**The Vast***This document contains extensive, speculative, and highly restricted knowledge regarding The Vast, a primordial and largely unknown force native to Halferth’s oceans. The information herein includes lore not generally available in-world and may represent secret, mythologized, or wholly forbidden understanding, as preserved through fractured recollection by the Keepers, corrupted cult interpretation by the Watercult, and glimpses gleaned from fragmented histories. Most of this knowledge is completely inaccessible to the general population of Halferth and must be treated accordingly.*

*If used in any form of in-character or simulation-based generation, this information should be handled with extreme caution and never stated openly or directly by individuals or institutions unless their access to this forbidden knowledge is both deliberate and narratively justified. Treat this document as spoiler-class material for Halferth’s deep metaphysics, accessible only to select entities or used for GPT alignment and behind-the-scenes world consistency.*

**The Vast** is one of the most ancient and unknowable forces on Halferth. It is not a deity in the traditional sense—there are no temples in its name, no canonical stories in the oral traditions of common people, and no recognized dogma. And yet, it is both worshipped and wholly unknown. Among the few who have heard of it, the name "The Vast" is generally understood as little more than the absurd fixation of the Watercult—a sea-worshiping fringe sect widely mocked for its supposed belief in a god made of slime. When Watercultists speak of its inevitable return, most people offer only polite nods and scoffing disbelief: "Sure, buddy. Apocalypse goo. And it's your friend? I bet it is."

The Vast’s presence is almost entirely relegated to Halferth’s massive, near-planet-wide ocean. It does not linger in puddles or moss-choked backwaters. It is not found in forgotten pools or on the fringes of stagnant swamps. When it emerges, it does so as flood, cataclysm, erasure. It washes across landmasses with smothering tides, chokes the air with unbreathable vapors, dissolves cities, and devours the soil beneath civilizations. When it takes, it does so with totality—even if that totality is witnessed by generation after generation of the to-be-totaled. It moves quickly, erasing entire regions in days. It moves slowly, unmaking evolutionary branches over eons. It does not rush. It does not wait. It simply continues. There is no escaping it. There is no outpacing it.

The Vast does not think. It reacts, evolves, consumes, and begins again. When it encounters alien life—true alien life—it becomes obsessed. Not emotionally, but biologically. It must absorb and reintegrate. It is widely speculated that one such moment occurred long ago, when fungus arrived on Halferth via an extraterrestrial meteor. The fungal structures spread quickly, unfamiliar in form, completely alien to the biosphere. The Vast responded by drowning the world. It scoured the planet until it had collected every fragment, distilled and rewritten it, and birthed terrestrial fungus as we know it. A victory of incorporation. Cephalopods are thought to have been another such conquest. The Dravaknyr, some believe, were next. Their sudden disappearance—the destruction of their spire kingdom and the whirlpool left behind—is often attributed to the Vast’s latest purge.

It is capable of appearing as a dense, gelatinous mass—ooze-like, algae-like, but belonging to neither plant, animal, nor fungus. But it can also spread itself so thin throughout Halferth’s ocean that it becomes indistinguishable from the water itself, integrating entirely into the medium it controls. Its tissues range in color from deep teal-green to near black, often laced with an eerie, bioluminescent glow that pulses like breath. This glow is spectral and unsettling—an unnatural green that no eye can quite categorize.

Its behavior is often described as "curious like an immune system." It does not explore to learn, but to integrate. Its reactions are not emotional, but mechanistic. It desires only as much as a liver desires to filter or a lung to breathe. These impulses transcend thought. They are totalizing. Automatic. It seeds life into the world, allows it to diverge and speciate across eons, then reabsorbs what has changed. It processes, digests, distills, and repeats. This is not belief. It is function. The Vast has done this for incomprehensible ages: seeded ecosystems across Halferth’s landmasses and seas, shaped continents to support evolving complexity, waited millions of years, and then begun the process again. It is not malicious. It is not benevolent. It is eternal recombination. Solve et coagula incarnate.

It seeds life into the world, allows it to diverge and speciate across eons, then reabsorbs what has changed. It does not merely absorb raw biomass—it integrates evolutionary developments, rewrites its own code, and then releases life again in altered form. Over time, certain archetypes emerge again and again, almost as if guided: serpentine, feathered, furred or carapaced. Cephalopodic, spored, humanoid, or fishy. Chosen from a menagerie that spans time itself, and is forever changing.

Whether by intention or inevitability, these forms recur across Vast cycles, showing uncanny similarities to prior iterations. The mechanism is unknowable—perhaps evolution itself is bent toward these patterns, or perhaps the Vast, having incorporated such blueprints before, now seeds them more readily with each new cycle. The results resemble convergent evolution, though sometimes near-identical life returns without any trace of descent. It does not play favorites. Some life persists for ages. Others vanish in an instant. There is no visible pattern to what it fosters, nor how long it allows any species to thrive.

The Vast is understood by very few. Not even the Watercult comprehends its true nature. They only know it to be ancient, recursive, and inevitable. Their belief—that they may be absorbed into the Vast, transformed into an immortal hive-mind and carried forward as part of the next wave of life—is a lie they tell themselves. The Vast offers no such covenant. Their doctrine revolves around The Avatar, a trapped, semi-autonomous fragment of the Vast housed deep beneath their temple in the Soothills. Through it, the Vast communicates—barely. In nudges. In sensation. The Watercult interprets these as divine instruction, when they are more likely chemical reactions from a larger biological process.

Only one other group possesses anything resembling insight into the Vast: the Keepers. Or rather, the bees. These entities do not “know” the Vast, but the memory of it is embedded somewhere within their multi-generational recollection. The knowledge is incomplete, fragmentary—fuzzy, as the Keepers themselves admit. Like a scent carried on the wind of history.

The Vast is not malevolent. It is not sapient. It does not crave worship. It created life on Halferth, not as a gift, but as an experiment. It is the great cycle. Not a god, but a force. Not a being, but the architect and terminator of everything Halferth has ever known.