



DRIFTER

MINE

a game of eating possibilities

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Lay down on the ground and look up at the sky. If there are no clouds, appreciate the beautiful day.

If there are clouds, speak aloud what you wish them to become. In speaking the wish, you are giving word to the clouds' own latent desires. You are become a chisel in their hands.

They do not have hands. This is immaterial.

In speaking their wish, you must fulfil it. In fulfilling it, you will have fulfilled your duty to the clouds. It is this fulfillment that shall set you free. Such is the way of things.

The clouds are not yet that which they will become. To shape them, you must guide them from that which they are to that which they might be. It is the guiding that shall set you free.

Imagine you stand atop a steep hill of possibility. The cloud is next to you, floating dismally. At the bottom of the hill is the object of their desire. When you give them a push down the hill (you don't have hands and they can't be pushed, but, as we've said, immaterial), you are guiding them to That Which Might Be.

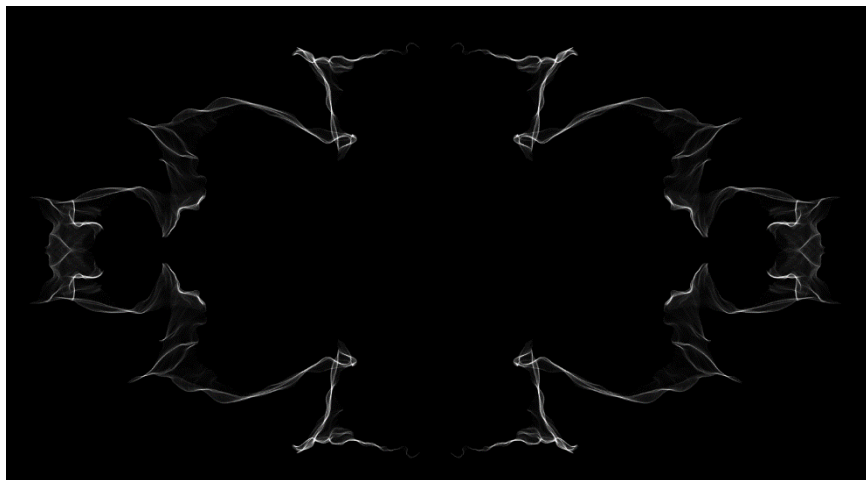
And when they reach the bottom, they'll be going *fast*. The speed is what shall set you free.

As for the guiding: tell them simply (clouds are simple beings) how they can be transformed into that which they desire. Give them a **method**, a **reason**, and a **push**.

For the **method**: tell them what steps they must take to become that which they desire. They can see the slope before them and know what they must do.

For the **reason**: tell them why it is that they desire what they desire so. They must know the reason if they want to fall.

For the **push**: use your fingers and imagine (That Which Might Be) that you are pulling on the cloud, into the shape of their desire. They must take the leap, with a little help.

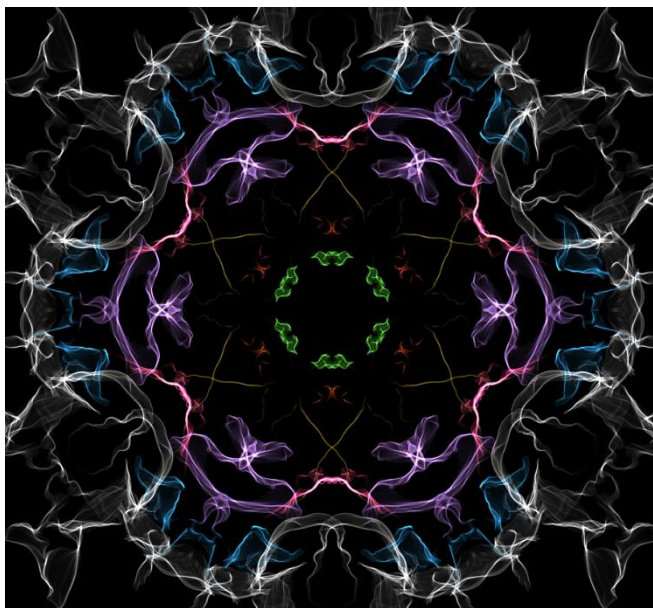


And as they fall into the infinite hyperplane of possible existences that could be, with your method, they will land in the shape of that which they desire. But indeed, it becomes (ha) immaterial whether they land or not. The fall itself has set you free.

For a time.

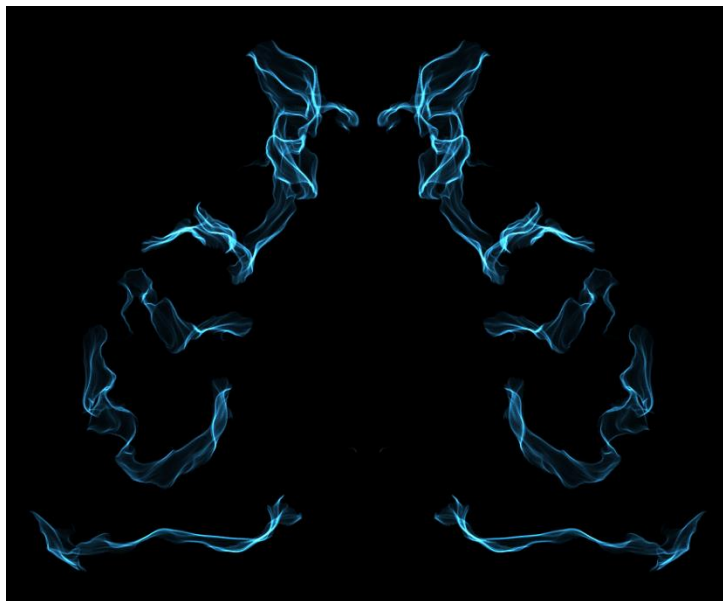
Bask in the infinite hyperplane of possibility you find yourself gazing at, which we will for the sake of simplicity say is the sky. Look at how shifting and iridescent it is. Feel the warm glow of the possibility space it bounds (such as is possible for an infinite hyperplane). Look at all of the different states the universe could arrive at in the next moment. We won't know until we get there. Isn't it glorious?

Hm. But it is rather blue, too.



When the illusion has worn away, and you are left chained by
That Which Is and unable to see That Which Might Be, pick a
new cloud and speak to it its heart's desire.

Continue until your stomach is full of wishes and you can sup
no more.



A WARNING

Do not look at the moon. Do not test the space between what the moon is and what the moon might be. The moon cannot change. The moon only knows what is and what shall shortly be. Do not become entranced in its cycles. *Do not look at the moon.*

If you must look at the moon, do so in a mirror, or through a glass. Do not look at it even when its heavenly form is not apparent. Do not trust its shadow upon the sky.

The moon can give you no sustenance. If your gaze becomes caught in it you will starve, my child. Do not look at the moon.

