Nyx's Story

Since she was a little kid, Nyx had been told she was responsible for all the dark in the world. And she did not like that because her peers kept putting a dismissive, no, antipathetic veil on the dark when her feelings about the dark were... neither. Dark was just her responsibility, like a job one has to do, like preparing a good coffee in the morning. Not good, nor bad.

At a very early age, she understood "Wanting" and "Thinking," but mostly, she knew in depth how people got entangled in "False Beliefs" and how they continued to perpetuate them.

"People are fundamentally lazy," she thought, "and it's so much easier to believe a stupid lie rather than look for the truth."

Once people are embroidered in the web of rubbish, their ego will not allow a mea culpa, so they continue to produce muddy nonsensical moves, like mad puppets, like the bride who's wearing the guilt for finding her groom screwing another woman in the bathroom of the restaurant at the end of the wedding ceremony. It will always be her fault, and she will never say, "You were right; he's not the one for me." It would take too much energy even to think one is wrong, let alone say it out loud. It is much easier to cuddle in the humidity of an apparent madness.

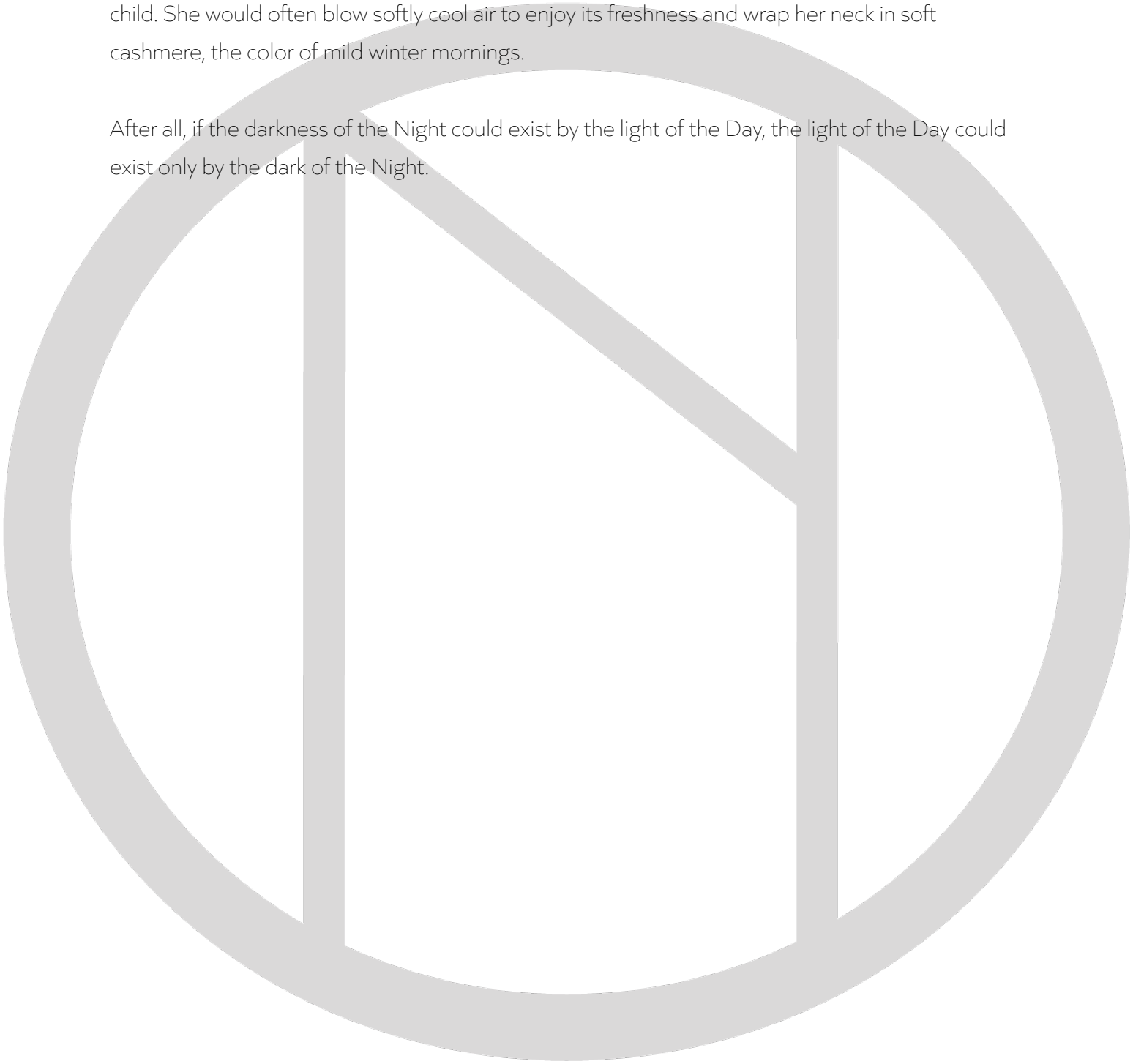
From all dark things, Nyx preferred the cold weather and the Night. She loved Night, her most distinguish creation; the Night, with its Milky Way breathing softly upon sounds that will forever travel into the forever of the universe; the Night, with its brilliant lights hidden in the cat's eye universes. Night was too perfect, so Nyx gave it the appearance of a normal Gods' gadget: she made it terrifying sometimes, mostly to those afraid of everything.

As one can imagine, Nyx's favorite time to travel was during the Night. Humans who encountered her said she had alabaster skin and black hair, eyes of energy stream, impossible to guess their color, infusing fear in those brave enough to look at her. She often visited Stream, her dear friend, and they would talk about humans until the rise of the Sun, and still have details to add another twenty years of conversation.

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But yeah, this is Nyx. In charge of Night with all its baskets full of feelings. Night, her most beloved child. She would often blow softly cool air to enjoy its freshness and wrap her neck in soft cashmere, the color of mild winter mornings.

After all, if the darkness of the Night could exist by the light of the Day, the light of the Day could exist only by the dark of the Night.



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