

Story.

Once upon a time, life was very interesting. And people were happy. Then someone did something nasty. And everyone felt disgusted. Those who wanted to continue living left. But those who supported the nastiness stayed. And people started to perish because of their own nastiness. They felt ashamed on one hand, before future generations for their nastiness. They started inventing fables to explain this or that. So everyone believed in the fables. And when the critical moment came, they relied on them, and they too perished just like everyone else, because nastiness begets nastiness, and if you don't get rid of it, it lives on. Once, one group of these people achieved a great victory over another. And they decided not to invent fables about it. But the other group continued to invent them. The first group became proud and insisted that they had always been honest, which, of course, was untrue. And there was nothing left of the truth anyway, so they tried to save themselves from drowning by clutching at a straw. In doing so, they continued to perish.

That's how religions and history exist among us :)