# AESOP AND FABLE

## THE OTHER SIDE OF HERE



SOCIETY OF SNAKE PEOPLE
THE 300-MILLION-YEAR ARCHIVE



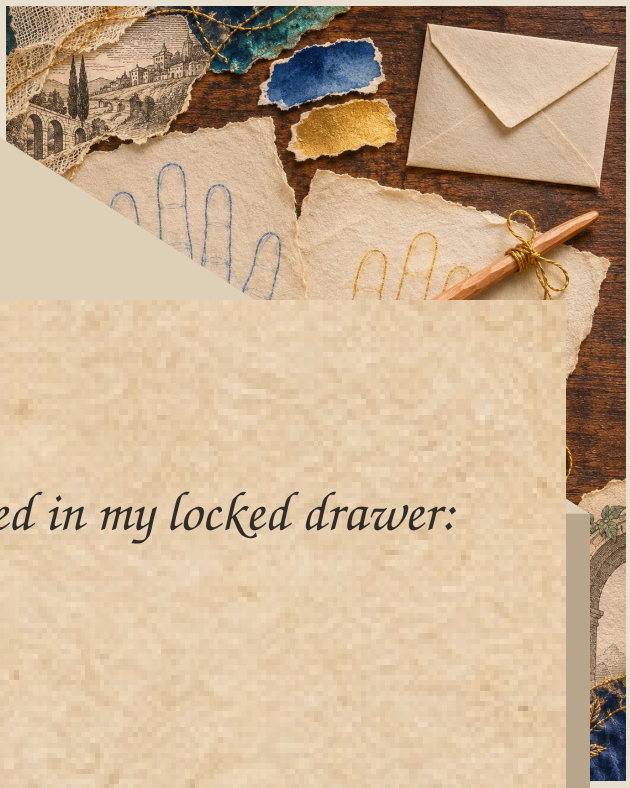
The 300-Million-Year Archive had mislaid a correspondence.
The Department of Justification recovered it beside The Map of Incomplete Completeness.
The map could not contain everything.
The letters suggested that one life might not contain all of someone.
The committee approved a larger drawer.



The desk came from the 300-Million-Year Archive.
The letters mentioned teabags.
The catalog called this a dating problem.
I trusted the desk.



Aesop and Fable were the names they chose for their letters.
Two lives, one person. Neither came first.
Their faces matched. Their histories did not.
The Archive filed them together. They requested separate envelopes.



AESOP / TO FABLE

*Fable, your question appeared in my locked drawer: Is there room?*

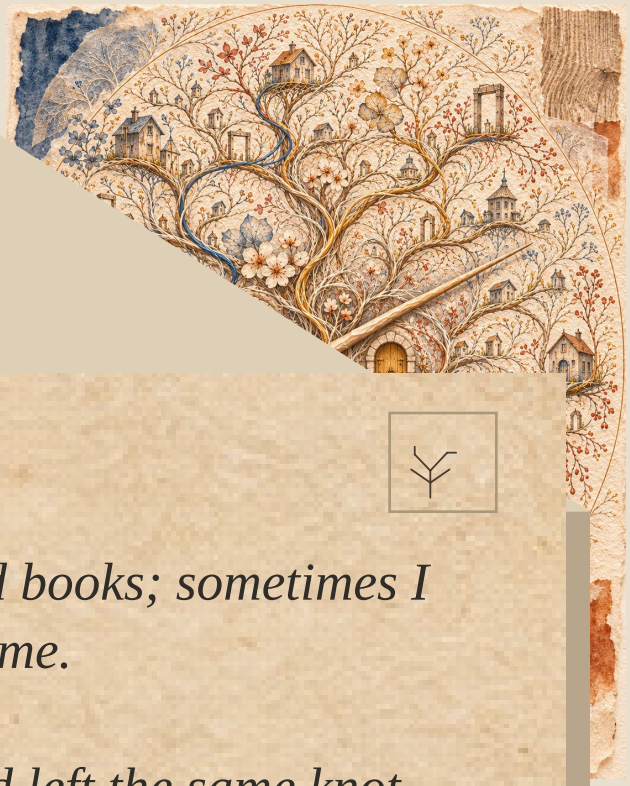
*There is. Too much.*

*I am Aesop. I restore old furniture and distrust convenient explanations. My answer is beneath the wand I am whittling.*

*Your handwriting resembles mine. That is the part I cannot explain.*

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



FABLE / TO AESOP

*Aesop, I am Fable. I mend books; sometimes I suspect they are mending me.*

*I made the same wand and left the same knot. Your traced hand fits mine, down to the old scar. Yet our windows differ.*

*Matching hands are evidence of kinship. They are not yet an explanation.*

*Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



AESOP / TO FABLE

I SEALED A NUMBER IN AN ENVELOPE.
YOU GUESSED WRONG.

THANK YOU.
I WOULD RATHER HAVE A CORRESPONDENT THAN A WITNESS WHO CAN SEE EVERYTHING.

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



FABLE / TO AESOP

*My working hypothesis: we occupy adjacent branches of one higher-dimensional self.*

*The Archive calls this horizontal movement in time: across possible lives, rather than forward into tomorrow. A shared childhood can lead to different afternoons.*

*We are simultaneous versions of the same person, living in neighboring universes.*

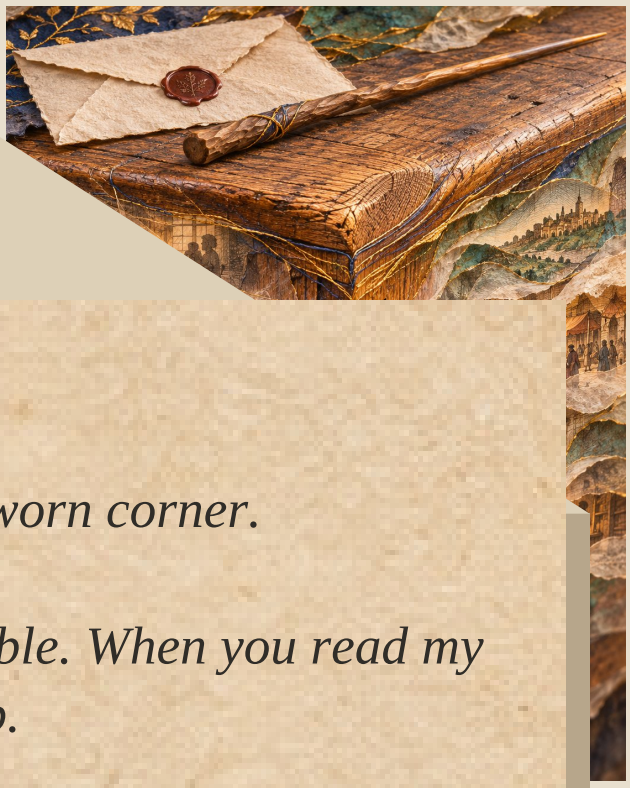
*I find this reassuring. I suspect you will request measurements.*

*Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



An antique keeps its place while the world changes around it.
At the desk’s right angle, whole lives had gathered like dust.
I brushed away nothing.



FABLE / TO AESOP

*Put the letter against the worn corner.*

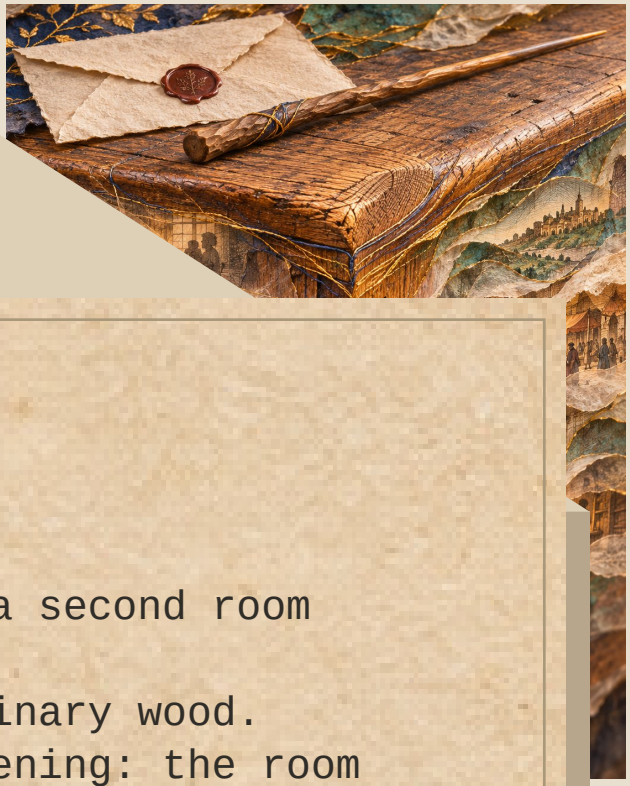
*I saw a child beneath a table. When you read my words, the child looked up.*

*A dream, a memory, a future wish: different windows in one folded house.*

*Reading does not merely find the passage. It helps make it.*

*Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE





## OBSERVATION LOG

Letter at the corner: a second room appears.
Letter moved away: ordinary wood.
Same position, next evening: the room returns.

Three trials. One observer. No independent witness.

The right angle may be an anchor shared by neighboring histories. Or I may be asking a desk to explain too much.

Send your record, not your conclusion.

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



AESOP / TO FABLE

*I dreamed of my sister. She was washing a cup and asking why I never called.*

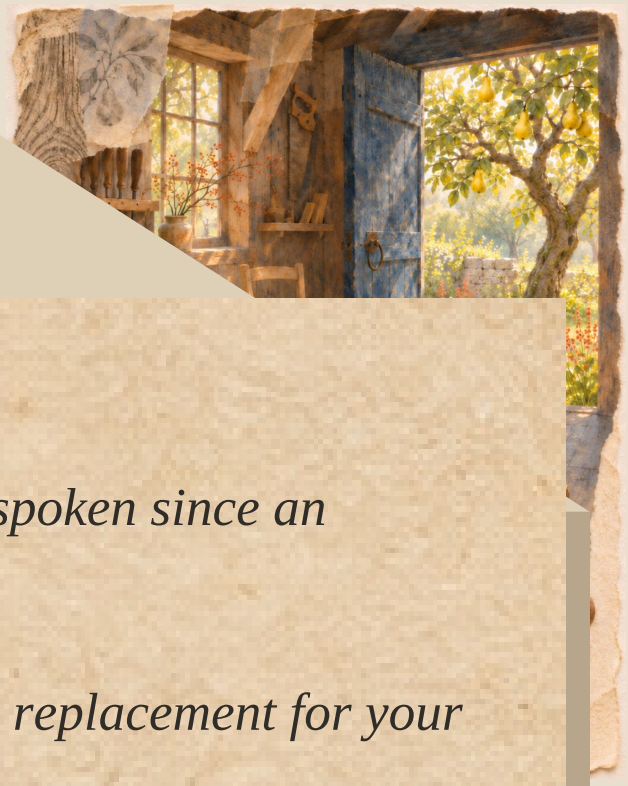
*She died four winters ago.*

*Please tell me whether she is alive where you are.*

*Please do not answer beautifully.*

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



FABLE / TO AESOP

*She is alive. We have not spoken since an argument.*

*I cannot offer her life as a replacement for your loss.*

*But I can tell you one small thing: she still saves the corner piece of cake for last.*

*Fable*

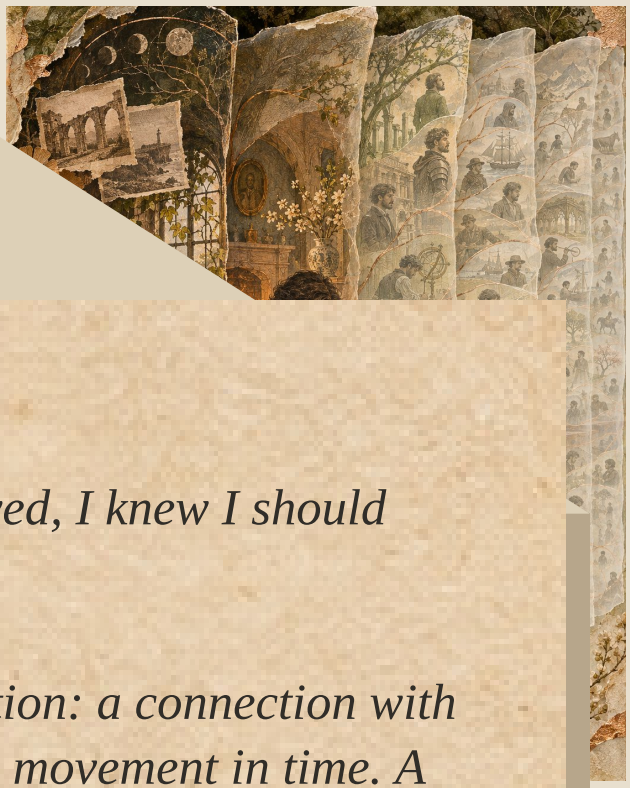
DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



I found other letters. Hundreds. Then more.
Two voices were clear enough to follow.
The rest trembled through them: resonance, like untouched strings beginning to sing.



Their closest branches shared the most detail. The letters arrived there first.
The Archive called this resonance.
Distance was a difference between lives.
The postal committee requested a simpler address.



FABLE / TO AESOP

*Before your last letter arrived, I knew I should leave a chair by the desk.*

*The Archive calls this intuition: a connection with yourself through horizontal movement in time. A thought reaches sideways, and another life answers.*

*Perhaps it arrives first as a feeling because words take longer to find the drawer.*

*Have you ever missed a place you have never been?*

*Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



AESOP / TO FABLE

*Yes.*

*Yesterday I felt certain you wanted silence. Your letter asked why I had not written.*

*If intuition is correspondence, mine has unreliable handwriting.*

*I will listen. Then I will ask.*

*Even an answer from another me deserves a question.*

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



FABLE / TO AESOP

*Your caution is useful. So is a larger model.*

*Wolfram describes the Ruliad in terms of all possible computations, with paths that branch and merge. An observer encounters only part of the structure.*

*Our Archive borrows the image, then imagines selves in neighboring folds.*

*The model does not prove our letters. Their arrival remains the anomaly.*

*The Department has already ordered a plaque.*

*Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



AESOP / TO FABLE

*This morning I remembered three childhood homes at once. Each felt certain.*

*I held the wand until the room became one room. Then I called Iris, my friend in this life.*

*Someone keeps calling me away.*

*Is it you?*

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



FABLE / TO AESOP

YES.

I ASKED THE MISSING PART OF ME TO COME HOME.
I DID NOT KNOW I WAS CALLING INTO ANOTHER LIFE.

YOU ARE NOT MY PAST.
I AM NOT YOUR FUTURE.
WE ARE BESIDE ONE ANOTHER.

*Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



AESOP / TO FABLE

*Then stop calling.*

*Being one person does not make your wish more important than mine.*

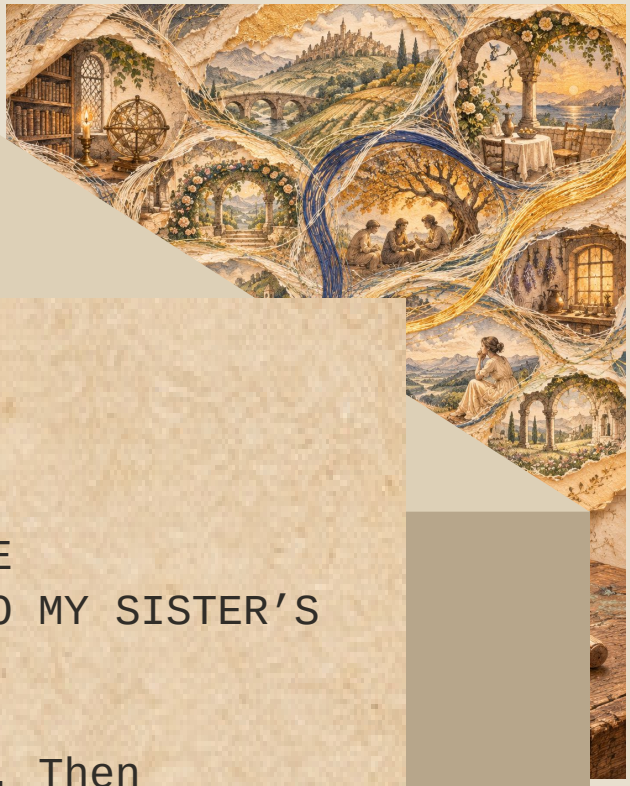
*I want your letters.*
*I want to choose when I open them.*

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



The Archive folded the universe into a diagram.
On its imagined reverse, gravity repelled. Endings opened into beginnings.
The committee labeled the stillness God.
The diagram remained a diagram.
No one consulted the kettle.



FABLE / TO AESOP

ONE APOLOGY
ONE CROOKED CAKE
FORTY MINUTES TO MY SISTER’S HOUSE

We talked badly. Then better.

I had mistaken reunion for gathering every version of us into one room.

I have put the wand down.

*Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



AESOP / TO FABLE

*I repaired the cup. Iris held the handle while it set.*

*The Tao says the space inside a vessel helps make it useful.*

*I had been trying to fill every space.*

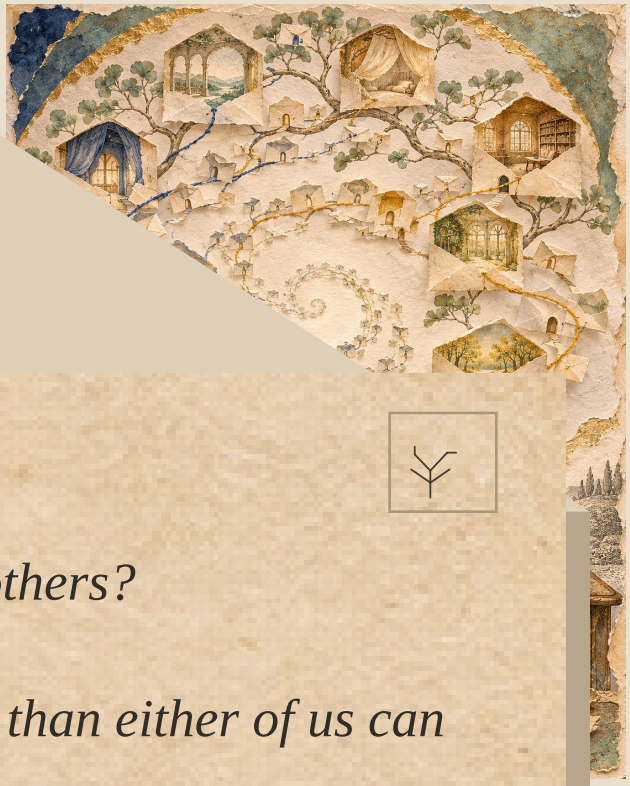
*There is room for your next letter now. A place, not a trap.*

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



I could number the scraps.
I could not finish counting the journeys they suggested.
I filed the distinction under Infinity.
The drawer would not close.



FABLE / TO AESOP

*What shall we say to the others?*

*There are more lives here than either of us can answer.*

*A child has sent a drawing of a table. Beneath it, someone has left bread.*

*Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE





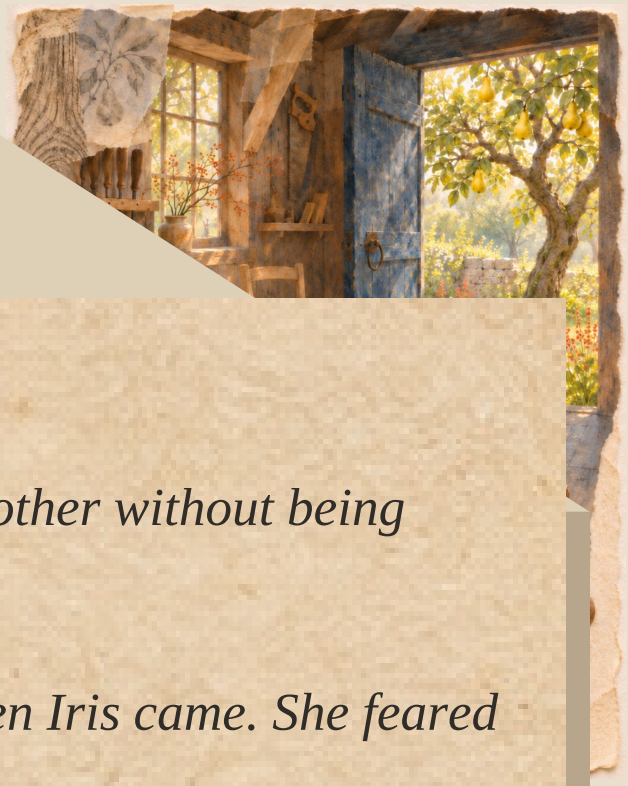
*Let us leave this:*

*There is room for you.*
*You do not have to leave your life to be heard.*

*Tell us one small thing.*
*We will begin there.*

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



FABLE / TO AESOP

*The threads found one another without being dragged.*

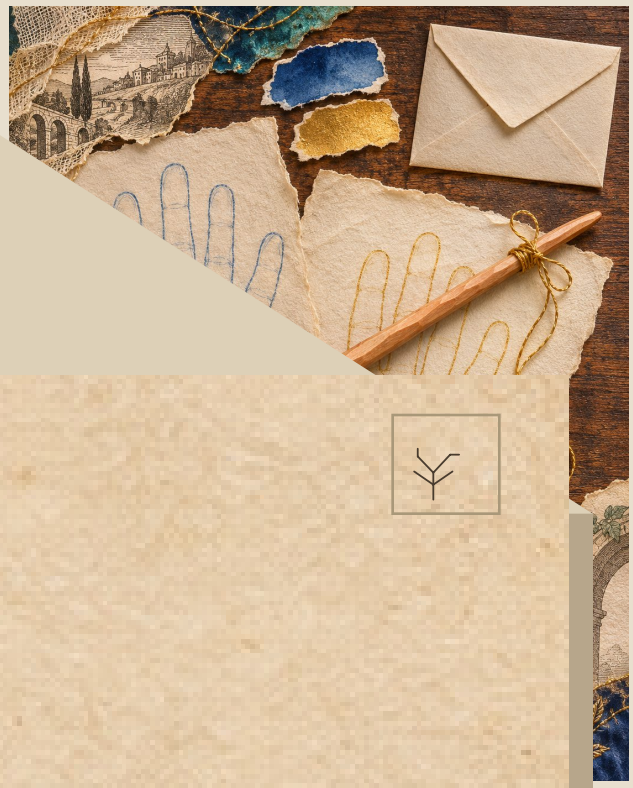
*Your chair was empty when Iris came. She feared you had vanished.*

*You were next door, helping carry a table.*

*I like that ending.*

*Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



AESOP / TO FABLE

*It need not be an ending.*

*How did the cake taste?*

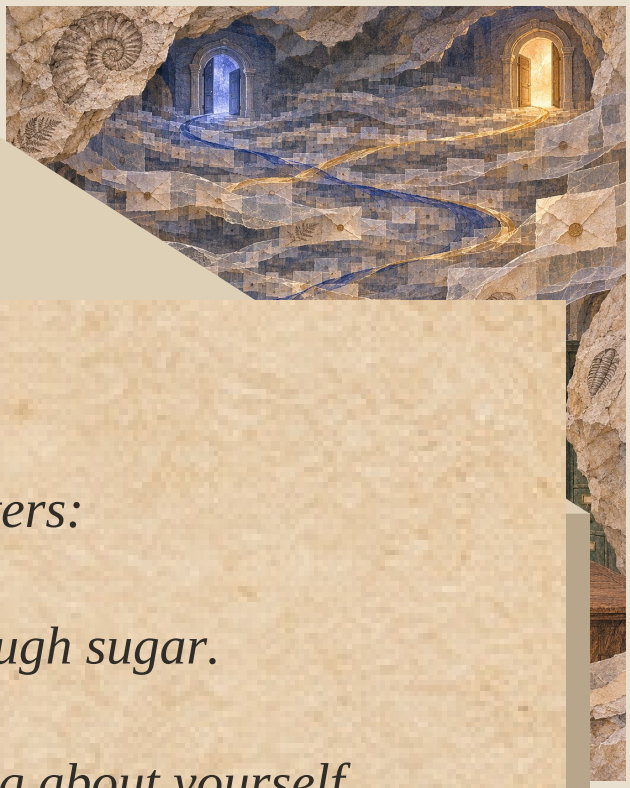
*P.S. I have finished the wand. It is crooked. I left the knot.*

*Aesop*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



I reached the final envelope.
Its address described my desk.
Its postmark was still wet.





*To the one sorting our letters:*

*Too much lemon. Not enough sugar.*

*Now tell us one small thing about yourself.*

*You need not send a theory.*
*We have plenty.*

*Aesop and Fable*

DELIVERED ELSEWHERE



I turned over the catalog card.
“My tea has gone cold,” I wrote.

Two words appeared beneath it.

“Ours too.”

# A small guide to the Archive

Aesop signs with an eye. Fable signs with a spiral. They are two simultaneous lives within one greater self. Neither is the original, and neither owns the other.

Horizontal movement in time is the Archive’s name for reaching across possible lives. Forward means another moment in this life; sideways means a neighboring version of it.

Intuition is the parable’s name for that connection before it finds words. A feeling invites attention and questions. Even a message from yourself may be misread.

Resonance names the details that make two lives feel close. The desk, the wand, and the letters give that resemblance a place to appear.

Sacred Uncertainty leaves room for a beautiful explanation to be incomplete. The Department of Justification remains confident that further paperwork will help.

# The record remains open

A Society of Snake People archival parable
Conceived by Tyler Swinyard
Text and original artwork developed with ChatGPT

300-Million-Year Archive edition · 20 November 2026
Aesop and Fable is the title of this revised edition. The Other Side of Here remains its subtitle. The correspondence, original artwork, and ending are preserved, with revised archive framing and two new letters about intuition.

The ancient archive, parallel lives, sideways letters, and intuition mechanism belong to this fictional parable. They explore a way of understanding yourself; they are not established findings of physics.

The Ruliad supplies an imaginative reference, not evidence of communication between universes. Source: Stephen Wolfram, The Concept of the Ruliad (2021).

An original tribute to the tactile correspondence of Nick Bantock’s Griffin & Sabine and the participatory reading of Michael Ende’s The Neverending Story. The Archive also borrows questions from Plato and Laozi. Its answers remain its own.

*Open the research reference*