

The Story of how Trithon became the guardian of the bridge in the world of Riven. Concept based on the Story of Riven by Matthew J Ennis. WOW this was fun, I haven't touched this series in years! I wrote it in ten minutes following the existing lore from RIVEN: Fear and Love the Last Two Secrets.

To protect the city of Majestico the seven wise ones at the time, Katherine, Julian, Serritai, Nashuwha, Victoria T, Veronika T and Mia, discovered that un-perfects were infiltrating the city of Majestico...

“Julian,” Katherine called out, one of seven beautifully pale woman continued her concern in the Ancient language. I Veronica watched, partially awaked by the sudden care in my bystander’s tone. She was decorated like the rest with metallic metals and a translucent shouldered one piece that went the length of her arms, a thicker more concealing layer around the collar and a rather burly breast plate that most palace guards wore. When there was a possibility of others in close proximity, the group always spoke in Vermonic tongue. The words were foreign to all of current day Majestico. “We have a breach in the code.”

Five of the woman almost disregarded the words emotionlessly carrying on about there task, as if there was no way such a possibility could occur, still reading from their books and jotting down the plans for the coming week. “You must be mistaken,” Nashuwha stated.

Mia, had looked up, she was easily the palest, and she had almost mirror-like blue eyes which she directed towards Katherine.

Julain, had halted her hand on the parchment paper before her. She finally looked over.

“Julian, it’s contaminated your section, one of your dread maids is walking in circles.”

Julain gave a dazzled look, veered the length of the golden wood table in which they were contouring their latest interests and laughed. “They *always* walk in circles.” She said. “That’s the life we have given them, that is part of the spell we have created. We intentionally make them patrol in circles, that way we don’t have to manually stare endlessly for hours on end looking out from their eyes at empty streets, bored out of our minds without a single occurrence that requires whatever brain power that job entails.”

“There is a breach, in the second condominium tower, and there is behavioral and possible manifestation of second life infiltration...” Katherine was without emotion. It was a message to deliver, nothing more. Mia, had much more emotion. She quickly waved her arm and small specs of flickering distortion began gathering in the center of the table, slightly wavering side to side. As more of these tiny specks gathered the larger this pool of liquid grew. It became apparent that she had been pulling the moisture out of the current surroundings and pooling it together. Katherine looked up at it and waved a small wand towards the now spinning sphere. A quick flash of light and connection from the tip of the gold plated wand with a green ball at the tip ignited. The liquid filled with a distorted image, a swell overlooking a large landscape and a massive stone bridge with yellow stone that crossed a river a thousand feet below. There were charging waters but they were in the distance of the globe, and up at the top of the bridge the viewfinder grew.

“Katherine where? Why the bridge?” asked Mia.

“Look closely.” Replied Katherine.

Mia stood, her ankh disengaged now. She placed it on the table. She leaned further in again with more emotion than the rest of the seven. “I don’t see anything. What are we looking for?”

Serritai leaned in as well, her hair a bright shimmering blue like the warmest shallow waters of the world, where beaches existed in microscopic pink crystals. She seemed to notice something. “Closer.” She said breathlessly. “I sense its movement, but what is it?”

Mia shook her head. “No, there is nothing.”

“There *is*, we must investigate.”

“I see it, small insect like critters. They are trespassing the bridge, but why should this matter?”

“normally it wouldn’t, but there is something else about them. They are contaminated. Look there at the mouse.”

That little guy made it pretty far, what would make him want to cross the bridge? There is no food. No water, not without intentionally falling to his death. There is nothing for the rodent here.”

“What is wrong with it, it is walking in circles and yet still making progress across Bay Bridge. And its eyes. It looks...fishy.”

“A bright green flash filled the room. The water fell to the center table and water went in every direction.

“Mia!”

-“I’m sorry Katherine, Veronica startled me with the Portal door.” They all sat, few with emotion, Mia particularly flabbergasted. It was odd, the changes over the years that Veronica could note, there must have been a breach for a long time. Of course Mia’s secret was curiosity and an enhanced perception of expression, but the changes in the rest of the groups emotion and personality was startling. Could this little appearance and recognition of mice crossing the bridge truly be the problem? An eerie music began to play in the back of Veronica’s mind.

Some of the causation seemed to certainly be coming from bacterial infection from Annarector. The large towering bridge that connected the two vastly different worlds, was not enough to discourage brainless and often decaying creatures from spreading their filth to the doors of Majestico to the East. Something new was in the air, the known world had not discovered yet,- they knew of the Rhino Virus, and other mythical illnesses, but this was something new. It caused bizarre and strange mutation among the perfect people of Majestico. For the first time since the world’s beginning, the very creation of their perfect society suddenly became contaminated.

There were thousands of unknown reasons, personality traits that can not be envisioned or described with the current language, nothing from the existing formula for creation based on the sacred geometry could explain this new occurrence. With the atomic structure of the known world changing so vastly in such a short time frame it became apparent that the damage could be irreversible and untraceable through the lineage of families. Banishing those infected and removing those who expressed symptoms would not be enough, the disease was ravaging through at break neck speeds. There was literally voids opening up to bring reason to these new, often terrible gifts.

The magical Djinn, responsible for harnessing the worlds power towards expressing emotion, suddenly became ill. They too were sharing new bizarre mutation among their existence. It meant that the Highest’s intentions for the planned world had been tainted, and the rulers of Majestico knew that their missing superiors would never allow such a catastrophe to overcome their perfect visions.

One of these new bizarre traits caused the desire to self harm, often without reason. Some of the mortal beings in Majestico cried and shared tears.

Tears, liquid water that fell from the eyes.

What could possibly cause such an inexplicable mutation, what made a living creature’s eyes fill with water? What purpose could it possible serve?

This had never been occurred before, and so Veronica T, the strongest of all the Wise members set out on a quest to reverse time and fix the void that was allowing these new rapidly mutating genes into the perfect city. Deep down in the city’s monument, the building with the priority to the Highest, a believed connection to the world’s creators existed here.

This is where Veronica T set off to reverse time and contact the highest, expecting openly that she would be slain for reporting such terrors. But no one had ever gone as deep into the monument before, its

hidden chambers had filled with dust and sand from the millennia that had passed without maintenance. It was believed that if the area was cleared, Veronica could descend into the lower levels of creation where some of the Highest had set the most difficult traps and puzzles awaited. Only those most worthy could make the descent into the lower levels when they were cleared, and a strange beast with multiple heads had conjured a storm beneath the building structure so powerful that on the surface, the marble and stone had for a brief time covered with frost. Veronica was not powerful enough to descend the lower levels alone, was physically harmed to a point where she would lose her magic.

The Wise ones, through a pact, all knew what would happen when a Wise member sustained physical wounds beyond the repairable layers, the magic would leave her. She would be weak and mortal, and they if they decided would physically remove her from the Perfect city for her faults, if she wasn't publicly slain for her tainted errors. Like all previously banished members of the wise, she would be branded with two golden circlets, one on each wrist, that would weaken her connection with the ether and remove her powers. Although because she was cut, she wouldn't be able to perform magic ever again.

Instead, Veronica hid her wounds with thick garments and thread, and she would have a new form of secret. What was raw Secrecy and where did it come from? It seemed the world of Majestico was losing its touch, because expressing desire to hide something from another being, was again another new trait, a new secret to the world that would be frowned upon.

There were three quests that were given to the wise members to overcome this breach.

Suddenly the common people of Majestico along with the middle class began recognizing these new faults, and there was graphics of the new possessions of mankind sprayed and painted along the streets. The words and art was illustrated in animal blood, usually small farm game. Again this type of behavior was unheard of, the world had changed drastically in a few months' time, and the wise members would be held responsible for the deterioration of the perfect world. It became hard to distinguish who should suffer punishment or discipline, especially because to a point people would have to be removed from the city, and at this rate there would soon be no population left. Following the initial recognition, two weeks following the alarming discovery, it was recognized by all members of the order, the wise members included. A new curfew was made to replace the ten o' clock curfew. Anyone who hadn't expressed the new symptoms were to remain in condominiums, guards watched the towers, and the portals were shut down. Dread maids and soldiers remained in the streets in waves in the evening patrolling an unmoved people. Even with their hooded skulls, dark fiery eyes, and stark black hair, people moved about without a care of these haunting images and while this was normal. The wise members were overworked, and took shifts in controlling the city and the Dread maids and soldiers.

The world had changed. They gave the turn of the world a name, the collapsing kingdom of greatness and irrefutable perfection, when two of the wise members fell when trying to descend the labyrinth beneath the Monument.

A new Dawn would have to occur to replace the two fallen legends. Serittai and Katherine had hardly lived 400 years, both friends who decided together to replace Veronica who swore her calling on the mission now fell in the importance of separating the great city from Annarector. She discussed her findings in mutation and how the Forrest of Annarector, with its polluted waters from the over absorption and release of raw energy to hold the cities high towers and magical portal system, was releasing an atomic chemical into their waters. Everyone knew by now that all the waters ran to the heart of Annarector, drained through the portal deep in the ground, and then poured clean over the city of Majestico. But because of this magical crushing filtration system in the forest, the purification process couldn't physically remove matter, for matter could not be destroyed or removed from existence, it continued to build up in the forest. This is why the forest had the sick and mutated life forms, only a small selection of humans and animals had unique resilient immune systems to the exertion of pollutants from the forest.

Veronica's first idea was simple and being weak and unable to perform the magic required to conjure better methods of separation from the city, she appointed master masons to the task. She saved those who were to be hung, or whipped and lashed, and questioned them for their new forms of expression, and instead of punishing them she gave them a task to spare their lives. Her gesture was greatly questioned by the people, as there was no tolerance for any kind of written sin. There were laws and they were to be followed. The chief of Law and Order, was very flustered about this and hired an investigation to be placed on Veronica, as to her sudden change of heart and lost expression in magic. Veronica continued to hide her secret, and she punished a few, killing over 4 people who questioned her actions in their sleep. Veronica, had sinned in more ways than ever recorded, but none of them would be accounted for, she hid her new secrets, and she hid them well. In her heart, she believed for the good of the world that she had to take action to save what was left of the world they once knew.

The new Dawn would come early as well, now that Veronica expressed desire to leave, and two had fallen, three new members were to be appointed. The Dawning Pot would commence in a few months time with a select few perfects who never committed a single sin and had finished their primary school learning. When the Colosseum would fill with the hundreds of thousands of people to watch the dawning ceremony after the games, those who wished to up their family plate would compete for glory. This included gladiator games and hunting with creatures brought in from Annarector and the Red Mountians. All rules and regulations were stripped when considering the actions of men and woman during the competition, and they competed in the field to solve puzzles often with consequences that would take their lives. Out of the 100 Woman competitors for the Dawning competition, three were selected, two traditional blue haired women with excellent grades, and an uncanny woman, who was known for dying her hair a dark black, in fact she was nicknamed black for her unique hair. And traditionally no one had black hair in Majestico. Krystal expressed that she was in every way perfect and kind, and that she had never sinned, and although she had interests in other traditions, they were expressive and had many positive trends on the ability to cooperate and work together. She was known for getting excited when accompanied with her friends, and for being overly competitive in athletics, which in comparison to the powers one would attain from being newly dawned, were trivial. It did however aid her through the first two rounds of the games, where woman competed with the men, and no magic was given for such sports. Black, did very well during these trials. Wise one's abilities to cast powerful spells and even fly in some occurrences meant that physical strength had almost no bearing in the final events of the competition.

The final 2 stages of the Dawning ceremony after the men were removed from the games and awarded their new titles, woman would be the finalists for members of the new dawn. It was every girls dream to grow up perfect and be accepted into the dawning ceremony, it was only for the most ambitious to believe however, that a woman would become one of the seven leaders of the ancient city.

This was it, Krystal, sweating profusely around the ears and forehead grabbed for the armor presented along a long wooden rack. It housed thousands of combinations for armor and gear for the next round. The three wise members running the final event were standing on a large stage behind the amphitheatre rear wall, a thin narrow point lifting them above the stadium for spectating.