

A tree sat thinking, as often tree's do, about the nature of itself and its place. Unaware of specifics it chose to guess, and hope that it's guesses would suffice. It guessed that there was a reason for why it was, and had been for as long as it could remember, rooted to the ground.

Though it made no effort to guess what this reason might be.

The tree did not ask questions, as trees often have no interest in answers. It is statements that kept the tree in its thoughts.

'I am here for a reason' The tree would think, and that would be the end of it. 'That warm shiny thing I see every now and then feels nice and makes me snug and full.' The tree would declare and consider again and again.

This process continued. On and on, year after year.

'Those white things that block the warm thing every now and then often drop nice, refreshing, cold stuff on me.'

'When the cold, nice stuff is finished falling it makes pretty shapes in the sky.'

'It gets dark when the warm thing goes away, then bright when the warm thing comes back.'

For year after year, decade after decade the tree thought this way. It thought in statements, as often tree's do.

Then the magpie came. It flapped its feathery wings, and it swooped down from high, and with a practised precision it landed softly on one of the trees uppermost branches.

'There is a thing on me.' The tree thought. 'It wasn't on me before, but it is on me now. It went from being not on me to being on the very top of me. This thing can come and go, just like the cold stuff and the warm stuff.' This would have been it if the magpie had been like the tree, but this magpie was young and bursting with energy, and so, it began to hop. From branch to branch, up and down the tree, over and over and over again. Never finding anything but not seeming to mind.

'It's doing something.' The tree thought. 'It's going on and off me very very quickly.' It went on.

'I have seen these things before.' The tree considered its woodland. The woodland it had spent its whole life growing in. 'They come and go, leave and stay as they please.'

It went on like this for a time, time not being a factor considered by most trees, and then the magpie flew away, taking flight with three quick flaps of its wings.

'It's gone....' The tree thought. It was then that the tree felt something new, something odd and wholly un-tree like indeed. It began with the warmth, which confused the tree as the warm thing was behind the white things at the time. It then moved onto the thinking. 'It is gone, it is no longer here. I am here. Others like me are here.' But for the first time it felt its statements waver, a looseness, a slackening in its otherwise rigid thoughts. 'Here is everything...' And for the tree who had never seen anything but what it had grown surrounded by this was true. 'Everything that is, is here...'

It was then the tree thought something no other tree seemed to have thought before, and it began with a word it had never experienced. 'But' it began. 'Where did it go?' This was closely followed by, 'How did it go?' which then raised the question of. 'If it can go, why can't I?!' 'Why was it on me and then off me again?' 'Why does the warm feel good?' 'Why does the cold feel good?' 'Why why why why why??!!'

The woods remained silent, as often they did. 'If other things can come and go, and be in one place and then another... why can't I?' And so it tried, and so it did.

The tree, as trees never do, stood up, and went from one place to another. This, of course, was impossible. Fortunately there was nobody present to inform the tree of this fact, and so it carried on walking.

This is Irreality. Questions asked, when nobody is around to answer. The marrying of unspoken curiosity and endless patience, without all the nastiness of logic or reason getting in the way. Existence poked, prodded, and eventually scrapped in favour of a more hazy but over all shinier design.

It was with this realisation that the world grew. Not your world, you understand, another one. A bigger world, a world squared, cubed, and then repeated again and again. A world where reality holds all the permanence and solidity of a marshmallow in a kiln, and white is not quite black but certainly has the option to more bluish, should the mood take it. Not a better world, just a different world. An endless world.