

~ A Higher Plain ~

With each trip, you inch ever closer. A wall sits in front of you. It should be impossible to move forward, yet you try. With each push, you inch closer to the other side. Each retraction brings you back to the start. Again and again; Again and again, you try. You are approaching it. You're drawing closer to its edge. Soon, you will reach across and be pulled over head first. Doomed to land at the bottom of a plain you could never hope to understand.