Why I



They tell me not to touch it.

But of course I'm going to. How could I not? It's nice, a warm blue light on my hands, it looks pleasing against my yellow-orange skin. It's intriguing, it's cool, it's a welcoming break from the black and white world.

I sneak into that room occasionally. I'm supposed to be doing my work or whatever, but this feels more important to me. Work is boring. I carry things here and there or I write some words on a page or I have to talk with these *Creaturs* that I don't want to talk to.

I don't even remember their name.

It's probably something boring like "White".

I'm not allowed to but sometimes I'd scratch on the walls in forms of symbols and words. I've scratched up my entire hut so now I go outside and scratch at the grey mud. It's fun because when the dark wet things fall from the sky it washes away my symbols so I get to start over again. You wouldn't understand but we call it «дождик».

They say the work is important, but is it really? It's like the дождик, it'll come and go but it'll always come back. But at least I like the feel of it. They say lots of things, actually. They talk to me all the time, telling me what to do. I guess that's just what happens when you have eight ears, they always expect you to listen. I wonder if one day I'll be able to talk, so instead I scratch at the mud.

It's so lonely here. Maybe it's my fault because I find everyone boring, so maybe they find me too much? Nobody finds my interests interesting, I climb the trees and they think it's cool but they never stick around to see me do the real interesting thing which is the backflip. I'm then told to do some "real" work.

It's *always* about the work you do. But where is this work going? I don't see what happens of the boxes I move or the Creaturs I talk to. But I see the mud, and how it washes my words away but leaves little itch marks of my work left.

The more I do it the more I feel like this is what I'm supposed to be doing. It's stupid and it's crazy because everyone around me tells me there's nothing I'm supposed

to be except a Listener. Anyway, I've come up with a word for this. I call it «рашшіон». But I was also thinking «соодьба». But they have two different meanings so I guess I'll use both.

I keep visiting the blue orb. The more I keep doing this the more I'll be in trouble, I know this. They told me. And I don't want to listen. The orb gives me a sense of hope, I guess. Which is stupid, because I'm in the best place in this galaxy, or void, or, just place. Everyone else just seems so happy to be here… I wonder if I'd ever be like that. I think the orb reaffirms something within me that I'm correct, in some selfish way. Sometimes I think it speaks to me, but I know I'm definitely making that up. Something like this:

"Ты здесь?"

"Да, Создатиl."

"Shto ты делаешь, когда застреваешь в этом миге?"

"Может быть, пришло время создать свой?"

I don't know why she calls me that– «Создатиl» –I've yet to figure out what that means. Because my real name is actually [redacted] but nobody ever addresses me by that name either, they just call me the Listener. Or L if they are lazy.

I missed work today. I just didn't have enough time to fit it into my schedule, I needed to scratch words on my flooring because there were too many thoughts in my head that urged to get out. I got to about "Я могу добиться всего, чего захочу" before I decided this was stupid and I should scratch on paper instead. So I stole some paper from my office and quietly tiptoed out to scratch my thoughts instead.

I don't dare show them to anyone. I know what they'd say, I'm wasting my time, or worse, it's just "cool". So I bring it to my quiet observer, the soft blue light in a random closet-storage type room. And I read it out to her, as if I have an audience of millions. As if people like me and enjoy what I have to say and as if I am the most correct Creatur in this world. It's riveting, it's exciting, it's like I've never felt before. And it all lives in my mind when I exit that closet and walk down the hallway and find the scowling face of my manager.

He scowled and yelled and I listened but the only thing that really came through was "STUPID!" which was weird and I made sure to scratch about that later. I didn't even get to say anything because truthfully, I didn't know how to say anything. So he grabbed my arm and dragged me back to the office and then let me be with my warning, but not before scowling some more at me. I shook it off, he could have at least said something interesting enough for me to tell you here, but anyways I worked for the rest of the day and then snuck off at night and did some more paper scratching– which I'll need to come up with a name later.

Ever since I found this enlightenment, this "perfect world" has become far from it. I critique it day and night; every single activity I need to do and every single activity I do too. I think of a different world I'd be in and every single day I go to the blue light and I

tell her my feelings. She doesn't look at me weird. Or says something strange. Or ignores me all together. Instead, she sits quietly and listens but not really because all she can really do is shine light at me. I like the version of her in my mind– nice, respectful, and controllable. Why don't the other Creaturs enjoy her presence like I do? All they try to do is replace or hurt her, but their white light will never compare to her nice, дождик blue.

It was then the last day I was here. They caught me when I entered my closet space, standing cruelly in the corners, expecting me. My shtick was over. It was then when they questioned my loyalty. They asked why I didn't want to be timeless, immortal, existing forever or whatever the English word for it is. I said this was my coodьба. They didn't understand me. Of course they wouldn't, nobody ever did unless they existed in my mind. They dragged me outside and threw me in my mud field, and they said if I wanted to be different so bad I'd become different forever, misunderstood forever.

I didn't fight. It was my destiny after all. They then clipped my tail and I fell into a mysterious space of everything and nothing at all. It was both the most uncomfortable and the most comfortable thing I've ever felt. I think I fell for a while until I hit the ground and I found myself in a different body. A pure white and black body with little variation and little hints at what I was before.

But the world around me was beautiful. It was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. It was what I'd envisioned all those years, a gorgeous plane of all kinds of colors. My own colors of yellow and orange but also green on the floor and red and purple and most importantly, a nice blue up above me that shone that same soft light on my hard body. It was so magnificent. I wandered for a while and I thought of all the things I'd scratch about later. I found other creatures but they didn't seem too fond of me, but that was okay because it wasn't anything new. What was important was this: *color* and goodness around me.

I think I'm starting to fade. I think I always knew this would happen. I'd just become someone else's мыslи eventually. That was weird, I meant thoughts. Someone else's thoughts in someone else's brain. Maybe it'll yteshит иh таk жеу, как оотeshиlo меnя. Oh. Пohоже, это вsё-таки пroishogит. Nичего cnrashнogo. Надеюсь, ей это принесет утешение: ведь я была частью её — так же, как она была частью меня. Это как история идёт, как называется... судьба? Ты знаешь, что это неизбежно случится, но не знаешь, как объяснить это другим. Они только смогут понять это, лишь если сами станут частью тебя. Но все мы иногда бываем такими эгоистичными, такими отстраненными от людей. И всё же я рада, что меня наконец услышали, что я могу говорить — пусть даже всё это подходит к концу.

«дождик» - rain, but a soft way of saying rain, kind of Russian "slang".

«рашшіон» - passion

«соодьба» - destiny/future/fate

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"Ты здess?" - Are you here?

"Да, Созdаvатиl." - Yes, Creator

"Shto ты delaeshь, когdа zастгеваeshь в этом миге?" - What do you do, when you feel stuck in this world?

"Может быть, пгishло vремя sозdать svой?" - Maybe, it's time to make your own?

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"Я mogy добитьsя vсego, чего zahочу" - I can do anything I put my mind to

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Maybe it'll yteshит иh так жеу, как оотеshилo меnя. Oh. Пohоже, это всё-таки пгоishодит. Ничего спгashнодо. Надеюсь, ей это принесет утешение: ведь я была частью её — так же, как она была частью меня. Это как история идёт, как называется... судьба? Ты знаешь, что это неизбежно случится, но не знаешь, как объяснить это другим. Они смогут понять это, лишь если сами станут частью тебя. Но все мы иногда бываем такими эгоистичными, такими отстраненными от окружающих. И всё же я рада, что меня наконец услышали, что я могу говорить — пусть даже всё это подходит к концу.

--> Maybe it'll comfort them like it comforted me. Oh. I guess this is happening. It's okay. I hope it'll bring her comfort, in a way i was a part of her as much as she was a part of me. It's how it goes, I guess, destiny? You know it'll happen eventually but you don't know how to explain it to others. They'll only ever know if they are a part of you. But we can all be so selfish, so distant from everyone. But I'm glad to be heard for once, to be able to speak, even if it's all coming to an end.