

# Märchen

All children have a fairy tale to tell.

## Introduction

What happens when a child falls into a coma? Do they dream? Do they sleep? Are they trapped in a limitless void?

How do they get into this state of being? What traumatic experience caused this reaction? What illness?

The world of Märchen is where these children end up. Locked between death, life, and dream children, being young and relatively free of sin, or ripe with it unknowingly, find themselves free to explore the truth of the real world, as memories of their lives, of the lessons they learnt, and the stories and tales they were told, meld and twist together. For some this is a way to gain new insight, a better understanding, to know why Dad left 2 years ago, or why Grandmother passed away, or why Tim at school picks on him. For others this is a test, to come face to face with their faults, to understand, possibly repent their sins, like the toy Jane stole of Sue, or the lie Michael told his parents about why his hamster was dead.

The world of Märchen is a test of the character of the child's soul, to take those that will inevitably degenerate into further sin, or lure those that are pure of heart.

## Coma

The state of unconsciousness as found in a coma can either occur due to injury to the brain, infection, chemical imbalances or reactions to chemicals, heart failure, sleep deprivation and fits. Comas come in many forms. For instance the patient may be in an unresponsive vegetative state, where their cerebral cortex is not working but their eyes may follow others across the room as if recognizing someone.

Other individuals may suffer from locked-in syndrome, with no ability to move or talk, yet have full brain activity and may communicate with eye blinking. In the medical community there are many scales used to measure the level of the coma based upon the reaction response of the patient to external stimulus.

Comas may last an indefinite amount of time. It is also unknown if the patient is even dreaming. In addition the patient may suffer from post traumatic amnesia, a state

that may last for hours, days or weeks. Generally the longer the coma last the more likely the event of death.

For these children they do have a form of a dream. In their unconscious state they dream of the world of Märchen, and the length of this dream may take place within the few seconds they are in their coma or the days, months and years they are unconscious.

## The World Of Märchen

When we are dreaming alone it is only a dream. When we are dreaming with others, it is the beginning of reality. - Dom Helder Camara

### Dream

The world of Märchen is a strange place. The world is not unlike our own, except childhood fantasies, fairy tales and nightmares become real. Märchen is first recognized for its two distinguishing geographical features; the tower cities known as Palaces, the vast fortresses from which the evil Witch Queens conduct their wars for power, and the vast unending forest of evergreen ferns, called Forst.

Initially a new visitor to Märchen will find their body changed. As this is the world of dreams, the child will have found themselves transformed into a form more fitting of their dreams, be it a princess, a stout warrior, an enchanting musician, a gallant knight. This is their Oneroi, or dream form, a mental projection of their dream self.

Even stranger is that they find they carry items, have abilities, or skills that stem from their memories of the real world. Some find that their favorite toy animal now is a familiar aiding them in combat, providing council and clues, or is the form of some piece of armor or weapon, or is the form they assume when they shapeshift. Other memories can be more abstract, such as places, people or smells and flavors, which again can take the form in a variety of ways. A memory of their grandfather's service medals from the war may take the form of a suit of armor or a shield, while the taste of a certain fizzy sweet allows them to enact control over others as they are drawn to the sensation.

The next thing to become obvious is the nature of the world of Märchen and the Palaces that they exist in.

High above the skies are a thunderous brooding color, thick with rain clouds, the torrential downpour near constant, hammering at the roofs and up the Palace walls. The Palaces themselves are no more inviting, contorting columns of steel, glass and stone, a merger of skyscraper and castle, that gropes into the storm clouds above, slick wet and eroded.

The streets of the Palaces are just as filthy, filled with carts, horses, traders booming over the pattering downpour, warming inns and the shuffling of the inhabitants of the Palaces, the Amnesoris.