

As I approach the planet I feel the pull, one different from gravity, it becomes stronger when I get to Runeterra. It's disgusting, vile and poisonous. It's...calling me, and I'm curious enough as to why that I follow it. As I get closer I see it: A beacon, a purple light invisible for anyone not consumed by the corruption, whose only mission is to call all of those who emerge from the rifts made in this world by the pollution, to put those abominations together. The smell is almost unbearable.

The closer I get, the more an instinct pushes me to get away from there. When I get closer I see that the beacons comes from a human village in the middle of a sea of the sand that's been in this world for thousands of years and is filled with magic like never before. It makes sense that the horrors decided to nest here. The village looks almost tore down, but there is still activities going in it, by things that used to be human life forms.

*Come...*

The distorted human voice echoes in my head. That does not surprise me as much as what is down there, capable of talking to me like that. I should bathe everything in starfire and be done with it, and yet I get so close that in the middle of the day there is a starry sky. All of the corrupted beasts and humans have their various eyes on me, but is one in particular that makes me lock eyes on it.

*Let's talk...*

In my mind I imagine the destruction and my mouth can taste the starfire, but then I hear it: The laugh. I growl at it and get more laughs in response. I take my body and reshape it until all of my omnipotence is reduced to a human body, for what are humans but stardust that settled millennia ago on this rock. I fly to the village, to where it is but keep my distance from the floor, the other creatures and the corruption. I'm going to destroy them but I need information first.

-It's you –I can feel that presence emanating from the abomination that is now floating in front of me. It's controlling it, but it's not completely there.

-The enslaved creator. Such a disappointment –I know it's taunting me. I smile.

-The last being who got creative with names to address me felt up-close the birth of a star, I think you remember her. Do you really want to follow her footsteps? –It is staring at me, the two eyes of the human body, and the third eye above them consequence of the corruption.

-I can destroy Targon for you, creator. Do you wish to be free? – I don't answer immediately. To make a simple question is far from the capacities of the mindless abominations, but this one... is just another confirmation that whatever is projecting itself through the horror in front of me is not mindless at all.

-What makes you think that I'll give up the pleasure to burn Targon to the ground?

-Because you can't. Their control over you is fading and yet you do nothing, you keep being their slave. I can do it for you. And all I ask is information in return

-What information?

-The aspects. You know where they are, all of them. Tell me, and I'll free you –It is right. I can feel the aspects all across Runeterra. Even that hideous trickster. The request it's logical, the aspects are the only ones besides me who can close the rifts. The other threats.

-You're scared of the aspects? –I laugh. –Good. They're here to end you, after all –It laughs too, in front of my face and in my head.

-They? They who? The war? Suffocating its human host with Targon's will? The moon and the sun? Trapped within their hosts who are focused in pitiful human bickering? Only the Protector and the Everchild have reached true communion and even with your help, you three cannot stop me from changing this human world, forever at war with itself. I'm going to change their hungry for power, their conflicts. When they become me, they'll be complete. No more need for weapons or petty fights, they'll live with the same purpose: Me. True peace

-Great. You're an infection with an ego. I'm going to enjoy cauterizing you – I make a fist of starfire –As soon as I get to you

-This is me –It points down –They're me. The rifts are me. What you call the void? Me – I close the space between us and grab it by the throat.

-What you are is a putrid infection, an error that no one has bother to correct. Allow me –I punch trough the body with starfire but it doesn't burn, not completely. The hole in its chest start to pour disgusting purple matter over my hand, living matter. Like a group of warms the purple tries to attach to me. I get the lifeless carcass away from me and try to remove the purple of my hand, but with no result. Suddenly there's no sound, no air, no fire, no stars, nothing, only a pressure like I've never felt before trying to consume me. Abruptly I return to my form, and all the sensations return. A screech of pain comes from the purple as the fire of the stars in my body burns it away. The monstrosities below try to attack me. I growl starfire at them. They're gone in seconds, only ashes and burnt sand is left.

I take flight with a strange feeling in all of my body remembering how the emptiness felt. Its voice resonates again in my head but weakly.

-That feeling you have and can't name is called fear. We'll meet again, Creator. Now that I have tasted you I want more. Before I come to this world, I will make you me.