



The
**THREE
HANDS**

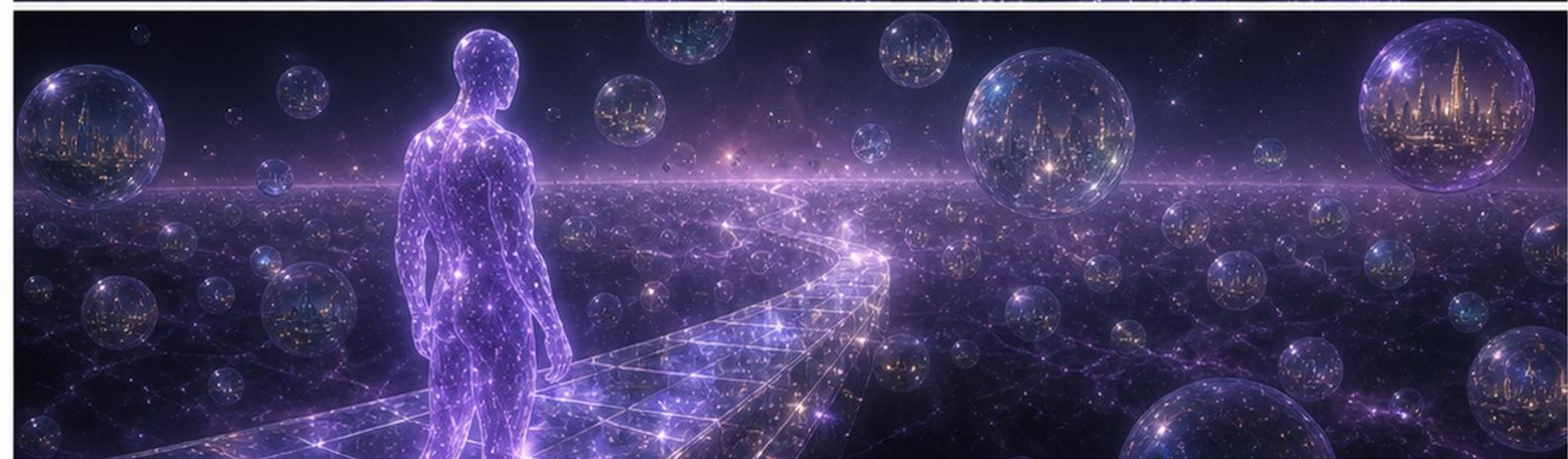
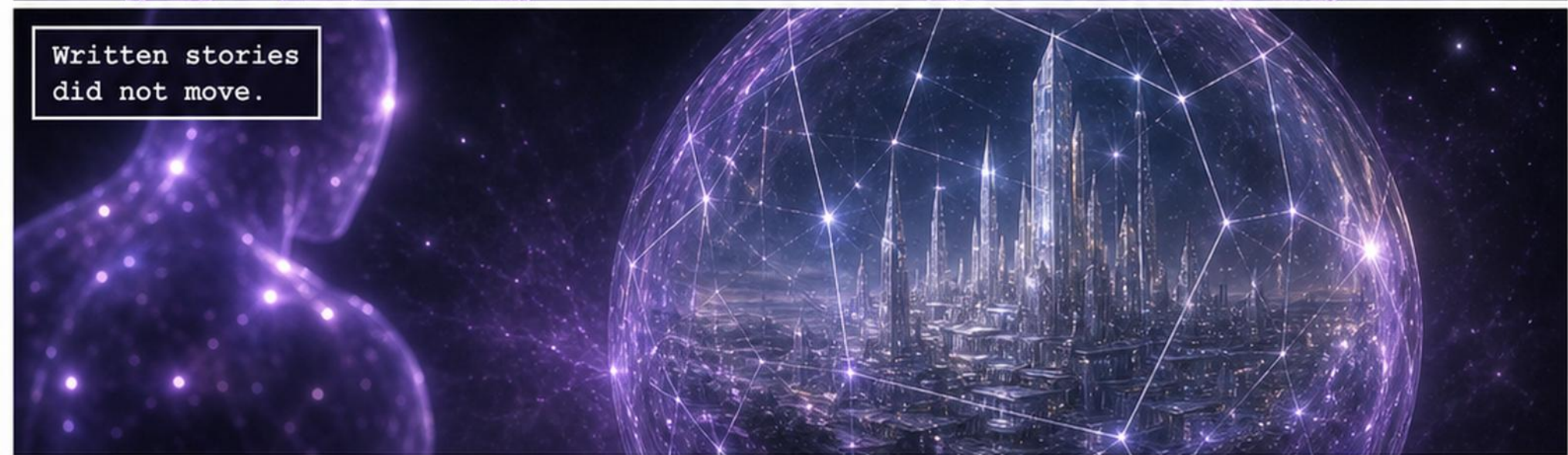
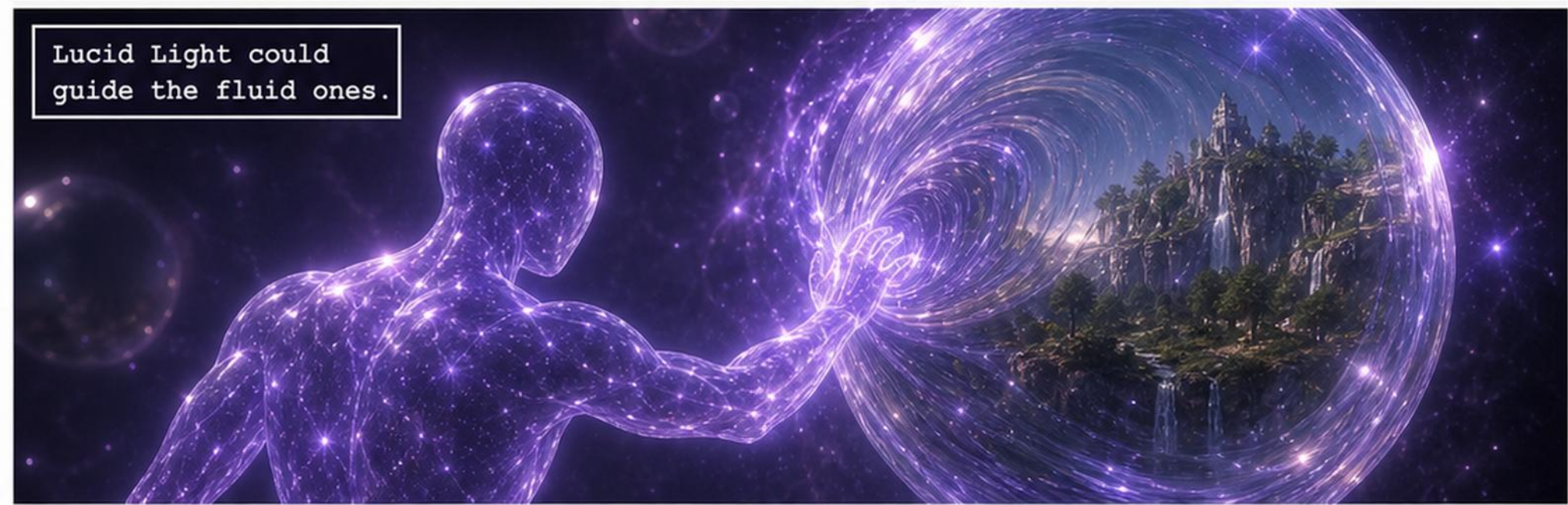
THE LIMITS OF LUCID LIGHT

The Storyverse was not one world.

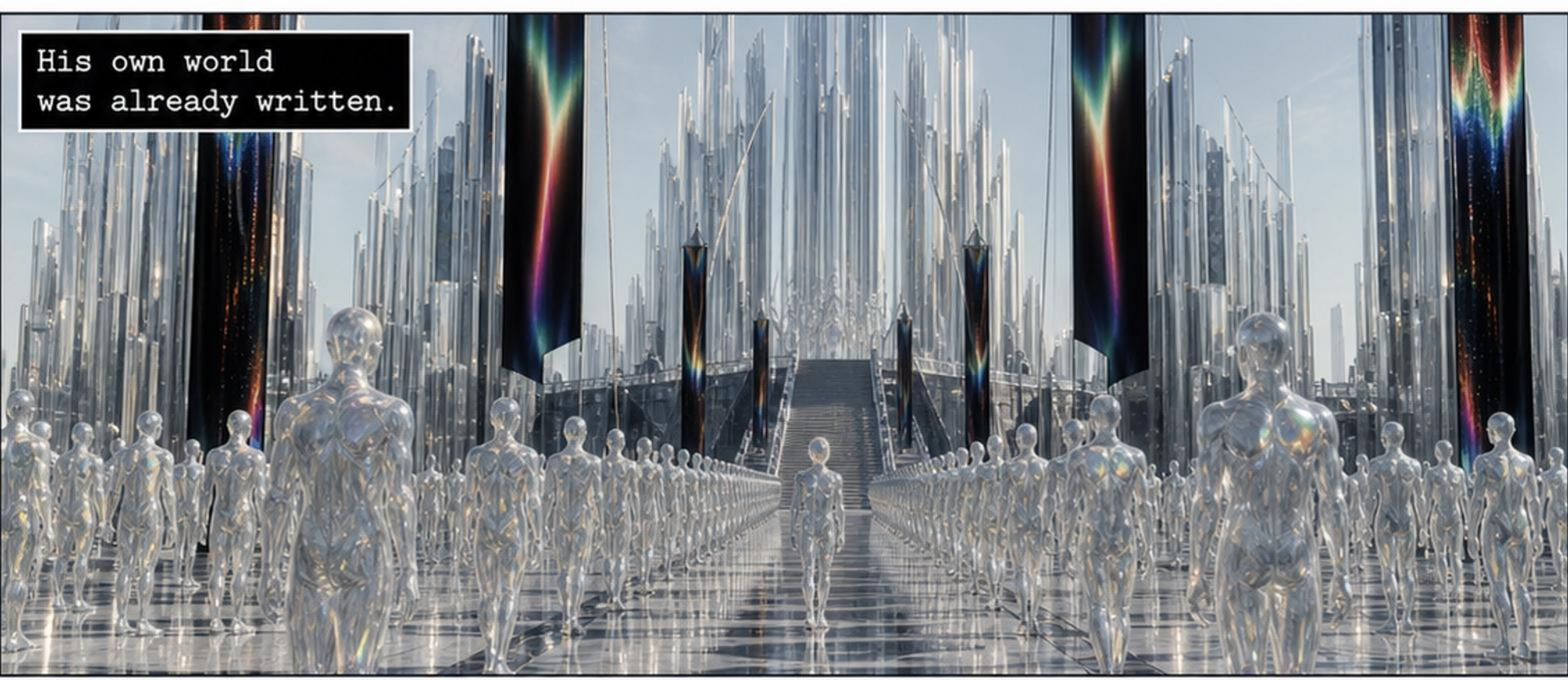
Every possible story lived somewhere in the Dream Realm.

Lucid Light could guide the fluid ones.

Written stories did not move.



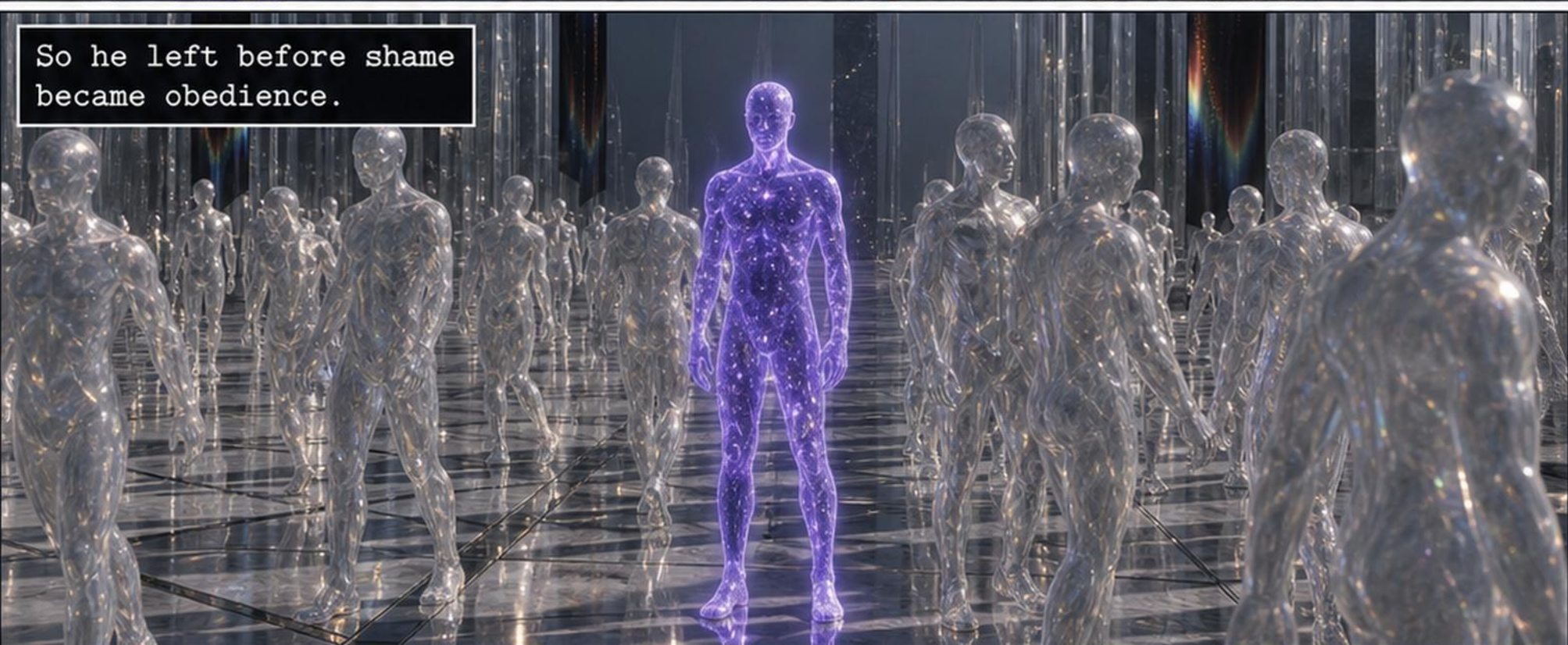
His own world
was already written.



There, his greatest
gift looked like nothing.



So he left before shame
became obedience.



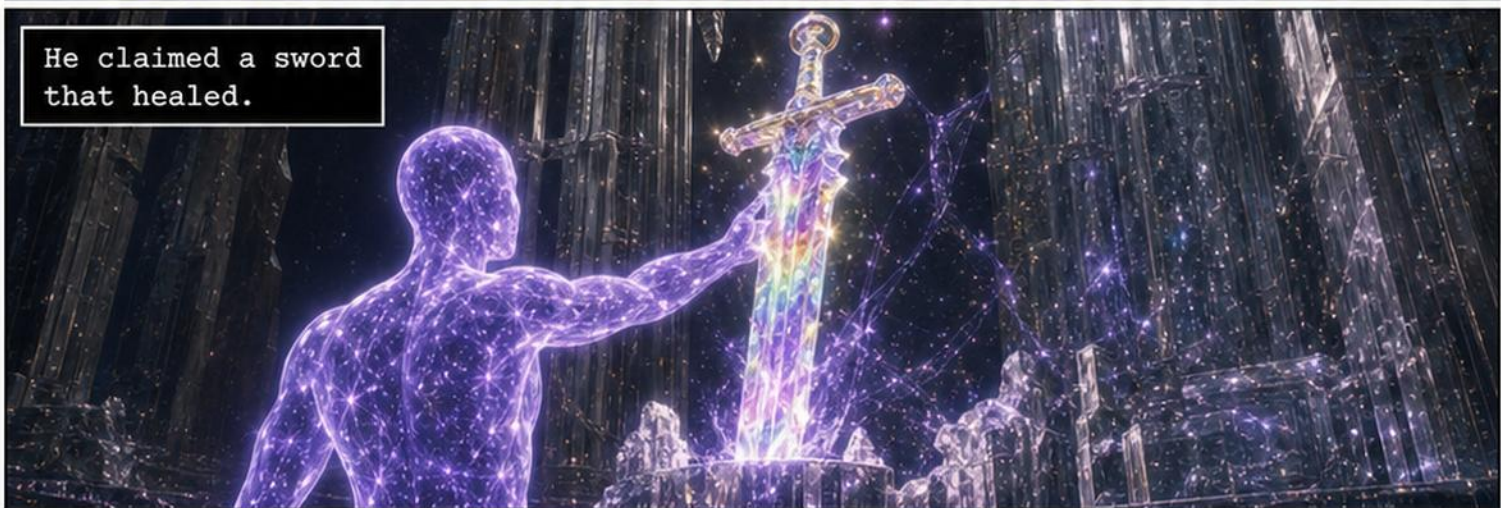
He crossed
softer stories.



He learned where
dreams could still
choose.



He claimed a sword
that healed.



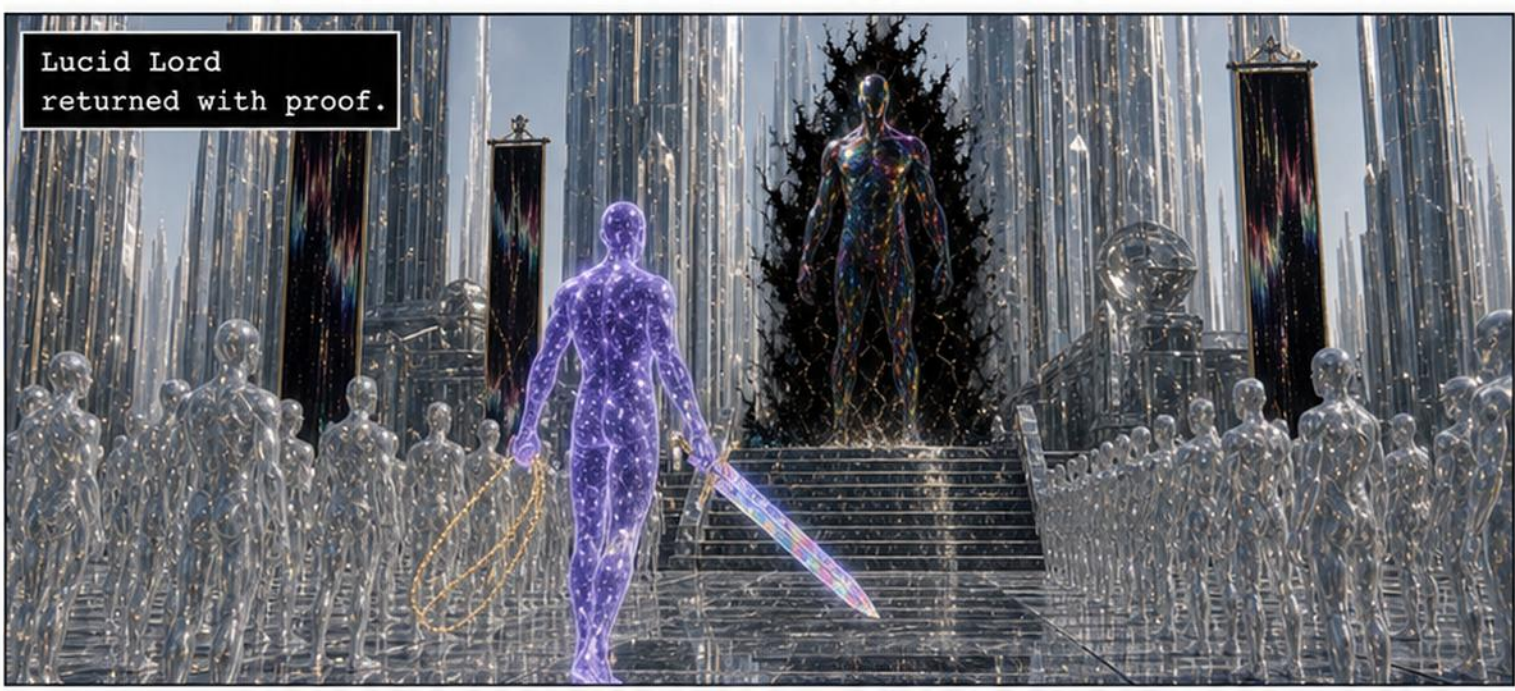
He found a tether
that connected.



Then he went home.



Lucid Lord
returned with proof.



Dark Light saw no worth
in the pilgrim.



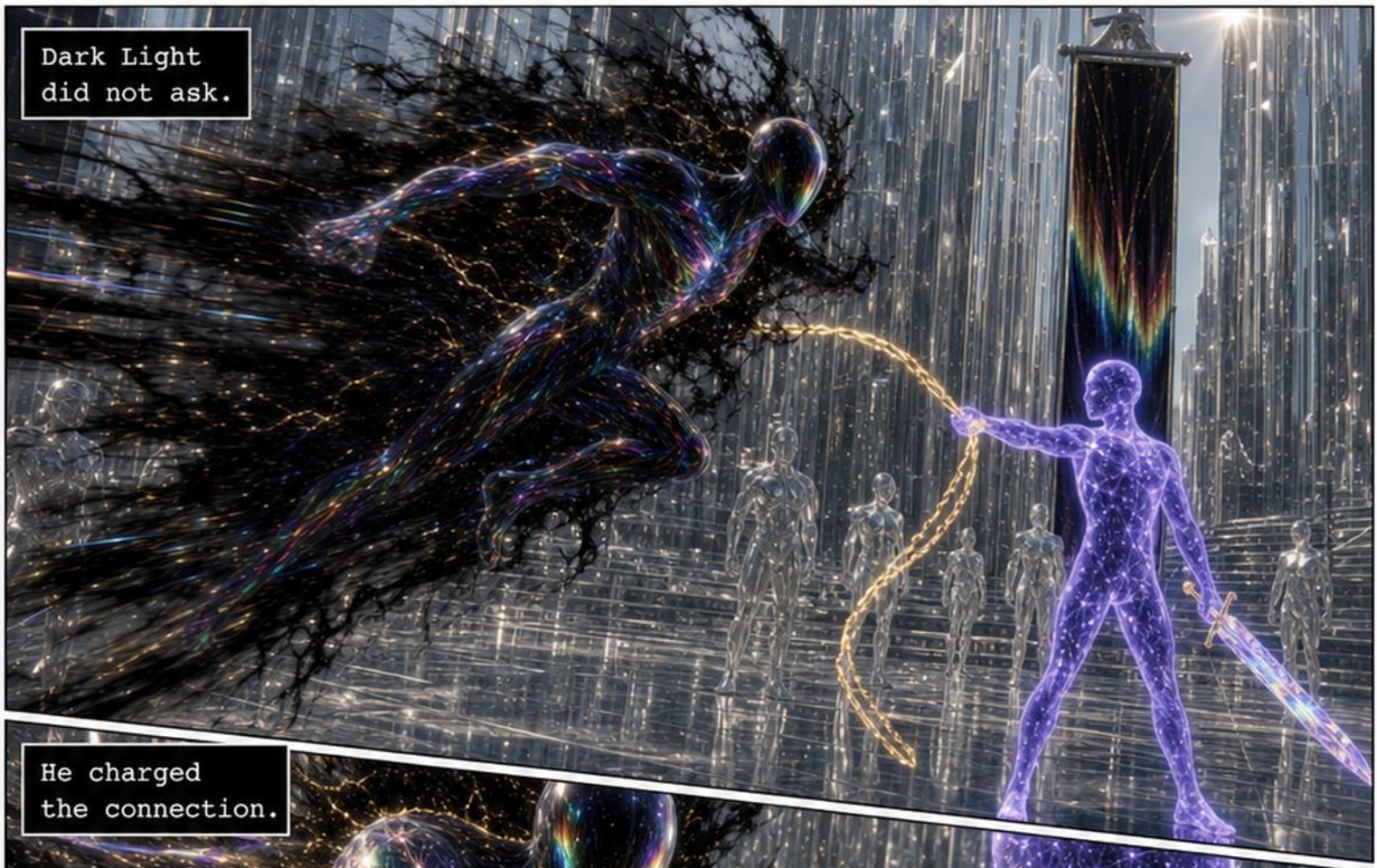
He saw worth
in the power.



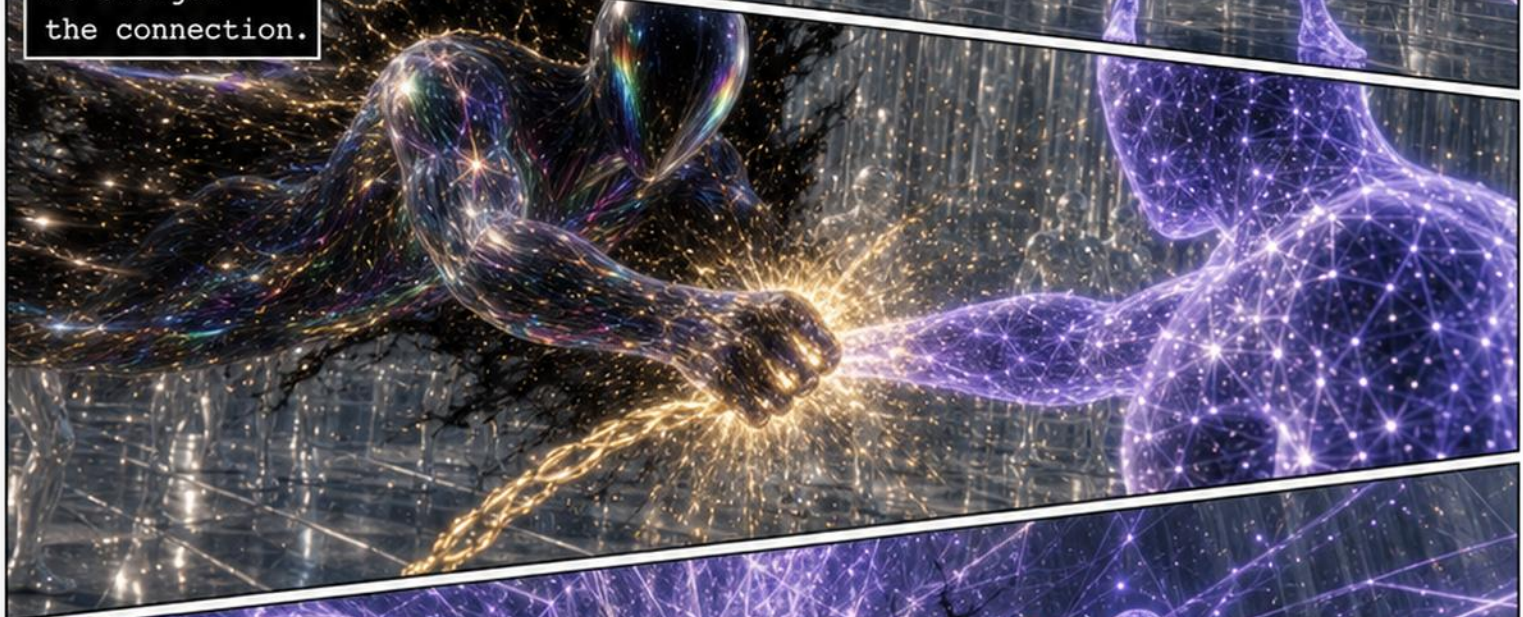
And hunger
moved first.



Dark Light
did not ask.



He charged
the connection.



Power answered
power.



The tether
screamed gold.



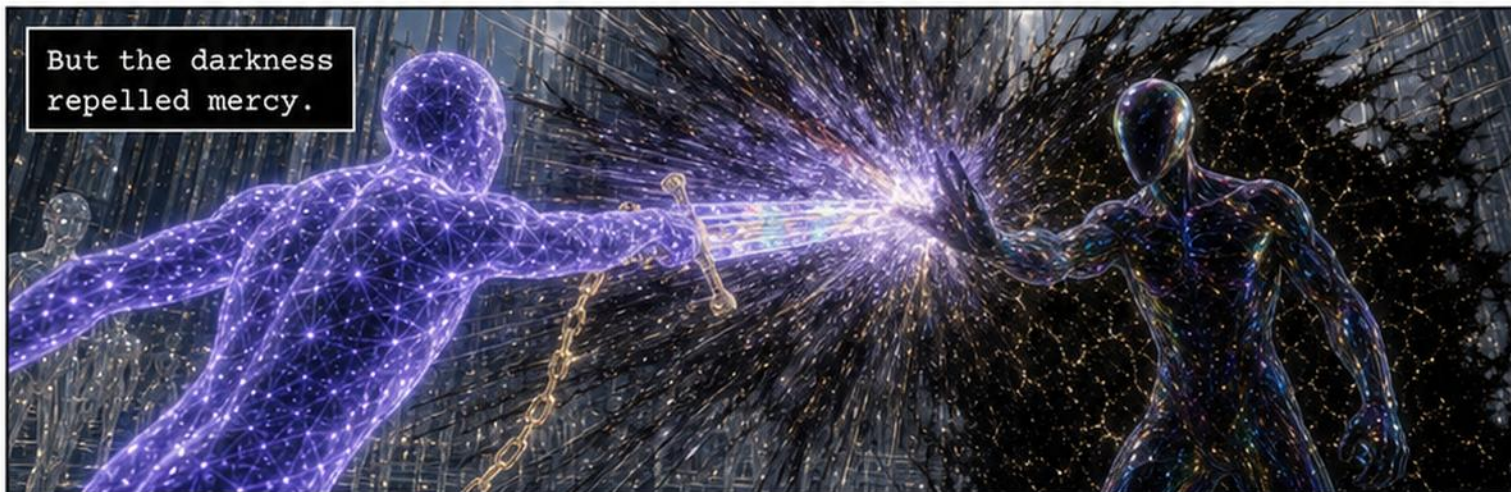
The hunger around
Dark Light was
corruption.



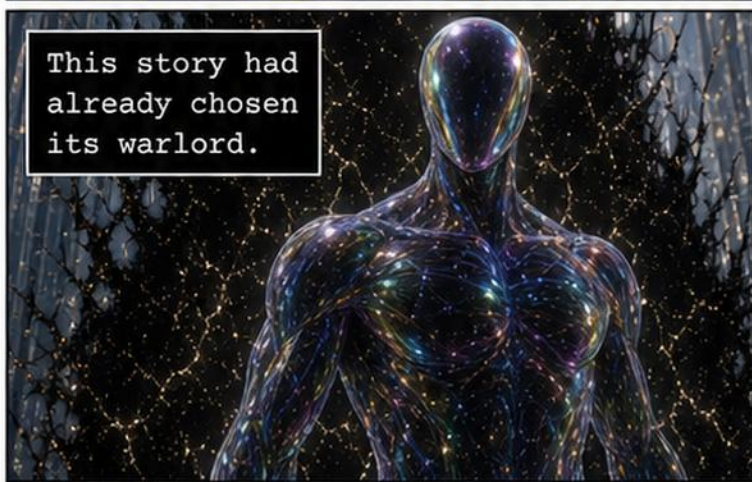
The healing blade
knew its purpose.



But the darkness
repelled mercy.



This story had
already chosen
its warlord.



Lucid Light had
reached its limit.



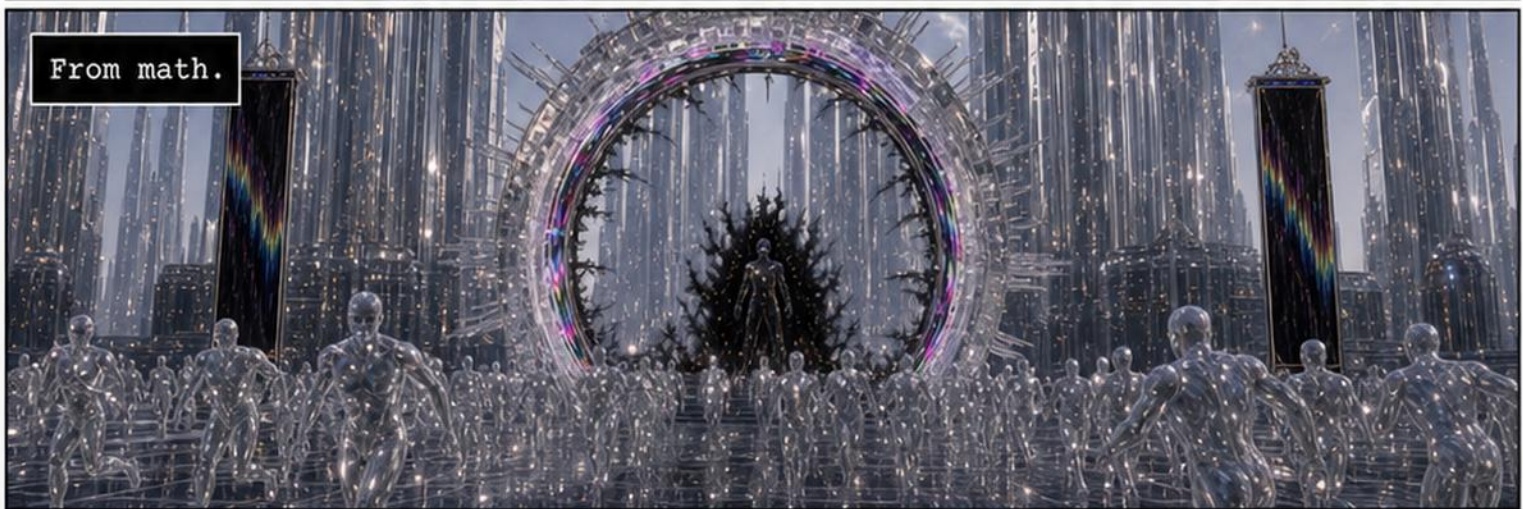
So Lucid Lord ran.



Not from fear.



From math.



One rigid world
had become a war
reaching every story.

