

ELIAN AND THE FRAGMENTED REALM



Eliau and the Prism of Stillness

Ferrin Rose

A Watercolor Adventure



In the dusty corner of a forgotten library, a quiet boy named Elian discovered a glowing glass prism hidden inside a hollowed-out book. Unlike any normal glass, this Prism of Silence hummed with a soft, steady pulse that seemed to beat in perfect time with his own heart.



Outside the library windows, the vibrant world began to tremble as a thick, gray fog known as the Great Noise rolled across the horizon. It swallowed every sound and color in its path, turning the bustling city into a silent, colorless ghost of its former self.



As the gray fog reached his doorstep, Elian held the prism high, and a beam of brilliant sapphire light cut through the gloom. He realized that as long as he stayed calm and focused, the prism could transform his inner peace into a solid, glowing path of light.



Elian stepped out into the world, walking upon a shimmering bridge of light that floated safely above the chaotic, swirling static of the Great Noise. He traveled toward the distant mountains, seeking the Heart of Sound where the world's music had first begun to fade.



He reached the Whispering Woods, where the trees had turned to gray stone and the birds were frozen mid-flight by the overwhelming roar of the void. With a gentle turn of the prism, Elian released a ripple of emerald light that restored the song of the forest and woke the sleeping creatures.



At the edge of the Canyon of Echoes, a giant shadow beast made of jagged television static rose from the depths to block his path. Instead of running, Elian closed his eyes and breathed deeply, causing the prism to shield him in a shimmering golden dome of absolute tranquility.



The shadow beast shattered into a thousand harmless sparkles when it touched the dome, unable to survive in the presence of such perfect stillness. Elian continued his climb up the Crystal Peaks, where the air was thin and the gray fog was at its thickest and most dangerous.



At the very summit, he found the Source of the Noise, a giant cracked bell that was vibrating with a frequency that threatened to shake the world into dust. The sky above was a swirling vortex of angry purples and grays, casting long, frightening shadows across the mountain range.



Elian stepped forward and placed the Prism of Silence directly onto the crack in the ancient bell, and for one heartbeat, the entire world went perfectly still. A massive wave of rainbow light exploded outward, mending the bell and turning the chaotic noise into a beautiful, rhythmic melody.



The world woke up to a morning more vibrant and colorful than it had ever been before, with the sky painted in breathtaking hues of pink and gold. Elian sat quietly on his porch, the now-dimmed prism resting in his pocket, watching as the world breathed a long sigh of peaceful relief.