One Of Three Essay, Research Paper

One of Three

AYou have twenty-four hours to decide which one of you three dies!@ boomed the loudspeaker. AIf this order is not obeyed, all three of you will die. You will stay in this metal chamber for the next day; food will be served three times. Remember, this is for the better of the world.@

First of Three:

David

My name is David and I don=t know why and how I got here, whereever that is. The milieu was quite plain and bland, but it gave a solid feeling. There was just metal walls surrounding us in a circular shape, which went up high like a rounded off cone or the Sistine Chapel. The whole outlandish setting made me forget that such an extraordinary entailment has been granted to me. Now all that Paul, Matthew and I had to do was decide who would dies.

AWellCany volunteers?@ I asked.

AOh yeah, me, pick me. I want to die,? Paul sarcastically added.

I sensibly suggested, AIt=s going to be one, not all of us.?

AI think we should discover who is most fit to die,? said Matthew.

By that does he mean, who has the least going for him will be the one chosen? ?Okay, we will have to learn about each other,@ I responded.

AIf I=m not chosen, anything is fine with me,@ Paul self-centeredly declared.

The next 23 hours would seem like a lifetime if we did not choose who would die soon. As long as I was not the person who has to die. Of course I wouldn?t, be the chosen person, I am married and a child is expected in September. I have friends at the garage where I work and nothing else to live for.

Paul broke the silence, AWe have less than twenty hours left. What are we going to do? Sleep on it!@

ASo, if you are so excited, why don=t you be thrown in front of these mysterious people, so that they may kill you?@ asked Matthew.

I seemed to act like a mediator for the situation. AStop it guys. Let?s first get to know each other and then we can work off that.@

For the next couple of hours we all tried to explain our life stories as best we could. I work at an auto-repair shop and have a very ordinary life with a family. Paul is just out of college and has been drafted for what is hopefully not WWIII. He is basically very cocky and selfish, and what you might expect out of a young strapping boy like him. Matthew is what I would call a lab-rat, but he calls himself a chemist. He lives alone and works with his scientist colleagues.

Now that we know enough about each other, we have to now concentrate on who will die.

The Second of Three:

Matthew

We had 16 hours left and we only new about each other=s lives. It was time for some decision making. As long as I (Matthew) am not the person who is chosen, this little excursion is acceptable with me. It is time to make up my mind about this situation: I hate this modern place. David seems nice and ordinary, Paul is young and arrogant, this situation is cruel, and I think Paul should die (he would probably die in the war anyway). Lastly, why are we here and for whom?

David rose from his shiftless position lying across the metal plated ground and said, APaul, just stop. We cannot break out of this place. It is like an experiment and we are the mice.@

Paul exclaimed, AWhoever put us here like this better have a good explanation, like saving the world.?

ASo who=s it gonna be?,@ David asked the other two.

AIt=s gonna be one of you two,@ Paul replied.

John began, ?First of all it is going to be, and you people are acting as if this was a joke, this is the most important decision of your life and you are treating it as if you can=t choose between strawberry or grape jam in the fridge. Let=s understand the facts. We have been put here for an unknown reason, like for the better of humanity. We don=t know where we are and who put us here, but with fifteen hours left we know almost everything about each other. It is time to share what we think and make up our mind of who goes. I am the oldest, but David is 35 , only about four of five years younger than me\* Paul is 23 and the rest is pretty self-explanatory. You know, he is very arrogant.@

For the next four hours we discussed who should be chosen to die. Making that decision was as if we were going in circles.

Paul said, AMatthew, you=re the oldest and very annoying. I choose you.@

AYou are the most arrogant piece of trailer-trash that I have ever seen. The world is not going to miss you,@ David responded, trying to back Matthew up.

AI can speak for myself, David, or am I too boring and serious?? I angrily yelled at David even though he was trying to help me.

Paul said to appease Matthew and David, ?Now it is really time to be serious. We have only established one thing, that is that we all do not want to die. And that we hate each other=s guts.@

The loudspeaker once again spoke, AStop fooling around. You have less the 11 hours to solve this. Humanity needs one of you to be sacrificed or we will kill all three of you.@

Third of Three:

Paul

Nine hours are left and we have not chosen anyone. We would have killed each other with our stuff by now if all our stuff wasn=t taken. I think the old scientist person should die. He is always saying philosophical things like, why are we here in this place? [?the stupidness of Paul,? a note by the author.] I would rather that these people putting us up would make the decision. Why are we all fit for the position of death anyway?

David sternly told us, ?Stop dreamin?, Paul. We have to make this decision right now. Let=s start.@

AI vote that Paul is chosen,@ Matthew said.

I said, AI say that David is chosen.@

AAnd I say Matthew is chosen,@ David added.

AForget this. Let=s just wait to die,@ Matthew and David announced.

I hysterically said to the upset two, ADon=t do this I said, please. I don=t want to die, do you? Come back don=t just go and hide and wait in a corner until our execution.@

And so we slept for the last 8 hours, none of us saying a word. I had shown my inner self apart from the cocky, arrogant fool, but the baby was crying from within.

The same tall man on the loudspeaker came in and said, AIt is midnight again. I see no one has been chosen. It is your fault when everyone dies. You are the only people that are apart of the bloodline. You guys could have been the Messiah, you know the next Jesus. You could have saved the world from the apocalypse.@

Bam…Bam…Bam

End of Three:

The world as well as the three men were left to be destroyed.

Who knows what can happen when you cannot make up your mind: you might end up with a bad meal at a restaurant or

truly nothing.

creative