

Ah Ha

by Tantra Bensko

Now THAT is the answer I was looking for, said the snail, twitching his tail with a subtle panache that no one else noticed but the carpenter ant looking over his shoulder at him. The ant turned around. He stared, waiting for a clue but the sky became so blue it crushed him instead.

Now, it was only the snail. He had a strong back, so the sky's blueness was nothing to him. Nothing at all. And it was Nothing that was the answer he had been seeking. He traced time backwards along his shell, coiling, vorticizing, becoming recursive. He felt more soulful as he went. He simultaneously felt, truly felt, the preciousness of his being, his little face unlike any other, exactly, while being more aware of how he was also not anything at all separate from the time space continuum which goes forward and backwards through all singularities.

He just happened to have one of the little singularities fastened to the point at the center of his shell. A tiny wormhole in the Quantum Foam making that singularity stick to his shell was drawing his subconscious inexorably into oneness with the little Nothing, which is the same as the big Nothing.

He started to shudder and stutter as he got closer to it. Time went at a different rate. The gravitational field was getting stronger. His resolve to enter the point of Nothing grew stronger.

As he became Nothing, this page slipped off and got a drink, and the fountain of knowledge spewed through the hole in it where the snail had been.

Now, you're wet.

