

# Prologue

Once upon a time there was and still is a town known as Candour. It was a peculiar town because it fell in the lands of both Reverie and Veracity and, as such, it happened to be one of those rare places that was so wonderful, you would think it couldn't be real.

But in fact it was—just as you and I are.

The town was small enough to make one feel at home. Returning to it was like sitting by the fireplace at Christmas while a blanket of cold and snow enveloped the world. But it was also large enough to house the most wonderful adventures you could ever imagine. People came to Candour and experienced the grandest stories of all time. Stories filled with light and darkness, tenderness and trials, love, magic, wonder, battles, triumph, and all the extraordinary things that everyone longs to know of.

In the middle of this miraculous town was a modest castle. It wasn't very big and didn't look particularly like a castle, but its pristine marble walls had grains of gold that ran through it. And if you saw it, the way the sun shone on it just so, and the purity it seemed to exude, it would lead you to believe it must be a castle. And it was. For in it, lived the king and queen of Candour.

They hadn't always lived there, though. And one wouldn't always have heard the shouts and playful giggles of their beautiful children or the lighthearted songs of birds that dwelt in the trees outside their home. The good-natured dogs, soft kittens chasing balls of yarn, and herd of sheep that speckled their hill with white spots were not always regular sights at the castle of Candour. In fact, before the king and queen, the castle did not even exist—nor did the town of Candour itself. It was their devotion, courage, and love that created Candour.

And, this is their story.