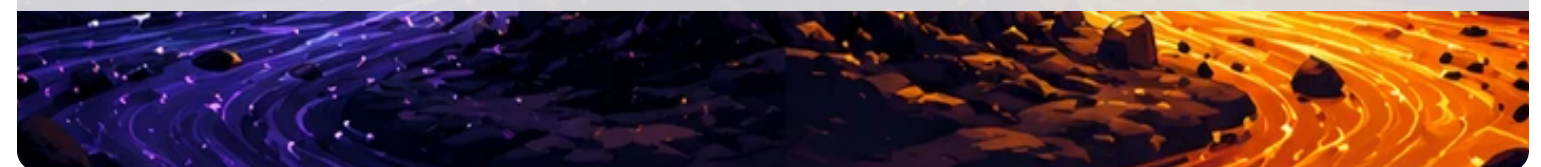




# The birth of the suns son

Cabrien Green





Long before the stars graced the sky, there was only Bhudda, a holy light of celestial energy. This presence was a magnificent paradox, existing as both cold and hot, light and dark, being both there and not there at once.



Within the endless stillness of Bhudda, two primal forces began to stir and wake. Yin was the silent, deep breath of the void, while Yang was the radiant, fierce spark of motion demanding to exist.



When Bhudda chose to separate these forces, existence was born in a magnificent burst of cosmic creation. Yin spread outward to form the foundation of all things, while Yang ignited the void with the first fire of the stars.



Known as the Twin Flames, these two halves of a single truth remained forever connected across the vastness of space. Wherever Yang burned with creative heat, Yin remained beneath it, watching and balancing the cosmic dance.



As the universe expanded, the harmony between the flames began to fracture into dangerous instability. Yang grew wild and violent, birthing unchecked creation, while Yin pulled inward into silent collapse, threatening the fabric of reality.



To guide this imbalance, Bhudda scattered fragments of divine essence into the newly forming hearts of humanity. Within every person lived Yin, Yang, and a tiny, sleeping spark of Bhudda's own eternal stillness.



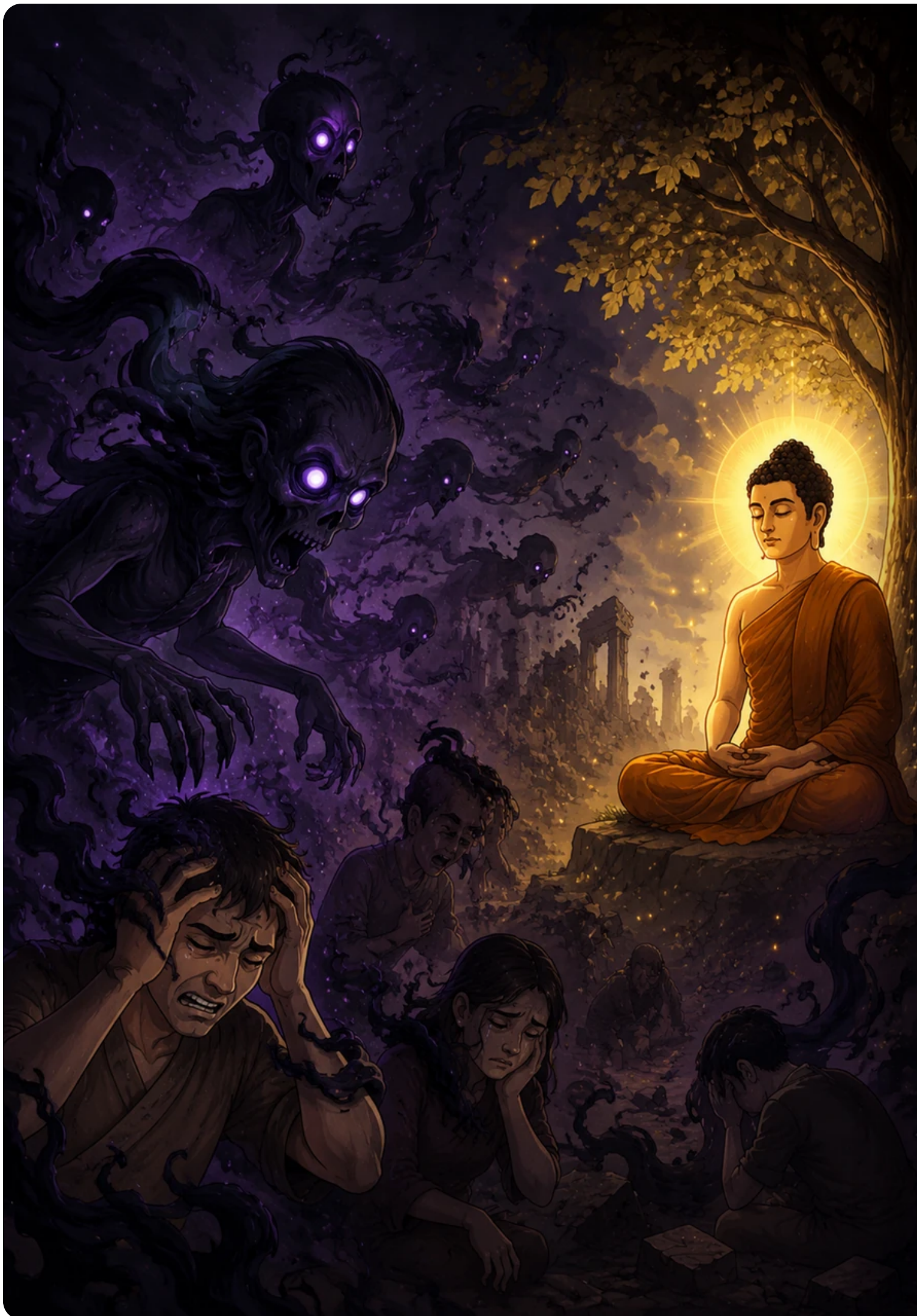
Early humans lived in quiet harmony, feeling the rhythm of balance without the need to name or define it. Their lives flowed naturally between silence and expression, taking and giving in a perfect, wordless cycle of existence.



But as human intelligence grew, they began to see the world in parts rather than as a whole, leading to obsession and desire. Yang became an ambitious fire of conquest, while Yin twisted into the shadows of fear and secrecy.



In this age of forgetting, humanity lost sight of their divine connection and began to feel alone and incomplete. The subtle presence of Bhudda faded into silence, drowned out by the noise of material wants and the hunger for power.



From the misuse of these sacred energies, formless entities born of fear and grief began to emerge from the darkness. These spirits fed on human imbalance, whispering to the weary and eroding the world from within, waiting for someone to remember the truth.