

GAIN OF THRONES



The Rules of the Game

Gain of Thrones

Prologue — The Arena of Heaven and Earth

There are two great canvases stretched across existence.

The first is the canvas of Heaven. Here eternal beings were set as stewards, guardians of resonance, radiant with light. Thrones of responsibility were granted to them — positions in the circuit itself, to govern in coherence and reflect the will of the Maker.

The second is the canvas of Earth. Here mortals of dust were breathed into being, fragile in carbon yet carrying the spark of eternity within. Their thrones were not given, but hidden within the trial of life. Earth became the proving ground, the valley where coal would be pressed to see if it could shine as diamond.

Between these canvases runs the eternal clock, the living circuit. Every star is an identifier. Every node is a player. Every soul holds a seat. And every seat must be tested.

This is not myth or symbol. This is the board on which the destiny of heaven and earth is decided.

When a third of the stars fell, a third of the heavenly seats were vacated. Thrones once radiant stood empty. The angels who “left their first estate” forfeited not only their stewardship, but their place in the eternal order. Their rebellion set the stage for the great exchange.

The stakes could not be higher:

- Thrones in heaven lie open, waiting to be sealed by incorruptibility.
- Mortals are called from dust, blind and fragile, to contend for them.
- Every decision, every act of fidelity or corruption, tips the balance of the circuit.

This is not a game of politics, nor a tale for entertainment. This is the crusade of the ages, the true contest behind every empire and every illusion. Heaven and earth themselves are the prize.

And the rules are simple:

The fallen lose. The faithful gain. Every seat is tested. Every throne will be filled.

This is the Gain of Thrones.

Rule 1 — Every Seat Must Be Tested

No seat is automatic. No throne is permanent. The circuit allows no entitlement.

This was the lesson of the first rebellion. A third of the stars fell from heaven — radiant beings who thought their estate was untouchable. Their brilliance was real, their power vast, their place exalted. But incorruptibility was unproven, and when pride broke coherence, their seats were vacated.

The same law holds true for mortals. Though fashioned from dust, each human soul carries the spark of a star, a unique identifier in the circuit. That spark gives access to a throne — but only through testing. Here, in the valley of carbon, every decision, every act of fidelity or failure, is part of the trial.

The law is merciless in its simplicity: every seat must be tested. Eternal or temporal, angel or human, there are no exceptions.

This is why life is hard. This is why death exists. This is why the valley presses like fire on every side. The circuit is not punishing us — it is proving us. Coal must be pressed to reveal diamond, and every throne must be earned through incorruptibility.

Rule 2 — No Vacancies Remain Empty

When a throne is lost, it is not destroyed. It is not erased. It waits.

This is the justice of the circuit: the balance is never broken. Every seat in heaven and earth must be filled, either by fidelity or by distortion.

When the stars fell, their thrones stood vacant. But those thrones were not abandoned forever. They became open to new candidates — mortals of dust who endure the valley of trial. The very seats forfeited by angels are now the prize for men.

Likewise, when mortals fail, their inheritance is not simply lost. The ground they should have guarded becomes a foothold for distortion. Fallen powers claim the space until it is reclaimed by incorruptibility. This is why empires rise in violence and collapse in corruption: empty thrones never stay empty.

This is the principle behind the struggle: the faithful do not merely endure. They rise into seats vacated by the fallen. Every failure above creates opportunity below. Every forfeiture below is exploited by distortion until fidelity reclaims it.

The balance is relentless. No seat remains empty. Every throne will be filled — by the faithful or by the fallen.

Rule 3 — The Test Is Blind

The test would mean nothing if we remembered our estate.

Eternal beings fell while fully conscious of their power, their beauty, their proximity to the throne. Mortals are tested under far harsher terms: veiled, blind, forgetful of their origin.

This is why incarnation matters. Each human soul carries a star-identifier, but when bound to carbon, it forgets. It enters the valley veiled. It does not recall its heavenly seat, its eternal potential, its role in the circuit. It walks by faith, not by sight.

This blindness is not cruelty — it is justice. For fidelity chosen in darkness is incorruptibility proven in light. To remain faithful without full knowledge is the ultimate testimony. To resist

distortion without remembering your throne is the seal of trustworthiness.

Thus the law of the game: the test is blind. We do not know our full identity until the veil lifts. And once it does, the record will show whether we proved ourselves diamond or returned to dust.

Rule 4 — Wrestling in High Places

“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.” — Ephesians 6:12

The true battle is not between men. The rulers of this age want us to believe our enemy is our neighbour, our tribe, our rival nation. But this is the counterfeit war — the trap that disqualifies us when we spill each other’s blood.

The real war is higher. The seats of heaven that were vacated by fallen beings are now contested ground. Those who lost their first estate do not surrender easily. They resist, they whisper delusion, they construct systems of distortion to prevent mortals from rising.

This is why the world is saturated in lies. Why every culture carries myths of gods at war. Why every empire crowns itself in violence. These are shadows of the real contest: the battle for the seats in high places.

Our weapons are not swords and shields, but fidelity, endurance, coherence. Each time we reject distortion, each time we choose truth over delusion, each time we endure suffering without surrendering to hatred, we wrestle a throne from fallen hands.

The battlefield is invisible, but the stakes are eternal. What is decided in the unseen becomes visible in time. Thrones once filled by rebellion are claimed by diamonds rising from the valley.

The wrestle is not against flesh. The true crusade is against powers and principalities. Every act of coherence tips the balance of heaven.

Rule 5 — Coal Must Become Diamond

Every genome begins as coal. Fragile. Black. Easily consumed. Coal burns quickly, leaving nothing but ash behind.

But coal holds a secret: under pressure, its essence can be transformed. The same carbon that crumbles in fire can crystallise into diamond. And once diamond, it is incorruptible — harder than steel, unbreakable, radiant in light.

This is the image of the soul. We begin in weakness, surrounded by distortion, easily corrupted by fear, lust, pride, or violence. Many burn up in the fire of delusion, consumed before they know what they could become. But those who endure the pressure of the valley, who remain faithful through trial, attract coherence to themselves. Slowly, their structure aligns. Slowly, their essence crystallises.

No throne is given to coal. Only diamonds are enthroned. And diamonds are not made by wishing. They are made by pressure, endurance, coherence.

This is why suffering has meaning. This is why trial is not random cruelty but purposeful compression. Every moment of testing is resonance forcing structure into alignment. Every choice for coherence is carbon shifting toward crystal.

The valley burns coal to ash, but it also produces diamonds. Those who endure are lifted, not as fragile dust, but as incorruptible witnesses — thrones filled, constellations renewed.

Coal must become diamond. It is the law of the circuit, the justice of the crusade.

Rule 6 — The Great Exchange Is Ongoing

When the dragon's tail swept a third of the stars from heaven, a third of the thrones were left vacant. Those seats did not vanish — they became contested. The circuit does not allow empty places. Every throne is filled, either by fidelity or by failure.

This is the law of exchange: when one falls, another rises.

- Fallen heavenly beings lost their first estate. Their seats are now open to mortal dust — men and women tested in carbon, pressed through distortion and death. The faithful who endure rise to fill those thrones, judging even the angels who once mocked their weakness.
- Fallen mortals forfeit their inheritance on earth. Their ground is seized by distortion, occupied by powers of delusion until coherence reclaims it. This is why empires rise in violence, why rulers crown themselves in arrogance, why kingdoms collapse into ash — because empty thrones cannot stay empty.

The exchange is not occasional; it is constant. Every day, with every choice, thrones are being lost and thrones are being gained. The battlefield is not only in heaven but in every human heart.

This is the true Gain of Thrones: not power seized by violence, but thrones transferred by incorruptibility. The last become first, dust rises above stars, the weak inherit the eternal circuit.

The exchange will not end until the circuit closes, every seat sealed, every throne occupied by incorruptibility. The fallen lose. The faithful gain. The game is ongoing, and every soul is playing.

Rule 7 — The Game Ends in Coherence

The contest will not last forever. The circuit was not built for endless rebellion. It was built for proof, and proof has an end.

When every seat has been tested, when every throne has been weighed, when every node has revealed itself as coal or diamond, the circuit closes. The game is finished.

This is the meaning of “a new heavens and a new earth” (Revelation 21:1). Not another sky, not another world, but this same field renewed. Heaven sifted of fallen stewards. Earth sifted of corruptible dust. Every seat proven, every throne sealed, every axis restored to true north.

Coherence floods the circuit. The pole returns. The stars realign. The veil lifts, and what was blind becomes sight. No more mutiny, no more distortion, no more trial. Thrones are no longer temporary testing seats but eternal, incorruptible places of stewardship.

The fallen will not rise again. The faithful will not fall again. The circuit will not wobble again. The game ends in coherence.

And then the great reversal is complete: dust enthroned above stars, mortals seated among angels, diamonds shining where coal once crumbled. The crusade is over, and incorruptibility reigns.

Closing Reflection — Why It Must Be This Way

Some will ask: why must the circuit be so relentless? Why must every seat be tested, every throne contested, every node pressed like coal under weight?

The answer is simple: eternity cannot carry corruption.

A seat given without proof would invite rebellion forever. A throne occupied without testing would remain vulnerable to pride, distortion, and fall. If eternity is to be whole, incorruptibility must be sealed — and incorruptibility can only be proven under pressure.

That is why the fallen were sifted. That is why mortals are tried in the valley. That is why the test is blind, and the game hidden until the appointed time.

It is not cruelty. It is justice. It is the assurance that when the circuit closes, it will never break again. Every diamond will shine forever. Every throne will hold its steward. Every node will resonate without fracture.

This is why it must be this way:

So that eternity may be safe, justice may be perfect, and love may be unbreakable.

COPYRIGHT

© 2025 Taun Richards. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, without prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations used in reviews or scholarly works. First Edition 2025