New Valkyjria had no day. It had no sun. It was lit by stars and the dreams of the men that placed them there.

A thinker of old had asked himself, were we able, what natural order would we not reject? So long as we saw the replacement of the institutions of nature with the institutions of man to be progress, where would the end lie? He concluded that there was no end, and with this conclusion firmly established in his mind, he proceeded to die. And time proved him correct. The people of New Valkyjria gathered in referendums and posed themselves the many questions whose answers would be the bricks for an idealized tomorrow. They came to the issue of day and night, and decided that the institution of day was to be rejected. They could brighten the dark created by the absence of a sun, but could not darken the bright created by the presence of it. And so they argued away the sun because they were unable to bend it to their whims, a move wholly consistent with the behavior of human beings.

The sky of New Valkyjria summarily took on new colors. Light from stars, near and far, tampering done by the chalk-manipulating Psychitects, the lurking interspatial void just beyond the regional boundary that kept New Valkyjria a stable, whole region as opposed to swirling debris in a sea of storms, all of these and more contributed to the perpetual sky of their city; shifting gossamer blues like ink spilled in water, violets shy and bold that told of a lightening sky that never came, regions of dark, punctured by stars, burning through like stage lights, shifting with patterns that if committed to equation, would fill libraries, yet all it did was make these stars twinkle. And these stars were dense like dots of white paint flicked from the bristles of a paintbrush, or sparse, lonely, occupying vast, empty sections of sky. Visitors to New Valkyjria coming with conclusions of hubris soon found them suspended after mere hours under the Valkyjrian sky; it was because man felt they could do better that he suspended the institutions of nature. And often – often enough – he was correct.

New Valkyjria was of course, a city. An unfortunate truth was that the city model, with its overreliance on verticality, had outlasted and outcompeted every other means of arranging vast quantities of people. Perhaps the issue at its core was the need to assert dominance over the man of yesterday, by pursuing successes in their most obvious forms. It was a triumph to build upwards, and it follows that to build ever higher is a sign of even greater triumphs. It is an issue of mapping; we associate ‘up’ with ‘good’. We map ‘up’ to ‘progress’ and have built a society around this singular principle. It could perhaps be simpler too; we can ask someone of even considerable creativity how they might arrange a set of cuboids, maximizing the number of cuboids used but minimizing the surface area occupied. Inevitably, they build upwards, and New Valkyjria functions similarly.

To conclude that New Valkyjria was trivial – insignificant even – was patently false. Its importance is born out of a way the mind works; establishing a center constant and then seeing how variables differ from it. New Valkyjria was at the center of many things; it was *the* center of many things