



Not emptiness, but blackness.

A blackness occupied by an impossible variety of matter, unformed. It floated, aimless, waiting to be influenced. He looked around.

Nothing but blackness.

Who would help the matter to form? He could feel it, probing... *radiating* with the need. If only he could reach out...

Something moved! A beautiful, twinkling shape, as fluid and graceful as it was powerful. It flexed and moved according to his command, and he saw that it could *feel*. He ran his newly discovered hand along his sinuous, cosmic length, slowly gaining awareness of self. He was beauty. An impossibility, birthed in nothingness – at once the smallest and largest thing in existence. To what end?

He reached out to a cluster of matter, following his intuition. At his touch, it burst and spiraled into iridescent patterns, lighting the blackness and gathering more matter to itself. He guided it, feeling its desire, shaping it in his hands.

It was effortless.

It flowed out of him as if he had been doing it for an eternity. Stars ignited, planets formed, and orbits synchronized at his command. His eyes gleamed like twin stars amidst the galaxy of his creation.

When it was complete, he admired his work. *Stunning*, he thought. Truly stunning. There were stretches of true emptiness surrounding the new galaxy, the blackness of matter having been utilized in its creation. The emptiness was nearly as beautiful as the galaxy it contained. A finite beacon of creation amidst a merciless black infinity. He had much to do.

For the briefest of moments, he had no concept of time. Then stars began to wink out, having reached the end of their cycle. They flashed in a glorious finale of red before returning to their black, unformed state. How interesting, he thought. An infinite space, occupied solely by finite creation. With the discovery of this new dimension, he began tracking the time, taking note of his stars as they winked out.

He lost count in the trillions.

By that time, a nearly infinite stretch of emptiness occupied the blackness of the cosmos. Emptiness, occupied in turn by galaxies of such variety that he swelled with pride at the thought of them.

There were times however, when he could not help but be discouraged. Would he ever succeed in occupying the whole of infinity? Could one fill a container of limitless size, or was that the definition of a thing uncontained? Was he himself an infinite creature, or was he doomed to be snuffed out like his stars, having spent the last of his essence only to return to the blackness?

Did it matter? He had been creating the cosmos for longer than *anything* had existed, and he would continue to do so for as long as *he* existed. Infinity, he decided, was a matter of perspective.

Millions of stars passed away as he continued to create, growing ever more radiant, until one day, he saw life. Not ordinary, crawling life, but something more. Something with potential!

As if orchestrated by a power beyond his own, unique life began to spring up throughout the cosmos, one, at times in the same galaxy as another! He took note of them, each special in their own way, but some more so than others.

One in particular caught his eye. There was so much life on this world! Life with potential beyond that of the others he had seen. He watched them for a moment as their civilization advanced through the ages. They learned simple ways to influence and create - as if wielding primitive shadows of his own power. It was extraordinary. It was *new*. As their power grew, he resolved to do something he had never dreamed of.

He would speak to them.

In an instant, he determined the greatest among them, and allowed his form to shift into an appropriate size. His entire being thrilled at the novelty of it all as he descended on the awestruck civilization. He listened to their conversation briefly to discern their language, before projecting it to them.

"Greetings from the cosmos." He said grandly.

There was a gratifying gasp, and a general milling about, until an obvious leader stepped forward.

"Greetings to you, dragon" He said with notable confidence. "And welcome to Targon."

"Targon." He said, tasting the word. "Dragon? A dragon is merely an echo of my presence in the cosmos. An honorific imitation."

"What shall we call you then?" The Targonian said humbly.

The question caught him off guard. What could they call him? In the eternity of his existence, he had never bothered to give himself a name, for there was no one to speak it. It should be something grand. Something golden. Aurelian... Yes... *Aurelion*. But it was not enough. It should reflect his influence and power in the cosmos. Yes... It was perfect.

He gazed down at the tiny, fascinating beings and drew himself up regally. "You may call me..." His luminous being sparkled in glorious anticipation.

"Aurelion Sol."

He felt his name resound throughout the cosmos. How perfect it was, like the rest of his creations. There was whispered chatter below him and he allowed himself a pleased sigh. He liked these Targonians. Perhaps he could help them – cultivate them to spread and occupy other worlds - even create new worlds for them, suited to their needs! They *were* fascinating, and after all, they seemed humble and agreeable...

What could go wrong?