

“Chapter One: The Rise Of Blurryface”

I am a citizen of Dema, a circular concrete city. Walls surround the city along with the staggering nine towers in the center of the old city. I have attempted escape for years, but something was always stopping me. The leader of the Bishops, he calls himself, “Blurryface”. The Bishops have a practice every year called the Annual Assemblage of the Glorified. In the towers, the Bishops create glass tubes of artificial light, or as they call it, Neon Gravestones.

The lights would be a mark of where the Glorified Gone are buried. The citizens who attend would make a sacrifice to the Bishops, the Bishops see it as a holiday. Every attempt at escape has shortly failed because of Blurryface. But when I did make it to the outskirts of Dema and into a thriving and colorful place called “Trench”. On the mountains are what I believe are people of a group in green with yellow tape, all bearing torches. There is civilization out there.

I couldn’t sleep, but when do I ever? Technically, what I am doing is contradicting the Bishop’s rules. A voice, somebody out there, was telling me to “keep my eyes open and be ready”. I wasn’t sure what the voice meant, but I’ll stay awake. In the midst of redecorating my “cell”, the sirens outside started to blare, it was uncanny how when I looked out my window none of the other prisoners did. The other prisoners simply obey the Bishops mindlessly while rotting away like zombies. I’ve seen the vultures feeding on the dead bodies at the city boundaries. As I walked onto the road of my section- at this point the Bishops should cut me up and lay me on sand. From the darkness, a warm glow of fiery embers emerged as a source of hope for escape. The figures were here. What are they doing? Are they here for me? The one up front came towards me at a faster pace and told me that we needed to go, being the only spark of hope, I followed.

“Chapter Two: Banditos”

After escaping through the city walls, we made it to Trench. I had followed the group for quite some time as I heard the vulture’s calls and sirens fade. As I looked back at the circular city, I felt a sense of depression and fear, but the warm glow of the torches soothed my senses. After we camped out temporarily in the deep ravines of the forest green, the leader, or the “Torchbearer”, was catching me up on what had happened. He said he and his group, or the “Banditos” had studied every one of my escapes as well as my mistakes, and that’s how he and the Banditos had breached Dema. He also told me that Blurryface’s name is Nico. It’s funny, the Banditos don’t fear Nico and the Niners, they rebel against him. The yellow tape is a color that the Bishops can’t see. A few months had passed and Nico had found me, as he was dragging me back to Dema I felt something inside of my brain, it’s like my brain has a stomach and it threw up. An evil, something sinister. A dark voice that rattled my bones that repeats: “I am Blurryface, I am Blurryface”. I was somewhere dark and I needed to snap back. I found my almost paralyzed legs creating a drag path. The voice remained.

"Chapter Three: Good Day Dema"

Being in captivity with no return of the Banditos, my brain had forced me to write in my secondary journal, to fill it with song lyrics and ideas. I had written about an album's worth of songs and called it Scaled And Icy. As time passed my writings began to be swallowed by the vignette. The Bishops had taken the book as they thought it was making me lose sanity. With their time with the book they came to me and wanted me to perform for entertainment on a TV show called "Good Day Dema". As they prepared, I was looking through old photos. One of me and my brother on Christmas morning. I remember the photo being quite colorful, but now it seems the photo has lost its saturation. On a present in the background was text, text I've never seen before. It read: "SAI IS PROPAGANDA". What does that mean? The Bishops were ready. I had followed them to the set which was colorful and saturated with a plethora of colors. It felt fake, there was no true meaning. Nico had me perform my "album" for the media. Was anyone watching? What was the point of this? As I performed mindlessly, The Bishops stopped the broadcasting and simply left. Later that night, I went into a submarine with people who felt. Alive. They weren't mindlessly walking around, they were dancing, acknowledging that I was there in the submarine, playing a song. Was this an award? It felt surreal. A rumble shook the submarine and the glass observation spot had broken and water was filling up. As I looked through the glass, a blue water dragon was watching with its yellow eyes. I had heard of this dragon before, it was a mythical creature only told in stories, the dragon's name was Trash.

Why did it attack? The eyes started to feel familiar, Nico. There were rumours that the Bishops and ONLY the Bishops could take control of a body, human or not. A vessel for them to travel through. Nico had taken control of Trash and attacked us. Even after I spent hours slaving for entertainment. Still it was never enough. After drifting the waves of freezing water. I ended up on Voldsoy. An area of Trench that has not been explored. I was taken in by what stories call Neuro Expansion Devices, or Neds. These fuzzy, big eared, little guys with antlers had taught me something, The Bishops are not the only ones who can control bodies. Using the Neds antlers, I could also wield the power that Nico has.

"Chapter Four: I Am Clancy"

I am a citizen, I am an escapee, I am an exception to the rule, I will return to Trench and navigate to the Torchbearer and the Banditos. I will plan a breach and I will take Nico out. And I Will Leave The City.

To Be Continued...