

The Arkana

In many ways, our minds are wider than the universe itself. Our memories and thoughts could fill it entirely if we weren't limited by our short lifetime. It is because our possibilities are infinite, while the universe is only constantly expanding. It is further than humanity could ever go to, but there is an edge to it. There exists some kind of house, riding this boundary like a surfer enjoying the waves. It is above our physical form, but still in the range of our cognitions. There lived The Messenger and The Dreamer. The former woke up "early", making herself fit to be seen by her guests today. It was the day the Arkana was created. After polishing her teeth, she snapped her fingers and manifested a pleasant place for the meeting. There was a gigantic pillar on a sea of nothingness, and some smaller ones right next to it. She snapped again and a king size bed was teleported right on the middle pillar, alongside The Dreamer sleeping in it. As always, she listened to The Dreamer as she indulged in somniloquy. Since she rarely awoke from her slumber, The Messenger always ended up doing most of the work. While she didn't mind, she felt terribly lonely without her. A simple gaze at her sleeping face made her smirk, it was a meaningful life to her.

The Messenger clapped and about ten to twenty translucent humans started appearing on the nearby pillars. She welcomed them.

"Greetings. Your memories of this meeting might dissolve as soon as it ends, as babies tend to forget the moment they were born. Announce me your Arkana and your greatest fault"

After some seconds of silence, a shadow answered.

"I am of the Virtuosa Arkana. I'm a ballerina dancing through the world, presenting to people art they cannot understand yet. I cannot give them a spectacle they would enjoy seeing, nor one I would truly enjoy performing."

Another answered, puzzled.

"I am of the... Whore Arkana? I kinda feel like I got the short end of the stick, could you at least call it a courtesan?"

—Very well, The Messenger answered, you might call it Courtesan.

—For real? I owe you one. I am of the Courtesan Arkana. Some might say I'm a people pleaser, but I'm addicted to that shit really."

The Messenger nodded and pointed at a silhouette one last time. It spoke.

"I am of the Miserabilism Arkana. Alas, I am but a fallen version of what I once was. I am truly worthless. Release me at once, for there are fools still believing in me.

Where are we? Those pillars are of ill omen, are you about to make each other fight to death? Oh, I'd hate to-

—That's enough for today, said The Messenger abruptly. Whether or not you read

your card, you will be sent back into your world and your lives will be marked. We wish to see your fall, or your success against all odds.”

She quickly spun around, gazing at every guest she called, and extended her arms dramatically. Her movements were so graceful, some thought it was a dance. She spoke loudly.

““What is the meaning of all of this?”, I hear you say! See it has a blessing; we have given you a purpose. The Almighty loves you, more than it loves me! You are a part of them, you hold the answer to the universe itself. They did not create enemies for you, your only challenge will be to find your own answers! Now, get back to your miserable lives and breathe from your new lungs!”

The room echoed the sound of her foot tapping on the floor, and just like that, this strange scenery disappeared. She was back in her house, relaxing on her couch, waiting for The Dreamer to speak again.