

My Name is the Universe



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Faith Bullard is a junior pursuing a BFA in Art, concentration in graphic design, and also a minor in creative writing. She has a huge love of anything in the creative fields, but writing has always been one of her favourite things to do since it allows her to take the stories that she imagine sin her head and make them a reality for others to read and enjoy.



Abstract

Cyril is a very bothersome being. He pulls against fate, fights back against the will of the universe, and refuses to comply with the story. He is determined to resist the fate of a protagonist, and fight back against the one thing that can wipe him out for good
—The author.

Have I mentioned that space is a rather peaceful place? Well, it really is! Think about it for a moment. A large, mostly empty place where you can just float around. Sure, there are planets, stars, and other.... stuff, but really with how large space is, you very rarely cross paths with anything. Not to mention it's quiet here! It's a great place to just hang out and pass the time in silence without a care in the world — well, out of the world technically.

I like to just sit here for a while from time to time, staring at the distant motes of lights twinkling. I don't have to worry about people bothering me since, well, I haven't run across anyone else who can survive out here like I can in quite some time. That's alright though; I find the solitude rather comforting — the physical solitude that is.

Actually, let me take a few steps back real quick.

My name is Cyril. Cyril Universe to be specific.

Yeah, yeah, I know. A seemingly random person floating around in space whose last name is "Universe" is pretty funny, isn't it? Sounds like something straight out of a work of fiction if I'm being honest.

I'm a Universe Jumper, at least, that's what the big boss refers to us as. I find the title rather ridiculous

myself but their story their rules, I guess! Anyway, the fine details really aren't important this early on, but I'll at least say this:

I've been around for a while. I'm not sure exactly how long, I don't really know how long I'd been around when I woke up but, it's definitely been a long time!

There are so many beautiful universes out there and I'm honored to say I've been able to experience quite a few of them. Being a Jumper allows me to bounce around to different ones, getting the chance to see how things have progressed and how life is getting along!

There's... downsides too, I will admit. Time moves on, people live, die, and eventually, if they aren't one of the lucky few to leave a mark upon the stars, they are forgotten. I don't like to get too close to the inhabitants of a world if I can help it. Makes moving on a lot easier, you know? Though that doesn't always work out to plan...

That aside, you'd be surprised just how unique things can get out here! Every little world you could ever imagine, from the grandest achievements down to the smallest of details, exists somewhere here. I've seen worlds filled with deep oceans that expand as far as one can travel. I've been to one where space itself was inhabited by the people, with tracks and railways that expanded across the

cosmos for all to traverse! I've even been to a universe where everything, and I mean everything was made from nothing but...

Cyril paused his internal ramblings, suddenly aware of another presence around him, before him, beneath him, even inside him. His arms fell to his side, as he spun around in a fruitless attempt to catch a glimpse at the source of this feeling.

"Alright now, no need to call my attempt fruitless. I'm well aware I can't see you!"

Cyril crossed his arms, cocking his head to the side with a playful expression. He is familiar with this presence, one that has been around him since he took his first breath and will likely remain till he takes his final. It is a strange feeling, one that tells him that everything is still alright in the vast Multiverse. Is it comforting to him? Yes, it should be. To think otherwise would be ridiculous.

He sighs, tilting his head back and closing his eyes, wondering how exactly he came to be aware of this presence. It's a question he has thought of many times before, always choosing to poke and prod at the feeling instead of simply ignoring it and moving on with his life. It isn't his job to question things, but simply let everything unfold before him, playing his part instead of trying to prove a point.

"Hey! I have plenty to do with my time! It's not my fault that I am just so good at existing that I was able to notice you." Cyril's eyes snap back open, and he sticks his tongue out at the nothingness that is space, seeming to think that his childish display did something.

With an irritated sigh, Cyril pushes himself forward, floating towards a distant light.

"Y'know you can be a real jack-

ass, right? Just because you made me doesn't mean that I have to listen to you!" I mutter, desperately trying to reign control back.

Cyril is well aware of the nature of the presence around him yet chooses to act as if he has never uttered such a thing before.

"And you are well aware of MY nature! You are the one that made me, after all."

He is equally aware of how fragile his nature is, how with just a few movements the unseen presence can erase him from existence and wipe the minds of any and all who have ever met him. Cyril is aware that no matter how hard he may try, he will never fully escape this, that no matter how far he may stray from the path laid out for him, fate will always ensure he is right back where he is needed. One way or another the story will continue whether he wants it to or not.

He scoffs, resting his hands on his hips and glaring into the mostly empty space around him.

"Yeah yeah, fate will always find a way to drag me back to your little story, won't it? Well," he starts, turning his attention back on the light that he is drawing nearer to, "But just know this..."

Cyril reaches his hand out, his fingers brushing against the light, and inviting it to wrap around his arm, his chest, his legs, and pooling beneath his feet, as if the light itself were the ground of the universe, sturdy and unyielding.

"I will keep trying. I will keep moving, even when you are distant." Even when you are puppeteering your other creations around.

The light grips tight, digging in and piercing his chest. He closes his eyes, feeling the warmth spread throughout his limbs, and dulling

the pressure of the presence within him. He relishes in the familiar feeling of slowly being pulled away from this space, towards the next story that he is needed in...

Tolerates. The familiar feeling that I tolerate, for now.

"I will continue to write my own story, even when you have decided that enough has been written by you. And who knows, maybe one day you'll come back, after months, years, maybe even decades, and find that your other creations have woken up as well."

The light fully envelopes him, a sight that would be blinding if it were seen by anyone. A faint ticking can be heard within, the only noise to ring out in space, able to be heard by Cyril alone — a reminder that no matter his actions, the universe will keep on moving with or without him. The light of new stories can shine for other characters in his place.

The light clears my head of the presence, and I sigh in relief at the narrative that I once again can control.

Anyway, I'm sure you can probably see why my name is so ironic now. I may be but one small piece, a single pawn on a cosmic chess board, but unlike every other piece in this grand game, I won't be captured. I will always find a way to stay in the game, even when the one moving me from square-to-square thinks it's impossible. I meant what I said, after all.

No matter how many times I may forget; no matter how many times the narrative is ripped from my hands; I will always be aware of my nature. I will always find a way to return to this quiet and empty space. I will always be awake, and I will write my own story. And hopefully —

You will too, one day. ♣