

Looking back there were two journeys, one was filled with danger and death and despair, the other, adventure and wonder. I was on the latter and loved it. I didn't know enough to know that they will collide. I didn't know enough to know how cruel and uncaring this world can be.

The world doesn't care if you die. It wont listen to your screams. If you bleed on the ground, the ground will drink it. It doesn't care if you're cut. I told myself that if I meet God, it will be the first thing I ask Him: Why make a world of such wonder, then fill it with monsters? Why make flowers and then snakes to hide beneath them? What purpose does the tornado serve?

Then it hit me. He didn't make it for us.

Elsa Dutton, 1883

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Last update: **26/03/2025 13:32**

