

PRISMATICS

LORE

Premise

We are the keepers of a Secret.

The Secret has been passed on for centuries, starting when we first mastered the powers of metals and stones.

It has been ushered in fractions to each of us, through our connection with the elements.

Where one stone healed, another protected. Where one metal amplified, another elevated. Each chose their master according to one's natural talent.

It is said that only the most powerful Ones could revisit modern days to bring our Secret to the light in times of deep transformation.

There are only 20 of us left. We have been carried through the immensity of time and the vastness of space by the frequency of our crystal core. What remains of us is a presence beyond the physical realm; a lasting testament to a way of living that hasn't quite been forgotten yet.



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CHAPTER I - THE AMETHYST ONE

Falling asleep is like forgetting who you are for a moment. You are there but your consciousness has been breathed inwards. Still present, gone all the same.

This is what the Invisible world feels like. The flip of a coin. You can observe but never touch. Everything about you is ethereal. Time does not exist there. I don't know how long I've been away. A few centuries perhaps, encapsulated in a couple of minutes.

I never knew the pain of waking up. I feel like a newborn taking its first breath, and crying immediately thereafter as I am suddenly reminded : in the new world, we are made of flesh. Coming here is like carrying the nostalgia for something I can't fully perceive. Something I long for dearly. A missing puzzle piece running parallel to me, that I can't reach.

The recollection comes through in a mozaic, bit by bit. I can see my two sisters. One is older, undeniably regal. She appears strong always, but don't be fooled. Agate is like a coconut. Tender under her shield. And who can blame her, with the kind of responsibility that was bestowed upon her?

Then There's Opal... Dear Opal. Your apparent innocence is almost as irresistible as your beauty. There isn't a soul walking this planet that wouldn't fall for Opal. Do you not believe me? Just wait... I have to say, I have always felt a sort of envy for Opal. For the powers that were given to her by the nature of her stone. But we don't get to choose, the stone chooses us.

Amethyst, the stone of mediums, chose me. Not the easiest one to be chosen by. Ever Since I was a little girl, I've had insights of the Invisible world. Of what is coming. Places, people, events, I could see clear as day. It can be lonely, growing up in a realm inexistant to everyone but you.

But this. I could have never anticipated this. How ironic, really. The One gifted with the power of Vision, suddenly blind. How did it happen? I was going on with my day, and then nothing. The void.

The nostalgia... I get it now. I was with him when it happened. My heart has been aching since I opened my eyes, as a calling directed to him. I was the One unveiling the unconscious and the Invisible. By nature, I was the Moon. He was my Sun. He shed a light in my world, and I helped him see in the shadow. We were the two components of the same equation. And where is he now? Where are they all? And why am I the only one awake?

My last memory takes me to echoing voices. There was a fight. Someone was trying to know something. Something they should have never known. In the confusion of my mind, I see some blurred lines connecting. I see... A face.

Her face.

