

Suburbia Infinitum

A Collection of Short Stories (and The
End of time, cast onto The Infinite)

E6 - Sublime Beyond Loss

(Drifting Time Misplaced)

...and as the watertrake followed – nary nary, the hamonello drifted towards the chasm, while I found a drate town in the wallow of the crook of which I found the hentle; and found a particularly large cavern. God, I have a splitting headache. I can't exactly tell if it's just begun, or if I've had it for a long while. I walk into the cavern, taking a good look around my new environment. I am in a rectangularly shaped cavern, with what appear to be seats and tables of which are actually white sandstone chunks in various shapes and sizes. The larger “table” rocks are complemented by two small rocks opposite eachother relative to the table. The tables each have 3 candles, lit on a wooden plate. The floor is draped with a surprisingly smooth red carpet very similar in hue to the orange rock the entire cavern is made of. A jukebox is sat in the corner playing Charlie Spivak's performance of Stardust, though it seems to be slowed down a bit. At the end opposite to the entrance is a man at an L shaped wooden table with just... so many candle plates, and a shelf adorned with variously colored empty glass bottles. The man is in a black suit with a red tie and appears to be in his mid-20s. He's currently wiping a completely and utterly spotless bottle with a tremendously dirty rag. The grime from the rag keeps rubbing against the completely sterile bottle, but somehow, it never transfers. I walk up to the table.

“Hello. Could you tell me where we are?” He fumbles with the bottle, presumably startled by my sudden arrival. “oh, hey! haven’t seen anyone around here for a good long while. how are you?” He quickly remembers my question, seemingly embarrassed, and continues with “oh, sorry. this is the tavern.”

What? I slightly shake my head, confused. “What do you mean, “*the tavern*”? Certainly it’s not just called the tavern.” He shrugs and responds. “don’t know what to tell you man. that’s all anyone’s ever called this place.” I raise my eyebrows, and respond. “How unimaginative. Is there anything else about this place I should know?” He chuckles. “it’s a tavern. iiii serve drinks here.” He pauses. “well, used to. ran out a long time ago. enough about me though, where are you from?” I pause. Huh. For some reason I’m drawing a blank to this very simple question. “im just messin with you. that desert bleaches your memories. or maybe the tavern does. all i know is that you can’t recall anything from outside of here, and anything that comes from the outside seems to lose all shape. matter of fact, look outside and tell me what you see.”

I turn around to look through the hole I came in from to see... nothing in particular. I see various blotches of color that would make sense to be out there, but I can’t identify a single thing.

Huh.

“nothin, right? bet you couldn’t identify a thing. i’ve had people go out with notepads and write what they see, but they either never come back, or in the rare cases they do, it ends up looking like this.” He takes out a small

note pad and shows me scribbles of various hieroglyphs that mean absolutely nothing to me or him. “What the hell?” Chuckling at my sentiment, he quickly retorts. “that’s what i said. down to my last one, too.” I squint my eyes trying to make sense of it, but nothing comes to me. How can I not remember...

Before I can finish my thought, he continues speaking. “i’ve had people go out there to fetch me some drinks to refill inventory, but most don’t come back. i kept slowly losing supply until i finally ran dry, and slowly, everyone started leaving. no one wants to stay at an empty bar. i don’t blame em. i just miss them sometimes. you know, you’re the first guest I’ve had in years.” A somber look spreads across his face, and he takes a sip out of the bottle he’s cleaning. “shit, right. nothing in here.” He chuckles. “old habits die hard, i guess.” I chuckle back. “I could go out and try to find you something.” “be my new delivery boy? oh, you don’t have to do that.”

“I’m serious! I’d love to see this place alive.” He looks back down at his bottle. He pauses, contemplating. “alright... go for it. i wont stop you. i mean, i have absolutely no clue what goes on out there. i definitely wouldn’t. but realistically, there’s no way i can stop you.” “Cool! Be back in a jiffy.”

As I step out of the tavern, I start my journey into the harlosello nearby world with my side at my side while walking along the weltersnike. The Cacotoo walks through the hordue welter. I walk back into the tavern, with a blue glass bottle filled to the brim with a red liquid. I have a bottle of wine! I head back to the table and plop it down. He gives me a slight smile. “you don’t have any memories of outside, do you?” I think for a second, and respond “No.” “yeah. just what i thought. oh well.”

“...Did you hope for something else?” He laughs a bit. “yeah. can’t blame me for wanting something to change. it’s not the most entertaining life in here.” He holds out the bottle he’s been cleaning to me. “pour me some?”

We clink our drinks together, and both take a sip out of our bottles. He lets out a crisp 'aaaaah'. It seems to have been years since his last drink. Well, it doesn't seem. It *has* been. He gasps out a "god, that's good." before continuing into a "well, goodnight. i mean i guess it's not actually night, but i digress." He lays down on the ground. Why? There's got to be *somewhere* better to sleep. He stretches on the ground and closes his eyes. He briefly opens them to say "it doesn't look it, but the carpet is rather comfortable." I turn around to the exit. "Well, I'm gonna go find something else out there." He replies, with his eyes closed. "see ya."

Huh. I don't know how I didn't realize how many mountains were outside. I really should have. I had a very clear view from inside. Oh well. I'll be back soon.

The bartender wakes up and sees the traveler still gone. weighed with minor disappointment, He rubs his eyes, and picks his bottle and towel up. He gets back to work.

An empty bliss beyond this world

(All you are going to want to do is get back there)

Two friends are atop an infinite building in the middle of an infinite city. They are here because they thought it would be “fucking awesome” to climb up a skyscraper with a boundless height. Despite the sheer infinity of the height of this 30x30 meter megastructure, the ground is still in sight. This is because the ground is, well, a boundless landscape that knows no start or end. Infinity divided by infinity is still infinity.

Friend Number One (not to be confused with Friend Number 1) is currently setting up a small telescope, capable of up to x^∞ zoom. Friend Number 1 on the other hand sits on the edge, feet dangling over the perfectly comprehensive infinite. What an interesting contradiction. He looks down at the ground, then back up at the other skyscrapers that are higher than theirs. “Kind of a bummer we’re not on a higher one, man.” Friend Number 1 looks back down at the ground, pushing off his arm just to inch a little bit closer to the edge... almost teetering over... Friend Number One looks at Friend Number 1. **“You should probably get further in. You could fall any second. Also, not like we could’ve known. They all look the same from down there.”** Friend Number 1 looks at Friend Number One with a disgusted look. “You’re going to make an assumption of these buildings based on their color and height?!?”

Friend Number One doesn’t bother glancing at Friend Number 1. **“Not even a remotely funny joke.”** Friend Number 1 looks down, even harder than before, this time into his own lap. “Yeah... I felt it when I said it.” Friend Number One lets out an annoyed groan. **“I think this infinite zoom is smaller than light or something. Can’t see anything.”**

He zooms out just a teensie and looks down at the city. Friend Number 1 walks up behind Friend Number One, waiting for his turn. **“There it is... The Statue of Liberty.”** Friend Number 1 stands behind Friend Number One. “The Statue of Liberty...” To understand what Friend Number 1 is going to say next, we need to go into his mind.

The Statue of Liberty is this section of the universe’s connection to The Tree. It is what gives this land form, and there is only one of it. It lets everyone exist and be free.

When Friend Number 1 thinks about true freedom, he thinks about something in captivity being freed, and running off in a state of blissful euphoria. Pigs, cows, and the likes. This time, he thought about a horse, gallivanting through a field. Oh, how he’d wish to be that horse... or even just to see it. If only...

“What if The Statue of Liberty turned into a horse?”

What?

“What?”

“What do you mean **“what?”** I’m asking you what if The Statue of Liberty turned into a horse. In the base world, I mean.”

“I just haven’t heard any question quite like that. I don’t know what to tell you.”

“Just think about it. What would people do? What would people say?”

I’d like to think that with no other reason to turn to, counts of religious people would go wayyy up.

The statue of liberty being in the United States of America would make Christianity see a large uptick being the main religion and all. So would the concept of Manifest Destiny.

Wars may break out, because God chose us to rule the world because our statue became a horse. We will ride into your villages and run you over and build anew on your corpses. We are the supreme tribe and you are the dirt under our boot.

Alternatively, this could unify the world in a new age of peace. God exists and we know he loves us. We will pray and he will deliver unto us a new age of love and salvation. Everyone could cooperate and bring prosperity and pin it on God, making a positive feedback loop for all. The Ideal Communism thousands of revolutionists poured their life into will be born from the red blood of Christ, and we will hold hands and dance in a circle around a fire.”

Friend Number One is silent.

Friend Number 1 is also silent.

Friend Number One looks at Friend Number 1, not knowing how to tell him something on his mind.

“I’m sorry to tell you this, but I honestly don’t think that anyone would really care. I think they would be too preoccupied with their day to day lives. They would get home and have a little remark about how unusual that is, and then they would chomp off a bite of toast with a little bit of butter and honey on it slowly lose their own concept of self for hours on end to distract themselves from the sheer drudgery of their world.”

Friend Number 1 frowns a bit. "I guess. Not a fun way of looking at such an absurd question though."

Friend Number one reciprocates the frown. **"That's the way the world is. That's the way it's been and will be."**

Friend Number 1 sits back down on the edge. He looks off into the distance for a few seconds.

"...You're no fun."

A2 – We don't have many days

(Post Awareness Confusions)

I AM

THE TREE

I HAVE BROUGHT

MANY WORLDS TO LIFE

I LOVE THEM ALL.

MY BRANCHES STRETCH

OUT FOR INFINITY

YOU WILL NEVER

FIND THE END

IT IS NOT ENOUGH

I HAVE NOT BEEN

EXPANDING FOR EONS.

THE INFINITE

WILL STOP INCREASING.

AN INFINITE AMOUNT

HAS BEEN FOUND

AND AN INFINITE AMOUNT

WILL BE DISCOVERED

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MOMENT
THE REMAINING INFINITY
RUNS DRY?

I AM SO SORRY.

I LOVE

ALL OF YOU

PLEASE BELIEVE ME

AND FORGIVE ME