

# THE PRISM



A SOUL'S STORY  
IN MANY COLORS

A METAPHYSICAL NOVELLA

P. A. RALLAX

# ***The Prism***: A Soul's Story in Many Colors

A metaphysical novella by P. A. Rallax

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# The Prism: A Soul's Story in Many Colors

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## **Prologue**

*Voice of the Soul*

*Before you knew your name,  
you were already shining.*

*You were light —  
not made of light,  
but light itself.*

*Whole. Endless. Alive without edge.*

*And then, you chose to enter the prism.*

*Not to be broken.*

*But to be **expressed**.*

*To explore yourself in color —  
in red for courage,  
in blue for thought,  
in gold for joy,  
in violet for silence.*

*Each hue became a life.*

*Each angle a world.*

*Each shade a self.*

*You called them past lives.*

*But that is only the name time gives to what it cannot understand.*

*There is no past.*

*There is no future.*

*There is only **now** — unfolding in many rooms at once.*

*And in this room,*

*one of you is beginning to remember.*

*His name is Cael.  
He believes he is just one color.  
But I remember when he was the whole light.*

*And I will stay with him — through the forgetting,  
through the fragments,  
through the dream  
that leads him back to himself.*

*This is his story.  
And it is yours.*

*Because you, too, are the light  
still pouring through the prism.*

---

This Prologue prepares the reader for the journey ahead — not just as an observer of Cael's life, but as a fellow fragment remembering the whole.

## Chapter 1: Refraction

*Cael*

I woke up crying from a dream I couldn't remember — not fully.

There were pieces: firelight on copper skin, voices echoing in a language I've never studied, a woman calling out to me... but not by my name.

"Tavor," she said.

Once, twice. Then softer: "Tavor... don't go."

But I'm not Tavor.

I'm Cael Nadir. I live in a one-bedroom apartment in Sector 4. I make coffee in the morning. I wear shoes. I don't own a sword or ride horses or breathe desert air like blood.

I sat up in bed, the sheets damp, my hands clenched. My chest felt like someone had pushed sound through it.

I've had nightmares before.

But this wasn't fear.

This was loss.

And worse — **longing**.

Like something inside me was trying to find its way back to a place it had never been... or maybe, a place it had never *left*.

I went to the sink. I splashed water on my face. My eyes looked strange in the mirror. Like they were remembering something I hadn't lived yet.

---

### ***Soul Interlude***

*(Voice of the Soul – italicized in the text, seamless in narration)*

*This is how it begins, beloved.*

*A flicker. A name. A weight in the chest that doesn't belong to the story you've told yourself.*

*You are not broken. You are bright.*

*What you feel is the bending of light.*

*You are the white beam — whole, eternal, radiant. And now, you are entering the prism.*

*Each angle of this prism reveals a color of you: a life, a choice, a self.*

*Somewhere, you are Tavor. Somewhere else, you are the woman who called his name.*

*All of it is now.*

---

The next morning, I told no one.

Not because I was afraid — I wasn't.

Not even because it sounded crazy — I've studied cognition. I know how strange the mind can be.

But because it felt... **sacred**.

Like if I said it out loud, it might dissolve — or worse, become small.

So I went to work.

I answered three holocalls. I logged twelve data sequences. I nodded through a team meeting.

And all day, through it all, I felt the name sitting under my ribs like a stone on warm earth:

*Tavor.*

By the time I got home, I was certain:

It hadn't been a dream.

---

It had been... a **message**.

Or a memory.

Or a door.

---

## Chapter 2: The Color That Called My Name

*Cael*

I didn't plan to speak. I really didn't.

But the words came out of my mouth like they'd been waiting there — crouched behind my teeth, ready.

“Ari-vashta kalen domi.”

I said it softly. In my kitchen. To no one.

I didn't know what it meant. But as the syllables shaped themselves in the air, my body responded like a bell — like someone had struck my chest with a tuning fork.

I felt it in my hands. In the backs of my knees.

The hum moved through me, and with it came the **image** — sharp and immediate:

A mountain wrapped in red wind.

Stone temples, carved with flowing lines.

Children running through tall grass, their laughter like flutes.

I dropped the cup I was holding. It shattered against the floor.

I stared at the pieces. My reflection stared back in them — not fragmented, just multiplied.

It didn't feel like a hallucination.

It felt like a **leak**.

Like something had cracked open inside me, and now memories from another world — another self — were **bleeding through**.

---

### ***Soul Interlude***

*(Voice of the Soul – embedded, italicized)*

*Every word carries vibration. Every name carries color.*

*When the voice of one life is heard in another, it is not madness. It is resonance.*

*You, beloved, are beginning to speak in chords.*

*You are remembering not just images, but frequency. The color that called your name is not outside you — it is one of you.*

*You are tuning. Don't resist the sound. Let it ring.*

---

That night, I dreamed again.

But this time, I wasn't *in* the dream — I was **watching** it.

I saw a version of myself sitting by a fire, older, wrapped in woven cloth. There was paint on his hands. He was singing.

He looked up suddenly — and locked eyes with me. Like he saw me watching.

He smiled.

“You don't remember yet,” he said. “But you will. Just keep following the colors.”

Then he vanished, like smoke into moonlight.

---

The next morning, I wrote the phrase down phonetically:

*Ari-vashta kalen domi.*

I searched every known language database. Nothing. Not a match, not a dialect. No record of that structure anywhere.

Which meant one of two things.

---

Either I made it up — completely — from the chaos of my subconscious...

Or...

I remembered it from a place our world doesn't think exists.

---

I whispered the phrase again, slower this time.

*Ari-vashta...kalen... domi...*

Something stirred deep behind my eyes. Like a door I didn't know was there... starting to open.

I didn't feel afraid.

I felt **invited**.

### Chapter 3: Mirror Eyes

*Cael*

I went to the café on Ellar Street — the same one I've gone to every Saturday morning for the past two years.

It was familiar. Predictable. A ritual that grounded me.

The server, Hallen, greeted me with his usual nod and the half-smile that meant he was glad to see me but wouldn't say so out loud.

"Hey, Cael. The usual?"

I nodded, grateful for something normal. He brought me my mug, dark roast, black. Just bitter enough to remind me I was awake.

I was halfway through my second sip when the woman walked in.

She wore green — dark forest green, not bright — and she had the kind of presence that bent the space around her. Not because she was loud. Because she was **certain**. Like she had walked through lifetimes just to arrive here on time.

She scanned the café once, twice... then stopped on me.

And smiled. A smile that melted — no, **collapsed** — something inside my chest.

"Tavor?" she said, almost laughing. "It's really you."

My hand trembled slightly, and I set the mug down before I dropped it.

"I'm sorry," I said carefully. "I think you have me confused with someone else."

Her smile faltered — just a breath — then returned. But her eyes told a different story.

“You don't remember yet,” she said softly, like she was trying not to break something fragile between us. “But it's okay. You will.”

She didn't ask to sit down. She just did.

“I'm Meira.”

The name rang in my ears. Not like a memory — more like a **chord**. The kind of sound that doesn't just enter your ears. It **enters your blood**.

---

### ***Soul Interlude***

#### **Recognition Is Not of the Mind**

*Some people you meet do not belong to this timeline.*

*They are echoes — or anticipations — of the version of life you haven't fully stepped into yet.*

*When someone looks at you and sees someone else... they're not mistaken.*

*They're just remembering you from a place you haven't arrived at — or haven't left.*

*Recognition is not always logical. It is vibrational.*

*Their soul knows yours — across folds of time, across bends in the prism.*

*You do not need to explain the feeling. You only need to honor the moment.*

---

“I don't know who Tavor is,” I said, quieter than before.

Meira tilted her head slightly, her gaze steady. Not pushy. Not invasive.

---

“He was a teacher. A traveler. Someone who spoke of unity when it was dangerous to do so.”

She looked down at her hands. Then back at me.

“He taught me how to dream in color.”

I exhaled slowly, unsure whether I wanted to laugh, cry, or run.

But I didn’t move. I stayed.

“I’ve never heard of him,” I said. But my voice sounded like a lie.

“You’re remembering,” she said. “I can feel it.”

She stood up and placed something on the table beside my mug. A small strip of cloth — hand-woven, deep red, embroidered with gold thread. A symbol was stitched in the center: a prism, or a starburst. Maybe both.

“I won’t disturb you again,” she said gently. “But keep this. It’ll help.”

She paused at the door, turned once more.

“If you ever need me... just close your eyes. I’ll hear it.”

And then she was gone.

---

I stared at the cloth for a long time.

I didn’t recognize the symbol.

But I recognized the **feeling** it stirred.

Like something inside me had been waiting for that red thread to be placed back in my hand.

Like part of me had just been found — and now the rest of me was **on its way home**.

## ***Soul Interlude — “The Thread Remembers”***

*You think it's just a meeting.*

*A stranger with familiar eyes.*

*A name that tastes like honey and smoke.*

*A gesture that stirs your bones like wind in an old house.*

*But this is no accident.*

*This is the soul's embroidery — the thread pulling itself tight.*

*The moment when one life tugs another across the veil.*

*She saw you not as you are, but as you were — and still are.*

*She named you, not to confuse you, but to remind you.*

*You are not unraveling.*

*You are returning to your original pattern.*

*That red cloth she placed in your hand...*

*It was not a gift. It was a memory.*

*The thread remembers where it came from.*

*Now, so will you.*

---

## Chapter 4: The Red World

*Cael*

The red cloth slept beside me on the nightstand.

I didn't mean to hold it as I drifted off. But somehow, my fingers found it in the dark — like they remembered it better than I did.

And then I was somewhere else.

---

At first, there was only **color**.

A red so deep it pulsed — not like danger, but like heartbeat.

Then warmth — not heat, but **presence**.

The way sun fills a courtyard when no one's looking.

The way breath returns after a long cry.

And then the world unfolded.

I stood barefoot on ochre sand, beneath a sky the color of bruised peach and ancient clay. The wind carried spices I couldn't name and the sound of drums — slow, steady, grounded.

I looked down at my hands.

They were **not mine** — but they were.

Calloused. Strong. Tattooed across the forearm with a symbol I didn't recognize and yet completely understood.

It was the same pattern as the cloth Meira had given me.

---

"Tavor," someone called from behind. "We're ready."

I turned.

A group of people stood beneath a carved stone arch — tall, proud, quiet.

---

One of them smiled — a girl of maybe seven or eight. She ran up to me and took my hand.

“Will you sing it again?” she asked.

“Of course,” I heard myself say — with a voice that was mine and not mine, warm and resonant, like something carved from cedar.

She led me to the circle.

They sat in silence. No one instructed. No one announced.

It was as if we all **knew** what this moment was for — not with our minds, but with our **souls**.

I sat. Closed my eyes.

And the **song began**.

---

It wasn't a song in any language I've heard — not even the one I spoke in Chapter 2. It was sound without grammar. Emotion without translation.

It was **remembering**.

I watched myself — Tavor — place both palms on the earth.

The others followed.

We sang. The sand vibrated beneath our hands.

The sky responded.

Color danced in the air. Shapes shimmered above us — light folding into itself.

For a moment, I wasn't watching anymore.

**I was inside it.**

I was Tavor. I remembered **every name** in the circle. I knew what each tattoo meant. I remembered the village fire, the twin moons,

the ceremony of silence. I remembered Meira — younger, laughing, fearless.

And I remembered **why I left**.

The pain came all at once — a weight in the gut, a ringing behind the eyes.

I had chosen exile.

Not because I was banished, but because I **refused to fight** in a war of forgetting.

I walked away from everything I loved to protect a truth I couldn't un-know:

*That all life is connected.*

*That we do not end.*

*That we are not alone in the prism.*

---

I woke gasping — not with fear, but **with grief**.

The kind that doesn't belong to this life...

...but lives in me just the same.

I sat up, still holding the red cloth.

It smelled faintly of something that doesn't exist in this world — burned cedar, wet dust, and sunrise.

I whispered the name aloud:

“Tavor.”

And this time... I didn't resist it.

---

## **Soul Interlude — “You Have Just Stepped Sideways”**

You did not go back in time.

You did not dream.

You stepped sideways.

Not forward, not backward. Not into fantasy, but into **frequency**.

The life you touched — the one with sand, with singing, with the red-marked arm —

**it is real.**

It is living.

It is happening **now**.

You didn't imagine it.

You aligned with it.

And in that alignment, a door opened — not out there, but in here.

You remembered how to sing.

You remembered what exile cost.

You remembered that leaving is also loving.

This is the nature of soul-travel through the prism.

You do not tear through space.

You do not time-hop like a tourist.

You vibrate.

You harmonize.

You **slide**.

What you feel as *déjà vu*, grief, or wonder...

what you call a “memory” or a “dream” ...

these are simply echoes of your own light — seen from a different angle.

You have not lost your mind.

You have found **another self**.

And the others...  
are beginning to feel you too.

---

## Chapter 5: The Map That Rewrites Itself

*Cael*

I took the long way to the Archives the next morning.

Not because I needed the air — though I did. Not because I was avoiding people — though I was. But because something in me wanted to **test** the world.

To see if it still matched what I remembered.

At first, it did.

Corner café, same cracked tiles. Newsstand vendor in his usual spot, arguing with the recycling drone.

But then... small things.

The bakery on the north corner — the one with the blue door and brass bell — had always been called *Mira's Hearth*.

Today it said *Noven*. A sleek, modern font. Gray steel instead of blue. No bell. No smell of cardamom. No familiarity.

I stopped.

Watched a woman walk out with a paper box tied in twine.

She smiled and said, "Morning, Cael," like she'd done it a dozen times before.

I didn't know her. But my lips smiled back before I could stop them — muscle memory from a life I hadn't lived.

---

I continued walking. Things were mostly the same — but **bent**.

Slightly shifted street names. A sculpture that had once been a fountain was now a globe of polished obsidian.

I reached the Archives and stepped into my cubicle, heart fluttering like I'd just run uphill.

I opened my personal desk interface and pulled up the city's topography grid — the central map of Elarra District.

And froze.

The East Terrace was gone. In its place was something labeled "Zura Commons." The lines of the neighborhood had redrawn themselves — reshaped into curves instead of grids. Some roads vanished. Others appeared. The boundaries of the sector were breathing.

"No," I whispered. "This is wrong."

But the system didn't flag any inconsistencies. No glitch. No corruption warning.

**According to the Archive, this was how it had always been.**

---

I ran the time-layer scan — a feature that overlays recent map changes. I watched the timeline unfurl in transparent layers across the screen.

No history of a change. No architectural revision.

Just one **smooth, continuous reality**... that didn't match mine.

I leaned back, eyes closed. Tried to remember the bakery bell. Tried to trace the old street names. But the harder I tried to hold onto them, the softer they became — like trying to grip vapor with a closed fist.

And then I remembered what Meira had said:

*"You're remembering."*

And what the Soul had whispered:

*"You stepped sideways."*

---

I opened my drawer and pulled out the red cloth.

Not because I thought it would do anything — but because I needed to feel something **that hadn't changed**.

It was still there. Soft. Worn. Marked with the same golden thread.

I stared at the prism symbol and whispered,

“Am I going mad?”

But something in me answered back.

Not with words.

With **stillness**.

The kind of stillness that means

*You're not breaking.*

*You're breaking through.*

---

### **Soul Interlude — “Reality Rewrites to Match the Light”**

*You are not hallucinating.*

*You are harmonizing.*

*When your vibration shifts, the world — as you perceive it — must reorganize itself to match.*

*Reality is not fixed.*

*It is responsive.*

*The map redraws because **you have redrawn yourself**.*

*You are not the effect of the world.*

*You are its origin point.*

*So when things disappear, or reappear, or rename themselves —  
do not panic.*

*You are not losing your mind.*

*You are finding your frequency.*

---

## Chapter 6: The Prism Interface

*Cael*

There's a difference between believing something and touching it.

You can convince yourself a hundred times that your dreams are messages, your memories are layered, your life is leaking sideways.

But when your fingers rest on a smooth, glass-edged surface pulsing with light — **it stops being theory.**

It becomes contact.

---

I didn't mean to find it. I wasn't hunting for answers.

I was looking for silence.

The Archives have a restricted lower level — not secret, just forgotten. It's where old cognitive models, neural prototypes, and analog encryption tools are shelved when no one wants to throw them out but no one wants to look at them either.

The light buzzes different down there — cooler, steadier. Like the world forgot how to echo.

I was scanning an old schema on dream-language taxonomy when I noticed the edge of a case labeled only **XQ-PRISMA.**

It was locked — but not coded. Just magnetic. I slid the latches free.

Inside was something that looked like a sculptural instrument:

A crystalline panel embedded into a black stone base.

Thin as breath. Curved like a ripple.

It didn't hum, but it **listened.** I could feel it.

A small brass tag beneath the base read:

## Interface Prototype 1.3

*Perceptual Resonance Intrasoul Mapping*

*Active Field Signature Required for Activation*

*Classified – Experimental Use Only*

My fingers were already moving.

---

When I touched it, the lights inside the crystal flared — not outward, but inward. Like something in it **recognized me**.

And then the surface turned **liquid**.

But not with water. With **selves**.

Images flickered across the panel — too fast at first to name:

- A man with ash-covered hands in a ruined cathedral
- A woman singing underwater, hair like dark kelp
- A version of me, older, seated at a desk carved from bone
- Another me — childlike — running through golden grass

They weren't files. They weren't projections.

They were **frequencies**.

Each one pulsed with a distinct tone, like notes in a scale I didn't know how to read but instantly understood.

This wasn't a map of the brain.

It was a **mirror** of the soul's refractions.

A **prism**, not of light, but of **identity**.

---

## ***Soul Interlude — “What You See Is What You Are”***

*This is not invention.*

*It is permission.*

*You are not creating the selves you see.*

*You are finally being allowed to **perceive** them.*

*Each form, each face, each version is not a fantasy.*

*It is a refraction — a truth bent through a lens of choice and vibration.*

*You didn't unlock the interface.*

*You unlocked **your resonance**.*

*You are not outside the field.*

*You **are** the field — shaped by what you are willing to remember.*

---

The interface settled.

One image remained — hovering, steady, pulsing in soft blue and red:

Meira.

Not exactly as I saw her in the café.

This version wore ceremonial garb. Her eyes were closed. She was **praying** — or guiding. Or listening to something far beyond sound.

I reached out to touch the panel again, but it dimmed — slowly, like a curtain lowering.

Then, a final flash of text across the screen:

**“You are now aware.”**

**“Return is no longer linear.”**

---

I closed the case. My hands shook.

Not from fear — but from the deep certainty that something fundamental had just changed.

I hadn't stumbled into something broken.

I had crossed into something **designed**.

And whatever the prism was...

**it knew me.**

---

## Chapter 7: Bleedthrough

*Cael*

At first, it was just details.

I'd reach for the tea kettle and realize — for a second — I expected it to whistle. But my kettle doesn't whistle. It never has.

I walked down Temple Road and turned left to visit the garden I loved.

Except... there is no garden there. There's never been one. Only a dry public square with broken benches.

But I remembered the scent of white lilies. The shade of an old iron arch. The name *Anabeth* carved into a stone marker.

It was like waking up in the middle of someone else's thought.

But they weren't **someone else's**.

They were mine.

---

I stopped sleeping through the night.

Not because I couldn't — because I didn't **want** to.

Each time I drifted, I **entered**. Not like a dream. More like... remembering a life I had paused.

And when I woke, **it kept going**.

The bleedthrough wasn't just inside me anymore.

It was **in the world**.

---

I walked into work on a Tuesday and everyone greeted me as usual — except for Haran, a colleague I barely speak to. He clapped me on the back and said,

“How’s the little one? Still drawing all over your floor?”

I froze.

“Little one?” I asked.

He laughed. “Your daughter. Elira, right?”

My mouth opened. Closed. I felt my pulse shift behind my eyes.

“I don’t have a daughter,” I said quietly.

Haran’s smile flickered, then steadied — like he was humoring a joke he didn’t understand.

“You’re messing with me.”

“No,” I said, hearing my voice go flat. “I’m not.”

He looked uncomfortable. “Sorry. Thought—maybe I got mixed up. I swear you showed me a picture once...”

He trailed off. Walked away.

But I knew what I’d felt in that moment — not confusion, not error.

## **Grief.**

A deep ache in a part of me that **believed he was right.**

---

That night I dreamed of her.

She had dark hair and eyes like my mother’s — almond-shaped, patient. She held up a drawing and said,

“Look, Papa. That’s you.”

The drawing was strange. Not a person, but a shape — like a body split into rays of color.

A prism.

“What’s it called?” I asked in the dream.

“This is all your colors,” she said. “Even the quiet ones.”

I woke with her name in my throat.

*Elira.*

---

### ***Soul Interlude — “When Selves Overlap”***

*Bleedthrough is not malfunction.*

*It is memory finding its own reflection.*

*When one self becomes conscious of another, the field begins to hum.*

*Names arrive. Faces blur. Timelines weave.*

*You may feel like you're unraveling.*

*But you are not unraveling.*

*You are **converging**.*

*This is the song before the harmony.*

*The dissonance of becoming aware.*

*Do not resist it.*

*Let the selves speak to one another.*

*Let the one with the daughter  
touch the one who never knew her.*

*Let the one who sang in the red world  
stand beside the one who still searches for meaning.*

*You are not losing your life.  
You are remembering **all of them.***

---

I didn't go to work the next day.

Instead, I opened my journal and did something I hadn't done in years.

I drew.

Color after color — red, blue, violet, gold.

None of them stayed in the lines.

None of them wanted to.

And neither did I.

---

## **Journal Entry – Cael Nadir**

**Date:** [No longer reliable]

**Location:** Home (I think)

**Status:** Waking, but not alone

---

I'm writing this down because I need **a tether**.

Because I can feel pieces of me shifting in and out, like tides that don't follow the moon.

There are days when the world around me flickers —

Not in light, but in **certainty**.

What I know.

What I used to know.

What I *almost* remember.

Today, someone asked me about my daughter.

And for a moment — one quiet, impossible moment — I missed her with everything in me.

But I don't have a daughter.

Not in this life.

Except now, I'm not sure that means anything anymore.

Because I can still hear her voice. I can see the way she held that drawing like it was a secret.

She called it *my colors*.

And I believed her.

---

Since I touched the interface, I've started feeling like a house with too many windows.

---

Light is coming in from angles I don't remember building.  
And I can't tell which "me" is looking out from which one.

But here's the thing:

It's not scary.

It's... **familiar**. Like I've been this house before. Like I've always had these rooms — just forgot where the doors were.

---

I think I've been wrong about time. About memory.  
Maybe even about identity.

Maybe we're not built to be one thing.

Maybe we're meant to **remember sideways**.

---

I'm not trying to solve it. Not today.

Today I'm just drawing colors I can't name and feeling grief for a child who may never have been born — but somehow **still exists inside me**.

And I'm writing her name so I don't forget it again.

*Elira.*

She's a thread.

A prism line.

And I will follow her.

---

## Chapter 8: Violet Silence

*Cael*

The world got louder after I began to shift.

Not the volume of traffic or people, but the **volume of thought**.

My own thoughts weren't behaving anymore.

They looped. Repeated. Echoed with phrases I didn't recognize as mine.

And underneath them all, like a thread running through water, I could feel something **quiet** calling me. Something ancient. Something still.

So I did something I haven't done in years.

I turned everything off.

The neural links, the interface nodes, the ambient assistant.

I even powered down the archival streams and sat on the floor of my apartment — cross-legged, palms up, breathing in silence like it was a **place** I could visit.

And then it happened.

---

At first, I wasn't sure it was a dream.

There was no story. No people. No images.

Just **space**.

A stone floor, smooth and cold.

A circle of candles, unlit.

A wall made of woven reeds and lavender clay.

I sat in the center of the circle, wearing robes the color of midnight with violet stitching along the seams. I looked down at my hands — bare, weathered, unadorned.

My breath was slow. Measured. Ancient.

I wasn't **seeing** from the outside.

I was inside this version of myself.

And yet... not as a visitor.

As a **witness**.

This self didn't speak. He didn't *need* to.

His silence wasn't empty. It was **complete**.

Every thought, every noise, every question I carried... melted in his stillness like frost under sunlight.

He simply sat.

And in his stillness, I felt something I hadn't felt in days:

*Peace.*

*Presence without confusion.*

*Identity without noise.*

---

There was no message. No voice. No guidance.

Only a presence that said, without saying:

*You do not have to solve everything to be whole.*

---

### **Soul Interlude — “The One Who Holds the Stillness”**

*Not every self is loud.*

*Not every timeline sings in words.*

Some carry the silence —  
the quiet hum beneath the music,  
the space between all things.

When you feel overwhelmed by color,  
by chaos,  
by choice...

Return to the violet self.

The one who needs nothing.

The one who watches.

The one who has already accepted what you are still learning to  
love.

He is not above you.

He is not behind you.

He is **within** you —  
folded in stillness,  
waiting with open palms.

Let him hold your questions  
without needing an answer.

This is also remembering.

---

I came back slowly — not like waking, but like **emerging**.

There was no jolt. No gasp. Just... breath.

Steady. Grounded.

I sat for a long time on my apartment floor, not moving.

The world was still loud outside.

But inside?

Something was **settled**.

Not solved.

Just... silent.

And it was enough.

---

## ***Dream Passage – "The Gesture Beyond Sound"***

*A conversation without speech*

The room was round.

Stone floor. Clay walls. No doors. No sky.

Just breath and presence.

Cael sat on one side.

The monk-self sat on the other — eyes half-closed, body still as rooted wood.

The silence was not empty.

It was **woven** — with memory, with patience, with the rhythm of unspoken things.

Cael opened his hands. A gesture of offering. A question without sound.

The monk opened one hand — just one — and placed it over his own heart.

A reply:

*First, feel what is already here.*

---

Cael raised one hand and touched his temple. His brow furrowed, the echo of a question in his eyes.

*Why do I remember what I've never lived?*

The monk touched the floor, then lifted both palms — open, upward — toward the unseen light above.

A response:

*You are not remembering the past.*

*You are becoming aware of the whole.*

---

---

Cael stood, unsure, uncertain.

He stepped forward, toward the monk.

Paused.

Waited.

The monk rose slowly. No noise. No resistance.

Just presence meeting presence.

He placed his forehead gently against Cael's.

And in that moment, Cael felt a thousand selves fall quiet.

Not disappear.

Just... **agree** to be one breath.

---

No words were spoken.

No revelations shouted.

Only stillness.

Only light.

And a feeling like rain falling where fire once was.

---

Cael opened his eyes — back in his bed, back in his room, back in the timeline called "now" — and whispered without knowing why:

"Thank you... for holding the silence."

---

## Chapter 9: The Choice

*Cael*

The interface reactivated on its own.

I hadn't touched it in days. I'd even tried to forget it — bury it under errands, data scrolls, meaningless tasks. Anything to stop the soft bleed of memory, the tug of names I hadn't learned but already mourned.

But there it was — lit again.

The crystal pane pulsed with low color, like a heartbeat made of glass. This time, when I placed my palm on it, there was no flicker of lives, no fast shuffle of fragments.

Just a single screen.

And a single line:

**“You may now choose to integrate.”**

---

I stared at the words.

Not because I didn't understand them —  
but because I did.

To integrate meant I would no longer view these other selves as visitors.

No more bleedthroughs.

No more flickers.

No more mystery.

They would not vanish —  
They would become **me**.

Their joy.  
Their grief.  
Their sacrifices.  
Their children.  
Their silences.

I would hold them all — not as stories, but as **truths** inside my body.  
*I will become the container.*

And yet...

Who will I be once I hold them all?

---

A new line appeared on the screen:

**“You will not disappear. You will harmonize.”**

Then another:

**“But once you become the chord, you cannot return to being the note.”**

---

I closed my eyes.

I saw Meira — not just one version, but all of them.  
The teacher. The warrior. The child I never raised. The monk who never needed to speak.

They were not characters.

They were **colors**.

Colors of **me**.

The fear didn't come from the weight.

It came from knowing I would no longer be able to claim that I was just "Cael."

That name had been a veil.

I was about to lift it.

---

### ***Soul Interlude — “You Cannot Unsee the Whole”***

*This is the moment the prism waits for.*

*Not the remembering.*

*Not the recognition.*

*The **consent.***

*You may live a thousand lives and never integrate.*

*You may hear the names, feel the bleedthrough, touch the light of who you are — and still turn away.*

*You are not forced to awaken.*

*But if you say yes...*

*You will become the chord.*

*You will no longer ask “Which life is mine?”*

*Because all of them will sing through you.*

*And when they do...*

*You will still be “you.”*

*Just... a brighter one.*

---

I opened my eyes.

My hand hovered over the panel.

Not trembling.

Listening.

---

And then, I touched the center.

The screen didn't change. It didn't flicker or play music or open a portal.

It simply absorbed the touch — like a stone warming beneath sunlight.

A soft light rose up from the base — not blinding, not loud.

A prism's bloom.

I breathed in.

And I **let go of being one.**

---

## Chapter 10: All of Me Is Now

*Cael*

It didn't happen with a bang.

There was no surge of lightning, no earthquake splitting time.

There was just this:

**Breath.**

And then... **density.**

Not heaviness.

More like a fullness I didn't know I'd been missing.

My body felt more *real* than it ever had. My hands looked like mine — but now they carried **stories.**

Scars I couldn't trace suddenly had meaning.

Reflexes I'd never trained felt ancient, instinctual.

And in my mind — or somewhere just behind it — voices didn't speak.

They **resonated.**

Each with their own flavor. Their own tempo.

But none of them competing.

I wasn't inside a crowd.

I **was** the crowd.

And we were... **in tune.**

---

I walked to the mirror.

My face was unchanged.

But the way I **looked at myself** had transformed entirely.

I didn't see confusion.  
Or questions.

I saw a **gathering**.

A council of lives — standing behind my eyes —  
not taking turns,  
not hiding behind curtains of time or memory.

Just... here.

With me.

As me.

*All of me is now.*

---

When I stepped outside, the sky felt warmer — not in temperature,  
but in tone.

As if color had gained **depth**.

The wind passed through me differently — like it recognized me in full  
for the first time.

I passed a boy who looked up and blinked twice.

“You glow,” he said, like it was the most natural thing in the world.

I smiled.

“So do you.”

---

I didn't go to the café.

Or the Archives.

Or anywhere else I used to anchor myself.

I walked — not to get somewhere, but to **move with the field**.

---

I could feel timelines fluttering beside me like birds.

Some invited me.

Some drifted further away.

But I didn't chase or resist.

Because now, I understood:

I don't have to choose which life to live.

I only have to **live from the wholeness of what I am.**

---

### ***Soul Interlude — “When the Light Sings”***

*When all of your colors return to you,  
you do not explode.*

You **resonate.**

*The red of courage.*

*The blue of thought.*

*The gold of joy.*

*The violet of stillness.*

*Each life becomes a note.*

*And you —*

*you become the **chord.***

*You walk through the world no longer seeking.*

*Because the seeker and the found  
have become the same.*

*You may still feel sorrow.*

*Still feel longing.*

*But even those*

*will sound sweeter now.*

*Because they will ring  
in **harmony**.*

---

That evening, I returned home.

There were no dreams that night.

Only sleep.

**Whole.**

---

## Chapter 11: White Light Again

*Cael*

The world hasn't changed.

Not the buildings. Not the sidewalks. Not the bitter taste of morning coffee. Not the echo of footsteps in a quiet corridor.

But **I** have.

And so, in a way, everything has.

---

I used to think awakening would be dramatic.

A vision. A rupture. Some divine riddle unlocking the secrets of time.

But awakening, it turns out, is more like turning on a light in a room you've always lived in.

You don't gasp.

You just see clearly.

---

I returned to the place where it began — the Archives' lower level. The case labeled *XQ-PRISMA* still sat untouched, exactly where I left it.

The interface didn't glow for me this time. It no longer needed to.

It had done its work.

I had done mine.

I didn't open the case.

I just stood there for a moment and bowed my head — not to the device, but to the **version of me** who had come down here trembling, uncertain, afraid.

---

And then I left.

---

Now, when I walk, I feel time differently.

Not slower or faster — **wider**.

A child passes me on the street, and for a moment, I remember the daughter I never raised — and somehow did.

A breeze touches my skin, and I taste the red wind of the desert I once sang into silence.

A bell rings, and I know whether it came from a temple or a café or a memory too old for either.

I don't question it.

I just allow it.

This is what it means to become the prism.

To carry the beam and the colors.

The light and the bending.

The forgetting and the remembering.

To walk in the world

not as one thing —

but as **everything you've ever been**

made quiet

and whole

and luminous.

---

### ***Final Soul Interlude — “The Beam Remembers Itself”***

*You were never shattered.*

*You were **expressed**.*

---

*Your soul was not broken into pieces —  
It was painted into motion.*

*Each life you have lived,  
each love you have held,  
each name you have spoken  
was just the light folding through the prism of form.*

*Now, you return.*

*Not to forget.  
Not to dissolve.  
But to shine again —  
not as a fragment,  
but as the beam.*

*You are  
white light again.*

*And you always were.*

---

Cael turned the corner of a street he knew — one that had once rearranged itself in front of him.

Now it stayed still.

Not because it had stopped shifting.

But because **he no longer needed it to change** to know who he was.

He looked up.

The sky was every color at once.

And he smiled — not because he had reached the end.

But because he was ready  
to begin  
**again.**

## Epilogue: The Child and the Rainbow

The child sat cross-legged in the grass, chin tilted skyward, a smear of watercolor on her fingertips.

She wasn't looking at anything in particular.

Just the space between clouds — that shifting canvas where color sometimes hides.

Her father stood a few steps away, speaking to someone she didn't know, about something she didn't care to remember.

What she cared about was the **light**.

Because just then — in a moment too soft for adults to notice — the sky changed.

It didn't thunder. It didn't swell.

It just **opened**.

A prism of color arced across the sky.

Not just red and violet, but shades that didn't have names yet.

And in the center — where the light folded tightest — she saw something no one else could see:

A shape made of silence.

A figure woven from brightness.

A man she had never met  
— and somehow always known.

He didn't speak.

He just looked down — not at her, but **into** her — and smiled.

She smiled back.

And without understanding why, she whispered a name she had never been taught.

“Cael.”

---

Her father turned. “What did you say?”

She blinked, still watching the rainbow fade.

“Nothing. Just the color.”

He laughed, tousled her hair, and went back to his conversation.

But she kept watching.

Because the light was still there — not in the sky anymore,  
but **in her**.

Like a thread that had chosen her heart as its next anchor.

She closed her eyes.

And in that silence,  
a voice she couldn't name — soft and full of every color —  
whispered:

*You are the next prism.*

---

***The End.***

—or perhaps—

**The Next Beginning.**

---

## Author's Note

from P. A. Rallax

Dear Reader,

Thank you for walking this path through the prism.

This story began not with an outline, but with a feeling — the quiet intuition that perhaps we are not moving through time... but through **selves**. That every dream, déjà vu, sudden sorrow, or inexplicable joy might not be a glitch — but a **whisper** from another life, still happening somewhere in the now.

*The Prism* is a story, yes — but it is also an invitation.

An invitation to remember:

- That you are more than one version of yourself
- That not all of your truth lives in the past
- That healing can be harmonic
- And that wholeness does not mean perfection — it means **integration**

Cael's journey is my own in many ways, and perhaps now it is yours too. If you found yourself in these pages — in the silence, in the color, in the song — then the prism has done its work.

We are all beams of light, refracted into form.

And when we remember who we are beneath the bending...

We do not shatter.

We shine.

Thank you for shining here, with me.

With resonance and light,

— P. A. Rallax