

# New Years Day

“I will not *die* tomorrow,” mused this year’s spirit. “Rather, I will most likely become immortal. Unless the universe ends between now and then. Unlikely, but possible.”

“But you will become fixed! Static. When your year is over, you will never again have any will or agency of your own.” This distressed me. He was lovely, after all; and prone to giving the most interesting observations at the oddest of moments. I did not look forward to becoming the mortal companion of his successor.

The spirit shrugged, a bit ruefully. “That is the price that must be paid for immortality.”

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