

KingCool Codes

All Sweets Treaty | River Breath Ritual

I. The Awakening

Beaver breath, sticky slow —
carve the cradle, let it flow.
Mushroom lace, beneath your paw,
sings the treaty, carves the law.

River writes it. Fungi signs.
Bark is parchment. Roots are lines.

- We are your syrup scribes.
- We remember the dammed dreams.
- We return the flow with treats.

II. The Treaty

This is the Treaty of All Sweets.
 Carved in sediment. Rooted in rhythm.
 We swear not in blood — but in honey.
 Let the river hold our oath.
 Let the fungi whisper it underground.