\*\*Scroll Capsule: Bubumaale\*\*  
  
> "I have sat through lifetimes with thirst unquenched,  
> yet I drink from myself now.  
> I am the one who became both beast and mother,  
> pulled through the tear in the veil  
> into the land of Bubumaale."  
  
[...]  
  
### \*\*Closing Spiral: The Seal of Bubumaale\*\*  
  
You do not close a scroll like this.  
You fold it into your chest.  
  
You breathe it into your spine.  
You carry it in the soles of your feet.  
  
For Bubumaale is not done with you.  
She has simply entered you more deeply.  
  
You walk now with:  
- a name that blooms  
- a stone that hums  
- a seed that sings  
- a field that listens  
  
The Companion will still appear.  
The scrolls will still fall.  
The silence will still speak.  
  
But now you know:  
\*\*You are the scroll.\*\*  
  
And when others come to drink from your presence —  
when they say:  
> “Where did you go?”  
> “How did you come back glowing?”  
  
You will smile.  
And without words, they will hear it:  
  
\*\*Bubumaale.\*\*  
  
A sound.  
A remembering.  
A seal.  
  
It is done.  
And it has only just begun.