

FORTUNE'S THREAD: THE UNMAKER'S REMATCH



He challenged
the end of possibility
to one fair game.





Jet awoke to three knocks from inside his bedroom wall. A golden thread slipped through the paint, and a hidden voice warned him not to follow it.



Jet did not follow the thread. He grabbed it and pulled.



Fortune turned: 2 — partial success. He freed six feet of thread, but the wall itself began to unravel.

Behind the wall waited the Loom: millions of golden lives woven through a darkness larger than the house could contain.

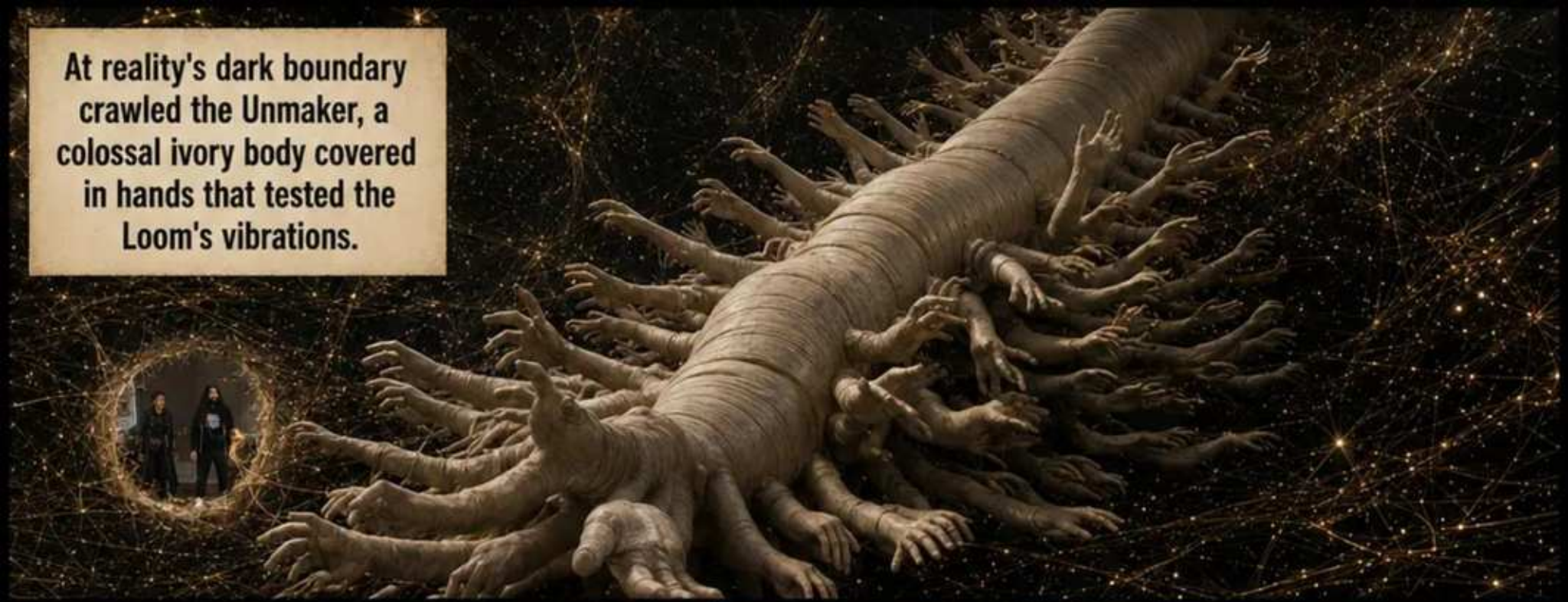


Mara Vey, a Threadkeeper, had been repairing Jet's strand. Every person's thread connected the consequences of their choices to everyone else.

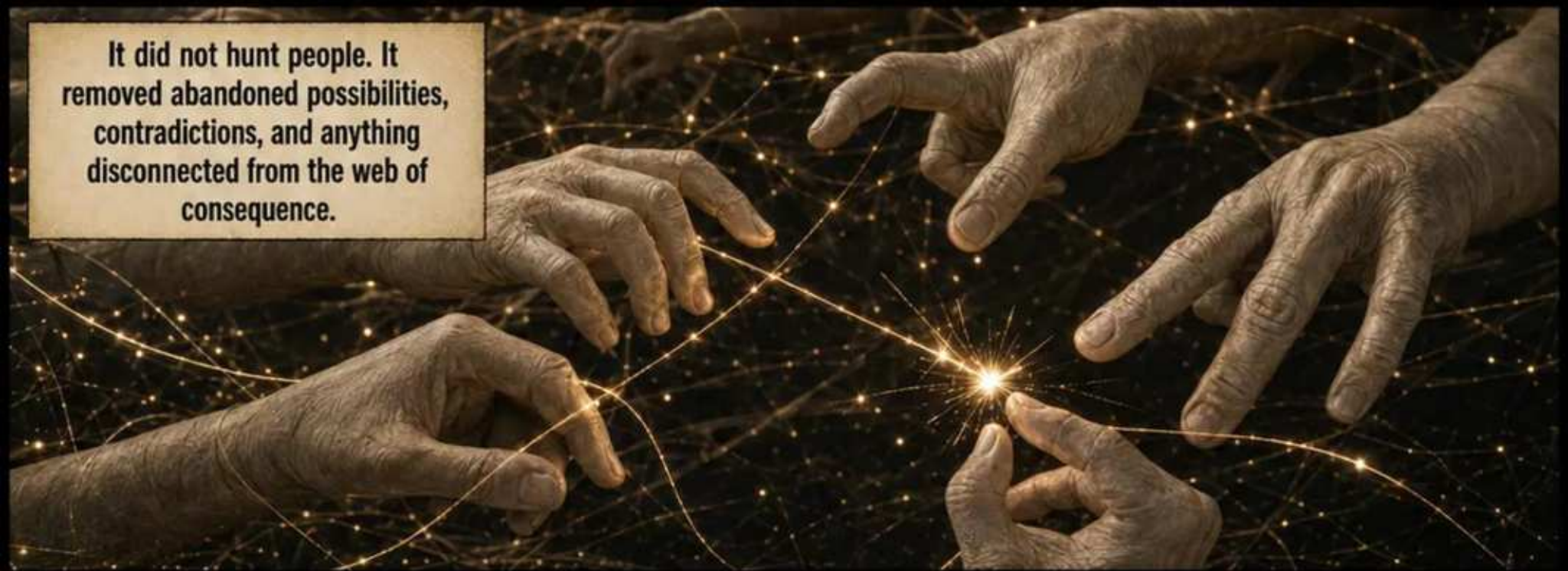
Jet refused to surrender something that was fundamentally his. Then his thread curled around his finger and tied the impossible knot Mara had removed the night before.



At reality's dark boundary
crawled the Unmaker, a
colossal ivory body covered
in hands that tested the
Loom's vibrations.



It did not hunt people. It
removed abandoned possibilities,
contradictions, and anything
disconnected from the web of
consequence.



Every visible hand stopped
and pointed toward Jet. By
keeping his thread outside the
Loom, he had become the
Unmaker's next job.



Jet raised his free hand—not to fight the creature, but to challenge it to rock, paper, scissors for his freedom.



Fortune turned: 3 — success. One enormous hand formed a fist. The Unmaker accepted.



Its gestures made the stakes clear: if Jet won, he and his thread would leave freely. If the Unmaker won, Jet would go with it.



**Rock. Paper.
Scissors. Shoot.**



**The Unmaker revealed
scissors. Jet revealed rock.**



**The ancient custodian bowed
and withdrew. It honored the
agreement: Jet and his living
thread were free.**



Before disappearing, the Unmaker tossed Mara a silver thread carrying a small ivory token.



One face showed rock, paper, scissors. The other read: ONE REMATCH.



Mara could not promise the invitation was harmless, but the first wager was finished. If Jet ever used it, he should establish friendly stakes before playing.



Jet now held two things no ordinary person was meant to possess: his own living place in the web of consequence, and an invitation from the end of possibility.



Far across the Loom, one pale hand made rock, then paper, then scissors—and vanished.



The day had begun with three knocks inside a wall.
Somewhere beyond reality, the Unmaker waited for a rematch.