

Not Your Problem

I am in an egg, which will one day hatch, and destroy the universe.

But why should *you* care? My imprisonment is nigh-eternal - I measure time in ticks of Big Bangs - and it is nowhere near cracking. By the time I am free, you will have long since left this dimension for another. If you survive your new reality, you will barely remember this one.

I am incapable of impatience or boredom. Nor do I feel contempt for your kind. When I apotheosize, it will not be viciously.

Rough on those still using this universe when I destroy it, though.

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