

Beginning the End of Time

Cal Hannan

He turned the corner, away from the hustle of the main street into his quiet home strip. He exhaled and continued down the lane towards where the derelict lay every afternoon. He felt contempt in his heart, in the fabric of society, and beyond his control, mixed with another unresolved feeling. The lane lay quite desolate and perversely calming, but tense. It was as though there was no soul in miles but himself and this foul derelict. He was approaching. Part of him was ready to spit in his face and another felt an ambiguous kinship. As he was about to pass, the derelict turned to him. He stopped dead still, but wished he were far away. Then he stared into the bum's eyes, entranced by a mixture of panic, fascination and contempt. He expected grovelling or abuse from a long-lost man, drowning in a merciless ocean. None of it came. He stared into the man's eyes, locked there, compelled to hold. He was being beckoned towards the eyes. His control would not permit him to break the gaze. Everything around him was disappearing slowly, becoming nothing. His perceptions of time and space were escaping him. The eyes pierced him, never faltering. Those burning eyes were all there was in the man's face. The man was no longer a bum. A sense of fear and inferiority overcame him. The face was now changing rapidly to another — his most disliked high school teacher appeared and in turn melted into a woman of great beauty. His being and these images were the

whole of his existence, of all existence. Nothing was relevant or irrelevant. An unsettling voice entered his head, overcoming his senses. "Why trust those senses at all? Look how they deceive you. What they tell you are the stories of a long lost dream of stupidity and ignorance. They limit your view of existence." The voice continued slower and softer until he could no longer comprehend it. The eyes burnt into his skull. He felt that he was falling, but remaining stationary. The grip of the voice faded and his chest loosened. He dropped to the concrete. He felt his senses rush back into him. His head pounded as he coughed up a portion of blood. He was back to his hard and physical being. The bum rose from his drunken stupor to help him, but he could not look into the man's eyes. He smashed the derelict against the wall and as his head smashed, blood appeared on the wall and his face became absent.

Without any thought for the dead man or any realisation of what he had done, he found himself in his home, smashing things about. Sweat poured down his face and merged with the tears. But he could not claim remorse. In front of the mirror he found difficulty in wiping his face with a towel as his hands trembled. With a great fear growing inside him he quickly glanced at his own eyes. Before turning back to his own pallid face, the face before him changed with an excruciating jolt to that of the dead man. He couldn't escape it. His senses were untamed and untruthful. But not to trust them would be barely to live. If his senses deceived him he was just a collection of thoughts and memories. A soul floating through eternities of nothingness. The only thing that was truly him. His senses played with him. His only freedoms were internal. He could see all and nothing at once. Where everything and nothing existed together there was no everything and there was no nothing. No colour, no black, no white. Yet he could see. "Possibility is a word used by simple beings who foolishly believe in restrictions and limits in what they see around them. They are blind until they jump from their senses." He was at the pinnacle of both sanity and insanity. Words restricted the sensation he was feeling. In a state where nothing mattered humankind was

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helpless. As he floated through eternity time rushed passed him. Through what seemed his left eye he perceived a clock on a wall working backwards. He saw himself running backwards down the lane, the bum rising from his death, the ancient Romans in battle, the dawn of man, the world forming, the deep universe. Through what seemed his right eye he saw a clock on a wall whizzing forward inconceivably fast. His death, the extinction of man brought on them by their own doing, the world losing its life. The images got faster and faster. He wanted to rip his eyes out to stop them from causing him this overdrive. Eventually the two frames met and turned to one image: The sun exploding with no sound. It was inside him. The start and the end of time. If death existed, this was it. If life existed, this was it. Light through his mind. Pure nothingness. Not white or black. A wisp of smoky cloud emerged from eternity. That was him and all that existed. The solution to nothing and to everything. Life and death. Black and white. Good and evil. His spirit, his existence. He reached out for the puff of cloud. It engulfed him with all its eternity and nothingness. He was being released from enlightenment falling through time two ways. Those deceptive senses he had to trust were relinquished with a sharp twitch. He gulped in as much air as he could. The sounds of the world were too loud and its lights too bright. He had discovered all there was to know. The one true enlightenment. To discover the true nature of being. He was sitting in a lane. He had no possessions and his rags barely protected him from the harsh wind. A man looked in terror at his eyes before throwing him against the wall behind him. He did not feel. The cloud approached him from an endless nothingness. He was being born once again.



Cal Hannan wrote this essay in 2007 when he was in Year 11 at University High School, Parkville, Victoria.