



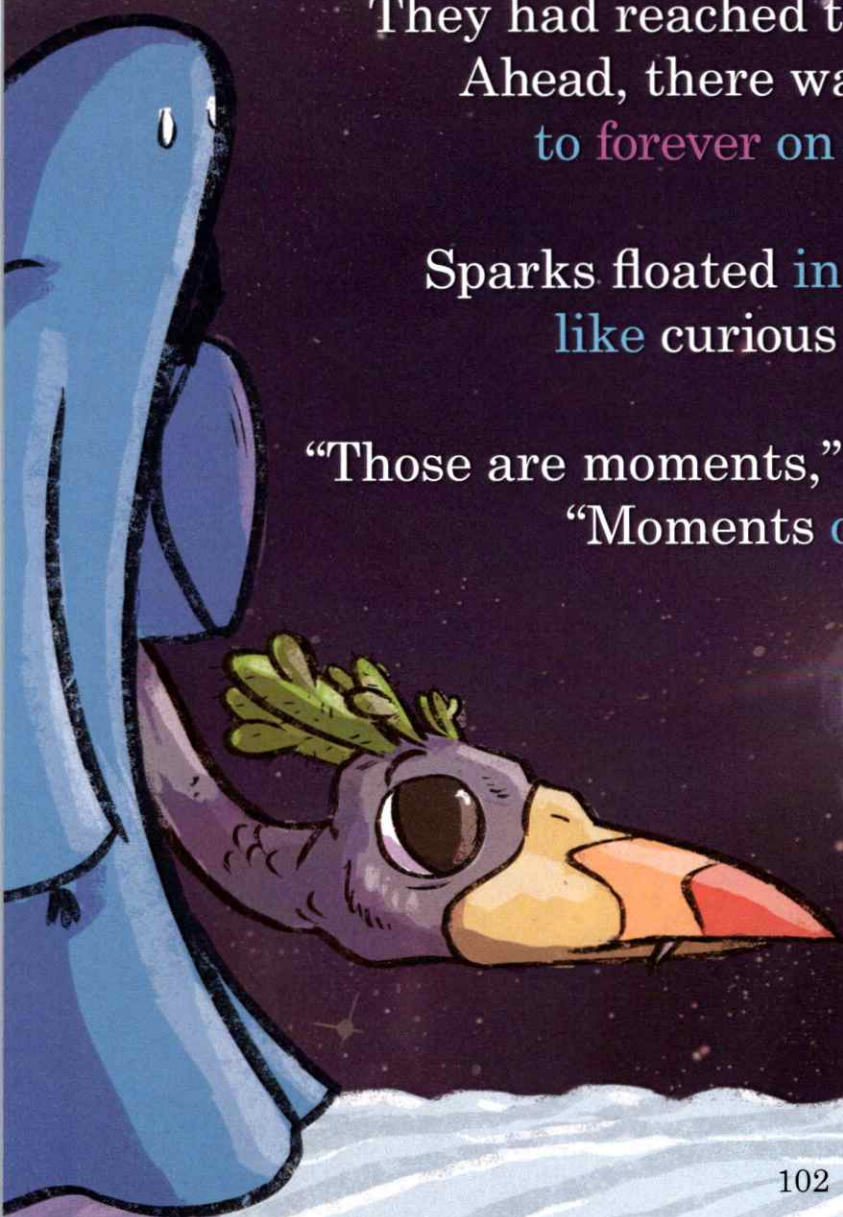
Closer and closer.

The blue wall rose *into* the *heavens*,  
forever and ever, bluer *than* blue,  
and stretched *to* the infinite *left*  
and the infinite *right*  
*like* a mathematical *plane*  
*of* shimmering *color*.

It was *right there*.  
They could walk no farther.  
They had reached the end *of* *space*.  
Ahead, there was only blue,  
*to* *forever* *on* all *sides*.

Sparks floated *in* the blue *wall*  
*like* curious *fireflies*.

“Those are moments,” Poodle whispered.  
“Moments *of* *time*.”





At this point,  
the infinite past met  
the infinite future.  
Eternity went forever  
in both directions.

“I know what this is,” said Poodle.  
“The philosopher Thoreau called this  
‘the meeting of two eternities.’”

“Eternities?” asked Sidney, still thinking.  
“Wait, this is not space?”

“No,” Poodle whispered. “This is time.”

