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*Inspirerad av gamla religiösa historier som saknar viss form av logik.*

*Den är inte helt klar eller "ren". Byggt på keypoints i berättelsen.*

### **Skrev en sägen! Vill någon tycka till?**

(Maximus = Oldest brother after the Tyrant)

There was a tyrant. Though many knew him as great, many more did not. See the tyrant had a facade. He presented himself as a follower of ancestors former glory. All tough with ways only a searching eye would see countered that former glory.

His father before him was wise but also old. So old he could not prepare his throne. So the tyrant was placed... or misplaced as it was as heir.

#1

The Tyrant lived and could only ever see himself living in great castles with marble floors and golden ceilings. Very fitting for a great leader with such a vast number of subjects. Only that he knew about his own facade and that he was not great at all. He was desperate in hiding his true purposes.

2#

The Tyrant grew paranoid and placed misbelieve wherever he felt insecure. Including his own vast castles with marble floor and gold ceilings. He trusted no one but himself so he came up with the most elaborate plan to make everyone appear from the shadows of his own corners.

3#

One night The Tyrant ordered his most trusted selectee to force his brothers, sisters and servants to be forever chained to iron. Whenever his family moved around their home it would eco in his halls. Whenever his servants would bring him his supper, it would eco in his halls. If anyone would to be lurking and spy on him, it would not go unheard. There were only one pair of slippers in each of his castles and they were all for him.

4#

The Tyrant had much confidence on his own making and became very pleased with his loss of paranoia. He was finally at peace with himself. But what lurks and cannot be heard is frightened disbelieve. His family was suffering, they could not believe what he had done to them and they wanted it to end. But they were scared. So scared that the iron once chained to them was now part of them. The part of them they all hated the most. Often would they curse themselves instead of the chains, they would blame themselves for discomfort instead of the chains. The chains was soon forgotten and replaced with an incurable agony. Although all they had to do was to remove the chains.

5#

The Tyrant often laughed at their misery as he also had forgotten that he was the one responsible for it. He

told them to cheer up. And one night he made the mistake of telling them what always cheered him up.

6#

His family had grown grey of depression and agony and the Tyrant was sick of it. He told himself he needed more joy from the people in his castle. His great castle with marble floors that echoed up to his golden ceilings. He gathered his family and told them as he always told them, to cheer up. Then he proceeded by telling them that whenever he was feeling down he would slip into his slippers and it would all be much better. By telling them this he meant to encourage his family to find a joy as his, that would always cheer them up. But now, the family knew what had to be done.

7#

Only a tyrant would with force remove another mans joy to seek the revenge he deserved but the family were no tyrants. No, they would not simply take what made the Tyrant cheerful and be satisfied. They wanted even more. To free themselves from their now reminded agony. It was as if the Tyrants words had dusted of a lifetime of dust from each of theirs chains and they could again see what had been done to them.

8#

Courage rose within the plagued family and a plan was made.

9#

One brave servant with one brave move, would alter their destiny. He was the servant responsible for delivering the Tyrant his supper and now he was also responsible for stealing his slippers. This night he was plagued and for the first time in many years for a good reason. He was plagued to again be reminded of his chains and also plagued for the duties that laid upon him.

10#

The Tyrant acted as arrogant as ever and felt as safe as ever that night. He had forgotten all about his former paranoia and had no reasons to fear for himself. He was no more reckless then any other nights but what he and no one knew was that he was always reckless.

When the brave servant left the Tyrants quarters that night he had with him a pair of silent slippers. His steppes echoed as the iron slammed against the marble floors with each of his moves. The sound traveled through the vast castle all the way up to its golden ceilings and the Tyrant could feel at ease when the sound of iron was far from him, so he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

11#

The chains had grown wary after all these years since the Tyrant had never bothered changing them because the family had never tried to remove them. Until now. With ease they could brake the chains off their oldest brother, after the tyrant, and so he was free. They had agreed upon the he could not enjoy any moment until the plan was fulfilled so he grabbed a knife and put on the stolen slippers and quietly approached the Tyrants chamber. All tough his breathe was louder then the wind outside the large windows and his movement clumsy the Tyrant did not hear a thing. Even when the brother stood over his sleeping body with the knife

held high grasping for air over the act of defiance. The Tyrant could not hear a thing. Only when Maximus let out a raging scream the Tyrant woke up and casted himself aside barely avoiding to knife heading towards his heart. Maximus fell into chock over the fact that the Tyrant now was aware of his actions and died.

12#

See the brother had been oppressed for so long that he needed to scream as loud as he could before betraying the Tyrant. As he wanted to warn his tyrant brother that he was about to die. And when he then stared into his brothers eyes he felt so ashamed and so scared that his heart gave up.

13#

The others in the family soon realised what had happened and pretended to sleep that entire night. By morning come they cursed their brother Maximus for what he had done to the Tyrant and swore their innocence. They all pointed to the brave servant who faced unimaginable torture for what the family had made him do.

14#

See the family were no tyrants but mere broken mirrors of one and not long after this night the chains with iron was forgotten once again.

15#

The Tyrants marble floors still echo of chains and iron, allt the way up to his golden ceiling.

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