

Agarial remembers a birth of sorts, so long ago. A sudden awareness, an awakening from nonexistence. A memorable moment, because for that single frame in time, he was conscious without having anything to be conscious of. His first memory is of not having anything to remember.

Lights twinkled and exploded into being. Planets became, and then substantiated. Others like him blinked in all around. Other dwellers of the Void. Before, there hadn't even been a void.

Agarial saw it all as it happened. The glorious creation of being, balanced perfectly over a razor's edge. One mistake, and... But there were no mistakes, for being is being still.

Life happened, too. A different kind of life than that experienced by the void dwellers. A life of flesh and fur, green and sunlight, and swimming things in the water. A piece of the tower on the razor, a piece later called nature.

The tower was not finished. The void was changing, swirling, gathering substance with which to swirl. There were spiraling silvery streets and glittering golden gates and marvelous material mansions. Paradise for the void dwellers, lacking only purpose.

How can anyone be content without purpose? Agarial was happy. They all were happy. None were content. Time was too young for words like "diversion" and "patience".

Then came another miracle. Suddenly, they knew. They knew what they were supposed to do and for whom they were working. And they were content. It was a between time puberty. They knew!

Many were messengers, many were healers. Many would hurt. All chose to serve. All chose to think.

There were poets and muses and philosophers in the sky. And, would you believe it? Before religion, there were theologians. All were commanded to ponder, all were content to ponder. All were commanded to serve, all were content to serve. Until, like the theologians, a politician preceded government.

"I am greatest among us," said Politician to his brothers and sisters. "I am the light of the one that created, the one that commands. Who here questions my greatness?"

None could question Politician's greatness. He was indeed known by all, even by the Creator, as the Creator's light.

"As the greatest, I say we are all great. Our bodies crackle with power. We move like no others. Why, then, must we serve those that eat bread and hide behind flesh?"

All said, "We are commanded."

"Am I not the light of the one that commands?" asked Politician. "Without me, our master will be in darkness. We are commanded, we need no longer obey."

And so began a great war, a war in which Agarial was unlucky enough to choose the wrong side. The skies shook with the fury of the former void dwellers, until the void child Michael stepped forward amidst the bloodshed.

Politician was ready to lead a charge against his enemies when he noticed the meekly, soft-spoken Michael approaching at a calm pace. And he asked, "You face my troops alone, Michael?"

Michael said, "I have a better question for you. Who created the light?"

Politician was enraged by this reply. He made as if to smote Michael with his flaming saber, and discovered upon drawing the weapon naught but a cold hilt. A great weight forced Politician and all his followers to their knees.