

(Blotsplotch only wants the eponymous metropolis. Blotsplotch only wants perfect stains.)



The paradox of suspense is stated as follows: 1) Suspense requires uncertainty; 2) Knowledge of a story's outcome precludes uncertainty; and yet, 3) People feel suspense in response to some stories, even though they know their outcomes. In the case of Blotsplotch, this paradox develops a curious dimension.

Given that Blotsplotch describes the *continuum of desire*, which has neither narrative nor sequence nor conclusion, it is nonsensical to speak of a person having knowledge of a particular outcome within the continuum's scope (There are no off-ramps in a torus; one cannot strip-mine a Möbius strip; etc. [cue music]). The sense of certainty, as well as uncertainty, functions as a constant in the *continuum*. Like an unrelenting earworm of a bygone jingle, "the *continuum* has always and will forever be ongoing in perpetuity." The experience seamlessly loops like the security camera's false recording after the master thief's tampering or the *ostinato ad infinitum* of early videogame soundtracks. We have knowledge of the circle but experience the line.

Within the scope of the *continuum*, we may speak of an epilogue, the recurring threshold to the *real story*. Ready for a cliffhanger? We can all agree that YOU, at least, won't live forever.