

Broken

Painful truths masquerade as cheerful history, filled with the joy of everlasting spring. They all dance around the lies, uneasy but content not to indulge their curiosity in exchange for the safety of their own precious secrets. Too afraid of the risk, the cost. Too horrified of the chance their world would crumble to think of the new world they could build.

So they live, in a broken sense. They work, they play, they love, they never know what lies beneath... but secrets grow tired, grow bored, grow restless. They long for air, to be seen and known. They long for power and destruction. The chains with which these secrets have been shackled with rust, their prison trembles.

The people have had their rest, their false happiness, and soon they will pay the price long overdue as whispers of revolution rise into shouts and desperate wails. Cries impossible to ignore, threatening to blot out everything they once knew, all they once had. They run, stricken with fear, with terror, of what is to come and what cannot be stopped.

They all run, but one runs in the wrong direction fueled solely by the desire to know, to understand.

His curiosity is rare and powerful, but dangerous. It frees secrets from their manacles, secrets that are greedy for revenge. Secrets that splinter and tear apart anything that gets too close. Secrets that leave the people in a horrified existence,

one without their lies puppeteering them. Instead, now they are controlled by agonizing truths. They beg for the society they once had, to return from its grave, but dead things stay dead.

The ones who uncovered the truths are forced to lock them away. To destroy the remains and build anew. The fiends of reality hide in the shadows, they live and haunt those who remember them. The rest of the world lies in blissful ignorance, foolish tranquility.

...But nothing lasts forever.