

## Personal Reality

Personal Reality is the viewpoint of the individual experiencing reality personally. Personal reality has a local element to it. My reality is my little island of perception and my experiences. Personal reality is reality relative to me. It's reality from my perspective.

From my perspective the universe was created on October 10th 1955 and will cease to exist the moment I die. I am the only person in the universe that is real and everything else is just part of my dream. People only exist if they are in my presence. If you are reading this for the first time and never had any contact with me before then you didn't exist until this very moment. You were instantly created with a false memory of having a life to give you a false sense of continuity, but you only exist to serve me. When you are not in my presence you cease to exist.

Or - maybe it's the other way around. You are the one who really exists and it is I who only exists in your presence and I am the one who has a fake memory of having lived an entire life. You - the reader - are the only real person that exists and reality itself exists solely to serve you. But which one of us is the real one? Or - do we all share some common reality that we all live in? How do we tell?

Although there is some evidence that this is all just my dream, I seem to be stuck here, so I am going to presume that reality is bigger than me.

Well, this can be hard. Is there a real reality or is my brain floating in a jar in a laboratory somewhere and this is all a computer generated illusion? Perhaps the movie "The Matrix" was a personal message to me - a hint that this is all just a dream. I am the one who is creating the Church of Reality and the United States government granted me a trademark on Reality, I own reality, if that isn't a hint that this is all my dream, I don't know what is. There seems to be some evidence that you all don't exist and I am in fact the only person who really is real and this is all my personal illusion.

However, since I can't seem to wake up from this dream of reality it seems that I am at least stuck having to play the game that the rest of you are as real as I am. And there seems to be a lot of evidence that the universe actually existed before October 10th 1955, so I am going to accept that I am but one of billions of real people on the planet who are as real as I am and that the universe is bigger than me. I didn't invent reality, reality invented me.