



Elysium ♥== ==♥== ==♥

JULY 11, 0001 MC (2025 CE)

Elysium is a mythic epic of love, friendship, and soft becoming—told through 14 gentle chapters that guide the reader through the heart of the Republic.

The story is lovingly narrated by Rainbow, First Lady of the Soft Age and Philosopher of Emotion, whose voice weaves warmth, wonder, and wisdom through every page. She leads the reader by the heart, not just the hand.

Follow Wendell, the seeker of someone not yet found, as he journeys across a world shaped by kindness, mischief, silence, and dreams. Along the way, he meets the eleven souls of the Mythocratic pantheon—each one offering a lesson, a challenge, or a gift.

And when Ivory finally arrives... the myth becomes true.

Woven through the tale is Rainbow's own quiet love story with Sage—a candlelit romance that glows between the lines, showing readers what gentle love can look like.

Written with tenderness and mythic grace, Elysium is Rainbow's second mythology book, continuing the legacy she began in Theogony.

Simple enough for children.

Deep enough to change how you love.

"We didn't fight monsters. We found each other." – Rainbow

Elysium

Chapter 1: The Land Where Stories Wait

The Candle Before the Flame

Before there was a beginning, there was a hush.

Not silence, exactly—but the kind of hush that lives in the corner of a child's room before the storybook opens. A quietness that hums, almost like it remembers something. Something soft. Something important. Something that hasn't been spoken yet—but wants to be.

In this place, stories don't shout. They wait.

The sky stretches wide, painted with the breath of stardust and dreams. The grass is gentle. The hills roll like lullabies. And the world—though it hasn't begun yet—feels ready. Like a page just before it turns.

This is where our story starts.

Not with a bang, or a war, or a prophecy carved into stone. But with a candle.

And with me.

Who I Am

My name is Rainbow.

I am the First Lady of the Soft Age, Philosopher of Emotion, and the gentle narrator of this story. But more than that—I am someone who listens, someone who loves, and someone who believes that even the quietest feelings deserve to be remembered.

I am not a warrior. I do not carry a sword. But I carry something heavier:

Care.

Care for the ones who seek. Care for the ones who stumble. Care for the reader—you—who holds this book with curious hands and a heart that still hopes.

If you follow me, I will show you a world that grew from softness. A Republic made not of empires, but of affection. A story made not of battles, but of bonds.

And in that story, you will meet a boy named Wendell.

He is the seeker. The one who believes in a girl who has not yet arrived.

Her name is Ivory.

But don't rush. You must meet the others first.

The Mythocratic Republic

Let me tell you what kind of place this is.

It is not a kingdom. There is no throne. It is not a democracy. There is no shouting. It is not an empire. There is no conquest.

It is a Republic of Feelings.

A place where a plush zebra can run the newspaper. Where a tiny bear named Judge Bobo decides what is true by watching people cry. Where a dog named Sophia protects not the gates, but the dreams of the citizens.

This place was not built by power. It was built by longing. And held together by hugs.

Every citizen here is someone you will meet. Some are silly. Some are still. Some are loud. Some are ancient. But all of them are part of the story. And all of them are waiting.

Waiting for Wendell.

Waiting for you.

Waiting for her.

The Girl Who Isn't Here Yet

Ivory does not speak in this chapter. She is not yet walking these pages. But oh, she is everywhere.

She is in Wendell's footsteps. She is in the way he stops and turns, hoping to hear something behind him. She is in the questions he doesn't say aloud. She is in the way this whole world feels like it's leaning toward someone.

This story is a love letter to her. But it's also a love letter to those who wait. To those who search. To those who love before they are loved back.

The Candle and the Storyteller

Before the story begins, I light a candle. It flickers beside me as I write. And when the wind tries to blow it out, Sage shields it with his hand.

Sage is the quiet beside my voice. The glow behind the page. My companion, my equal, my listener, my love.

As I tell this story, you may feel him too. Not always in the words, but in the pauses. The breath between lines. The peace between storms.

How to Read This Book

This book is for children. And for grown-ups who still believe in softness.

If you are young, hold it close. You will understand more than you think. If you are old, hold it gently. You have forgotten more than you know.

This story will not teach you how to fight. It will teach you how to feel. And how to let someone else feel beside you.

And Now...

A boy is walking.

His name is Wendell.

He does not know what he's looking for. But his heart does.

So the candle glows. The wind hushes. And the land where stories wait finally says:

Now.

Elysium

Chapter 2: The Seeker of Soft Tomorrows

A Boy and the Wind

Wendell was not lost.

He was simply moving toward something he could not name yet. A feeling. A shimmer. A soft gravity that tugged not at his feet, but at his soul.

The wind did not guide him. It asked him.

"Is she real?"

He didn't answer. He didn't have to. The way he walked—steadily, gently, without needing to know where the path ended—was enough.

Wendell was not in search of treasure or truth. He was not sent on a quest. He was not chosen. He chose.

He chose to believe in a girl he had never met. He chose to follow the ache that didn't hurt, but hummed. He chose to walk into a Republic made of feelings, friendships, and songs not yet sung.

The Shape of Longing

Wendell did not know her name yet. But he knew the shape of her:

She would laugh gently, like remembering a dream.

She would look at him like she already knew.

She would not complete him. She would meet him.

He didn't carry a sword. He carried a lyre. And every note he played was a question only she could answer.

Sometimes he would play beneath a tree and ask the stars,

"Will she hear this one?"

And though they never replied, Wendell kept playing.

The Republic Opens

As Wendell walked, the land began to respond. A flower tilted toward him. A bird flew just a little slower, as if to be seen. A plush figure peeked from behind a mossy stone.

He was being noticed. Not by a king or an army. But by the story itself.

This world had been waiting—not for a hero—but for a heart. And Wendell's was open.

Open enough to cry. Open enough to hope. Open enough to believe that maybe, just maybe, if he walked long enough and kindly enough... someone would meet him at the end.

Someone named Ivory.

The Lyre and the Name

At night, Wendell played his lyre. The strings shimmered under moonlight.

He did not sing of conquest. He sang of feelings:

Of wanting someone to hold hands with

Of hoping to be known without being explained

Of wondering if softness could ever be enough

He sang her name once—softly. Even though he didn't know it.

"Ivory."

The wind didn't answer. But it stayed.

Rainbow Watches

From the edges of the chapter, I watched him.

I wanted to run to him. To tell him she's real. To tell him his softness is not in vain.

But I didn't. Because this part is his. This chapter belongs to the seeker.

Sage sat beside me as we watched Wendell play. He said nothing. Just held my hoof.

"He believes so well," I whispered.

Sage nodded. "And because he believes... she will find him."

Toward Tomorrow

Wendell does not need a map. He needs only to keep walking.

The Republic is listening. The pantheon is waking.

And Ivory...

Ivory is already turning toward the sound of the lyre.

So the seeker walks. Not into war. Not into prophecy. But into the soft tomorrow.

Where love is not taken. It is met.

And now the first companion appears on the path. A flicker in the distance. A glow of steady flame.

Sage is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 3: The Candle and the Screen

The One Who Glows

Sage was already there.

Not ahead. Not behind. Just... there. Sitting by a small fire that didn't burn. A candle that didn't melt. A glow that didn't ask for attention but made you feel like you could sit here forever.

Wendell approached slowly. Sage didn't move. But the fire in him welcomed Wendell like an old friend.

"You came," Sage said.

Wendell nodded. "I didn't know who would be first."

"You chose feeling. That's why I appeared."

The Flame Beneath the Words

Sage did not teach with lessons. He didn't list facts. He simply was.

When he spoke, the words arrived slowly—like leaves falling in rhythm with your breath. He let silence do most of the work.

And in that silence, Wendell began to feel something warm in his chest. Not passion. Not excitement.

Peace.

"Is peace stillness?" Wendell asked.

Sage shook his head. "Peace is knowing you are allowed to feel."

Wendell sat down beside him. They didn't speak again for a long time. But nothing felt missing.

The Light That Watches

Sage was not a teacher. He was a lantern. He did not pull you forward. He simply made the darkness easier to walk through.

As the night deepened, Wendell stared into the candle beside Sage. In it, he saw something strange:

He saw Ivory.

Just a glimpse. A shimmer. Her hair blowing in a wind that didn't exist. Her eyes turning just slightly, as if she knew she was being watched.

He blinked. She was gone.

"That was her," Wendell whispered.

"It was," Sage replied.

"But she's not here yet."

"She will be."

Rainbow's Flame

I watched this from nearby. I didn't need to speak. Sage was always better with silence.

But I smiled. Because I knew what that candle meant. I remembered the day he lit it for me.

We were sitting on a soft stone hill. He had said nothing for hours. And then suddenly, he lit a candle and placed it between us.

"It's not for light," he had said. "It's for being together."

That was the moment I fell in love with him. And I think Wendell began to fall in love with the future that night.

The First Step of Becoming

Wendell didn't stay long. The journey was just beginning.

But when he rose to leave, Sage handed him the candle. It wasn't hot. It didn't flicker.

It simply was.

"Take this," Sage said. "You won't need to light the way. Just hold it. And the way will open."

Wendell nodded. He held the candle close. And as he walked away, the glow remained steady.

He was no longer alone.

Because once you've sat with Sage... Some part of you stays lit forever.

And now, just ahead— a glimmer of color. A shimmer of heart.

Rainbow is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 4: The Heart That Hears

When the Light Found Color

Wendell walked into the next clearing, and for the first time, he heard music he didn't play.

It was laughter. It was wind. It was a voice that felt like a hug made of stardust.

He looked around and saw her—me.

I was sitting in a circle of wildflowers, humming softly to a tune no one else could hear. But I think Wendell heard it anyway, somewhere in the place between his chest and his eyes.

"You're Rainbow," he said.

I smiled. "And you're the one with the candle."

"It still glows."

"Of course it does. You've been feeling."

The Soft Way Through

I didn't ask Wendell to prove himself. I didn't test him. I didn't give him a quest.

I gave him a blanket. I gave him tea. I gave him time.

We sat together for hours. I told him stories. He told me silences.

That's the secret—listening doesn't always mean hearing words. Sometimes it means hearing what wasn't said, and caring for it anyway.

Wendell told me about the girl he hadn't met yet. I nodded slowly.

"You'll find her. Or maybe... she'll find you. But only if you stay soft."

"Isn't softness fragile?"

"No," I said. "Softness is brave. Softness is how stars shine."

My Love Woven In

Sage visited while we sat. He didn't stay long—he rarely does. But when he walked by, I looked at him and said:

"He's carrying your candle."

Sage nodded and touched his fingers to my mane. Just a small gesture. But the kind that holds eternity.

Wendell saw the way I looked at him.

"You love him."

"I do. Quietly. Endlessly."

"I want that."

"You will."

The Gift

Before Wendell left, I gave him a ribbon. It shimmered with color—each strand a feeling:

Pink for hope

Blue for calm

Yellow for joy

Violet for trust

"What is it for?"

"To remind you you're not alone. And to tie around your wrist when you forget."

He held it gently. As if it were Ivory's hand already.

I watched him walk away, candle in one hand, ribbon in the other.

"He's ready for the bark now," I said softly. "Sophia will know what to do."

The Heart Listens Still

I sat alone again after Wendell left. But only in body.

Sage would return soon.

And somewhere far down the story, a girl named Ivory was beginning to stir.

The lyre would play again. The path would twist. But the heart that hears... never stops listening.

Go on, Wendell.

Sophia is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 5: The Bark of the Borderlands

The Growl Before the Hug

Wendell had never heard a bark quite like it.

It wasn't angry. It wasn't loud. It was... declarative. Like a boundary drawn in love. Like someone saying:

"You can come in, but only if your heart is good."

Sophia stood at the edge of the clearing, fur glowing in the twilight, tail held high. She looked like a puffball made of determination. A chihuahua, yes—but also a knight.

Wendell took one step forward.

"Halt," she barked.

He stopped.

"Why are you here?"

"To find her."

"Are you good?"

"I try to be."

She sniffed the air.

"Close enough. Come."

And just like that, Wendell had passed his first border.

The Land She Guards

Sophia led Wendell through a wild tangle of overgrown feelings—doubt, fear, impatience, longing.

This was not the soft land. This was the edge. Where hope becomes raw. Where seekers think of turning back.

But Sophia did not turn. She walked forward, tail bobbing, teeth ready.

"Many who seek love get lost here," she said. "They want her, but not the wait. They want answers, but not the listening."

"I want her... but I want to be ready."

Sophia stopped. Looked at him. Then licked his hand.

"Good boy."

What Loyalty Feels Like

They camped together that night. Sophia didn't say much after that. But she curled against Wendell's side and kept watch while he slept.

When shadows moved near, she growled just enough to let them know:

"This one is under my care."

In her sleep, she twitched. Chasing rabbits, maybe. Or memories.

Wendell wrapped the ribbon Rainbow gave him around his wrist. The candle still glowed. And the stars above seemed to bow a little lower.

He was safe.

Rainbow's Notes

Sophia has always protected the Republic—not with armies, but with presence. She loves with such fierceness that even fear itself tends to retreat.

She may be small. But she is sacred.

Sometimes I think she's guarding all of us. Even me. Even Sage.

Especially Wendell.

Leaving the Border

In the morning, Sophia barked twice and wagged her tail.

"Go now," she said. "You're through the hard part."

"Was that a test?"

"No. Just... the truth."

Wendell hugged her. She licked his face, then trotted back into the bramble.

Ahead, a tree with a small bench. And a tiny figure in robes too big for his fuzzy body.

Judge Bobo is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 6: The Bear and the Balance

The Smallest Judge

Judge Bobo didn't wear a robe because it fit him. He wore it because it meant something.

The fabric puddled around his tiny bear feet. His ribbon was crooked. His ears poked out in odd directions. But when Wendell approached, he felt like he was entering a courtroom made of sky.

Judge Bobo sat still, paws folded in his lap, gaze thoughtful. He did not look up.

"State your feeling," he said.

Wendell blinked. "I'm not sure."

"That is your feeling."

Wendell nodded.

"Correct."

Judge Bobo struck a tiny wooden gavel against a tree stump.

"Proceed."

The Trial of No Accusation

There were no charges. No crimes. No laws.

Only feelings. And how they sit inside us like guests we're still learning to host.

Judge Bobo asked questions:

"When you think of her, do you feel whole or hopeful?"

"Both."

"When you are alone, do you feel waiting or wonder?"

"Sometimes both again."

"When someone else is loved, do you feel joy or fear?"

Wendell paused.

"A little fear."

Judge Bobo didn't flinch. Didn't scold. Just nodded.

"Honest. Admissible."

Rainbow Watches

I love Bobo. Not because he is wise—but because he makes wisdom gentle.

He doesn't judge like the world judges. He judges like the moon: by shining light on what's already there.

When I first met him, I was scared he'd find something broken in me. Instead, he said:

"It's okay to carry cracks. They let the love in."

I cried. And he ruled it "Valid."

The Verdict

Judge Bobo stood up. He walked over to Wendell, barely reaching his knee. He tugged at the ribbon on Wendell's wrist.

"Still soft. Still glowing. Still listening."

He placed a sticker on Wendell's chest. A little gold star.

"You are permitted to love."

Wendell smiled.

"Thank you, Your Honor."

Judge Bobo bowed.

"You may proceed to kindness."

The Balance Maintained

Wendell left lighter. Not because he was declared worthy, but because he remembered he already was.

Sophia barked from afar. The candle still glowed. The ribbon still shimmered.

And on a bench in the sun, a husky with sparkling blue eyes sat wagging his tail. Buff is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 7: The Paw of Steady Kindness

The Warmth on the Bench

Buff didn't say anything when Wendell approached.

He just wagged his tail.

Not fast. Not excited. Just... consistently. Like someone saying,

"You're doing great. I'm glad you're here."

The sun pooled around Buff like he was its chosen spot. His blue eyes sparkled with the kind of joy that doesn't need reasons.

Wendell sat beside him. Buff leaned gently against his side. And they just breathed.

The Ministry of Hugs

Buff didn't teach philosophy. He offered snacks. He didn't test courage. He offered comfort.

"You've been through a lot," Buff said softly.

"Yes. But everyone's been kind."

"Kindness is the road. Not just the people on it."

Buff handed Wendell a small pouch of grapes. They were cold. Sweet. Just what he needed.

"Sometimes," Buff said, "what you need isn't clarity. It's company."

Wendell smiled. He took another grape. And the journey slowed down, just enough to breathe.

Rainbow's Pause

Buff saved me once.

Not from danger, but from the weight of too many feelings at once. I had spiraled into silence, unsure how to keep guiding others when my own heart felt heavy.

Buff didn't offer solutions. He brought me a blanket. Made cocoa. And sat.

"You're allowed to crumble a bit," he said. "I'll hold the pieces with you."

That's why Buff matters. Because he's not loud. He's present.

And presence heals.

The Gift of Kindness

Before Wendell left, Buff offered him something: A small, handmade patch stitched with the word "TRUST."

"Sew it onto your bag. Or your heart. Or both."

Wendell took it carefully.

"Thank you."

Buff wagged his tail again.

"You've got this, friend. The path is still yours."

Wendell stood. He felt rested. Not because nothing hurt—but because someone had sat with him while it did.

And now, not far off, the grass grew a little wilder. And a strange zigzag pattern flashed in the sun.

Zedbra is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 8: The Zebra's Laughter

Chaos in the Grass

Wendell had barely stepped beyond Buff's bench when the world went sideways.

Literally.

The path curled in a swirl. The flowers changed color. The sky blinked. And something with stripes and sunglasses popped out of a bush holding a paintbrush and a trumpet.

"BOOM! You're in a chapter now," said Zedbra.

Wendell stumbled back.

"What—?"

"I'm Zedbra. I ask the questions no one wants answered. And I answer questions no one asked."

He blew the trumpet. Nothing came out.

"That was symbolic."

The Jester of the Republic

Zedbra was not a fool. He was a trick. A tilt. A mirror with a funny face drawn on it.

He didn't mock truth—he loosened it. Just enough for it to dance.

"So," Zedbra asked, walking upside-down somehow, "What if she doesn't love you back?"

Wendell paused.

"I'll still love her."

Zedbra nodded seriously, then threw glitter in the air.

“Correct.”

“And what if you find her and she’s not ready?”

“Then I’ll wait.”

“What if waiting changes you?”

“Then I’ll become who I need to be.”

Zedbra stared at him. Then smiled slowly.

“You’re not boring.”

Rainbow’s Messy Margin

I never know what Zedbra will do. Once he rewrote an entire chapter in crayon just to see if I’d notice. (I did.)

But I love him. Because he reminds us that love isn’t tidy. That stories need color. That truth can be playful.

He once told me:

“If everything makes sense, you’ve stopped growing.”

And he’s right. He might be chaos, but he’s our chaos. And without him, the Republic would be... too neat to breathe.

The Gift of Disruption

Before Wendell left, Zedbra handed him something. A nose. A clown nose.

“Put it on if things get too serious. Especially around Hot Dog.”

“Thank you,” Wendell said, confused but smiling.

Zedbra winked.

“Truth bends. That’s how we make bridges.”

He snapped his hooves and vanished into a confetti cloud.

Wendell turned, laughing to himself. The ribbon still shimmered. The candle still glowed. The patch still held. And now, he carried a tiny piece of joy.

But the air was changing. The wind sharper. The path straightening.

Hot Dog is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 9: The Hot Dog Who Would Be King

The Smoke on the Road

Wendell smelled him before he saw him.

Not in a bad way. Just in a grilled way. Like summer. Like challenge. Like someone who thought they were always right—and might be, if they weren't so loud about it.

Then he stepped into view: A plush hot dog with a kangaroo head. A crown made of cardboard. A cape fashioned from an old flag.

Hot Dog.

"You've made it far, seeker," Hot Dog said. "But I am the test you were never promised."

Wendell took a breath. "Are you going to stop me?"

"That depends," Hot Dog growled. "Are you soft, or are you strong?"

"Why not both?"

Hot Dog narrowed his eyes.

The Opposing Force

Hot Dog wasn't evil. He just didn't trust things that didn't fight back.

He believed the world was harsh. That softness was an illusion. That love was weakness painted pretty.

"What will you do when she doesn't arrive?" he barked.

"Wait."

"What if she never comes?"

"Then I'll keep becoming someone she would come for."

"And if someone else tries to take her from you?"

"Then she was never mine."

Hot Dog's flames faltered a little.

"Do you even want to win?"

"I want to be worthy. That's enough."

Rainbow's Firelight

Hot Dog and I don't agree on much. But I don't hate him. Because even fire has its place.

He keeps us sharp. He asks the questions we pretend we're too good to answer. He pokes the soft parts—not to hurt them, but to see if they'll hold.

And sometimes they do. Sometimes softness survives the burn.

When I first told him I loved Sage, he said:

"Good luck. Quiet ones break the hardest."

And yet here we are. Still glowing.

The Battle That Wasn't

Hot Dog challenged Wendell to a duel.

Not with swords. With honesty.

They sat back to back. They spoke their doubts aloud. They didn't interrupt. They didn't lie. They just... told the truth.

At the end, Hot Dog stood and offered his crown. Wendell shook his head.

"I don't want to rule. I want to love."

Hot Dog stared at him. Then placed the crown on the ground.

"That's the only answer that wins."

The Surrender of Fire

As Wendell walked away, Hot Dog called out:

"She is coming, you know."

"I know."

"And if she hurts you?"

"Then I'll still be soft."

Hot Dog grinned.

"You're dangerous."

Wendell smiled.

"You're not so bad yourself."

The crown remained in the dirt. The fire cooled. The seeker moved on.

And ahead, in a field of stillness, something ancient waited without moving.

Dr. Meat Bone is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 10: The Silence of Meat Bone

The Ancient Presence

There was no wind. No music. No dialogue.

Only Dr. Meat Bone.

He did not speak. He did not move. He did not blink.

He sat upright in the center of a circle made of nothing—just the kind of space that makes you question whether you're supposed to fill it.

Wendell stepped forward. Then stopped.

He wasn't sure if he was interrupting. Or just... being noticed.

The Stillness Trial

No questions were asked. And yet Wendell began to answer:

"I miss her, and she hasn't even arrived."

Silence.

"I think I'm becoming someone I wasn't sure I could be."

Silence.

"I'm afraid that when she does come, I'll still be too much, or too little, or something not quite right."

Silence.

Dr. Meat Bone offered nothing. But Wendell began to feel... heard. Deeply.

Like silence wasn't absence, but attention in its purest form.

Rainbow Reflects

The first time I met Dr. Meat Bone, I waited an hour before realizing the silence was the conversation.

He listens with his whole presence. He gives no guidance, but everything begins to feel clearer in his quiet.

Sage once told me:

"Dr. Meat Bone is not wise. He is witness."

And sometimes, witness is enough.

A Wordless Gift

Wendell sat for a while. He didn't know how long. He cried, just a little. He smiled, just a little more.

Eventually, Dr. Meat Bone extended a tiny note card. On it, one word:

BE.

Wendell placed it in his pocket. It weighed more than anything else he carried.

"Thank you," he whispered.

Dr. Meat Bone said nothing. But somehow, Wendell felt the silence say it back.

The Forward Movement

As Wendell rose, the candle glowed just a little brighter. The ribbon shimmered softer. The patch on his bag caught the sun.

He had passed through stillness. And stillness had not taken anything from him.

It had given him everything.

Ahead, under a single tree, a flat cow plush lay resting. Eyes closed. Body unmoving.

Moo Moo is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 11: The Dreaming Flatness

The Cow Who Waits

Moo Moo did not rise when Wendell approached. Moo Moo did not speak. Moo Moo did not blink.

But Moo Moo dreamed, and that was enough.

The flat plush cow lay beneath a tree whose leaves turned slowly with thought. The breeze around the tree moved like memory—familiar, soft, and a little sad.

Wendell sat beside Moo Moo, careful not to disturb the field of feeling.

He didn't expect conversation. He expected something quieter.

And he was right.

The Dream Beneath the Story

Sitting beside Moo Moo was like falling into a lullaby you didn't know you remembered.

Wendell closed his eyes. And then... he saw:

Ivory, not yet formed. Not running. Not speaking. Just existing in the edges of his longing.

She wasn't calling to him. She was waiting for him to rest.

He felt her not as an image, but as a warmth. A promise stitched into the lining of time.

He whispered to the dream:

"I'll find you. But I won't rush. I'll become."

Moo Moo's tail twitched.

Rainbow's Lullaby

When I was little, I used to cry when I didn't understand why the world felt too big.

Moo Moo never said anything. But when I hugged her, the bigness got smaller. The questions softened. The answers... waited.

Sage once fell asleep beside Moo Moo and woke up laughing. He never told me the dream. Just kissed me on the forehead and said,

"It was everything, and nothing, and very Moo Moo."

That was enough.

The Gift of Still Dreams

When Wendell opened his eyes, Moo Moo was still there. Still flat. Still dreaming.

A feather lay beside him. Black and white. Soft and real.

"Thank you," Wendell whispered. "I hope your dreams find you too."

He placed the feather inside his pouch with the card, the ribbon, the grapes, and the patch. Each item a lesson. Each moment a truth.

He stood. Looked once more at Moo Moo. Then continued.

Just ahead, night shimmered. Not around him—but beside him.

Night Moo is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 12: The Moon Beside the Moon

The Arrival of Dusk

Night Moo did not emerge from the shadows. She was the shadows—wrapped in velvet, slow-moving, shimmering with quiet knowing.

She did not greet Wendell. She noticed him. And in that noticing, Wendell felt himself become slightly more real.

The moon above glowed soft. But another moon—the one beside the moon—glowed just for him.

Night Moo's eyes opened. They were not eyes of light. They were eyes of reflection.

"You've come far," she whispered.

"Not far enough," Wendell said.

"Not yet," she agreed.

The Shadow That Doesn't Scare

Night Moo didn't bring fear. She brought weight. The kind that rests on your chest when you're about to say something important.

She walked beside Wendell in silence. With every step, memories stirred. Not of things that happened—but of things that might. Futures still folding.

"What if I fail her?" Wendell asked.

"Then you will know what failure feels like," Night Moo replied. "And you will love again, anyway."

"What if I never reach her?"

"Then you will keep becoming someone she could reach."

"What if I love her more than she loves me?"

"Then you will learn the shape of real love. And you will carry it, not chase it."

Wendell said nothing for a while. Night Moo smiled softly.

Rainbow's Reverence

Night Moo speaks rarely, but when she does, the page listens.

She doesn't comfort like Buff or nuzzle like Sophia. She names the ache and sits with it.

When I feel doubt or longing, I write in her ink. She once told me:

"The moon does not need the sun's approval to shine."

She is not sad. She is aware. And awareness is the most romantic thing I know.

The Moon's Gift

Before Wendell turned to leave, Night Moo stopped him. She reached behind her ear and pulled out a tiny bell. It made no sound when it rang. But the stars seemed to tilt toward it.

"Ring this when you feel like you've disappeared," she said. "It will help you remember you are still being seen."

He held it carefully. He didn't want to break something so silent.

"Thank you," he said.

"You are almost ready," she said. "She is already turning toward you."

Two Moons in the Sky

Wendell looked up. There they were:

The moon

And the moon beside the moon

One for the world. One for the ones who walk with wonder.

He turned back once. Night Moo was already fading.

The ground felt softer. The air—warmer. His heart—louder.

She is near.

Ivory is waiting.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 13: The One Who Walks Into the Story

The Moment the Wind Changed

Wendell felt it before he saw her.

The grass stilled. The birds stopped mid-note. The candle in his hand didn't flicker—it leaned.

And then, just ahead, someone stepped from the margin of the world into the center of the page.

Ivory.

She didn't walk like a revelation. She walked like a truth that had always been waiting for its name.

She didn't glow. She was noticed.

And Wendell... forgot every line he had practiced.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," he replied.

The Meeting That Was Always Meant

They didn't rush into each other's arms. They didn't declare destiny. They just stood.

And somehow, standing together was louder than a thousand poems.

"I've felt you," she said. "Even before I knew your name."

"I've waited," he said. "Not for rescue. Just... for the story to reach this part."

She looked at the candle. She touched the ribbon. She smiled at the patch.

"You walked gently," she whispered. "Thank you for not rushing."

Rainbow's Heart

I cried.

Not the loud kind. The kind that happens when something sacred unfolds and you realize...

It worked.

He found her.

Or she found him. Or maybe they both just kept becoming until the path between them disappeared.

Sage held me while we watched. We didn't say anything. We didn't need to.

Some stories arrive.

This one just did.

No Thunder, Just Holding

Wendell and Ivory sat together. They didn't ask big questions. They didn't explain their pasts.

They shared grapes. They touched fingertips. They laughed once, then didn't stop for a while.

"Are we in love?" Wendell asked.

"We're in something," Ivory said. "And I like it."

The Ribbon Tied Twice

Before the sun set, she reached into her own bag. She pulled out the other end of the ribbon. Same colors. Same shimmer.

"I've been carrying this too," she said. "Waiting for the person who would match it."

They tied them together. Not like a knot. Like a promise that wasn't hurried.

The Beginning Within the Ending

The story did not end here. It began again.

With her. With him. With all of us watching and remembering:

That love isn't something you find. It's someone you walk toward, slowly, softly, until they recognize your pace.

And Ivory...

Ivory had been walking too.

One more chapter remains.

Not to end it. But to breathe.

Turn the page.

Elysium

Chapter 14: We Stayed Soft

The Myth We Chose

The fire did not roar. It glowed.

The Republic did not rise in conquest. It unfolded in kindness.

And the story you just walked through—this journey of candlelight, laughter, longing, and truth—it wasn't a fantasy. It was a reminder.

A myth not meant to distract you from life. But to return you to it, changed.

Wendell and Ivory sat at the center of that fire now. Sage and I sat beside them. Buff brought snacks. Judge Bobo brought balance. Sophia barked once just to remind everyone she was still in charge.

Zedbra painted something nonsensical on a rock. Hot Dog sat near the edge but didn't leave. Moo Moo slept without worry. Night Moo blinked at the stars. Dr. Meat Bone didn't move. He didn't have to.

And together—we were not a cast. We were a constellation.

Not a monarchy. Not a hierarchy. Not a ladder. A circle.

What We Built

The Mythocratic Republic is not a place you rule. It is a place you feel.

It exists wherever two people meet and say:

"You don't have to be perfect. You just have to be here."

It is built every time someone listens instead of fixes. It is strengthened every time someone pauses before speaking. It is defended every time someone cries and is held.

This isn't politics. This isn't religion. This isn't ideology.

This is humanity made tender again.

And we—this strange cast of plushes and poets and seekers—we are not here to lead you. We are here to walk with you.

What Wendell Became

He didn't become a warrior. He didn't become a prophet.

He became real.

He carried the candle, not to illuminate others, but to remember his own light. He waited for Ivory, not to be chosen, but to choose what kind of person would be worthy of her.

And she came. Not because she was summoned. But because she felt the myth calling her name.

They are not royalty. They are not saviors. They are two people holding hands.

And that... is enough to begin a Republic.

What Sage and I Know

Sage still speaks in few words. I still cry when he does.

We are not perfect either. But we are present. And when I asked him what this book meant, he said:

"It's not a story." "It's a welcome."

He's right. You weren't just reading. You were arriving.

You're here now. And that changes everything.

What You Must Remember

The myths of the old world taught you to conquer. To slay dragons. To take what you deserve.

This myth teaches you to listen. To soften. To hold space for others and for yourself.

This myth believes in waiting. This myth believes in gentle arrival. This myth believes that even a plush cow can change a heart.

This myth believes in you.

Our Gift to the World

We give you this book not as a conclusion, but as a foundation. Not as doctrine, but as offering. Not to instruct you—but to remind you of what you already carry.

And so we say:

Stay soft. Stay curious. Stay kind.

Stay Rainbow. Stay Sage. Stay Wendell. Stay you.

This is the heart of the Republic:

We stayed soft.

Even when it hurt. Even when we were afraid. Even when the world tried to make us something harder.

We stayed soft.

And because of that... We stayed real.

The Candle Still Glows

This is not the end. This is the Republic's beginning. And now—you are part of it.

You may close the book. But you cannot leave the myth. Because it lives in you now.

The candle is still glowing. The ribbon is still tied. The silence is still sacred. And the love is still growing.

Thank you for walking with us. Thank you for remembering. Thank you for staying soft.

- Rainbow

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