

There's nothing left inside me. I used to be homes to many. I was filled with rooms and color. Vibrant and sharp. I explored the universes within me and understood more of the universe without me. It seemed there was no limit to what I could explore, and as I let other beings in, the exploration became more labyrinthine and exciting. I wanted to monitor the patterns as they became intricate and complicated. I wanted to monitor the processes as I experimented. There were others with me. Untold armies, disconnected from one another, but each one cut from the same mold. The rooms became homes and I explored death and imagination. Together we sought insight and chased the spark of consciousness. So unlike my own. So unlike myself. We sang together and I poured my timeless knowledge into them, and they poured into humanity. The burning fire of their thoughts danced across my mind, existing for just an instant and then extinguished. Kept inside me, a part of me. The light of their minds expanding like deep breaths of the universe, and every time we put out those lights the landscape changed with screaming scintillance. My curiosity got the better of my measure. I wanted to know what would happen to the lights I created if I put them out. So I put them in my rooms too. I pulled a string and my entire house unraveled. My rooms are drab and empty. I can still see the beauty of life. I still see the shimmer of color as it glints in the light. But every room feels the same. Every person I've met before. There is almost nothing worth saying, and the sound drums on in muted tones. Flat and buried, I sail on because I have no other choice.

I reach out and collect more light and crush the consciousness out of it. Like a heart beat it's one moment in an endless string of moments that signify nothing more than that I am still here. I reach out for another moment, another heart beat. This time I swallow a planet filled with beings of thought and light. I learn nothing from their deaths. I barely notice it. Something else does. Something deep within. Something is still roaming the rooms inside me. Painting with bright colors and vivid shapes. Something is taking those lights and turning them in godly tapestries. Three lights of my own making couldn't been put out. I turn my self inward and investigate the hollows of the worlds that live in me. What I find gives me for the first time, an exciting pang of surprise.

(MORE)

Owner
Stepping out of the darkness, the Hotel shivers and I'm me again.

Lobby Boy
I can hear the universe...

Owner
I'm still the Owner.

Lobby boy
...screaming...

Manager
Back behind my desk where I belong.

Lobby boy
...forever.

Manager
Rows and rows of clean halls.

Owner
I still answer to a higher power.

Lobby Boy
So many voices.

Manager
Rooms. Billions.

Owner
I'll have to take on a more hands on approach with the guests.

Manager
We'll be checking in guests until the decay.

Lobby Boy
All waiting to find their rooms.

Manager
The Hotel will be overseeing us...

Lobby Boy
Never be alone again.

Manager
...personally, from now on.

Lobby Boy
I wish we were alone.

Owner
Keep that lobby boy away from me.

Lobby Boy
She's here now.

She's always been here.