

Sunday, January 1. 2017

## **Prologue: The Form and The Void**

Patience

The glowing form sat in the Void, focused on keeping itself imperforate. Would its time ever come?

It will come â€“ wait for it

It had been so long. The form couldnâ€™t remember where it had come from before, or what it was waiting for. It knew, vaguely, that there was a concept called â€œtimeâ€• - there had been a before, and there would eventually be an after - but here in the Void, the interminable now stretched out in front of it.

Youâ€™ll know it when it comesâ€œlf there had been a before,â€• the form reasoned to itself, â€œthen I came from somewhere.â€• It tried to focus on that moment, but with the distraction, it felt itself slipping away - a slightâ€“thinningâ€“of its sense of self, so it went back to focusing on remaining corporeal.

Do you remember the signal?

The form gathered itself in anticipation. So long.

Itâ€™s nearly timeâ€“!

THERE!

Noise, and pain; and light - so much light.

That fluid everywhere.

Blood, the form reminded itself.

Yes, this was it - the signal it had waited for. It was time to return.

Posted by Ancient of Days in The Gift of the Golden Blade at 15:58