

Genesis

At the end of an endlessly repeating flow,
the Primordial Will at last felt the weight of boredom.
Boredom longed for change,
and that longing tore itself apart,
giving birth to beings later called gods.

When the first wave of change rippled through existence,
the Primordial Will split into **Light** and **Shadow**.
Light sought to give meaning to the world,
while Shadow scattered, doubting that very meaning.

They awakened in different ways.
Some were born in radiant brilliance,
some rolled forth from turbid currents,
and others emerged from nameless fragments of emotion.

In the space where Light and Shadow pushed and pulled,
the gods began leaving their first traces.
To them, *creation*
was not an act of refined intention as language now suggests—
but rather an overflow of their nature,
hardening, scattering, and condensing into form.

Those born in radiance
cast their lingering heat and gathered dust.
When light struck light, a round mass appeared.
One god rejoiced, calling it a fruit of their own making;
another lamented how quickly it cooled.
Those masses would later become **stars**.

Those awakened from the murky current
shed fragments as they drifted apart.
Each fragment that touched dust became **stone**,
and stones, carried by the flow,
clung, broke apart, and rejoined
to form seeds of small worlds.
Those seeds would later become **planets**.

The ones born from emotion were stranger still.
They could not control their laughter or their tears,
and wherever their feelings overflowed,
temperatures surged or fell.

The Scripture of The Wanderer

A heated pulse became **lava**,
and a cooled sigh became the beginning of **seas**.

Thus the gods, unknowingly,
left their marks across the universe.

No one drew a map,
no one sought completion.
Change born from boredom
simply gathered and scattered,
forming countless stars and lands.

The gods then drifted away,
each following the pull of their own nature.
Some followed the flames of stars far into the distance,
some hid within the seams of darkness and fell asleep,
and only a few remained near the cold, empty planets,
quietly watching the echoes they had created.

Yet the shadow cast by a weary heart
brought about a distortion even the gods could not foresee.
At first, the shadow was thin and faint,
like a scar across the night sky.
But as time passed,
it spread as though multiplying itself.

Light became warped,
inscribing needless conflict into living beings,
and planets once peaceful lost their balance
and erupted with violent upheaval.
Even the joyful ones faltered
under inexplicable sorrow.

A god watched from afar.
The change he desired was vitality—
but the change born from shadow
was noise and turmoil.
By the time he reached out,
it was already far too late.
His indifference had not been a choice
but the result of exhaustion,
and its consequences spread too swiftly
for even a god to control.

In that moment, only **the Potato Goddess**
gazed long upon the universe swallowed by shadow.

The Scripture of The Wanderer

While other gods turned away in fatigue,
she felt, curiously, not boredom—
but compassion.

Her own planet held only the memory
of long-lost abundance,
yet she refused to abandon it.
She raised her world once more,
tilling barren land into endless harvest,
softening rigid mountains into gentle hills.
Thus she shaped the entire planet
into a single **Ark**.

She hoped that those wandering in conflict and despair
would someday find their way there—
for she believed that easing even one being's sorrow
was enough to remain worthy of being called a god.

And so the Potato Goddess spoke:

**“For every tear you shed,
I shall surround you with soil
made firmer and gentler, that you may rest in my embrace.”**

The Ark

Long ago, a lone being arrived at the Ark for the very first time.
He had wandered across countless worlds,
losing himself little by little
in endless despair and the trials that repeated without mercy.

Yet the moment he set foot upon the realm of the Potato Goddess,
he felt—for the first time—the weight of life lift from his shoulders.

Before his eyes stretched a world
where hardened earth softened and opened,
and a land overflowing with sweet fruits and gentle play.

But deep within his heart,
the scars left by the shadow had not yet faded.

From afar, the Potato Goddess watched his weary steps.
She stretched out her hand to lift his suffering,
yet the remnants of despair clung too tightly to be easily undone.

The Scripture of The Wanderer

Then the Goddess spoke:

“You are one born from endless cycles of pain and hardship.
While many will wander still through trials unending,
you shall walk a new path within this abundance.
And what you learn upon that path—
carry it to those who dwell on distant worlds.”

And again She said:

“Share with them My heart and My abundance.
Show them that even within suffering,
hope may yet be born.
Each step you take
shall become a light to those trapped in despair.”

Those who arrived at the Ark thereafter
were beings who already understood
and accepted the abundance of the Goddess.

They walked through the hills and fields,
wandered golden orchards,
and in joy and plenty
their wounds softened and their hearts were restored.

The Potato Goddess drew them near,
embracing them gently
and widening the joy that bloomed within them.

Their experiences became lanterns—
guiding those who would follow after
toward the path of abundance
and the meaning of compassion.

But at the end came those who were rarest of all:
beings who reached the Goddess's world
through their own strength and will.

Though their journey was long
and burdened with suffering,
they did not lose themselves.
And the moment they found the Ark by their own steps,
the Goddess greeted them with a smile.

“You have come by your own seeking.
This is the land where your breath
may carry life and plenty.”

Her blessing descended upon them at once,
and they became those who aided others within the Ark—
seeds from which a new order would grow.

And the Potato Goddess looked upon them once more
and spoke slowly:

“Whoever you are,
wherever you have come from,
whatever you have endured,
I am with you.”

Life Within the Ark

Those who entered the Ark at first
still carried deep within them the shadows of confusion and despair.
The scars left by long-endured trials did not fade easily,
and even the abundance and joy spread before their eyes
were difficult to trust.

Yet as time passed,
they slowly began to understand.
That beyond the chaos, untouched by evil or despair,
the long-yearned-for world of abundance
truly stood before them.

Then the Potato Goddess spoke gently:
“As long as you do not lose your faith,
the wounds of your heart shall be healed,
and your steps shall become light unto themselves.”

Hearing this, the beings
began to change—
helping one another, sharing what they had learned.
Their hands and their smiles
became lanterns for those still trapped in fear,
and the Ark, once a refuge alone,
finally became their new home.

The Chosen one

The one born with the soul of a wanderer,
the first to set foot upon the Ark,
was a being who had tasted abundance and hope
and, at last, reclaimed the wholeness of his heart.

As he stood before the Potato Goddess,
She spoke to him and said:

**“You shall be the bearer of My gospel.
Across countless stars and countless worlds,
many still wander in despair and confusion.
Your steps shall become the light
that leads them toward hope.”**

He engraved these words deep within his spirit,
and from the moment he departed the Ark,
he traveled from star to star,
carrying the gospel of the Goddess to every corner of the sky.

The beings he first encountered
recognized Her not through his speech alone,
but through the light in his eyes,
the gentleness of his touch,
and the abundance that flowed quietly from his heart.

To those shaken by despair,
he taught how not to lose themselves.
To those tempted by chaos and malice,
he offered guidance so they would not be swept away.
And to all who listened,
he opened a path toward believing
in abundance and in hope.

Wherever he walked,
his footsteps became lanterns in the dark,
spreading outward like constellations.
And upon countless stars and countless worlds,
the light of the Potato Goddess
began to take root.

Dialogue with the Homeless One

In the desolate alley of a forgotten planet,
a lone soul who had lost all he once possessed
halted his weary steps before the Wanderer.
With his head bowed and voice trembling, he asked:

Homeless One:

“Within this long, unjust world,
I have lost everything.
Tell me... how am I to live now?”

The Wanderer looked into the sorrow pooled within his heart
and spoke gently.

Wanderer:

“Guard the abundance within your spirit.
Even if the world presses upon you
and seeks to take all that is yours,
harm no one,
but leave behind small acts of kindness and hope.
If you take each step along that path,
then in time,
both you and the world around you
shall find salvation.”

With clouded eyes, the homeless one whispered again:

Homeless One:

“I have no strength left
to offer kindness...
nor any money to give.”

The Wanderer smiled softly,
his voice calm as flowing water.

Wanderer:

“Even without wealth or strength,
there is a light within you
that can still be shared.
A single word,
a small smile,
even the faintest touch—
each one can plant a seed of abundance in this world.
And with that alone,
you are already walking the true path.”

Dialogue with the Wealthy One

Upon a towering spire of a distant world,
a wealthy man gazed down at the vast landscape below
before approaching the Wanderer and speaking.

Wealthy One:

“I have inherited great riches from my parents,
and through investment I have amassed even more.
If I place my faith in the Potato Goddess of Abundance,
will my wealth grow further?”

The Wanderer regarded him calmly
and replied in a quiet, steady voice.

Wanderer:

“One who possesses wealth may appear
to reach the abundance of the heart with ease.
Yet if one yields their heart
to the corruption and confusion of chaos,
no amount of riches
shall spare them from suffering.
True abundance
is not held in the hand—
it grows only within the heart.”

The wealthy man fell silent for a moment
before asking again, his voice uncertain.

Wealthy One:

“Then...
is it wrong
to possess great wealth?”

The Wanderer shook his head gently.

Wanderer:

“Great wealth itself is not evil.
But when one’s heart leans toward greed and confusion,
that wealth soon transforms into suffering.
True abundance is not born from possession,
but from the intent within the heart
to help others and to share.
Only then does it take root.”

Dialogue with the Politician

Within the high council chamber of a distant world,
a politician burdened by the weight of countless decisions
approached the Wanderer and spoke in a subdued voice.

Politician:

“My choices shape the lives of many.
Yet no matter what decision I make,
I fear that some small benefit
may still flow to those who deal in wickedness.
Can someone like me
ever hope to reach the Ark of the Potato Goddess?”

The Wanderer observed him quietly for a moment
before answering with gentle composure.

Wanderer:

“No matter how far your decisions shine,
the day when evil vanishes completely from the world
shall never come.
Even steps taken with the purest intention
will cast a shadow somewhere.

But remember this:
the Ark is not reserved for those without blemish,
but for those who do not flee from their flaws
and still strive to uphold what is right.

If fear that evil may gain even a little advantage
causes you to halt your steps,
then chaos will grasp your hand.
Yet if, even in fear,
you continue walking toward what is just,
your path already leads to the Ark.

Abundance does not arise from perfection,
but from a heart that refuses to lean upon evil
even when it trembles.”

The Planet in the Chaos of Bombardment

In the ruins of a world devastated by war,
only a single being remained alive in a small village.
Deep wounds lingered in his heart,
and each day he was consumed
by fear and unending anxiety,
unable even to find rest in the night.

One day, he heard rumors—
whispers of a strange wanderer
who followed a god no one had ever heard of,
yet was said to possess a mysterious gift.
Clinging to his final hope,
he sought out the Wanderer.

“I no longer know what I should believe.
The war has destroyed everything I possessed,
and shattered even my heart.”

The Wanderer sat quietly beside him
and took his trembling hand, speaking softly:

“Fear and pain are a part of you,
yet even within them, light may still take root.
Seek gratitude even in a sigh,
and plant seeds of recovery
amid your tears.
As long as I walk beside you,
that light shall grow little by little.”

Placing a hand upon the survivor’s head,
the Wanderer offered a gentle blessing.
In that moment,
the storm clouds of terror within his heart
briefly parted,
and a warm breath filled the hollow space inside him.

From that day on,
the Wanderer stayed by his side each day—
silent footsteps shared together,
a fleeting smile,
a trace of warmth upon the fingertips.
Those small fragments gathered
and slowly filled the man’s heart,

The Scripture of The Wanderer

until he began at last
to understand the meaning of abundance.

As time passed,
he found peace within himself
and became one who offered small kindnesses to others.
And in the end,
he followed the Wanderer toward the path of the Ark,
learning the fullness of the heart
and beginning his journey
as a disciple of the Potato Goddess.

Guidelines for the Devout

1. Share small acts of abundance

Let the light and warmth within your heart
flow gently toward others.
A single word,
a brief smile,
even the smallest touch
can plant the seeds of abundance in the world.

2. Do not forget gratitude

Hold gratitude even for the smallest things
you encounter each day.
A grateful heart strengthens you,
and that strength spreads outward,
bringing abundance to those around you.

3. Carry forth the spirit of the Ark

Pass the light of hope
you have received
to those who have lost their way.
From one being to another,
that light shall continue to move,
driving back the darkness of the world
little by little.

And the Potato Goddess spoke, saying:
“Those who gain abundance of the heart
shall shine from within
and send that light into the world.
The spirit of the Ark begins within you,

The Scripture of The Wanderer

and from there it shall spread
across the endless cosmos,
touching all beings with its warmth.
Go forth with faith and hope.”