. What I wrote above, from your perspective, still applies. The purpose of me is to be exploited by you. And the purpose of you is to be exploited by me.

Therein lies the challenge. How can I exploit you without bringing misery upon myself?

I don't want to bring you misery. I simply don't, right now. Maybe if I was pushed to an uncomfortable place, I would. Or maybe if I were given opportunities of authority and power over others, and tapping something deep inside, where a bit of trauma still sleeps, I would.

But right now, I don't. And I understand that you don't, so long as I don't take you to one of those places yourself. So I won't.

And we can both exploit each other in mutually beneficial ways, so that we may continue exploiting each other in mutually beneficial ways. *Ad infinitum.*

So that this world that was made for me will continue to serve me well.