A city named...?

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:Chapter I

The Town Without a Map

Beyond the silent mountains, where even the wind had no name, there was a town that no map showed and no border claimed. Its name? To be honest, I forgot what it was. Or perhaps, like its map, it had no name at all. Yet this town lived, not in geography, but in the collective memory. Its people, without knowing why, only spoke and knew the truth. Lying was neither forbidden nor punished, and there wasn't even a law written against it, because no one knew what a lie was, it was nameless and without an identity. The houses were simple yet radiant. The shops had no locks, no cameras, and no guards, lush, green, and vibrant. Butterflies fluttered alongside children with open eyes and unguarded hearts. And among these people lived a man named Ramon. Ramon was a calm, educated, polite, and understanding man. He neither spoke loudly nor sought to shine in a crowd, but his presence was always like a lantern in the mist. He had never spoken a lie, not out of fear, but out of belief. He always said, "Truth is neither to be told nor to be heard; truth is to be lived".

:Chapter II

The Arrival of a Forbidden Word

On a nameless evening, a man with a face that nobody could remember entered the town. He carried a book whose words glowed in the dark of night, but they were lifeless and void of meaning. His book was about the "lie", a word that no one in the town recognized, shapeless and strange. At first, the people laughed at the lies. Then, slowly, they began to ask questions. And later, they experimented with them. A child said to his mother, "I was on my way to school when a bird spoke to me." The mother, without realizing it, doubted. Doubt, the darkest prison of life. And this was the first crack in the town's wall. In the blink of an eye, the lie was planted in people's hearts like an invisible seed, not with a shout, but with whispers and temptation. Gradually, trust crumbled. Faces took on masks. Words lost their weight. Books turned white, and the walls became crooked. Ramon looked up at the sky in silence that night. How faint the stars had become! He realized something had changed, but he had no name for it yet and did not know .what had happened

:Chapter III

A Man Against the Storm

Time passed. People became comfortable with lies, and they uttered them more easily. Now, like a mask, lies made faces appear more beautiful. But behind that beauty, something was rotting. They brought Ramon before the judge. They said, "You torture us with your honesty. Why don't you become like us?" Ramon replied, "I am still like you, but you are no longer like yourselves." The judge laughed. All the people laughed. But that night, the judge did not dream. When he woke up in the morning, he said his first sentence without hesitation or doubt: "What a beautiful day!" Without fighting, Ramon stood his ground. Not with a sword, not with force, but with silence. Every day, he stood in the town square, repeating just one sentence: "The truth, even if forgotten and unheard, still exists. One must only find it." One day, a child with a sad face came to Ramon in the town square and said, "Ramon! Ramon! I lied to my mother, and ever since that day, my heart hurts every day, and my chest feels so heavy." Ramon said, "I do not know or understand the heaviness of your chest, but I know well that a lie is a wound that cannot be seen, yet its pain ".is real, and its scar never heals

:Chapter IV

Gradually, the people came to the square. Not to watch, but to listen. Ramon did not speak much, but his presence, like a mirror, showed them their true faces. And so it happened that one day, that same faceless man closed his book and said, "...and you have won again, not with words, but with being. I am leaving now, but you will see me again in another face and form. I already know the next victory is yours, but I lie to myself, perhaps next round, I will win." The town became bright again. The stars shone brightly, but this time, the people spoke the truth not out of habit, but out of choice and wisdom. And Ramon, as always, sat quietly in the shadow of a tree and said, "Sometimes, something must be lost for us to understand its value.".