

i'd (not) quite like to go home now

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Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Content SMP
Character:	Rat doctor4t (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Drabble , Slice of Life , POV First Person , Short One Shot , rat LOVES liminal spaces , he's fascinated , liminal spaces , Pool Rooms
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-11-20 Words: 499 Chapters: 1/1

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by [rayius](#)

Summary

rat loves liminal spaces. so he built one.

Staring at empty, liminal spaces was more enduring than he thought it would be.

Seemingly endless, and completely void of any life besides a few fish that he either considers to be some friends or *a quick snack*.

(If snacks made him nauseous and throw up immediately.)

He could catch the stench of chlorine hit him when he dropped down, *(it burned his nostrils because wow. that was alot of chlorine.)* as well as the cold pool water that stained the edge of his laced dress.

Copious amounts of chlorine was just his own personal choice *of course*.

The water was continuous and flowing constantly in one direction, and he could hear the swishing coming from the never-ending supply of water that infinitely replaced itself surround him.

Everywhere he walked and went, the sounds followed him anywhere.

The water was a poignant blue, even when he tried to scoop it up.

You know how water is usually *clear*, although appears blue? It was like he dumped blue dye into the water.

It was also *cold*.

Bitterly cold.

Pools were meant to be swimmable, not freezable.

You know what else was cold? The tiles that surrounded every inch of the place. It was the same grid pattern, even running his finger into the grooves of it.

This place was cold.

Besides the skies outside, probably. *He knew it was fake— he made it.* When he first laid eyes on the texture, it was absolutely mesmerizing.

Even when Talon described it, he didn't know what to expect looking at it in a first-person view. Sure, he saw a small example, but having it absolutely everywhere?

It was beautiful. *Even if it was utterly fake.*

The sunlight that casted itself on the whole place tied it together. Because technically, he was floating in a void in the sky. Technically.

Sometimes it blinded him, which definitely happened during during the early stages of development. It made the water below it a orangey-blue, and the tiles a tanned peach.

There was nothing else to this place, honestly.

It was empty, *although he supposed not adding any creatures does that to a dimension.*

The ambience noise also ticked him off.

He created the place and he could still find something new to admire every time.

The offsetting *swish* of fish moving around, which seemed to interrupt the usual sounds of water rushing through the pathways around him, always at the wrong time.

Water somehow dripping from the pillars and ceiling.

Odd tapping noises on the tiled walls.

Very, *very* distant birds chirping. *How did they get there?*

A ding. He doesn't remember adding that.

Another ding.

It was the communicator that pathetically dangled onto the ribbons of his dress.

Oh. It was just Lux and Astronyu.

He manages to untangle it out of his dress, although it *drops hard on the ground below*, creating a splash on the water, water landing on the surrounding area.

Which just so happens to be his dress.

God Dammit.

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