

## Final Affairs from a Patient Suffering a Quarter-Life Crisis

*Xavier Neier*

If you are reading this letter, it means that my quarter-life crisis became an immediate end-of-life crisis. Cause of death was [REDACTED] alongside some abysmal luck, so there is nothing that you, the will executor, or anyone else that could have done to stop such an untimely, but common, demise. There are a few key items of my “estate” that I have explicit instructions for in the event of my death. As a freshly deceased person, I have no use for any earthly items, but I ask that these instructions are followed best to your abilities, for future use and benefits for those who are capable of handling my possessions.

My car, where the title of the vehicle is under my parents’ names, would obviously be returned to their possession. Thanks for letting me loan it Mom and Dad. Inside it, you will find some store returns, a cracked longboard, and fast-food napkins. Just throw them out to the closest trash can, one that’s big enough where you can shut the lid easily, unless you want racoons ransacking old water bottles and expired Kroger coupons. In my closet, you will find mountains of all the clothes that I either always, or never, wore. Do not let anyone wear my clothes, even if they are still usable. Even imagining now of a brother wearing my favorite American Eagle jacket or someone reusing my old winter boots feels like a bodily invasion, even as a dead person. Just get rid of them. For the green totes that hold baby clothes, old Mexican blankets, and my birth mother’s polaroid picture, please keep them safe and tucked away. These things I know are tethered to my soul, wherever that is now.

For my pitiful accumulated wealth, found in the physical safe in the basement with code [REDACTED] and in my bank account, is to be given to my sister, for the expected rising costs of living and for her future (now past) wedding with her fiancé. Sorry that I won’t be in attendance. And another sorry for the fact now that the money barely covers anything fun like cruises, anniversaries, or barely a decent Target shopping spree. Any furniture (bed, dressers, desks, chairs, etc..) can either be given to my sister and her fiancé, or, if passed, to other people in the family household, or, if passed, are free to be thrown out. Any other high-priced items remaining can be resold, with the money going towards my sister, assuming I never befriended a creditor and still maintain debt obligations. Make sure it goes to her and her only. My parents have plenty of money and my brothers do not need it.

Do not spend money on funeral expenses. For best burial practices, keep it simple and cremate the body and throw the ashes out to the natural outdoors. Do not keep the ashes (chronic fear of loose shelves), but discard them in a decent,

outside place. Being smushed into diamonds is not my thing, so anywhere outside that is not six feet in the ground is fine by me. Cremation is the only way to prevent anyone reanimating my corpse.

But if any of you feel inclined to go above and beyond, I would like to be returned to Tijuana, Mexico, and have my ashes scattered there. Either the front of the hospital I was born at, in their nature reserves where I may finally contact the native land I never knew or whatever the appropriate area of ash scattering in Tijuana is. Do not give my ashes to my birth mother. Do not return her baby boy in a jar in a plastic Ziploc bag. If she is found, tell her any of the good things of American living that she was able to give to her child. If she is dead, and her grave or resting area is found, ask surviving relatives of the other family if her child can be held by her one last time and that I can rest beside her.