



YEARS

2,595,391,294

LIVE TRUE

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April: The Girl Who Lived for Two Billion Years

April was not like other girls. She didn't just live a lifetime—she lived forever.

It all began when she was twelve years old. She had been playing near a river when she found a small, shimmering stone lodged between the roots of an ancient tree. It pulsed with an energy she couldn't explain. The moment she touched it, something changed within her.

At first, April didn't notice anything unusual. She still grew up, learned new things, and made friends. But as decades passed, she remained the same. Her skin never wrinkled, her hair never grayed, and time seemed to flow around her like a river that never touched its banks.

She watched the world shift, civilizations rise and fall, languages change, and mountains crumble into dust. After a thousand years, she had outlived everyone she had ever known. After a million years, the stars in the sky had shifted, and the Earth itself was unrecognizable.

But April was still there.

She traveled the world, learned every language, witnessed every event history would ever record—then lived through histories that no one would ever remember. She watched the continents drift, the oceans dry up, and new ones form. When humanity faded into myth and the Earth belonged to creatures of the deep once more, April remained.

After a billion years, the sun grew hotter, the atmosphere changed, and life as she had once known it disappeared. But April adapted. She could breathe in any air, survive any condition. She walked through fire, swam through ice, and lived through darkness when the sky was thick with dust.

Another billion years passed. Earth itself was no longer home. The sun expanded, swallowing the inner planets, and April drifted into the stars, her body no longer bound by gravity or time. She wandered among galaxies, speaking to creatures made of light, dancing with the storms of Jupiter, and listening to the echoes of ancient civilizations carried on cosmic winds.

She had long stopped wondering why she lived, and simply embraced the infinite journey ahead. She was April—the girl who had lived for two billion years, and would live for countless more.

And so, she continued, forever moving forward, a lone traveler in the endless tapestry of time.

John, the Eternal Voyager

John was an ordinary man until the day the universe decided he would never die. No one knew why—no magic spells, no divine intervention—just one day, his body stopped aging, and wounds healed faster than they should. He didn't even realize it at first.

A decade passed, then a century. The people he loved grew old and faded into history, but John remained unchanged. The world shifted around him, technology advancing, empires rising and falling, but he was a constant, a living witness to time itself.

After the first thousand years, he stopped trying to live a normal life. He had been a king, a beggar, a scholar, a warrior. He had watched the stars in the sky rearrange themselves. And yet, he remained.

By the time humanity left Earth and colonized the stars, John had been alive for a million years. He no longer saw time in days or even centuries. He had walked on new planets, seen alien civilizations bloom and wither. He had learned every language, mastered every art, but still, something inside him remained unsatisfied.

One billion years passed. The galaxies themselves had begun to change, stars burning out and new ones being born. John had stopped counting the years, instead marking time by cosmic shifts. He drifted through space, unbothered by hunger, thirst, or cold. He had long since stopped fearing the vast emptiness; instead, he embraced it as a friend.

As two billion years approached, John finally understood his purpose. He was not meant to be a man, not anymore. He was the witness, the last remnant of the universe's beginning, a soul that would endure beyond the end of all things.

And so, as the universe itself began to dim, John stood at the edge of existence, waiting to see what lay beyond the end.

Would he finally rest? Or would he step into something new?

No one but John would ever know.