

Goes against predictions- suggests probability of realities or competing, evolving realities. This strikes fear into people due to unpredictability

What is the cause of thunder? An angry god? Bad omens? Before, each reality's rules existed in their own pocket. Then, the pockets converged.

The gossip and shaping of views amongst the people drives realities in directions.

Clowns exist everywhere, on penny farthing cycles, jugglers, etc. All European olden aesthetics, so no modern clowns. Main theme is toylike, like sculptures found in wintery gift shops, but they're not toys. Having toylike kingdom instead of clowns allows more diverse settings. Nutcracker's kingdom of toys

Dark iron Mardi gras French toys, nutcracker music box kingdom toys, farming potato toys, European playing card toys with polka dots and strips, opera, dark villain boarhead slaughterhouse, crying laughing faces

Everything should remain dark, mysterious and horror like. Supreme opera house. Even the bright knightly Mr Rogers kingdom is uneasy, hiding something sinister underneath.

The word reality is never directly used. Instead, horror is about surprise. One moment, someone pulls someone's head off stage and a pig's head is left. The body collapses. This comes out of nowhere and makes people fearful. Nothing is predictable. Yet surprise and awws are what constitutes the draw of the theaters. So people crave yet fear it.

Pig head chef statue. The clowns find the overdone pig head trick on a civilian amusing, which leaves the audience member pulled on stage permanently disfigured or sometimes even dead out of choking on shock, and the audience boos and is bored. But the clowns pay them no heed

The horror of olden toys and opera is the main focus in this dark world. Magic shows and unexplained happenings shock people, and the commoners have no explanation for it. When rationality fails, people scramble.

People's shared joy at communicating with one another after a play becomes pulled apart as they now exist in different worlds. Gradually, they lose the ability to understand one another, seeing others as inanimate

Everyone is like a child being led to wild random directions by the performing clowns, the Pagliaccios, who never speak and seem strung out on the highest of emotions, usually careless laughter. They do not seem evil, but careless about violence inflicted on bystanders. They never show real empathy, only acted that is clearly fake. Kids scream as they are dragged towards them by oblivious adults

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Each kingdom has their own version of history. Gallilei believes that long ago, dreams were totally separate. But they began to merge, creating shared reality, and an audience gathered.

The ancient kingdoms told of things that do not exist anymore. How humans and clowns used to be one. This is a myth almost no one believes.

The rise of Florenzifani: it replaced an old card suit, one of the Original Four, and the Oldest of them All. A bloody conquest built as a rebellion for humans to take back control of the collective dream, reality,

which had sewn too many wars. Its members were persecuted long ago, and they fear the return of Gallilei would signal the return of their persecution, though modern Gallilei are more willing to cooperate

Bloody wars rage all the time due to differing philosophies on how to deal with reality. Florenzifani had to put down the various connecting branches of kingdoms championing their own subjective interpretations.

People do not listen to theories and reasons, but results. The kingdoms who win the more wars are those with better grasp of how to predict and sail through the sea of reality, and thus should be followed more. Wars are a demonstration of a philosophy's performance. Theaters are a way of bringing the insights of wars, on other levels, to the minds of the people.

Theaters are also used to settle many disputes. They are a look into human subconscious, definitely shedding hidden insights, but not in a way that is understood well. Which insights are correct?

Many vast lands with people believing different realities. Long ago a Florenzifani conqueror united many of them. The shape is a Mobius strip. Each continent is spaced out by the Backrooms of dreams, instead of the ocean. This is a floaty place that serves as the railings of shared motifs, common abstract location structures that seem to be the templates that all world's are built of. Deep in their trenches lie the Abandoned Thoughts, forgotten abstract structures that are so far gone, humanity has trouble interpreting them now. Answers to the world lie in them.

Without the Backrooms, beings cannot survive. They need its cleansing effects, as if they clear away the clutter of the mind, as in meditation. It is said that one cannot sleep well without drinking enough essence from the Backrooms. In time, without it, one would go mad. Neely all foods and drinks contain essences from the Backrooms, the Between.

Florenzifani Kingdom is built off the remains of conquered kingdoms. Some see it as a parasite

One must use terrain to their advantage. That involves predicting what comes next.

Buildings are as natural as trees. Templates are the most natural. The Olden lands are like sketches, incredibly skeletal and full of iron webs. The cities are built off of them, with the skeletal shapes still clearly visible in the architecture. Over time, human desires have evolved to become more and more elaborate, and now the land is adorned with colorful ornaments, performers, and chocolates. But in some desolate streets, a single porcelain faced clown with a jester hat roams alone, carrying his box of ornaments for who knows what.

Some olden lands remain untouched by strong human desires, staying chaste. These harken back to when life was simple, and all you needed to feel was safe and enveloped. It is not known who or what inhabited these lands long ago, as only scarce, unidentifiable traces of whatever may have been there remain.

The characters journey to far off lands to find answers and secure allies to take control of the Amphitheatre.

Reality is called the Known, the Truth, Perception. The Play of the Collectives, Congregation.

The Between must be sailed through on creatures or ships. Journey to different theaters to see the different ways people think.

Florenzifani scholars panic when they learn of the subjective disruption. They seek to sail again to refine their theories, believing they lacked evidence. They need to learn more from forgotten theaters. Yet, corruption hinders them too, but from whence is still unknown. At the same time, Gallilei races them to save each subjective theater from being roped into a single empire, believing it is their duty to save them.

The Between, the Chastates, is not all floating liquid where shapes bend and twist. It is also frequencies, pitches. It is also full of geometric solids. But these lands are uninhabited by large populations like cities because they cannot sustain the indulgences. They are far too chaste, lacking the emotions that draw and entrap beings into growing them richer and richer with fantasies and desires.

Florenzifani has a mixed perception abroad. Some view it as good, others see it as misguided yet cannot speak up against it as it is too powerful with its predictions.

The main world is mostly dark, with glimmers of gold, green and red. A forever gothic Mardi Gras. Music roams the busiest streets. This is because this is where the human desires most strongly reside. Royalty is also dark, think Nohr in FE. Other smaller regions are like toy kingdoms.

Florenzifani itself is flowery, very Renaissance and Italian? It is faded and dreamlike. But only in its most inner royal Chambers. Florenzifani took over remnants of an olden kingdom that is no more, so there is a clash of cultures, a sharp contrast of light and dark. The faded dreamlike regions are nearly silent, taking inspiration from the much venerated and feared Chaste Rooms, with only soft footsteps and faint birds. There is no wind. If one were to make noise, it would reverberate and oscillate into a chaotic musical madness, with a chilling vibration in between bursts, so one wants to avoid that fearful nightmare at all costs. But those who abide by the customs never fret at such a thing, as it feels natural to be modest and quiet in the royal gardens, as long as one is willing to let go of personal desires and bask in what is there in the Objective Truth.

Florenzifani scholars clash with the Gothic scholars, the former suit of Hearts. They allow their people and shamed royals to live their lives of indulgence with the theaters and clowns, but under sworn allegiance to Objective Truth. There is a strong disconnect and denial here that is never spoken of, an unease. Florenzifani believes its rule is absolute, when that is furthest from the case. It has many devout followers, the majority, but the cults are not as rare as they think.

Most creatures are anagrams, chimeras, including disturbing looking ones with the faces of humans and bodies of animals and plants. Look at medieval art of that which seems normal but yet is so far off. Of course normal animals must exist for these terrifying beasts to have such a status.

Clowns feature prominently in all cultures of this world; they are like the spirits of nature or angels of this world. Fashion is heavily based off clowns, with people imitating their white porcelain faces with makeup.

Look at Mardi gras performances, Cirque de Soleil, clowns in opera, etc for inspiration. Alice in Wonderland and Oz, too.

There are many types of clowns, each one shaping the culture of a region. Some focus on anger, others on yaaaaawwwing voices and other obnoxious sounds, some on sadness. All have a presence of deception within, as if the clowns are hiding something, yet appear so trusted to all that the pleas of those who protest are swept under. It is as if all are blind.

Clowns are performers, and performers are the most influential on the truth. The people know who beats whom in battle, but not why or how or anything more complex. The clowns claim they know why.

The corruption is suspected, but covered up. It is entwined in a past crime that only those far away know of. Florenzifani is led on an expedition to silence, though many do not know

Only interpretations of plays differs, not realities? No

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Image of those caring for the clowns, as those care for the inanimate.

The clowns have various levels of powers. Some are mythical, others have no powers but simply exist. Mythical rare ones are Pagliaccios, and the common ones are the Toymakers

Lillianne rushes through the streets of colorful flowing ribbons

The clowns are opera, not carny. Powdered, ruffled colors, the color of pale blue painted eggs. The gardens are full

Many trust the Toymakers and dolls to care for their children, not realizing how unpredictable, possibly insidious, they are. They pity the Toymakers but also worship their behaviors, believing them to be pure, when they are not so. People's views of them have corrupted their attachment on what is real

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People treat their kingdoms (ideologies backed by military, political influence, etc) as family. Families indoctrinate their kids into kingdoms.

Audience approval drives the direction of plays, and thus the collective unconsciousness

[illegible]

Plainly descriptive first attempt:

Gold ribbons fluttered in the aromatic night sky. The jesters pranced on the rocky cobblestone.

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Plainly descriptive first attempt:

Lillianne

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Plainly descriptive first attempt:

The clowns danced in the crowd, and grabbed an audience member in their arms. In his euphoria, he did not question why he was being escorted on stage. Only when he got to the lights did he seem to wake up. He began to scream.

The two clowns held onto the man onstage, covering his face with a cloth. He struggled to break free. At long last, at the height of the song, they snatched the cloth off. Here, the audience gasped. The man's face was replaced with that of a pig. His hands desperately grasped at his face, unable to discern where his eyes were. He wanted to scream, but all he could do was squeal.

The clowns were confused, panicking. They gestured to one another over what had happened. But their confusion did not last. While the audience was shocked, the clowns quickly forgot about their turmoil.

More vivid second attempt: