

**IMMOVABLE INFINITY**  
A Short Story

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It was a strange feeling. Quite vague but my very attempt to describe it showing that my efforts to make sense of my feelings and the way they are taking shape have—to an extent—been successful.

I was headed somewhere and, not knowing how, I found myself in the centre of an expansive but shallow valley. The surrounding hills were covered with a thick pine forest interspersed with small meadows not unlike an oasis in a desert. The sky was cloudless and a shade of light blue, and the sun brilliantly yellow as if pressing its white light down on every living thing on earth.

The air felt thicker because of its pressure. The animals and the insects were hiding in their holes or under thick shadows. Even the handful of people who lived in the vicinity did not dare or want to expose themselves to the scorching sun.

This is how the oppressive silence takes shape.

Over the dry river bed. Over the pastures littered with animal feces. Over the lonely clusters of gloomy willow trees patiently awaiting the day when the river would start flowing again and pour some freshness into their withered branches.

The silence hung oppressively over the single dilapidated house with the adjacent barn, which created the only variety in the monotonous forest landscape. The silence drifted over the road, which calmly meandered along the bottom of the valley, coming from nowhere and going nowhere.

A light gust of wind provided brief frolicsome respite but soon died down and calmness reigned again.

The landscape looked like a stage in a theatre—immense, with a convincingly realistic scenery. Some time ago, a long time ago, or maybe only a few moments ago, a tempestuous performance had taken place, but it was over, and the actors had left together with the audience, the musicians and everyone else. Even Time had left. It would seem that it had felt lonely too and followed suit, deserting the place forever. The stage scenery was all that was left. Unable to leave, unable to even feel lonely. Like monuments—witnesses to long-gone times—calmly and impartially waiting for the time to come when there would be somebody to tell their great stories to, and then slowly languish, having achieved the last goal of their majestic existence.

The End