It is very hard to describe the world I once visited when I encountered a portal. But here I will try to chronicle the very important life of one individual in that world. It was a place of... Evolution seemed to occur at an unimaginable rate in “name of World”. Humans, if I could even classify them as that, were able to use their minds and bodies in the strangest ways. People have the capability of learning new languages and instruments within hours. Superhuman strength, speed... things we only could imagine in dreams and comics. The ability to change the form of their body; transfigure into almost anything...

I suppose you’re wondering how I encountered this world.

Most took humanoid forms... simply because little children generally did not befriend monstrous looking creatures. Some of course, looked like representations of animals. I never meant to follow...

My name is Ariella Whittle and I, like you, exist. Of course, in your mind I do not actually exist in reality. I was the imaginary friend of a seven year old girl. Unlike most girls, this girl was extraordinarily special for she found the portal into my world, where all other imaginary beings exist. I was named after her older sister who died at the age of sixteen when Lily was only seven years old. Her parents sent her to years of therapy but they could not shake her of my company. Then, one day, one inconspicuous day, Lily never mentioned me again to anyone in reality. Her parents were overjoyed, assuming that the “silly” phase had passed. Little did she know that... That day she had found something, and that something would allow her to see things that very few people can see. That day she found the portal.

Sacrifice is an evil device...

We have left each other, and since that day we have not met.

There is a way to control what comes into and out of our world, because... someone has imagined this world and that same person realized the vast amount of overflow that would be created by a world of imaginations. So he in turn imagined a way to get rid of excess or possibly destructive imaginations. The funny thing is that this man doesn’t even know how important his idea was for us. Before him there was chaos throughout our world, but he paid no attention to his seemingly stupid idea and went on continuing his life not knowing that his name would forever be remembered by our people. Similarly, someone once thought of imaginary people and imagined that they would also be able to imagine.

Many of these beings have incomplete personalities. Very much like your own personality, theirs grows only with the different experiences you go through. Once their creators don’t believe in them they remain exactly the same; sometimes very childish and most of the time, very mischievous. Most of their creators stopped believing in them well before they could face emotionally stressing events...

Bongo, Strater...

Do imaginary people ever die?

“Well naturally, they die when their creator dies regardless of whether their creator believes in them or not. Often very suddenly, because imaginary beings do not get sick unless it is imagined they are sick. We usually remain exactly the same for our entire lives.”