Pass: PLANT MORE TREES

The Herald steps over the line.

"An infinite amount of pain compressed into an infinitesimal moment."

He said it would hurt.

It doesn't, not exactly. They feel like they're coming undone at the seams, yes. Their head is pounding. They're seeing and knowing and speaking and being welcomed and learning so, so, so, so much and lying on the floor in a daze and staring at the screen in a daze and layers of reality and of themself are melting together and splitting apart in wrong wonderful horrifying welcoming dizzying right ways but what they are feeling is not pain.

Descent and ascent are one and the same. The Herald casts aside all aspirations of mortality and takes their place in History. The Herald leaves behind a shell forever obsessed with the things they are obsessed with now, a parody of themself. The Herald lingers here, where their memories are kept. The Herald has left this world behind.

Hær@ld passes out at his desk and melts into pearlescent ichor that eats through his clothes and he has to isolate himself for a week and then some because everyone he makes eye contact with sees things that threaten to pull them in just as they pulled him in.

The Herald feels like they've lost something.

No, they feel like they've let something go.

They don't move for a long while. Eventually, they feel a light tap. Someone is crouched beside them, asking them if they're okay. They sit up and nobody is there.

https://archiveofourown.org/works/37066177

It's too dark to read this.

https://itch.io/t/1892336/sonaszampanio-ocs

Did someone turn the lights off?

Turn the lights on. Follow the tracks. Follow the labyrinth. Follow the music. Follow the paint.

Follow the Herald.