

ERASED NORTH

CHAPTER ONE

THE COMPASS THAT POINTS NOWHERE



CHAPTER ONE

The Compass That Points Nowhere

The world is filled with stories.

Some become legends. Some survive only as memories, passed quietly from parents to children until no one remembers exactly where truth ended and storytelling began.

Others disappear with time.

But there are some stories that are not simply forgotten. They are buried.

Hidden beneath familiar roads. Behind ordinary doors. Inside buildings people pass every day without ever wondering what might have existed there before.

And sometimes, all it takes to uncover one is a single person asking a question everyone else stopped asking.

This story begins in a small, peaceful town surrounded by green hills and distant mountains.

For the people who lived there, mornings followed a comforting rhythm. Long before the streets became crowded, bakers were already tending their ovens. Shopkeepers raised their shutters and swept yesterday's dust from their doorways. Farmers arriving from the surrounding countryside unloaded baskets of vegetables and fruit while merchants arranged their stalls beneath colourful awnings.

Then came the smells.

Fresh bread. Warm pastries. Fruit. Flowers. Woodsmoke drifting from chimneys.

Soon came the voices. Neighbours greeted one another by name. Children hurried through the streets. Old friends stopped for conversations they had probably had a hundred times before.

Above them, the first sunlight reached the mountain peaks and slowly descended into the valley, turning windows gold.

Nothing seemed hurried. Nothing seemed dangerous. And certainly nothing suggested that somewhere within this peaceful town, pieces of its own history had been deliberately hidden.

To most people, it was simply another beautiful morning.

And somewhere among the market stalls was a sixteen-year-old boy named Rayan.

Rayan had grown up surrounded by these streets and faces. He knew which bakery smelled best before sunrise, which market stalls became crowded first, and which neighbours would turn a simple greeting into a ten-minute conversation.

But there was something else people knew about Rayan. He liked helping. Sometimes a little too much.

If somebody struggled with a heavy box, Rayan noticed. If a shopkeeper needed an errand run, Rayan volunteered. And if Mr. Halden needed an extra pair of hands at the General Store, Rayan rarely needed to be asked twice.

Mr. Halden was an old friend of Rayan's father and had become Rayan's legal guardian. He never tried to replace Rayan's parents. He simply made sure Rayan had someone looking out for him, while leaving the questions surrounding Rayan's family for Rayan to face in his own time.

That morning, Mr. Halden stood behind his counter while Rayan wrestled with a heavy wooden crate.

"Easy," Mr. Halden said.

"I can manage."

The crate tilted.

Rayan caught it before it slipped.

"...Mostly."

A faint smile appeared beneath Mr. Halden's white moustache.

"You're always quick to jump in, aren't you?"

"Someone has to be."

Mr. Halden steadied the crate with one hand.

"I like that you care. Just slow down long enough to think before you act. Deal?"

Rayan smiled.

"Deal."

Mr. Halden nodded towards another crate.

"Brenna needs the apples for the morning batch."

Rayan lifted it carefully.

"This one I can handle."

"That's what you said about the first one."

Rayan grinned and carried the crate into the market.

Outside, the town had fully awakened. Customers moved between stalls. Merchants called out prices. Cart wheels rattled over stone. Somewhere nearby, someone laughed loudly enough to turn several heads.

The smell of Brenna's Bakery reached Rayan before the shop itself: warm bread, sweet pastries and cinnamon.

Brenna was speaking with a customer when Rayan approached. He shifted the crate to greet her.

Too quickly.

One apple escaped.

Then another.

Then several more.

They bounced across the stone street in different directions.

"Oh, no."

Rayan crouched immediately.

Another apple rolled away from him, but a hand caught it before it could travel far.

"Need a rescue?"

Rayan knew the voice.

He looked up to find Sami, his fifteen-year-old childhood friend, holding the runaway apple with an amused grin.

"I had it handled."

"Clearly."

Sami crouched and began gathering the others.

Rayan reached for the apple in his hand.

"You could help instead of enjoying this."

"I am helping. I saved this one from a very dangerous journey."

"It rolled three feet."

"Exactly. Who knows where it might have ended up?"

Despite himself, Rayan laughed.

They worked side by side until the apples were back where they belonged.

Mr. Halden soon joined them. He glanced at the crate, the apples, and then at Rayan.

Rayan sighed.

"I know. I rushed."

Mr. Halden's expression softened.

"Your heart is in the right place, Rayan. Never lose that. But wanting to help and knowing how to help aren't always the same thing. Sometimes the best thing you can do is slow down long enough to think."

Rayan nodded.

"I'll remember."

A few minutes later, the delivery was completed and Rayan and Sami walked together through the familiar streets.

They had grown up in the same town. They shared old memories, private jokes, dreams, and the kind of friendship that did not need to be explained.

"It still feels like home," Rayan said.

Sami looked around.

"Some things never change, huh?"

Neither of them knew how wrong those words would soon become.

As they walked, Sami glanced at him.

"So what are you doing for the rest of the day?"

Rayan gave a tired sigh.

"Cleaning the old storeroom. Mr. Halden reminded me I still haven't finished it."

Sami smiled.

"Good luck clearing out that dusty old room."

"Thanks. Very helpful."

"I'm always here when you need encouragement."

At the next turning, they separated.

Rayan headed home.

The old storeroom waited in a quiet part of the house.

When Rayan opened the door, a shaft of sunlight cut through the dim room and caught the dust in the air.

For a moment, he simply stood there.

Old maps, letters, travel tools, boxes and forgotten objects filled the space. Some had been packed carefully. Others looked as though they had been placed there in a hurry and never touched again.

Most of them had belonged to his father.

That made the room different from an ordinary storeroom.

Every object seemed to carry a question.

Where had his father taken that bag?

Who had written those letters?

Why had he kept that map?

Rayan began sorting through the nearest boxes. He wiped dust from old tools, stacked loose papers, and returned several objects to their cases.

Then he noticed a small, worn pouch tucked among his father's belongings.

It was easy to miss.

Rayan picked it up.

Something solid rested inside.

"What's this?"

He loosened the pouch and tipped the object carefully into his palm.

It was a compass.

At least, it looked like one.

The casing was compact, aged brass, worn by time. Beneath cracked glass sat a pale ivory dial. The familiar directions were visible, but unfamiliar markings also circled the rim. Near the lower-right edge, part of a small mechanism could be seen through the damaged casing.

Rayan turned it over.

There was only one needle.

He opened the lid fully.

The needle moved.

He waited for it to settle north.

It did not.

Rayan turned around.

The needle shifted, trembled, and then returned to exactly the same direction.

He frowned.

He rotated the compass again.

The needle moved again.

And again, it returned.

"No matter how I turn it... it keeps pointing the same way."

Rayan checked the room around him, as though something nearby might explain it.

Nothing did.

He tried once more.

The result was identical.

Whatever the compass was pointing towards, it was not north.

Rayan closed the lid.

The cleaning could wait.

There was one person he wanted to show first.

Sami.

Rayan found Sami near a small old-fashioned cafe at the edge of the market.

Sami looked up as Rayan approached.

"Back already? That dusty room surrender?"

"Not exactly."

Rayan took out the worn pouch.

"But I found something."

Sami leaned closer.

"What, treasure?"

Rayan tipped the compass carefully into his palm.

"A compass. I think."

"You think?"

"Just look."

Rayan opened it.

The needle moved and settled.

"Turn around," Rayan said.

Sami gave him a puzzled look, but turned.

The needle shifted, hesitated, and returned to the same direction.

Sami's smile faded into curiosity.

"That's not north."

"Exactly."

Sami took the compass and tried it himself.

He turned left.

The needle moved.

He turned back.

It corrected itself.

"And it keeps doing that?"

"Every time."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the storeroom."

Rayan paused.

"With my father's things."

The joking left Sami's face.

He knew enough about Rayan's family to understand why that mattered.

"Did you know your father had it?"

Rayan shook his head.

"I've never seen it before."

Sami examined the strange markings around the dial.

"So either it's broken..."

"Or?"

Sami watched the stubborn needle.

"Or it's pointing at something."

Rayan nodded.

"That's what I was thinking."

Sami closed the lid and handed it back.

"We should ask someone who knows old things."

They looked at each other.

"Mr. Halden."

Together they returned to Halden's General Store.

The bell above the door chimed as they entered.

Mr. Halden looked up from behind the counter.

"Back again?"

Rayan approached.

"I found something in the storeroom."

He placed the pouch on the counter and removed the compass.

"It was with my father's things."

Mr. Halden picked it up carefully.

His first reaction was not recognition, but concentration.

He studied the casing, the cracked glass and the markings around the rim. Then he opened it.

"I've never seen a compass built quite like this."

"The needle doesn't point north," Rayan said. "We've tried it several times."

Mr. Halden turned the compass.

The needle shifted.

Then returned.

He tried again.

The result was the same.

Rayan watched him closely.

"My father?"

Mr. Halden's expression grew thoughtful.

"Your father loved old roads and forgotten places. If there was a mystery, he wanted to understand it."

Rayan looked down at the compass.

"Do you think he knew what this was?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Halden did not pretend otherwise.

"But if it was among his belongings, there may have been a reason he kept it."

He followed the direction of the needle with his eyes.

"That direction leads toward the old part of town."

He thought for a moment.

"Near the Town Archive."

Sami looked at Rayan.

"The Town Archive? So this compass is pointing toward old records?"

"Maybe," Rayan said. "But it's a start."

Mr. Halden returned the compass.

"Go carefully. Curiosity is useful, Rayan, but rushing into things you don't understand is not."

Rayan remembered the apples.

And the crate.

"We'll be careful."

Outside, Rayan and Sami followed the older streets toward the Town Archive.

Rayan kept the compass open as they walked.
Every few turns, he checked it.

The needle moved whenever they changed direction, but always returned to the same line.

"Still the same?" Sami asked.

"Still the same."

They crossed a quieter part of town where the streets narrowed and the buildings looked older.

Then the Town Archive came into view.
Rayan slowed.

The compass needle pointed almost directly toward it.
Sami looked from the compass to the building.

"So Mr. Halden was right."

Rayan turned slightly to test it again.
The needle moved.

Then returned toward the Archive.

"It keeps pointing straight at it."

"Well," Sami said, "I suppose we'd better find out why."

They climbed the steps and pushed open the heavy wooden doors.
The sounds of the street faded behind them.

Inside, the Town Archive felt cool and still. Tall shelves stretched through the room, filled with books, maps, ledgers and carefully stored records. Soft daylight entered through high windows. The air smelled faintly of old paper, dust and polished wood.

At the far side stood a large wooden desk.

A girl sat behind it, reading through a collection of records.
Her name was Mira.

She was sixteen, the same age as Rayan, and already comfortable among the Archive's shelves. She came from a respected family in town, but her interest in the Archive was her own. She loved old documents and the stories hidden inside them. She had spent enough time helping there to understand how the records were organised, including older collections that required more care.

Mira looked up as Rayan and Sami approached.
"Hello. Can I help you?"
"We hope so," Rayan said.
"What are you looking for?"
"Actually, we're not completely sure."
Sami smiled.
"That sounds worse when you say it like that."
Rayan placed the pouch on the desk.
"We wanted to ask you about something unusual."
He removed the compass.
Mira leaned forward.
"That looks like a compass."
"It does," Rayan said. "But it doesn't behave like one."
"What do you mean?"
Rayan opened it and turned.
The needle moved, then slowly returned to the same direction.
Mira watched.
"It led us here," Rayan said.
Her attention shifted from the needle to the markings around the dial.
"Where did you get it?"
"I found it in an old storeroom at home. It was packed away with my father's belongings."
Mira examined it more closely.
Then she stopped.
"That pattern looks familiar."
Sami stepped closer.
"Here?"
"I think so."
Mira looked toward the shelves.
"Wait here."
She disappeared between the stacks.
Rayan and Sami exchanged a glance.
A few minutes later, Mira returned carrying a thick, worn reference volume.
She set it on the desk and carefully turned through the pages.

Then she stopped at an old illustration.

The layered marking on the page resembled the pattern on the compass.

Rayan leaned closer.

"So it means something."

"Maybe," Mira said.

Sami looked at the surrounding text.

"Enough for someone to hide it?"

Mira's expression changed.

Part of the entry was missing.

Not simply faded.

Not torn accidentally.

The absence looked deliberate.

She checked another reference.

Then another.

"If we want the truth," she said, "we need the deeper Archive records."

They moved into the older sections.

The farther they went, the more the Archive changed.

The bright front room gave way to narrower aisles and older shelving. Some catalogues were sealed. Some records were damaged.

Other materials appeared to have been forgotten completely.

Rayan checked the compass.

The needle trembled more strongly now.

"It's pulling again."

Mira stopped to watch.

Sami looked down the aisle.

"So it wasn't just pointing us to the Archive."

"No," Rayan said. "It's pointing somewhere inside it."

Mira lowered her voice.

"Stay close. Some sections aren't open to ordinary visitors."

They continued.

Mira found another entry carrying the same compass pattern.

The symbol matched.

But parts of the record were missing.

At first it could have been age.

Then Mira began comparing the gaps.

The same types of information were missing again and again.

"These breaks are too consistent," she said.

Rayan looked over her shoulder.

"Someone removed them?"

"It looks that way."

That changed the mystery.

They were no longer dealing with information that had simply faded with time.

Someone had interfered with it.

Mira searched the nearby shelves and found references pointing toward old building records.

She pulled out a floor plan of the Archive and laid it beside a more recent one.

For several moments she moved her finger between the two.

Then she stopped.

"Wait."

Rayan and Sami leaned closer.

"What?" Sami asked.

Mira tapped the older plan.

"According to this, there used to be another section here."

She pointed to the modern plan.

"It's not shown anymore."

Rayan held the compass beside the drawings.

The needle reacted more strongly.

It pointed toward the missing area.

"So part of the Archive was hidden?" he asked.

Mira studied the plans.

"Not removed."

She looked toward the deeper shelves.

"Concealed."

They followed the old layout into the Archive's East Wing.

The farther they walked, the quieter it became.

Dust lay thicker here. The air felt colder. The shelves were older and the walls more exposed.

According to the plan, a room should have existed beyond one of the stone walls.

But there was no door.

Rayan held the compass up.

The mechanism trembled.

Mira examined the stonework.

Sami noticed a series of strange marks near the edge of one section.

Rayan found a thin seam.

Then Mira found a concealed latch.

"This isn't a solid wall," she said. "It's a hidden panel."

Rayan looked at the others.

"Ready?"

Sami gave a nervous smile.

"That depends entirely on what's behind it."

Rayan pressed the mechanism.

A click sounded.

For a moment, nothing happened.

Then stone ground against stone.

Dust fell from the wall as part of it slowly shifted aside.

Behind it was darkness.

A narrow passage stretched beyond the Archive.

The craftsmanship was different from the building around them.

Older.

Rougher.

Built for a purpose.

Rayan opened the compass.

The needle pointed directly inside.

Mira raised a lamp.

"Stay close. We don't know how stable this is."

They stepped through.

The familiar Archive seemed to disappear behind them.

The passage descended gradually beneath the building. The air became colder and the silence deeper. Rough stone replaced finished walls. Old timber supported sections of the ceiling.

Mira moved the lamp slowly across the masonry.

"This passage is older than the Archive above."

"How much older?" Rayan asked.

"I don't know."

Sami glanced at her.

"You've said that a lot today."

Mira looked at him.

"Would you prefer I make something up?"

Sami considered it.

"No. But it might be more comforting."

Rayan laughed quietly.

Even Mira smiled.

Then the compass vibrated harder.

The humour disappeared.

"We must be close," Rayan said.

The corridor opened into an enormous circular chamber.

All three stopped.

The room had been hidden for a very long time.

Dust covered the floor. Carved patterns circled the stone. Along the chamber were seven distinct empty positions surrounding a central design.

Sami stared.

"Seven empty positions... but for what?"

Mira stepped closer, careful not to touch anything yet.

"Whatever belonged here was arranged deliberately."

Rayan brought the compass nearer.

The needle reacted.

For a moment, he wondered if the compass itself belonged in one of the spaces.

But it did not fit.

Instead, the needle pulled toward another part of the chamber.

"Over there."

They followed it.

Mira found a section of wall where the stonework did not quite match.

Sami tapped it lightly.

"Hollow."

Rayan brushed away dust.

A seam appeared.

The three worked carefully until the concealed stone shifted.
Behind it was a hidden compartment.

Inside lay an old object wrapped in cloth.
Nobody spoke for a moment.
Mira reached in and lifted it free.

The cloth was ancient, but whatever lay inside had been
deliberately preserved.

She placed it on a flat stone surface.

Together, they unfolded the covering.
Inside was a stone plate.

Seven linked sections surrounded a hollow centre, mirroring the
arrangement of the chamber.

Rayan brought the compass closer.

The needle reacted immediately.

Mira examined the centre of the stone plate.
"This wasn't broken by time."

She traced the edge without touching the missing space.
"The edges are too clean."

Sami understood first.

"You mean someone removed it?"

Mira nodded.

"The centre was taken out deliberately."

Rayan looked back toward the seven empty positions.

The mystery no longer felt like an accidental discovery.
It felt like evidence.

Somebody had not simply forgotten this place.

Somebody had tried to change what remained of it.

They searched the chamber carefully but did not remove anything
else.

Then they returned to the Archive records with new urgency.

If the relic had been altered, perhaps the written records had been
altered as well.

Mira found an early record describing the relic.
She compared it with later notes.
They did not match.

Information had changed between one record and the next.

"This wasn't damage," Rayan said.

"No," Mira replied.

Sami stared at the pages.

"It was planned."

Mira continued checking the shelves.

Then she noticed something strange about the binding of an old ledger.

"It's thicker than the others."

She turned it sideways.

There was a small gap in the spine.

Hidden inside was a folded fragment of paper.

Rayan opened it carefully.

Most of the writing was missing, but a few words remained.

Archive Record No. 79.

Section - Ref 4.

Sami stared at the fragment.

"That's it?"

"It's not the answer," Mira said.

Rayan looked at the numbers.

"But it's something."

It was the first surviving piece that seemed to have escaped whoever had altered the other records.

Mira traced the Archive's catalogue system.

One reference led to another.

AR-315.

AR-316.

AR-317.

"AR-317?" Sami said.

Mira checked the transfer ledgers.

Her finger stopped.

"It wasn't lost."

Rayan moved closer.

"What happened to it?"

"It was moved."

"Where?"

Mira read the destination.

"The Municipal Records Storehouse."

The compass reacted in Rayan's hand.

He closed his fingers around it.

"Then that's where we go."

They carefully returned the records they had used and made sure the concealed material was left as they had found it.

The hidden chamber remained behind them.

The missing centre of the stone plate remained unanswered.

But now they had a trail.

By the time they left the Archive, the day was beginning to fade.

The Municipal Records Storehouse stood in another part of town, less welcoming than the Archive and built for storage rather than visitors.

A stern attendant stopped them near the entrance.

"What are you doing here? What do you need?"

Mira stepped forward.

"We're tracing a transferred record from the Town Archive."

"Reference?"

"AR-317."

The attendant's expression did not change.

"No one is allowed inside without proper authorisation. These records are restricted."

Mira produced her Archive identification.

"I understand. I work with the Town Archive. Here is my authorisation."

The attendant studied it carefully.

For a moment, Rayan wondered if they had reached the end of the trail.

Then the attendant stepped aside.

"Very well. You may enter. Be careful with the records."

Inside, rows of shelves disappeared into shadow.

The air was dry and still.

Rayan opened the compass.

The needle pulled harder.

They moved between the shelves.

AR-315.

AR-316.

Then Mira stopped.

"There it is."

AR-317.

She removed the file carefully and carried it to a table.

It looked older than the records around it.

Rayan watched as she opened the cover.

"This isn't a formal report."

Mira scanned the first page.

"It's a field record."

Inside were detailed sketches, notes and an old survey route leading beyond the town.

The route crossed familiar ground, then continued farther north.

Over the mountains.

One name appeared beside the trail.

Northern Pass.

The compass reacted strongly.

Rayan stared at the map.

"So our next answer is in the mountains."

Mira followed the route with her finger.

"The trail continues into the mountains, through the Northern Pass."

Sami looked between them.

"Beyond the town... a real journey at last."

The records had not ended the mystery.

They had shown the way forward.

But Mira was not finished.

She spread the pages from AR-317 across the table and placed the old survey map beside a newer official town map.

For a few seconds she said nothing.

Then she frowned.

"Look here."

Rayan and Sami leaned in.

"The old survey route crosses the town boundary and continues through the Northern Pass."

Rayan looked at the newer map.

The route disappeared at the edge of town.

Sami leaned closer.

"It's been erased."

They checked another official map.

Same result.

No road beyond town.

No Northern Pass route.

No official trace of it.

Not faded.

Not damaged.

Erased.

"So they didn't just hide the records," Sami said.

Mira's expression tightened.

"They removed the road itself from official memory."

Rayan placed the compass beside the maps.

The mechanism began to vibrate.

The needle turned.

Then it settled along the forgotten route.

Whatever his father had been following, it continued beyond the town.

Rayan stared at the line leading toward the mountains.

The questions that had once lived quietly inside the storeroom suddenly felt much closer.

"Then the road is where we start," he said.

Neither Sami nor Mira tried to talk him out of it.

They returned to town and began preparing.

This time, Rayan did not rush.

They studied the route first.

Mira copied the information they were allowed to take and checked the path against the maps. Sami focused on practical supplies.

Maps for the northern road.

Strong rope.

Oil lanterns.

Dried food.

Blankets.

Water flasks.

Good boots.

The compass had given them what it could for now.

They knew the route.

At dawn, they would follow the old road.

Sami looked at the supplies spread before them.

"This morning I was picking apples off the street. Now we're preparing to follow an erased road into the mountains."

Mira folded the map.

"You don't have to come."

Sami looked offended.

"You think I'm letting you two find the answer without me?"

Rayan smiled.

The mystery was no longer only about a strange compass.

It was about his father.

The missing records.

The altered relic.

The hidden passage.

And a road someone had tried to erase.

Before the journey, Rayan saw Mr. Halden again.

The older man listened while Rayan explained what they had found: the missing records, the concealed East Wing, the hidden chamber, the altered stone plate and the route through Northern Pass.

Mr. Halden was quiet for a long moment.

His eyes moved to the compass in Rayan's hand.

"So it led you all the way to this."

"Yes."

"And you're certain you want to follow that road?"

Rayan looked toward the distant mountains.

"I need to know why my father had this compass. And if he followed that road, I need to know where it leads."

Mr. Halden did not answer immediately.

When he finally spoke, his voice was calm.

"Then remember what I told you this morning."

Rayan looked back at him.

"Slow down and think."

Mr. Halden nodded.

"Exactly."

At dawn, Rayan, Sami and Mira stood at the edge of town.

Behind them were the familiar streets they had known all their lives.

Ahead were open fields and distant mountains.

The morning air was cool.

For a few moments, none of them moved.

Rayan looked back once.

Only a day earlier, those streets had seemed completely ordinary.

Now he knew that beneath familiar buildings were sealed passages, altered records and pieces of history someone had deliberately tried to hide.

Rayan took one last look at the town. "Ready?"

"Ready," Sami replied.

Mira checked the map in her hands.

"We know the route," she said. "Now we follow it carefully."

Sami grinned.

"Then let's go."

They started walking.

The familiar streets slowly gave way behind them.

Rayan kept his eyes on the road ahead.

Mira glanced toward the mountains.

"Stay alert," she said.

Sami nodded.

"Together."

Rayan opened the compass.

The single needle moved.

Then settled in the same direction it had chosen from the beginning.

Toward the mountains.

"It hasn't changed its mind," Rayan said.

The road stretched ahead, beautiful and familiar at first, then slowly drawing them toward the unknown.

The town became smaller behind them.

Fields opened on either side.

Beyond them waited the mountains and the forgotten Northern Pass.

None of the three noticed the distant figure among old stone ruins and vegetation behind them.

The figure did not call out.

Did not follow openly.

It simply watched.

Motionless.

Patient.

Rayan, Mira and Sami kept walking.

They did not know it, but they were not the only ones who had been waiting for this moment.

Some roads are forgotten.

Others are erased.

And once someone begins walking them again, the past does not always stay buried.

ERASED NORTH



AAN TALES WORKS

STORIES • WORLDS • BEYOND



CREATED & PUBLISHED BY
AAN Tales Works



STORY & ORIGINAL CONCEPT
Atiq ur Rehman
(AAN Tales Works)



ART & VISUAL DEVELOPMENT
AAN Tales Works Creative Team



STORY EDITING
Atiq ur Rehman



CHARACTER DESIGN
AAN Tales Works



LOGO & GRAPHIC DESIGN
AAN Tales Works



WORLD BUILDING & LORE
AAN Tales Works



COVER ART & ILLUSTRATIONS
AAN Tales Works



ADDITIONAL SUPPORT
AAN Tales Works Community

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, organisations, and events are products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of AAN Tales Works, except for brief quotations used in reviews or for educational purposes.

© 2026 AAN Tales Works
All Rights Reserved.

OFFICIAL LINKS



YouTube
AAN Tales Works



TikTok
@aan.taleworks



Instagram
@aan.taleworks



Facebook
AAN Tales Works



X (Twitter)
@aan.taleworks



Website
www.aantalesworks.com

