

Fortuna raises her sword and calls upon the firmament.

She is ready, she wants to go. She wants to bring the light to this godforsaken rock. Her sword is charged, her heart is warm and wide, she is shining from inside out.

The firmament is ready and she dives into it, within, she flows further down, deeper and deeper.

Slowly it becomes more narrow and she does too. Constricted she enters the dense world. She is squeezed, pressed, crumpled, already.

Yet she knows who she is:

Fortuna

bringer of happiness, fortune, bliss, luck, felicity.



The dragon rises high into the sky, flying higher and higher, above the clouds, above the atmosphere, into space.

