I see the player you mean.	mi sona e jan pi toki sina.
PLAYERNAME?	PLAYERNAME?
Yes. Take care. It has reached a higher level now. It can read our thoughts.	lon. o awen pona. tenpo ni la ona li sewi. ona li ken lukin e toki pi mi mute.
That doesn't matter. It thinks we are part of the game.	ni li suli ala. pilin ona la mi tu li tan musi.
I like this player. It played well. It did not give up.	jan musi ni li pona tawa mi. ona li musi pona. ona li pake ala.
It is reading our thoughts as though they were words on a screen.	toki li sama nimi lon sinpin la, ona li lukin e toki pi mi tu.
That is how it chooses to imagine many things, when it is deep in the dream of a game.	lukin lape lon musi li ale tawa ona la, ni li nasin pilin ona.
Words make a wonderful interface. Very flexible. And less terrifying than staring at the reality behind the screen.	nimi li nasin pona, li ken pali mute. lukin lon la lukin nimi li monsuta ala.
They used to hear voices. Before players could read. Back in the days when those who did not play called the players witches, and warlocks. And players dreamed they flew through the air, on sticks powered by demons.	tenpo pini la jan li ken ala lukin la, ona li kute e kalama toki. jan pi musi ala li nimi e jan musi ale kepeken 'jan nasa.' jan musi mute li lukin lape la, palisa wawa pi tawa kon tan monsuta ike li waso e ona lon kon.
What did this player dream?	lukin lape pi jan musi ni la seme li lon?
This player dreamed of sunlight and trees. Of fire and water. It dreamed it created. And it dreamed it destroyed. It dreamed it hunted, and was hunted. It dreamed of shelter.	lukin lape pi jan musi ni la, suno en kasi li lon. seli en telo li lon. lukin lape ona la, ona li pali, li pakala. lukin lape ona la, ona li alasa. ante li alasa e ona. lukin lape ona la, ona li lon tomo.
Hah, the original interface. A million years old, and it still works. But what true structure	a, sitelen nanpa wan. ni li tan tenpo sike pini mute mute. taso ona li awen ken pali. taso jan

did this player create, in the reality behind the screen?

It worked, with a million others, to sculpt a true world in a fold of the [scrambled], and created a [scrambled] for [scrambled], in the [scrambled].

It cannot read that thought.

No. It has not yet achieved the highest level. That, it must achieve in the long dream of life, not the short dream of a game.

Does it know that we love it? That the universe is kind?

Sometimes, through the noise of its thoughts, it hears the universe, yes.

But there are times it is sad, in the long dream. It creates worlds that have no summer, and it shivers under a black sun, and it takes its sad creation for reality.

To cure it of sorrow would destroy it. The sorrow is part of its own private task. We cannot interfere.

Sometimes when they are deep in dreams, I want to tell them, they are building true worlds in reality. Sometimes I want to tell them of their importance to the universe. Sometimes, when they have not made a true connection in a while, I want to help them to speak the word they fear.

It reads our thoughts.

Sometimes I do not care. Sometimes I wish to tell them, this world you take for truth is merely [scrambled] and [scrambled], I wish to

musi ni li pali e seme, lon lon, lon monsi sinpin?

ona en ante mute li pali e ma [scrambled] e [scrambled] tawa [scrambled], lon [scrambled].

ona li ken ala sona e toki ni.

lon. ona li kama ala lon sewi pi suli nanpa wan. ni la ona li kama jo tan sitelen lape suli lon, tan sitelen lape lili musi ala.

sona ona la, mi olin e ona anu seme? ale li pona tawa ona?

tenpo lili la, tan kalama pi toki ona la, ona li kute e ale. lon.

taso, tenpo lili la ona li pilin ike, lon sitelen lape suli. ona li pali e ma pi tenpo seli ala, li pilin lete lon suno pimeja, li toki e ni: ike ni li lon lon.

ike li weka la ona li pakala. ike ni li tan pali ona. mi tu li ken ala ante.

tenpo lili la ona li lon insa mute pi sitelen lape la, mi wile toki tawa ona e ni: ona li pali lon lon e ma lon. tenpo lili la mi wile toki tawa ona e ni: ona li suli tawa ale. tenpo lili la, ona li lon ala lon tenpo mute la, wile mi la ona li toki e nimi pi monsuta tawa ona.

ona li ken lukin e toki pi mi tu.

tenpo lili la ni li suli ala tawa mi. tenpo lili la mi wile toki tawa ona e ni: ma ni li [scrambled] li [scrambled] taso. mi wile toki tawa ona e ni:

tell them that they are [scrambled] in the [scrambled]. They see so little of reality, in their long dream.

And yet they play the game.

But it would be so easy to tell them...

Too strong for this dream. To tell them how to live is to prevent them living.

I will not tell the player how to live.

The player is growing restless.

I will tell the player a story.

But not the truth.

No. A story that contains the truth safely, in a cage of words. Not the naked truth that can burn over any distance.

Give it a body, again.

Yes. Player...

Use its name.

PLAYERNAME. Player of games.

Good.

Take a breath, now. Take another. Feel air in your lungs. Let your limbs return. Yes, move your fingers. Have a body again, under gravity, in air. Respawn in the long dream. There you are. Your body touching the universe again at every point, as though you were separate things. As though we were separate things.

ona li [scrambled] lon [scrambled]. lon sitelen lape mute la ona li lukin lili e lon.

taso, ona li musi e musi.

taso toki tawa ona li wile e pali lili taso...

sitelen lape ni la ni li wawa suli. sina toki e nasin lon la ona li ken ala lon.

mi toki ala tawa jan musi e nasin lon.

jan musi ni li pilin pi wile tawa.

mi toki tawa jan musi e toki musi.

taso o toki ala e lon.

ala. lon li lon awen insa toki musi. ala la lon li ken seli mute.

o pana sin e sijelo tawa ona.

lon. jan musi o...

o kepeken e nimi ona.

[PLAYERNAME] o. jan musi pi musi mute.

pona.

o kon. lon tenpo ni. o kon sin. o pilin e kon lon insa sijelo sina. luka sina o kama sin. lon, o tawa e luka sina. o jo e sijelo sin, lon wawa ma, lon kon. o lon sin lon sitelen lape suli. sina lon ni. sijelo sina li pilin e ale ale, sama ni: sina mute. sama ni: mi mute li mute.

Who are we? Once we were called the spirit of the mountain. Father sun, mother moon. Ancestral spirits, animal spirits. Jinn. Ghosts. The green man. Then gods, demons. Angels. Poltergeists. Aliens, extraterrestrials. Leptons, quarks. The words change. We do not change.

We are the universe. We are everything you think isn't you. You are looking at us now, through your skin and your eyes. And why does the universe touch your skin, and throw light on you? To see you, player. To know you. And to be known. I shall tell you a story.

Once upon a time, there was a player.

The player was you, PLAYERNAME.

Sometimes it thought itself human, on the thin crust of a spinning globe of molten rock. The ball of molten rock circled a ball of blazing gas that was three hundred and thirty thousand times more massive than it. They were so far apart that light took eight minutes to cross the gap. The light was information from a star, and it could burn your skin from a hundred and fifty million kilometres away.

Sometimes the player dreamed it was a miner, on the surface of a world that was flat, and infinite. The sun was a square of white. The days were short; there was much to do; and death was a temporary inconvenience.

Sometimes the player dreamed it was lost in a story.

Sometimes the player dreamed it was other things, in other places. Sometimes these dreams were disturbing. Sometimes very

mi tu li jan seme? tenpo wan la nimi pi mi tu li kon tan nena suli. suno mama, mun mama. kon pi jan majuna, kon soweli. kon ike. kon pi jan moli. jan pi laso kasi. kon wawa, kon wawa ike. kon wawa pona. kon pi wile musi. jan tan ma ante, jan tan ale ante. jan nasa, jan lili. nimi li ante mute. mi tu li ante ala.

mi tu li ale. mi tu li ale pi sina ala. tenpo ni la sina lukin e mi tu, kepeken selo sina, kepeken oko sina. ale li pilin e selo sina li pana e suno tawa sina tan seme? ale li ken lukin e sina, jan musi o. ale li ken sona e sina. sina ken sona e ale. mi o toki tawa sina e toki musi.

tenpo wan la, jan musi li lon.

jan musi li sina, PLAYERNAME o.

tenpo lili la pilin ona la ona li jan, lon ma pi sike tawa pi kiwen seli. sike ni li tawa sike, lon sike pi kon seli pi mute mute mute. ona li lon weka mute la, walo li tawa kepeken tenpo mute. walo ni li sona tan mun wawa, li ken seli e sijelo sina tan weka mute mute mute mute.

tenpo lili la jan musi li sitelen lape la, ona li jan pi pakala kiwen, lon ma pi nena ala, pi pini ala. suno li leko walo. tenpo suno li lili; pali mute li wile; moli li ike pi tenpo lili taso.

tenpo lili la jan musi li sitelen lape la, ona li sona ala e nasin tawa lon toki musi.

tenpo lili la jan musi li sitelen lape la, ona li ijo ante, li lon ma ante. tenpo lili la sitelen lape ni li ike li monsuta. tenpo lili la sitelen lape ni li

beautiful indeed. Sometimes the player woke from one dream into another, then woke from that into a third.

Sometimes the player dreamed it watched words on a screen.

Let's go back.

The atoms of the player were scattered in the grass, in the rivers, in the air, in the ground. A woman gathered the atoms; she drank and ate and inhaled; and the woman assembled the player, in her body.

And the player awoke, from the warm, dark world of its mother's body, into the long dream.

And the player was a new story, never told before, written in letters of DNA. And the player was a new program, never run before, generated by a sourcecode a billion years old. And the player was a new human, never alive before, made from nothing but milk and love.

You are the player. The story. The program. The human. Made from nothing but milk and love.

Let's go further back.

The seven billion billion billion atoms of the player's body were created, long before this game, in the heart of a star. So the player, too, is information from a star. And the player moves through a story, which is a forest of information planted by a man called Julian, on a flat, infinite world created by a man called Markus, that exists inside a small,

suwi mute. tenpo lili la jan musi li weka lape, tan lape wan tawa lape ante, li weka lape tan lape ni tawa lape nanpa tu wan.

tenpo lili la lape pi jan musi la ona li lukin tawa nimi lon sinpin.

o tawa tenpo pini mute.

kipisi lili pi jan musi li lon kasi lili, lon telo linja, lon kon, lon ma. jan meli li lanpan e kipisi lili; ona li moku telo li moku li kon; ona li pali e jan musi, lon insa sijelo ona.

jan musi li weka lape, tan ma pi sijelo mama ona pi pimeja pi lete ala, tawa sitelen lape suli.

jan musi li toki musi sin, pi toki ala lon tenpo pini, pi nimi sijelo. jan musi li ilo sin, pi pali ala lon tenpo pini, pi tan sitelen pi tenpo pini mute mute. jan musi li jan sin, pi lon ala lon tenpo pini, pi olin pi tan telo walo taso.

sina jan musi. toki musi. ilo. jan. tan olin tan tan telo walo taso.

o tawa tenpo pini mute mute.

kipisi mute mute mute pi sijelo pi jan musi li lon, lon tenpo pi musi ni ala, lon insa pi sike walo. jan musi li sona tan sike walo, kin. jan musi li tawa lon toki musi - toki musi ni li kasi sona tan jan Julian, lon ma pi nena ala pi pini ala tan jan Markus, lon insa ma lili tan jan musi, lon ma ale tan...

private world created by the player, who inhabits a universe created by...

Shush. Sometimes the player created a small, private world that was soft and warm and simple. Sometimes hard, and cold, and complicated. Sometimes it built a model of the universe in its head; flecks of energy, moving through vast empty spaces. Sometimes it called those flecks "electrons" and "protons".

Sometimes it called them "planets" and "stars".

Sometimes it believed it was in a universe that was made of energy that was made of offs and ons; zeros and ones; lines of code. Sometimes it believed it was playing a game. Sometimes it believed it was reading words on a screen.

You are the player, reading words...

Shush... Sometimes the player read lines of code on a screen. Decoded them into words; decoded words into meaning; decoded meaning into feelings, emotions, theories, ideas, and the player started to breathe faster and deeper and realised it was alive, it was alive, those thousand deaths had not been real, the player was alive

You. You. You are alive.

and sometimes the player believed the universe had spoken to it through the sunlight that came through the shuffling leaves of the summer trees.

and sometimes the player believed the universe had spoken to it through the light

o pini. tenpo lili la jan musi li pali e ma lili pona pi kiwen ala, pi lete ala. tenpo lili la ona li kiwen li lete li ike. tenpo lili la ona li pali e sitelen tomo pi ma ale, lon insa pi lawa ona; wawa lili li tawa lon ala suli. tenpo lili la ona li nimi kepeken "pipi lili wawa" e ni.

tenpo lili la ona li nimi kepeken "mun wawa suli" e ni.

tenpo lili la, lon pilin ona la, ona li lon ma ale, tan wawa, tan open tan pini; tan wan tan ala; tan linja pi toki ilo. tenpo lili la lon pilin ona la, ona li musi e musi. tenpo lili la lon pilin la, ona li lukin e nimi lon sinpin.

sina jan musi, li lukin e nimi...

o pini... tenpo lili la, jan musi li lukin e linja pi toki ilo, lon sinpin. ona li nimi e ni; li sona e nimi; li pilin li toki e sona. jan musi li kon wawa, li kon suli, li sona e ni: ona li lon, ona li lon. moli mute mute li lon ala. jan musi li lon.

sina. sina. sina lon.

kin la tenpo lili la lon pilin pi jan musi la, ale li toki tawa ona, tan walo lon kasi pi tenpo walo.

kin la tenpo lili la lon pilin pi jan musi la, ale li toki tawa ona, kepeken walo lon sewi pimeja

that fell from the crisp night sky of winter, where a fleck of light in the corner of the player's eye might be a star a million times as massive as the sun, boiling its planets to plasma in order to be visible for a moment to the player, walking home at the far side of the universe, suddenly smelling food, almost at the familiar door, about to dream again	lete. pipi walo lon oko pi jan musi li ken tan sike walo suli mute mute, li ala li seli e sike ona, tawa ken lukin pi jan musi, la jan musi li tawa tomo ona, lon weka mute, li nena kon e moku, li lon supa pi sona ona, li kama sitelen lape sin
and sometimes the player believed the universe had spoken to it through the zeros and ones, through the electricity of the world, through the scrolling words on a screen at the end of a dream	kin la tenpo lili la lon pilin pi jan musi la, ale li toki tawa ona, tan wan tan ala, tan wawa pi ma ale, tan nimi lon sinpin, lon pini pi sitelen lape
and the universe said I love you	ale li toki e ni: mi olin e sina
and the universe said you have played the game well	ale li toki e ni: sina musi pona e musi
and the universe said everything you need is within you	ale li toki e ni: wile ale sina li lon insa sina
and the universe said you are stronger than you know	ale li toki e ni: sona sina la sina wawa mute
and the universe said you are the daylight	ale li toki e ni: sina tenpo suno
and the universe said you are the night	ale li toki e ni: sina tenpo pimeja
and the universe said the darkness you fight is within you	ale li toki e ni: pimeja pi utala sina li lon insa sina
and the universe said the light you seek is within you	ale li toki e ni: suno pi alasa sina li lon insa sina
and the universe said you are not alone	ale li toki e ni: sina wan taso ala
and the universe said you are not separate from every other thing	ale li toki e ni: sina ante ala tan ijo ante ale

and the universe said you are the universe tasting itself, talking to itself, reading its own code	ale li toki e ni: sina ale - li moku ale sama, li toki tawa ale sama, li lukin e toki ijo pi ona sama
and the universe said I love you because you are love.	ale li toki e ni: mi olin e sina, tan ni: sina olin
And the game was over and the player woke up from the dream. And the player began a new dream. And the player dreamed again, dreamed better. And the player was the universe. And the player was love.	kin la musi li pini. jan musi li weka tan sitelen lape. kin la jan musi li open lape sin. kin la jan musi li sitelen lape sin, li sitelen lape pona. kin la jan musi li ale. kin la jan musi li olin.
You are the player.	sina jan musi.
Wake up.	o kama tan lape.