

CHILDREN OF THE TETHER'S END

There was once a small faction of an early city who had grown tired of its doldrums and decided to take a chance. They would immigrate to a faraway town they'd only heard of in rumour, where the people always had reason to rejoice and the streets teemed with creative vitality. Tales of others before them whose courage had paid off were more than enough for them to eagerly set forth regardless of risk.

Early in the journey, many couples who were overly anxious to settle at their destination became pregnant so that their children might be born into splendor soon after their arrival. However, this substantially slowed the trek. From the moment of conception the writhing in the mothers' bellies was unbearable. The fathers suffered as well. Each of the expectant parents was violently onslaught with vibrant yet unsettling visions as if infected by the dreams of their unborn child. It wasn't long before the others became intolerant of these constant aberrations. They doubted the sanity of the couples and began to resent them for stalling their travels. Then, as winter approached, the burdened party happened upon a desolate village that looked as if no one had lived in it for generations. There were only a few neglected structures remaining, the largest of which was an old church. It was there that the emigrants decided to take shelter for the season.

Tensions ran high during the long winter, but when the grass greened with spring and the mothers came to term, the whole party was in agreeance once more. The newborns were beasts of a phantasmagorical nature they could not comprehend. They were unanimously forsaken at birth, with the mothers fearful their milk could not nourish such effervescently monstrous beings and the fathers deathly afraid to nurture something they didn't - and might never - understand. It was agreed that it was best to continue onward and leave the children in God's hands. In truth, they had long since abandoned Him as well. The only thing they chose to have faith in was that their journey was not in vain and they could not imagine a people who would welcome them bearing such abominations. They hurriedly prepared for travel and abandoned the children in the cold pews with nary a tear, having assured themselves that God would not return home to discover their sin.

Another autumn was fast approaching when those who endured the arduous pilgrimage finally reached their destination. The town was everything they imagined and seemed to immediately lift the considerable weight of their ordeal. The buildings were ornate and the streets were lined with gorgeous greenery and breathtaking sculpture. In celebration of the arrival, the townspeople were gathered in the square, dancing to the most beautiful music the travelers had ever heard. They were drawn into the heart of the gaiety and whirled through to the front of the crowd where they bore witness to the source of the song being played in their honour. Their feet were grounded forthwith, heavier than travel had ever made them, when they saw that the children had already arrived.