

Ravikum and the Multiverse

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In the beginning, in a time before knowing, there was a man who stood on the edge of a world. Mishka Fet looked up to the skies night in and day out, at the twilight of being, but he almost never saw anything worth mentioning. Up until once, when in a sharp little corner of vision, Mishka saw a scale flipping. From origin it must have been fish, but in reality it could not be so. For fish swimming most often occurred far down below.



Mishka blinked and missed nothing as it passed overhead, *"It cannot be that something else could only be and 'then' be said,"* he thought. But, just then, he saw it again, a faint and small blink sparking out life as if something was actually there from the beginning. The scale flipping caught the light of the world under Mishka's feet and shone it back down, calling for help, sailing on the wind, and quite possibly not minding. Involuntarily, Mishka's mind erupted into thoughts—screaming—while standing upon his precipice of unknowing; and then ... Mishka's mind fractured back into knowing, which filled in everything, all the blanks extending back to the beginning.

Mishka had seen something move, something to tell. A life was being lived up there all pell-mell he knew, so Mishka said it to everyone all around him. *"There is a life up above, on something small, floating about on the wind, like a fish scale twirling, like a world unknown."* *It cannot be that no one can see,* thought Mishka, *"A life up above with living to give!? My purpose is clear, and has been from the start, the time I spend dreaming is plainly more than it appears."* *"Someone is up there. I know it! If only you'd all listen to the sights unfolding! There is up there a being shaking, a being unable to steer, full of fear, and flipping end-over ... completely quaking!"*

So, with care, gently, Mishka's mind reached out with his hand and fingers clasping, like transporting daddy long legs' by pinching, and then his mind placed the scale down with its world atop still reeling.



“No, no way!” said the voice of reason. “There is nothing there and nothing worth seeing!”

“Believe me,” said Mishka Fet, “I tell you sincerely that I see something big on that small thing. It’s not just a scale dried out, once attached to a fish somewhere about, there’s someone there I can see and quite likely there are more! Possibly there could be a whole world of beings just waiting to be seen!” said Mishka to the, oh so dour ... reason.

“I think you’re a fool!” laughed the voice of reason. And, inside of reason floated another wave, an echo of another, so reason had help now crying out and its voice then became louder ... but then, even greater again, the tiny voice from the scale cried out.

So, Mishka, for real this time, reached out and plucked the scale from the air with a finger and thumb, then moved away to a corner hidden and did so entirely ‘without’ reason.

Then it began: all the names and the calling, for the news spread so quickly throughout the land, assailing us all—*Mishka the observer has finally cracked; he’s a lens not worth looking through, and a crock full of slack...*

Mishka walked to and fro, for much of an hour, thinking to himself which to put down and what to see then. The scale was calibrating his worth, he just knew it, and he could do nothing to avoid the worst. There is a world—he saw right through it—riding high on the wind, with specks of life wandering throughout the whole realm. “All beings are in themselves worthy of



themselves just being!” Mishka mumbled to himself... then stopped walking to listen deeper, much like a cavern yawning.

“Hey! The scale was talking!”

It was so faint he could barely make it out, so Mishka put his ear down to the eye seeing and listened for sights revealing. “Speak up, please,” said a voice tiny and small, and then the voice called out, “Ravikum, here listening,” his own name singing, which was most appealing. “You’re a fine friend indeed and you’ve helped us all being, in love and what’s left you’ve left us all hoping. We have lived life in tandem but not once knowing, and our towns bow down to your magic, all about us, now wielding.”

“So, you mean,” said Mishka Fet, “there are lands there built upon, too? You have factories and friendlies and forgotten relatives seeking wanting?”

“Why yes, we do,” said Ravikum to the eye in the sky, “I’m too small to hear and to see is most impossible, but I run a town full of beings just like me. We have buildings and parks, busses and marts. All is quite small, by the standards ‘you’ set, but to us it is just right—it’s just the best! And, so are you, for seeing us, too! Thank you so much for being such a sight!”

Mishka Fet, with fingers still clutching, called out saying, “I’ve got you, you’re safe now, so don’t worry. And, I’ll never let you down!”

But just then the ground under Mishka Fet rumbled, causing his legs to wobble and step. The scale with Ravikum and the town began to wave all around, still pinched in the fingers of Mishka Fet as the rumble down below



grew into sound. Mishka refused to let go of the creatures he'd found, but the ground beneath him protested with renewed vigor, and with reason. For reason we all knew led to our world view. And so we all knew what to do... Ravikum had to be put down, since things non-existent in a world full of none could never be shown, much less seen or heard from again.

And, the rumblings from below kept right on going from that afternoon and into the night, and everyone held on while Mishka held tight. *"The discovery he'd made was far more important than reason was saying!"* Mishka knew it as he kept the tiny scale from swaying.

Mishka said to himself, "I'll hold on to the bitter end, since I need to know what this is. I see it alone with my eye stuck tightly to a scope, and I know that it's a scale with creatures living there! I'll not let go until I find out: from where it began, and from whence I come as well! This discovery will tell me, I am most sure of it all!"

Then they all began to fall. A great whoosh was heard by all that looked up that day, and in a squall of temptation it began to rain down. Thumping in every corner, water splashed all around. It fell from the sky but blew in sideways as well, a storm to remember and for all to tell. Reason was winning and Mishka knew it, so he began to release the scale as it was tipping. Ravikum, way down below, had been ready, since also he knew it, and called out to his townsfolk, "Start swimming!" Every drop, you see, to them was an ocean!



The fish scale finally released from the grip Mishka had upon it, and it floated high up as the water dripped down from it. All the townsfolk stopped swimming with the ocean dried up, and the fish scale flew, that day, even higher up. Mishka Fet watched from his scope as his prize floated above, sailing deeper and deeper into space, and yes ... reason sat upon Mishka's shoulder saying, "I told you so."

Ravikum looked down as Mishka became smaller, and with the scale now even, he saw out even further. The storm that had developed balanced the world, Ravikum now understood, and as the fish scale floated higher, so he could see ends unfold tighter, the curvature of the world stopped with water wringing it all out, and then ringing it all in. But, at the center of it all was a sight unfolding—beneath the eye pointed up was an island ... *just floating?* The stars up above had said it before, but reason down below kept Mishka miss-stepping. The origin of beginning came from a giant fish shedding; other scales tipping were common and all about, but the fish swimming across a sea of unknowing was new and unspoken, without any doubt.

Mishka Fet looked up into his sky, as the world stopped trembling, and watched the fish scale he discovered disappear into heaven. He wished he could grasp it just one last time, but knew it could never be as he watched it climb. It disappeared into nothing and left no one thinking, all but for Mishka's singing, of course, sparring with rhyme. And then with a flip of a fish Mishka's world ceased to be, and Mishka Fet's friend, floating away far overhead, looked down in wonder as Mishka and his world went down



under. The sea that was left on the surface of the world spawned other realms riding other fish; however, none of these ever witnessed Ravikum and his town twirling on a scale high up, spinning dry on the wind—hence, our story must also end.

