

There's a door, blank and faintly shimmering in the weak light. A hand tries opening, but it won't open yet. Unaware of this, the hand still pulls, then shakes at the knob, but little happens. The person with the hand gives up, then backs away, stopping at the sight of a table covered in shapes a small way away from where they stood, which draws said person in. They sit on the stool, casting shadows in the warm candle light, and leaning over the table, looking at the mess, they shift. Grey eyes light as a mind finds trees and flowers, an inhuman face. Color bleeds into a slack face as scene comes into the world, and emboldening hands tingle as they rub across the small cubes and triangles.

Behind the eyes, moving parts shed dust, factories of unknown products. The lips pull into a faint smile, awed by the thing the mind just made. The shapes show a long face smiling, human hands held in offering, a forest alive with history - the picture lives to the empty being, slowly inching down its own string of time, but the shapes are dead to all else.

Tentatively, rosy fingers reach into a small drop of glass silently sitting on the far side of the wood, an ink vial, and the being watched as the liquid pooled and clung to its nails. A drop splashes onto the table, soaking into the still matter of the desolate being, and then its fingers trace its own shapes into the surface, small figures bursting into the world in colored ink, dancing, fighting, laughing and loving, until the whole expanse becomes a tapestry of all their lives, and a radiant entity stands gasping above, her green eyes windows to insides that had never burned so before.

The tapestry fills her with vitality, the catalyst that made her what she is now, and now its majesty is here for all the world, soaking into the wood, finished. She thinks of the grey buildings, dusty tunnels, dull-matter beings drifting aimlessly, her drifting aimlessly, meaninglessly, a world filled with nothing at all. A shimmering line travels down her cheek. Life was born here, sired by little shapes and mothered by ink and eager fingers, but there was no room for such in a cycled existence. She longs to never return to the colorless air that permeated that place, but knows nowhere else to go. Standing, she looks again at the door, still and solemn as before.

Something new catches her attention, small words etched in the top of the door - Let This Be as You Are, to Open, Look into Yourself - and as she stood before it, her image fills its glassy surface, a surprised girl with dark hair and bronzed skin, taking in the reflection of a new being. Again her hand reaches for the door, feeling the smoothness of the metal as she turned the handle. It opens with a click and a quiet creak as all the colors of sunset pour into the round room, kissing the exit of the small tunnel to her past, setting the girl aflame in orange and red. As she steps out, the mirror slowly shuts behind her. Silently, it closes, the rich browns of the door blend seamlessly into the rock wall. Venturing into a new life, she never returns.