

00 - A PLAYGROUND OF ULTIMATE PROPORTIONS

From nothing, something is born. A loud, undefined noise. The universe has just birthed itself and there is everything at once. A burst of heat amongst the void. The children begin making friends, joining together and creating newer more complex building blocks that will unbeknownst to them become far greater creations. Molecules that will later give birth to life.

Out of this ocean of entropy, a figure forms. The colors weave complex shapes, amorphous and unbound by future rules or present absence of continuity. One collects as a being of lightweight essence. Warm and bright, electric and cheery. It navigates through the noise with nourishing grace. What would be its palms, graze the waves and push them into new elements, new states of being. It will soon learn the art of creation, and indulge in discovering how to sort through all it has been given. This is the Artist.

Not long after, a second figure is born. Deep within the densest collections of color and noise, the sound of space screaming out for order unbearable beyond comprehension. It starts as a blot, as the compressed elements are forced together. The blot grows, then reaches out from the cluster of chaos. A hand claws out to where space has begun to find order, speckles of noise dart about but all is relatively quiet. It crawls away from its birthplace, the substance it grasps at crumbling beneath it. It must prove its strength and its worth to escape. When it finally does, it is met with a calm field of beauty. All it knew was painful noise and blinding colors, but out here it was sparse. A grand open space, where it could wander leisurely, free of the constraints of what made it real. It does so, awarding itself the gift of freedom. This is the Nomad.

Reality is growing by the second, as the entropy craves order. It wants all and nothing at once, to join together into new creations and be as grand and apart as ever. The Artist has done a wonderful job of creating many open rooms, galleries of different matters and forms of light and solids. The Nomad has been following at a distance, observing and collecting these memories, appreciating what life has graced its presence with.

Soon the distance closes, and the two lives meet. The Artist holds a grand mass of light, blinding but beautiful with its powerful force. A star has just died in its arms, one that the Artist had created early in its life and carried with it since. Its death gives birth to a multitude of new elements, and the Artist learns its second lesson: the importance of death, the cycle of life and how the end of one story is a new beginning.

The Nomad watches on, seeing this explosion of heat, noise and color overwhelm its senses. It shields itself until the event has ended, uncovering its sight to be met with the Artist kneeling over a collection of dust and smoke. The Nomad approaches cautiously, curiously reaching for the cloud where the star once resided. Their gazes meet, and they're emphatically

drawn towards each other. They have encountered their first life other than themselves, a being of ultimate proportions that nowhere else in the universe has to offer. They've found a friend.