

Your life was full of everything you were told would make you fulfilled. You had it all, a successful career that gave you wealth and fame, a happy marriage with two beautiful children and a bright future ahead of you. At the beginning, these were enough, but not anymore. You did everything right but you still weren't happy.

You feared that there was no deeper meaning in your life.

You feared that everything was pointless.

The older you got, the more aware you grew of your own cosmic insignificance.

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In the middle of a cold winter's night a stranger you would never see again, knocked on your door. He handed you a scroll and before you were able to react, he left, the same way he came, unnoticed in the dark.

"The Truth", the scroll's title, stood out with large letters faded by time. You read through the scroll several times, each one making you more obsessed and bringing chills to your spine more than the wind that blew that night did.

"This, this should be finally it", you thought to yourself. The reveal of The one and only Truth that the scroll spoke of would be the piece to complete your faint existence as a human. Hidden in a dungeon filled with life threatening traps so that no one could get their hands on them, The Truth would give you peace. There was little documentation about the dungeon's location, but that wouldn't stop you, it could only slow you down.

And thus began The Pursuit of Truth.

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Your journey felt like ages, hiking through mountains, climbing down steep cliffs and crossing turbulent rivers, but it was nothing compared to the knowledge of eternity.

Finally, you reached the destination that the ancient scripts you studied along the way were pointing to. You camped out next to the entrance to give yourself the time and spirit you needed to reconcile with what you were to face the next day.

The night before entering the dungeon you dreamt of flowers, honey and everything sweet but your dream was to turn into a nightmare instantly.

Left alone in a room; the stone looking like crying faces, the floor resembling the face of death.

"For the sake of your own sanity, get out of here as soon as possible", a voice howled in pain.

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You woke up; sweat rushed down your face. You stood still in front of the rotten door while the voices of your dream still echoed inside your head.

A cold wind blew, bringing you back to your reality. You had come too far to back out now, you clenched your fists and got through the entrance only to face the room of your nightmare.

"Get out of here as soon as possible" you whispered as the door slammed shut behind you.