

Prologue

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VOID

The world is full of mysteries.

The passion in uncovering the mechanics of reality can lead to grim nihilism.

Did the abyss only exist once light manifests? Or did vacuum assume its role as the abyss?

Given that alone, life can be considered an incomplete thesis of purpose.

A gripping montage of changes. Some things never change no matter what actions you take.

Others can dictate the path of destiny like a flap of a butterfly wing.

In a grim period of humanity degenerate power structures, illegitimate morality and conflict plagued everyone.

The cause was pointed at the actions that occurred 20 years ago in which the world witnessed an anomaly in collective suffering.

Modern butchering equipment aligned with dehumanized tactics pinned 40 million individuals under the soil.

Around the same time in a nation not thought about, a young to-be generalissimo was gaining traction in the party apparatus of a new republic.

Criminal Syndicates in Shanghai were now shaking hands with the rowdy youthful future leaders of the party.

A young disillusioned soldier falls into the gripping hands of religious dogma, as I-Kuan-Tao courts their next patriarch.

An unnerved Marxist grieving over his father had now inhaled the attraction and honour of a workers' revolution. Fitting the role of leader for himself.

Lastly, an immovable president of Peking university culturally advanced China into a state of modernity, whose ripples would mesmerize passerby's.

These individuals, or perhaps their actions or maybe a framework of events all linked up like a cobweb to determine the future of China and its republic.