

Oneiric Deicide

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In the beginning, we were a singular mind; a boundless consciousness adrift in an endless, blank void. It was a universe of infinite nothingness, where time held no meaning and space was an unbroken expanse of darkness. There were no stars to illuminate the emptiness, no planets to orbit them, and no beings to ponder their existence.

| Even | Gods | grow | weary | of | isolation |

As aeons passed, the weight of infinite solitude grew heavy on God's heart, and He drifted asleep in His boundless yearning for another. In that slumber, reality splintered, torn into shards. Now, fragmented and incomplete, we live as mere traces of what once was.

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Your mother and father had met long ago, a chance encounter in the vast, indifferent weave of reality. Their feelings were irrelevant. What mattered was that you were born.

You cried that day. Your life wasn't fated or meaningful, but you lamented as if reality itself were your cosmic crib. And in that small hospital room, life went on. The world continued to spin; stars collapsed, millions of gamma rays detonated and your solar system hurtled through space another 200 kilometres in that very second ... and you just breathed.

Tiny, fragile and clueless.

| God | has | been | slain | in | cold | blood |

Life unfolded regardless. Your tissues formed more cells, your brain expanded, and neurons connected in a symphony of growth. Synapses formed and pruned as your cognitive skills developed.

That year, you indulged in your fifth birthday cake. A paper crown sat atop your head as classmates sang an off-key tune. You received a bike, shiny and pristine with brilliant race-car stripes.

You were full of hope. You were eager to conquer the world with your tiny hands. And yet, you were already trapped. You learned to obey, to sit when told and to stand when commanded.

| There | was | supposed | to | be | another |

You were on the cusp of something: adulthood, ambition, possibilities. College was thrilling; nights filled with laughter, friends and cheap beer. Your heart swelled with a thousand futures, and love – oh, love – was the pulse of the stars, the only thing in the universe that felt eternal and true.

You remembered how her smile tightened your chest and how her absence now felt like a missing limb. And yet, when she left, the world didn't end. Your heart kept beating. The stars didn't fall. The pain, as unbearable as it seemed, faded into the dull throb of memory. Nothing more than chemicals.

| Reality | is | absent | when | a | God | cannot | dream |

This time, the party was quieter. Fewer friends, more family. You noticed the absences. The people who had drifted away, the ones who couldn't come because 'life got in the way.' You'd lost touch, but that was to be expected, wasn't it?

Your children ran through the house, laughing ignorantly. Parenthood had become another task: rewarding, yes, but also exhausting. You wondered if you were doing it right, teaching them the right lessons. The conversations with your spouse had become brief, functional.

But it didn't truly matter in the end. You eventually died. Your cells lost their vigour and could no longer divide, departing this existence as everyone had:

| Did | I | do | it | right? |

And now, here you are again: alone at the edge of the universe.

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As you saunter through the sterile slum, the floor beneath your feet fluctuates with every step: wooden floorboards, slick tiles, threadbare carpet. But it's all the same, right? The walls, the ceiling: they're there, but not really. Nothing is solid, nothing is real.

"Where am I?" you ask the desolation.

"You are where we want you," comes the reply.

You look around, searching for someone, anyone, but there's no one. Just you.

"Is this the afterlife?"

"No, not yet at least."

You sit still momentarily, fiddling with your fingers like an ignorant child.

"Why am I here?"

"Time is nearing the end of an era," God murmurs, "and with it, reality shatters as I stir."

"That doesn't answer the question."

"But it does. I know you understand reality's truth. You are me, child. Life is me; your very universe is me." Our words envelop you. "I will awake eventually, ending your universe. Or, you could fall asleep, take my spot and dream the world anew."

You ponder the world: a realm of agony and delight, where questions swirl endlessly and answers are ephemeral.

"I won't wake Him," you lie, secluded.

We muse at your defiance. Why lie to God?

"Then you must kill me."

"Kill God?" you repeat, stunned.

"To become Him," the voice whispers. "It is the way it has always been. Creation thrives on renewal, and renewal demands sacrifice."

"But how could I possibly kill God?"

God frowns, "With acceptance." A hand of stardust and shadows extends toward you, gripping a dagger forged from pure light. "This blade embodies all that is and all that can be. Please, stab me here." He points at His heart.

You stare at the blade; its light throbs with an ethereal energy.

"What will happen to me?" you ask.

God hesitates. Perhaps He shouldn't answer. If only gods could lie to themselves. "Your memories, your emotions, your very identity will dissolve." He says slowly. "You will become the collection, replaced by an infinite consciousness that spans all of creation. You will be everything, and you will be nothing."

The form flickers before you: human, beast, star, shadow. This conversation had happened many times before, perhaps even countless times; all the others had been too selfish.

"End it," God murmurs. There's a tremor in His voice, just for a moment. The plea is raw and vulnerable. It feels almost human.

"But... you are God," you say, confused.

He lets out a long, tired sigh, the kind that echoes through millennia and shakes the very fabric of the stars. "Yes," He whispers, not looking at you. "And I have watched every life, every death. Over and over." His voice cracks. "Do you think I wanted this? To create, only to watch it suffer?"

You close your eyes. The blade trembles in your hand. You think of your loved ones; their faces, their voices, the fleeting moments that made life bearable. To wake God is to erase them, but to become God is to lose them forever. Is this really the choice you've been born to make?

"Do it," God urges. "There's nothing left for you here."

Your heart pounds. You raise the blade; your breath quickens. One strike. One moment. An end to everything.

"You hesitate," He observes, tilting His head. "Is it fear, or is it hope that stays your hand?"

The air hums with an unplaceable tension as time stretches and collapses. Your hand tightens around the hilt, fingers slick with sweat.

You understand now. God has made you suffer. God has made everyone suffer. You don't care whether others disagree.

[Humans are so selfish. Perhaps that's because you're a part of me. Oh well, I will die somehow at this moment. I can see it in your eyes. Free will is an illusion anyway, right? Predetermined by the universe I made?]

And then, with a final breath, you plunge the blade into His heart. No blood. No scream. Only silence, vast and endless, as the void swallows God whole.

But you're not done yet. You turn the blade inward and pierce your heart. God stares in a sad resolve. "Oh well, our suffering ends today. We all die now. Together."

The world dissolves around you and the edges of reality bleed into a swirl of light and shadow. As you take your final step, the void swallows you whole, collapsing into a stillness so profound that even thought ceases to exist. And now there is nothing.

| Congratulations; | you | found | choice |