



*Crying Pen
Productions*

will be heard

What do you believe?

Why?

He never questioned it.

Not when he was young. Not when the room felt safe, and the voices around him felt certain. They told him what was real, and he accepted it the way a child accepts morning light. No hesitation. No resistance. Just belief.

Santa Claus was real. The Tooth Fairy was real. Magic lived in the dark corners of night, and rewards came to those who followed the rules. He believed it because they said it. Because they smiled when they said it. Because everyone else believed it too.

There was no reason to ask why.

Time moved the way it always does. Quiet at first, then faster than expected. The stories began to change. Not all at once, but piece by piece. A laugh here. A correction there. A truth slipped into the space where imagination once stood.

“That’s not real.”

He heard it one day, almost casually. Like it didn’t matter. Like it had never mattered.

At first, he resisted it. Not out loud, but inside. Because if that was not real, then what else was not. But the questions came anyway. Small at first. Simple. Then sharper.

He started paying attention.

He noticed patterns that did not hold. Promises that only worked when no one looked too closely. Answers that felt complete until one more question was asked.

He asked anyway.

And the moment he did, something shifted.

He saw it.

He understood it.

And just like that, something he once believed without question became something he could no longer defend.

It did not destroy him. It did not break him. It revealed something.

He believed it because he was told to.

That realization stayed with him longer than the belief ever did.

Years passed.

He grew into someone who thought he knew what he believed. Not childish things anymore. Real things. Important things. The kind of beliefs that shape a life. The kind you build decisions on. The kind you defend.

He carried them with confidence.

Until the day they cost him something.

It happened in a moment that should have been simple. A conversation. Someone came to him looking for direction, looking for clarity, and he gave it confidently. He spoke from what he believed. Stood on it. Trusted it enough to place another person's path beside his own understanding.

They listened.

Time passed.

Then the outcome came back to him.

Not the one he expected.

The weight of it stayed with him longer than the conversation itself.

For the first time in years, confidence felt fragile.

Not because he lacked emotion. Because he lacked certainty.

A crack formed.

Not loud. Not visible to others. But there.

And through it, a question returned.

Why?

It did not come with anger. It came with precision.

Why do you believe what you believe?

He answered quickly at first. The way people do when they think they know. He repeated what he had heard. Quoted what had been said. Pointed to others who believed the same thing.

But the question did not move.

Why?

This time, the answer took longer.

He searched for the moment where belief became his. Not the moment he first heard it, but the moment he examined it. Tested it. Chose it because he knew it was true.

He could not find it.

What he found instead were voices. Teachers. Friends. Family. Crowds. Sermons. Conversations. Moments where something was said, and he accepted it because it sounded right. Because it felt right. Because it was easier to agree than to ask questions.

He began noticing it everywhere.

People could quickly explain what they believed.

But when asked why, the room slowed down.

Some grew defensive.

Some grew uncomfortable.

Some repeated, louder, what they had already said softly, hoping repetition would sound like certainty.

Others avoided the question entirely.

He saw himself in all of them.

The pattern disturbed him.

Different beliefs.

Same process.

Some beliefs survived because they were true.

Others survived because people built their identity around them.

And people protect their identity harder than the truth.

He sat with that in silence.

Because he had seen this before.

A belief once held tightly. A belief once defended. A belief once trusted. Until one simple question exposed it.

Why?

The room felt different now.

Not because something changed around him, but because something shifted within him. He was no longer satisfied with answers resting on repetition instead of truth.

He understood what was at stake.

Belief was not harmless.

What you believe shapes how you live. It directs your choices. It defines your path. It tells you what matters and what does not. It can guide you, or it can mislead you with confidence.

And if what you believe is not true, then everything built on it stands on something that cannot hold.

He did not reject belief.

He rejected the idea that belief should exist without being tested.

So, he began again.

Not with noise. Not with rebellion. With questions.

One belief at a time.

One answer at a time.

Why?

Some things held.

They did not bend under pressure. They did not collapse when examined. They stood because they were true, not because they were repeated. Those beliefs became stronger. Not inherited. Owned.

Others did not.

They gave way quietly. Like a structure that looked solid from a distance but had nothing beneath it. No fight. No defense. Just absence where certainty once lived.

He did not mourn them.

Because he remembered what it felt like to believe something that was never real.

And he refused to build his life on that again.

He stood there, responsible for what he believed.

The question remained.

Guarding the door of everything he called true.

What do you believe?

Why?