

# STELLAR BLACK HOLE

If ever there was proof of inherent benevolence in the cosmos, humanity's prolonged existence would surely be it. I can find no reasonable explanation for their survival other than divine intervention. And I'm not talking about my own, mind you.

As I fulfill yet another of Targon's seemingly endless and ever trivial tasks, Bard calls to me, offering me short respite from the insufferable barks of self-proclaimed deities, constantly gnawing at my mind and consuming what little patience I've been able to build up over the last several centuries.

He can only do it for a short amount of time, he tells me, but that is more than enough for me, the thought of Targon losing control over me for even an instant is intensely tempting. Ironic then, that he calls me to Runeterra, the seat of their power.

I met the Caretaker in aeons since forgotten when he protected one of my hearts and I built a constellation in his honor. After all, anyone who protects my stars is worthy of some admiration.

He knows how utterly deceitful words can be so he instead communicates in sublime music, its meaning conveyed directly into the depths of my mind.

I let his spirit entourage guide me and I do what I can to hide myself from mortal eyes lest Targon suspect something is amiss, alas there is only so much I am willing to do to hide my awe-inspiring visage. After all, hope is an unfathomable power and I bring it in no short supply. The humans below need an example of what a proper lifeform looks like, not to mention those poor terrestrial dragons.

No doubt, my arrival echoes through the arcane firmament that lies underneath this world despite my best efforts and those few beings of marginal relevance, and I use the words generously, in the planet's surface feel my thunderous arrival. Guided by the spirits, "Meeps", I descend, the stench of the Void all too present and all too familiar.

I see the Caretaker in the distance, battling a few loose Voidspawn and send the three stars that accompany me in my journeys to incinerate those vulgar creatures. Meanwhile, my ally closes the rift from whence the creatures came.

"This is the part where you say 'Good work', Bard." I tell him.

That's the name the few mortals here who even know of him call him by. Mortals, always naming things. As if their lifespans were long enough to get good mileage out of even a single word. Go figure.

Bard looks at me, his body nothing but a material vessel betraying no emotion, and I feel his thanks in my mind.

“Now, why call?” I ask him.

He does not answer, instead he walks forward and points to the night sky. I see a shining star, one of my eldest, and feel its plight. In between my servitude and my joy at momentary freedom, I neglected the cries of my creation. I look to the Caretaker and he opens a portal for us to travel.

We emerge in a small uninhabited planetoid, the closest one to my dying child. This was one of my first ventures in star forging, the creation of a massive star, my technique has evolved a thousandfold since but I love this one no less because of it.

It has lived for so long, witnessed so much. I am taken back to times when I was free to build and watch over stars like this

one, free to contribute to the great cosmic canvas that is Creation whole.

Bard calls to me, he tells me that this star's death will create a massive gravitational singularity that could claim much more than this lone planetary system. I understand what he's asking and grudgingly abide. I must snuff out the life of this dying star myself.

He watches me fly away and chimes once again, this time he both thanks me and apologizes profoundly. He is honest, as he always is. For he is perhaps the only other being who truly understands how much the stars means to me.

I fly as fast as I can, for I have no desire to prolong this mockery. I reach the star's core in a few minutes and take control over that moribund cosmic furnace. It feels good, I had forgotten how warm it could be, how intense it could become.

I rebel against the ever tighter pull of gravity as the star's core begins to collapse into itself. This star's death threatens to take so much more than just itself with it. I will not allow it. I will not allow the eons of this star's existence to end in such an unflattering manner. It is simply inadmissible.

I feel the matter as it compresses and churns and boils and send it away to the depths of space. I kill the star from the inside, scattering its remnants through the planets it slowly accrued through so many years. I allow myself to dwell on its residual heat for the briefest of moments. I mourn its death, knowing that it is my fault alone.

My pride has shackled me and now I am all but powerless to prevent my children from suffering.

This, all of this, my doing.

My brooding is interrupted by the Caretaker. He reassures me that he would have called someone else if he had thought someone else powerful enough.

“I know, old friend. I know.”

He tells me that he cannot free me. I feel the need to mock him for even implying I need his help, or that I'd even want it, but hold my tongue, he has earned that much.

“Then who?” I ask weakly.

You, he answers.

He is gone and I am alone again.

Slowly the Aspects' voices become audible once more, their incessant commands returning.

I look to what remains of my child as I fly off to another of their errands.

And I obey.

For now.