

The "Borderworld"

All about the world of Xen itself and what it is

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The "Void" - The Space Beyond All



The Void is a concept unique to the Vortigaunts, never really spoken aloud and rarely discussed. A realm of mystery.

It is often misunderstood as its own dimension or its own world- and in a sense it technically could be such, but not to the same degree as Xen, the Borderworld nor the planet of Earth. It is instead a section of multi-versal silence that exists at the fringes of perception and reality, a place between Dimensions that encompasses creation as a black empty blanket of nothingness- a shadow described by the Vortal Tribes as the Absence of Being, others as a "forgotten shadow cast by the Universe itself."

A few witnesses are aware that a few Vortigaunts call out as one of their chants and battlecries towards their foes with the saying "To the Void with you!". It does not mean that they are to literally banish their enemies, but more or less as symbolic condemnation: to be cast into that which has no memory, no identity and no rhythm in the Continuum. A solemn erasure from the song of the Universe.

The Void is not a subject present within any standards of education, nor is its presence recognized. But amongst Vortal Tribes, it is always and forever felt amongst the Vortessence- a looming

awareness in minds stuck in deep meditation. To Younger ones, it is merely taught as superstition- one of restraint and a lesson on humility while the older and more attuned members, it is a boundary that shall never be crossed- an echo from before time was bound to form. The Grand Elders themselves speak of the Void in mere fragments- focusing on the warnings.

“To seek the Void is to pluck the string that was never meant to sound,” one Grand Elder once said.
“It will not answer. It will unmake the question.”

The Void has no laws - no resonance, no structure, no passage of time or thought. The Vortigaunts believe all things that exist are bound by the Great Weave - the harmonies of motion, purpose, and connection. But the Void lies **outside** this. Not by design, but by consequence. It is the result of something lost, something severed from the universal thread.

The Elders teach that even the **Combine**, with their dimension-rending technology and hunger for control, have not touched the Void - or if they have, they were wise enough to turn away. For to observe it is to risk forgetting yourself. Not death. Not madness. **Forgetting**. A dissolution of identity so total that even the Vortessence cannot retrieve it.

For this reason, the Void is treated among the Vortigaunts not as an object of study, but as a **sacred unknown**. It is spoken of in parable, in meditation, in the quiet chants of mourning. Some say it is where the lost go - those who perish far from kin, whose resonance is severed without closure. Others say the Void is a warning left behind by a species far older than any known, whose fate was to become nothing at all.

Whether metaphor, myth, or truth, the Void remains untouched. And so it must stay.

“The Void is not an enemy, not a force, not a place. It is the space between the song.
And to touch it... is to silence your own verse.”

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