

In the world of DREAMLANDS, there was only one man and all the stories of a dead world left behind. Pernathoris is the only survivor of a magic-polluting catastrophe and an unforgiving war with the realm of UNREALITY.

He starts roaming DREAMLANDS for anyone, anything, else alive. And when he finds none, no Giant, Dragon, Dwarf, Elf, Human or other, he turns towards what had survived. He started collecting their stories, writing down every aspect of lore and details of their lives and epics.

It is a work that takes all of his life, researching, writing and understanding in death, what he didn't understand in life. In these hard times, he struggles to finish his book, the Ars Minastorum, finding in it a purpose for the last life of DREAMLANDS.

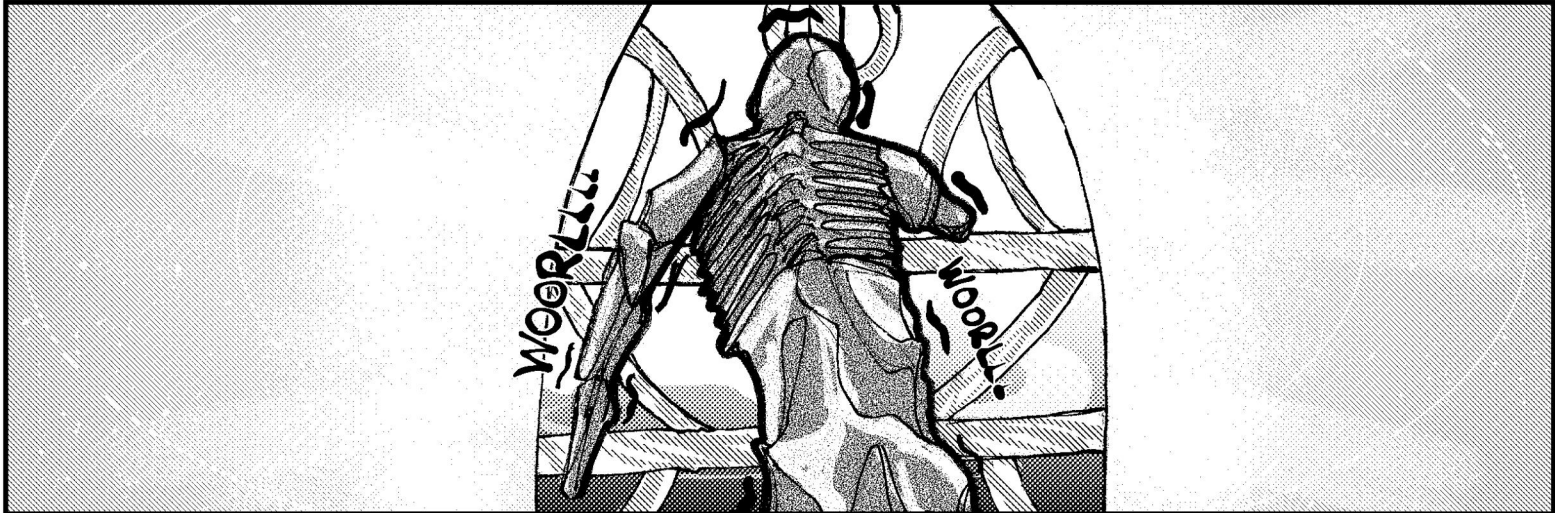
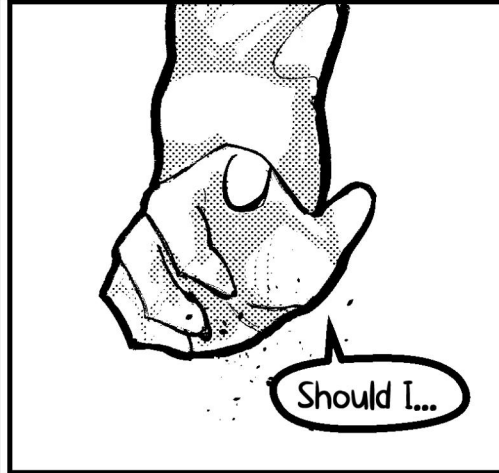
An archivist, a historian and a traveller, Pernathoris takes on the journey of many lifetimes, until every story in his book is completed. As he realises this journey has come to an end, everything that could not come together in life, was brought together in death.

And then...

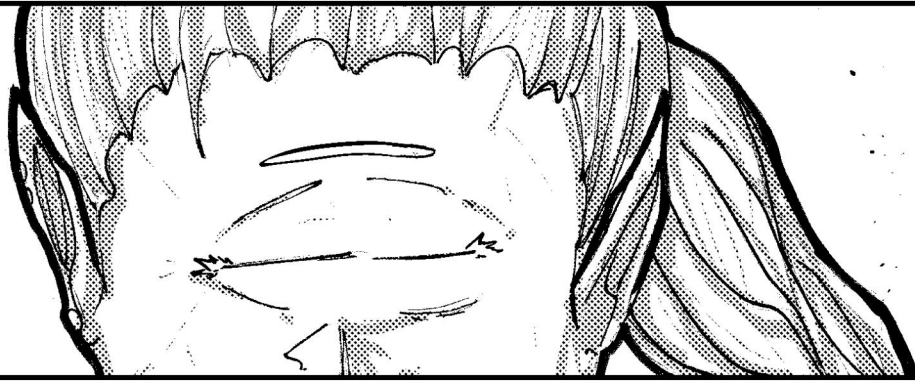
Nehiram, the story-god is born in DREAMLANDS, as Pernathoris ascends into a demigod. And when Pernathoris comes down from his ascension, he realises that life has returned to DREAMLANDS.

And what is a human to do when everyone's future is in his past?

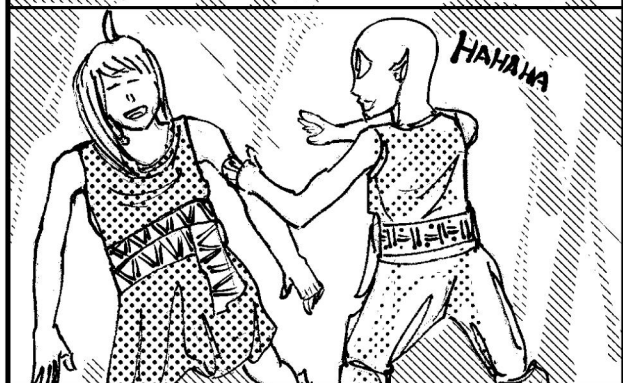
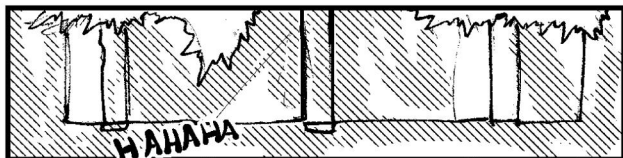
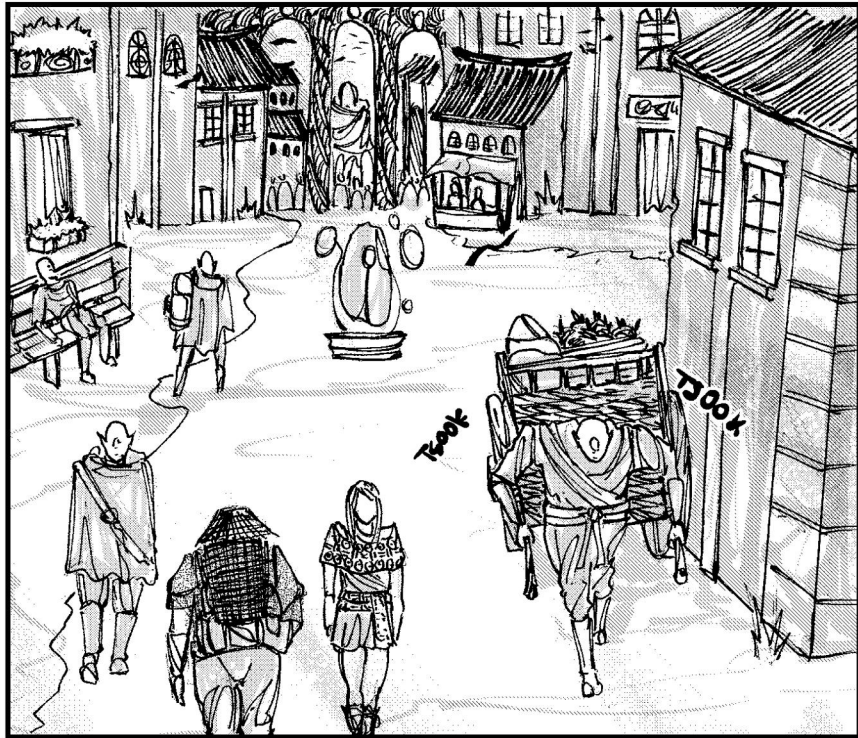
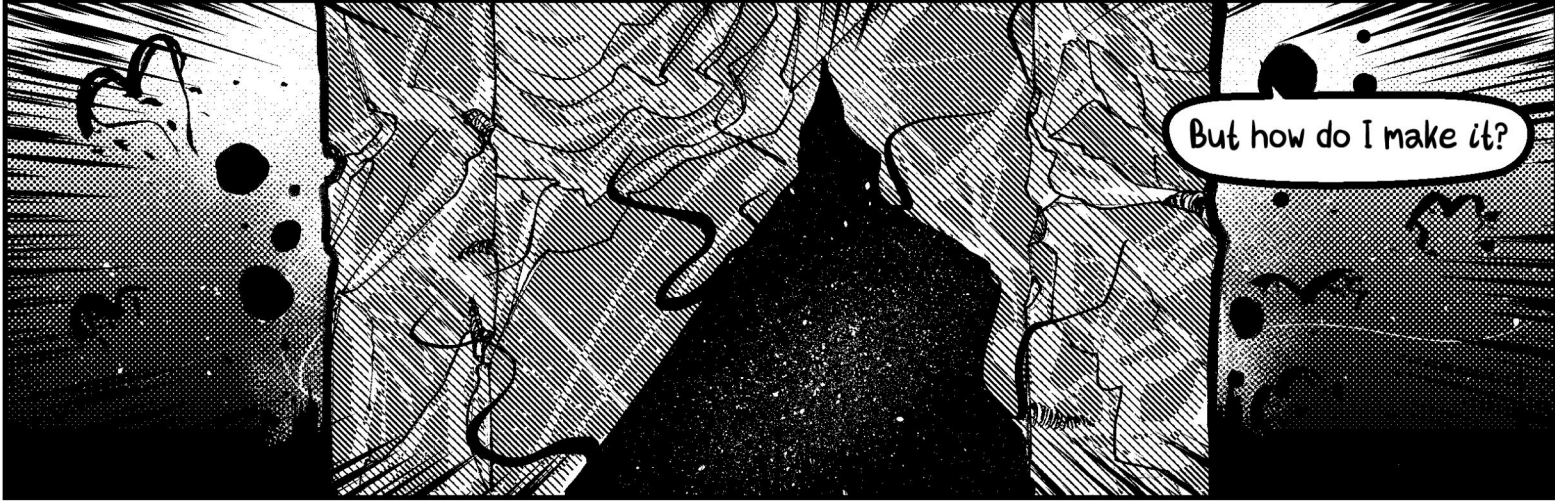
He sets out to change it.

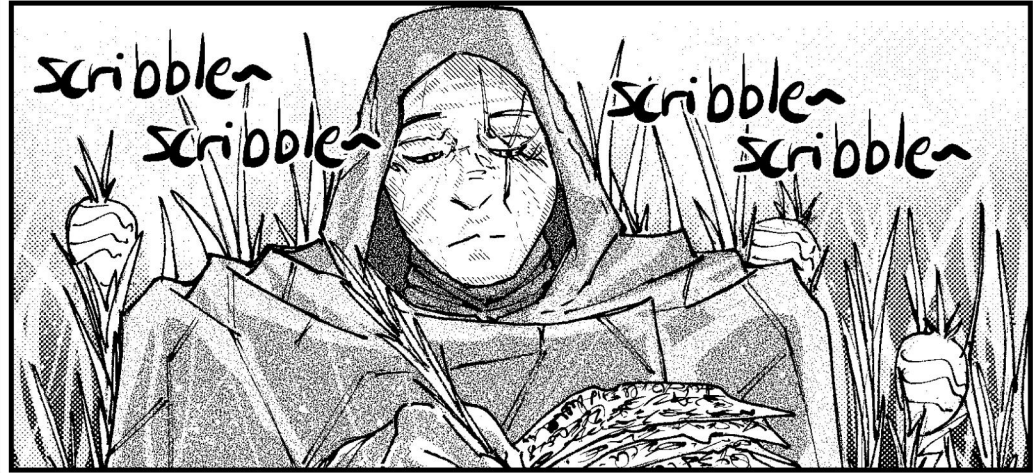
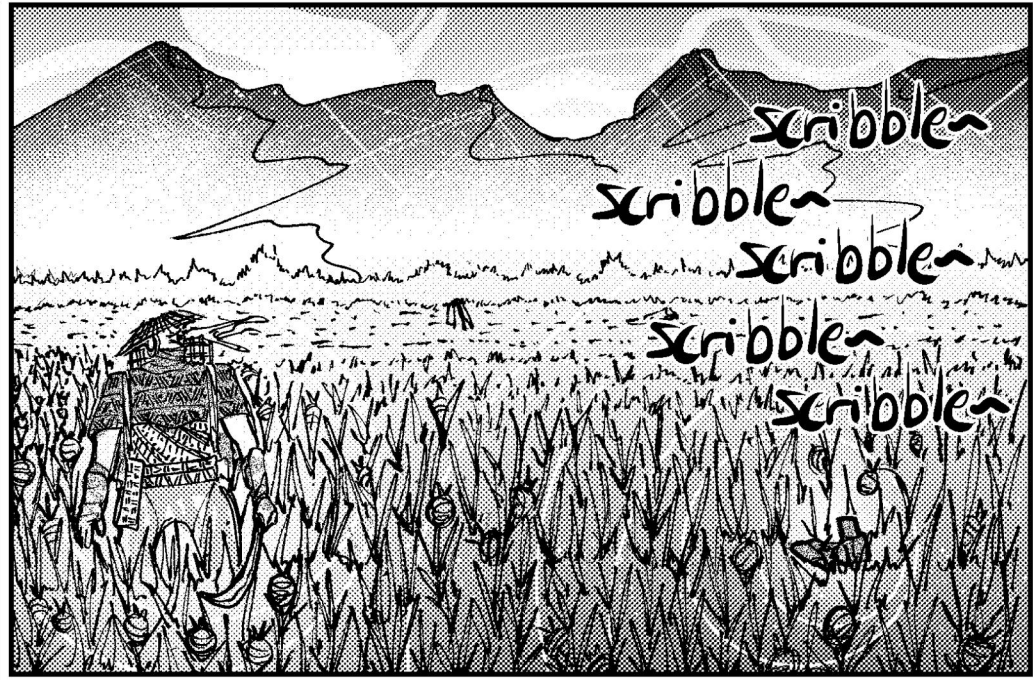
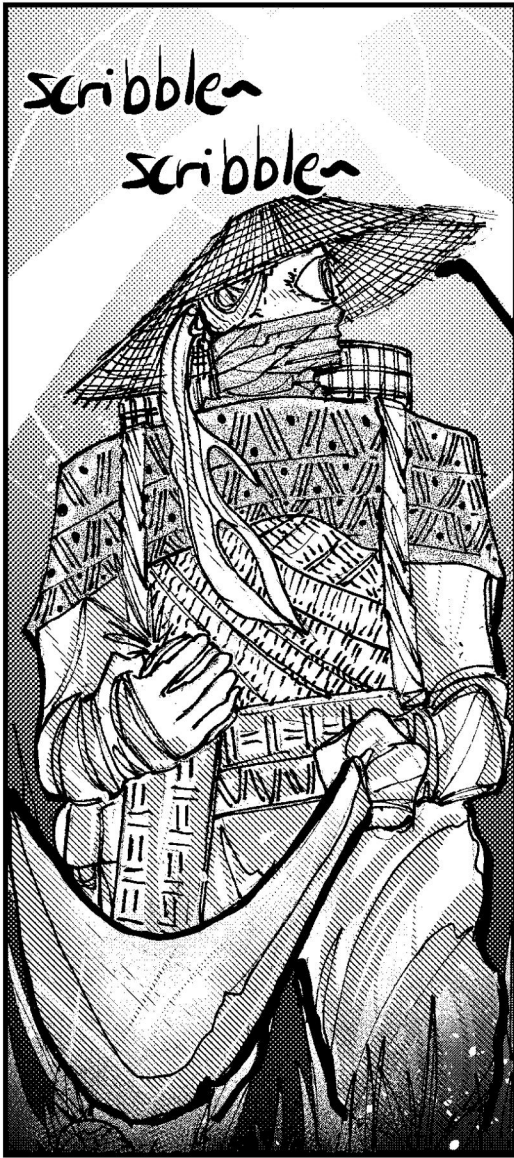
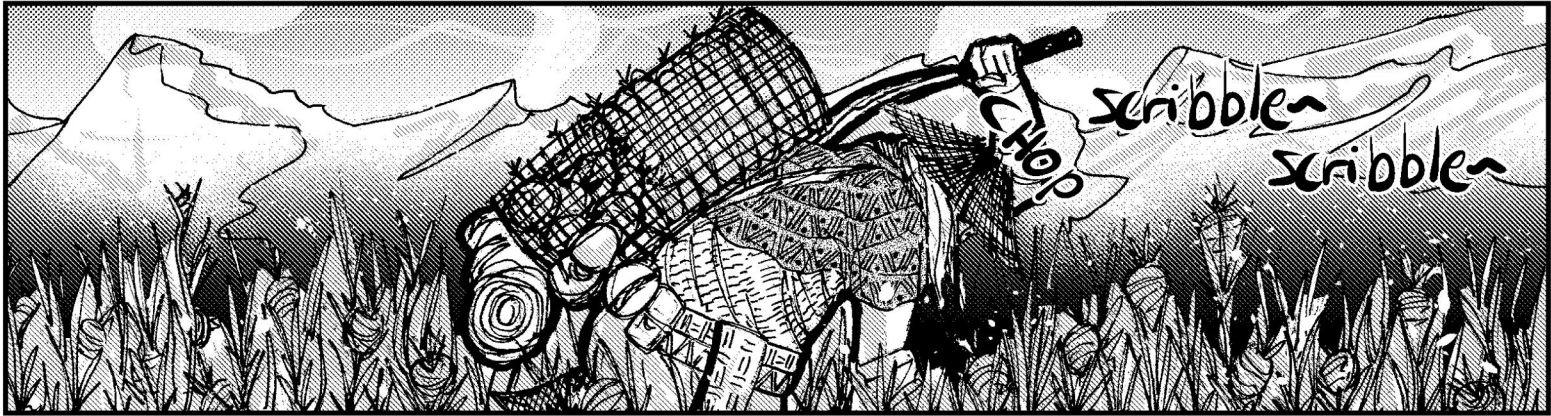
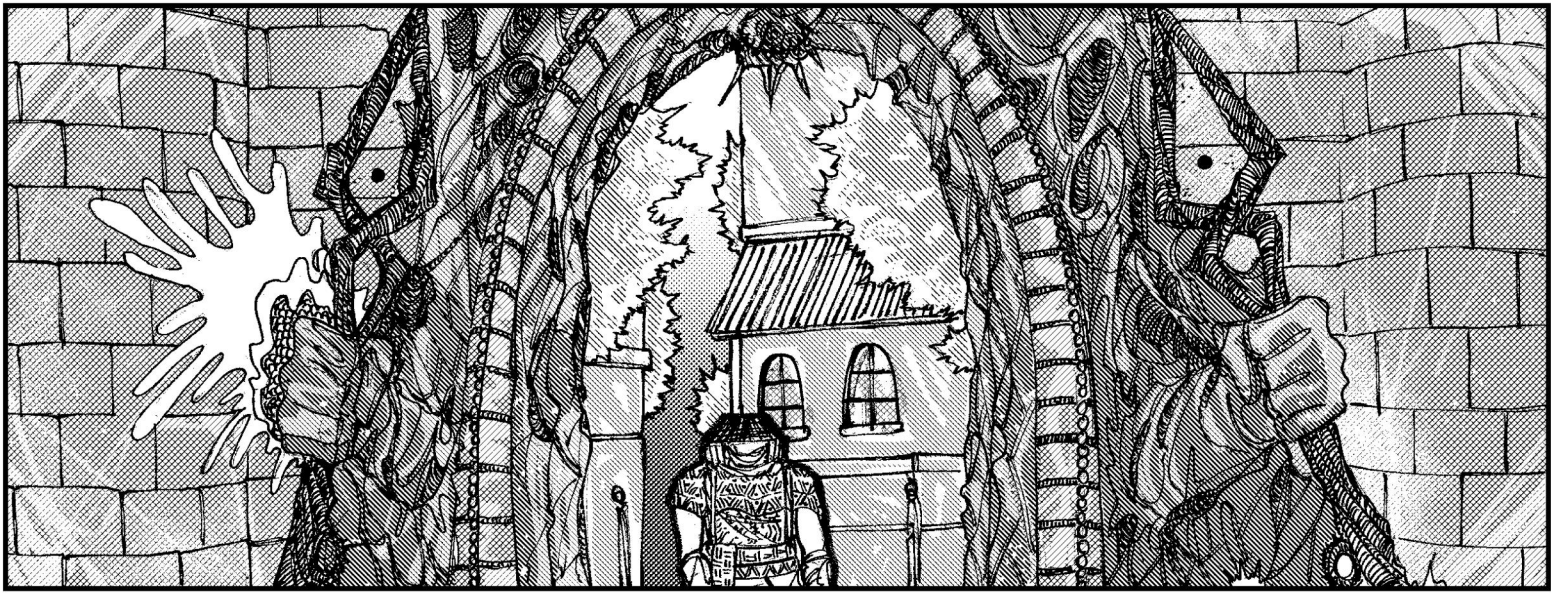



No.



But how do I make it?







Eh... Excuse me, what are you doing here?

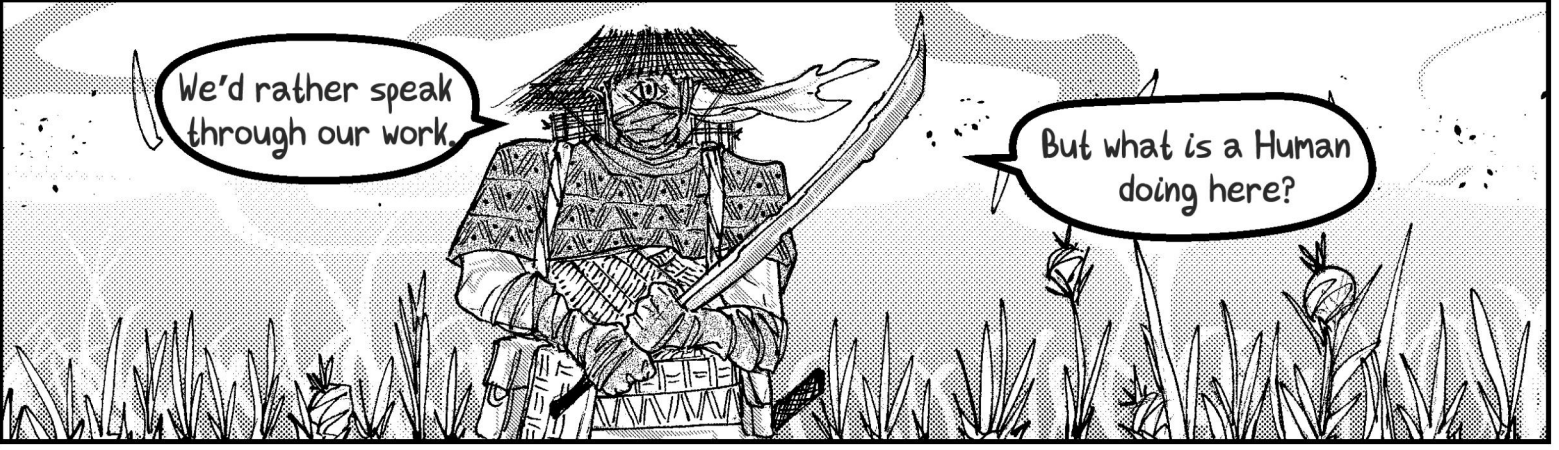


Huh?



You can talk?

I thought Giants couldn't speak!

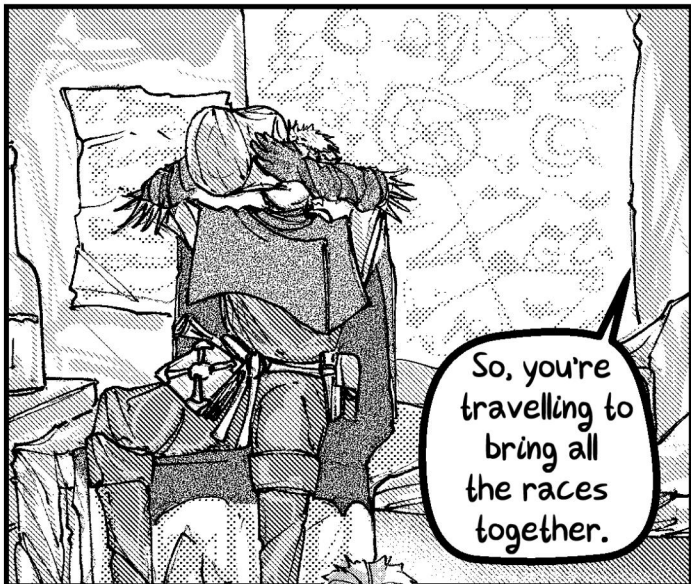


We'd rather speak through our work.

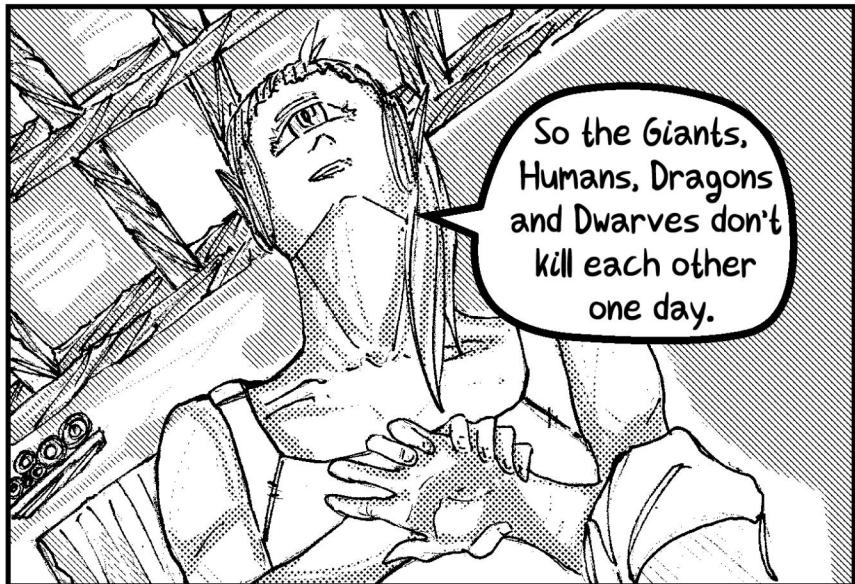
But what is a Human doing here?



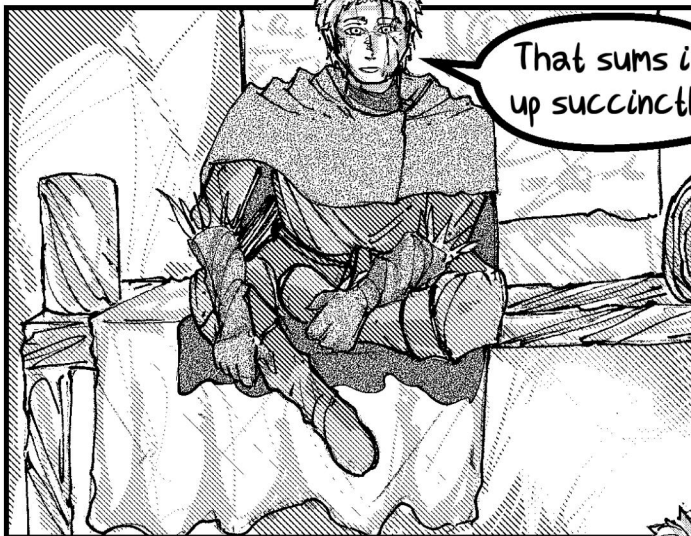
Ah. That's a long story.



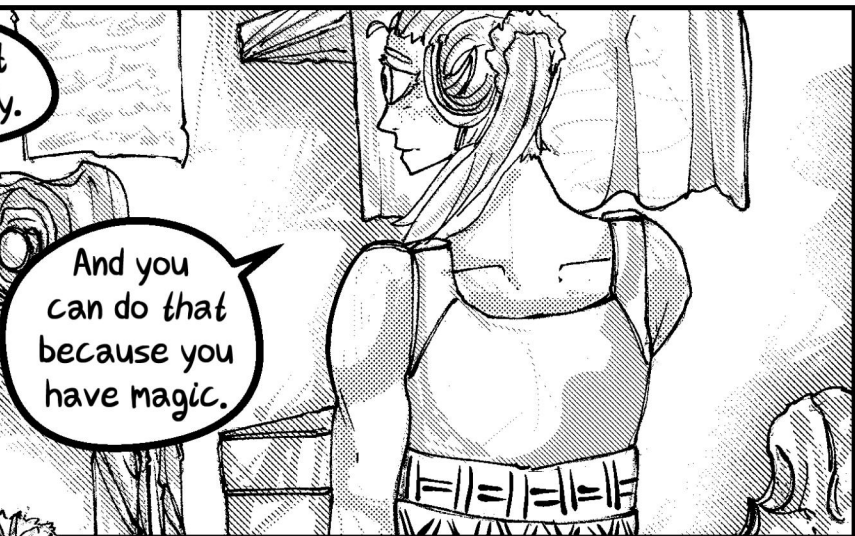
So, you're travelling to bring all the races together.



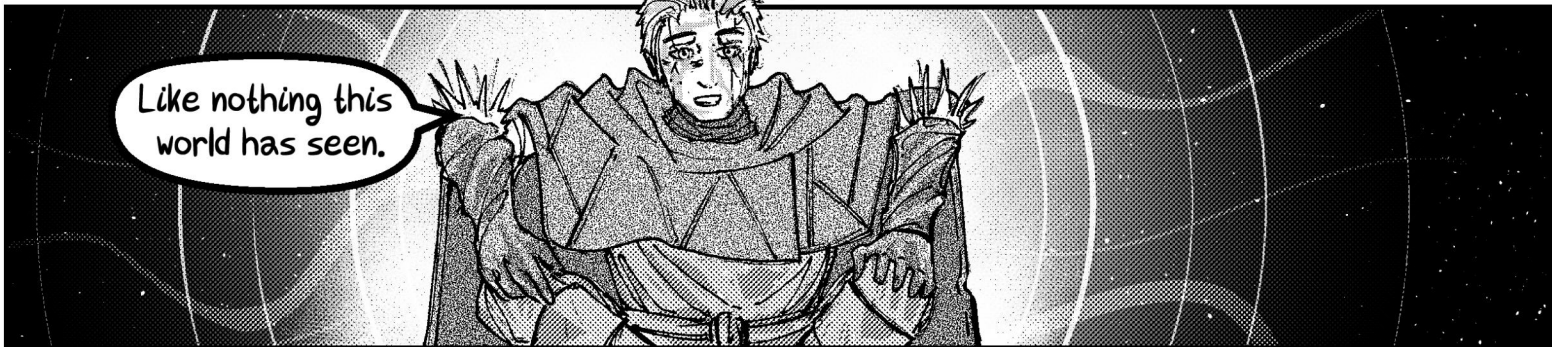
So the Giants, Humans, Dragons and Dwarves don't kill each other one day.



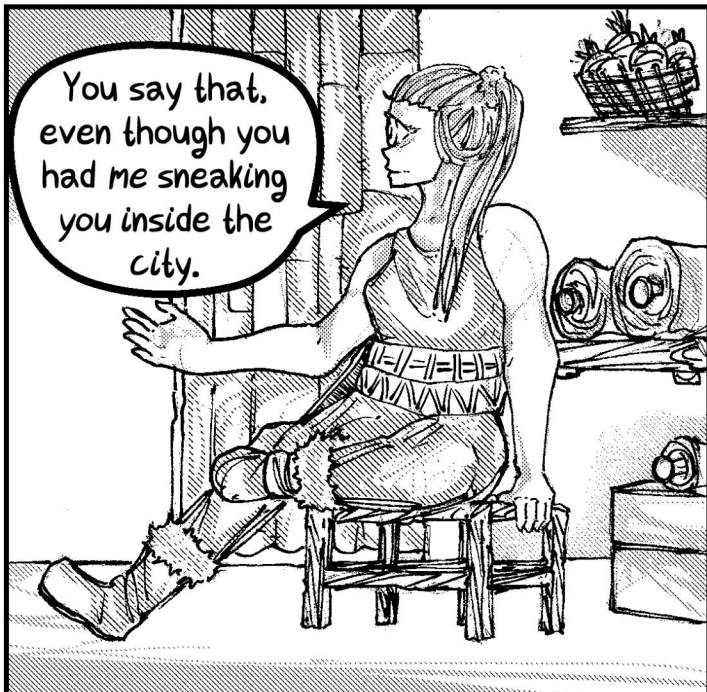
That sums it up succinctly.



And you can do that because you have magic.



Like nothing this world has seen.



You say that, even though you had me sneaking you inside the city.



Firstly, we can communicate thanks to my magic.

And I'd rather have it this way than just appear and preach.



What's this?

Now that is an actual long story.

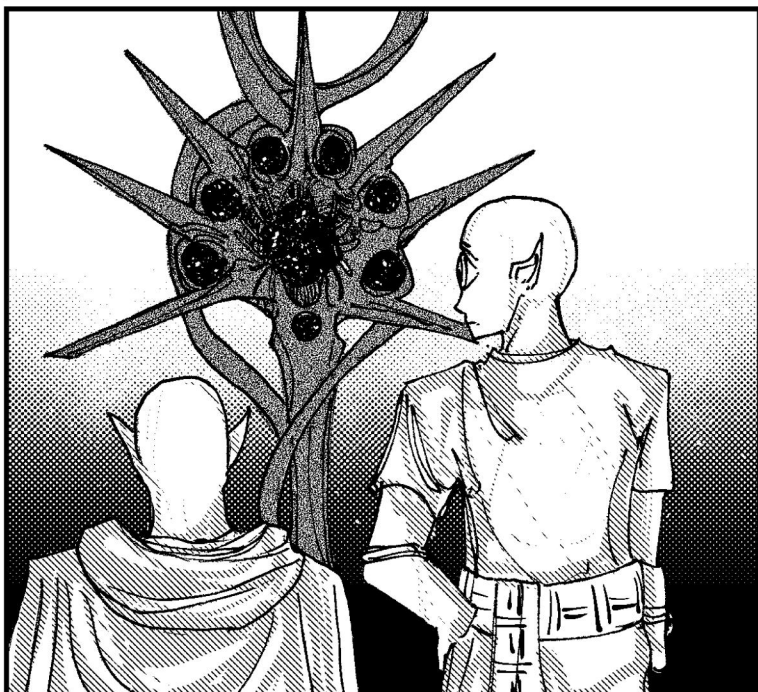
In the following days, Phidia explained how Giants operate in their societal structure, proving my stories in the Ars correct.

But still I listened closely, realising how refreshingly experience gave life to my knowledge.

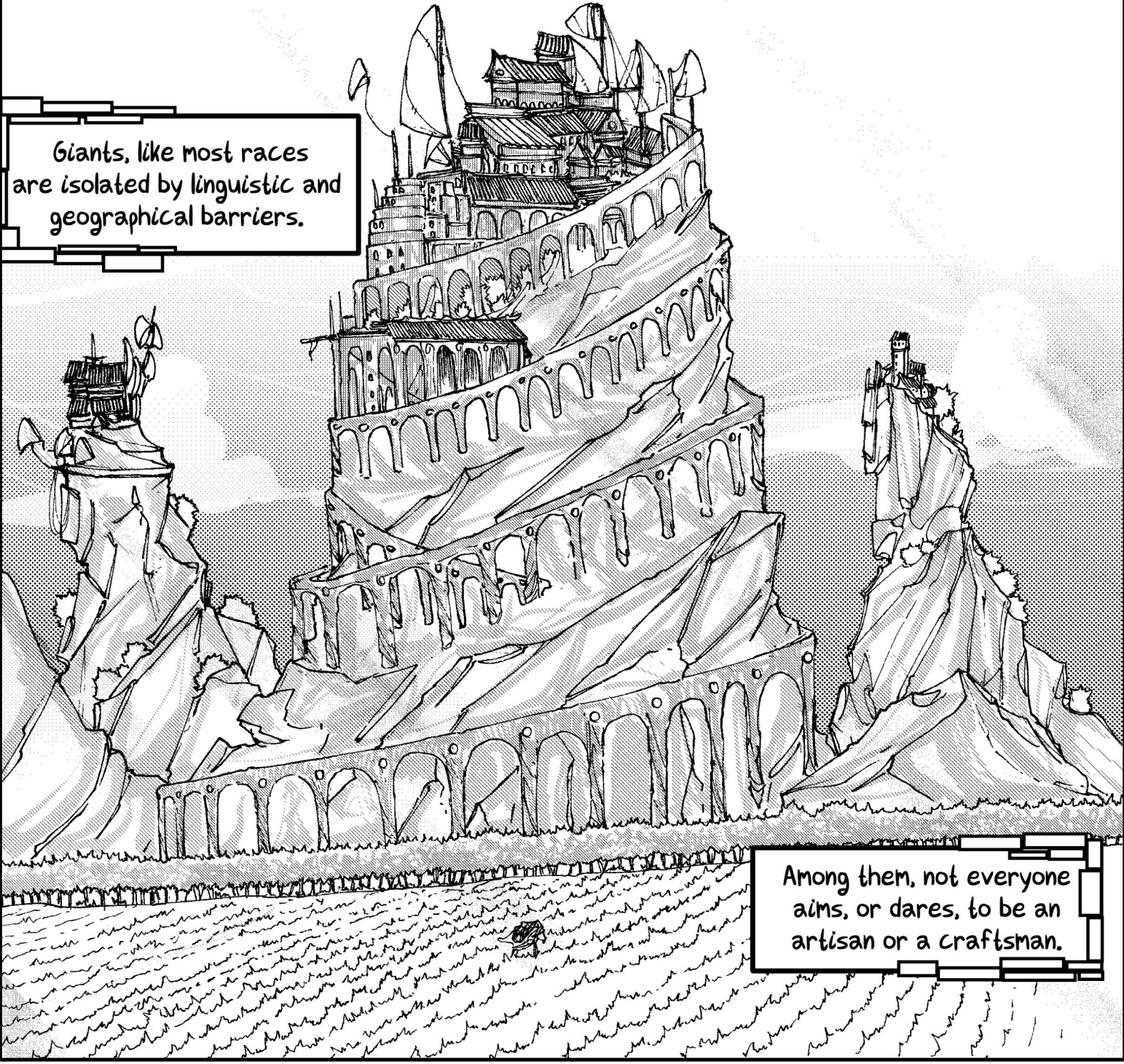
The Giants' culture is built around craftsmen and their work.

Every season a festival is held—the time of my arrival meets the Primaveral Festival, where the work of craftsmen and artisans is evaluated.

Creations need to be thoughtful, insightful and inspiring.



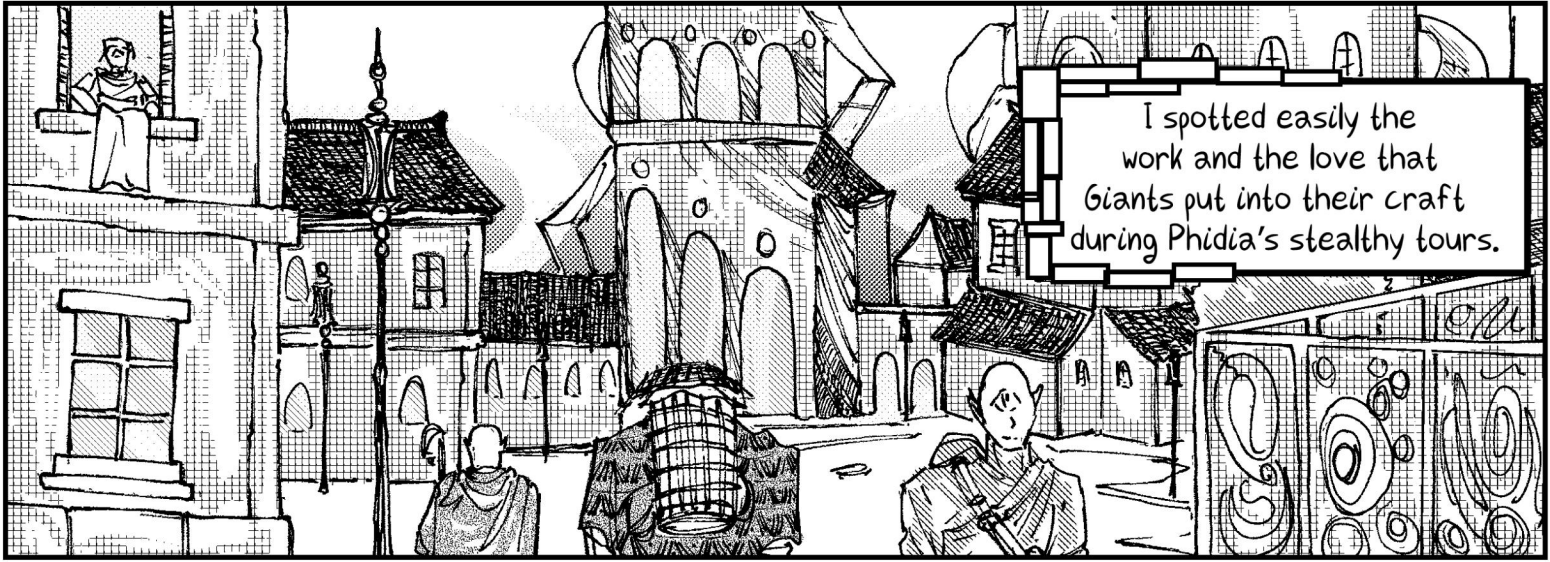
Giants, like most races are isolated by linguistic and geographical barriers.



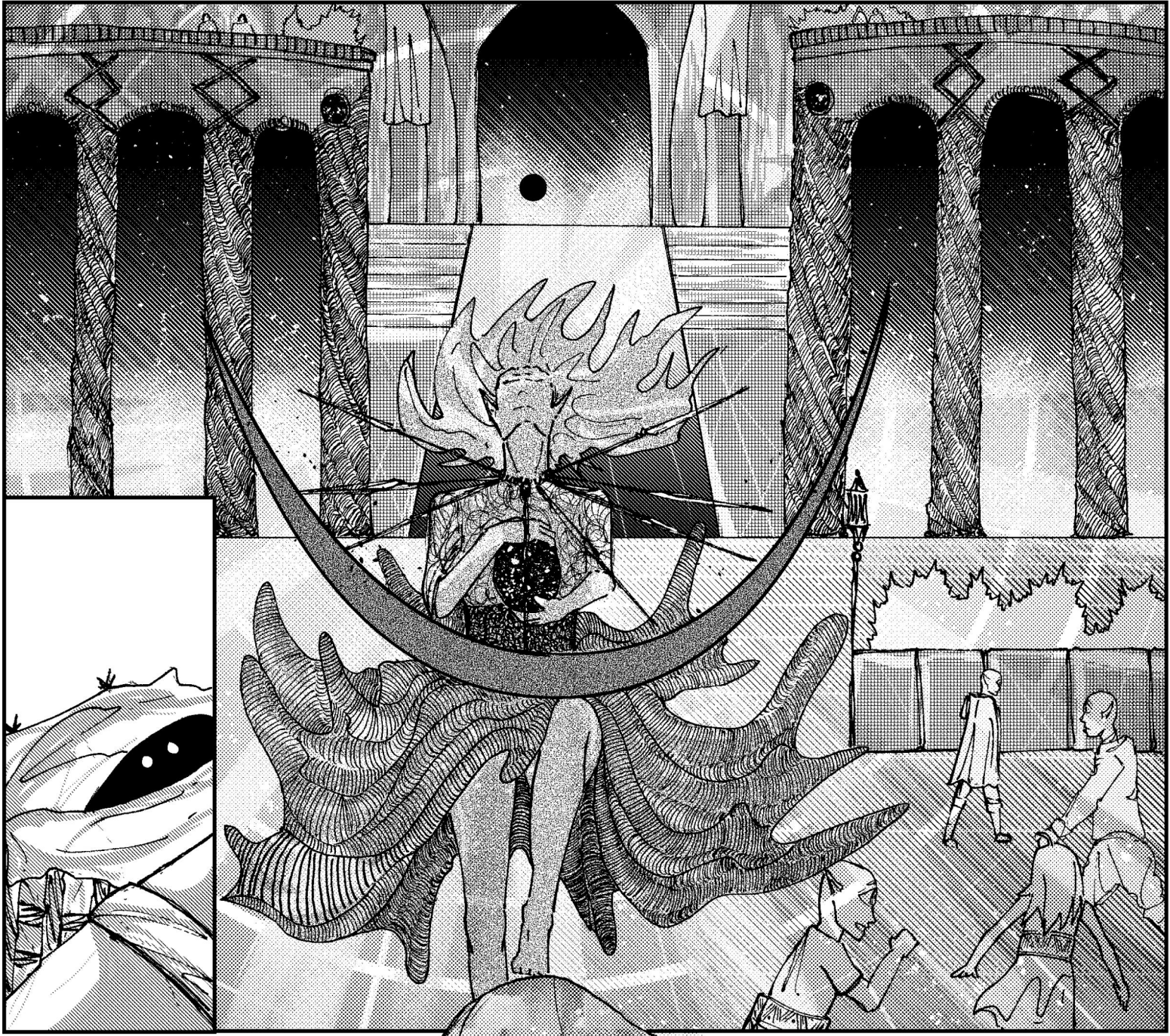
Among them, not everyone aims, or dares, to be an artisan or a craftsman.

Being the highest honour, those who are, are revered. For their work and what they put in it.





I spotted easily the work and the love that Giants put into their craft during Phidia's stealthy tours.

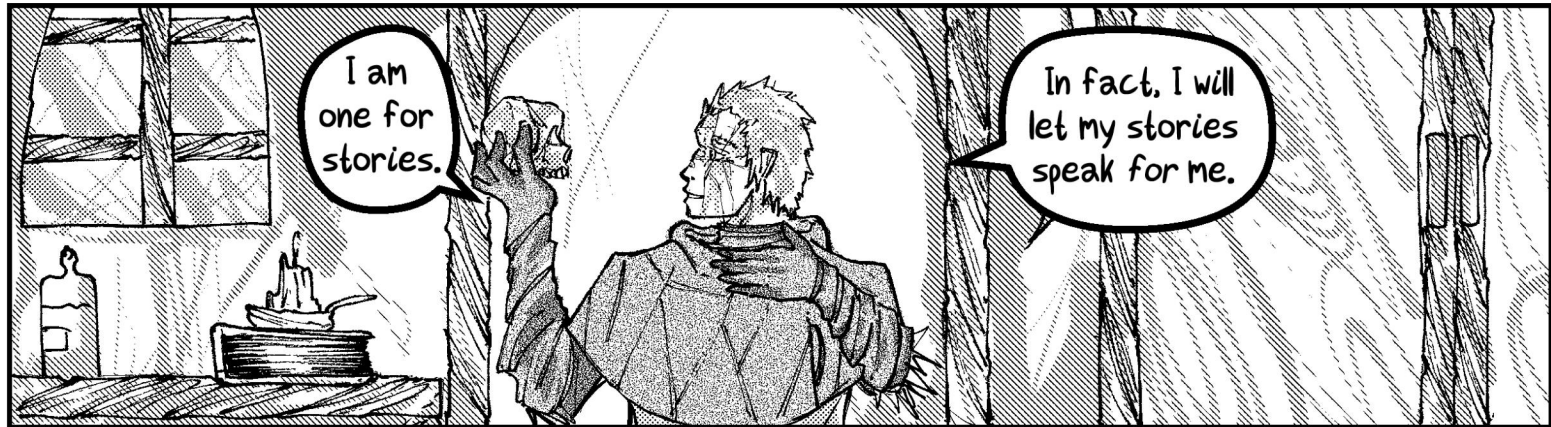


But, as I understood, that same reverence often came with a pressuring pestilence to keep creating

which made one's "voice" go silent.



So, what is your craft, Maestro Pernathoris?

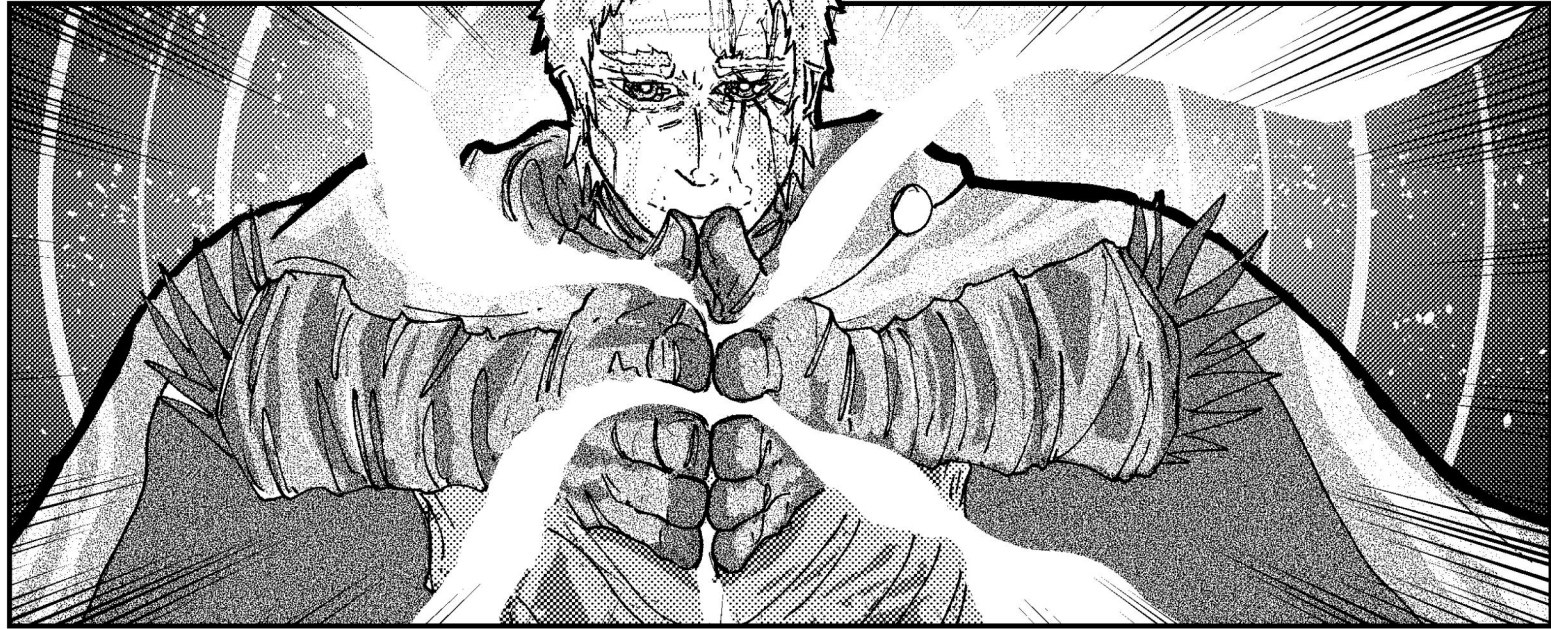
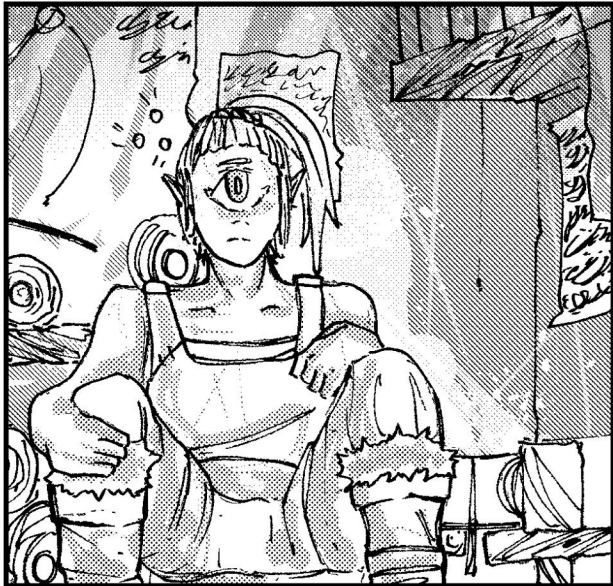


I am one for stories.

In fact, I will let my stories speak for me.



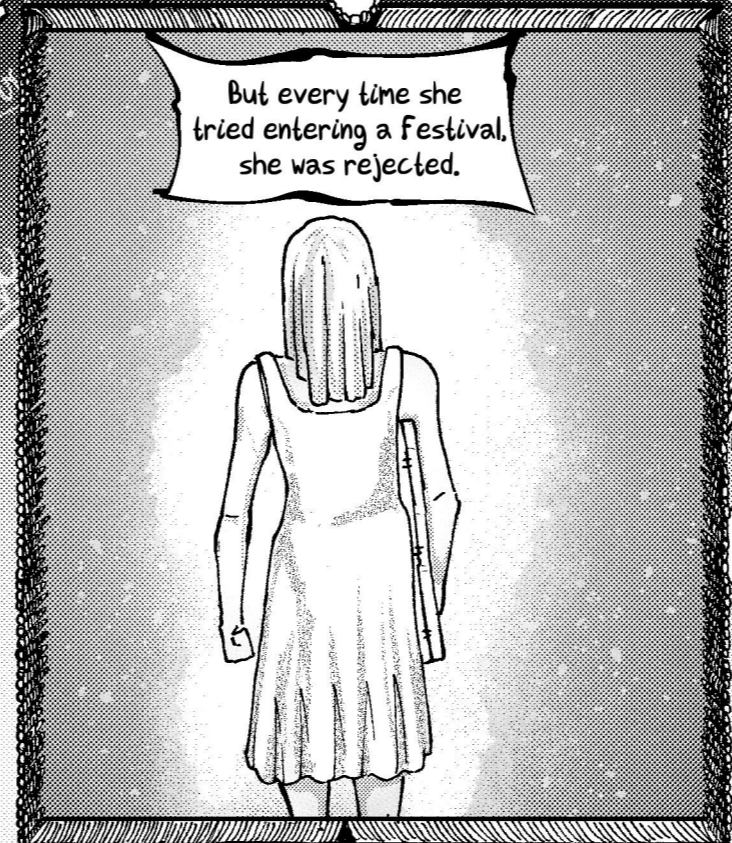
Allow your audience a moment to get ready for you.



Once upon a time, there was a blind Giant.
She wanted to create the painting
with the most vibrant colours.



But every time she
tried entering a Festival,
she was rejected.



Still, she painted.
And, when she did, she could sing
with every colour of our Dreams.



So, every time she painted,
she would hum and sing
and intone spiritedly.



She never realised that
the other Giants would amass to hear
her sing, because what she could do,
no one else could.



And so, she grew old and
faded, humming the dream-colours
in her song, without praise, without
award. But just as revered.

If only she knew.

