

Many years ago, the city had been full of calm traders and local folk bustling about, minding their own business. There was a bridge that everyone admired, which stood proud in the center of the city. Why did everyone admire it, you may ask? Well, it wasn't for the trees, not for the roses, no, because in the center of the bridge was a gold brick, which stood proudly. But a few years later, things changed and not for the better. Nowadays, the bridge is ignored. Why? Because, after a civil war, it collapsed.

Usually, a river full of lilies, would make everyone gaze with awe. Now, the gold brick lies there in the drained out river, with all the broken bricks and weeds. Lifeless trees hang over the broken bridge, bending their heads in sorrow. There is a blinding mist, which makes the air seem gloomier than ever. The overgrowing weeds circle the bottom of the bridge protectively while the taller ones climb up the bridge, clinging to it while they wrap their rotting arms aggressively.

