

The Colorful Facade

Dans la ville de Happy Land, où les rues éclatent de couleurs arc-en-ciel et l'air sentent les fleurs, John "Smiley" Smith cache un secret derrière son éternel sourire. À première vue, tout le monde semble vivre dans une parfaite vie, mais une vérité sombre rôde sous cette façade colorée. Les habitants de cette ville avalent des pilules GFU (Good For You) comme des bonbons, promettant un bonheur constant tout en effaçant tristesse et douleur.

Lorsqu'un jour, John découvre un cadavre dans une ruelle cachée, son monde bascule. Les autorités, souriantes mais impitoyables, tentent de le contraindre à oublier cette vision dérangeante mais déterminé à découvrir la vérité, John plonge dans une enquête périlleuse pour arrêter la tyrannie des pilules GFU et révéler la vérité au grand jour.

In the heart of Happy Land, where the streets shimmered with rainbow colors and the air smelled like blooming flowers, John "Smiley" Smith walked with a big smile. The bright colors around him seemed to dance in his eyes, showing the fake joy that filled every part of their society. The people of Happy Land were always polite, their cheerful greetings echoing through the colorful streets. Yet, under this surface of happiness, there was a deeper truth a cost that John was starting to understand more clearly each day.

John, which had earned him his nickname, "Smiley." But his frequent and big smiles masked an struggle. From a young age, John had always doubted the true source of happiness in Happy Land. The brightly colored GFU pills (Good For You) were swallowed like candy by the populace, promising perpetual contentment and masking the sadness in the corners of their minds. Happy Land on GFU pills was color and full of light. The buildings were painted in every shade of the rainbow, their exteriors adorned with murals of fantastical creatures and joyous scenes. The streets were lined with flower beds and the air was filled with the sound of laughter and music. Every face John passed wore a sincere smile, and every interaction was marked by an almost unnerving level of politeness and cheer. But without the influence of the GFU pills, Happy Land would be very different. The colors would fade. The flowers would die, and the laughter would be replaced by silence or even crying. The people's happy masks would fall, showing tired, worried, and sad faces. The town would no longer be a paradise but a place struggling under the weight of fake happiness.

One sunny afternoon, as John walked down an avenue, he smelled something strange ,a strong metallic smell that was very different from the sweet smells of the town. The smell got stronger as he came closer to an alleyway hidden behind a bright mural of dancing unicorns. His curiosity grew, and John hesitated at the entrance, his heart beating fast. Suddenly, he felt very sick. The sweet taste of the GFU pills he had taken earlier mixed with the smell. He bent over

and threw up, the colored pills spilling on the ground. As he wiped his mouth and took a deep breath, he looked around and saw something that made his blood cold, a dead body, partly hidden behind a pile of trash.

John stepped closer, his hands shaking. "How could this happen here?" he muttered to himself.

Before he could react, two police officers appeared at avenue, their uniforms and their fake smiles. "John, what are you doing here?" one of them asked, his voice dripping with false cheer.

John turned to face them, his heart racing. "I... I just found this body. Do you know what happened?"

The second officer, still smiling, stepped forward. "This isn't something you need to worry about, John. Accidents happen. Here, take these." He pulled out a small bottle of GFU pills and handed it to John.

John hesitated, his eyes flicking between the officers and the dead body. "But... shouldn't we investigate? Someone might be in danger."

The first officer's smile, though his cold eyes. "Don't worry, everything is under control. Just take your pills and move. Happy Land needs happy people, right?"

John's hand shook as he took the bottle. "Right," he murmured, feeling trapped. He knew the police were known for forcing the pill consumption.

As he faked swallow the pills, the officers watched him closely, their smiles never wavering. "Good. Now, go enjoy the rest of your day, John," the second officer said, patting him on the back

After this altercation John's natural curiosity push him to find the truth and pushed him to question the society's dependence on the GFU more than ever. He knew he couldn't ignore what he had seen. The lifeless body was a clear reminder that their happiness had a hidden, terrible cost. He needed to understand the full extent of what lay beneath the colorful facade of Happy Land.

Determined to find answers, John left the alleyway, his mind racing with thoughts of rebellion and discovery. The smiles of the residents around him seemed hollow now, their eyes reflecting the emptiness he had always felt but could never explain. As he walked away from the alley, John's resolve grew stronger. The colorful streets, once a source of comfort and joy, now appeared as a bright mask hiding a grim reality. He had to uncover the truth, not just for himself, but for all the residents of Happy Land who unknowingly paid the price for their artificial happiness.

John decided to start with the distribution center of the GFU pills, a plain building disguised with cheerful murals and flowers. He had often seen workers, always smiling, coming and going but had never questioned what went on inside. Tonight, under the cover of darkness, he would find out.

As night fell, John approached the building with caution. The streets were unusually quiet, the vibrant colors dimmed by the absence of sunlight. He slipped into the shadows, using the darkness to hide his movements. His heart pounded in his chest as he found an unlocked side door and quietly slipped inside..

The inside of the distribution center was plain and clinical, very different from the colorful world outside. Rows of machines hummed softly, filling countless bottles with GFU pills. John moved carefully, looking for any clues that might explain the true nature of these pills.

In a small office at the back, he found many files and documents. By the dim light of his flashlight, he read reports about the effects of the GFU pills. What he found was scary: the pills were not just to make people happy, but also to stop them from feeling emotions and remembering things, making them easy to control. The reports also talked about "side effects," which was a nice way of saying the pills caused mental and physical problems for people who used them for a long time, including mysterious deaths like the one John had found.

As he read this, John felt very angry and determined. He understood that the happiness in Happy Land was fake and kept up by control and lies. He couldn't let this go on. With a new purpose, he took as many documents as he could carry and quietly left into the night.

The next morning, John knew he needed help. He started with his closest friends, who sometimes showed signs of doubt even though they smiled. He told them what he had discovered, showing them the documents and explaining the truth about the GFU pills. Shocked and scared, his friends agreed to help him spread the word and find a way to break free from their fake happiness.

As John sneaked into the distribution center of the GFU pills, he moved carefully through the plain, clean interior. Rows of machines hummed softly, filling countless bottles with the colorful pills. His heart pounded as he went deeper, determined to find the truth.

In a large room at the back, he found something unexpected—a well-dressed man standing among the machines, calmly watching. John recognized him instantly: the mayor of Happy Land.

"John," the mayor said, turning to face him with a calm smile. "I've been expecting you."

John's heart raced. "Mayor? What are you doing here?"

The mayor's smile stayed, but there was a sadness in his eyes. "I'm here to make sure our people stay happy, John. I know you've found some upsetting truths about the GFU pills."

"Upsetting? They're brainwashing us!" John exclaimed, holding up the papers he had found. "These pills stop our emotions and memories. They're killing us!"

The mayor sighed. "I understand your anger and confusion. But let me explain. Many years ago, before the GFU pills, Happy Land was a place of despair. People were unhappy, depressed, and many were committing suicide. The town was falling apart."

John's resolve weakened a bit. "But controlling people with these pills... it's wrong."

"The GFU pills were our solution to stop that collapse," the mayor continued. "They don't just make people happy; they stop the deep sadness that led so many to end their lives. Without these pills, the people of Happy Land would face a reality they couldn't handle. Many would choose death over the pain and suffering."

John shook his head, struggling to accept this. "But it's all fake. It's not real happiness."

"Maybe," the mayor admitted. "But it's the only way to save our community. We tried other methods—counseling, community programs, everything—but nothing worked. The pills are our last resort, a necessary one. The alternative is unthinkable."

John felt a lump in his throat. He glanced at the papers in his hand, then back at the mayor. "So you're saying it's this or...?"

"Or chaos and death," the mayor said softly. "I know it's a harsh truth, but it's the reality we live in. Sometimes, to protect everyone, we must make difficult choices."

John's shoulders slumped. The weight of the truth bore down on him. He had always questioned the happiness of Happy Land, but he never imagined the deep sadness that lay beneath it.

The mayor stepped forward, holding a small bottle of GFU pills. "You have a choice, John. You can keep fighting this and risk the safety and well-being of everyone in Happy Land, or you can understand why we do this and help keep the peace we've achieved."

John stared at the pills, his mind a whirlwind of emotions. Slowly, he reached out and took the bottle. He looked into the mayor's eyes, seeing the genuine concern and sadness there.

With a heavy heart, John nodded. "I understand," he said quietly. "For the greater good."

The mayor placed a reassuring hand on John's shoulder. "Thank you, John. You're making the right choice."

As John swallowed the pills, he felt the familiar sweet taste dissolve on his tongue. The heavy burden in his mind began to lift, replaced by the synthetic joy that had become so familiar.

Walking out of the distribution center, John's smile returned. The vibrant colors of Happy Land seemed brighter, the air sweeter. The people around him, with their ever-present smiles, no longer seemed hollow.

For the first time, John understood the true price of their happiness. And even though it was a harsh acceptance, he chose to accept it, knowing that without the pills, Happy Land would fall under the weight of his own sorrow.