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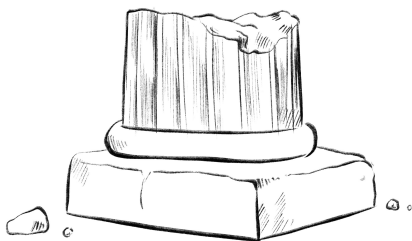
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## Being Glad I Was Born



I owe it to my parents.

Not that they conceived me for my sake: they didn't know it would be me. In fact, there wasn't anything to know, no identity waiting to be embodied in a child yet to be conceived.

So maybe I don't owe my parents anything for my existence. They just tossed the gift of life into the void, hoping a recipient would materialize.

Maybe my life wasn't even a gift. It didn't make me better off than I previously was or otherwise would have been. Nor would I have minded the alternative. Even now, the thought of never having existed doesn't bother me.

The thought of not going on existing is another matter.