

Zçshmeethmeetzøz

Written by Nathan S.J. Sunshine (mostly in 2010)

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(1) It was a time of chaos. The only Sentients were the Çrzçx. Many died, and their righteousness perished from the Multiverse. Some died of sickness. Some died in battle. But many simply ceased to be. (2) Eventually a great war came upon the Multiverse. Now everyone died and it looked as though Sentients itself would perish. (3) Into this Dibødo was born. He was Owkeeyokeez'm. (4) His mother was Jooquaip. (5) His father was Mow. (6) Simply being in Dibødo's presence brought about calm and harmony. Jooquaip suddenly made peace with each other. The dead rose and lived once more. (7) Once Dibødo as a young man entered a battlefield after a great fight. Four Jooquaip lay dying, leaving orders for their remaining officers to command the few of their people still alive. Upon entering the battlefield everyone instantly healed. The Jooquaip were so grateful that they chose Dibødo as their Jooquaip. But Dibødo would not lead. He passed his inheritance to his mother, Jooquaip, and his father judged their new land neutrally. Dibødo did this many more times, and his renown grew, as did the power of the rest of his family. (8) In one battle, the only one left alive was a Jahoth. Before her eyes, he healed everyone and made peace. Because she was alone, and at first he did not notice her, she saw his Oadwowr revealed. She was instantly in love, but Dibødo did not know this. She disguised herself, for fear, and followed Dibødo and the Jooquaip to his parents' palace. (9) There she began her service as a servant, cleaning up after Dibødo, as the most humble servant, not even daring to speak to him or look into his eyes. Jahoth, however, was most diligent, and Dibødo could not overlook her modesty.

He would address her, and compliment her, but she persisted in her humility, and would not return the kindness. **(10)** Finally there was a great party to celebrate the Agagag victory. Every woman wanted to dance with Dibødo, but he would not. Finally, he had a thought. He would dance with Jahoth, to reward her for her service. She was on the other side of the room when she heard him say her name, and in fear, turned to flee from the room. But she tripped on one of the guests, and when she turned to get up, Dibødo was there with his hand extended. Dazed, she took his hand. **(11)** There they danced and quickly they both forgot themselves. On and on they went, time forgotten completely, so caught were they by the eye of the other. At some point, Dibødo so involved, came to reveal his Oadwowr to the whole party. Not only the whole party, but the brilliance soon extended to the whole kingdom, and then the Multiverse. In a great moment every Sentient was silent and still as they were blinded and deafened by perfection. Too soon it seemed to everyone, though in fact the dance lasted near an eternity, it came to an end. **(12)** Dibødo and Jahoth held each other and gazed into each other's eyes. Suddenly Jahoth blushed and her disguise vanished. She was shocked! She turned to flee. But Dibødo caught her hand. Then he kissed her there in front of everyone. The matter was sealed. He married her soon after. Thus Dibødo at last found his equal. **(13)** They had two children together: Thuehhwee, a boy, and BeeÓoch, a girl. **(14)** Now in the land of his father and mother, more than half of the Multiverse lived in a peace beyond any imagination. **(15)** Great works and feats were accomplished then: the lullaby Dibødo sang to BeeÓoch, called LeeLoahueth, which until today heals all who hear it, and OangJoa, a stuffed animal he gave to Thuehhwee, a gift all children receive to this day, that protects them from harm. **(16)** But, not all were pleased by this peace. His first

cousin, Drisim, believed he should bring the peace to the rest of the Multiverse where he lived, soon, and by force if the other Jooquaip would not receive Dibødo. **(17)** But Dibødo would not hear it. “Peace must be desired”, he said. “It is a choice”. “If you want, come and live with me. You may not usurp my parents, but in their kingdom you may be their lieutenant, the one who actually runs everything. And someday, when they come to pass, I will give that which was theirs to you.” **(18)** But Drisim felt the need for what he saw as perfect unity, now. If Dibødo would not unite the rest of the Multiverse, he Drisim would do it on his behalf. **(19)** So he went to the battlefield before Dibødo would arrive, and he too would heal those there. But this was too slow. Many Jooquaip still killed each other before either Dibødo or him could get there. So he decided that he would take the rule from the rest of the Jooquaip before they could hurt each other. At first he simply removed them from their position, and this was relatively peaceful. But the people of the Jooquaip came to resent this interference. And those not conquered soon began to prepare. **(20)** In not too long Drisim had to conquer the Jooquaip. Many would die. He found to his shock, that those he killed himself or by his order could not be healed by him. For a while he stopped his wars. But the injustice of those who fought what he saw as petty wars stung still, and eventually he returned. Ironically, soon the wars he fought killed more than otherwise would be. What he did not know was that because Drisim knew so well the healing as Dibødo did, Dibødo was not able to heal the dead either. Thus many more died in those days than had even before the days of Dibødo. **(21)** Dibødo did not dismay. Instead he focused on the wars of the Jooquaip that Drisim had not come for yet. **(22)** Thus Drisim by force greatly expanded his rule, while Dibødo expanded his parents’ now slowly. But peace belonged to Dibødo, and

ever Drisim was forced to put down increasing rebellions. **(23)** Drisim became jealous, though he did not admit it. He even came to blame Dibødo for his fate. **(24)** Dibødo did not know the full truth, but saw that Drisim had become stressed. He came alone and spoke to him one day. “Leave this stressful life you live. Come and live with me. My offer as before still stands. Or I will bring my family to live with you, and so you will be with family.” **(25)** Drisim would not give up rule, but he was swayed at last to cease his wars, and he took up Dibødo’s offer, and Dibødo, Jahoth, Thuehhwee, and BeeÓoch came to live with Drisim. **(26)** For a time there were no wars. Even among the Jooquaip. But true peace persisted in the kingdom of Dibødo’s parents. Never were the people of Drisim, even by the presence of Dibødo. **(27)** Eventually Drisim’s earlier wars caught up with him. For the remaining Jooquaip had been planning his overthrow. Suddenly their plans were let loose. By then he had taken two thirds of his half of the Multiverse, but the remaining third moved against him. **(28)** His generals put up a strong fight and at first it looked like they would win. But the people he believed he had liberated themselves soon allied with his enemies. Better to have free will, they said, than be forced to have peace. **(29)** Great battles were fought, and whole cities were wiped from the Multiverse. Eventually Drisim’s forces turned to their most deadly weapons, and though at first turning them on the invaders, soon they used them on any city they thought might rebel. **(30)** But free will continued to advance. Freedom was too powerful a force for even Drisim’s forces to counter. At last the generals prepared to use their remaining force to destroy all of their half of the Multiverse, though in fact, their action would really cause the sheeonaing. **(31)** In all of this so far Dibødo had remained neutral, but at last he had to act. He went and spoke to Drisim. He appealed to Drisim to end

this. **(32)** And for the second time Drisim listened. He told his generals that they cannot follow through. The generals listened, and instead, as the armies of freedom advanced, used those weapons to destroy their fortresses and thus died rather than surrendered. All of the generals died there. **(33)** The remaining forces of Drisim had no hope. Within short order the forces of freedom had conquered every territory that had once been Drisim's, and they besieged his keep. **(34)** Drisim became madly depressed. He took to laying in his bed for ages doing nothing and ignoring even his basic duties. **(35)** Dibødo filled in those responsibilities and after a while of his help, the peace, though absent in all this half of the Multiverse, returned at least to Drisim's keep. **(36)** At last it became apparent to Dibødo that Drisim meant to kill himself, though only himself. Dibødo went to him, and spoke to him. "Even now there is hope. The free peoples want you to surrender to them. Instead offer to come with me. I will keep you under arrest, but with relative freedom, in my parents' palace. For a time you will need to take care of yourself and heal. But if you show growth, I will fulfill my original offer to you." **(37)** Drisim cried and told Dibødo he needed to be alone to consider. So Dibødo left him and went to fulfill duties for the keep. **(38)** Drisim thought and thought. But he could not open his heart. And in the end it hardened, and entirely disappeared. A madness entered the now empty pit of his chest. He vainly looked for the source of his despair, and then not able to find the thorn inside him, searched for it outside. **(39)** In a great storm one evening he called his closest servants to him. He sent them on a most important mission. But appalled, even at last his closest advisors, in fact his very family, refused to serve him. So he was left alone. **(40)** At last he took his spear, B'Óoch, and snuck in the dead of night through his keep. Dibødo was making love to his wife while his children slept in

the other room. Drisim was quiet. **(41)** First he went into Thuehhwee's room. He impaled him through the heart, and Thuehhwee had no time even to scream. **(42)** Then he went to BeeÓoch's room, quietly still. When he entered she awoke, and smiled at Drisim. Even now, she saw Drisim as a second father, having spent many ages in his keep by now. She laughed at the spear, thinking it some sort of game. But as he approached she caught a gleam in his eye. Backing towards the wall, she spoke.

"Drisim. You are not yourself. Whatever you have already done, you still have a choice. You have free will. There is still hope. Drisim paused, but suddenly he lunged forward. BeeÓoch flinched, and the spear went through her into the right breast, so she did not die for some time. She cried as she held onto the shaft, where it penetrated her chest, the blood beginning to soak her clothes. She spoke once more. "Drisim. I am sorry. Soon my pain will be over, but yours is just beginning. You see, my father will forgive you still. So will my mother. But you will never forgive yourself. I fear that the enemy you seek is, is you. Oh father. Father, I love you." And with that, BeeÓoch, unlike anyone born into the Multiverse thereafter, died. **(43)** So Drisim removed the spear, as BeeÓoch's body sank to the floor, the rest of her blood pooling around her. Drisim entered the room of Dibodo and Jahoth. Since they had been making love, they had not heard any of what had occurred. But as he entered the room, Jahoth sensed that something was wrong and she looked. Drisim was covered in blood. Jahoth knew. Dibodo looked, and knew, and was silent. **(44)** Jahoth spoke. "What have you done, Drisim? Will you in your despair, kill my husband and I, as you have killed our children? Will you travel to the ends of the Multiverse and kill out parents? And then our advisors, and ministers? Then the governors and the mayors? And then the people

themselves? Then as you penetrate the last Sentient, will you be satisfied? You will be alone. Violence has no other end. When you hurt another, you hurt yourself more. When you kill another, you suffer a fate worse than death. My husband and I will not stop you, Drisim. You must choose.” **(45)** With that Jahoth hugged and kissed her husband, and tears streaked Dibødo’s cheeks. **(46)** Drisim walked close to them and raised his spear. He spoke: “Then I will suffer”. He impaled the two of them at the same time. **(47)** Afterwards he fled the keep. Being alone he was not noticed. He passed the border of what was his half of the Multiverse and into that of Dibødo’s parents. He traveled in increasing misery. In all of the Multiverse he was alone. Jahoth was right. His pain had only increased. Only irrational hate and anger drove him onwards. **(48)** He reached the palace. He entered within and made his way to the heart. There he found Jooquaip and Mow. They were in the process of pardoning a killer who had slaughtered his family and most of those in his neighborhood. The killer’s sentence was to serve the community that he had injured, and to enhance the memory of those destroyed, until they should be remembered forever. At first they said, the killer would be guarded. But as he proved himself, he would eventually be left to his own ends. And eventually, he would be free to return as a full member of society. **(49)** As Mow finished pardoning the killer, Drisim walked to the front of the room. With no word, Drisim slew Jooquaip. Mow did not flinch. Rather he got on his knees. He looked straight at Drisim into his eyes. At this Drisim did flinch, but nonetheless, he stepped forward and drove the spear into Mow’s heart, and twisted. **(50)** So Jooquaip and Mow died, the greatest rulers the Multiverse had ever seen. **(51)** Now Drisim turned to slay the killer. But the killer was ready. He had grabbed a plain rock scale that had decorated a sideboard in the chamber,

and just as Drisim turned to penetrate the killer, Drisim was bludgeoned over the head. **(52)** Drisim collapsed onto the ground, and the killer sank to his knees, weeping and praying at his deeds past and present, and at the carnage spread out in front of him. So the advisors to the kingdom found their slain rulers, Drisim, and the killer. **(53)** Dibødo had been flying in darkness. Heartless, he wandered through despair. All was silent. But he heard a murmur, which soon became louder. A beating. A heart somewhere was beating. It seemed as many heartbeats but also as one. Half a Multiverse of hearts. So he rose. He had found a heart. For as he found, for each person he healed, he healed himself. And each life he had saved, saved his. So more than half a Multiverse beat their hearts for the one who had beat for them. **(54)** Dibødo awoke, and found Jahoth laying on him, dead. He got up and gathered his children to him, laying them next to their mother in his room. Kissing each of them on their head, he bid them farewell and went to inform the advisors of the keep. **(55)** Soon orders were issued, and the gates to the keep were opened. The Jooquaip camped outside entered, and were shocked at the news they received. As the word spread, the whole camp cried out at the horror of what had occurred. **(56)** Eventually word reached the whole half of the Multiverse, and first their tears complimented Dibødo's, and then their hearts too came to beat as one in surrogate of Dibødo's own. The Jooquaip agreed that the debt owed to them by Drisim had been met and more. So at last the free people had their freedom and war was no more. They were awed by the humility and pacifism of Dibødo. The Jooquaip called for him to serve as their leader. **(57)** He said he would not rule, but would add their lands to the kingdom of his parents. So at last the Multiverse was unified. **(58)** Then messengers arrived baring the news of Jooquaip and Mow. If the people of this half of the Multiverse were

shocked before, now they were dismayed and fearful. Such great woe had befallen the Multiverse, against those who deserved it least. It seemed that all might dissolve into chaos. So Dibødo did that which he never wanted to do. **(59)** He rose and spoke. “So I will lead”. Thus he took upon himself the yoke of Jooquaip, and became the single leader of the Multiverse. **(60)** The first of his duties was most difficult. For Drisim, though hurt badly, had not died. And thrown into a comfortable room in the palace, the worst abode of the citizens of Dibødo’s kingdom, he slowly recovered. Now he would need to decide what to do with Drisim, for the free people of the Multiverse called for justice. **(61)** So Dibødo took Drisim to the top of his keep, a pinnacle of great height. Before the Jooquaip of all the provinces of the united Multiverse, he laid out Drisim’s offenses against Sentients. Drisim listened, tormented, but hardened to his fate. He was prepared to face justice. Dibødo got to the end of the list. Now he gave Drisim a chance to speak. **(62)** Finally, Drisim spoke. “It now comes to this. I do not apologize. I do not say sorry. For the Multiverse would not have peace. I had to bring it and you scorned me for it. Why was I not honored? Why was I not loved? All I wanted was for war to end. But you wanted the freedom to choose. You made your choice. And I made mine. Now let me suffer my despair. My sacrifice on behalf of all.” **(63)** Dibødo looked at Drisim, at the top of the pinnacle, in the presence of the leaders of the Multiverse. He raised his hand and brought it down on Drisim. Gently, he took Drisim’s hand, and he spoke, keeping his gaze on Drisim’s eyes. **(64)** “On behalf of the Sentients of the Multiverse, and in light of the offenses you have committed, in the name of justice and peace, I pardon you.” Drisim’s mouth gaped. The Jooquaip started shouting. They were angry. They called for Drisim to be pushed from the pinnacle. Dibødo raised his left

hand, for his right held Drisim's, and spoke. "I will not take this man's life. Will one of you?" Dibødo watched the endless field of Sentients. For a moment the tension was great. Then it slowly subsided, and no one moved. Dibødo returned his gaze to Drisim.

(65) He spoke. "What you suffer is worse than death. We will not suffer the same for your blood. Death is not justice. No. Drisim, you will serve the Multiverse. You will work to preserve the memory of those who you killed. When the memory of every Sentient you killed is forever instilled in the hearts of those who remain, you may once again be free to yourself. At first you will be guarded, but as you serve, when you are ready, we will trust your free will. So justice will be served." **(66)** Together as one voice, the Jooquaip spoke their agreement. **(67)** Drisim was truly horrified. Was everything he had believed wrong? He felt, he felt, love. It touched him, and he flinched. It penetrated him, and he moved away. No. It could not be. Had he truly had a choice? Did people truly deserve a choice? Finally love surrounded him. He could not avoid it anymore. **(68)** He knew he only had one choice. Turning, he ran at the edge of the pinnacle. He was over and he felt air, rushing. But only for a moment. A strong hand grabbed his arm and brought him onto the edge of the pinnacle. **(69)** Dibødo held Drisim, and restrained him as he tried to make for the edge again. When Drisim finally stopped moving, Dibødo did something he could never have expected. Dibødo hugged him, and kissed him on both cheeks and once on the forehead. **(70)** Dibødo spoke. "I kiss you on behalf of each of my children, and on behalf of my wife. They forgive you too. Be at peace Drisim. Be free." **(71)** Drisim's mind raged. But at last a calm returned. He looked at Dibødo, and spoke. "I have chosen. I will serve." So Drisim was let to leave the pinnacle, passing through the Jooquaip. A few followed behind him,

seeming more as an honor guard than an actual guard. So Drisim departed to begin his service. (72) Dibødo went to found Goamdwee in the center of the Multiverse. Thus began the Great Peace of the Multiverse. A harmony between Sentients existed then that has never been seen in the history of the Multiverse since. (73) Only Dibødo knew the end of Drisim's story. That he had resided in his place of service for a short while. Then one day he vanished. No body was found, and Dibødo knew, that Drisim had indeed left the kingdom, that he had chosen exile. (74) Dibødo got on his knees then, and looked up into the darkness. He spoke. "Jahoth, Thuehhwee, BeeÓoch. Watch over Drisim. May he return one day, at peace. May his service come in love to an end. And may I be able one day to fulfill my original offer. For he was second in glory only to me. And we are all at a loss for his departure. So do I pray." (75) How long Dibødo served no one knows. The Multiverse greatly expanded then. For every land destroyed before, ten more were soon created. An effort was made to name children after the dead and though it took a while, those names were given eventually thousands of times over, and they would never be forgotten. It seemed Dibødo only grew in vigor, for now so many hearts beat for him. (76) But he knew that this could not last forever. He would not be the burden of the Multiverse. So quietly, he began moving responsibility from himself to advisors. And he searched for his replacement. He determined that the best choice was Drisim's family. They had lived in seclusion and little significance since the events of the past and were surprised by the offer. They had thought that Jahoth's family would receive the honor. But Dibødo insisted, so they moved to his capitol. Within a little while, all responsibility had passed beyond Dibødo's hands. (77) For a while he stayed as an advisor to the new leaders. He began to take walks. Short at first, they grew ever

longer, and took up more of his time. He walked everywhere, and a rumor went around that people would glimpse Dibødo in all parts of the Multiverse. Usually it would be at moments of great despair. Suddenly a Sentient would feel a healing power, and sense a great presence. Then it would fade. “Dibødo”, they said it was. **(78)** Then one day Dibødo did not return to the capitol. A few advisors said they should search for him, but the new leaders knew best. For ages, Dibødo disappeared out of thought and knowledge. Yet the healing only seemed to increase. Even serious injuries caused by accidents or sicknesses seemed to have little effect, and happiness pervaded even those in the most desperate situations. It seemed that all of their hearts had become lighter. **(79)** One day the relatives of Drisim in the keep sent an extremely sensitive report to the leaders of the capitol. They hastened to the keep and when they arrived they were ushered into a guestroom where they found a shrunken figure laying, and smiling. It was Dibødo. **(80)** He sat up and looked at those gathered around him. “I saw him.” Spoke Dibødo. At that he laughed heartily and smiled, not a tear or drop of sweat anywhere on his body. He seemed happier than he had ever been, if that were possible. Then he laid himself back down on the bed, the same bed where his wife and children once slept. **(81)** Then Dibødo died. It is said at that moment a new vigor entered into all of the Sentients of the Multiverse. Everyone, no matter what they were doing, sick, old, infirm, young, healthy, it mattered not. They all rose and went outside and looked into the sky. A light they saw, spreading and shooting brilliantly everywhere. It spread among all of the Sentients and they felt perfect peace and happiness. They held hands, embracing their enemies, and crying tears of joy and wonder. **(82)** The light thickened, and grew ever stronger. Then suddenly a great roar, and the light flew and consolidated in the sky. It formed a great

river, of sorts, spreading in ribbons between all lands of the Multiverse. It surrounded the Multiverse and at last the greatest portion of the roaring glory passed beyond. The noise, and the most splendid peace faded, though not totally diminished in each Sentient. **(83)** If only a last comfort. A lingering afterthought entered each. They felt each of them a warm embrace, a tender kiss, and two smaller sets of hands gently touching their arms. All of the Sentients laughed lightly. And they went on with their lives. **(86)** So passed Dibødo. No Sentient has ever achieved the might and humility of Dibødo. But every Sentient remembered him. The web of light he created connected the Multiverse, and spread as a road, easing the passage throughout. It was a force without substance, an energy, serving all, with no self. It enriched all of their lives, with no need of its own. All of their hearts beat stronger for it. The Multiverse lived in happiness and love for many an age. **(87)** So goes the story of Dibødo.