



Hidden Truth

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In an old wooden house, Amani discovers a dusty wooden box hidden beneath the floorboards. It has no key, only strange, ancient symbols carved into its surface, hinting at a forgotten past. The air grows heavy with an unspoken secret.



At dawn, Amani wakes to find the very same mysterious symbols from the box now mysteriously tattooed on his wrist. He stares in disbelief, knowing he never carved them, as a shiver runs down his spine. This mark feels like a brand from another time.



When his grandmother sees the mark, her face drains of color, her eyes wide with a mixture of fear and sorrow. "That truth was buried for a reason, Amani," she whispers, her voice trembling with an ancient warning. Her words hang in the air, heavy with untold history.



That night, Amani dreams of a hidden, gnarled wooden door deep within a dense, mystical forest. The door is adorned with the exact same glowing symbols that now mark his wrist and the mysterious box. He feels an irresistible pull towards it, a call from the unknown.



Driven by an unseen force, Amani finds the dream door in the waking forest. As his fingers brush its surface, the world falls completely silent around him, and he steps through into an ethereal void. The threshold hums with forgotten energy, beckoning him deeper.



Beyond the door lies a spectral village, completely erased from history and frozen eerily in time. Ancient huts stand silent, and dust motes hang suspended in the air, as if life paused mid-breath. It's a haunting echo of a world long lost.



In the heart of the spectral village stands a large, cracked mirror, shimmering with an otherworldly glow. It shows no reflections, but instead projects vivid, unsettling memories of a past long forgotten. Amani gazes into it, feeling a deep sense of dread.



The mirror reveals Amani himself, living in this very village long ago, under a different name. He watches in horror as his past self betrays his people, trading their sacred secrets for a fleeting taste of power. The truth of his ancient guilt unfolds before his eyes.



Overwhelmed by the crushing weight of his past actions, Amani kneels before the shattered mirror. He confesses his betrayal out loud, his voice echoing through the silent village, finally accepting the truth of his ancient mistake. The burden of centuries begins to lift.



Amani wakes abruptly in his own room, the mysterious box now gone. The symbol on his wrist has faded to a faint, silvery scar, a quiet reminder of his journey. His grandmother, seeing the change, finally smiles with profound relief, her face lines softening for the first time in memory. He understands now that the truth doesn't disappear; it simply waits for the courage to be faced.