

MYSTE STORIES

Curiosity Rising

Yaid awoke, blissfully rested and arose gracefully from her bed. She walked to her window and turned up the opacity in order to bask in the full shine of the sun beacons. Today was going to be different, she thought. Much like any other day of course, but this one in particular would be specifically different, she could *actually* feel it. She spent a few moments taking in the glorious view, almost the same view she had seen every morning, but ever so subtly changed. It was a delight she never took for granted. The Town of Majesty was a thing of architectural beauty, a seamless blend of metallic spires, stone and glass dwellings and fibrous oblique structures, all swimming with colour and life as the first of the Ypsilon moved about it. Just in the distance the powerful azure green of The Garden of Perpetual Dawn could be seen, and just beyond, the mauve waters of the Delta Oceanic.

After a quick blast in her flesh refresher chamber, an organic machine of convenience issuing tiny blasts of the purest water molecules and Ypsilon air onto every part of her skin and hair, Yaid quickly dressed and headed off to meet Lloyd for breakfast.

'Bright and shiny day to you, my love,' greeted Lloyd, who was waiting for her just outside the giant revolving grandiose majesty of The Temple of Order, where they both spent the majority of their duty time. Yaid returned a sincere and warm smile for Lloyd, whom she could only describe to outsiders as her love, but she knew that the love of the Ypsilon was quite different to that of other worlds she had studied.

'More than you can possibly know, beauteous one,' she responded before they kissed, innocently. Lloyd took her to the Plateau, a vast restaurant atop one of the grandest buildings in the city. Exotic plants and vines gave the open air vista an enchanting ambience rounded off with a luxurious infinity pool, so large it bridged two or three buildings without support. Such were the abilities of the Ypsilon, an otherwise impossible feat of engineering was managed with ease.

'Intriguing - I have to say,' decried Lloyd, his eyes entranced by the wonderment of his companion. 'Do tell, what secrets does that scientific mind of yours hold for this day, my love?'

'Curiosity,' replied Yaid, simply.

'Your favourite word of late, I feel.'

'Indeed so. It is becoming a burning sensation on my soul. I think I may enquire of an audience with The One Empiric before I begin my duties.'

'My, you must feel strongly to wish to converse with our esteemed Lord upon it.' Lloyd was becoming excited by the thought of the importance of Yaid's musings.

‘There is something in the very air now Lloyd,’ Yaid pondered somewhat conspiratorially, as if they were two children discussing a surprise birthday in the way they believed adults would. ‘That something has a name and its name is Change.’

‘Change my dear?’

‘Yes change,’ Yaid surveyed their surroundings as she continued, ‘and it seems not a moment too soon.’ They both seemed to smile at what the day might uncover as they ate a breakfast fit for two of the most advanced race in the whole galaxy.

Later, after Lloyd had departed for his duties, Yaid found herself wandering the streets of the city, humbly admiring the wonder she had helped create along with the rest of the Ypsilon. As she looked around, her eyes came across the Place of the Protector, and her curiosity peaked, spurring her to head straight there to speak with the current incumbent of the role of Protector; Cluac.

‘Good day to you, Cluac,’ Yaid greeted warmly, moving confidently towards the young Ypsilon standing at the threshold of the Place of the Protector, whom she could swear looked troubled - if she didn’t know such a thing was impossible.

‘Greetings Yaid,’ he sighed lightly back, a faint smile growing upon his softly featured face. ‘To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit on this day?’

‘I am on a mission, a mission for knowledge.’

‘It is of little wonder you have been Head of Advanced Sciences for so long now.’

‘It’s true I do adore the quest for answers,’ smiled Yaid, as Cluac led her inside the glorious interior of the building. If the Ypsilon had a ruler, then they would certainly live here, but Cluac was far from the leader of his race. In fact, despite titles like Head of... etc. the Ypsilon had achieved that most sort after of societies, one of total equality.

‘A wave of change is coming Cluac, tell me you can sense it in the very air itself?’

‘I can,’ he replied, ‘but I fear I may not be as excited about it as you may seem to be.’

‘Can it be you are sick Cluac?’ Even sickness itself was no real problem for the Ypsilon, so Yaid’s question appeared more like intrigue than concern. ‘How can you *not* be excited?’

They stopped before an ornate wall of decorated glass, housing what appeared to be a large black sphere, among other things.

‘Perhaps the Orb is beginning to affect you,’ Yaid inquired as she inspected the object through the glass, ‘maybe it’s time we swapped roles,’ she mused out loud. ‘Have you been to the One Empiric lately?’

Cluac looked away from Yaid’s eyes as he responded, ‘I have.’ After a long pause, he continued, ‘Perhaps he may be able to sate your curiosity?’

'I do hope so. '

Yaid and Cluac had conversed for a short while longer before she left him be, and was now finally about to receive her audience with the One Empiric. The wise and ancient looking man appeared to her from his island, 'Daughter. You are welcome,' his old voice echoed around the otherwise empty glad in which Yaid stood, his words slow and articulate and never wasted.

'Sir, I can sense change everywhere I go. Every day it is i ncreasing and I want to know more, so much more. Am I going mad?'

'This moment is the beginning and your instincts are right and true.'

'I knew it,' Yaid almost squealed.

'You must gather our people,' he imparted, 'for the end has come.'

The Story Continues in the Audio Drama, *Myste Stories: Fallen Empire*, available from www.megropolis1.com

