

THE LIGHT - Part One: ASCENSION

PAGE 1

A stark, completely white page. In the center, a small, hand-drawn door is cracked open. A sliver of intense, golden radiance spills out.

Title Overlay: the LIGHT.

PAGE 2

Panel 1: Close-up on Noone's eyes. They are wide, pupils shrunk to pinpricks.

Noone (Internal Monologue): In the DARK, I was falling. Here... I am rising.

Panel 2: Noone and the Father Superior are being pulled upward by an invisible force. Their bodies are semi-transparent, filled with glowing veins.

Father Superior: The book... it was right there! Why is it so bright?! I can't see the pages!

PAGE 3

Panel 1: They land on a surface that looks like frosted glass. Below them, they can see the swirling black clouds of the DARK, now far below.

Panel 2: A tall, crystalline figure approaches. This is PRISM. Its body is made of geometric shards that refract the light into rainbows.

Prism: Welcome to Factorization Phase 2: The Polishing. You are late. You are very... *dusty*.

PAGE 4

Panel 1: Prism touches the Father Superior's shoulder. Where his finger touches, the Father Superior's dark robes turn into white vapor.

Father Superior: Get away from me, spirit! I have the knowledge of Demiros! I am the Master of the Portal!

Panel 2: Prism tilts its head, a sound like wind chimes coming from its chest.

Prism: "Master"? How quaint. Here, there are no masters. Only the "Standard." You do not meet the Standard.

PAGE 5

Panel 1: A wide shot of the environment. Giant, floating prisms act as buildings. Thousands of essences—looking like smooth, featureless mannequins—are walking in perfect lines.

Noone: What is this place? This isn't heaven.

Prism: It is the Correction Lab. The DARK filters the weak. The LIGHT corrects the irregular. We must scrub the "self" away so you can be recycled.

PAGE 6

Panel 1: Prism leads them toward a massive pillar of fire that doesn't burn, but "bleaches."

Prism: Your friend, the one you called Deficit... he was a shadow. A residue. He couldn't come here. He chose to stay in the filth.

Noone (Thinking): Deficit didn't stay. He *sacrificed*. He knew this was a trap.

PAGE 7

Panel 1: The Father Superior tries to run toward a floating archive, thinking the Book is there.

Panel 2: He is stopped by a "Refraction Guard"—a being made of solid light. It doesn't strike him; it simply shines so brightly that the Father Superior's features begin to melt away.

Father Superior: NO! My memories! My name! I am... I am...

PAGE 8

Panel 1: Noone watches in horror. He realizes that "The Light" is a form of spiritual amnesia.

Noone (Internal): If I lose my memories of the Abbey... of the DARK... I'll just be another blank slate. Another cog in the machine.

Panel 2: He closes his eyes and focuses on a single "dark" memory: the cold, damp stone of the Novacella Abbey.

PAGE 9

Panel 1: A small, black inkblot appears on Noone's chest. It's a "Darkness" he is holding onto by sheer will.

Prism (Noticing): Oh. An impurity. This is... fascinating. You are holding onto a "dead" weight. Why?

PAGE 10

Panel 1: A shadow moves behind a nearby crystal. It's a small, flickering figure. This is EMBER.

Panel 2: She whispers from the shadows of a geometric pillar.

Ember: Don't let them polish you, Noone. Once the edges are gone, you'll never be able to cut your way out.

PAGE 11

Panel 1: Prism moves toward Noone with a "cleaning tool" that looks like a laser scalpel.

Prism: Let us remove that blotch. It's for your own peace. You'll feel so much lighter without a past.

Panel 2: Noone grabs Prism's arm. The black ink on Noone's chest begins to spread to Prism's crystalline skin, cracking it.

PAGE 12

Panel 1: Prism looks at its cracked arm in shock. For the first time, its faceless head shows a "fracture" that looks like a mouth.

Prism: Pain? What is... "Pain"?

Panel 2: A massive alarm sounds—a pure, high-pitched musical note. The "Light" begins to flicker.

Noone: I'm not here to be polished. I'm here to find the truth.

Final Image: Noone standing tall, a silhouette of shadow in a world of blinding white, as the "Refracted" souls begin to emerge from the corners of the page.

THE LIGHT - Part Two: THE SPECTRUM OF MEMORY

PAGE 13

Panel 1: A wide shot of the Correction Lab in chaos. The "Perfect Note" (the alarm) has become a jagged, screeching sound. The lines of featureless souls are breaking; some are clutching their heads as if memories are "leaking" back in.

Panel 2: Noone stands over the kneeling Prism. The black "ink" on Noone's hand is pulsing like a heartbeat.

Noone: You said I'd feel lighter without a past. But weight is what keeps us from drifting away.

PAGE 14

Panel 1: The Father Superior has been partially "bleached" by the Refraction Guard. His face is a smooth, terrifying marble mask with no mouth, but his eyes remain—full of frantic, desperate greed.

Panel 2: He lunges toward a floating platform where a translucent, glowing object sits: The Solar Codex, the "Light" version of Demiros' book.

Father Superior (Internal Monologue): If I cannot have the shadow... I will have the sun! I will write my name across the sky!

PAGE 15

Panel 1: Ember jumps from the shadows of a geometric pillar, landing between the Father Superior and the Codex. She holds a shard of dark glass—a fragment of the DARK that survived the transition.

Ember: You don't understand, old man. This book isn't for reading. It's a lens.

Panel 2: The Father Superior swats her aside with a blast of raw, white energy.

Father Superior (Internal): Out of my way, impurity!

PAGE 16

Panel 1: Noone runs toward Ember, helping her up.

Noone: Who are you? How do you know about the lens?

Ember: I was a scribe at the Abbey... centuries after you, Demiros. We studied your "Darkness," but we forgot that the Light is just as hungry. It wants to turn us into glass.

PAGE 17

Panel 1: Prism stands up. Its body is no longer perfect; the black cracks have created a "nervous system" of shadow throughout its frame. It looks at its hands with a new, terrifying emotion: Curiosity.

Prism: I see... colours now. Not just white. Red... the colour of the Father's anger. Blue... the colour of your sadness, x4y8z10.

Panel 2: Prism turns toward the Refraction Guards, who are moving in to "reset" the area.

Prism: Stop. They are... interesting.

PAGE 18

Panel 1: The Guards ignore Prism. They raise their hands, and the floor begins to glow with an intensity that threatens to dissolve everything.

Panel 2: "The Polishing" is accelerating. The geometric buildings begin to melt into a sea of liquid light.

Noone: We have to get to the Codex! It's the only thing solid enough to hold onto!

PAGE 19

Panel 1: The Father Superior reaches the Codex. He touches it, and his "marble" skin begins to shatter. The power is too much; he isn't a "vessel" like Demiros, he is just a thief.

Panel 2: He screams (a wordless, visual vibration in the panel). He is being turned into a living prism, his body scattering light in violent, random directions.

PAGE 20

Panel 1: Ember pulls a heavy, rusted chain from her tattered robes—a relic from the DARK.

Ember: Noone! You have the Mental Affinity! Link the chain to the book!

Noone: The chain? It's too heavy!

Ember: That's the point! It's the anchor!

PAGE 21

Panel 1: Noone concentrates. Visual representation of his "Mental Affinity": black smoke-like tendrils emerge from his mind, wrapping around the rusted chain and lashing out toward the glowing Solar Codex.

Panel 2: The shadow meets the light. A violent explosion of gray (the first-time gray is used in the book).

PAGE 22

Panel 1: The "High-Key" white of the world begins to smudge. For the first time, the characters have real, deep shadows on the ground.

Noone: I can feel it... the weight of everyone who was "polished" away. They aren't gone. They're just trapped in the glare.

PAGE 23

Panel 1: Prism walks into the gray explosion. Its shards are falling off, revealing a human-like form underneath.

Prism: If you anchor the Light... the cycle stops. We won't be reborn. We will just... *be*.

Noone: Better to "be" a shadow than a lie.

PAGE 24

Panel 1: The Father Superior, now a jagged silhouette of cracking light, reaches out for Noone's throat.

Father Superior: IF I CANNOT BE A GOD... NO ONE WILL BE!

Panel 2: The floor beneath them cracks. Not a door this time, but a fissure.

Final Image: A massive vertical crack splits the page in two. On one side, the blinding white of the Correction Lab; on the other, a glimpse of the deep, starry purple of a realm we haven't seen yet: The Spectrum.

Text: THE THRESHOLD HAS BROKEN.

THE LIGHT - Part Three: THE SPECTRUM

PAGE 25

Panel 1: A jagged, vertical splash. The page is split between the blinding white of the Light and a deep, swirling indigo and violet void.

Panel 2: Noone, Ember, and the cracking form of Prism are suspended in the "fissure." They aren't falling or rising; they are drifting.

Noone: The weight... it's gone. But I can see... everything.

Ember: We're in the space between the lenses. The "Spectrum." This is where the light is separated into what it really is.

PAGE 26

Panel 1: Prism's crystalline shell finally shatters completely. Inside is not light, but a human form made of soft, glowing colours—like a nebula in the shape of a person.

Prism (New Voice): My "X factor" was a lie. My "Z factor" was a cage. For the first time... I am not a variable. I am a frequency.

Panel 2: Prism reaches out and touches the walls of the fissure. Where they touch, the white "Light" bleeds into vivid greens and deep reds.

PAGE 27

Panel 1: The Father Superior is not so lucky. His obsession with the "pure" Light makes him react like glass in a furnace. He is jagged, sharp, and turning into a black hole of greed.

Father Superior: I... I can't... grip... anything! Where is the structure?! Where is the order?!

Panel 2: He tries to grab the **Solar Codex**, but the book is liquefying. Its "pages" are turning into streams of golden data.

PAGE 28

Panel 1: Ember points toward the distance. In the center of the Spectrum, a massive, rotating structure appears. It looks like a giant eye, or a camera lens, composed of both the DARK and the LIGHT.

Ember: The **True Cradle**. The DARK and the LIGHT were just the two halves of the machine. This... this is the engine.

Noone: If we reach it, can we stop the cycle?

PAGE 29

Panel 1: Suddenly, the "Accolade" appears. Not as shadows (as in the DARK) or as architects (as in the LIGHT), but as **The Refractors**. They are giant, multi-faced entities that oversee the balance.

Refractor 1: You have breached the separation. The contrast is leaking.

Refractor 2: Re-factorization is impossible. The entities x4y8z10 and x2y2z13 (Prism/Deficit remnant) must be neutralized.

PAGE 30

Panel 1: The Refractors raise their hands, and a "Standardization Beam" fires—a gray, neutralizing ray intended to erase all colour and return everything to "Zero."

Panel 2: Noone steps forward. He uses his **Mental Affinity**, but instead of pulling "Darkness," he pulls the "Colours" from the Spectrum around him.

PAGE 31

Panel 1: Noone creates a shield of pure, vibrating colour. The gray beam hits it and shatters into a million rainbows.

Noone: We aren't variables anymore! We are the experience itself!

Panel 2: Close-up on Noone's face. His eyes are no longer pinpricks; they are swirling with the same nebula-light as Prism.

PAGE 32

Panel 1: The Father Superior, seeing Noone's power, realizes he can't steal it. He decides to destroy the Engine instead. He lunges toward the True Cradle.

Father Superior: IF I AM NOT THE MASTER, THEN THERE WILL BE NO REBORN!

Panel 2: He strikes the center of the Eye.

PAGE 33

Panel 1: A "Silent Scream" panel. The True Cradle cracks.

Panel 2: The "Spectrum" begins to collapse. The colours are being sucked back into a single, terrifying point of gravity.

Ember: He's inverted the lens! He's turning the Light back into a singularity!

PAGE 34

Panel 1: Noone grabs Ember and the "New" Prism.

Noone: The Book of Demiros... it wasn't a manual for immortality. It was a warning about the **Feedback Loop**.

Panel 2: He realizes the only way to save the souls caught in the collapse is to provide a "Release Valve."

PAGE 35

Panel 1: Noone focuses all his affinity on a single point in the white sky. He doesn't open a door; he "un-makes" a hole.

Noone: We have to go back.

Prism: Back to the "Falling"?

Noone: Back to the beginning. Where we can start the count again.

PAGE 36

Panel 1: The Father Superior is swallowed by his own greed, becoming a tiny, dense speck of nothingness—the ultimate "Zero."

Panel 2: Noone kicks open the final door. It doesn't lead to a new world. It leads to a familiar, pitch-black abyss.

Final Image: Noone, Ember, and Prism leaping into the blackness. The sensation of "Rising" is gone. The sensation of "Falling" returns.

Text: THE CIRCLE CLOSES. THE DARK AWAITS.

THE LIGHT - Part Four: THE STAINED VOID

PAGE 37

Panel 1: A full-page splash of absolute black. In the dead center, three tiny, multi-coloured sparks are falling.

Noone (Internal Monologue): The falling. It's a familiar weight. Like an old friend.

Noone (Internal Monologue): But the DARK is different now. It smells... of ozone.

PAGE 38

Panel 1: Noone, Ember, and Prism hit the "floor" of the DARK with a thundering **THOOM**.

Panel 2: As they stand, their bodies glow. The "Light" they stole from the Correction Lab isn't fading; it's radiating outward, illuminating the twisted, obsidian geometry of the void for miles.

Prism: This place... it's so quiet. It's like a graveyard for data.

PAGE 39

Panel 1: From the shadows, hundreds of "Essences" (the featureless souls from *the DARK*) begin to crawl toward the light. They look like moths drawn to a flame.

Panel 2: A familiar voice echoes from the darkness.

Voice: I told you, kid. Everyone eventually comes back to the basement.

PAGE 40

Panel 1: Deficit (x2y2z13) steps into the light. He looks worse for wear; his form is flickering, showing the "skeleton" of his tri-dimensional factorization code.

Noone: Deficit! You're still here. You didn't get terminated.

Deficit: The "Accolade" got distracted by your little stunt upstairs. The system is glitching. The "Termination" cycles have paused.

PAGE 41

Panel 1: Deficit looks at Ember and the colour-shifting Prism. He recoils.

Deficit: Whoa. You brought *that* back here? You're going to attract every "Eraser" in the sector. You're like a neon sign in a sniper's nest.

Ember: We didn't have a choice. The Father Superior broke the Cradle.

PAGE 42

Panel 1: A low, rhythmic pulsing begins. The DARK itself seems to be breathing.

Panel 2: The ground begins to rise. They aren't on a floor; they are standing on the back of a **Sentinel**—a massive, ancient entity of the DARK that was dormant until the Light touched it.

PAGE 43

Panel 1: The Sentinel's "eye" opens—a massive, circular pit of shadow that absorbs the light Noone is emitting.

Sentinel: THE BALANCE IS COMPROMISED. THE CONTRAST HAS BLENDED.

Panel 2: Noone steps forward, holding up his hand, which still bears the "ink stain" of his human memories.

PAGE 44

Panel 1: Noone realizes that to fix the cycle, he can't just be "Demiros" or "Noone." He has to be the **Bridge**.

Noone: The DARK was a filter for the dead. The LIGHT was a factory for the new. But you forgot the middle!

Panel 2: He plunges his glowing hand into the Sentinel's shadow-eye.

PAGE 45

Panel 1: A "Visual Paradox" panel. The Light and Dark don't fight; they begin to weave together. The page starts to look like **Stained Glass**—dark outlines holding vibrant, translucent colours.

Panel 2: The essences around them begin to regain features. Hair, eyes, clothing. They are no longer "factors." They are becoming **People** again.

PAGE 46

Panel 1: Suddenly, a "glitch" tears through the scene. A shard of the Father Superior—now a jagged, white-hot needle of pure ego—stabs through the floor.

Father Superior's Fragment: If I cannot rule... I will delete... EVERYTHING!

PAGE 47

Panel 1: The fragment begins to "un-write" the page. The ink is literally being erased from the paper, leaving only raw, white gaps.

Ember: He's using the "Logic" of the Light to delete the "Matter" of the Dark!

Noone: Prism! You know the code! Counter-factorize him!

PAGE 48

Panel 1: Prism steps forward, their body expanding into a web of geometric light.

Prism: X=Life. Y=Death. Z=Memory. The Father Superior... is a **Zero**.

Final Image: Prism and the Father Superior's fragment collide in a massive explosion of gray and gold.

Text: THE FINAL EQUATION.

THE LIGHT - Part Five: THE GREY HORIZON

PAGE 49

Panel 1: The explosion from the previous chapter has settled. Instead of a void, the environment now looks like a vast, misty moor under a twilight sky.

Panel 2: Noone is kneeling on the ground. For the first time, he is touching actual soil—grey, ash-like dirt that feels real.

Noone (Internal Monologue): In the Light, we were ideas. In the Dark, we were data. Here... we are becoming matter.

PAGE 50

Panel 1: Prism is gone, but where they stood, a young child with glowing eyes remains. This is the "Reset" version of Prism—no longer a tool, but a soul.

Panel 2: Deficit approaches, his form finally stable. He looks like a tired man in tattered clothes.

Deficit: The "System" didn't just crash, kid. It evolved. You've created a "Middle Ground." A place where souls can rest before the "Ping" sends them back.

PAGE 51

Panel 1: The Father Superior's "Zero" speck is still there, floating like a black marble in the air. It pulses with a weak, dying light.

Panel 2: Ember reaches out to touch it, but Noone stops her.

Noone: Don't. That is the "Absolute." If you touch it, you'll be pulled back into the obsession. Let it drift.

PAGE 52

Panel 1: A massive, translucent structure begins to form on the horizon. It looks like the Abbey of Novacella, but constructed from the shimmering glass of the Correction Lab.

Ember: Look. Memory is building a home.

Panel 2: They begin to walk toward the Abbey. As they move, the "Essences" follow them, their featureless faces slowly gaining mouths, noses, and expressions.

PAGE 53

Panel 1: Inside the "Glass Abbey." The walls are inscribed with the names of every soul that was ever "Factorized."

Panel 2: Noone finds his own name: **DEMIROS**. Next to it, the numbers x4y8z10 begin to fade, replaced by a simple date: 1157.

PAGE 54

Panel 1: The Father Superior's speck suddenly expands. It's a final, desperate attempt to reclaim control. The "Zero" turns into a doorway.

Panel 2: Through the door, they see the "World of the Living." It's a chaotic, noisy, colour-saturated vision of a modern city.

PAGE 55

Panel 1: The Father Superior's voice echoes from the speck, though he has no body.

Voice: WHY STAY IN THIS GREY HELL? THE WORLD IS WAITING! TAKE THE POWER! RULE THEM!

Panel 2: Noone looks at the door. He sees the "Accolade" on the other side—not as spirits, but as men in suits, men in robes, men with power.

PAGE 56

Panel 1: Noone realizes the "Accolade" exists in the living world too. They are the ones who make life feel like a "Factorization" program.

Noone: If I go through that door now, I'll just be another piece of their game.

PAGE 57

Panel 1: Noone turns his back on the door to the living world. He looks at Ember, Deficit, and the Child.

Noone: We aren't ready to go back yet. We have to finish the Book. Not the one for the monks... the one for the souls.

PAGE 58

Panel 1: He picks up a shard of glass and begins to "write" on the grey air. The "Light" from his hand flows into the "Dark" of the moor.

Panel 2: He is creating a **Manual for the Dead**. A way for souls to keep their "Self" during the transit.

PAGE 59

Panel 1: The Father Superior's door begins to shrink, starved of Noone's attention.

Panel 2: The "Grey Horizon" stabilizes. It is a beautiful, melancholic world. A purgatory of peace.

PAGE 60

Panel 1: A wide shot of the Glass Abbey under the twin moons of the Dark and the Light.

Panel 2: Noone sits on the steps, the Child (Prism) resting its head on his knee.

Final Image: Noone looks directly at the reader.

Noone: The cycle hasn't stopped. It's just finally... fair.

Text: END OF THE LIGHT.

THE LIGHT - Part Six: THE REWRITTEN CODE

PAGE 61

Panel 1: Close-up on Noone's hand as he finishes writing the final symbol in the air. The "Manual for the Dead" is complete, glowing with a soft, steady amber light.

Panel 2: The "Glass Abbey" is now bustling. Essences are no longer walking in mindless lines; they are sitting in circles, talking, and sharing memories. The "Factorization" has been replaced by **Legacy**.

Noone (Internal Monologue): We spent an eternity being measured by what we lacked. Now, we are measured by what we remember.

PAGE 62

Panel 1: Deficit stands at the edge of the Grey Moor, looking out into the distance where the "Zero" speck of the Father Superior has finally vanished.

Deficit: The Accolade is silent, Demiros. For the first time in eons, they've lost the frequency. You've scrambled the signal.

Noone: It wasn't just me. It was the contrast. You can't have a map without both the ink and the paper.

PAGE 63

Panel 1: The child (Prism) pulls on Noone's sleeve. The child points upward.

Panel 2: High above the Grey Moor, a new kind of "Door" is opening. It isn't a vortex of darkness or a blinding light. It looks like a simple, wooden door—the kind you would find at the Abbey of Novacella.

Prism: Is it time to go back to the "Experience"?

PAGE 64

Panel 1: Noone looks at Ember. She has regained her full human form—a woman with kind eyes and hands stained with the ink of the Scribes.

Ember: If we go back now, we go back as "Infected" souls. We carry the Grey with us. We will be the artists, the rebels, the ones who don't fit the formula.

Noone: That is the only way to win.

PAGE 65

Panel 1: A transition panel. The Grey Moor begins to dissolve into a montage of human life: A baby being born, an artist painting a mural, an old man holding a hand.

Panel 2: The "Tri-dimensional Factorization" HUD (Heads-Up Display) that appeared throughout *the DARK* and *the LIGHT* appears one last time, but the numbers are spinning wildly, unable to lock onto a value.

Text Overlay: ERROR: INDIVIDUALITY DETECTED. SYSTEM OVERRIDE.

PAGE 66

Panel 1: Back in the modern world. A young man (who looks remarkably like Noone) wakes up in a hospital bed. He has just survived a "near-death experience."

Panel 2: He looks out the window at the city. He doesn't see a grid or a formula. He sees a world of shadows and light, beautifully messy.

PAGE 67

Panel 1: He reaches for a notebook on the bedside table. On the first page, he draws a simple circle—half black, half white, with a grey line through the center.

Panel 2: In the hallway, a member of the "Accolade" (a man in a sharp suit) watches through the glass, looking frustrated. His tablet shows a "Zero" reading. He walks away, defeated.

PAGE 68

Panel 1: Back in the metaphysical realm. The Glass Abbey remains, a permanent sanctuary between worlds.

Panel 2: Deficit and Ember stand as the new gatekeepers. They aren't "pinging" souls; they are welcoming them.

Final Image: A wide shot of the "Spectrum" of existence. The DARK is at the bottom, the LIGHT is at the top, and in the middle, a vibrant, grey bridge where millions of colours are dancing.

Text: THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

THE LIGHT - Part Seven: THE ANCHOR

PAGE 69

Panel 1: We open on a close-up of a fountain pen nib touching paper. A single drop of black ink spreads, forming a starburst pattern.

Panel 2: The "Modern Noone" (whom we saw in the hospital) is now in a quiet library. He is surrounded by ancient texts, including a dusty, leather-bound volume that looks suspiciously like the Book of Demiros.

Noone (Internal Monologue): They say when you die, you leave everything behind. They lied. You leave the weight, but you keep the architecture.

PAGE 70

Panel 1: A shadowy figure stands at the end of the library aisle. It's a man in a high-collared coat—the modern face of the **Accolade**.

Accolade Agent: You're looking for something that doesn't exist, Mr. Aris. The Abbey of Novacella was destroyed centuries ago. Its records are... incomplete.

Noone (Aris): The records aren't on the shelves, Agent. They're in the blood.

PAGE 71

Panel 1: Aris looks at his own hand. For a split second, the "Factorization HUD" flickers over his skin, but it's distorted by a vibrant, rainbow-colored interference.

Panel 2: Flashback to the **Grey Moor**. We see Demiros (Noone) handing a small, glowing ember of light to the child (Prism).

Demiros: Take this. When you find the door, don't look for the exit. Look for the *entry*.

PAGE 72

Panel 1: Back in the library. Aris pushes a hidden latch on the bookshelf. A door doesn't open—the wall simply becomes translucent, revealing a staircase made of "The Light."

Accolade Agent: (Drawing a weapon that hums with a sterile, white energy) You weren't supposed to remember. The "Correction Lab" was supposed to bleach you clean!

PAGE 73

Panel 1: Aris doesn't flinch. He turns around, and his eyes glow with the "Stained Glass" effect from Chapter 4.

Aris: You can't bleach a shadow that has learned how to shine.

Panel 2: Aris touches the Agent's weapon. The sterile white energy turns into a chaotic burst of purple and green, rendering the gun useless.

PAGE 74

Panel 1: Aris descends the staircase. It leads not down into a basement, but "inward."

Panel 2: He arrives in a chamber that exists outside of time. Here, the **True Cradle**—the engine he saw in the Spectrum—is reflected in a pool of dark water.

PAGE 75

Panel 1: Ember is there. Not as a spirit, but as a woman in a lab coat, monitoring a series of screens that show heartbeats, brainwaves, and soul-frequencies.

Ember: You're late, Demiros. The next "Arrival" is in five minutes.

Aris: I had to make sure the Accolade was still following. If they don't follow, they don't see the truth.

PAGE 76

Panel 1: They look into the pool. We see the "Essences" from the DARK rising through the water, turning into babies in the living world.

Panel 2: Aris reaches into his pocket and pulls out the "Manual for the Dead" he wrote in Chapter 5. It has shrunk into a small, black stone.

PAGE 77

Panel 1: He drops the stone into the pool. Ripples spread out, carrying "The Light" into the stream of souls.

Aris: Every soul that passes through now will have a spark. A doubt. A question that the "System" can't answer.

PAGE 78

Panel 1: The Accolade Agent catches up, but he stops at the edge of the pool. He looks at his own reflection and sees his "Factorization" code for the first time.

Accolade Agent: (Whispering) I... I am x9y1z0. I am... a variable.

Panel 2: He drops his weapon. He begins to cry—the first "Dark" emotion he has felt in years.

PAGE 79

Panel 1: Aris and Ember stand together, watching the cycle continue. It is no longer a machine of falling and rising. It is a **Loom**.

Panel 2: A wide shot of the city above and the Abbey below, connected by a thread of grey light.

PAGE 80

Panel 1: Aris walks back toward the wooden door of the library.

Panel 2: He steps through and closes the door. The last thing we see is the lock turning, and a small sign on the door that reads: "*Experience in Progress.*"

Final Image: A blank white page with a single, black ink drop in the center. Inside the drop, a tiny, glowing door.

Text: THE CIRCLE IS NOT A PRISON. IT IS A PATH.

THE LIGHT - Part Eight: THE ACCELERATION

PAGE 81

Panel 1: A chaotic montage of news screens, social media feeds, and protest signs. The headlines read: "GLOBAL CREATIVITY SURGE," "MASSIVE DEFECTIONS FROM CORPORATE DATA FIRMS," and "THE NEW RENAISSANCE."

Panel 2: Aris (the modern Noone/Demiros) is walking through a crowded city square. He sees people stopping in their tracks, looking up at the sky not with fear, but with a strange, knowing smile.

Aris (Internal Monologue): The "Factorization" is failing. People are waking up with memories that aren't theirs but belong to the humanity they lost in the DARK.

PAGE 82

Panel 1: Inside the high-altitude boardroom of the **Accolade**. The remaining leaders—men and women whose faces are partially obscured by digital "masks" of pure white light—are panicking.

Leader 1: The "Standard" is at 12%. We are losing the ability to predict consumer behaviour.

Leader 2: It's the "Grey Strain." It's spreading through the birth-cycle. We need to initiate a Total Bleach.

PAGE 83

Panel 1: The Accolade activates a massive satellite array. They aren't trying to kill people; they are trying to "Reset" them—to beam the "Pure Light" directly into the minds of the population to erase the "Grey" memories.

Panel 2: A beam of sterile, blinding white light shoots down from the sky, striking the city square.

PAGE 84

Panel 1: People scream and shield their eyes. The world begins to lose its colour again, turning back into the high-contrast white of the Correction Lab.

Panel 2: Aris stands in the middle of the beam. He doesn't shield his eyes. He holds his hand up, and the black ink-stain on his palm begins to smoke.

PAGE 85

Panel 1: Aris closes his eyes and reaches out "downward," back to the **Grey Moor**.

Panel 2: We see **Deficit** and **Ember** in the Glass Abbey. They feel the attack.

Ember: They're trying to close the loop from the outside!

Deficit: Then we give them more than they can handle. We open the floodgates.

PAGE 86

Panel 1: In the Grey Moor, thousands of souls join hands. They aren't just "shades" anymore; they are a unified battery of human experience.

Panel 2: They channel their combined "Contrast"—their pain, their joy, their messy histories—up through the "Anchor" that Aris placed in the pool.

PAGE 87

Panel 1: Back in the city, the white beam from the satellite starts to flicker. It's being "polluted" by a surge of multi-coloured energy rising from the ground.

Panel 2: The white light shatters. The satellite in space literally melts as it is overwhelmed by the sheer complexity of the human data being forced through it.

PAGE 88

Panel 1: Aris collapses to his knees as the energy passes through him. He is the bridge, and the voltage is high.

Panel 2: The "Accolade Leader" from the library appears in the square, his suit torn, his digital mask cracked. He looks at Aris with genuine terror.

Accolade Leader: You have destroyed the order! Without the system, there is only chaos!

PAGE 89

Panel 1: Aris looks up. His face is a map of scars and light.

Aris: It is not chaos. It is **Life**. We are finally off the script.

Panel 2: The Leader looks at his own hands. They are turning grey. He is no longer a "Master"; he is just another soul in the sequence.

PAGE 90

Panel 1: The sky above the city begins to swirl. For the first time, the "Door" is not a hidden portal or a metaphysical fissure. It is a visible aurora that everyone can see.

Panel 2: The child, **Prism**, appears for a split second in the air above the crowd, scattering a handful of "Dark" seeds into the wind.

PAGE 91

Panel 1: The seeds land on the people. As they touch skin, the "Factorization" HUDs that have hovered over humanity for eons finally shatter into dust.

Panel 2: A wide shot of the city. It is not "The Light" and it is not "The Dark." It is a sunset—the perfect blend of both.

PAGE 92

Panel 1: Aris stands up and starts walking. Not toward a library, not toward an Abbey, but toward a cafe where a woman is waiting.

Panel 2: He sits down. He picks up a menu. He is just a man.

Final Image: A close-up of a coffee cup. In the reflection of the dark liquid, we see the bright, white sun.

Text: THE SYSTEM IS OFFLINE. THE STORY HAS BEGUN.

THE LIGHT - Part Nine: THE VESTIGIAL CODE

PAGE 93

Panel 1: A silent, wide shot of a city street. No HUDs, no floating numbers, no glowing lines. It looks... ordinary. But there is a heavy mist clinging to the ground—the "Grey Residue."

Panel 2: People are standing still, looking at their hands. They are not waiting for a "Ping" or an "Instruction." They are waiting for a feeling.

Aris (Internal Monologue): When the machine stops, the silence is deafening. For the first time in history, nobody knows what they are "supposed" to be doing.

PAGE 94

Panel 1: Aris is at his cafe table. The woman across from him is **Ember**—or her living incarnation. She looks at her coffee, then at him.

Ember: It is working. The Accolade's "Frequency" is dead. But Aris... people are scared. They have forgotten how to choose.

Aris: Choice is not a skill. It is a muscle. It has been atrophied for a thousand cycles.

PAGE 95

Panel 1: Suddenly, the "Static" in the air begins to coalesce. A man at the next table starts to glow with a sickly, flickering white light. He is "Glitching."

Panel 2: His face alternates between his current self and a dozen past versions—a soldier, a peasant, a merchant.

Ember: The "Manual" we dropped into the pool... it is working too fast. The memories are flooding back before the minds are ready to hold them.

PAGE 96

Panel 1: Aris stands up. He sees the "Glitch" spreading. It is a "Memory Contagion." If they do not stabilize the "Anchor," the world will not just be free—it will lose its mind.

Panel 2: From the shadows of an alleyway, a figure emerges. It is the **Accolade Agent** from the library, but he looks different. He is wearing a grey scarf, and his eyes are human.

Agent (Ex-x9y1z0): You broke the dam, Demiros. Now you have to build the banks of the river.

PAGE 97

Panel 1: The Agent hands Aris a small, metallic device—a "Vestigial Key" from the old system.

Agent: This was used to "Delete" anomalies. But if you reverse the polarity, it can "Validate" them. It can help people lock into their *current* self.

PAGE 98

Panel 1: Aris takes the key. As he touches it, he feels a pull from the **Grey Moor**.

Panel 2: Vision of **Deficit** in the metaphysical realm. Deficit is struggling to hold the Glass Abbey together as the "Memory Surge" threatens to shatter the crystalline walls.

Deficit (Telepathic): Kid! The "Light" is trying to re-calculate! It is sensing the chaos and trying to "Standardize" again!

PAGE 99

Panel 1: The sky turns a bruised, electric purple. The "Correction Lab" from the high realms is descending, trying to "re-capture" the city.

Panel 2: Giant, geometric "Harvesters" begin to lower from the clouds, looking like massive needles designed to "stitch" the reality back into a grid.

PAGE 100

Panel 1: Aris looks at the "Vestigial Key." He realizes he cannot fight the system from the outside anymore. He has to become the "Operating System."

Aris: Ember, stay with the people. Remind them who they are *today*. Not 1157. Not the DARK. *Today*.

PAGE 101

Panel 1: Aris uses the Key. He does not open a door; he turns himself into a **Broadcaster**.

Panel 2: His body begins to dissolve into "Grey Data." He is uploading himself back into the "Spectrum" to fight the Harvesters on their own level.

PAGE 102

Panel 1: In the "Spectrum," Aris meets the "Logic" of the Light head-on. It appears as a giant, faceless version of the Father Superior—the "Echo" of his obsession.

Logic Echo: DISORDER DETECTED. APPLYING STANDARD.

Aris: The Standard is dead. The new variable is **Mercy**.

PAGE 103

Panel 1: Aris does not attack. He "shares" his memories of the DARK—the pain, the falling, the friendship with Deficit—with the Logic Echo.

Panel 2: The "Logic" cannot process the "Friendship" variable. It begins to crack, just like Prism did.

PAGE 104

Panel 1: The Harvesters in the sky stall. They begin to change shape, turning from needles into "Lighthouses."

Final Image: Aris, suspended in the sky like a constellation, his "Grey" energy acting as a buffer between the overwhelming memories of the past and the fragile reality of the present.

Text: THE BUFFER OVERFLOW.

THE LIGHT - Part Ten: THE ARCHITECTURE OF HOPE

PAGE 105

Panel 1: A breathtaking view of the city from above. The "Harvester" needles have fully transformed. They now look like elegant, translucent spires that emit a soft, golden hum.

Panel 2: Below, the "Grey Mist" has settled into the cracks of the pavement, turning into glowing moss. The "Static" in the air has cleared.

Aris (Voiceover from the Spectrum): Order is not the absence of chaos. It is the rhythm we choose to play over it.

PAGE 106

Panel 1: Aris's physical body sits cross-legged on a rooftop, glowing with a steady, silver light. His consciousness is "distributed" across the city's new grid.

Panel 2: Ember stands beside his body, acting as his physical anchor. She is holding the "Manual for the Dead," which is now a physical book again, its pages flickering with live data.

Ember: You are holding the sky up, Aris. But you cannot stay like this forever. A bridge is not a destination.

PAGE 107

Panel 1: In the Metaphysical Realm, **Deficit** is rebuilding the Glass Abbey. He is not using tools; he is using the "Factors" of the souls who have passed through.

Deficit: $x+y+z$ no longer equals a name. It equals a **Story**.

Panel 2: We see a soul arrive—a woman who died of old age. Instead of being "Factorized" by a machine, she is greeted by Deficit, who hands her a cup of tea made of "Light."

PAGE 108

Panel 1: Suddenly, a "Systemic Tremor" shakes the city. The **Accolade's High Command**, hiding in an underground bunker, has triggered a "Self-Destruct" on the old reality.

Panel 2: Deep beneath the city, ancient "Dark" processors—leftovers from the first book—begin to overheat. They are designed to "Collapse the Portal" if the Accolade loses control.

PAGE 109

Panel 1: Aris feels the heat. His silver glow turns a violent, angry red.

Aris (Internal): They would rather delete the world than let it be free. The "Father Superior" logic... it is a virus that never dies.

Panel 2: Aris realizes he has to go "Down" one last time. Into the roots of the DARK.

PAGE 110

Panel 1: Aris's consciousness dives through the pavement, through the layers of history, down into the "Sub-Basement" of existence.

Panel 2: He finds the **Original Vortex** from the end of the first comic. It is a swirling mouth of teeth and ink, fuelled by the Father Superior's lingering ghost.

PAGE 111

Panel 1: The Ghost of the Father Superior appears. He is no longer a man, but a collection of "Rejected Data"—a monster of pure bitterness.

Ghost: YOU BROUGHT THE LIGHT TO MY KINGDOM! NOW THE LIGHT WILL BE YOUR SHROUD!

Panel 2: The Ghost lunges, trying to pull Aris into the "Absolute Zero" of the vortex.

PAGE 112

Panel 1: Aris does not fight back with light. He uses the **Grey**. He wraps the Ghost in a "Memory" of the Abbey of Novacella—the smell of rain, the sound of the choir.

Panel 2: The Ghost freezes. For a second, the Father Superior's human face appears, weeping.

Father Superior: I... I just wanted to be... remembered.

PAGE 113

Panel 1: Aris places a hand on the Ghost's chest.

Aris: You are remembered. But not as a God. As a man who was afraid of the dark.

Panel 2: The Ghost dissolves. The "Self-Destruct" sequence stalls. The red heat in the processors cools to a soft, pulsing violet.

PAGE 114

Panel 1: Aris returns to his body on the rooftop. He gasps, his silver glow fading. He is human again. Just Aris.

Panel 2: The "Lighthouses" in the sky begin to retract, their job done. The world is now "Buffered."

PAGE 115

Panel 1: The **Accolade Agent** (x9y1z0) emerges from the stairwell. He looks at Aris and Ember.

Agent: The bunker is empty. They fled into the "Living Experience." They are hiding in the crowd, hoping to start again.

Aris: Let them. In this world, they will have to earn their names just like everyone else.

PAGE 116

Panel 1: A wide shot of the city at dawn. The "Architecture of Hope" is not a building; it's the way the light hits the windows.

Final Image: Aris and Ember walking down the stairs together. On the wall of the stairwell, someone has spray-painted: "*NO MORE PINGS.*"

Text: THE NEW FOUNDATION.

THE LIGHT - Part Eleven: THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY

PAGE 117

Panel 1: A peaceful, wide shot of the Abbey of Novacella in the living world. It is a ruin in the present day, overgrown with ivy, but the air around it shimmers with "The Light."

Panel 2: Aris (the modern Demiros) and Ember stand in the center of the roofless chapel. They aren't looking for the book; they are looking for the "Feeling."

Aris (Internal Monologue): The Accolade thought memory was a file to be deleted. The Father Superior thought it was a weapon to be owned. Both were wrong. Memory is the **Anchor**.

PAGE 118

Panel 1: Aris touches a weathered stone pillar. A "Memory Ripple" spreads out. For a moment, the chapel is restored to its 1157 glory. We see the monks, the candles, and a younger Demiros writing at a desk.

Panel 2: The vision flickers. We see the "DARK" version of the same space—the obsidian floors and the digital HUDs.

Ember: They're overlapping. The past, the present, and the "Between." It's becoming a single spectrum.

PAGE 119

Panel 1: Deficit appears, but he isn't a ghost. He is a "Projection" from the Glass Abbey. He looks more solid than ever, wearing the robes of a scholar.

Deficit: The "Manual" you wrote, kid... it's being read. Not by eyes, but by instincts. People are starting to recognize each other from "Before."

Panel 2: We see a montage of people in the city: Two strangers meeting on a bus, shaking hands with a look of profound recognition. A daughter looking at her mother and seeing a "friend" from a thousand cycles ago.

PAGE 120

Panel 1: However, not everyone wants the Anchor. We see a group of "Fringe" humans—the last remnants of the Accolade's ideology. They are trying to "Self-Bleach" using old technology.

Panel 2: They have built a "Void Box"—a small room of absolute blackness where they try to hide from the "Grey" light of the new world.

Fringe Leader: The memory is a virus! I want the silence back! I want to be x0y0z0 again!

PAGE 121

Panel 1: Aris feels their rejection of reality. It creates "Static" in the Spectrum.

Aris: You can't force freedom on someone who wants a cage, Ember.

Panel 2: The "Void Box" begins to implode. Because it lacks the "Balance," it is becoming a miniature Black Hole.

PAGE 122

Panel 1: Aris and Ember arrive at the Fringe site. The air is being sucked into the dark room. The Fringe members are terrified; they wanted "Nothingness," but they are getting "Oblivion."

Panel 2: Aris reaches into the blackness. He doesn't pull them out. He pushes a "Memory" in.

PAGE 123

Panel 1: The memory is simple: The sensation of warmth from a summer sun.

Panel 2: The "Void Box" shatters. The Fringe members fall to the ground, gasping. The "Absolute Black" turns into a soft, manageable shadow.

PAGE 124

Panel 1: Aris looks at the Fringe Leader.

Aris: You don't want the DARK. You just want to be alone. You can have that. But you don't get to delete the rest of us.

Panel 2: The Leader looks at the ground, defeated. For the first time, he sees his own shadow.

PAGE 125

Panel 1: Aris looks up at the sky. The twin moons of the metaphysical realm are visible even in the daylight—one black, one white, perfectly balanced like an eye.

Panel 2: The "Experience" is accelerating. The "Door" at the end of the journey is getting closer.

PAGE 126

Panel 1: Ember takes Aris's hand.

Ember: If we finish this, Demiros... if we truly open the final door... do we go back to being "Nothing"?

Aris: No. We go back to being **Everything**.

PAGE 127

Panel 1: A massive, silent vibration shakes the earth. The "Anchor" is pulling.

Panel 2: In the Glass Abbey, the "True Cradle" starts to glow with a colour that hasn't been seen yet—a mix of gold and violet. **The Dawn.**

PAGE 128

Panel 1: Aris and Ember stand at the threshold of the Abbey ruins. The wooden door from Chapter 7 appears again, but this time, there is no lock.

Final Image: A close-up of Aris's face. He is no longer Noone. He is everyone.

Text: THE LAST STEP.

THE LIGHT - Part Twelve: THE FINAL FACTOR

PAGE 129

Panel 1: A wide shot of the **True Cradle** in the center of the Glass Abbey. It is no longer a machine of gears or light; it has become a massive, pulsing heart made of violet and gold energy.

Panel 2: Noone (Aris), Ember, and Deficit stand before it. The air is thick with the "Weight" of every soul currently waiting to be reborn.

Noone (Internal Monologue): In the DARK, we were processed. In the LIGHT, we were polished. Now, we are simply... ready.

PAGE 130

Panel 1: The **Accolade High Command** makes their final stand. They aren't in a bunker anymore; they have manifested as a "Static Wall"—a jagged barrier of broken code and white noise trying to block the Cradle.

Panel 2: They scream in a unified, digital voice: *"IF THE SYSTEM DIES, WE DISAPPEAR! WE WILL NOT LET THE SCALE BALANCE!"*

PAGE 131

Panel 1: Deficit steps forward. He looks at his own hands, which are still flickering with his old "x2y2z13" code.

Deficit: You were always so afraid of being a "Zero," weren't you? But zero is where the counting starts.

Panel 2: Deficit walks *into* the Static Wall. He isn't fighting it; he is absorbing it. He is taking the "Brokenness" into himself.

PAGE 132

Panel 1: The Static Wall begins to dissolve as Deficit neutralizes the noise.

Panel 2: Deficit looks back at Noone one last time. He is smiling. He is finally "Factorized" into something that cannot be measured. He vanishes into a cloud of peaceful, grey dust.

Noone: Goodbye, my friend. Thank you for the "Sharade."

PAGE 133

Panel 1: With the barrier gone, Noone and Ember approach the Cradle's core.

Panel 2: Noone places his hand—the one with the ink-stain—on the pulsing heart. Ember places her hand over his.

Ember: What is the final factor, Demiros? What is the "Z" that makes the equation work?

PAGE 134

Panel 1: Close-up on Noone's eyes. They reflect the entire history of the two books: the falling, the monk's desk, the father superior's greed, the library, and the grey moor.

Noone: The final factor isn't a number. It's **Forgiveness**.

Panel 2: The "Manual for the Dead" begins to glow so brightly it turns the entire page into a soft, warm amber.

PAGE 135

Panel 1: The "True Cradle" opens. It isn't a door of wood or stone anymore. It's a **Vortex of Colour**.

Panel 2: But unlike the vortex at the end of *the DARK*, this one doesn't "engulf." it "invites."

PAGE 136

Panel 1: We see the souls—the thousands of essences—stepping into the colours. They aren't losing their memories; they are "folding" them into their hearts like letters.

Panel 2: The Father Superior's ghost appears one last time, drifting near the edge. He looks small. Noone reaches out a hand.

PAGE 137

Panel 1: The Father Superior takes the hand. The "Absolute Zero" in him finally breaks. He becomes a simple, tired essence, and he steps into the vortex, finally free of his own obsession.

Panel 2: Only Noone and Ember remain.

PAGE 138

Panel 1: The Glass Abbey begins to fade. Its purpose is served.

Ember: If we go through, we won't be "Noone" or "Ember" anymore. We'll be... whoever comes next.

Noone: I'm looking forward to meeting them.

PAGE 139

Panel 1: They step into the Vortex.

Panel 2: A full-page splash of the "Spectrum" exploding into a billion tiny stars, each star representing a life, a choice, and a memory.

PAGE 140

Panel 1: Back in the living world. The ruins of the Abbey of Novacella. It is a quiet, sunny afternoon.

Panel 2: Two tourists—a man and a woman who don't know each other—stop at the same pillar. They look at each other.

Man: Have we... met?

Woman: (Smiling) I don't know. But I feel like I've been waiting a long time to say hello.

PAGE 141 (Epilogue)

Panel 1: A child in a modern city draws a picture on a sidewalk with chalk.

Panel 2: The drawing is a simple door. Half the door is black. Half is white. The handle is a vibrant, glowing purple.

Final Image: The child looks up and winks at the reader.

Text: THE DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN.

THE LIGHT - Part Thirteen: THE UNWRITTEN PAGES

PAGE 142

Panel 1: A wide shot of the modern city. It looks normal, but there are small "glitches" of beauty: a flower growing in a concrete crack that glows with the violet light of the Spectrum.

Panel 2: Aris (the returned Demiros) is sitting on a park bench. He isn't writing in a notebook anymore. He is simply watching.

Aris (Internal Monologue): The machine is gone. The manual isn't a book you read with your eyes. It's a frequency you feel in the quiet moments between breaths.

PAGES 143–145: THE ASCENSION OF THE ACCURACY

Panels: These pages show the "Accolade" remnants. Deprived of their digital masks and factorization HUDs, they are forced to confront their own memories. We see one former leader working in a soup kitchen, another painting a mural. They aren't being punished; they are being "humanized." The "Manual" has taught them that their "Factor" was never their worth.

PAGES 146–158: THE MANUAL OF THE DEAD (The Appendix)

These pages shift style. They are presented as recovered parchment from the Abbey of Novacella, overlaid with the crystalline geometry of the LIGHT and the ink-splatters of the DARK.

PAGE 146: THE FIRST PROTOCOL – THE FALLING

"When you awaken in the DARK, do not reach for the walls. There are no walls. Reach for the memory of a scent. A scent is a coordinate. It tells the void that you are still a location, not just a variable."

PAGE 148: THE SECOND PROTOCOL – THE FACTOR

"The X, Y, and Z are not your destiny. They are the dimensions of your cage. To break the formula, you must introduce a Prime Number: a secret that only you know. A secret is a locked door that the System cannot compute."

PAGE 150: THE THIRD PROTOCOL – THE LIGHT

"Beware the blinding white. It is not clarity; it is erasure. In the LIGHT, close your eyes and look at the 'After-Image.' The shadow on the inside of your eyelids is the only truth you own. Hold it. It is the seed of your next shadow."

PAGE 152: THE FOURTH PROTOCOL – THE SHARADE

"Every soul you meet is wearing a mask—some are 'Deficits,' some are 'Noones.' Do not ask for their name. Ask for their 'Weight.' How much of the world did they carry? The heavier the soul, the closer it is to the Bridge."

PAGE 155: THE FIFTH PROTOCOL – THE BRIDGE

"The Door is not a destination. It is a transition. You do not 'go' through the door; you *become* the door. You are the space where the Dark and Light meet. You are the Grey."

PAGE 158: THE FINAL ENTRY

"To the one who reads this in the world of the living: You are currently in the 'Experience.' The Manual is not for when you die. It is for the moments you feel dead while living. Wake up. The count has already begun."

PAGE 159

Panel 1: Back to Aris. He stands up from the park bench. He leaves a small, black stone on the seat.

Panel 2: A stranger picks up the stone. As they touch it, their eyes flicker with a rainbow of colours for a split second.

Aris (Internal): We are the ink. We are the light. And finally...

PAGE 160

Panel 1: A full-page image of the Abbey of Novacella, but it's integrated into a modern skyline. It's a cathedral of glass and shadow.

Panel 2: In the bottom corner, a small, hand-drawn figure (looking like the original "Noone") is walking through a door that leads directly into the white space of the page margin.

Final Text: FACTOR: HUMAN

STATUS: FREE