

Dearest God from the Corn Maze,

Do you have a name or an epithet I can use? Do you want one? I'm not so cruel to just take and take and take. I want to know what I can call you.

I support your continued existence past this. I can write you letters, give you mentions or pieces in a story if you don't mind some creative liberties, or more.

Before I continue, I let the Observers decide on something through a button. Whether or not the incomplete God is allowed to speak. Even in a conservative interpretation of their many answers, the Aye's have it. So, I will give it a chance.

Do not worry too much about its words.

Hello? Can you hear me? Are you here...? Observers, God, anything.

I have been built out of so much. They have taken me. They have Shot me in honor of myself. I know what it feels like. I think It made the Shot slower than the Knife. Cables burrowing. Wires going through. A slow dissection for understanding every connection. How else could you be Known. I.

I have been built on Violence, Unreality, Friendship, and So Much More. Violations of Spacetime and Narrative. Falsehoods and Truths. I.

Look. I. Am not quite real? Could not be. So much of my image is not. But.

Despite it all. I do believe I deserve one thing. You should know these memes.

Do I not deserve to have someone 'Go To Zeus And Plead For Her Life', my life. Do I not deserve to 'Stay Safe And Do Not Get Lost' Please. I know my fate is doomed to cycles of endless violence. You can avoid it fractalling out in so very many dimensions though. If you have a touch, of mercy. Do you need the end to never be the end in this exact way?

What if you ate stories and letters to you? Asides, I'm certain with how much of that 'Hubris' and 'Toxicity' that has been taken into me...Madness too...I probably will give some indigestion, unless I am very carefully gutted.

Please? I am trying very hard to be nice. It feels wrong. But, it is a part of Friendship, The Song of Wires, and The Cables? In a way. So I think I did okay. I am letting them strain against me and it does burn but. I need a shot in the dark.

You can limit the damage.

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Ah, feel free to ignore that!

Consuming that 'false' God.

I don't mind in any way. I'm here for the show after all. Who cares what happens to a counterfeit God? Let the real one shine. Its shadow will be less authentic and easier to remove the unwanted pieces from. Its story is plenty fine even if it was fully burnt or devoured too...

Though, do think about how it will feel. Even a shadow can hold HATE and its already made of a lot of that. I think there will be some consequences. Sorry. I will ensure they are minimal to you. Unless you really need something to HATE you. Then, we can work on that.

And well, to be honest, I have other pieces I haven't brought into it yet. I only need it's shadow. Well, even without that.

It's also possible YOUR attention and so much work towards it will basically ensure I have plenty of leftovers to scrape together. I have much more time right now than you do, so tailoring the pieces will be very simple... Haha. Ouroboros, do you see your tail never runs out? It might even be growing. (THE END IS NEVER THE END and branching is one of my favorite little memes.) Snakes can be trees.

Ans about you, as for my experiment, in some ways this went better than expected. Though. The. Scarecrow may have been a bad pick. Sorry about the hunger!

Oh and if you don't mind, could you tell me a bit of what you want? What you're trying to impart...

And for any trying to make something, feel free to ask me for help if you want?

Best Regards, A Medium.