My strides grow longer and fuller. The buildings gaze at me as I am reborn. I continue marching in my direction, this direction, the direction until I stop. My head was blurry and no one was in control. I vaguely notice the hundreds of Busies swarming around me, those who had many more deeply-concerning-life-or-death matters to attend to. As real as the fire I pretend to light.

Earth grew weaker as I grew stronger. She was cracking apart, falling open as I moved. The magma pools directly below as She forgets to support my raw, careless ego. Maybe She was distracted, concerned with Her daily ritual of refilling the ocean with salt before anyone realizes they are thirsty. Or maybe, like me, She couldn’t imagine the End anything but burning.