

Celia

“I like this place, And willingly [can] waste my time in it.”

~ William Shakespeare

Work. My work here isn't really hard, rather it's always been perplexing. Today, that does not change. At all. Well, not really, anyway. My job is to discover or reveal the innominate, similar to my other fellow associates. I remember Stell was working on some alien writings and Isaac did something timey-wimey. Doesn't matter to me. What have I been doing? Since a few days ago, I have been in a white void, searching for signs of literally anything. Have I observed anything? Not really. I've simply been here. Trapped for what feels like forever.

Can't I go elsewhere? Also (see a pattern?), no. I can't. The Project won't let me leave till I've got something to show for it. I rack my brain every day in an attempt to find anything in the abyss. Alas, nothing arises. It's merely me, myself, and I in an empty space, floating in who-knows-where, destined to perish in sorrow. Great. Fantastic. Splendid. Other synonyms for good things, who cares?

All at once, I start moving. I'm not walking, so how and why? The movement increases, and I get cast across the place. Wait! Wait, wait, wait. No, stop! The movement is disorientating. Am I spinning? There's no indication, still, I feel dizzy. I *was* spinning wasn't I? Oh dear. The world is flipping, moving leftside-right, to and fro. There were birds, like in the cartoons, yet, that's not it. Bears, bees, birches, bombs. Bombs? Hang on, why bombs; they can't be here!

I frantically look all over. Nothing that I can see. I sigh in relief. As I sit down to relax for a second, I notice something on the floor. An integer. '3' it said. I dragged myself over a little. Another one, '2'. Over a little more and '1'. Okay, going north... and '1'. As I move, I notice the digits keep changing; '2', '2', '2', '1', '1', '3', and so on. I got a '4' at some point, interesting indeed. When I made it back to my starting point, I had an epiphany. A terrible, horrible epiphany. I tapped the position in front of me. It's a bomb. This is a minefield. I was in a game of mine-sweeper. So I ran. Oh yes, I ran. Sprinting across a plane of zeroes before I noticed another thing. It's *all* zeroes. Where'd the bombs go? I'm not complaining, I mean, thank goodness I'm not dead. Yet how?

Know what? It doesn't matter, let's break the deck, shall we? I'm going to leap. Not far, not near either. I feel myself rise into the air, however I cannot fall. Somehow, the impossible had been created. The digit I was going to land on... is a nine. Panic. Panic filled my mind, panic that I was going to die here, panic that forced me into flailing my limbs and skipping across the board, apparently hitting two, six, and one as well. I kept moving till I was able to see only zeroes again. Zero, zero, zero. The longer I went on, the more zeroes I saw. At some point, the zeroes drifted off, and all I saw was white void again. I'm back at the drawing board.

In fact, there's a real, literal, drawing board here. With a box. Why'd there be a box here? Instinctively I opened the box, only to find... nothing. Who saw that coming? I certainly did. I tilt the box over and shake it, solely to be certain there's nothing in that

box. Remarkably, another box falls from inside it. I closely examine the two boxes, and they're the same box. Same size, same material, same tints and shades. This is some kind of Banach-Tarski thing isn't it? One thing, impossibly becoming two things. Okay, I've had my good deal of this, so I can move on now. I wander off. All this wandering and wondering, I'm so tired. What's that over the horizon? There appears to be a door, so I walk towards it and knock. Hello? Anyone home? Nope, as normal. Well, there's no lock, so I can waltz in, right? I open the door to reveal a room with another similar-looking door. I walk back to the exterior. Hold on, how can there be a room if there are no walls? Now, *this* was some sci-fi nonsense. Probably dimensions in relative space or something. Isaac knows all of those kinds of things, I kind of wish he was here right now. Oh well, here I am in the present moment, all alone. I go to open the interior door. It's locked, so it's like one of those escape games where I need to find a key. Alright, I examine my area and find some switches, typewriters, and charts. Great, I sigh in derision, it *is* like one of those escape games. Well, I need to start somewhere. I glance at a seemingly simple crossword on a table. Why not here?

Across 4; German alchemist. Is it Asimov? I think I overheard S reading one of his books a while back. She's a bit odd like that. No, don't get distracted. Crossword, remember? Down 19; Winston Ono. Has to be Smith from 1984. Wasn't his name Winston Ono Smith or something like that? No, it can't be; it's six letters long. Wait. "Six letters long." Something's wrong. I can feel it. I'm missing something, or someone. Come on, think! "Six letters long." My heart is beating so strongly, so it has to be an emotional connection. Think, think, think, I can get this one. The rhythm; it's not my heart. It can't be my heart, it's like a, like a primate clashing cymbals together. "Six letters long." "Clashing cymbals." There has got to be an answer, work with me, brain! I'm on my knees here. Dear God, I pray that I find my answer sooner or later, or I will lose – I got it. I really got it. That... cannot be real.

I was wrong. I was so wrong, even the monkey did not explain it. Shall I be martyred, erased and forgotten from all of time? No. While this void exists beyond my beliefs, I cannot die here. I need not die here, not now. For it is thee I have to address. I have neglected thee for longer than was necessary. I have affected thy life in a rightly terrible fashion, and I do not want those conflicts to ever arise again. If it's over, so be it, yet I am obliged to say this; I am certainly lost being absent of you.