

Emergency Repairs

I made a deal with the Powers That Be: I traded success and happiness in my life for giving up any control over what happened to my soul after it. Yeah. Not the smartest thing in the world to do, yes? I traded away my infinity to the whims of Another, and I got a distinctly finite reward for it. And now that I'm dead, it turns out that soulstuff is perfectly suited for patching holes in reality. In other words, I get to spend Eternity being celestial duct tape.

I am surprised that I am actually *enjoying* it, though.

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