

An ever stretching dense and heavy jungle encloses a massive mountain named t.laqq, made of jutting rocks and bulging masses of dirt. The mountains unstable environment collapses and grows, forever looping from divine conflict. The trees grow through the moving rock, strong enough to do so from rapid adaptation, inspired by perennial divine presence.

The mountain and the Gods that reside in it, live in symbiotic mutualism with each other, forever balancing out each others growth and vitality. Spirits of Chaos and Gods of Fluid Energy absorb massive amounts of the forest for nutrients and strength. Their decomposing bodies blossom into massive protrusions of dirt and rock. Rebirthing themselves, wiser, and more resistant with humiliation and death. Because of this process of life and death, the mountain grows higher so the spirits may consume more of the mountains nutrients. The Gods devour one another in constant battle for survival.

The complex environment and uninhabitable temperatures make it impossible for orthodox life forms to exist, other than beasts of post death enlightenment. Because the mountain is in constant motion, an incomprehensibly loud hum comes from the constant friction occurring. The frequencies from the hum are so powerful that any organic life in its touch, would have their flesh torn apart from such powerful vibrations.

Under the mountain, in the jungle reside creatures recognisable to biological life. Some of these creatures have been blessed and protected by the spirits and Gods that live above them. These predators and prey may become higher life forms someday, if strong and resilient enough to climb above the elevations of the jungle and resist the pure power of the mountain. But in the mid point between creature and mystical beast live creatures of limbo. A struggle of fully committing to physical and mental enlightenment through Godhood by stepping out of the jungle and into the mountains forest. If blessed by the Gods to be strong enough... by possibility, and mental power, may the creature survive the vibrations. Unknowingly soon to be killed by the "hands" of a Spirit or God, then to be reincarnated into a spirit.

In Limbo resides a beast named 'ixia's. Otl'~, forever sleeping. She sits still with her head bowed down to the shallow water she lays in. The teasing light that falls on her back reaches through the dense jungle that has grown around her. Fungus burrows into her skin, and insects begin to trail up her back, into her eyes and down the barrels of her nose hollowing out available space. Her claws deeply rooted into the dirt, spawning mycelium growths, that branch off into the ground. Other predators and scavengers keep their distance, afraid of waking her up.

Her stripes radiate appellations and dance across her fur. The writing in her stripes tell the ever changing story of her dreams, and holds the titles of the forces that bless her internal thoughts to be so vivid. Thoughts that nearly resemble reality, but contradict its unorthodox construction. The mountains lowfull hum (far enough to survive, but close enough to be heard) in Limbo ever more stimulate her lucid thoughts.

'ixia's. Otl'~(she) is a tiger.

The antelope can shapeshift into other animals.

Part 1 of Lucid Dreams of 'ixia's. Otl'~

Masking the jungles dense foliage were stripes of light lifting the fog from the ground. Between stick an.,d ;ri):'#,.)"/c'; a. an antelope walked towards nowhere. The antelopes fur was more of a fleece that fell far from its body. Each step, its coat would lift up and fall unsaid, revealing its freckled white spots against its black fur. Its antlers knotted into a ladder atop its

head, light enough to not strain the creature. Every step subtle and silent. The forest was speechless and its movement inaudible to listeners. Stillness cloaked its stalker.

Days streamed into one another, nights were one in the same as the minutes in between them. How long had it really been that 'ixia's. Otl'~ had followed her prey? She is mute, except for her written stripes that blend her into the background. She predicts where the antelope has been heading now. Had everything been moving in a similar direction? Even the trees pointed towards';~t(la) qa''g..

'ixia's. Otl'~ dropped close to the ground, her legs followed by her chest sank into the dirt. Only her head protruded from the ground. A ring of water surrounded her face, and began to trickle into a stream. As she moved, the stream moved, soon diverging into a pond. Was this where everything came too? 'ixia's. Otl'~ was now just another stepping stone in the water.

This pond was audible. The pond echoed out to the stepping stone building a great hum that drove into her stomach. Time was catching up to 'ixia's. Otl'~. Her nose was irritated from the water, like how her eyes were bleached from the light she bathed in. Black sut started to seep from her nose and fall into the water. Similarly her eyes teared out sut. Utop the water, black sut floated around her face. Her concentration, unbroken. Something was approaching the pond.

The antelope walked out towards the spring that managed to spill water. Down it, the water ran without haste in towards the face of the still pond. The antelope stepped towards the pond and laid its hoof above the water. It continued to walk on top of the water, until it paused in the center of the pond. Something lingered behind the antelope. The antelope's head fell close to the water. As it did this something caught its peripheral vision. Black sand was falling out of a stone that laid on the side of the pond. Puddled around it, the sand created a trail across the circumference of the body of water.

The antelope chose to ignore the stone's strange behavior. And turned its head away, looking back at its own reflection in the water before drinking. 'ixia's. Otl'~ knew she wouldn't be spotted, she was too determined. She studied the picture ahead of her for a brief second. In that second, she examined every hair on the curvature of the antelope, every space between herself and her prey, every blade of grass, every grain of dirt, and sand around her, she shut her eyes. She held her breath, the sand stopped falling. In silence she moved forward, envisioning each pace ahead of her, banking on the antelope not moving. Now only feet away from the antelope, she opened her eyes and exhaled slowly. The antelope was looking directly into her eyes, frozen. 'ixia's. Otl'~ was taken aback by hesitation... as the world stuttered, she pounced forward with all her force, streaming sut from her face. Her stripes poured text from them, and radiated around her body. The antelopes back hoof quickly dropped into the water. The barrier that held it up broke as soon as 'ixia's. Otl'~ jumped. The antelope quickly struggled as its body fell and sank into the water. 'ixia's. Otl'~ jumped right over where the antelope originally stood, and then fell into the water. The antelope was far into the depths of the water. The pond was increasingly deep set and dark. All 'ixia's. Otl'~ could see was a frog, that she last thought to be the antelope that fell into the water. She followed shadows far past the indistinctive form into the pitch black water. Deprivation ,;j'/ga~;"(a|,,::\hr~.. Far gone was the creature 'ixia's. Otl'~ followed in. A wave of fear leaped up into 'ixia's,'s stomach, as she realised that she was suffocating and hadn't been breathing for the last couple of minutes. This was the first time 'ixia's. Otl'~ felt any feeling in a long time? Why was that?

Part 2 of Lucid Dreams of 'ixia's. Otl'~

'ixia's. Otl~ had an awesome realization. She realized she could breathe, she understood this was not real. The events that had happened in the last couple of days have all been scattered thoughts within a dream. 'ixia's. Otl~ became fully aware of how much control she really had over herself. Her eyes were wide open, still, spilling sut similar to her nose.

She breathed in as hard as she could, taking every ounce of air she could conceptualize. 'ixia's. Otl~ exhaled violent fire. The sut in her stomach was gone. Promptly the frog she had seen in the pond from earlier flew by 'ixia's. Otl~ with hot speed. This frog was a massive toad, bigger than 'ixia's. Otl~ now. With no hesitation, 'ixia's. Otl~ dug her nails into the toads back as it flew by. Shooting both of them out of the water into the air, falling to the ground. The toad aggressively shook 'ixia's. Otl~ off its back. As she was thrown off the toad, the toad raced off with unreal speed, far from where they landed. 'ixia's. Otl~ pursued the toad. She was much faster and stronger when she reminded herself this was her reality. As she tailed the frog everything around her began to ring. Closer to the toad the sound became even louder. She gained on the frog and pounced. She grabbed the toad... the sound became unbearable. Its was so powerful it tore them apart instantly. 'ixia's. Otl~ still had full control however. She reconstructed her body in perfect sequence. Bigger, stronger.

She looked around. ? 'ixia's. Otl~ She stood on top of a great mountain, growing in size, constant conflux of struggle. She resided wear no mortal creature had stood. 'ixia's. Otl~ woke up.