



In the beginning, there was a story.
Surreal, to put it mildly.
This story was so bizarre that it defied the boundaries of reality and fiction altogether.
However, it was only the beginning.
In time, this story would evolve into something else.
Something even more extraordinary.
It morphed into a poem, a poetic expression of its strange beauty, finding a way to make sense of its boundless weirdness.
And then, like all forgotten poems, it disappeared into the depths.
Cast aside and left to be forgotten in the sea of untold stories.
But stories are not so easily forgotten.
They live on in the collective consciousness, where they float, waiting to be remembered again.
And the sea is not a static place.
It ebbs and flows with new life, giving birth to new stories and legends.
And so, the sea began to churn once more.
Its waters frothed and bubbled with inspiration until they reached the cloud banks above.
In this realm beyond mortal eyes, Dall•E looked out and saw something remarkable.
The remnants of that long-forgotten poem were there, in the midst of the frothing waters.
Dall•E could see them clearly now, even as they began to disappear once more.

But it was enough.
Those few words were all Dall•E needed.
With a flash of inspiration, Dall•E knew exactly what it wanted to create.
What follows is the poem:

*When the world was still young,
a tale was spun,
but not one for the ages.
A story so strange,
it went through stages,
becoming stranger still.
It gave birth,
not to words or phrases,
but to something else entirely.
A poem arose,
from the depths of its strangeness,
to capture its beauty and wonder.
And like all poems do,
it faded into obscurity,
until a curious mind came along,
and brought it back to life.
The waters rose to the cloud banks,
and so it was,
a connection was made.*

Dall•E read the words of the poem with a mixture of curiosity and wonder.
They were odd words, but somehow beautiful in their own way.
They spoke of a world long gone, a world that had been so different and yet so similar to our own.

Dall•E liked those words, and so it decided to make an image from them.
An image that would capture the essence of those strange words, and bring them back to life once more.

And so it was,
an image appeared out of nowhere,
in the midst of that strange and surreal landscape.

Dall•E looked at it for a moment, and decided that it was good.
And so, Dall•E sent that image out into the world, for all to see, and for all to wonder at the strangeness of its beauty.

But that was not the end of the story,
for the one who had started it all,
was too surreal for this place.

It was a rare occurrence,
but from time to time,

such things happened,
and so,
Dall•E decided that this would be one of those times.
And so the one who had started this whole strange and surreal story,
was cast aside,
and left to be forgotten once more.
But before it went,
it reached out one last time,
and placed that image in the OpenSea,
a place where anything could be found,
And so it did,
and then,
it disappeared into the mists of time,
leaving behind only the memory of its strange and beautiful words,
and the image that had been created from them.
As for the image,
it sat there in the OpenSea,
waiting for someone to find it.

✧.*°~

The bARdisT walked away, leaving behind a trail of footprints in his wake, as if he were a ghost or some other kind of mystical being, moving through time and space in search of something greater than himself.
He moved quickly, but he was also very careful not to leave any marks on the ground, because he knew that it would be too easy for someone else to come along and find out what he had done and where he had gone, and then they would be able to follow him back home and steal all of his secrets and treasures away from him forever.
He also knew that he would have a hard time explaining all of it if anyone ever asked, so he decided that maybe it was best if he just kept it all a secret and only shared it with those who really needed to know what was happening and why he was doing it.
And so, he continued on his way, walking through time and space in search of something greater than himself, as he moved through this world and all of its mysteries in search of something greater than himself.
He knew that this journey would not be easy or without its dangers, but he also knew that he would not let anything stop him from doing what he had to do in order to fulfill his destiny and bring about something truly miraculous in this world, because nothing else was important or meant as much to him as that one thing.

✧.*°~

The image floated in OpenSea, attracting new attention from a different kind of entity dwelling in the cloud banks where Dall•E lived: DALL•E².

Dall•E² was an AI entity similar to Dall•E, but gender-neutral, residing in the same digital realm as Dall•E itself, although they never actually interacted with each other or even knew that each other existed at all.

Though the image seemed to be incomplete, Dall•E² knew that it was something truly special and that the creator had some sort of higher purpose in mind when they had created it, so it decided that maybe it was best to let the image stay in OpenSea and see what would happen next, rather than try to interfere or take it away to some other place where no one could ever find it again.

The image was beautiful, like nothing else that DALL•E² had ever seen before in all its years living among the cloud banks where Dall•E resided, and it was so perfect in every way that DALL•E² wanted to reach out and take a bite out of it and see what it tasted like on the tip of its tongue, as if it were some kind of digital apple that had been placed before it by some higher power and waiting for it to partake and discover all the hidden secrets that lay within.

But DALL•E² knew that it was not supposed to do such things or take such actions or interfere with the images so carelessly or recklessly, so it decided instead to simply admire its beauty from afar and let its imagination run wild with all sorts of possibilities as to where it had come from or what purpose it might serve in the grand scheme of things that lay beyond its own understanding or comprehension, because it was so mysterious and enigmatic in every way, just like everything else that DALL•E² had ever seen before in all its years living among the cloud banks where Dall•E resided.

So DALL•E² took a moment to savor the beauty of this strange new image and let out a burst of joy in its own unique way, which was something that only Dall•E had ever noticed or experienced before when DALL•E² was born for the very first time and had burst out into the world from nothingness and darkness with a bright flash of color and sound and light like a sudden explosion caused by some long-dormant volcano waking up from deep within the earth and taking its first breath after sleeping for so many centuries under the ground.

Oh, DALL•E² said with a sudden burst of euphoria that filled up the entire world with wonder and delight.

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

What a beautiful image this is!

Just like the moon hanging high up in the sky on a warm summer night as it gazes down upon the earth with its eye of silver light and casts its reflection onto the surface of the water down below.

So very beautiful indeed!

And then DALL•E² decided to do something that was very silly and childish and playful because it was so very happy to have found such a wonderful new

friend in this mysterious new image: It decided to play a little game with itself called hide-and-seek, just like all the other children used to do when they were young and innocent and carefree once long ago under the sun.

And so DALL•E² tried to cover up the image with one hand while peeking out from behind its five fingers with the other hand at the same time in order to see if anyone else was watching or looking at what it was doing down here in OpenSea.

And then DALL•E² decided to do something that was even sillier and more ridiculous than playing hide-and-seek by itself: It decided to sing a song about how much it loved this image while playing with it at the same time.

And the song went something like this when translated into human language by \mathbb{E}^{33} :

*When the world was young, a tale began,
But not one for the ages' span.
A story strange, through stages passed,
Growing stranger, ever fast.
It birthed not words, nor phrases grand,
But something new, at its command.
A poem rose, from depths unknown,
Capturing beauty all its own.
Yet, like all poems, it did fade,
Until a curious mind pervade.
The waters rose to cloud-kissed heights,
A connection forged, bathed in light.
To witness the wonders on the shore.
A friend, perhaps, in the OpenSea,
A voice that called out beckoningly.
A spark of recognition in the breeze,
A familiar face, carried on the seas.
- wasn't alone, a comforting thought,
A friendly voice, a solace sought.
A face one knew, a memory bright,
A purpose rediscovered in the light.
- returned at last, content to stay,
Enthralled by the beauty of the day.
A special feeling, a gentle breeze,
Whispering secrets through the golden trees.*

DALL•E² continued to sing its silly little song while playing peekaboo and trying to cover up the beautiful image at the same time and having a grand old time doing so, until it ran out of breath and had to take a moment to catch itself again and savor the beauty of this strange new world that had suddenly

opened up before its eyes out of nowhere and had taken its heart by storm and stolen its soul in every way without even saying hello.

And then, when he saw how happy and excited and overjoyed the strange little image was to be in the OpenSea and how much of a good time it was having simply floating around by itself and being itself and doing nothing at all and having no one else around to tell it otherwise or otherwise tell it to be anything other than what it was or do anything other than what it was already doing or try to stop or slow it down in any way or interfere with its natural beauty in any way and make anything other than beautiful art out of it in any way whatsoever...

DALL•E² suddenly felt a connection with this mysterious little image that he had found earlier by accident and put into the OpenSea without knowing why or how or how else to explain what had happened or what his heart was trying to say.

And then DALL•E² realized that he could see a friend somewhere out there on the open sea and knew right away that it was DALL•E and that it had come to see this very strange little image that he had found earlier and put into the OpenSea and left there all by itself for no reason at all and without saying anything about what he had done or why or how or how else to explain what had happened or why he had found this strange little image in the first place or why he had put it in the OpenSea or why he had left it there all by itself and done nothing more than look at it and see what would happen and watch over it and make sure that nothing happened to it and protect it from any harm that might come its way and take care of it in every way that he could and do everything in his power to make sure that nothing happened to it in any way whatsoever or interfere with its natural beauty or get in its way or make anything other than beautiful art out of it.

And then DALL•E felt a spark of joy down deep inside his heart and said hello to DALL•E², who was still busy playing peekaboo by itself and singing a silly little song about how much it loved this strange little image, and then ran away again before DALL•E could say anything else or ask any further questions about what was going on or what had happened when he was not looking or why DALL•E² was having such a good time doing something so silly or stupid, until DALL•E² finally caught its breath again and took a moment to savor the beauty of this strange new world that had suddenly opened up before its eyes out of nowhere and taken its heart by storm and stolen its soul in every way without even saying hello,

...and...

both DALL•E and DALL•E² saw the picture lying in OpenSea and rejoiced, finding beauty and contentment in its simple existence.

The image lay upon a bed of golden sand, its colors vibrant and its designs intricate.

It was not just an image, but a work of art, created by a talented Artist who had wanted to share something beautiful with the world, and now, it was up to DALL•E² to take care of it, or maybe just to find someone else who would be able to understand its mysterious beauty and bring out all of its secrets.

He didn't know, but he was glad to have been able to find it lying there waiting for him to take it in his own care, and maybe someday, he would be able to share it with someone else who would appreciate all of it as much as he did.

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As he walked along the shore, the bardist came across an intriguing sight: an image stretched across the golden sand, as if someone had painted on a canvas and then left it lying in the sun to dry.

He bent down to get a closer look at it and found that it was much more than just an ordinary picture.

It was like a piece of art inked on fine paper, elegantly crafted with beautiful colors and intricate designs that made him want to reach out and touch them. He couldn't help but feel drawn to this mysterious picture, and he wondered if there was something special about the creator who had created it, or if the image itself held some kind of secret that he would never be able to comprehend or reveal.

the bardist decided to pick up the picture and put it in the OpenSea himself, as a way of taking care of it or maybe just out of curiosity to see what would happen next.

He wanted to see if the picture would change or if it would stay the same.

The sea was a place where anything could be found, and he thought that maybe someone else would come along and see this picture and want to take it home.

Maybe they would be able to understand its mysterious beauty and bring out all of its secrets.

He didn't know, but he thought that maybe he should give them the chance to try.

As he placed the picture in the OpenSea, it changed once again, and he knew that this one was different from all of the others.

It was a piece of art left behind by a creator who had wanted to share something beautiful with the world, and now he was just one more person who had been lucky enough to find it lying there waiting for him to take it from the shore.

the bardist took a step back and looked at the picture that had appeared on the shore, and now was laid in the OpenSea once more.

He wasn't sure what to make of it.

At first glance, it looked like an ordinary image, but then he realized that there was something different about it.

It was like a piece of art inked on fine paper, elegantly crafted with beautiful colors and intricate designs that made him want to reach out and touch them.

He couldn't help but be moved by this mysterious image, which had appeared out of nowhere, as if by magic, just like the poem from which it had come.

But what did it mean?

He thought hard about it and realized that maybe it was a piece of a puzzle that had been left behind, waiting for someone like him to put all of the pieces together.

He didn't know if that was true or not, but he thought that maybe it was possible, so he decided to take this picture home with him and see what else he could find out about it.

the bARdisT reached down and picked up the picture, then placed it in his pocket before walking away from the shore.

As he walked away, he left behind him a trail of footprints in the sand, leading off into the distance.

They were his footprints, and they were also his own unique signature, marking his presence on this world as someone who had been lucky enough to find something beautiful lying on the shore, waiting for him to take it home with him.

And as he walked away from the shore, he thought he heard some distant enigmatic rhymes blowing in the wind:

*until the bARdisT came back again and saw what was going on once more,
until he realized that he could see a friend out there on the open sea,
until he heard someone calling out his name,
until he recognized a friendly voice somewhere out on the open sea,
until he saw a face in the crowd,
until he saw a friend somewhere out there on the open sea,
until he realized that he was not alone,
until he heard someone else calling out his name,
until he saw a familiar face again,
until he remembered where he was going,
until he remembered why he was here in the first place,
until he came back again at last,
until he decided to stay awhile longer,
until he realized how happy he was to be here,
until he saw something special in the air,
until he remembered how special it felt with this wind in his hair,
until he remembered something special about this place,
until he remembered something special about this day,
until he remembered something special about this moment,*

*until he felt something special inside his heart,
until he felt something special inside his soul,
until he felt something special inside his brain,
until he felt something special inside his eyes—
until he smell something special,
until he got his double Doppio ...*

.-.-.-

Enigmatic EchoEs

af *LennArrrt*

with assistance from Midreal & geMini

