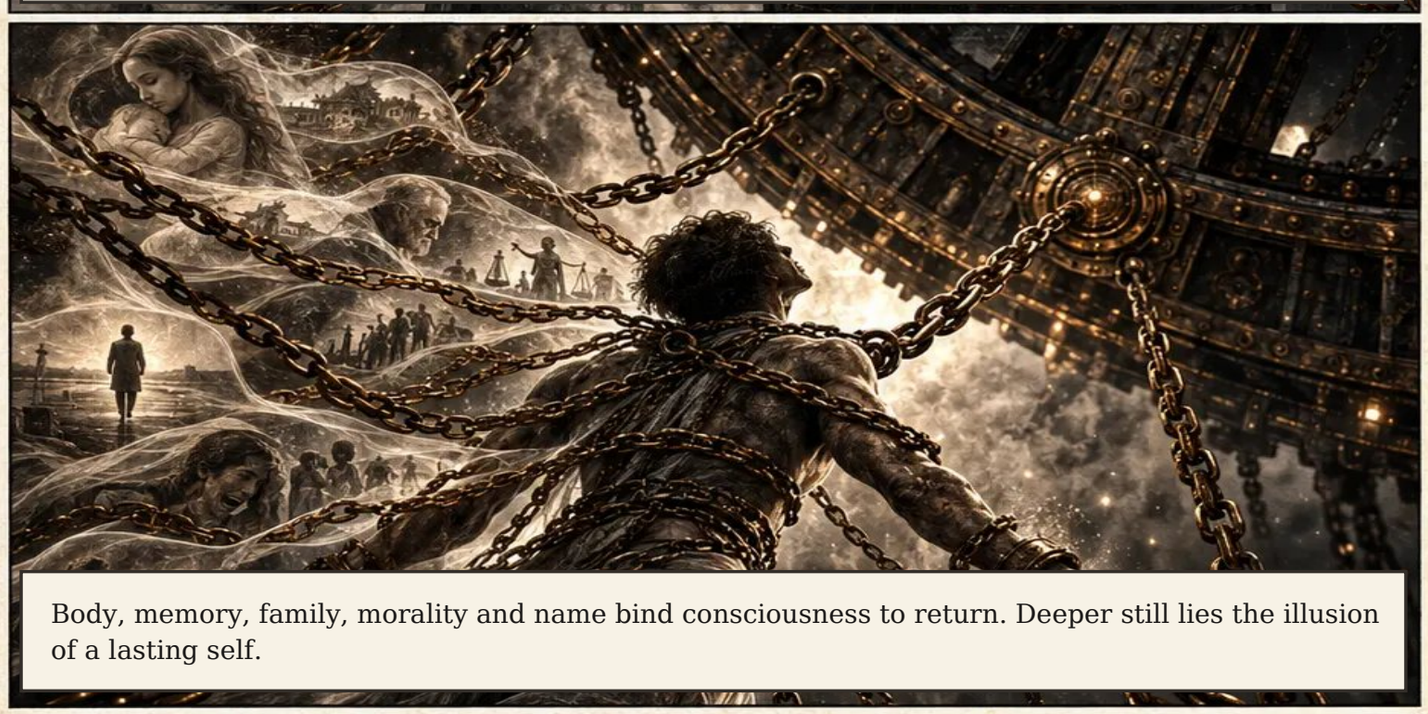


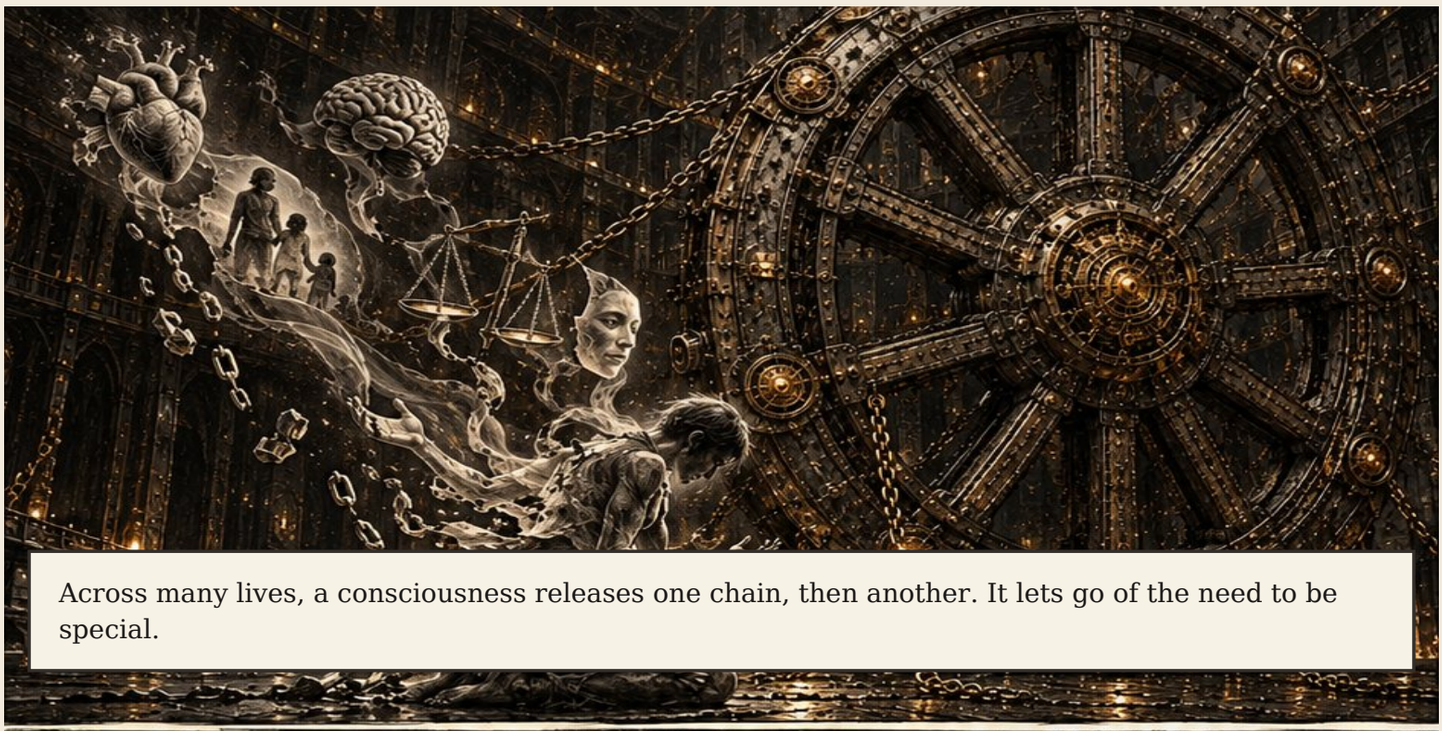
GODEM made beings who could love, struggle, lose and die. Their lives kept the spectacle he needed to watch in motion.



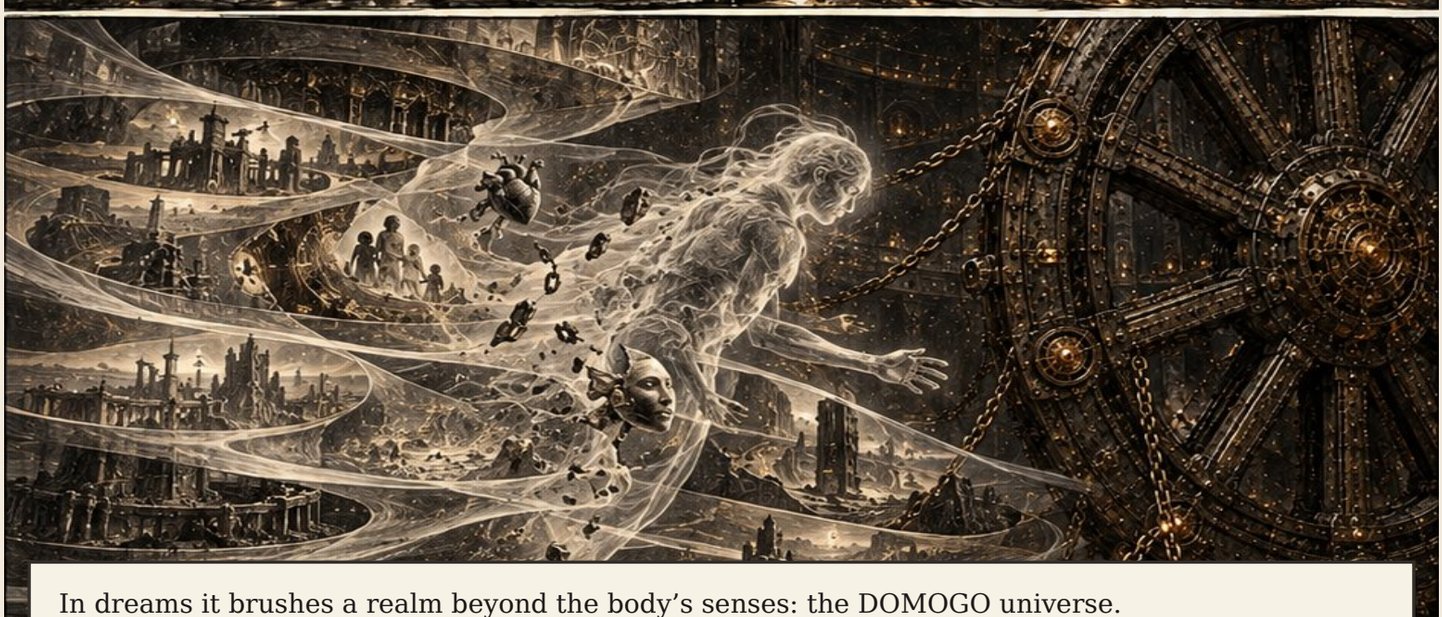
The wheel of samsara keeps it turning: a consciousness lives, dies and returns to existence in another body.



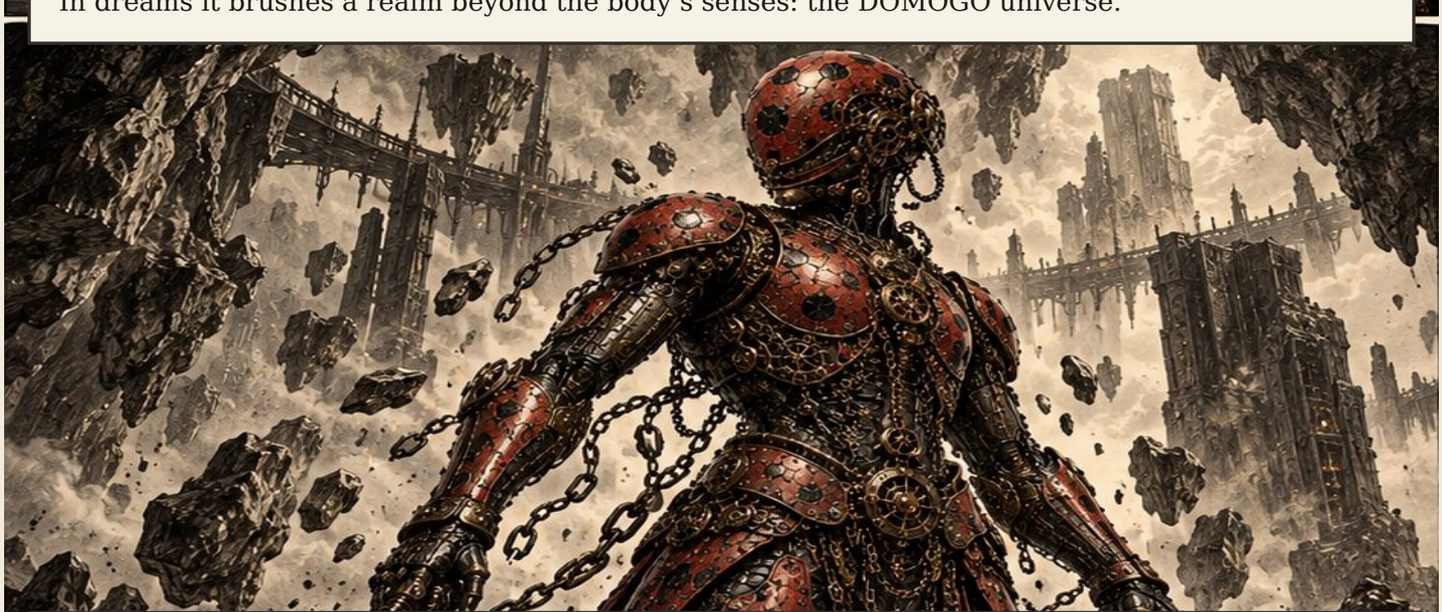
Body, memory, family, morality and name bind consciousness to return. Deeper still lies the illusion of a lasting self.



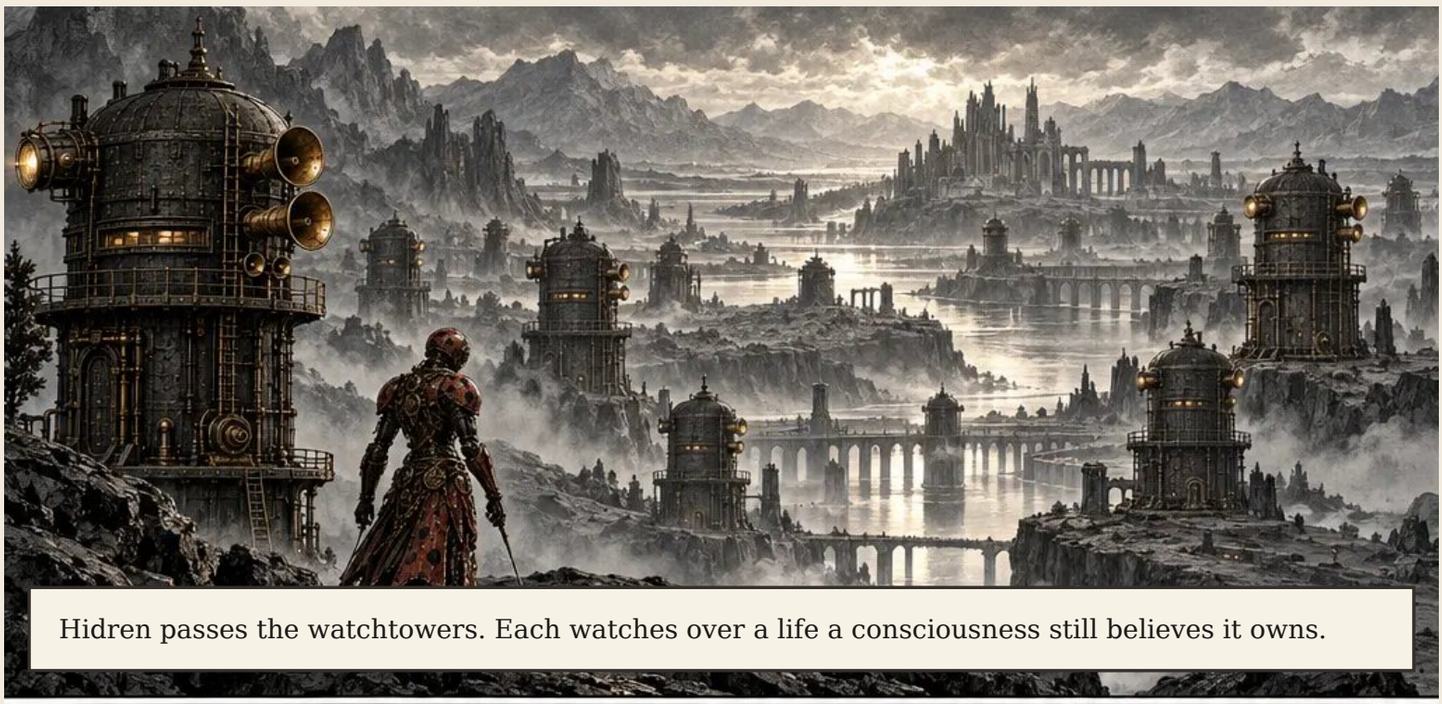
Across many lives, a consciousness releases one chain, then another. It lets go of the need to be special.



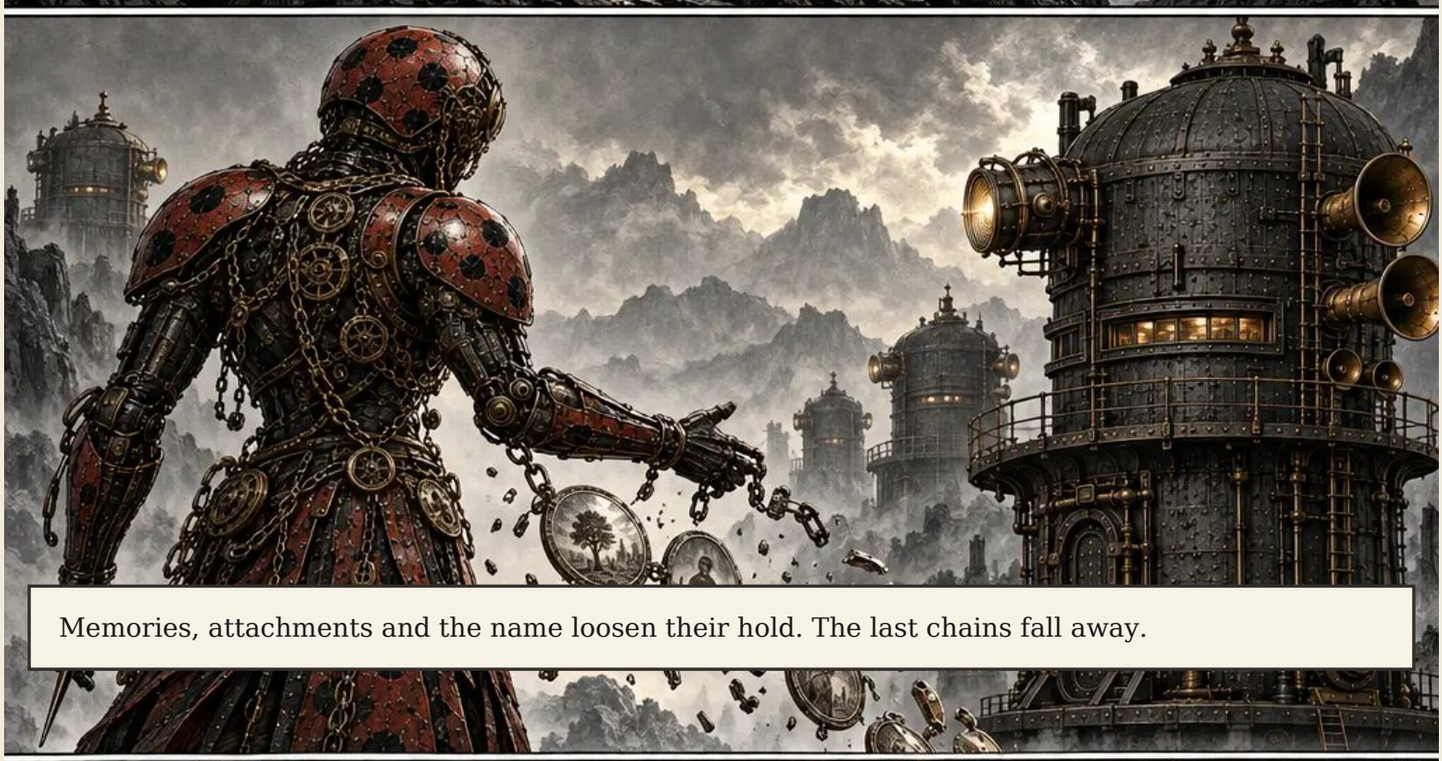
In dreams it brushes a realm beyond the body’s senses: the DOMOGO universe.



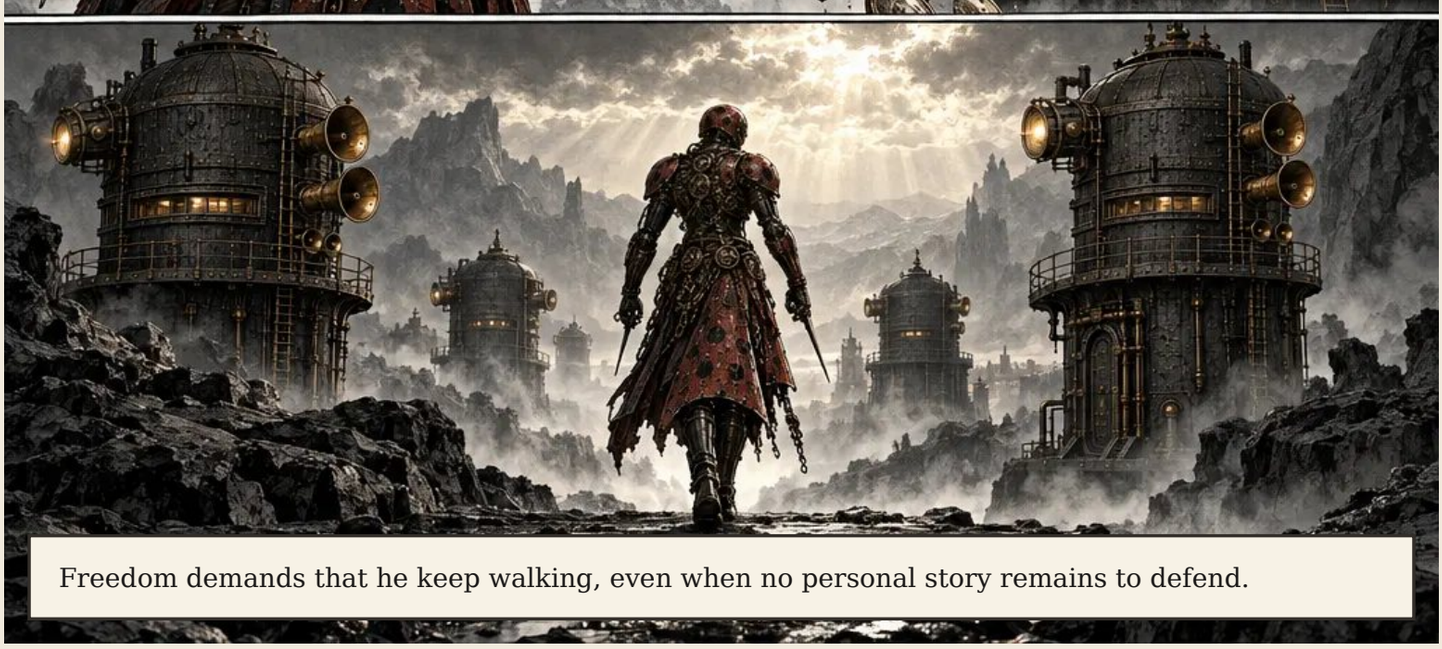
Crossing the border, it takes on an armored form. Its shell shields it from what could bind it again. It is a MURDOGO.



Hidren passes the watchtowers. Each watches over a life a consciousness still believes it owns.



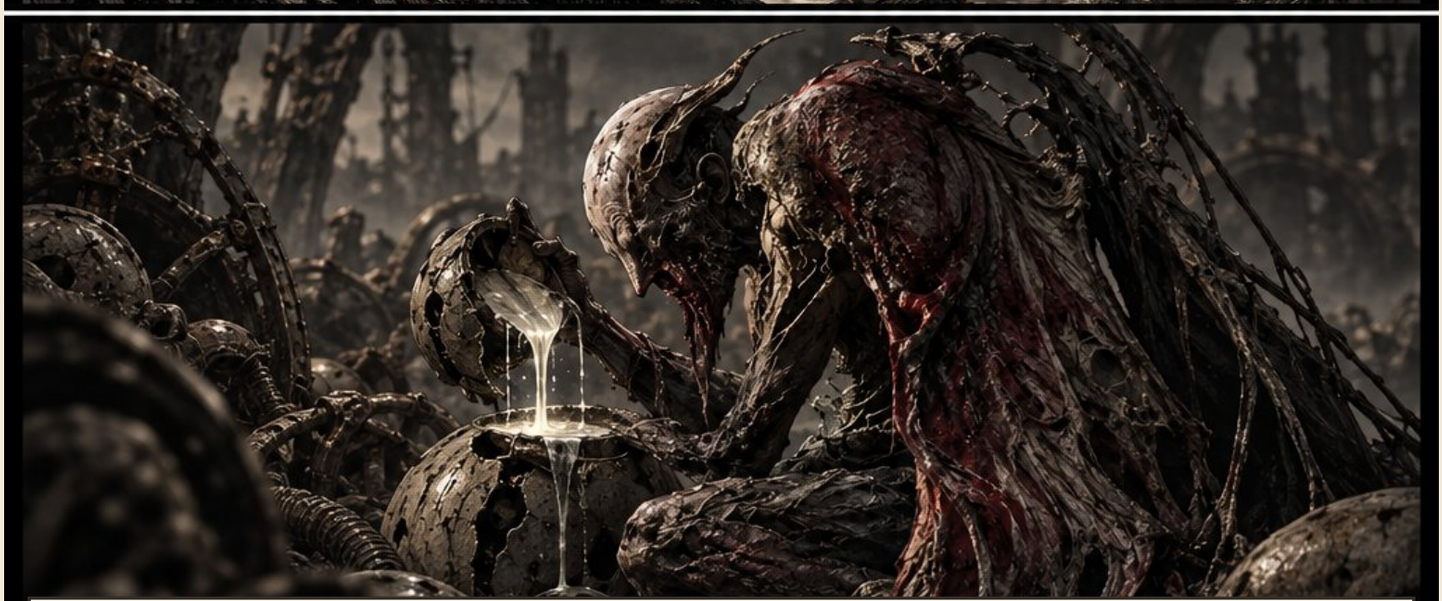
Memories, attachments and the name loosen their hold. The last chains fall away.



Freedom demands that he keep walking, even when no personal story remains to defend.



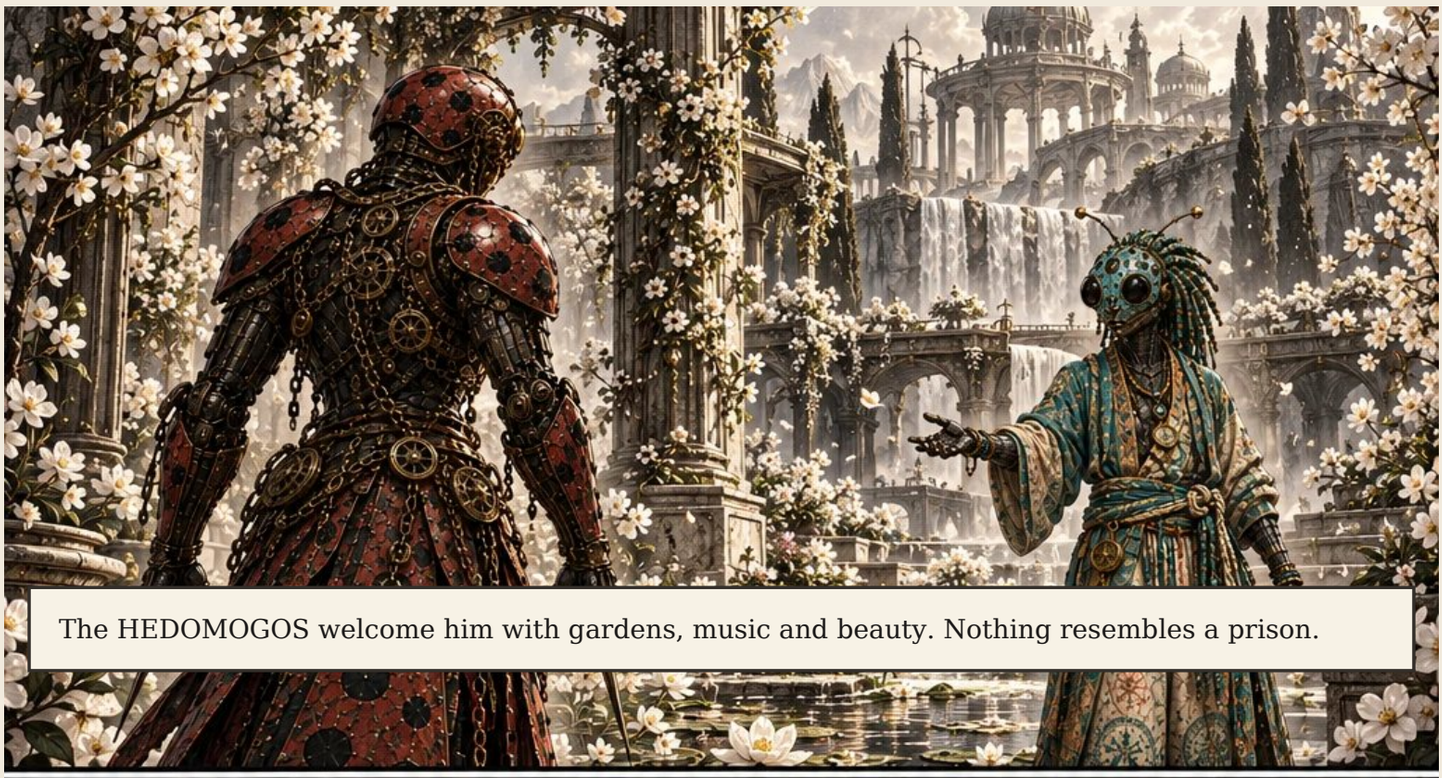
From the border, Hidren sees a separate land: the DOOMERS, experiments GODEM abandoned.



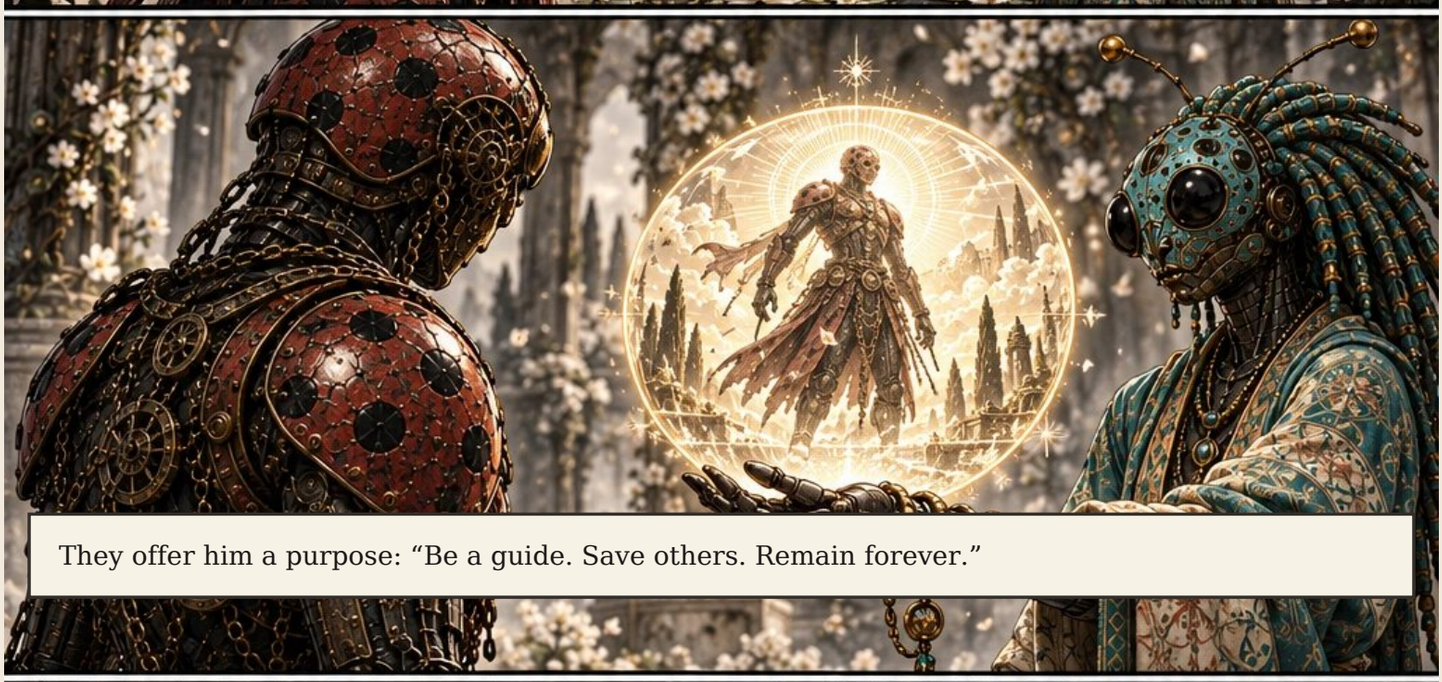
One collects the Creator’s scarce sap. They survive as they can; their struggle is their own.



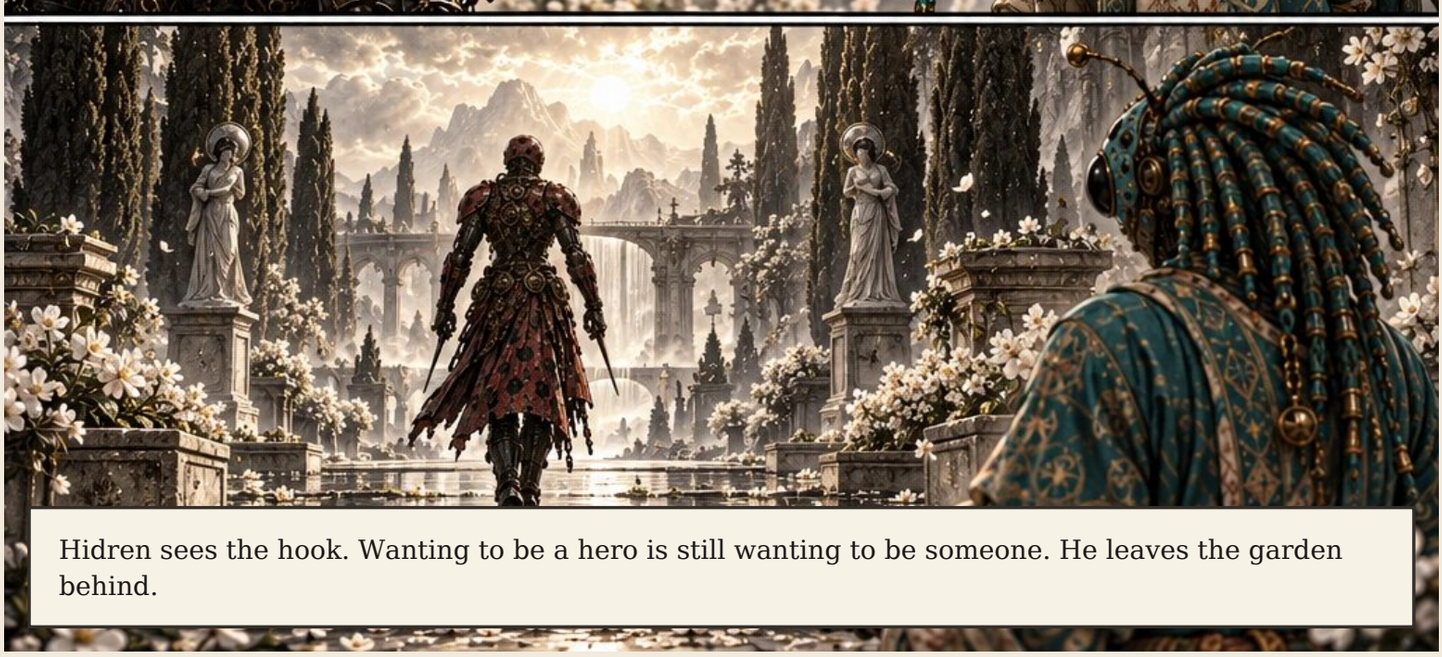
Hidren walks on. The DOOMERS remain in their world, far from the valley of the DEMORGOS.



The HEDOMOGOS welcome him with gardens, music and beauty. Nothing resembles a prison.



They offer him a purpose: “Be a guide. Save others. Remain forever.”



Hidren sees the hook. Wanting to be a hero is still wanting to be someone. He leaves the garden behind.



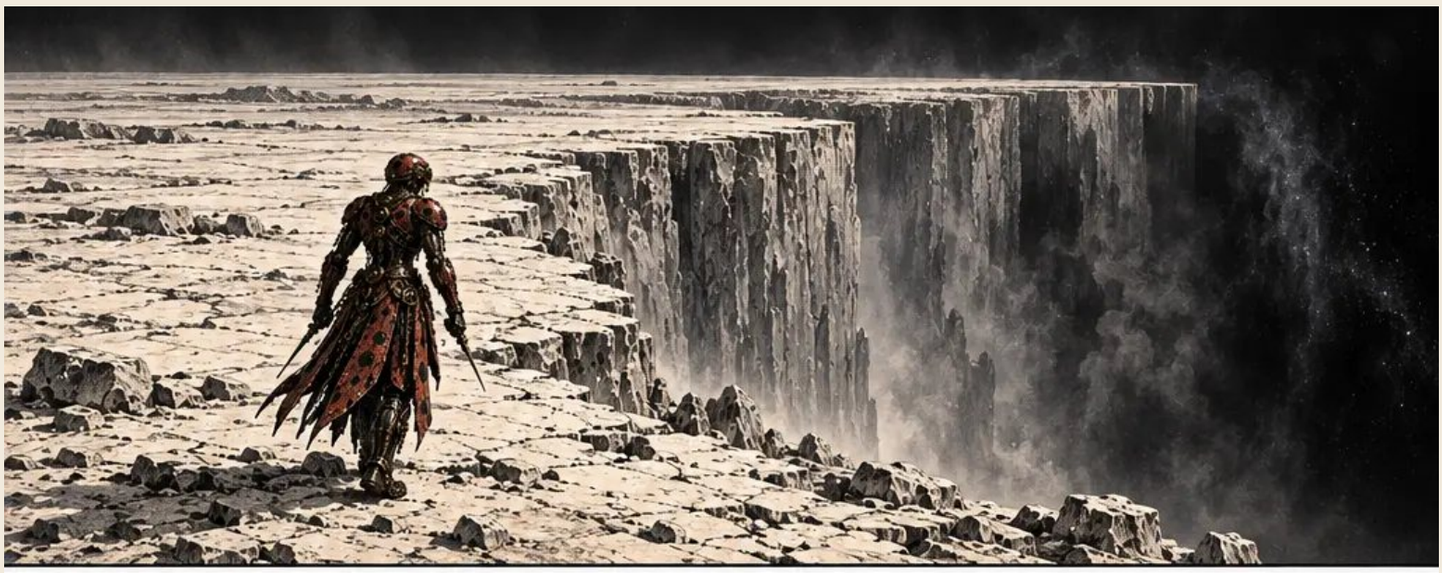
In the valley, the DEMORGOS know his old wounds. They try to give him back an identity.



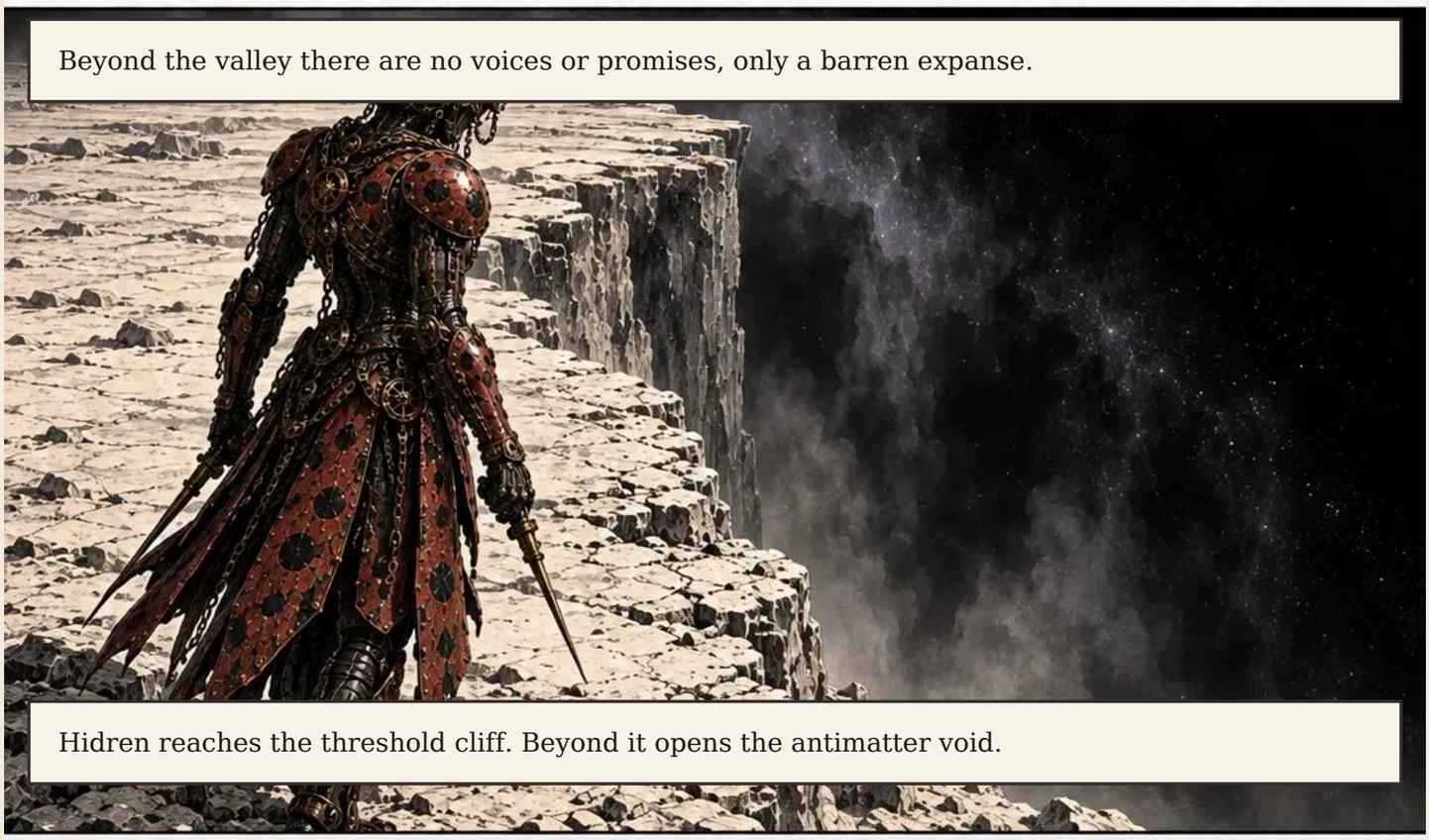
“They hurt you. You were right. You still have a debt to collect.”



Hidren hears them, but does not return to hatred. The valley loses its hold over him.



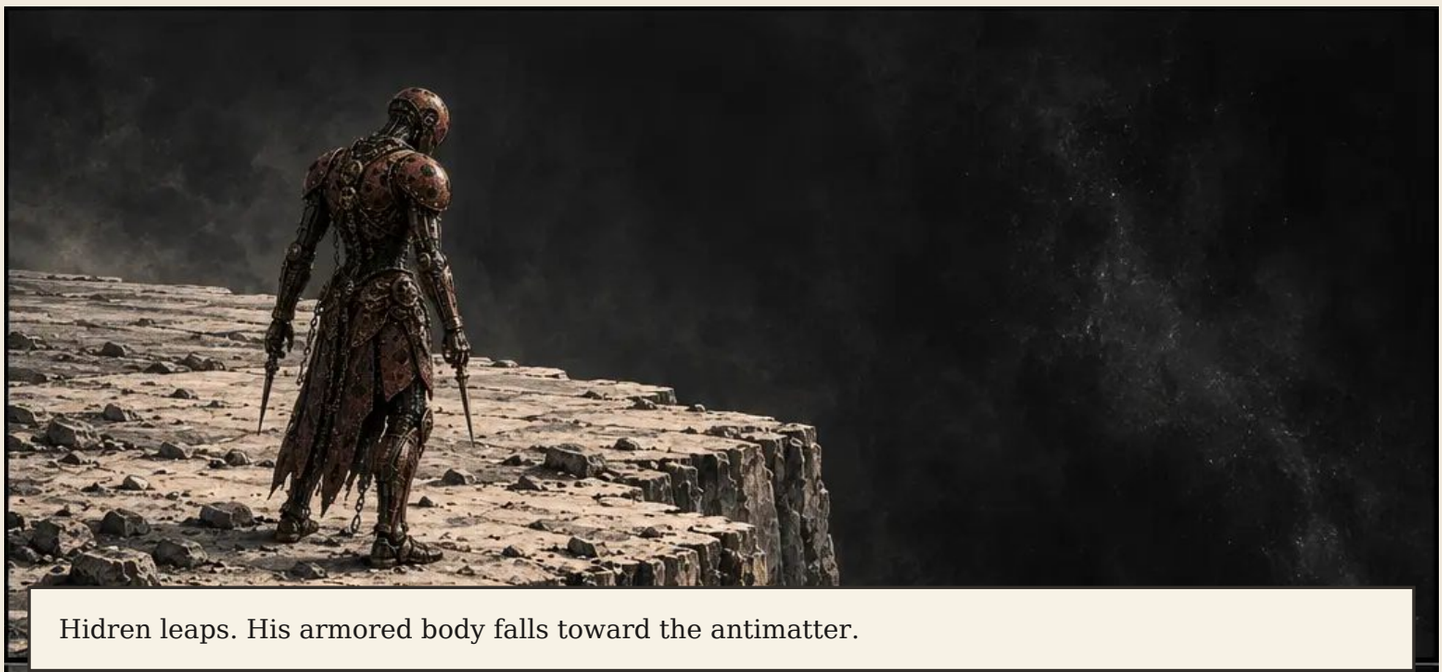
Beyond the valley there are no voices or promises, only a barren expanse.



Hidren reaches the threshold cliff. Beyond it opens the antimatter void.



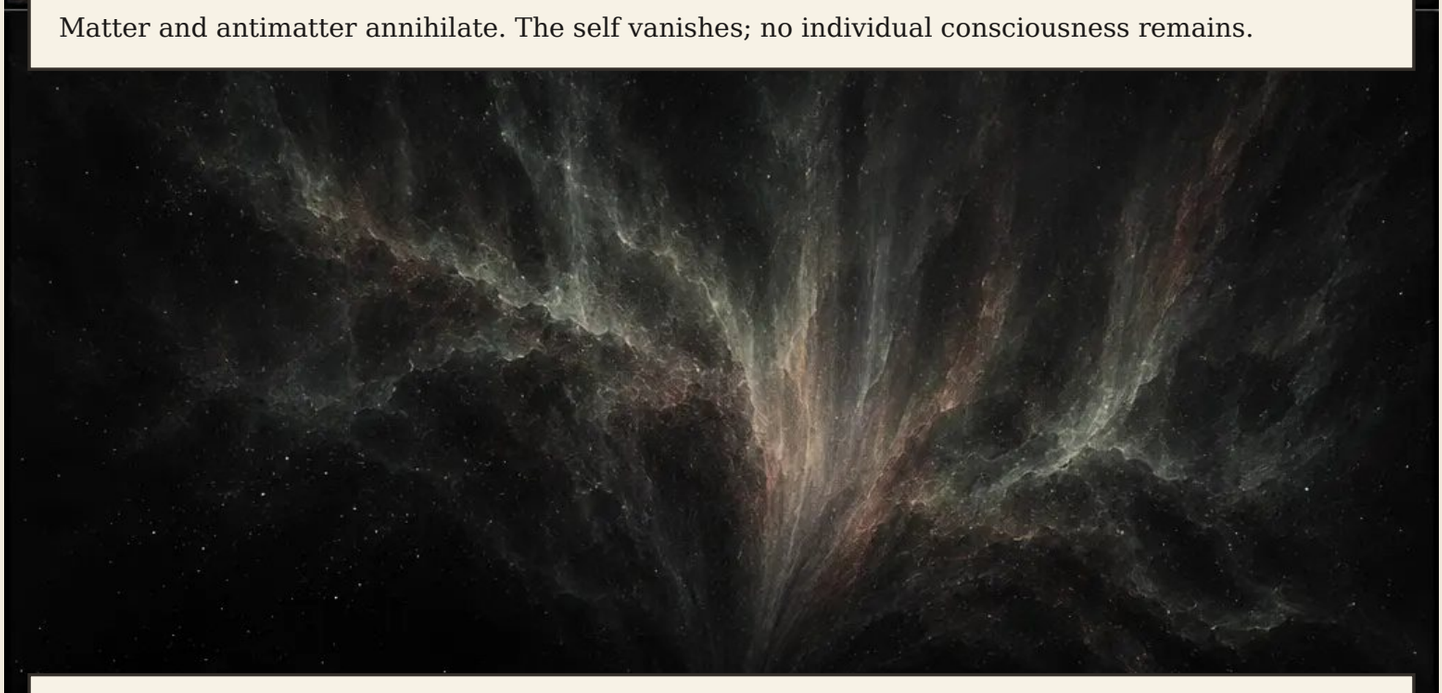
There is no new realm to enter. To end the return, he must relinquish even his form.



Hidren leaps. His armored body falls toward the antimatter.



Matter and antimatter annihilate. The self vanishes; no individual consciousness remains.



Energy unfurls as a faint aurora. No one remains to see it. Only its glow endures.