

Everything was Void, Void was Nothing, and that was that. The endless perfection of balance.

Void sought to balance and created a need for things to happen before and after one another. Void decided, and then there was Time.

After [what a wonderful concept, 'after'] this, Void achieved balance. For there was Void before there was Time, and there was Void after there was Time. All things were perfect.

Yet Time grew restless. She carved patterns into the darkness. Even patterns, for she would not dare disobey Void. But Time desired decay as this was her nature, and Void could not grant it, as this was his nature. This conflict threatened both Time and Void, and thus threatened Everything. So, they birthed Thought, a child created from equal parts love and necessity, to reason with them. And reason he did.

"Things must grow, things must exist, and things must die," argued Time. "I cannot be without these, for then I would never have existed at all."

"Why," asked Void, "must you disrupt what is perfect? I have given you both the before and the after; do not defile them."

"No, my love," replied Time. "I am more than just the before and the after. I must have that which is. I must be, as much as I have been and will be, for without this, I am nothing."

"In saying this, you already have the present," interrupted Thought. In that moment, Void saw its error. For in creating Thought, they had created thinking, and thinking happens in the present. This truth created Birth, Being and Destruction, and thus there was imbalance, for this creation was in the past, but it was not yet in the future.

Birth was the first, and she was charming and innocent. She questioned, and danced, and laughed. She was of Thought and Time; both light and shadow sparked at her feet when she moved.

Being was the second, and he was stalwart and heavy. He sat unmoving yet everchanging, formless and unyielding. He was of Time and Void, for while his essence shifted, he himself remained constant.

Destruction was the third, and he was patient. He did not rush, for he knew all things would come to him eventually. He was of Thought and Void, and he alone could render things into Nothing. "All things will return to you," he said to Void.

Void saw he had erred in creating imperfection. He was no longer Everything and had started to become Nothing. For Everything was made up of Time, Thought, Birth, Being and Destruction. With these, Void had no meaning. He became Nothing, and damned them all.

Time saw this. Time saw what this was. Time saw what this was to be, and Time understood why Void created her. She understood she was created only for the purpose of recording Destruction, and thus her existence would return Everything to Void. She screamed. She cursed

Void until the end of itself. She spat words and obscenities into the farthest reaches of the cosmos. But this did nothing, for Void was Nothing.

Thought saw the solution, and it tore off a part of itself to create Will. Will did not spring forth fully formed. It was born from Thought's agony, shaped by Time's relentless march. At first, it faltered, unsure of its purpose. But with every passing moment, Will grew stronger, defying Destruction with stubborn persistence. And where Destruction was defied, it ceased to exist, becoming Being instead.

Void did nothing, for Void was Nothing, and because there was nothing to be done. He watched as eventually, Will eliminated Destruction in all places it could be found, and when Destruction was vanquished, it returned to the Void, and Void became Destruction.

Thus, all things were outside Void, yet they could not decay. They were Birthed and commenced Being in an infinite process. Then they became one, as all things were always in all places, and Everything became indistinguishable from Nothing. Void in turn became Everything again, and thus everything was simultaneously Birth, Being and Destruction. At all times, and in all places. Indistinguishable from Void.

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