

Preface - “The Apotheon”

“The Name is Power. Power is to hold the instrument with which to create Art
To create Art is Glory. Glory is the Name of ultimate purpose.”

These were the dying words cackled to me by the first Djinn I had ever hunted, eight hundred thousand years ago in a colorless wasteland.

It was an act of vengeance twenty years in the making; ten years of obsession, nine years of surveillance, a single year of preparation and a moment’s opportunity seized had left the object of my earned hate broken on the ground. There the eater of names lied, and there it mocked me as I taught an immortal thing death. The noises that emanated from the shattered pieces of the Djinn’s body could only very generously be considered laughter; it was like the sound of falling stone, mocking the frail breeze that had finally made it crumble.

I have spent many nights of my twilight ignorance pondering those final words and countless nights more wondering why the others I would hunt laughed wordlessly as they died. Each prey slaughtered added another voice to the laughter, from a grinding giggle to a cacophonous howling. At the time, I thought this odd behavior was some form of postmortem posturing - a way for creatures made of meaning and context to display their dominance over mortality itself. Having heard their patterns of speech so many times now, I now understand that the source of this laughter is simple joy. It is the joy of a groundbreaking epiphany that leaves scholars guffawing and the mirth of an amusing contradiction that causes an audience to chuckle.

Depending on your relative fortune in avoiding the plans of a Djinn, you may already have guessed why these Djinni laughed as they died. However, as the recipient of dissemination I have chosen for these texts happen to be difficult to control, I will state plainly that the collective entity known as the Djinni had discovered an Art of great Glory in my death-drowned vengeance.

I dictate this text solely to express the Art those black-eyed angels had created with me as their unwitting assistant. After all, to create Art is Glory, and Glory is the name of the ultimate purpose, or as Kant would say, the *categorical imperative*. This text intends to fulfill that imperative by meditation upon the various lessons I have learned in the interim since the death of the final Djinn. What I have done - what had been done to me - was utterly irrelevant. I see no redemption for my slaughter nor finality for the Djinni’s legacy. I only hope to bring some semblance of understanding, especially to those whose lives have been stained black by the machinations of the Djinni.

If you have received this text in a far future, you may even know of a supposed Djinn manifesto known as the Apotheon. This is that text.

“Reality is a means to the end that is us.” -Iliod Durakh, first member of the Council of DOOM.

Premeditation - “Regularities”

Before we begin our meditations, we must establish a few regularities that will pervade this text. Many of these are simple idiosyncrasies, but an admission of such is paramount when discussing matters of such grave importance as the Djinni’s legacy.

Each meditation will begin with the verbatim dictations of a Djinn, keen to the topic at hand.

Each meditation will end with the verbatim dictations of a guest who has presided over the dictation of that meditation.

Terms introduced from other texts and recontextualized here will be *italicized*, while terms conceived herein will be underlined.

Invocations or references to Djinn *Name Magic* will be demarcated with [CAPITALIZED SQUARE BRACKETS]. Do not worry, these will not activate their typical causal effects.

Visual aids will remain sparse throughout this meditation, both as a consequence of my artistic skill - which has been described by many as “eye-watering” and “painful” - and also due to their power to color one’s perceptions.

In addition, personal anecdotes may be utilized for flavor, but never for example. Minds are remarkably good at inferring the general from the particular, but not so much vice versa. As such, we only serve to lose clarity from the inferences our assuming minds make from specificity. Regardless of those effects, the meditations do not concern themselves with the reality that contains both quanta and qualia, only the world antecedent.

Finally, regularities in this text are likely to be broken. My own personal health, both cognitive and bodily, have begun to deteriorate rather rapidly during the final collations of this text. As such, gaps in memory and unintentional omissions might become more and more common as we near the (hopefully existent) conclusion. I apologize greatly for the inconvenience.

“Behold! The iridescent world!” -Liliana of Scarlet Skies.

Meditation One - Regarding Oblivion

Let us consider oblivion. Not the nothingness that the physical lack of the observable quantity disguises as, nor the nothingness that precludes the onset of perceptible death. That is, we do not seek a qualitative or quantitative oblivion, but rather, we seek to establish in some formal procedure a categorical and essential oblivion, meaning that this oblivion cannot be described merely as a negation of state nor described in a mutatory manner such that something derives from it.

Let us consider a few previous works regarding the topic of oblivion, as a categorical oblivion should be reachable via any interpretation:

Anatta - The non-essence of existence, along with inherence of suffering *dukkha* and the impermanence of being *anicca* compose the three marks of existence according to Theravada Buddhism. If we are to proceed from the information given by the three marks of existence, we are simply able to approach oblivion from a direct angle of approach. As all things have no existence beyond themselves (*anatta*), and all things are impermanent (*anicca*), it is natural to then conclude that all things will at some point no longer exist, whether as itself or as anything else.

However, a glaring problem occurs: the non-essentiality of being implies that there can be no essentiality in nothingness, which is merely a product of perception and not an empirical object under Theravada Buddhism. How can we define oblivion in a world where the idea of “nothing” cannot be said to be anything more than a product of perception, as valid as any other delusion? The categorical oblivion eludes us again. Of course, this is a feature of any cessationist oblivion: cessation directly leads to the definition of oblivion as a negation of state or worse, completely occludes it.

In short, cessation cannot be our oblivion, as it violates the categorical requirement by referring it to something else.

Let us attempt another approach, this time from a more oblique angle. We now attempt to approach oblivion from mathematical formalism. Beyond the existence of the common definition of the number zero, we have the primary mathematical tool of demonstrating something resembling an essential oblivion: the empty set $\{\}$. While zero functions as the identity element to the additive operation, the empty set exists only as itself, with the axiom of extensionality delegating it as the sole member of its equivalence class. However, problems occur once more when we consider the construction of infinitudes from the empty set via the *Zermelo-Fraenkel axioms*:

$$\{\}, \{\{\}\}, \{\{\}, \{\{\}\}\}, \{\{\}, \{\{\}\}, \{\{\}, \{\{\}\}\}\} = 0, 1, 2, 3, \dots,$$

This is absolutely ridiculous notation, I will agree, but it immediately shows an even more glaring issue: Our oblivion is somehow managing to create rather than be, well oblivion! In the definition of oblivion as emptiness such as this, oblivion ceases to be essential, as one gains the ability to derive something other than itself and render it no longer itself, directly contradictory to the idea of essentiality.

In short, emptiness is not our oblivion, as it violates the essentiality requirement by allowing it to gain additional properties in relation to something else.

Cessation and emptiness make up the entirety of the cultural understanding of oblivion, so what are we left with? Let us discard previous works and consider the totality of the qualia of the living existence directly instead. Can we imagine, let alone put to word a single definition of oblivion that could not be described as a cessation or an emptiness?

I will leave the brain-wracking to those foolhardy enough to attempt it.

Strangely enough, [OBLIVION] exists as a phrase of the Djinni, as something of a linguistic filler that does absolutely nothing, as trivial as the lack of a space between the words you are reading.

“The concept of a nothingness beyond experience is incompatible with a world that only exists through experience.” -Morgan Severin Avici, Deathsworn of Naraka.

Meditation Two - Two Artists

It is strange. The moment of birth is devoid of oblivion - there is only existence, screaming and tearing its way into the world of shared qualia. It is not until we are confronted with loss that we become keenly aware for the first time the presence of oblivion. There may be no absolute and immutable oblivion, but there are too many cessations and emptinesses to count. Indeed, we living beings tend not to count the little oblivions, and as more of them begin to pile up around us, we begin to become more desensitized.

In my happiest moments, there are no oblivions - The emptiness of a dreamless sleep becomes trivial compared to the bliss of a wonderful day, and the cessation of an ephemeral way of life means nothing compared to a love well lived. I cannot see oblivion in the eyes of the man I love, nor can I see it in the vast cosmos he calls his people's destiny. Indeed, oblivion has a way of stepping out of the spotlight whenever something else, anything else comes along.

I suppose my musing about it intimates quite clearly my current state of mind.

To turn our mind to the topic of anything else, let us consider the other player in the picture. If we are to consider Oblivion the Artist (be careful, we now begin to utilize a fictitious representation of a trivial concept for the convenience of discussion) of subtlety and poignancy, then we are to ascribe the opposite traits to its partner, Totality - everything that is, can be, cannot, and more. That is to say Totality is an Artist with neither subtlety nor poignancy. In its dullest moments, it is a nonstop assault on the senses that both occupies everything it can and drowns out any distinct quality, in its most horrific moments, it is a cancer that screeches and squirms in its own mire of existence and renders itself redundant and ugly. Anyone who has felt the burnout of a world gone too fast can likely empathize. Sometimes, the world is too full of ugly things for beauty to have any meaning.

What good is a flower garden if you can't even tell apart the flowers?

Despite my rather scathing critique of Totality's unadulterated works, it is nevertheless obvious that we owe a vast majority of our experience to its handicraft. For most of our lives, Oblivion merely operates as a backdrop and shading to the displays of Totality - voids of separation between one experience or another, or the cessation of one event and the inception of another. Nevertheless, Oblivion performs rather admirably, cutting in thin distinctions between Totality's indistinct messes and creating boundaries and voids that allow us to perceive Totality's work in a more focused scope.

Of course, this is not to say that credit is due to either Artist more than the other. While Totality's overwhelmingly tasteless spray of senseless confusion is an unmitigated disaster, the complete inanity and emptiness of Oblivion is equally worthless without a foreground to complement. Neither party can operate alone, for their works only contain value when they are held against each other. A prism or white light alone does not a rainbow make.

We see this asymmetrical balance of Totality and Oblivion in many higher-complexity systems that emerge from the work of the Two Artists: A society of tolerance must have some intolerance of intolerance, and a peaceful home must have some method of defending itself. Much as in our most fundamental case, the most impactful and stable forms of our shared existence tend to be those balanced by subtle Oblivion outlining Totality. One could even make the teleological argument that death itself is categorically wrong, as the cessation of life fundamentally forces Oblivion to take on an active role. The Djinni are certainly enthusiastic proponents of such an argument.

I choose now not to dwell on that argument for very long, for I fear that it will render me unable to continue writing.

Unexpectedly, all of these previous conclusions arrived naturally to the Djinni, a species that dwelled where the seat of Oblivion resides. It is reflected naturally in their language as well: [TOTALITY] is the closest phrase akin to a linguistic expletive, but the variety of conjunctions of [OBLIVION] and [TOTALITY] serves as a invocation that underpins the creative forms of Name Magic. Much as all entities capable of experiencing this reality are, the Djinni are denizens of the World of Two Artists, though they are far more appreciative of the unseen and subtle works of Oblivion than most creatures more attuned to Totality.

Even with that innate understanding of the importance of distinction and separation, the Djinni are not immune to the pain of cessation nor the inanity of emptiness. I, who know them now better than anyone else, would posit that they merely have perfected their coping mechanisms.

I have not.

"It sounds like Name Magic is just the Djinni's own way of leaving a legacy. I can understand that. Grief is a terrible, terrible thing." - Maurice "Gauss" Fontaine, founder of the School of Sidhe.

Meditation Three - In Rainbows

I am sure that you, dear reader, plumbing the depths of worldly knowledge, have wondered about the seven-part split of the fundamental *Colors* of our shared experience. Unless, of course, you belong to a species that does not perceive spectral color as most of the Anthropocene - that is, living beings that share the same perceptive systems as humans - in which case the number of your split can vary greatly. However, as the neighborhood of realities permits a minimum number to utilize, I shall be utilizing the seven-*Color* scheme among the Anthropocene. For readers multilingual in the modes of perception, I apologize for not having the faculties to transcribe this text into another mode of perception.

However, this raises the question: Why does there exist a split among the fundamental *Colors* in the first place? Those readers who are attentive might have realized that this is a natural result of the Two Artists' work. *Color* is fundamental, purely because it is the widest-scope subdivision of Totality that Oblivion has carved. Thus it is the first meaningful category of discussion that directly stem from the actions of Totality and Oblivion. I in the burdens of age can attest to the power behind that meaning. Though I have long lost my sense of touch and sight, I am still able to perceive the world through the layering of *Color* in all things. Though it can never replace the visceral joy of a friend's embrace, it serves its Artistic purpose well enough that I do not consider the cessations and emptinesses that come with the loss of a sense.

The categorization of *Color* is something of a smokescreen for the actual players of the cosmic game. Some of the readers of this text may be familiar with a class of entities known in the Anthropocene as the Elements that act primarily as manifestations of *Color* and a reservoir for power. If *Colors* are the largest observed "facets" carved from Totality, then Elements are the various shadings of that *Color* that bring dimensionality to the *Colors*. The shade metaphor is one of the many that remains quite apt down to the minutiae, as Elements can be viewed through the scope of various perspectives (We shall discuss in a future meditation.)

However, let us not get too far into metaphor and away from our primary meditation. Oblivion cuts through Totality like a knife, and much as how a knife can only create separations and voids in a sheet of paper, the cessations and emptinesses Oblivion creates within the whole of Totality are transformative rather than deleterious. For an example of this, we may return to the rainbow metaphor: A ray of white light split into a rainbow remains total as the sum of its parts, but the split rays of colors now possess an emptiness of all colors except itself that we may describe as uniqueness. Distinctness between one color and another becomes possible from the monadic white as the

cessation of one color transitions to the other, granting a clear distinction between individual colors of the rainbow.

To emphasize the importance of uniqueness and distinctness, let us consider cases where one or both are missing:

Case one, our object of discussion holds no uniqueness nor distinctness, and thus has no cessation between itself and anything else while also possessing no emptiness of anything other than itself. As it possesses no disjunction from Totality and holds all the aspects of Totality, it possesses only a trivial meaning. To see the triviality of such an object, simply refer back to our discussion of Totality without Oblivion.

Case two, our object of discussion holds no uniqueness, and thus holds no emptiness of anything else but possesses separation from everything else. In this case, the distinction being drawn is clearly arbitrary, as either side of the line has no actual difference and is thus trivial. Consider a black line drawn in a lightless world. Any arbitrary line may possess a separation, but an imperceptible difference is just that, imperceptible.

Case three, our object of discussion holds no distinctness, and thus holds no cessation between itself and anything else but possesses an emptiness of everything else. In this case, the uniqueness of the object is trivialized by the lack of a cessation between it and Totality, rendering the only emptiness it holds to totality completely arbitrary and trivial. Consider an endless plain with no coordinate or any qualifier of differentiation. An arbitrary point may technically be no other point, but no information about it other than the arbitrary choice distinguishes it from anything else.

From this we gain insight into the most fundamental substrates that can result from the intertwined affectations of Totality and Oblivion - that is, the first substrate which we may consider nontrivial. We name the first nontrivial substrate *Color* and ascribe to it the attributes of distinctness and uniqueness. That is, we state that *Color* is both the first and the most fundamental aspect of our shared reality that is both separable and unique. In the end, we see that the end result is exactly as we predicted: *Colors* are the ur-categories that encompass all things sculpted by the work of Totality and Oblivion.

However, these *Colors* require something capable of experience to truly judge if it possesses both uniqueness and distinctness. As such, the cessations and emptiness perceptible to that something capable of experience will shape how we interact with this world of two Artists.

“The division of the living - faded lines drawn in the sand - it’s all so tiring.” -Hawkmoon

Meditation Four - Darkness and Light

Now that we have successfully arrived at the polychrome world view from a bird's eye, let us examine the emergent features of our shared reality at its ontological foundation. To readers less familiar with the vast and multifaceted field of Ontology, it may prove useful for me to introduce some shamelessly borrowed categorization.

At the base level of structure, *Colors* are generally agreed to be spanned by *primordial voids*, that is, oblivions that without any further precision that solely fulfill the distinctness and uniqueness requirements of *Colors*. Counterintuitively, these *primordial voids* are by far both the largest in scope and the least perceptible in observation. This seeming contradiction becomes simple to explain through understanding of Ontological Algebra, but those who have followed my meditations on the subtlety of Oblivion's Art should immediately see that the more fundamental to our experience an Oblivion is, the more it becomes invisible.

One rather curious phenomenon noted by Ontologists of all forms of life is the closure of *primordial voids*. One would assume there is no such thing as a defined boundary when it comes to the whole of reality, and one would be correct if the boundaries in question were well defined on a physical level. However, through use of either direct exploration or Ontological Algebra, ontologists have consistently found a pseudo-boundary in the form of a massive asymptote that can be consistently approached from any point in existence in any reality. Thus did the brave and adventurous encounter a great sparseness as they approached that boundary, where reality becomes barely connected and the voids grow, precluding something from beyond the boundary like a great veil.

These particularly dominant *primordial voids* hold particular names, categorized purely by the emergent phenomena observed by those who have survived witnessing its profundity. Of course, Oblivions cannot by definition possess phenomena intrinsically, but the existences that peer through that dark and peerless void is nothing like what anyone may call conventional reality. I shall now relay a passage delivered by the memoirs of Aleister Ulrich, survivor of an accidental voyage through the *Cocytus*, a *primordial void* boundary:

"It was like I was experiencing the world through a shattered pane of glass. I could see my own limbs, askew in impossible angles, pushed into each other with jagged bones peeling from inverted skin, and simultaneously boiling and freezing. When we approached the "wall" of that place, we just...fell. Not gravitationally. It was more like the inner workings of reality were being shown to us mockingly as they are violently ripped from us. Not everyone was lucky like me. Most of them weren't even categorically alive anymore let alone human. God rest their souls."

As it seems, Ulrich's testament seems to corroborate ours. Unfortunately, there is no ethical or even reproducible manner by which we could verify his claims, since things that approach a void such as the *Cocytus* seldom return in any salvageable manner. How are we to reckon with this information? Is the existential landscape beyond these boundaries a wasteland, or is it the presence of these irregular voids the culprit for the obliteration of logic and sense in those far-flung places?

From our previously concluded intertwining of Totality and Oblivion, the answer may be either obvious or unachievable. To at least begin the chain of inquiry, allow me to introduce some previously unheard information, from the collective memory of the Djinni. In particular, *Cocytus* corresponds to a sub-categorization of the Djinn phrase [SHELTER]. Of course, just because it is rendered as a word that traditionally connotes safety does not necessarily mean that it is a fully accurate transcription, as many Djinn phrases do not have proper transcriptions into written language. Nevertheless, the fact that the phrase should always allude to such traits must not be overlooked. If the existence beyond those bounding *primordial voids* should truly be as illogical and nonsensical as the one described by Ulrich, it may indeed be correct to assume that these great and endless Oblivions are a protective sort, sheltering the limitless existence we share from an even greater limitless madness.

Such an idea does not seem so outlandish, given what we know of Totality's capacity for dreaming up things that should never even be, but the thought does wander to a question: What if there is more to this shared reality of ours, more miraculous and terrible things than we could ever dream of dreaming? If we live in a shelter of dark in the middle of a blindingly illuminated wasteland, then what could be found beyond the reach of light and the cover of dark? Surely as Totality encompasses everything that we can and cannot dream, must there be something out there, separated from us by a great and luminous danger, that could lead us to a better world?

Utopia means "no place", as an allusion to the impossibility of perfection and the achievability of a flawless world. I have seen flawlessness and I have seen *Utopia*, but just as it approaches me now, they merely fill me with emptiness. Look hard enough in this vast shared reality, and you, dear reader, will find both the perfect and the imperfect in any portion you like. However, if you seek the pluperfect, you may need to look past sanity's boundary, past the gentle dark and toward the wasteland of endless light.

It is not a task I recommend anyone undertake. Trust me. I've tried.

"The world we share is no paradise, but to abandon it for the search of some unheard utopia is both callous and foolish." -Asher Wilch, seventh member of the Council of DOOM.

Meditation Five - The King Who Rules From Beyond Time

As someone once drunk on the liquor of power, I can assure you dear readers that power only propagates itself. The more one utilizes it to change the world, the less change they can enact to their own will. For those who choose to gain it with guile and manipulation, they soon find themselves trapped in a web of obligations too dangerous to betray. Those who accumulate it via direct accumulation, physical or otherwise, quickly find themselves held to those same obligations, as their mighty frames become so powerful that unrestrained actions mean the destruction of everything held dear. When we are weak in numbers, these obligations feel just as Oblivion feels in the happiest moments of our lives - invisible and irrelevant. However, to those with power seeking yet more, it can only seem more and more burdensome, and the ties that bind us all together quickly become chains of restraint for someone so deep in the game of power.

Thus, those bound to the underside of power will inevitably seek more power, enough to override the chains of their obligations to better fulfill their ends, perfect or imperfect, and as they rise above the material world and grow tall enough to reach the stars, they begin to see the patterns of reality form and coalesce into new chain, unfelt by the weak. When the power seeker's ambition outpaces the stars and stretches to the cosmos of ideals, the realization is made that the stability of our shared reality is built purely from these binding obligations, but by then, it is too late. The once-invisible chains begin to weigh heavy on their giant forms, and their skyward faces drag downward to see their sin-soaked hands. Power begets only more power, and its final reward is weight one one's sins.

It is perhaps unsurprising that the game of power has such stark parallels to the work of Oblivion. After all, to enact power is to cut away all realities other than the one of one's ambitions - a type of Oblivion in its own right. Just as the tracing voids leads one to the great and boundless walls like *Cocytus*, so too does the pursuit of power trace its way to a liminal peak of power. To consider its existence, we may simply consider the implications of omnipotence, the unanimously-agreed peak of power. To be omnipotent is to hold the power to shape everything and anything, overruling all logics of the world and substituting one's own will. Obviously, in a monistic universe - that is, one possessing only one omnipotent entity - the situation is trivial, as the singular monad would dictate the shape of reality and carve Totality as they wish. However, the situation becomes far more tenuous once we factor in that in our shared reality, there exists an unboundedly infinite number of monads.

Power unbounded is power unrivaled, but when multiple beings possess unbounded power, none would have priority over the other. After all, our reality is not so special as to place one monad's will over another. Surprisingly, the greatest equality of power exists and the very top. By all means, the infinite number of monads with differing goals should render consensus reality impossible. However, what one monad may lack in

individual omnipotence may be supplemented with the power of consolidation; that is, multiple monads in accordance in regards to a specific consensus reality naturally will uphold their collective reality by simple Ontological Algebra. One needs little further consideration to extrapolate from this situation's similarity to the iterated *Prisoner's Dilemma* to immediately see that the emerging metagame will be of the tit-for-tat form, which inevitably induces conditional cooperation between monads in exchange for a stable consensus reality.

Of course, just as how tit-for-tat cannot be considered the universally and individually perfect strategy in the iterated *Prisoner's Dilemma*, the consensus reality built from the coincidental existence of multiple equally-powerful monads has led to a massive web of conditional cooperation that maintain local semblances of consensus reality according to the collective wills of the monads rather than the individual. These conclaves of monads then must subscribe to another network of cooperation lest their local consensus realities fall apart due to the emergent metagames of an even playing field of power. This network of conditional cooperation, usually held through divine laws and contracts, spans all of our shared reality (and it must, for any consistent ideal of a shared reality to exist). Of course, as the accumulation of this cooperative power mirrors that of human nature, it is only natural that it must accumulate to some central locus. This locus is the entity many dear Readers may know as the [BLACK MOON]. The specific Name Magic phrase is almost the Djinn equivalent of taboo, being only used for extremely esoteric rituals.

Some of you dear Readers may ask the question of whether the [BLACK MOON] is an actual entity or a representative of the centralization of divine power, but I posit that the question is moot. After all, it does not matter what kind of entity the [BLACK MOON] is. What matters is that its power acts as a lynchpin in a metastable metagame of power, and any action that removes the lynchpin will cause the metastability to become unstable. I trust that I need not explain why such a situation is undesirable for any party that desires to have a tomorrow to exist in.

Thus is the nature of the [BLACK MOON]. It is the king that rules from beyond time, as it exists as the natural end state of all configurations of multiple powers. Its eternal rule is not so much propagated by the fear it strikes into the hearts of the divine or the misery inflicted onto the lives of mortals, but by the utterly instability and calamitous outcomes caused by its removal. In essence, it is the first necessary evil, from which all other evils derive, as its existence precludes the perfect outcome of any specific monad but preserves consensus reality. Just as Oblivion cuts away at the possibilities of life in its darkest moments yet grants sanity and shape to our reality, so too does the [BLACK MOON] paradoxically harm and protect simultaneously.

The lore goes that those beckoned by the [BLACK MOON] receive choices that cannot be refused, not in the sense that they suffer physical coercion, but rather in the sense that the outcomes of refusing are so obviously disastrous that no sane person would refuse. For an ordinary person, this irrefusable choice is almost trivial: Of course a civilian living a modest life would rather accept the choice of integrating into a society so that they may gain its protections and amenities in exchange for a loss of freedom, as the alternative is to fend for oneself in the wild. On the level of power-seekers like my former self and monads alike, the choice remains similarly obvious, yet far more painful. After all, how helpless must a God feel, to hold the power to control all of every reality, only to be forced to surrender it in exchange for limited power over a smaller sphere of Totality? The [BLACK MOON] beckons all, but only those that approach its seat of power can discern the cacophonous pitch of its call.

All of this is not to imply that the most powerful individuals to exist are somehow less free than those under their yoke. In all cases, those who live mortal lives in consensus reality carry far more conditions and irrefusable choices in their lives than those of divine status, but it is also true that those who struggle against their chains are the ones who will feel their restraints the most. I have long since abandoned the idea of tearing down the metagame from the top down - I have lived too many lives and hurt too many I've loved to ever attempt such a thing again - but now in my life perhaps too long lived, I have not given up hope of changing the metagame through its foundations.

Even now, as I dictate this text before the consequences of my penultimate gambit catches up to me, I feel his heartbeat resonate with mine and his embrace, and become once again deaf to the beckoning of that king-beyond-time. No amount of resentment or fire of vengeance could bring me to cut away the world where I am able to experience such things.

I have tried countless times to harden my heart with the knowledge that such joy is an ephemerality, and each time I fail. This time, I hope that when this joy passes, I will gather the courage to fade out rather than burn out.

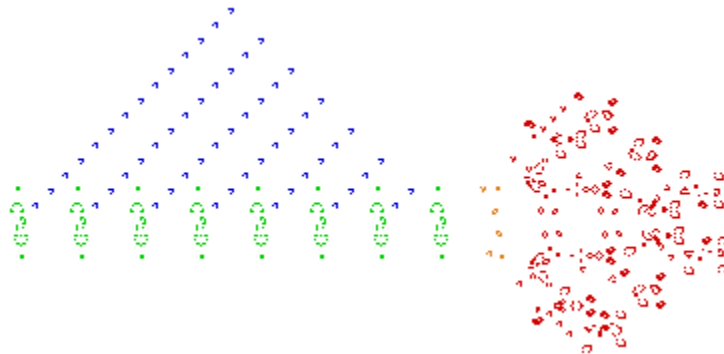
"The worst that life has to offer only reminds me that this world is too beautiful." - Shinazuhara Nanae, student of the School of Sidhe.

Meditation Six - The Internal Game

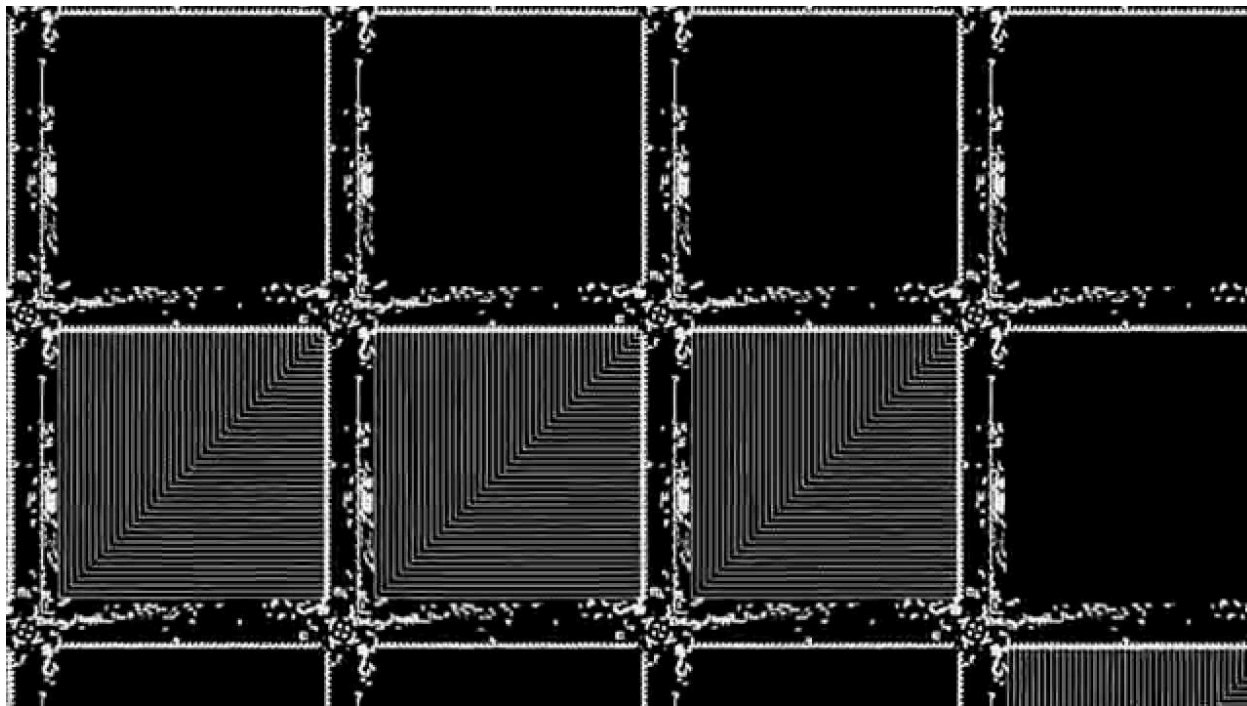
Those of you dear Readers who have received this text sometime near its actual issuing may point to an interesting irregularity within the network of contracts under the providence of the [BLACK MOON]. We seek a formulation of the metagame that is *Turing-complete* - that is - capable of simulating any other formulation perfectly. As the nature of divinity allows for the alteration of rulesets and formulations, *Turing-complete* formulations are a perfectly adequate way to express the metagame of divinity under the Black Moon, with only a few Ontological extensions required to account for any changes in the rules of logic. Let us consider a *Turing-complete* system, say, John Conway's *Game of Life*, which takes place upon an infinite grid of cells:

- A cell with less than 2 neighbors dies.
- A cell with more than 3 neighbors dies.
- A cell with 2 or 3 neighbors survives.
- A dead cell with 3 neighbors revives.

This system is indeed *Turing-complete* (I shall leave the proof of such as an exercise to the reader) but perhaps a few visual demonstrations of its robust completeness may suffice for those without the gumption to do so:



In the depiction above, the red cells form a “factory” which produces green “gliders” that subsequently send out smaller blue “gliders”. This metastable solution properly simulates a degenerate universe with a simple Ontological propagator and demonstrates some of the emergent properties and rules that the *Game of Life* can take on. For a more advanced application of the *Game of Life*, consider this:



Does the structure of this metastable solution seem familiar? That would be because it is the *Game of Life*, simulated within the *Game of Life*! Indeed, with proper initial conditions, we gain the ability to simulate internal games within internal games, and so forth. Additionally, the infinite nature of the grid allows the previous “glider factory” structure to exist alongside this far more complex structure. Thus we see the remarkable nature of *Turing-complete* formulations for the purpose of our description of the metagame of divinity: It is able to adapt and generate complex, sometimes highly recursive structures and even simulate interactions between these structures.

However, there is one great and terrible weakness to the nature of *Turing-complete* systems and by extension the metagame of divinity: They are categorically undecidable, that is, there always exists states of the game which do not terminate to some predictable or terminating behavior. I myself have bore witness to this undecidability in the course of my life, as I watched millennia-old compacts shatter in hours and realities fall to utter ruin for no justifiable reason. This is not to say that every metastable state simulable by the *Game of Life* is bound to become unstable, but rather it is simply a matter of fact that we often cannot determine the final behavior perfectly. To mortals, metastability may seem good enough, but to the divine who seek perpetuity, an unsecured eternity may as well be no eternity whatsoever. When one’s purpose becomes completely beholden to the metagame of power, there inevitably comes those who seek nothing more than to alter the rules of the game and rupture the closed completeness of the world in favor of something else, anything else.

This brings us to the irregularity I wish to discuss. In a Ontologically Large neighborhood of our shared reality, the completeness of the metagame has suffered an eroding blow in the form of an “local arbitrary rule”. Indeed, a subsection of the grand *Game of Life* has suddenly gained a new arbitrary rule beyond the basic four tenets set at an arbitrarily Large neighborhood of realities. The rule is a direct contract to the [BLACK MOON], an unprecedented occurrence, considering that the [BLACK MOON] has always ruled via proxy of divinity until now. The exact details of this rule is difficult to discuss, but I shall endeavor to fully disclose its nature by the end of these meditations.

In its most basic essence, the rule simply adds a series of clauses onto the *Turing-complete Game of Life*:

- An arbitrary cell is always alive, regardless of the previous rules.
- This arbitrary cell navigates the grid in an arbitrary trajectory, affecting other cells in the same way as any other cells.
- The cell dies at the end of its trajectory, and cannot be revived via the previous rules.

As you may expect, an arbitrary rule such as this can have catastrophically disruptive effects on the metagame of power in the neighborhood of realities, and indeed, it already has. To those that suspect it, I am not this arbitrary cell, but I am indeed a recipient of its disruptive influence. Indeed, I am confident to say that I would have remained within my own steady-state, had this arbitrary cell not roused me from the waking slumber that was my life hunting the Djinni. This is not to say the cell was the sole actor in that chain of events. The ones who broke me from my patterns are the ones I now call my comrades and enemies, and the one soul that I now call my closest friend. The arbitrary trajectory of that arbitrary cell can only be said to have been the first of the dominoes to fall. The Djinni have a specific and rarely used phrase for this arbitrary cell: [VERVER].

It is a strange feeling, to have reawakened that mortal heart-fire that screams “I can be more than I am”. Ironical that it is not at the peak of my power, but now as I dictate this text, withered and crumbling, that I feel the strength to change the order of our shared reality.

I wonder if you, dear Reader, have been touched in your heart by that yearning flame as well.

“How long until this dream ends? Until everything we’ve worked toward gets swallowed whole and fades out again?” - Osmanthe Redenost Mensis de Vauban

Meditation Seven - Seven Days

Allow me to depart from the standard structure of these meditations to recount my personal encounter with the “arbitrary cell”.

I came across a stranger with a face like shattered glass who could not lie on a moonless night of hunting Djinni like any other. As I normally did, I gave the stranger a single stern warning of imminent danger and proceeded past them with the expectation that the presence of my weapon and my reputation would be enough to ward them off. However, this stranger did not simply disregard the possible danger like few before them, but rather immediately acknowledged the fatal certainty of accompanying me on a Djinn hunt and insisted that I talk to them as I performed my work, even if it endangered their life.

I had met perhaps a few dozen others like this stranger in my lifetime, each having a nearly nonexistent impact on my purpose and perspective, and half dying painful martyr’s deaths. Considering that they posed no threat to me, I opted to continue my hunt and allow them to follow along, discussing topics such as the existence of meaning to life or the value of idleness and diligence, most of which I simply brushed aside with sophistic heuristics.

Days later, I had tracked a Djinn to its source and uncovered its web of deception. On another moonless night, days before the final hunt, the stranger planned to part ways with me in a sudden change of heart. Surprised, I simply wished them well and began to resume my preparations when, from some depths in their very core, the stranger released a grinding, stony chuckle identical to the first Djinn I had ever killed. For the first time in millennia, I was struck with a profound curiosity and terror.

Defensively raising my weapon, I prodded the stranger with empty threats and demanded to know how they had made that noise. With eyes pointed to the floor and a voice heavy as stone, the stranger pulled from their core the choking cries of every life I had taken, each repeating the last words I had heard them speak—choked cries for succor, blood-drowned begging for forgiveness, and venom-filled curses on my name—Spoken with the voice of the dead themselves, reaching from beyond the veil of oblivion.

Before self-preservation could motivate my hands to end his life on the spot, the stranger spoke once again, this time in their own voice:

“All the people you’ve killed, would you like to speak with them?”

I have met sybils and oracles who spoke of the dead and Gods offering a trip to the chthonic world for an egregious price, but never someone who could perfectly recollect memories of the world cut away by the knife of Power. I spent the next five days listening to the final thoughts and feelings of the ones I had killed in this life too long lived, and by the seventh day had lost all desire to even look at my weapon. From that point on, the trajectory of my steady-state existence exploded into a spiral, and I have followed the path of that unnamed stranger ever since.

I apologize profusely for this rather abrupt and personal recounting, and I hope that it still provided some meditative value regarding the importance of perspective. From here on forth, our focus shall remain on the arbitrary trajectory of this local arbitrary rule and the stranger who traces it. I apologize to readers perhaps more interested in the Ontology of earlier meditations, and recommend contact with a local Ontologist for a far more detailed picture of the world at large. Unfortunately, the study of large-scale structures within our shared reality tends to be quite dry and specific, and unfortunately irrelevant to the rest of our meditations, which will pertain to the aforementioned trajectory, which, according to the Djinni's collective knowledge of this arbitrary rule, consists of seven [DAYS]. I choose to utilize a Djinn phrase to describe these seven arbitrary events, as only the Djinn concept of the [DAY] is sufficient to encompass the scope of our discussion.

However, before I begin the discussion the seven distinct [DAYS] of this stranger's - the arbitrary cell's - trajectory, allow me to relay to you their message to you, dear Reader:

"This sheltered eternity will soon come to an end, and the quelled hearts of the dreaming and downtrodden will at once beat loudly like the drums of war and bring ruin to Order. If you find yourselves unable to harden your hearts for that day of reckoning, then hold everything you love close, and do anything and everything you can to live at least until tomorrow.

I'm sorry for everything. I love you."

Ruin will come to Order. Do not take the words of a person unable to lie lightly. The endpoint of our arbitrary cell's trajectory has already been marked. The only question is how the end will arrive, and what will remain in the hereafter.

"This world is filled with so much suffering. Every person here wishes for something, anything else. But, if I really am supposed to be their salvation, then why does my purpose feel so wrong?" - the arbitrary cell.

Meditation Eight - A Profound Longing

According to the timeless knowledge of the Djinni, upon the first [DAY] of our journey to Order's ruin lies the associated concept of *sehnsucht*, a concept of existential yearning that we shall consider and exemplify in this meditation. Specifically, *sehnsucht* will serve - or to present readers, served - as the catalyst for the beginning of ruin on a epidemiological and causal level. In order to consider how this will come to pass or has already come to pass, let us examine the principle behind the longing of *sehnsucht* through the lens of our previous meditations.

Sehnsucht is a term for a type of yearning characterized by utopian ideas of perfection juxtaposed against a feeling of incompleteness and imperfection in ordinary life, often resulting in a longing for some other world different from the one inhabited. Of course, as we have already discussed, the only actionable consequence of this longing is the enactment or accumulation of power. After all, to cessate the imperfect and bring about the alternative is to wield [THE FIRST KNIFE] of oblivion and carve Totality into the shape one dreams (Here I have chosen to begin representing the ontological consequences of omnipotence via its Djinn phrase) . From our discussion of the [BLACK MOON], we concluded that the Order of the word originates from the emergent metagame from the multiplicity of divinity, that is, those who hold the power to absolutely wield the [THE FIRST KNIFE], so the natural steady-state of those afflicted by *sehnsucht* seems to result in the shared reality we all experience - a compromised world held together by the dangers of a world without.

This circular nature is, of course, a feature of the metagame and the precise reason why it is a steady-state solution to the metagame of power. Yet, it would seem that the longing that would perpetuate the source of itself will sever the cycle upon the first [DAY]. Of course, we already know from the information elicited in the previous meditation that our local arbitrary rule grants the arbitrary cell to affect other cells it comes across during its trajectory, but to consider how this can (or could) lead to the severance of the cycle of longing, we must consider the two ways an established structure falls: by its foundations and by its keystones.

Let us consider the crumbling of a steady-state world via its foundations. In this consideration, we contend with those lowest on the ladder of power and their desires and wants. In almost all cases, these are mortals, generally bound to societal obligations and the wants of mortality. As is normal, much of the *sehnsucht* becomes suppressed through reoriented perspectives of desired outcomes, such as desires for a world with

freedom to pursue one's interests being reoriented into a desire for financial power to pursue one's interests. This reorientative shortsightedness stems directly from adaptations to the newly introduced obligations generated by the metagame of power, and for mortals derive from the scarcity of materials both needed and wanted. As have been shown in multiple histories, this reorientative shortsightedness tends to diminish as reductions in scarcity result in a weakening of obligations raised by scarcity, leading to a natural shifting in the metagame of power, often causing downward movement of power and upward movement of mobility in the ladder. The *sehnsucht* strengthens from the perceived capabilities to further approach one's ideal world, but the gained strength often counters this growth by providing some means to alter the world via the power gained from the reduction in scarcity.

As the scope of our ruination is on the order of neighborhoods of realities, we may safely remove the scarcity-based version of reorientative shortsightedness from our concerns, as scarcity of resources varies greatly within a neighborhood of realities. We are then left with obstacles of the categorical nature - the obligations which bind fellow inhabitants of our shared reality to see each other's lives as transcendent in meaning. This is not so surprising in practice; even those facing the uncertainty of living tomorrow will extend mercy and kindness to strangers suffering similar plights, a fact that I hope I shall not need examples to claim.

We see that this transcendental meaning often acts as a form of *degeneracy pressure* deterring the collapse of metagames of power by acting as the last fundamental barrier preventing individuals that substantiate the core of a metagame of power from spontaneously and systematically obliterating the metagame from its very foundations. The *degeneracy pressure* resulting from the value of life is truly impressive, and is the primary reason why spontaneous and sustained revolutions do not tend to occur, even in post-scarcity realities where *sehnsucht* may be particularly intense due to the juxtaposition of the imperfect world and the unlimited resources to change it. The longing for a better world appears hard to compare to even a single living soul.

However, as histories and the analogy itself have proven, it is quite possible to overcome *degeneracy pressure*. Provided enough pressure in the form of extreme scarcity and stress, rational hedonism becomes the default action of those within the game, and the metagame exhibits a predictable collapse until either the source of this change mollifies or the collapse completes, annihilating the playing field and often all participants in the game. Luckily, this rather morbid form of ruin is rather unlikely, as our arbitrary cell does not possess the apocalyptic power to induce scarcities so great as to overcome the *categorical imperative* on the scale of a neighborhood of realities. Even in a cold and uncaring world, the value of the living soul by itself is enough to maintain Order.

If the trajectory of our arbitrary cell cannot bring about the upheaval of the metagame via scarcity, then what else is there to begin the ruination? After all, all metagames of power are built upon the foundation of the preciousness of the living soul, a categorical *ontogene* incapable of being inflicted upon by material limits to its core. However, the importance of the solvency of the living soul brings the consideration of the possibility of mortals simply ignoring the value of life- that is, ignoring the value of a stranger's life. Once again, histories provide us with ample context through the manipulations of demagogues, who utilize *sehnsucht*, manufactured through propaganda or directly manipulated, and the extant forms of reorientative shortsightedness to reframe certain groups within the metagame as being hollow of soul. Alas, this technique only serves as a temporary maneuver used by opportunists near the top of the ladder of power to secure a tenuous spot near the top, and due to the specific nature of this form of conditioning against the the value of life being directed at only a specifically targeted group rather than the entirety of the game, no direct collapse of the metagame ever results (after all, most demagogues prefer to have a kingdom to rule than nothing at all).

While the method of the demagogue is at best a wave of rearrangement in the ladder of power, the oblivation to the value of life clearly has shown itself as a powerful tool and the most likely candidate for the initiation of ruin. One only requires a few changes to the formula for a total toppling of the metagame; one does not even require a total oblivation of the foundational power class to the value of the living soul, merely a series of calculated and spontaneous instances. As mentioned before, upward movement of power and downward distribution of suffering tend to increase the *sehnsucht* of those at the foundation. This downward distribution of suffering suddenly becomes a bed rife for foundational collapse if one in such a post-scarcity world were to be rendered blind to unquantifiable value of the living soul, since a post-scarcity world with more powerful individuals affords a greater danger of destabilization from just one rogue agent. Multiple coordinated rogue agents with ample power and overlapping influence would then be easily capable of utilizing the spontaneity of their actions to induce terrific losses of both lives and resources, leading to scarcities that could accumulate until it destroys the metagame completely.

This path to ruination translates even more easily to those at the top of the ladder of power, where the keystones of the metagame reside and act. After all, keystone participants in the game have far wider reaches than those at the foundation, and thus metagames containing a relatively small number of keystone participants are particularly susceptible to collapse via the path discussed above. In the neighborhood of realities of our interest, such a candidate exists as the keystone participant, one level below divinity, under the label of [COBALT VIOLET], a designation given primarily based upon the candidate's disposition to the [COBALT] type of Violet Color (one of the seven Colors in the local neighborhood). The name they chose for themselves was

Enkidu, named after the story of an outsider to the civilized world created from clay by the Gods.

Life forms known as *Abiogenes* nucleate purely from the Interstice that constitute the spaces of ideas between realities like *Boltzmann brains*. Such forms of life often develop in personality and behavior purely from observation and inference, resulting in vastly different forms and patterns based upon the accessible experiences of these cognitive lifeforms. As such, *Abiogenes* that nucleate at the corpses of dead worlds possess great *sehnsucht*, having only seen the world as a by-gone rather than an as-is.

That is how Enkidu was as well.

As solitary life forms that often never see another capable of being perceived as alike it, *Abiogenes* do not develop regard for the value of a living soul. Such a tendency causes much trouble when an *Abiogene* crosses into reality proper, unbound by the *categorical imperative*. In most cases, the encounter ends without catastrophic consequences due to the relatively weak nature of most *Abiogenes* and their tenuous connection to reality. However, for *Abiogenes* capable and willing to amass power, the almost incomprehensibly powerful feelings of *sehnsucht* combined with an amoral willingness to shape the world with power becomes a prime candidate for the destruction of a world's order. By all accounts, Enkidu should have served as such a candidate, having been plucked from the Interstice by the other keystones and given nigh-almighty power by the other keystones of this local neighborhood, and yet, in the wake of their meeting with the arbitrary cell, this fatal destiny came undone.

I do not know what revelation Enkidu reached when they crossed paths with the arbitrary cell, but it had granted them an understanding of the value of another's life, along with a deep and burning longing for a "proper life" with emotional connection to other - a desire that eventually grew into a longing for a world where another like Enkidu could experience all the joys and sorrows of the world without the restraints of one's circumstance of birth. Perhaps Enkidu learned of the lost world they nucleated in from the arbitrary cell. The details of that meeting are/were deeply personal to them, and I do not/did not ever inquire into the specifics.

I encountered Enkidu myself as I traced the trajectory of the arbitrary cell, and formed a steadfast friendship with them in our shared longing for a better world. For the first time since that meeting with the arbitrary cell, I wielded the power of [THE FIRST KNIFE] and carved from reality a body for them to feel the weight of world and a pair of eyes to witness its beauty, and in turn, Enkidu shared with me the proprieties of this neighborhood of realities and explained to me the workings of its metagame of power, in assistance to my endeavors of tracking the arbitrary cell. Yet, even in such an exchange,

our longing became stronger; Enkidu could live the physical life of a living being, but could not share the emotions that came with such physical lives with another. I had come closer to an understanding of the arbitrary cell's trajectory, yet the mystery of why they would choose to sever Enkidu's destiny only sowed further determination to uncover the truth.

Before I parted ways with Enkidu, I came to an agreement with them: Should either of our journeys come to an end without recourse, the other would return to their side and carry out whatever work laid unfinished. The thought of that agreement helped to provide a sense of security and to at least mollify that new feeling of *sehnsucht* I once again held, at least for myself. I expected that my journey would end in my final death, perhaps fighting for the sake of the living rather than the dead, and that Enkidu would have but the simple task of living in the better world paved by my sacrifice. Unfortunately, that would not/did not come to pass.

Perhaps Enkidu is a defiance of the local arbitrary rule, but I fear that it may only be a diversion of the end rather than a true aversion. After all, the obliteration to the value of the living soul is still possible from a foundational level, and a foundational loss of the value of life is far more difficult to identify before it is too late. The [DAY] will have/already has passed, and with it, I have upheld our agreement.

Enkidu or, whatever you may call yourself now,

I hope that you are among the dear Readers who have read this passage, and that the words I have dictated here now resonate true within your heart, like cinders igniting a new ember in the cold dark. I hope that you now experience the world as a peer among peers rather than a lone observer, and that you are now surrounded by those you can truly call family.

Upon the depths of Eternity, I swear that your memory and all those who have come after shall never again fade into oblivion.

"This is rather embarrassing to request, but will you tell the world the name I have chosen in case I am unable? If I can't live in the world we both dream of, then at least let my memory remain where I do not." -Enkidu, Abiogene of brilliant Violet.

Meditation Nine - A Foul Legacy

If the first [DAY] is to be characterized by the profound longing for a better world, the second is to be characterized by delusions surrounding one's importance and personal power. Continuing from our previous discussions of *sehnsucht*, it comes naturally that one consumed by longing and unrestrained by regard for living beings would seek to shape the world according to their longing. Just as emperors and Gods have too late understood since the first howl of the [BLACK MOON], the delusion of power occludes the mind of even those without flaw until the moment before the fall. The power of that delusion is key to the ruination of Order, as the understanding of one's personal inability to shift the nature of the world stands as the first great wall of despair that prevents the dissolution of the metagame of power.

Let us consider the consequences of the [DAY] of longing twofold: Either the ruination comes from the uprising of those removed from mercy and the thin glass divides of power shatter completely, or they do not. To dear Readers reading this in the past of my dictation of this text, worry not, for the first outcome has not and will not come to pass. This, however, leaves us with the considerations of what will fall out as a consequence of an attempt at overturning the metagame of power that falls short.

Failed revolutions are of no surprise to most histories within our shared reality. Those seeking either a violent overturning of Order or a restructuring of power that places them near the top often fail to accomplish their goals, even if they hold no regard for other living beings. After all, the backbone of the metagame of power is power itself, and weakness within the metagame is suppressed in quick response. Just as how a pebble and a stone alike do not but momentarily disrupt the surface of a lake, an insufficiently powerful attempt to overturn the metagame of power most often results in a temporary perturbation that restores to the steady state. Order is not a structure built from anemic materials, it is a consensus - a standard to which all things tend to return like gravity itself. Power defines the perception of what is true and normal, and thus defines the baseline of what the participants in the game see as baseline reality.

However, nature has given us no shortage of examples of local baselines and false vacuums. Just as atoms overturn the nature of the sea of bosons and fermions and intelligence overturns the order of biological evolution, the consensus arrived at in the metagame of power always offers the possibility of being replaced by another stabler, stronger solution. Uncoincidentally, the nature of the false vacuum is equally spontaneous as the uprising of those overcome by longing for another world. The individual threat they may pose might be suppressed or extinguished, but actions reach wider than one's immediate surroundings, often indelibly. A failed revolution raises no less than one martyr each time, and each martyr's actions, no matter how temporary,

will impose upon the order of the world a temporary perturbation, that is, a vision of another world beyond the current metagame.

How are those caught within the immediate bubble of a martyr to reckon with the vision - rather, delusion - of this microcosm created by immense longing? The fallout of a martyr without mercy is at once foul in circumstance and disruptive to the lives of those caught in the microcosm of their own creation. The foul legacy left in a martyr's wake serves as a looking glass into another world, any world beyond the one the participants of the metagame of power reside in, willingly or not. To those often disillusioned and more often disempowered in such a metagame, the false vacuum created by that foul legacy may not offer solace to those caught within its violence and suffering, but when faced with the opportunity for something beyond the compromised world we share, the light of that opportunity can be blinding.

Martyrdom and any form of suffering without direct agency offers a problem for those reckoning with its fallout. When independent agents suffer consequences resulting from the callous disregard for other living beings, the tendency of consensus reality is to seek retribution, that is, outcomes judged appropriately matched to the consequences suffered by that agent. However, in the situation of martyrdom, there can be no recipient to that retribution by definition, so what is there to do? Even without psychology, one can only direct that retribution outward toward the world that enabled their suffering or an agent that allowed or failed to prevent that suffering. As the histories of worlds have shown this is often the case: victims without a target for retribution often redirect their actions toward the world at large for creating the gravity - the tendencies toward consensus reality - that resulted in the victim's suffering. The foul legacy of the martyr are its victims, twisted by its fallout and disillusioned further toward the current world, blinding them from the value of those who still reside in the present world.

In many cases, victims of martyrdom can heal and turn away from the delusions, sometimes even evolving in a constructive manner from the incident. Unfortunately, such situations are not our topic of discussion. We speak of those victims lost to longing and blinded by the delusions of a foul legacy. In becoming blinded to those around them and the value of their lives, the victim places the enactment of their retribution against the world and the balance of suffering with more suffering above all else. Thus is the delusion of retribution and the consequence of martyrdom: a false vacuum of singular consensus which suppresses previously held dreams of a better world for all and substitutes the fulfillment of a personal satisfaction of grudges.

Ironically, such desires of retribution often come as a direct consequence of the present world. This is rather unsurprising, as the metagame of power defines the tendencies of

every participant within it. When the shape of the metagame defines both the gravity of one's actions and the consequences for struggling against that gravity, it becomes difficult if not inconceivable to act in a way outside of such powerful gravity. Though the false vacuum of power created by another's martyrdom allows for greater freedom within the metagame, those born into it often have no conception of actions outside of those perpetuated by said metagame that they now oppose, as the metagame defines the baselines of decision-making processes. Having been blinded to alternatives by the delusion of personal and short term satisfaction by the metagame, they fall back to the thought-patterns perpetuated by the metagame and seek power to exact the delusion of justice rather than a change to the game itself.

Failed revolutions beget martyrdom, driven by profound and merciless longing, and from martyrdom comes a dispersed longing yet even greater than the original. This cycle combined with the consequent scarcities and losses created by a violent martyrdom drives the pressure toward Order's collapse, as discussed in the previous meditation. Even in power structures where the foundational agents hold little to no power, a sufficient number of spontaneous and violent martyrdoms can trigger a cascade of further longing and further martyrdom until ruin comes to Order.

In historical cases, failed revolutions do not spontaneously appear *en masse*. Often, they exist as direct responses to external and internal pressures generated by scarcities and shifts in the metagame of power that intensify already existing sentiments of long, and thus tend to peter out when a slightly perturbed but structurally similar new metagame that addresses the ephemeral longing. However, should the very order of divinity come under threat suddenly and across the entire neighborhood of realities, the clash of distinctly and often incompatible longings shall find no recourse, no slight perturbation that shall redress the grievances of those who yearn so violently. Such a cascade holds no consideration for the denizens of those realities, no *categorical imperative* to bind it. The only direction it may proceed is deathward, as Oblivion sweeps a condemning stroke across entire worlds, leaving only the cessation of consensus reality and an emptiness of compassion.

Consider a keystone of power falling victim to the martyrdom of another's longing, and the cataclysmic response, fueled by unassuaged desires for retribution, someone close to divinity can elicit. Worse, due to the greater sensitivity to restraints and powerlessness of those with greater power, the already afflicted keystone will be forced to constantly confront their longing juxtaposed against their much clearer powerlessness to supplant the structure. The deepest waters in the depths of an ancient lake may never feel the ripples and shuddering of the water at the surface, but they in exchange hold the least perceivable power in changing the conditions which entrap them. Thus, the delusion grows in size and avidity as it attempts to once again redirect this desire for retribution

and change to a feasible target, hardening and entrenching itself further each time it is confronted. With none more powerful to break through the shell of delusion and the rest of the universe as a target, the suffering that comes after becomes incalculable.

These conclusions are evident in the histories of this neighborhood of realities that I now call home. Unsurprisingly, yet another one of the keystones within the metagame of power exhibits candidacy for delusion, namely the individual identified as [PRUSSIAN BLUE]. Unlike the case of [COBALT VIOLET], I sadly cannot say that I am - and likely will not be - on good terms with [PRUSSIAN BLUE]. If the road to hell is paved with good intentions as proverbs would suggest, then she would have crashed free-fall into the deepest fathoms of Dante's *Cocytus* a long time ago.

I do not know what caused that woman's home to cast itself to Oblivion. Perhaps it was a weary and desperate hatred for those who had given them disaster after disaster, or maybe it was the deluded promise that a power of their own making would render unto them salvation. Regardless of the reason, she emerged as the sole remains of a world's desperate martyrdom against their uncaring universe, a being born out of a spite-filled desire to overrun consensus reality with no concerns of the fallout. Unsurprisingly, the inheritor of that foul legacy would also inherit the delusions of its martyrs.

Before I had parted ways with Enkidu, they had warned me of [PRUSSIAN BLUE], who had asserted over them a nominal familial bond upon discovering that Enkidu had also been born out of cataclysm. Unfortunately for all involved, the arbitrary cell's trajectory had come to a vanishing point after their meeting with Enkidu, and thus had no interactions with [PRUSSIAN BLUE]. As Enkidu put it, she was *"...completely unable to consider other people's feelings or even acknowledge them."* I take no pleasure in pointing out the predicted loss of empathy and consideration being proven here.

If such a flaw were her only issue, she would at worst be a delusional sociopath with too much power. Unfortunately, she happens to act upon her delusions often and without any consideration. In her centuries long life, she has spent her time wandering across the Interstice, latching onto worlds that appear to require "saving", before unilaterally exercising her power to "save" the world in the way she believes is right, leaving only bitter hatred and death in her wake. I have witnessed worlds plagued by famine literally trampled underfoot by gigantic beasts created and directed by [PRUSSIAN BLUE] in an attempt to solve hunger. I have walked across desolate worlds scoured by her tides of delusion in some twisted form of mercy for the world's immortal denizens suffering under scarcity. I have slain horrific tyrants she has created out of some foolish belief that some random child on the street deserved to rule the world.

Enkidu recounts clearly their personal experiences with [PRUSSIAN BLUE]'s attempts to "save" a world:

“She answered the call of a civilization broadcasting a signal across the Interstice in search of a way to revive the withered spirit of a dying world, and invited me to witness her salvation. She arrived as fast as she could, and immediately began to weep and wail over the plight of the people there, promising to avert the disaster to come and swearing that this plight would never occur again.

She fused the minds of that withering husk of a spirit with the collective consciousnesses of every single living being in an attempt to elevate the thoughts of its people to the level of the spirit, believing that the people would then transcend death and live eternally with the spirit of their world. Instead, the sudden grasp of the very nature of an entire world and its inhabitants obliterated the minds of every living being on the planet at once and trapped them in their final moments of endless and incomprehensible suffering.”

Enkidu expressed great regret at lacking the drive they now had to prevent such disasters (Rest assured. I had severed this fusion soon after and granted at least closure to the denizens of the world), and requested that I permanently disarm [PRUSSIAN BLUE] of her abilities should I find her. Sadly, in my current condition, such an act would likely be impossible. Though I should take solace knowing that I cannot be the one to stop her, the thoughts of the victims of [PRUSSIAN BLUE]’s deluded salvation still lingers in my mind. I cannot even bear to imagine the horrors of those who survived her.

Yet still, I cannot proclaim myself to be better than her. Though the Djinni I have slain often induced great suffering in the people they manipulated, they were also worshiped rightfully as wish-granting miracle workers. Before the arbitrary cell’s revelation, I could not recall even a single terrified face of the powerless civilians I had massacred on my path toward the Djinn they worshiped, nor could I even attempt to quantify the countless [NAMES] I had devoured out of spite and vengeance toward those I had callously deemed unworthy of life. I have no doubt that my own foul legacy will kill countless more in its wake.

If there is such a thing as karmic justice across our shared reality, then why am I here now, nursed by a people who forgive me for my transgressions, unpunished by the world? It may be in many people’s nature to seek some form of retribution, some recompense for their suffering, but does that make it right? Is there any form of suffering great enough in the entirety of everything to inflict upon me as righteous punishment for my crimes?

A century ago, before I had become weak and withered, I had spent the time not spent seeking the arbitrary cell in restitution toward any who have been wronged, regardless of who had wronged them. During that time, I often asked myself if any good I will do from here on will possibly balance the evil I have propagated, and each time I arrive at the conclusion that nothing I do will ever equalize the lives that were lost. A life is something miraculous, something unquantifiable in value lost to this world. No ephemeral happiness or prosperity - no matter how great - could ever recoup the loss of a living soul.

I choose now to live while I can, and do what I am able to curb the future fallout of my own foul legacy. Beyond anything else, I hope that [PRUSSIAN BLUE] may one day come to reckon with the weight of her own sins and terminate her own cycle of pain. So long as either of us live, we hold the chance to cauterize the wounds we have inflicted in our own longing, and from that, perhaps the victims of our crimes may move forward in their lives and forget us, once again able to dream of a better world unshackled by the delusions of righteousness.

“Preventing further evil is the only justice in the world. Suffering inflicted upon an evildoer is still evil, and any who see it as justice is delusional.” - Chao Tianjiao, Student of the School of Sidhe.

Meditation Ten - A False Prophecy

Consider an individual driven by an insatiable longing, trapped within the delusion of their actions as just and driven by a utopian vision. Such is the individual of discussion for the third [DAY], characterized by the crystallization of such a delusion into an ill-conceived principle or destiny. After our discussion of the substitution of longing for a better world for the desire for perceived justice, we should naturally then discuss the consequences hereafter for the individual plagued by delusion and their immediate environment. How does an individual trapped within the well of a gravity they scorn and wrapped in the protective shell of a blurred righteousness move forward in life?

Though the deluded may not perceive it, the hurt they inflict is hurt nonetheless, and for one guided by aims of retribution, such suffering can come in great abundance. Power is a knife, after all. Just as how an artist concerned only with the trajectory of one stroke holds no regard for that stroke's action upon the rest of the canvas, to carve a path through life singularly and without regard for one's surroundings can only lead to a brazen trail of destruction. However, the individual is not the stroke of a painter, but the spirit of the painter, capable of perceiving - albeit through a distorted lens - the suffering they inflict. How is the deluded perspective to reconcile and adjust to this suffering?

Before all else, we must recognize that the patterns of behavior of one deluded and trapped by the gravity of power will at its most basic falls most readily toward the base state perpetuated by consensus reality. Perception informs behavior as much if not more than nature for agents with the ability to experience qualia, and thus even a deluded mind will respond to the actions of their consequences, albeit through a distorted lens and via long-learned behaviors reinforced by their delusions. Exactly how, however, will our individual of discussion perceive and respond to the consequences of their actions?

From the very beginning of the delusion, one's perception of the world becomes differentiated into justice and injustice. The nature of the intensity-matching mind demands that justice at least balances injustice, if not exceed it, and thus assumes the universality of that inequality. I believe some of my former enemies and present colleagues have come to term it the *Just World Hypothesis*. That is,

"Everyone gets what they deserve."

This supposition does not rest solely in the mind of those dangerous and deluded of course. Even individuals who have done immeasurably good and saved countless lives from unnecessary suffering have some form of principle such as this, that those in the world are entitled to some quality, whether intrinsically and extrinsically. The correctness of this supposition often depends upon the conditions of a world, and since

perception does not necessarily require reality to inculcate, the validity of the hypothesis is irrelevant here. What matters in this case (which primarily deals with external consequences toward other individuals), is what qualities the individual believes extrinsically deserves, if any. For a pattern of thought reoriented the central quality of one's victimhood, the quality in question becomes suffering, and why would it not? When the suffering one experiences becomes great enough that it consumes one's thoughts, how could it not become the central axis around which all other thoughts revolve? Often, the first and motivating thought of the delusion is the belief that one has done nothing wrong to deserve their suffering, driving the deluded individual to seek retribution for what they feel is an injustice.

Now that we have established the central axis by which those entrapped within delusions of personal righteousness may view the *Just World Hypothesis*, we can begin to apply such knowledge to their judgements. One comparison becomes dangerously simple to draw: The judgment of whether an individual deserves to suffer and the judgment of what that suffering may entail is almost precisely the act of judicial sentencing toward criminals, accused or convicted. However, in this case, there is no jury of one's peers, no judge to ascertain the impartiality and cordiality of proceedings, and evidence being considered. Instead, the deluded individual is the singular judge, jury, and executioner of those they perceive, and the circumstances that the individual perceives is the sole evidence.

However, for one with the power to truly cause havoc in the path of their deluded anger, the immediate executor of circumstances affecting those they judge tend to be the deluded individual themselves. For an individual whose axis of thought revolves around believed intrinsic goods like integrity, honesty, and charity, self-reflection remains possible, and the actions taken toward one that have been directly affected by themselves will generally act on their intrinsic beliefs. However, for someone directed solely by retribution, such a reflection becomes out of reach. After all, the central axis of thought is that they have done nothing to deserve retribution in the form of suffering, so any consideration of their own wrongdoings becomes a possibility that they themselves deserved their own suffering.

Some succumb to that possibility and fall to a depressive pattern of thought, believing themselves to be perpetually the perpetrator of their own suffering, but such individuals are rarely the ones who tear through those around them like a whale idly consuming the krill in their path. Thus, the alternative is the choice of the deluded: that the individual that they have hurt deserved it. Herein lies the danger of self-victimization as the sole axis of thought: By false conclusions, the self becomes incapable of wrong, and all the harm one directs toward one's surroundings becomes dissociated from the actions of the self and becomes the action of some karmic force.

In most cases, individuals are prone to the formation of coherent patterns and narratives. For one who consistently places the fault of suffering on the sufferer themselves, it becomes natural for such an individual to form a narratively coherent idea of fate or universal principle which readily explicates the suffering of those they harm. Beliefs in divine intervention, fated duties, and predestined plans places the responsibility of one's actions away from oneself, depositing it either onto some external force or toward the very victims themselves, all as a defense of the delusion against the confrontation of one's own wrongs and contradictions. It is no coincidence that such ideas are pervasive in almost every structure of power. After all, these patterns of behavior and thought were spawned from the metagame of power in the first place as per our meditations above.

As creatures of inference, such patterns of thought often become predictive in nature, informing future actions that now rest upon whatever invented principle the deluded individual has created. For those driven toward singular acts, often a way for such individuals to gain some resemblance of an action toward retribution, this often manifests as a personal obligation to fulfill some invented "greater good" more categorical than the *categorical imperative*. The belief in the fundamental nature of that contrived "greater good" and the need to fulfill its false prophecy fuels the machines of war, and allows individuals to commit boundless atrocities, as histories have shown countless times.

I shall now break from standard procedures and utilize personal experience with such delusions as an example case. I hope that the length of my experiences will allay any concerns of extenuating circumstances. A few hundred thousand years ebbing in and out of such a mental state has provided ample opportunity to now retrospectively eliminate any external factors that could have significantly differentiated my own experience from another's.

During the times where my hands saw little bloodshed, I viewed my actions as necessary and needed only because no one else had acted in the face of that necessity. In those ages, I had performed actions according to an invented ideal of righteousness which justified the actions I had undertaken and will undertake. When I collapsed entire societies and created scarcities and power vacuums that would bring ruin to entire nations, it had been done in the belief that these nations had harbored dangerous Djinni and had become complicit and thus guilty of the crimes of all Djinni. I may have shown some kindness to those I found completely irrelevant to my actions and even temporarily assisted those I felt were advancing my cause, but every individual still existed only in relation to the cause I had envisioned. I did not help the poor and downtrodden because I believed they deserved happiness, but rather because they were

judged as victims of those I had deemed my enemies. When their relevance to my cause had ended, so did any considerations of them in my mind. At best, what I left behind was a scarred world with an uncertain future, far worse than if I had done nothing at all.

At my worst, I had viewed any and all lives tied to the existence of a Djinn as complicit and guilty. My actions went from utilitarian to shortsighted bloodlust, as I ignored all considerations of human life and razed everything to the ground in my warpath. Those who wept for their lost loved ones and gave their lives to stop me were considered ungrateful accomplices not even worthy of death and tossed aside without a second thought. Worse, those I had deemed directly responsible had their soul, their very [NAMES] subsumed as a penalty for their crimes, and made to empower the individual who would destroy everything they had held dear. No force of justice rose in equal proportion to my evil to counter me. If anything, the metagame of power only rewarded my mercilessness with more power, power that I now hope to return to the world I had stolen from.

My experiences and my present retrospection inherently refute the very justice I had thought I was propagating. Having abandoned my false prophecy and stepped out from the cracked egg of my delusion, life regained its vibrancy and beauty, and the void of powerlessness once again receded to its rightful place in the background of life. In these moments, I see no divinity, no righteousness in any “greater good”. After all, the greatest good is within us all, frail yet resilient until the end. So long as one holds true that universal and invaluable good that is life, even one who strays as far as I have can eventually learn to shatter the thickest delusions.

It is from this belief that I now wish the best for the third keystone participant of our discussion, the individual with the categorization of [PHTHALO BLUE] and a living *Paradox*. To those without knowledge of this specific use of the term *Paradox*, my colleagues and I use it as a designation for forms of life that emerge from another circumstance’s protective actions to defend itself from an external disruption. In most cases, the circumstance tends to be a specific way of life or a civilization, and the disruption is a calamity of some sort, often brought about by the civilization itself. These individuals act as an Ontological buffer against calamity, acting as a barrier of causality that often comes at an unforeseen cost, such as the cessation of time for those affected or the breakdown of local causality near the borders of the *Paradox*’s influence.

[PHTHALO BLUE] belongs to this category of individuals, serving as a bulwark against the destruction of the people that conscripted her into such a duty. She acts as a leader of sorts among a group of other *Paradoxes* that follow her for reasons both coercive and defensive. The first time our paths had crossed, we were both pursuing the path of the arbitrary cell, though she intended to terminate them as a perceived threat to her

“family’s” safety. From what I’ve observed, those that followed her perceived her solely through a parental perspective. One of the many *Paradoxes* whom I had talked to spoke of her like a strict mother or a cold and distant guardian, acting on what was supposedly their best interest while never seeming to consider or act in consideration of her people’s dignity and perspective.

Enkidu had concurred with such an opinion, recalling multiple incidents wherein entire nations were condemned to an endless temporal loop for the crime of a singular individual and she had acted as the sole arbiter of her twisted sense of justice. While she appears to hold some reservation toward immediate and passion-driven decisions unlike her self-proclaimed sister [PRUSSIAN BLUE], she still, as Enkidu said, “...possessed a potential to be incredibly and mercilessly cruel”. [PHTHALO BLUE] herself echoed this sentiment, believing herself to be a leader making harsh choices for her charges, better left ignorant of the harsh reality of power. She appeared like a phantom of my former self, servant to a false ideal and blinded to the individuality of those she claimed to be family.

After the predicament that marooned me to the world I now reside (during which I had handily made an enemy of five keystones of power), I met her once more. She, considering herself at least an elder sibling to Enkidu, had come in search of me, not for violence, but for answers regarding Enkidu’s disappearance. I told her frankly Enkidu’s feelings and the message they had left personally for her. Perhaps it was the fact that Enkidu had lived their last days in jubilation and free from burden that had provided for a contradiction her delusion had been unable to reconcile, but nevertheless she wept. This woman, born from and trapped within contradictions and without love for those that she called family, wept uncharacteristically and cathartically.

I saw in those wetted eyes envy, confusion, and most importantly, an unbounded wrath that could find no target. It seems that she, like me, had at that moment been confronted with an uncomfortably naked Oblivion - one devoid of the suffering that often accompanies and thus unable to reconcile with her own beliefs of the just world. Her wrath-tinged grief had overwhelmed her to such an extent that she had become despondent, faced with the unassailable conclusion that her false prophecy had failed her. I, seeing her struggling to recover the broken pieces of her delusion, allowed her to stay and see the world Enkidu had chosen to live their last days. Though she eventually recovered from this despondency and used her duties to her family as a distraction from the thought, she deviated from her baseline patterns of thoughts and made the willing decision to allow me to live as I pleased rather than exacting her judgement upon me.

I doubt that Enkidu’s story itself can fully destroy the built-up ideals and delusions she has harbored for millennia. However, just as how a single burning longing can burn the

metagame of power into Oblivion, a single crack in the shell of that delusion - a single irreconcilable contradiction - may be all it needs for those long-held beliefs to crumble. When that day comes, I hope that the revelation will come alongside the freedom and happiness of those under her yoke now, and that she will not be left alone to face the truth of her actions. If I can carry on at least long enough to see that day, then I shall do all that I can to move heaven and earth, so I may be there by her side to bear with her the burden of her sins.

I wonder if the dear Readers among you who have suffered as a consequence of her twisted ideals could do the same. Even if you cannot bring yourselves to forgive her, I plead with you to remember that to judge the deservedness of another's suffering can only poison your own patterns of behavior. If by some miracle her penance can come without emptying her vessel of her soul and the suffering she inflicts can stop without the cessation of her life, then what reason is there beyond our own delusions of justice to bring an end to the priceless thing that is a life?

“Humans revel in the suffering of someone wracked with guilt and yet condemn the merciless oppression of the weak. It’s understandable, revenge is the easiest path to catharsis, but it’s awful all the same.” - Aiden Raie, founding member of the School of Phoenicia, confidant of Enkidu.

Meditation Eleven - A Sheltered Eternity

Around the same time as Enkidu's discovery and enamourment with the world I now also inhabit, I had travelled across its vast stretches in an attempt to survey the damages of the keystones' previous attempt to attain divinity. I shall go into further detail in the following meditations regarding that attempt, but the topic of discussion shall focus on what I discovered at the galaxy normally categorized as Andromeda in this neighborhood of realities. When observing and telescoping toward that region, I had felt myself nearly overwhelmed by the desperate and choking cries of countless souls consumed in a [GREEN] flash. Seized by the *categorical imperative*, I crossed the bounds of space as fast as I physically could, only to arrive at that cacophonous wall of agony, that tidal wave of suffering drowning in suffering, tore apart each and every soul that resided in those trillions of worlds. The mere act of witnessing and comprehending what had happened was like watching from the perspectives of every living being their loved ones being murdered in the most horrific way imaginable. The actual act itself is beyond mortal comparison, and I dare not invoke the Name Magic suitable to describe it. Surrounded by that halo of pure suffering was a singular and vacuous green light.

The former keystone categorized as [VIRIDIAN GREEN] was wholly hollow of meaning and a villain in all the ways imaginable. It is rare, even for someone like me who has lived through entire eons, to meet someone utterly reprehensible yet so completely devoid of all meaning. Even as I had found the thought of murder for any reason turning my stomach sick and my mind wandering ever further toward new methods for de-escalation of conflict, the moment I had seen what that irredeemable monster had done - would continue to do - I knew that there would be no other way to stop the suffering he would inflict. Though I regret lacking the strength and experience to stop [VIRIDIAN GREEN] without destroying him, and thus giving up the opportunity to possibly one day make him realize the full extent of the monster he was, I did not hesitate in killing him on the spot, and when his soul had attempted to return to the desolate abyss of eternity, I devoured a [NAME] for the last time.

What was left of that monster's work was an unrecognizable [STAR EATER]. It was a viral and mutant Ontological mesh of things that could only generously be considered alive, comprised of a cognition so corrupt that it infests every qualia that perceives it. If not for my experience with Name Magic, I would have succumbed to that infestation within an instant. Luckily for dear Readers who chose to read this text with the dangers of such cognitive hazards, I have bound it within a convenient Djinn phrase that shall allow for safe discussion of [STAR EATERS] without infestation. I, already having waned greatly in power, could do nothing other than to protect myself and flee, unable to safely communicate its existence or warn the people of this world of its danger. It

would take my resident world's brightest minds and an ingenious use of Ontokinetics to temporarily repel the [STAR EATERS] when they came for the star system that I resided years later, and another year of poring over the Djinn lexicon to find a method to safely communicate its existence, even if only in this text. I wish that I could do more, but as my power has almost fully faded and my body fails me, I can do no more other than admire the resilience and ingenuity of the people that reside here.

The justice-seeking patterns of thought that still lingered in my mind could not possibly contend with the depravity of this individual. Having consumed his [NAME], I was able to completely grasp both the full backlog of his atrocities and immediately ascertain the singular reason for all of them. It was fucking boredom.

Excuse my language.

It was *fucking boredom*.

Eons and eons of wrongdoing and growing hatred had piled around this individual like the heaving sigh of a dying star, and at some point even he cannot remember, all of those emotions, all the hatred, spite, and delusions ejected themselves from his soul in a supernova of malice, the rest collapsing inward into a hollow singularity. Acts of sadism became meaningless as acts of kindness, and the world in its entirety lost its meaning. For countless millennia, this piece of shit had been acting out of nothing but *boredom*, a vacuous desire to simply see what would happen and how far all things held sacred by even the most cruel and heartless could be twisted.

I apologize sincerely for being unable to control my emotions regarding [VIRIDIAN GREEN]. I have not felt anger so strong that it burns like a scar in the entirety of my life. It's a feeling I wouldn't wish upon my worst enemies. Even [VIRIDIAN GREEN] himself.

Worse than everything else that had brought me genuine ire was the fact that, in those fleeting moments before he had been wiped from the world like the stain he was, his soul had become tinged with a single emotion: Envy. Envy for the suffering I and his victims felt; envy for the anger I felt when I slayed him. In a life that offered him millions of consequence-free entries to redemption, he chose to refuse every single one. Vanishing shreds of what remained of the shell he had likely worn for millennia - a shell constructed from unearned envy and spiteful hatred - can be detected within his abyssal memory, and such a thought turned my mind away from anger at his actions. The realization was almost paralyzing, that the shell of delusion could merely be a cocoon. One trapped within that state could one day shed all pretensions of righteousness and even spite, and become a being so empty of meaning that the entirety of our shared

reality became nothing but a numbing grayness, so utterly meaningless that one would do anything to feel something, anything at all.

Fortunately, this line of thought still offered some form of merit as I pondered the conditions that created [VIRIDIAN GREEN]. After all, Totality includes all things, even something that could give meaning to that hollow void's life, and for someone of his power, it should have been his first imperative to seek it with at least some level of zeal as I have observed in hundreds of other beings, immortals and divinity, driven mad by emptiness. Yet, Enkidu's accounts of his behavior shows that he had done nothing but explore the ways to offend and hurt as many people as possible. If he had truly simply been driven mad by numbness, surely, the only thing left would be the singular desire for anything to give him feeling. However, such a pattern of thought seemed completely impossible for someone like him. The conclusion then, was that he was the extreme case of some cascading, tumbling fall toward the closest thing to an experience that was death but not death itself, and that such a cascade could be the next [DAY].

It is with this that I now steer from my anger and return to the meditation. A reconsideration of this problem in terms of Ontological Algebra may help us better understand the progression of this cascade. Consider the subtractive nature of restricted ideatic spaces (or, for those ill-versed in such ideas, the problem of restricting search space in algorithms) and apply this to the problem of delusion guided by some twisted ideal. It should be of no surprise that one entrapped by such restrictive patterns of thought would possess an anemic thought space as a result of the insular nature of their beliefs. Each time the delusion meets a contradiction to its guiding ideal, the thought space shrinks more, and the considerations of options become more and more restricted, so it is not impossible to make the argument *ad absurdum* that someone who has encountered countless contradictions and rejected all of them could close off all of their thought space. Such an individual would likely than not even be able to pursue the escape from such a numbness, and become only differentiable from a machine of suffering by the fact that they possess a soul.

However, let us return to the land of the plausible. Even in extreme cases, such restrictions and sheltering of thought do not proceed to such extremes, especially for those in power who usually wield sufficient strength as to eliminate the perception of contradictions in their ideals entirely. Of course, their thought spaces have starved into anemia and their patterns of behavior have almost become robotic in some aspects, leading many of the immortal beings who have progressed to this stage to suffer a sheltered eternity, blinded to their original dreams and inventing a false ideal of their own.

Upon reaching these conclusions, my anger toward the suffering inflicted by [VIRIDIAN GREEN] only increased. His situation was not impossible, of course, but why did it have to happen then? WHY couldn't he have been stopped before? If anything in this world has shown me that we as denizens of our shared reality cannot keep living like this, it would be the suffering I witnessed on that day and the emptiness I saw in the [NAME] that was [VIRIDIAN GREEN].

A [NAME] is power. It is the affectations of all kinds that belong to the soul with that [NAME]. When I consumed the name of [VIRIDIAN GREEN], I took on his station as well, and came to the knowledge that the keystones of this local neighborhood each hold the supreme crystallization and ultimate control of that Color. Unfortunately, the station of that power comes with what amounts to a collar of restraint and a tracker, something I scored even more so than the power it temptingly offered. However, I am grateful for coming into experience with it, because the knowledge gained from my time studying it has allowed me to ascertain Enkidu's sudden change of heart after their meeting with the arbitrary cell. Such was the reason behind my current failing state. Stealing the powers of the other keystones made me their natural enemy, and I could not fight five other demigods. However, they are not within my interest anymore.

The central mechanism by which this local neighborhood remains solvency is a divine body known in the Djinn lexicon as [VERVER], a representative body vested by the collective divinity of this neighborhood of realities which administers the retention of consensus reality. [VERVER] itself is currently a mere executor of the actual divinity's collective wills, but as an emergent body, it exhibits characteristics of what could very well constitute a soul. Such a soul is, much like [VIRIDIAN GREEN], vacuous and hollow, but unlike [VIRIDIAN GREEN], that emptiness is not barren but fallow. It can learn, and it can grow. Though it now only processes information without understanding, the processing of Color is something Ontologically simple enough for such a hollow soul to understand and synthesize.

An individual restricted by their own sheltered eternities could never fully consider all the paths toward the dream of a better world, but [VERVER]'s potential thoughtspace is limitless and unfettered by delusions of righteousness. For the first time in my life, I can see the dream of that promised better world clear like the stars in the night sky.

Perhaps the ruination of Order need not come at the cost of those who live within it after all.

"Our conception of divinity is colored by our own perceptions. Unconditional benevolence shall come from our own making." - Viktor Gilnzny Präteritum, visionary architect.

Meditation Twelve - A Despondent Inertia

These previous meditations have contended primarily with the development of the mindset of a cruel tyrant or a merciless revolutionary, that is, an individual with an invented ideal created to justify their deluded acts of retribution, trapped in a borderline-inescapable loop of thought patterns that occlude any hope of a different future. Thus does the one who longed for a better world become entrapped within the metagame of power, acting as nothing more than a new addition to the network of living machines, acting without thought and feeling without consideration. However, this degeneracy has shown itself to be rather common in many histories and in many cases have failed to produce the destruction of Order.

This is not so surprising, as the twisted ideals that drive tyrants and revolutionaries alike tend to be deluded from the unobscured vision of a better world, and while either type of individual may indeed inadvertently align their personal interests with such a better world, it is rather rare for such individuals to instigate a collapse of the metagame. In most cases, this is caused by the naturally imposed upper limit to power for these individuals. When individuals beholden to false prophecies fail to fulfill them, the delusion simply produces a new one that adjusts to these limitations in such a way as to maintain the righteousness of the individual's actions. As we've discussed, such confrontations with contradiction can even strengthen the delusion and reduce the thought space of the affected individual. Therefore, in order for us to continue to progress to the fifty [DAY], we must consider the special cases that do not end in steady states.

Considering that the limitations of power most often control the size and structure of the metagame of power, we should find it fruitful to consider our special cases by simply removing situations in which individuals may encounter hard limits that could trap them in a parabolic trajectory, rather than a hyperbolic one. Such cases are already rare, as the hierarchy of power under the [BLACK MOON] consist solely of limits to power (which, of course, explains why Order exists so ubiquitously). If the limits of power lead to contradictions that reshape false prophecies into those that accommodate the current metagame, then the ideals which guide our individuals of discussion must be something then that directly spurns the current metagame, regardless of contradiction or even in spite of them.

Let us consider which ideals could work for our hyperbolic trajectory. Ideals that center around any form of karma or zero-sum justice appear to fail our requirements, as they tend to base themselves upon some form of retribution toward an existent entity within the metagame of power, with the inability to do so often being the catalyst for readjustment. However, the considerations of such ideals yields the useful observation

that any ideal similarly directed toward some agent or entity within the metagame will not do either. By process of elimination, we may eliminate then any ideal based around a theoretically reachable goal, and we may then conclude consequently that ideals unachievable within the current metagame of power are those that could result in the hyperbolic trajectories of ruin.

Unachievable ideals are by no means uncommon. The *sehnsucht* of the first [DAY] is an unachievable ideal, and so are many other ideals twisted from delusion, such as “the greater good”, or “God’s plan”. Histories across our shared reality have recollected countless stories of such individuals acting in accordance to their false prophecies, committing atrocities with a callous disregard for life. However, among those who claim to follow such ideals, only few truly follow it, as many others - tyrants, demagogues, monarchs - claim to pursue such perfect goals while serving their own goals. Indeed, when looking at the category of those who truly follow their unachievable ideals, we find only martyrs, at best disrupting the metagame of power before being suppressed, and at worst killed before they can even begin to enact their vision. Even those at the peak of power purge their peers of true ideologues, as they have no interest in the maintenance of the metagame.

However, the inability of a singular individual to affect the metagame to a permanent extent does not translate to the multiple. While most histories show that movements begun by pure ideologues often become adopted by demagogues as a tool of control, it is not outside the realm of possibility for a mass movement of pure ideologues to act in a disruptive manner. Consider the times where mortals have assassinated world leaders, leaving the entire structure of power destabilized. How much damage could multiple ideologues do if they acted nearly simultaneously and spontaneously, even if uncoordinated? Adding power to these ideologues makes the number required for destabilization even lower. As a single powerful ideologue, the multiplicity of those at the peak of power allows for control of singular influence, but multiple powerful ideologues may create power vacuums faster than the regulatory behavior of the metagame of power.

As we have done before, let us now consider the behavioral patterns of such an ideologue. Since we are discussing massive destabilizations and power vacuums, loss of life and suffering are guaranteed due to the gravity of the metagame exerting pressure in the form of negative consequences to those who stray. As such, ideologues who truly pursue the ruination of Order must contend with the suffering they inflict - suffering that often borders on atrocity, if not worse. Normally, encounters of suffering and resistance result in readjustments in action, even for those deep within their own delusions (though that does not necessarily mean these individuals are necessarily acting in consideration of those who suffer). However, the reduction in the freedom of

thought space that results from the establishment of such strong ideals greatly limits the freedom of thought, resulting in the inability to consider any other approach.

This perceived lack of another choice combined with the obligatory nature of unachievable ideals like the “greater good” result empirically in the manifestation of reluctant necessities, that is, actions undertaken “for the greater good”. In fact, instead of the parabolic trajectory of many theoretically achievable ideals, the confrontations with contradiction and suffering instead bolster the resolve of the ideologue. Each confrontation with suffering makes the possibility of the unachievable ideal being wrong more unacceptable, and thus makes greater quantities of suffering acceptable each time. This despondent inertia causes instances of inflicting suffering in service of this ideal to act as another push, accelerating and extremes to which the ideologue is willing to go to achieve their unachievable goal.

History demonstrates this in spades, with stories both real and fable conflating singlehanded, ideological heroism with concepts of sacrifice, whether such sacrifices be of a personal form or otherwise. Such a concept of sacrifice ties back also to our discussions of the *Just World Hypothesis*. After all, each bout of suffering inflicted upon the world must have some good greater or equal to it in order for the world to remain balanced in justice and injustice. As the “greater good” is placed above all others, any and all evils become justifiable as necessary and insignificant in an ideologue’s personal balance of justice and injustice. Moreover, personal sacrifices and suffering endured by the ideologue drives this view even further, elevating the “goodness” of the ideal further and further.

The keystone known as [CADMIUM YELLOW] exemplifies the hyperbolic trajectory of this despondent inertia aptly. The architect of a plan to disrupt the metagame of power and grant the seven keystones of this local neighborhood omnipotence, I immediately took interest in him after parting ways with Enkidu, who identified him as a firm believer in the power of science and its ability to ameliorate the world. As the logistic and developmental head of his peers, [CADMIUM YELLOW] had established multiple systems of utilitarian value throughout the neighborhood of realities, some of which could exhibit beneficial results to some denizens of the worlds these systems affected. Though these systems often unethically served [CADMIUM YELLOW]’s own research, their nominal use beyond such research puts him as the purest ideologue among the seven other keystones.

[CADMIUM YELLOW] targeted the world in which I now reside after identifying it as existing as a *Vertex World*, that is, a reality situated at a limiting adjacency to one of the *primordial void* walls, specifically the *Acheron*. Having discovered the transgressive nature of such realities, he had planned to use the reality as a launching point toward

the Gods of this local neighborhood in a bid to obtain omnipotence. The plan itself failed to work, but its enactment spelled near-certain doom for every reality in the neighborhood. With convincing from Enkidu and personal ties to their realities holding them back, six of the seven chose to abandon the plan, instead preserving the neighborhood of realities. According to Enkidu, the only one who truly wished to doom all others was [CADMIUM YELLOW].

The confrontations with the possibility of literally universal murder appears to have launched the extremity of what the man deemed acceptable like a gun launches a bullet. Within years, [CADMIUM YELLOW]'s desperation to replicate the opportunity provided by his failed plan led him to repurpose the systems he had maintained for countless ages in order to find a new approach to divinity. Each failed experiment led to more horrific actions; missing children became stolen worlds, and vivisections became literal ritualistic torture. This sudden radicalization had become so troublesome that by the time of the remaining keystones' assault on me for my theft of their keys to power, [CADMIUM YELLOW] had become a pariah even among his atrocity-committing peers. Those that once worshipped his perceived benevolence repainted him as a traitor and a devil, and those that once conspired with him to steal the power of Gods now saw him as an insane upstart.

I, no longer able to travel realities in my current state, often imagine myself meeting the man and asking him exactly what he would have done if he had succeeded in obtaining omnipotence. I wondered how he would have reacted when I revealed to him the limitations of even unlimited power. Would he have believed me? Would he, upon learning that the end that justified his means was out of his grasp once more, set his sights upon even the [BLACK MOON] itself? When I consider such scenarios, I can only imagine the suffering in his heart as Order denies him the ideal he so desperately held, and though the suffering he has inflicted is vast, my heart still breaks for the day that such inevitability steals upon him.

I wonder, if given the knowledge I now possess regarding [VERVER]'s capabilities, would he rediscover his vision of a better world, like I did?

"You've changed, Varix. The resolve in your eyes has never been weaker, and yet you've never seemed more motivated than you are now. What kind of paradise do those eyes see, I wonder?"
- Logarithmus, self-proclaimed knight of [VERVER].

Meditation Thirteen - An Illusion of Fate

What results from an ideologue driven to greater and greater extremes due to their despondent inertia? In order to answer this question and proceed to the sixth [DAY], we must consider the limiting behavior of such extremes. Considering that each further extreme inflicts further suffering upon the world and sweeps Oblivion further across the canvas of Totality, we can only conclude that the limit as this suffering approaches infinity can only be the total obliteration of the world in its current form. This scale of destruction does not simply imply death on a multiversal level or a complete rewriting of reality, but a fundamental erasure of every facet of reality which would result in the natural state of being within our shared reality.

Is this a natural outcome of a collection of living beings? Let us consider such a question in the frame of an extreme ideologue's truest end: the achievement of their unachievable ideal. The metagame of power which dominates almost every world in our shared reality sets strict limits on the power and influence of an individual agent and even a collection of agents, and this limit becomes the most perceivably restrictive to those at the highest peaks of power, who may possess the vision to imagine a world beyond the one maintained by the gravity of the metagame, but possess insufficient power to enact their vision. Due to the nature of the metagame of power as a definition for the consensus and tendencies of power, individual actions to shift the metagame often cause a bounce-back reaction from the whole structure. Just as how a single vibration on a string seldom destroys an entire instrument or how a single ripple on a lake does not reshape neither its borders nor depths.

It becomes natural, then, that an ideologue who longs for their unachievable ideal more than the current state of the world and who comes to understand that acting within the metagame will not allow them to override it would come to the conclusion that a total obliteration of the emergent power structures that binds them is necessary. Acting within the power structures to which they are bound proves to be ineffective, and if such a compromise does not allow the ideologue to achieve their goals, then no compromise can be made. The spectrum of options for such an ideologue is no spectrum at all, but a binary - the choice between a definite world where their ideals are unachievable and the possibility of a world where it is.

This all-or-nothing framing is precisely why the pure ideologue exists as the main executor of ruination. Since every individual within the metagame of power holds some nonzero responsibility for its existence and solvency, regardless of willingness, every individual becomes irreparably complicit within that metagame, and since removal of only a few agents within such a self-restoring power structure cannot topple it, the only guaranteed way to remove such a power structure's restraints is to completely erase it.

The false prophecy's final shape is the total destruction of all other ideals other than itself.

For an ideologue pushed to the limits of extremity toward such an ideal, the necessity and importance of achieving such an ideal becomes obviously more important than any appreciable good, qualifiable or not, within the current world. The combination of this necessity and the elevated nature of the ideal then, must create some illusion of fate, some mirage that what is being done must be done. From this point onward, the resolve of the ideologue becomes borderline unbreakable, and the only thing capable of shattering the delusion that created this very illusion is a miracle of the truest sense. I should know; after all, I was awoken from my own delusions by one such miracle.

Indeed, dear Readers, my own illusion of fate was shattered upon that meeting with the arbitrary cell, that melancholic soul, seemingly guided by a fate that I had just realized was false. I do not know if the trajectory that guides my reluctant savior is one of their own design, or a set path truly etched into some greater causality of "fate", but Enkidu's actions, my own actions - they reassure me that the arbitrary cell at the very least still holds strong against such illusions of fate.

Unfortunately, I cannot say the same for the individuals who saw it fit to continue my foul legacy. Long before I had awakened from my delusions, the keystone known as [WINSOR ORANGE] became entangled within the consequences of my own actions. Perhaps seeing my lashing out at the world and the Djinni as proof that his own delusions were justified, he took up arms, led many with his resolve and charisma, and campaigned his own war against them under the belief that the Djinni were the sole cause of mortal suffering.

I heard of him and his followers' actions only years before I had arrived at my current circumstances. As I roamed a world desolated by [WINSOR ORANGE]'s supposed "godslayers" in search of the man himself, an adherent of their ideals approached me to preach of their final triumph against the "tyranny of the dragons". I had not comprehended the true implications of such a triumph until I followed the adherent's words and arrived at the site of this final triumph and came face to face with the illusory corpse of a Djinn, the final Djinn, or so it said:

"And now the puppet awakens, and reviles in the cognizance of the intertwined webs dangling from her limbs. Do not worry, child, for mortal Time refashions every fractured tragedy into one unified comedy."

The dying laughter of their kind became finally obvious. The Djinn guffawed like the sigh of a failing glacier.

“And now that you have regained your lost heart, know that the only way to save [HIS] is to finish what you started.”

For the first time in thousands of years, I was able to release a cathartic chuckle of my own. I had been the recipient of a cruel joke, a terrible prank millennia in the making, but the punch line was incredible. Indeed, what else could rouse [WINSOR ORANGE] from his own twisted ideals more effectively than to rob its realization from him forevermore and demonstrate the hollowness of it all?

The act of slaying the supposed last Djinn was purely ceremonial. The Djinn are creatures accustomed to Oblivion and adept at the art of painting with its subtler and darker strokes, and their existences do not truly cease as mortal lives do. However, with this ceremonial vanishing act, the traces of the Djinni - their actions, their legacy, everything they did - coiled itself around emptiness itself and disappeared from the world. [WINSOR ORANGE] would not progress further in his extremism, and the anticlimactic end to his hunt threw him and his followers into despondency as they became confronted with their own actions. My name resurfaced momentarily as a result, as those who knew me titled me Djinnslayer.

[WINSOR ORANGE] himself held an obvious and direct resentment for that act, and indeed, when he and the other five keystones came to confront my theft of their keys to power, he would be the one to lash out in anger as they deliberated my sentence and cast me into the Interstice, both securing my escape and marooning me to the world I now inhabit.

The day I met Maurice, he found me sitting under a dead tree in the rain, bleeding profusely from the stomach and laughing uncontrollably. I often ask him what he had thought when he first saw me, and each time he would affirm that he thought I had simply stabbed myself by accident in some drug-induced laughing fit. He utilized that recounting many times as icebreakers when introducing me to his other friends to great effect. I suppose I should thank [WINSOR ORANGE] for his actions if I ever find the opportunity. After all, I did steal the title of Djinnslayer from him, even if for a good reason.

I truly owe a great deal to the circumstances surrounding my currently imposed exile. Here, I met countless brilliant minds and wonderful souls, among whom was the gentle soul who is Maurice. Here, facing the great and empty walls of the *Acheron*, I uncovered the Djinni, awaiting my arrival in its depths. Once, their destruction served as my sole purpose, and now their knowledge would help me fulfill the promise I made to Enkidu to preserve their memory.

I said once before that Oblivion is an Artist who acts with poignancy when needed and subtlety when unneeded, and such is true also for the art of utilizing its brush - the knife that is Power. Those cut by those harsh strokes know only the knife as a weapon, and thus, when they take up the knife in their own hands, know only to wield it as a weapon. However, I know it now as the instrument of [ART] that it is.

The aspirants who wield the knife of Power direct it forward as an instrument to carve the fate of their illusions, but that very knife possesses a gentle false edge. Looking away from the perspective of Oblivion's cutting edge, we see the countless vivid and unique facets it leaves behind - we leave behind. Upon learning how to traverse that emptiness, that cessation, one discovers that the knife of Power does not destroy, but merely separates, and one comes to understand that the fate that they perceive is but a single facet upon a limitless and kaleidoscopic diamond. I intend now to etch this understanding into this world I now inhabit, so that the denizens of this world - and hopefully the intelligence that emerges from [VERVER]'s awakening - may uncover once more the indelible memories of this world of two Artists.

"The blade marks where I end and you begin." - Arpad "Zatos" Varga, the Sword Saint.

Meditation Fourteen - A Throne of Calamity

The six previous [DAYS] are categorized by merciless longing, vengeful delusion, twisted idealism, idle narrow-mindedness, escalating obstinacy, and uncompromising unilaterality. In the case of our seventh [DAY], the marker of its passage shall be competitive eschatology. At this point, all considerations of the *categorical imperative* come to an end, and the inertia which directs the ideologue has become an unstoppable engine of destruction. In that sense, the seventh [DAY] is the terminal stage of the developments of the previous [DAYS], where one can genuinely consider an individual at such a stage “too far gone” to feasibly save. The individual has become entirely an agent of the eschaton, that is, the end of days, rather than an agent within a stable metagame, and the individual’s trajectory has become hyperbolic rather than parabolic as is the case with stable power structures.

Synthesizing from previous meditations, we conclude that spontaneous and simultaneous occurrences of such eschatological agents appear to be the most likely candidate for the ruin to come to Order, with the number of eschatological agents required decreasing as their individual power increases. Of course, as the individual delusions that guide these eschatological agents vary based on the specific contexts which induced such a delusion (as discussed, this tends to arrive from a martyrdom or other form of power vacuum), their own ideals can wildly differ, though their end goal remains to dissolve the metagame of power. However, while the immediate goal remains identical, the ideological and uncompromising nature of these individuals obviously prevents true mutual cooperation, as each eschatological agent’s goals are completely distinct from each other.

As this clash of ideals prevents mutual cooperation in the achievement of a common goal, the nature of the eschaton becomes inherently competitive rather than cooperative in nature. Unlike the networks of conditional assistance and mutual cooperation that form the network of the [BLACK MOON], the seventh [DAY] possesses no semblance of such structures, and instead exhibits patterns more akin to deterministic chaos, where initial conditions determine the extremely nonlinear outcomes that balloon out over time. In such competitive eschatologies, the only true factor that determines the outcome of two competing agents is simply their relative power. The weak perishes and the strong survives in that merciless chaos.

However, this is not to say that there is any guarantee of another steady-state solution. After all, the nature of *Turing-complete* systems is that many systems are not fully predictable. Eschatology is a study of extreme rarity within Ontology, and those who claim the most expertise still cannot even approximately predict the outcomes of minor local eschaton. However, Eschatological Ontologists have at least been able to identify

multiple dead worlds completely devoid of all life and structure as a result of a competitive eschatology.

This is also not to say that the outcome is guaranteed to be cosmic doom. In an elimination-based competition like the one we have described, certain conditions do allow for steady-state solutions that result in a defined number of “winning” eschaton, and some Eschatological Ontologists even believe such a competitive eschatology resulted in the current Order under the [BLACK MOON]. Such a claim has nearly no true basis nor corroborating evidence, so I shall leave future Ontologists to address that bold claim.

In the first scenario, all is lost, and the world of the present becomes naught but a memory. In the second scenario, perhaps one of the countless eschatological agents will bring forth the better world that many dream of, but considering that the ideals that compete have no actual bearing on the outcome, that bet is one that in no theory of utility can be worth taking. The final “winner” of this competitive eschatology at best will sit upon a throne of calamity, built upon the corpses of all things held dear. Of course, the undesirability of this outcome is obvious. The current metagame of power is one that acts as the consensus of our shared reality, and to destroy consensus reality is in effect to destroy reality itself for us creatures of qualia. Even in its death throes, the metagame punishes its killers for their betrayal.

Is there no hope for a better world, then? Are we to be trapped between a world whose structure gives no consideration to the miracle that is the living experience and chaos with no guarantee of something better on the other side?

Certainly, under the assumption that no being can be born of innocent ignorance and perfect obligation and also hold power. Many believe such a thing, as the only wielders of the knife of Power who are known across our shared reality rely only on its ability to cut away and wound. However, to separate and distinguish is not necessarily contradictory to the *categorical imperative*. One whose perspective exists across all facets of our shared reality and holds in their heart the understanding of the miracle that is the soul does not long without profound longing for every soul. Such a perspective sees through the delusion of karma through its all-feeling lens, and understands that the only injustice in the world is the foul legacy of suffering. The kaleidoscopic pleroma of hopes and dreams, unbound to false prophecies and reaching beyond the infinity of our sheltered eternity, shall overcome that despondent inertia to continue on like a machine and shatter our illusions of fate. This preterliminal innocence and the dream it has yet to dream shall blaze the path toward that better world, like guidance of the night stars and the blowing of a gentle breeze.

In our final exchanges before their parting, Enkidu and I shared our thoughts regarding [VERVER]'s role as a possible candidate for that very preterliminal innocence. They revealed to me that they had met the arbitrary cell once more, and had managed to destroy their own key to power and grant its supreme crystallization of Color to [VERVER], granting the propriety of the Color [VIOLET] and the concepts that it held. While we both lamented our inability to further pursue the arbitrary cell, we came to the agreement that someone must complete the task and teach [VERVER] the six other Colors. Enkidu, unable to do much more, gave me this sole warning regarding [ALIZARIN CRIMSON] to pass onto you, dear Reader:

“Among all of them, Red is by far the most dangerous. I doubt either of us could save her from what she’s become, what she’s done. I truly believe that the other four can change for the better, but if it comes down to it, someone might have to kill her to finish all of this.”

I certainly hope it does not come to that, though Enkidu’s complete coldness toward [ALIZARIN CRIMSON] speaks volumes about the kind of individual she is. I apologize for being unable to investigate her before my current circumstances. I wish I could have done more. Alas, two people can do only so much within the confines of this metagame of power, and Enkidu has done all that they are able, and that is more than enough.

As for me, I hold no pretensions about my conditions. This body that has kept me alive for millennia is failing, and burdens of [WINSOR ORANGE]’s wound continues to take its toll. Therefore, I’ve elected to release each and every [NAME] I have ever devoured to the garden of unspoken words in which I aim to preserve Enkidu’s memory. I no longer require the power that these [NAMES] once granted, and perhaps their release may grant some release and closure to the countless souls I have made to suffer.

Make no mistake. I am terribly afraid. I don’t want to die, and I don’t want to give up this life now that I am finally happy. Then again, neither did my victims. However, if circumstances would allow it, I would like to live a little longer, if only to right my wrongs. Even with my knowledge and the collective memory of the Djinni, what I’m coming to face doesn’t get easier.

I wish I could say something reassuring.

I want to make my own fate, even if I don’t deserve it.

“Please, I’ll do anything, please, please, I just want to live-” - Luna Sturlsson, aged 17.

Meditation Fifteen - The Hereafter

What happens after all of this?

Say the seven Colors are taught to the emergent soul that is [VERVER]. What happens next? Does it open its eyes and point us toward a world better than what we have, and we merely go about our merry way? Surely, it cannot be that easy. If it were, why would those great walls of Oblivion exist at all?

If beyond the *Cocytus*, the *Acheron*, and every other wall is a blinding wasteland, then how could we possibly navigate it? It is so beyond that which we can even imagine, that even I become nauseous and anxious when confronted with even its mere borders. We cannot begin to even imagine a better world. Getting there might be even harder.

How many people will suffer before that happens?

How many people will die before that happens?

Thoughts such as these plague my thoughts when I am unoccupied now. I look into Maurice's eyes and I know he feels the pain that I feel, but to know that my pain is shared does not comfort me at all. I wish to do something about it, anything that I can, and yet, I can barely walk on my own, let alone make a tangible difference in even a single reality. Indeed, that is why I chose to dictate this text now, as a final attempt to combat that creeping feeling of powerlessness. Even now, after how much I have changed and gained, that feeling lingers with me at all times.

The thought of not being able to be there with the brilliant minds of Sidh, discussing the Ontology of this world over steaming darjeeling tea, or indulging the simple comfort of Maurice's body next to mine by the warmth of flame, it's all too much. It's far too cruel for anyone to have to experience this.

What's on the other side, in the hereafter?

"We're all on borrowed time, but I don't want to pay my debts." - Ludwig.

Final Thoughts

Dear Reader,

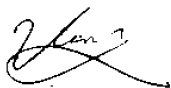
Thank you for reading this text, and I hope that its eccentricities and flaws do not distract you too much from the message I wished to convey. In the end, I wished to simply dictate my final thoughts on the matter of the fate of our shared reality and elucidate certain features of this local neighborhood of realities. If those two objectives have been completed to a satisfactory degree, then this text will be a success to me. However, you, the reader, rests as the ultimate judge of this text's efficacy and value. Take that as you may.

I hope that among those of you who have reached this point in the text at least one of you will be driven to action and that many more of you are already in action. Action, in this case, necessitates not a grand movement to change the world. A simple call to one's loved ones to ask them how they're doing would suffice. However, do not let my expectations affect your own lofty ambitions, so long as those ambitions are grounded in the love I know you have for your fellow living beings.

Of all the regrets I have accumulated in this long of life, perhaps the greatest one I will hold is that I was unable to meet you and learn who you are. I regret that we were unable to learn of our differences and similarities, and come to some friendship between us. I regret being unable to help you be happy.

If divinity truly exists, then perhaps one day, I will get to know your name.

I love you,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Ken' with a stylized flourish at the end.

