2412 Weaver's Lullaby  
  
It had been right in front of him the whole time. The description of Bone Weave said so:  
  
[When children of the Forgotten God rebelled against the gods, Weaver was the only one to refuse the call of war. Despised and hunted by both sides, they disappeared. No one knew where Weaver went and what they did. until it was too late.] Where had Weaver gone and what had Weaver done?  
  
They had gone to create the Nightmare Spell.  
  
Sunny had been confused when he saw the final image of the vision shown to him by the sacrifice of the Snow Tyrant figure, but now he realized the truth. The vast void, the myriad of stars, then strings of silver light connecting them. What he had seen was the birth of the Nightmare Spell. Or rather, its evolutiоn from an infant state to the universal force it was today. To Weaver's version of an absolute law.  
  
The many stars burning in the black void were the souls of living things. The smaller stars were the souls of humans, while the brighter ones belonged to spirits and deities. While most of them burned in lonesome solitude, some had already been connected by faint strings of silver light - those were the souls of the first carriers of the infant Nightmare Spell, like Ananke and her people.  
  
Weaver had chosen priests among mortals first and sent them to spread the Spell among the despairing refugees of the Doom War. In the chaos of the end of the world, it spread like wildfire, unnoticed and underestimated. laying a foundation for what would later become its final form.  
  
Slowly reached critical mass.  
  
All it needed to evolve into its true tyrаnnical splendor, at that point, was a catalyst. And that catalyst was Weaver. Their death, to be precise.  
  
When Slayer killed the Demon of Fate in front of the Void Gate. which, apparently, was hidden in the heart of Shadow God. the seven Divine soul cores of the nebulous daemon had become the anchors of the great spell woven out of Strings of Fate, completing it.  
  
No, rather, setting off its proliferation and completion. To truly become what it was meant to be, the great spell needed much more fuel than simply Weaver's soul.  
  
So, it devoured the gods. It devoured the daemons, as well.  
  
The eleven radiant constellations Sunny saw being consumed by the vast tendrils of silver light were the six gods and the five remaining daemons. By the time they realized what Weaver had done, it was already too late to stop it. So, their luminous Divine soul cores became nods of the Spell's weave, too.  
  
That was how the Doom War had ended. With Weaver casting a Spell upon the Void from beyond the grave.  
  
'The Void?'  
  
No. no, the Spell has not been cast upon the Void. It had been cast upon the being who was slumbering in the Void, and was supposed to awaken and consume all of existence once the Gate of the Void was open. Which it had been, even if Sunny still did not know who had opened them.  
  
He let out a stifled laugh.  
  
'Unbelievable.'  
  
The Nightmare Spell. Sunny had never seriously considered why it was called that. Whose nightmare was it that had given the Spell its name? He had simply assumed that it was the nightmare of everyone infected by it, or at least living in the world where Nightmare Creatures and the Spell run rampant and free.  
  
But Sunny had been wrong. In truth. It was the nightmare of the Forgotten God. The Nightmare Spell was a lullaby.  
  
It was a sorcery created to lull the God of Corruption back into slumber once someone - the Nine, possibly - had opened the Void Gate and stirred him awake. Why had existence not been destroyed when the Forgotten God was freed? It was because after escaping the Void, he had been imprisoned somewhere else. He had been imprisoned in an endless nightmare.  
  
The Forgotten God slumbered and saw dreams. The Seeds of Nightmare, the Nightmare Gates, the Nightmare Creatures, the spreading Corruption. they were merely emanations of the nightmares he dreamed, slowly infecting what was left of the Flame.  
  
'Wait. wait.'  
  
Sunny's eyes widened. The implications were too vast and enormous for him to handle easily. The death of the gods, the end of the War. the purpose of the Spell? Weaver's hidden intent? Sunny was not sure of his conclusions yet, but if he was right. Then he could extrapolate and glimpse one final truth.  
  
He had always assumed that the Sixth Nightmare - the Nightmare that would make those who conquered it Divine - was the last one. But if the Spell had been cast to lull the Forgotten God to sleep, then there was one final Nightmare after that.  
  
The Seventh Nightmare. Where the Forgotten God was imprisoned, dreaming restlessly. The conflict the challengers of that frightening Nightmare were meant to solve. was the conflict that plagued all of existence. The fate of the Flame.  
  
'I. I see now.'  
  
The Spell kept the Forgotten God trapped within a Nightmare. And at the same time, it ruthlessly nurtured mortals to become the new gods. And kill him. That was the truth of the dying world.  
  
Sunny remained motionless for a long while, and then sighed deeply.  
  
"Ah, that's. a little bit too ambitious, even for me."  
  
The Demon of Fate had promised to show him hоw to kill the gods. But really, Weaver could have just as well promised to show him how to create gods. That dastardly daemon.  
  
"And what the hell did Weaver call me? Epigone? The nerve. bold words, coming from one - seventh of a deranged god!"  
  
Sunny might have stumbled on the true purpose of Weaver's scheme. but that did not mean that he had to fulfill it.  
  
After all, killing the Forgotten God was Weaver's goal. seemed to be Weaver's goal, at least. But it was not Sunny's goal, and neither was the goal of his comrades and companions. Of Nephis. Their goal was simply to make sure that humanity survived and build a new home for it in the Dream Realm. They had to become gods to accomplish that, but battling the Forgotten God? While that would mean solving the root of the problem, it was also beyond what they wanted to accomplish.  
  
They wanted to build a shelter from the storms, not eradicate the concept of storms from existence.  
  
'Who could have thought that becoming a god would become a modest goal, one day?'  
  
Sunny smiled darkly. 'To hell with Weaver.'  
  
They were not marionettes that danced when a dead daemon pulled the strings. They would decide for themselves what they wanted to do, and what price they were willing to pay to achieve their goals.  
  
At that moment, the mountain shuddered violently one last time, and he felt himself being pushed out of the miniature reаlm of Ariel's Game. The vast chamber of the Snow Palace disappeared, and for a moment, everything was dark. Or rather, everything was nothing and nowhere, beyond comprehension.  
  
Then, Sunny saw a vaguely familiar ceiling above him. And heard a very familiar voice.  
  
"Well, well, well. Look who finally decided to show up!"  
  
Sunny groaned, feeling innumerable points of view and several weeks of memories crashing into his mind. It was his own voice, naturally.