The sound of your **alarm clock** drags you awake, but you remain with your eyes closed. This moment of peace before the day starts tempts you to stay in bed, but a small voice in the back of your head brings you back to reality. Today is the day you need to keep moving.

You see the light come through the **window** and your **clothes** hanging over the railing to downstairs. You don’t fully seem here today. You have been in a fog as of late after **Sam** died.

You had been raised by those protecting the scared ways of the hidden society known as the **Fleurish**. Before society rose, Flourish was founded by the chosen to lock away the **daemons** that walked the earth. Those who desire the insanity of the dark have drawn close, treating the **unwoken** as animals. You secretly hold instructions for awakening those *monsters* that will bring the world in chaos hidden in **ink** that only a few can truly see.

Born with the **tattoos** of the **chosen**

Daemons: murderous creatures

Alarm Clock:

Window: You see the birds in start to act weird, stating at you as you look out at them.

You observe people rushing to get to work, you chuckle at the thought of a normal life.

Clothes:

Fleurish: Thousands of years old, a hidden society to the unwoken with powers of the Fleur. Most are elemental or soul bond in some way while the creatures that have been bon from such power either hide between the cracks of humanity or end up in the

Elder:

Chosen:

Unwoken: Most of Society that haven’t unlocked the powers of the Fleur.

Tattoos: These tattoos have grown with you as you have aged. They are a gate between your world and the elders have taught you about some of the markings, but once you reached of age, you travelled with your guardian to unlock the power of them.

It’s been too long since you have awoken in a peaceful state.

You have been hiding in the abandon buildings in Chicago since you can remember...

You’re walking down a street in the city.

People are walking around you like you are nothing. Invisible to the rest of the world.

A nobody, but this is what you are trying to perceive yourself as.

Across the street, a girl with black hair and piercing eyes comes sprinting around the corner.

A piece of paper is crumpled in her hand. Her breathing looks heavy and she keeps looking over her shoulder just as you have.

It's been so long. It's part of your routine now. She falls to the ground and a gunshot rings in your ears.

You start to panic as unaware people walk over her body and don't even see her lying on the sidewalk bleeding out her brains.

You sprint across the street and kneel over her.

“Help! Help! Somebody!” A woman gives you a strange look and continues to walk past.

The girl is covered from head to toe in all black materials of clothing.

Her hair is clotted with warm blood and she doesn't have a pulse.

Her hand loosened the grip of the paper and it fell into yours.

Stretching out the piece of paper, only three words were written in black ink:

Run, They Know.

//choices are timed (running out of time)

Mission to

Acommplish the impossible(what is this impossible)

N

G

O

The sound of your alarm brings you awake.

Its been too long since you have awoken in a peaceful state.

You have been hiding around the city since you can remember.

Tattooed on your body, hold instuctions for awakening the beings that will bring the world in chaos.

Do you:

Take a look outside

Get Dressed

long since the you have moved during the day, but its time.

You started seeing the signs that they are making getting closer.

Getting up, there is only so much time.

----

You need to get up and bring a bag of supplies to take on your journey.

What do you bring?

You leave your hideout

The sound of your alarm clock brings you awake.

Do you let it continue to ring,

or turn it off.

Its been too long since you have awoken in a peaceful state.

You have been hiding in the abandon buildings in Chicago since you can remember...

Born with the tattoos of the chosen, You have been raised by those protecting the scared ways of the hidden society known as the Flourish. Before society rose, Flourish was founded by the chosen to lock away the daemons that walked the earth. Those who desire the insanity of the dark have drawn close, treating the unwoken as animals. You secretly hold instuctions for awakening those beings that will bring the world in chaos. After the sacrifice of your guardian, you have been on the run with the consistent fear you will be discovered in search for another elder.

You realize that which direction will you travel?

Up north

Down South

Up north on the street, you can feel the breeze hitting your face.

Making the Journey South, the wind whips at the back of your knees.

//One way, you reach further to an ancestor, another you get dragged to darkness.

You’re walking down a street in the city.

People are walking around you like you are nothing. Invisible to the rest of the world.

A nobody, but this is what you are trying to perceive yourself as.

Across the street, a girl with black hair and piercing eyes comes sprinting around the corner.

A piece of paper is crumpled in her hand. Her breathing looks heavy and she keeps looking over her shoulder just as you have.

It's been so long. It's part of your routine now. She falls to the ground and a gunshot rings in your ears.

You start to panic as unaware people walk over her body and don't even see her lying on the sidewalk bleeding out her brains.

You sprint across the street and kneel over her.

“Help! Help! Somebody!” A woman gives you a strange look and continues to walk past.

The girl is covered from head to toe in all black materials of clothing.

Her hair is clotted with warm blood and she doesn't have a pulse.

Her hand loosened the grip of the paper and it fell into yours.

Stretching out the piece of paper, only three words were written in black ink:

Run, They Know.

The Crumbled Piece of Paper

long since the you have moved during the day, but its time.

You started seeing the signs that they are making getting closer.

Getting up, there is only so much time.