

BLOHER / THE UNIVERSE OF

DOOMERS

The Demiurge's Discards

01 • THE COLLECTION





We were born in GODEM's refuse heap. His earliest experiments lived on among the mud and the ribs of failure.



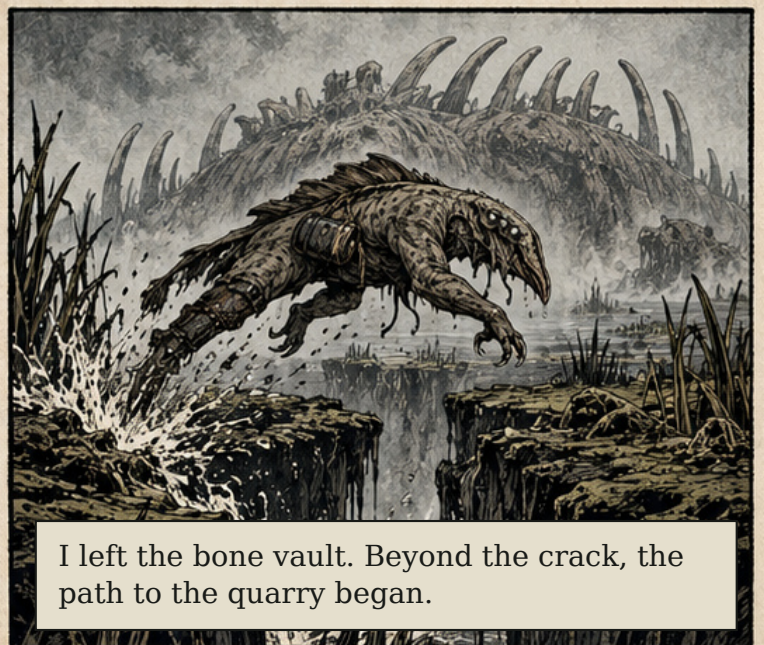
They call us DOOMERS. GODEM tried these forms, left them unfinished, and went on creating elsewhere.



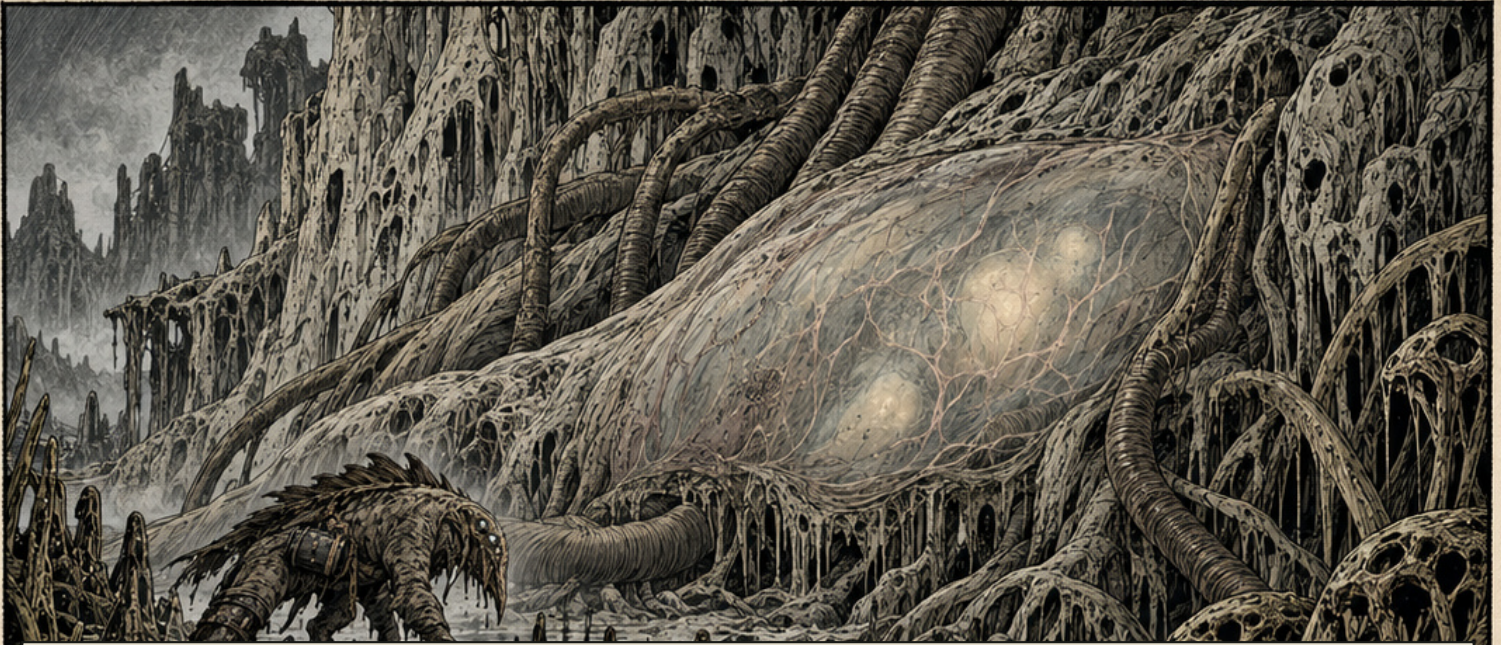
No two discards came out alike. Some track. Others can barely drag what remains of them.



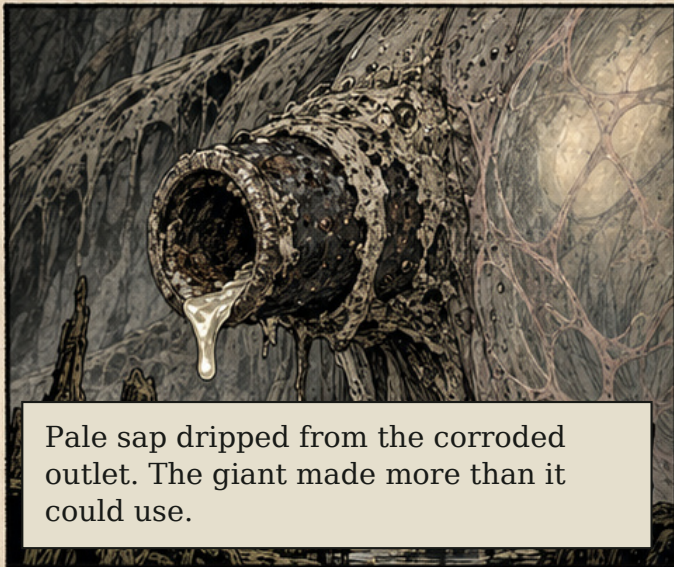
Today was my turn to gather sap. The vessel was empty.



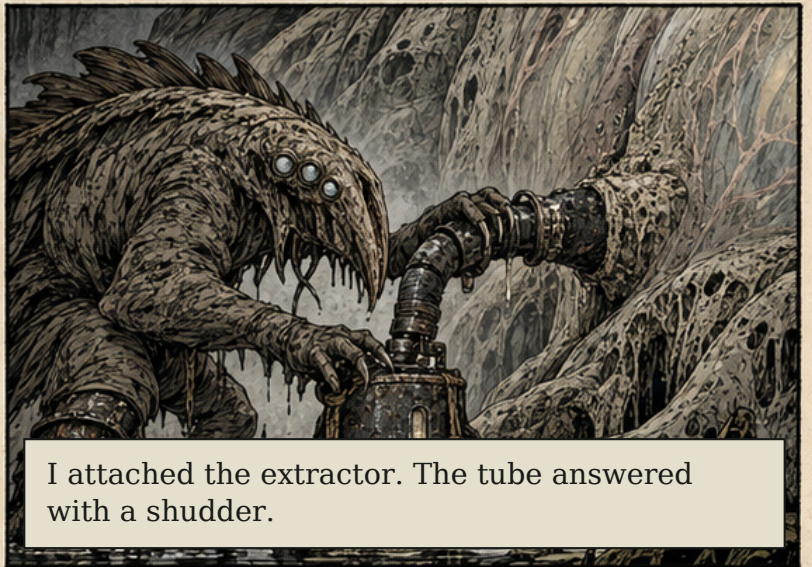
I left the bone vault. Beyond the crack, the path to the quarry began.



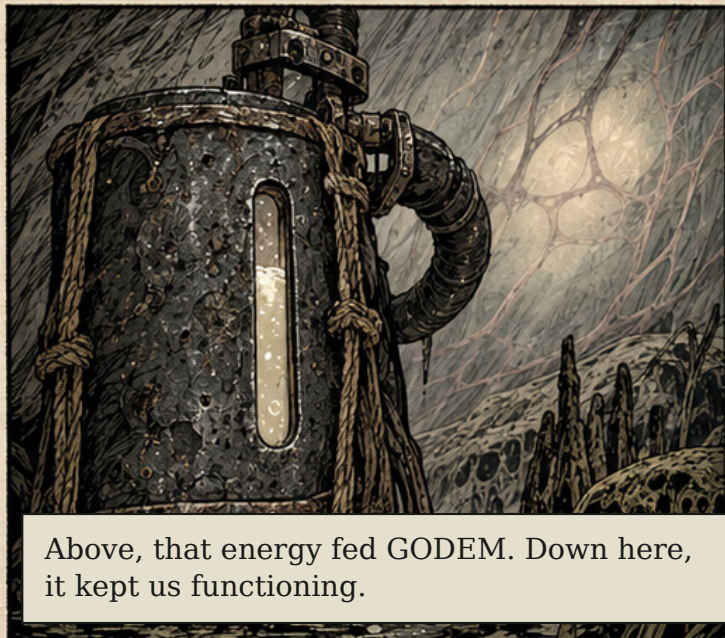
The giant still slept in the quarry. Beneath its membrane, the conduits worked on an order no one would come to collect.



Pale sap dripped from the corroded outlet. The giant made more than it could use.



I attached the extractor. The tube answered with a shudder.



Above, that energy fed GODEM. Down here, it kept us functioning.



I disconnected before straining the valve. The giant did not wake. I had enough to return.



The shortcut crossed the black canyon. There the monolith pulsed: another of GODEM's trials, living tissue held up by iron.



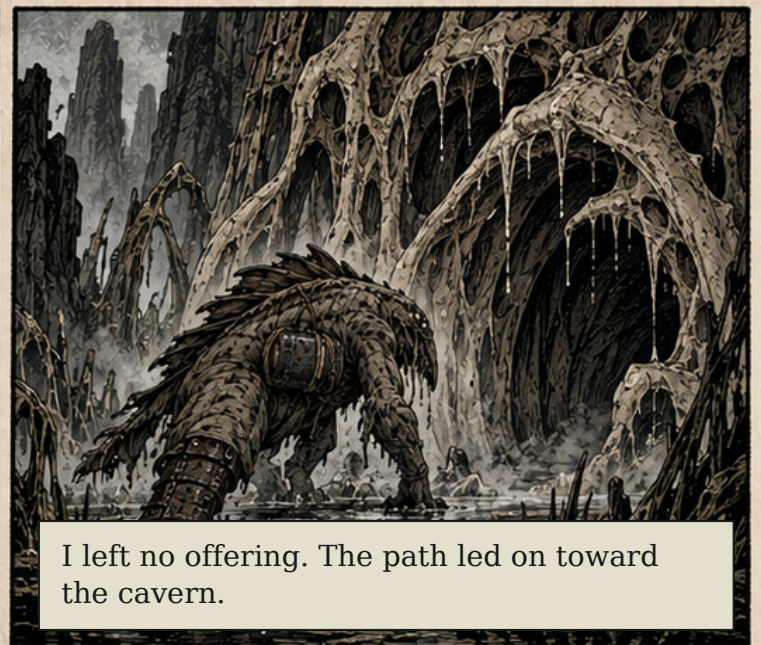
Some of our kind gathered to worship it. They had found another discard and were making it a god.



The monolith repeated its contraction. They waited for an answer.



I watched another pulse. The vessel was still warm against my flank.



I left no offering. The path led on toward the cavern.



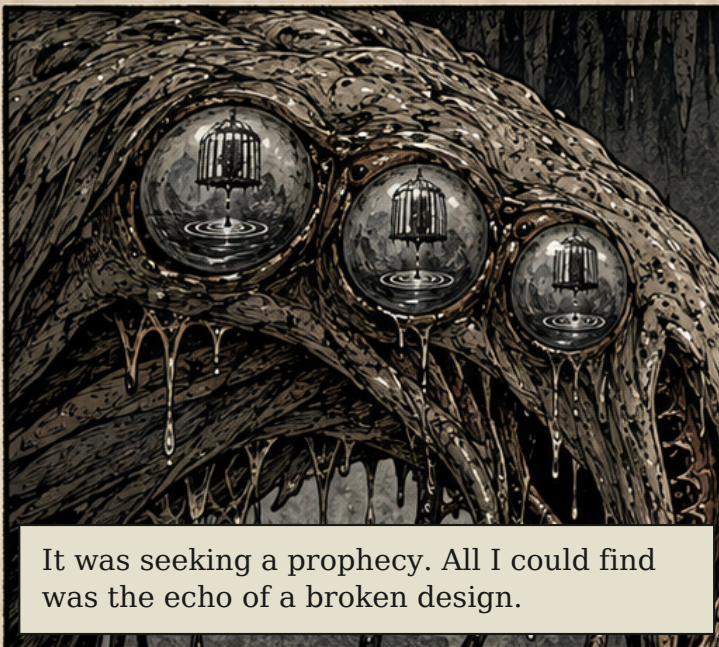
Inside, a creature reached toward the oracle: a knot of nervous tissue suspended behind iron bars.



It brushed the iron. Then it waited, motionless.



The organ dripped. Ripples traced the same pattern across the water.



It was seeking a prophecy. All I could find was the echo of a broken design.



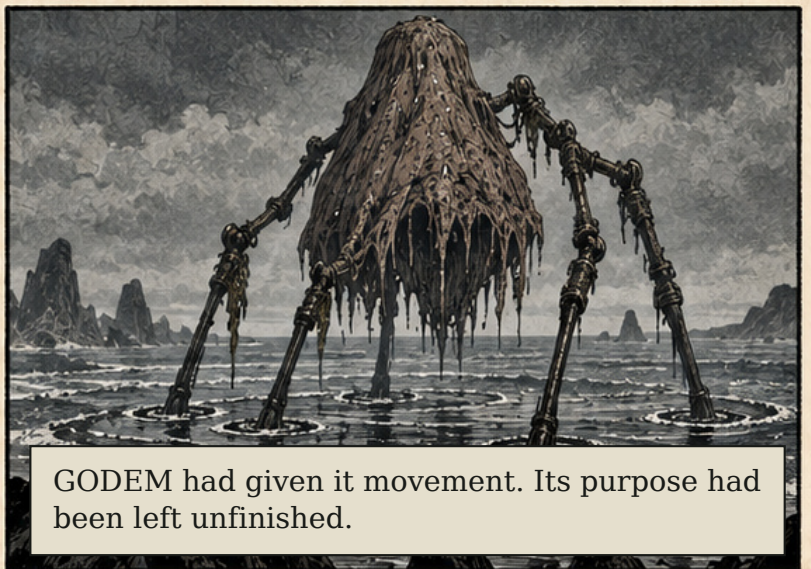
I left before the next drop fell. Its feelers were still outstretched.



On the coast, the sentinel paced the black sand. Its body hung between legs that never seemed to tire.



A leg sank into its own footprint again.



GODEM had given it movement. Its purpose had been left unfinished.



I tightened the vessel's cord. I still had something to bring back to the vault.



I turned for home. The sentinel kept tracing the same circle.



I returned to the vault. Outside, the others still searched for scraps, signs, or something to obey.



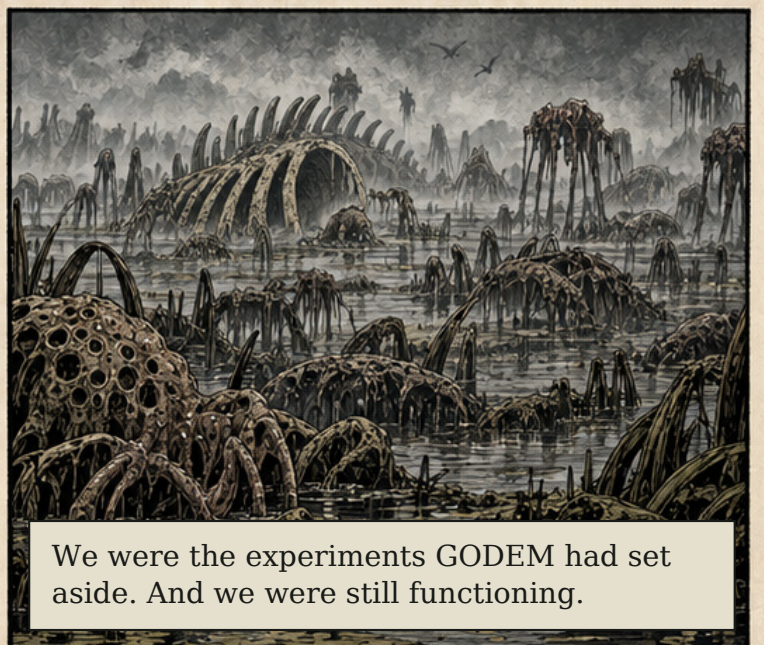
I loosened the cord. The vessel's weight left my flank.



I had brought back sap. For this day, it was enough.



We had not been created to live this way.
We had learned among the remains.



We were the experiments GODEM had set aside.
And we were still functioning.

The earliest attempts.

GODEM created forms he never finished. He cast them aside, but they lived on. A collector leaves its shelter to gather sap, crossing a territory where giants still function, a monolith receives worship, and an oracle returns only echoes.



Concept and universe: BLOHER.

New story and artwork developed from his concept and the journey in his video.

The narrator is a DOOMER. Its observations express its own experience of the margin.