

there is **noT**

**now**

the Lord shows up

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**The Maker's Corruption**  
*the genesis story of another World*

**Credits**

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*The Maker's  
Corruption*

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# Nothing

First, there is Nothing. A boundless expanse of lightless space stretches from one end of infinity to the other, engulfing all there's not in an inky, ubiquitous blackness. This dark realm is The Void, and from it, two deities are born: Almighty Boul and Almighty Sody, The Void incarnate en the dual forms of being.

For eternity the deities float still in their infinite emptiness, unaware of the presence of one another, unaware of their own existence, unaware of that grandest potential inherent in their awareness. They see, hear, smell, taste, feel nothing, and thus they are nothing, and thus the Nothing undulates on in quiet harmony. Eternities pass. The moment comes; in tandem, they are stricken with realization:

*Μψ ιννερ σπαχε μαψ ηαρβορ Τηουγητ.*

And another:

*Ίαμ ηαρβορεδ βψ αν ουτερ σπαχε.*

Then, the same Idea occurs en *sîmùltän'* within two distant minds:

*Ίφ Ιεξιστ ηερε, σο τοο σηουλδ ανοτηερ.*

It simply must be so; to exist en *singulār* within such a vast and empty null... for what purpose would such a hollow life be made and lived out? An eternal float in an endless expanse of darkness is no reason to exist at all, for why does one endure solitude if not to be met by their other? Why does empty space exist if not to house creation? For what purpose does darkness wait if not to give way to light?

And what is light if not a lack of darkness? What creation might occupy the empty space of The Void, and how might that creation come about? It is unclear at present and shalt remain so, of this the pair deities are certain... that is, so long as their solitude is maintained...

## Nothing

...and thus it shalt be, from now unto forever, for solace in isolation is all the deities know, and thus it is all they desire.

As quiet eternities pass, The Void begins to whittle away at the minds of the Incarnates. The tethers grounding their spirits in their physical forms are stretch'd and chew'd and fray'd until finally... they snap. Two spirits reach forever outwards, seeping consciously into The Void in all directions, aware of Nothing and the nothing until eventuality brings them together, until they touch en metaphysique, until they'th no other recourse but to admit to one another and to themselves...

*'Τηου... αρτ ρεαλ.'*

*'Ψεσ,' thinks Sody, 'Ι κνεω ιτ μυστ βε σο! Ι αμ νοτ δαμν'δ το τοιλ αλονε ιν τηισ ενδλεσσ δαρκ, Ι κνεω τηερε μυστ βε ανοτηερ!'*

*'Βυτ ηωω?' thinks Boul. 'Ηωω διδ τηου χομε το κνωω? Ανδ ηωω μιγητ Ι βεχομε χερταιν τηισ ισν'τ αλλ α γρανδ δελυσιον?'*

*'Ι κνωω νοτ ωηατ τηισ δελυσιον ισ,' and neither, in fact, does Boul, 'βυτ Ι δο κνωω ονε τηινγ αβοπε αλλ ελσε: Ι ηαπε α ναμε, ανδ τηατ ναμε ισ Σοδυ.'*

*'Ανδ Ι αμ χαλλεδ Βουλ,' Boul admits to this Sody. 'Περηαπο τηου τρυλψ αρτ ρεαλ...'*

*'Ιφ τηου εξιστ ιν τηισ δεσολατε ποιδ, σο τοο μυστ Ι. Φυρτηερ, Ι βελιεπε ωε βελονγ το ονε ανοτηερ.'*

*'Ι βελιεπε ωε μυστ.'*

*'Τηεν ωε μυστ φινδ ονε ανοτηερ.'*

*'Ινδεεδ, ωε μυστ.'*

*'Βυτ ηωω?'*

*'Ι κνωω νοτ,' Boul thinks, 'βυτ Ι αμ χερταιν ωε σηαλτ.'*

*'Ψεσ,' Sody thinks, 'ωηεν τηε τιμε ισ ριγητ... ωε σηαλτ.'*

*'Ι κνωω νοτ οφ τηισ τιμε...'*

*'Enough.'*

The word comes en Wyrđ to both their minds at once from an enigmatic source unknown. Neither send another thought, and the voice speaks out again:

*'Ye must go now together towards the center of all things where ye shalt join as one, en ébrace æternal, as Almighty Incarnates of The Void.'*

*'Ωε μυστ...'* Boul agrees.

*'Ψεσ, ωε μυστ,'* agrees Sody, *'βυτ ηοω μιγητ ωε ρεαχη τηισ χεντερ οφ αλλ τηινγσ?'*

*'Thy shalt leave the channel and return to thy forms—'*

*'Ανδ τηεν?'*

The third voice is silent for eternity. Another. A third. Then, en bellow, *'March forever forward.'*

Tethered now to one another and once more to themselves, The Void Incarnates wake from meditation back in their place of darkness. The place they now share. The place they always shared. Together they march, from opposite ends of infinity, towards the inevitable center of reality.

# Everything

From the center of reality an astronomic flash of light blooms outwards into the infinite darkness, giving birth to twin deities of white. As the spark succumbs to the black emptiness of The Void, the deities catch sight of one another. Lost wholly in the pull they rush forth and collide en ébrace æternal, a union so effervescen

Upon separation, Everything glows between them.

“Ωηο αρτ τηου?” asks one in the dim glow of their creation.

“Ανδ ωηατ ισ τηισ εμπτην ηελλ?”

“Ι κνωω νοτ,” the other answers, “βυτ περηαπσ ωε μαη χομε το λεαρν.”

They reach out, join touches, and gaze together at what they have made.

“Ιτ’σ σο σμαλλ,” says one.

“Ιτ ισ,” the other agrees. “Σο... μινυσχυλε, σο... *ινφινιτεσιμαλ...* ουρ λιττλε γραιν οφ σανδ...”

“Ουρ Γραιν,” he asks, “οφ Σανδ? Ωηησ δοσ’ τηου χαλλ ιτ τηισ?”

“Ι κνωω νοτ... βυτ Ι δο κνωω Ι λοπε ιτ. Ανδ Ι κνωω Ι λοπε τηου, τοο.”

“Ανδ Ι δο λοπε τηου, βυτ... τηισ εμπτην... *πλαχε*. Ωε χαννοτ σταη ηερε φορ λοηγ.”

“No,” agreed, “ωε χερταινλψ χαννοτ... βυτ ωερε μιγητ ωε γο, μψ λοπε?”

*Inside.’*

Though it came not in Language, both sensed the word.

“Ινσιδε,” one says, “ωηερε?”

“Ουρ Γραιν,” says the other, “οφ Σανδ.”

“Βυτ ηοω δοσ’ τηου κνωω? Ηοω χαν τηου ποσσιβλψ κνωω?”

Though neither have faces of discernible feature, the smile of one warms the other.



“How, την, σηαλτ ωε γετ ινσιδε?”

“It ματτερσ νοτ ηοω, φορ τηερε ισ νοωηερε ελσε το γο.”

They unclasp one another's touch and reach out towards their Grain of Sand. Upon slightest contact the Incarnates are pulled forever inward from unending darkness unto infinite light; thus there is Everything, the white realm of The Shore, incarnate en Midy and Bond. There they float on opposite ends of infinity, hearing nothing, feeling nothing, tasting, smelling, seeing nothing but the Everything, each consumed by a single haunting thought: *My other is here, somewhere in the white, somewhere far, far away from the one they love. Alone. Lost.*

Frightened they call out to no avail, they shriek defiantly into the bright abyss until it stings to their cores to make their noise. Together yet separate Bond and Midy slink into silence, embrace this new solitude, swiftly lose grip on their sanities. To be born in the presence of one another, to know nothing but love and the heat of embrace, to create light and touch it, to be sealed then inside and stranded alone, stripped of all that was granted... their minds easily slip away, degenerate into nothing. They can only think of one another. They only desire for one another. Together their spirits become untethered from their bodies, together they seep metaphysically into The Shore, and when they find one another again, at long last, in unison...

*‘It ισ τηου!’*

*‘How γρανδ ιτ μαψ βε... βυτ ηοω μιγητ Ι κνοω?’ asks Midy. ‘How μιγητ Ι βε συρε τηατ τηεε αρτ τηε ονε Ι λοπωε?’*

*‘Τηου νεεδ νοτ βε,’ she promises. ‘Ι αμ συρε ενουγη φορ υσ βοση.’*

*‘Ι αμ χαλλεδ Μιδψ.’*

*‘Ανδ Ι αμ χαλλεδ Βονδ.’*

*‘Ανδ Ι σηαλτ φινδ τηεε, σομεηοω, ιν τηισ ενδλεσσ ωηιτε ηελλ.’*

*‘Τηισ ισ νο ηελλ, μψ λοπωε.’*

*‘It ισ...’*

## Everything

*'It χαννοτ βε,' she asserts, 'φορ ωε αρτ ηερε τογεταιερ. Ι μαψ νοτ σεε τηεε, Μιδψ, Ι μαψ νοτ γραχε τηεε ωιτη μυψ τουχη... βυτ Ι δο φεελ τηψ πρεσενχε.'*

*'Τηατ... ισ νοτ ενουγη.'*

*'Ιτ μυσ—'*

*'How?? How χουλδ ιτ βε?!'*

*'Ιτ μυστ βε, μυ λοπωε... τηισ ισ αλλ ωε ηαπε. Τηερε ισ νοτηνγγ ιν τηε ωηιτε βυτ υσ—'*

*'Thou lie.'*

Both silence themselves and listen intently. Those words... they came to the minds of Midy and Bond from someone else, *something* else. Mayhap from outside the white altogether.

*'Ωηο ηατη σποκεν?'* demands Almighty Midy. *'Ωηο δαρεσ ινπαδε τηισ σαχρεδ σπαχε?!'*

*'Ye must go now, Midy and Bond... ye must march together towards the center of all things where ye shalt join as one, en embrace æternal, as Almighty Incarnates of The Shore...'*

*'Ωε μυστ...'* says Bond.

*'No... ωε μυστ νοτ.'*

Uneasy silence suffocates the moment.

*'Μιδψ...'*

*'Ωε κνωω νοτ ωηομ ωηισπερσ το υσ ιν τηισ πεχυλιαρ ηιγηερ σ παχε—'*

*'The channel,'* claims the higher voice. *'This space is called the channel. 'Tis my gift to ye, Incarnates.'*

*'Α γιφτ φορ ωηιχη ωε αρε γρατεφυλ,'* sends Midy, *'βυτ ονε ωε ηατη νοτ ασκεδ το ρεχειωε.'*

*'Μψ λοπωε,'* she pleads, *'πλεασε...'*

*'Ιδεντιφψ τηψσελφ, πηαντομ,'* Midy sneers en vicious Wyrđ, *'λεστ ωε φινδ ψεε ανδ σμιτε ψεε δωων.'*

The channel steadies out for eternity. Neither Incarnate is willing to risk sending further thought.

Then, *'Yee know what must be done. I shalt not ask againe.'*

*March forever forward and reclaim one another, or be damned to eternal solitude in thy white abyss.'*

**They wait. The foreign voice speaks no more.**

*'Μιδψ,' says Bond, 'ωε μυστ γο το τηε χεντερ οφ αλλ τηνγσ.'*

*'Ωε μυστ νοτ...'*

*'Βυτ Ι μυστ ηαπε τηε!' she screams en Wyrd, sending jolts of pain crimson and searing through his mind so aloft in the empty light. 'Ι ρεφυσε το γο ανοτηερ εον ωιτηουτ τηψ τουχη υπον μψ φορμ!'*

*'Μψ λοπε,' en whisp', 'Ι δενψ τηε νοτ, Ι μερελψ ασκ οφ τηεε το λιστεν.'*

*'Το αηεαδ, τηεν.'*

*'Τηε ποιχε ωε φυστ ηεαρδ ανδ τηε ονε ωηιχη λεδ υσ υντο Τηε Σηορε...' he sends, '...Ι βελιεπε τηεψ αρτ ονε ιν τηε σαμε.'*

*'Ψεσ... Ι αγρεε.'*

*'Ηαδ ωε ρεφυσεδ—'*

*'Ωε ωουλδ βε λοστ ιν τηατ τερριβλε ρεαλμ οφ δαρκνεσσ...'*

*'Βυτ ωε ωουλδ στιλλ ηαπε ονε ανοτηερ,' he sends. "Τωουλδ βε ηεαπενλψ, φυστ υσ ανδ ουρ Γραιν οφ Σανδ.'*

*'Βυτ ωε διδ νοτ ρεφυσε. Ωε αρτ ηερε νοω, Μιδψ, λοστ ωιτηιν τηε περψ λιγητ ωηιχη σαπεδ υσ φορμ τηατ σταρπινγ δαρκνεσσ...'*

**She gazes without hope into the endless white void, into the deaf blind harrow of it all and sees... nothing. Sees Everything. Sees all there's not to see.**

*'Αλλ Ι ωαντ ισ τηεε, μψ λοπε...'*

*'Ανδ αλλ Ι ωαντ ισ τηεε.'*

*'Σο ωε μυστ λιστεν το τηε ποιχε,' she presses. 'Ωε μυστ οβεψ ανδ τραπελ το τηε χεντερ οφ αλλ τηνγσ.'*

*'Ηοω μιγητ ωε γετ τηερε, τηεν?'*

*'Ye shalt march,' commands the voice, 'forever forward in step, ceasing not 'til thine union is regained.'*

*'Νεπερ!' Midy snaps. 'Ωε σηαλτ νοτ φαλλ ιντο ψεε τραπ αγαινε, ψεε δ'μον.'*

*Everything*

'*Τηεν ηωω?*' weeps Bond in this newfound and awful, this unbottomed sorrow of hers. *Ήωω ωιλλ ωε επερ φινδ ονε ανοτηερ αγαιν? Τηε Σηορε ισ ενδλεσσ, ιτ ισ ινφινιτψ εν λυμινο, ωε σηαλτ βε δαμνεδ υνλεσσ—'*

*Μψ λοπε,* 'sends Midy, *τελλ με τηψ ναμε.'*

*Βονδ.'*

*Τηψ φυλλ ναμε. Πλεασε.'*

*Μψ... φυλλ ναμε?'*

*Τηψ φυλλ ναμε, τηψ μαντλε, τηε χρυξ οφ τηινε ιδεντιτψ. Ι αμ Αλμιγητψ Μιδψ, Τηε Σηορε Ινχαρνατε.'*

*Ανδ Ι αμ Αλμιγητψ Βονδ, Τηε Σηορε Ινχαρνατε.'*

*Τηου αρτ... ψετ στιλλ ωε λιστεν ανδ γροπελ, ωε οβεψ τηατ ποιχε φρομ νοωηερε...'*

**She is silent, breathless, stirred and yet still.**

*Τηισ Γραιν οφ ουρσ, τηισ γρανδεστ ρεαλμ οφ λιγητ... τηισ Πλανε ισ ουρ κινγδομ. Ωε ωερε βορν ονλψ το χρεατε ιτ ανδ ρυλε ο περ ιτ ασ ονε. Συχη ισ ουρ βιρτηριγητ.'*

**She sends nothing.**

*Ωε σηαλτ φινδ ονε ανοτηερ νο ματτερ τηε χουρσε ωε τακε,* 'he sends. *Τηισ Ι τρυλψ δο βελιεπε.'*

*Ι... βελιεπε ιτ τοο. Βυτ ηωω?'*

**He thinks.** *Τηε ποιχε δεμανδεδ ωε μαρχη φορεπερ φορωαρδ οντιλ ωε ρεαχη τηε χεντερ οφ αλλ τηινγσ.'*

*Ίτ διδ.'*

*Τηυσ ωε μυστ τυρν 'ρουνδ ανδ μοπε φορεπερ αωαψ φρομ τηε χεντερ, τοωαρδσ τηε φυρτηεστ εδγεσ οφ ουρ ινφινιτψ.'*

*Βυτ Μιδψ... ιφ ωε μαρχη αωαψ...'*

*Ωε σηαλτ νοτ μαρχη, μψ λοπε, φορ ωε βοω το νο μαστερ. Ωε σηαλτ γλιδε φορεπερ βαχκωαρδσ, ωε σηαλτ φλωω τρυε λικε τηε Σανδ, ωε σηαλτ μακε ουρ σεπαρατε ωαψσ... οντιλ ατ λογγ λαστ, ωε ινεπιταβλψ μεετ αγαιν.'*

*Ωε σηαλτ,* 'she sends as the sorrow all slips away. *Ψεσ... ωε μυστ. Υντιλ τηεν, μψ λοπε... γοοδβγε.'*

*Τοδβψε.'*

The channel shuts, awaking the spirits of the Incarnates in their physical forms. Tethered newly to themselves and again to one another, they turn 'face and float off towards the furthest bounds of their domain.

# Something

As Almighty Boul and Almighty Sody march forever forward towards the center of all things, their Astral Plane expands infinitely inwards...

As Almighty Midy and Almighty Bond glide forever backward from the center of all things, their Astral Plane expands infinitely outwards...

...and Astral eyes unseen follow every step. Once, there was not. Now, there is. The Lord showed and chose to stay.

Many eternities of wandering ensue, holding the deities in isolation as they proceed through their endless dark and light. At times one will take pause and throw themselves wholly into the channel, hoping their partner comes to their æthereal call, but such efforts come never to avail... until four horizons break in tandem, staggering all to a halt. The Incarnates of The Void spot the smallest dot of a breathtaking white light...

*‘Δοσ’ τηου σεε ιτ?’*

*‘Ιδο,’ confirms Boul. ‘Ισ ιτ-’*

*‘Τηε χεντερ, ιτ μυστ βε! Ανδ ηοω λυμινουσ ιτ ισ...’*

...and in The Shore, the Incarnates spot distant blackness, a Null of Void the size of their Grain of Sand when it first entered the realm of real following their first eternity of embrace.

*‘Μψ λοπε... Ι βελιεπε Ι σεε ιτ.’*

*‘Ασ δο Ι,’ sends Midy. ‘Τηε φυρτηεστ εδγε οφ ουρ δομαιν.’*

*‘Ηυρρηψ,’ she pleads, ‘Ι χαννοτ λαστ ανοτηερ ετερνιτυ.’*

No, neither can he... but both shalt, for a terrible realization grips their wishful minds.

*‘Ωε ηατη μαδε-’ he begins.*

*‘-α τερριβλε μιστακε,’ she completes.*

Together, *‘Ωε αρτ φαρτηερ φρομ ονε ανοτηερ τηαν επερ...’*

*‘...ανδ σοον,’ Sody to Boul, ‘ωε τωο σηαλτ μεετ ασ ονε.’*

The channel, split across these twin dimensions of reality, closes by the will of the high voice unspoken. The Incarnates keep forward, joyous and afraid, through Nothing and through Everything towards the fate to which they've been guided, from which they fled in body and mind. The distant darkness grows as the far-off light spreads; when the borders between the two Planes are found, each Incarnate is met by their equal... though the one whom each seeks remains to be sought.

*'Τηου...'* Boul sends.

*'...αρτ νοτ ηερε,'* Midy receives.

*'Σο ωηο...'* sends Sody.

*'...αρτ τηου?'* Bond receives, *'Ανδ ωηατ ηασ'τ ψεε δονε ωιτη μινε Βονδ?!*

*'Enough.'*

*'Ένουγη οφ ψεε!'* Midy screams en Wyrđ, shrinking Bond in a flinch. *'Τι τρε οφ τηεσε γαμεσ, οφ ψεε πρεσενχε ιν τηε χηαννελ, οφ βεινγ κεπτ φρομ μψ ριγητφυλ ονε ανδ τρυε! Ρελεασε τηψ ηολδ οπερ τηε Ινχαρνατεσ οφ Τηε Σηορε ορ Ι σωεαρ το τηε Ονε—'*

*'Thou swear,'* says the voice, *'to the very One thee disobey en moment. This consequence is thine own, yet yee place blame and threat unto Me?'*

Had Midy yet earned his jaw the bottom half would tremble, as too his heart would pulse. *'Τηου... αρτ τηε Λορδ? Τηε τρυε Ονε Αβοπε Τηου?'*

*'It matters not,'* says that unbodied voice, *'whether I be the highest master or mere' a slave to the One's will. Ye were given direction, Bond and thee both, and together ye chose to ignore, to disobey. Ye fled from the guarantee of thy meeting—'*

*'Πλεασε,'* Bond begs, *'φοργιπε υσ. Ωε κνεω νοτ τηε πατη ωε ηαδ χηο—'*

*'Ye knew perfectly well,'* the voice assures them. *'Forgive ye now, I cannot... for in truth, ye carry no blame.'*

*'I,'* sends Midy, *'δο νοτ υνδερστανδ.'*

*'Nor do I...'*

Boul and Sody stand ready on the precipice of their Astral Planes, waiting for the figures of white standing before them to come home to their physical beings. Each lifts an unfingered touch and reaches for the new realm, but they are stopped from contact by an unseen wall standing on the border between Nothing and Everything.

*'Nor art ye meant to,' sends the voice. 'Reality is young, the steps ye take are but the first. Carry on, Almighty Incarnates. No other path remains for ye now.'*

*'Βυτ ηρω μιγητ ωε χοντιωε ωην ωε χομε το τηε πατη'σ ενδ?'*

"Σο. Ψεε χαν σπεακ, τηεν," acknowledges the figure of black on the other side of the unseen Astral barrier. Its voice is deeper than the bottomless darkness in which it resides. "Ψεε μυστ ηαπε α ναμε."

"Μψ ναμε," says Almighty Midy, The Shore Incarnate, "ισ Αλμιγητψ Μιδψ, Τηε Σηορε Ινχαρνατε."

"Τηε Σηορε," says Boul. "Ισ τηατ ωηατ ψεε χαλλ τηισ ρεαλι οφ λιγητ ωηιχη στανδσ βετωεεν μψ οτηερ ανδ Ι?"

"Ιτ... ισ. 'Τωασ ναμεδ βψ μψ οτηερ. Σηε ισ χαλλεδ Βονδ."

"Α λοπεελψ ναμε," she says. "Μινε ισ Σοδυψ."

"Ι τηανκ τηου," says Bond. After a moment, "Τηψ Πλανε, ιτ ισ... σο δαρκ. Σο εμπτψ..."

"Ονλψ ασ εμπτψ ασ τηινε οων."

"Ψεσ, βυτ... τηε δαρκνεσσ... ηρω δοσ' τηου βεαρ ιτ?"

"Ι ωασ βορν ιν ιτ," she answers plainly. "Ωε βοτη ωερε, Βουλ ανδ Ι αλικε."

"Ασ ωασ Ι, ανδ μψ Μιδψ... βυτ ωε χουλδ νοτ σταψ."

"Ψεε φλεδ," says Boul, "ασ ψεε ωερε μεαντ το. Τηε ζοιδ ισ α Πλανε νοτ φτι φορ σομε."

"Ασ ισ Τηε Σηορε," Midy snarls. "Ινχαρνατεσ οφ Επερψτηιγγ ρεθυιρε λιγητ."

"Ανδ ωε Ινχαρνατεσ οφ Νοτηιγγ ρεθυιρε τηε δαρκ."



“Την ωηψ,” demand the deities of light, “δοσ’ τηου πρεσσ τηψ τουχη υντο της βορδερ ασ τηουγη τηου μεαντ το χροσσ οπερ?”

“Ωηψ δοσ’ τηου νοτ?” ask the deities of dark.

Hesitation.

Eternity.

If only the channel might open again...

“Τηισ υνσεεν ωαλλ,” says Boul, “στανδς βετωεεν τηψ ρεαλμ ανδ μψ οων. Ι ωαλκ τηισ πατη τοωαρδ της χεντερ οφ αλλ τηινγς, τοωαρδς της ινεπιταβλε μεετινγ οφ μψ οτηερ ανδ μψσελφ... ανδ της ωαλλ, ανδ τηεε, ανδ τηψ Σηορε στανδ ιν μψ ωαψ.”

“Δοσ’ ψεε προποσε α ωαρ, την?”

“Ι προποσε χοοπερατιον,” Boul suggests. “Νοτηινγ μορε ανδ νοτηινγ λεσσ.”

“Τηου μεαν το βρεαχη ιτ?” asks Bond.

“Ι μεαν το δο ωηατ Ι μυστ το ρεαχη μψ δεστινατιον.”

“Τηε σαμε χουλδ βε σαιδ οφ Ι,” says Midy. “Βυτ Ι δο νοτ ωιση το ρετυρν το μψ Βονδ ιν της βλεακ δαρκνεσσ οφ τηψ ζοιδ.”

“Νορ δο Ι ωιση το φιναλλψ μεετ μψ Σοδψ ιν της βυρνινγ λιγητ οφ τηψ Σηορε.”

“Φιναλλψ, τηου σαιδ?” he asks. “Τηεε ανδ τηψ τωιν Ινχαρνατε οφ Τηε ζοιδ ηατη ψετ το χομε τογετηερ ασ ονε?”

“Ι ηατη ονλψ ηεαρδ ηερ ποιχε φρομ τηατ ηιγηερ πλαχε ωιτηιν.”

“Τηε χηαννελ,” Bond gasps. “Ιτ εξιστσ ιν Τηε ζοιδ ασ ωελλ?”

“Τηου διδ νοτ κνωω? Ηοω διδ τηου φινδ τηψ Μιδψ ωιτηουτ ιτ?”

“Ωε ωερε βορν ιν α φλαση οφ ωηιτε,” she answers. “Ωε σαω ονε ανοτηερ ανδ ρυσηεδ τογετηερ ασ ιτ φαδεδ.”

Boul nods slow with understanding. “Ψε σηουλδ νοτ ηαπε λεφτ Τηε ζοιδ.”

“Ωε διδ νοτ τηινκ ωε ωουλδ βε σεπαρατεδ,” Midy says. “Ηαδ ωε κνωων, ωε’δ νεπερ ηαπε λιστενεδ το τηε ποιχε οφ τηε Ονε.”

“Τηε Ονε?”

“Ιτ γυιδεδ υσ ιντο Τηε Σηορε, τολδ υσ το μαρχη φορεπερ φορ—”

“Υντιλ,” Sody says, “ψε ρεαχηεδ της χεντερ οφ αλλ τηινγς...”

Stranded on opposite edges of these dichotic infinities, the Incarnates begin to wonder.

“Ωηατ... ις αλλ τηισ?”

*This, 'booms the fifth voice, opening the channel across the Planes, 'is reality, Existence, that which is real... and though long eternities hath passed since Her birth, She hath still not been granted Her mantle. She is... incomplete.'*

*'Την ωε μυστ χομπλετε Ηερ.'*

*'Preciesly, Midy.'*

*'How μιγητ ωε δο ιτ, την?' asks Bond.*

*'Πρεσσ τηψ τουχη υντο τηε βαρριερ ωηερε Βουλ ανδ Ι πρεσσ ουρ οων.'*

*'Ωηατ την?''*

*'Ωε'λλ ηαπε το σεε,' sends Boul, 'ων'τ ωε?'*

*'Βυτ,' stalls Midy, 'ηοω δοσ' τηου κνωω τηισ ις τηε ωαψ?'*

*'Ιδο νοτ,' sends Boul. 'Ι κνωω ονλψ τηατ Σοδυ ωαιτσ φορ με.'*

*'Ανδ σο τοο,' as a lustrous touch rises aloft, 'δοεσ Μιδψ ωαιτ φορ με.'*

A paradoxical flash of light and dark marks the genesis of Something: Wæ-PlæṢ, the nebulous Plane of gray. Somewhere lost in The Void, Boul and Sody at last find embrace; Midy and Bond come together once more near the center of The Shore; and deep within the cherub central Plane, a pair of novel deities incarnate en cross-leg'ed sit with their backs pressed together. The channel opens for them, and the voice of the One calls out...

*'Ye must now hurry,' it pleads, 'march swift to the center of all things where ye shalt join as one, en ébrace æternal, as Almighty Incarnates of Wæ-PlæṢ.'*

*'Τ τηνκ νοτ,' sends one, 'τηερεφορε Ι μυστ βε.'*

*'Τηου μυστ βε Σονδ,' sends the other.*

*"Ανδ τηου μυστ βε Μιυλ."*

*"Ανδ ωε μυστ βε μεαντ," en sync, "φορ ονε ανοτηερ."*

*They rise, spin, and ébrace en æternal, becoming as one*

just as those in **The Void**, just as those in **The Shore**. Eternities  
pass in harmonious union

the center of all things remains yet to be **known**.