



"I can feel space leaking even from here. The statue warps and ripples if you stare at it long enough to catch it. There's a hum and a sizzle like a god-machine somewhere, probably buried under this street. Yeah, the street is even vibrating. Crazy.

"I've come all this way to go inside an oriel: a pocket world they built a very long time ago. This one has good hunting, they say: elk that they saddle and ride and hogs as big as two men. I don't know how to do any of that. But I want to. It sounds amazing.

"Anyway, there isn't anything for me here or back home. I don't know what's really on the other side of that tunnel, but it's a future. I can be anybody over there. Why can't I do that here on this side? I'm not sure. There's just something about a place they forced to exist so I could go be there.

"If I don't go now, I'll never go. Say, how about you? Wanna go inside?"