

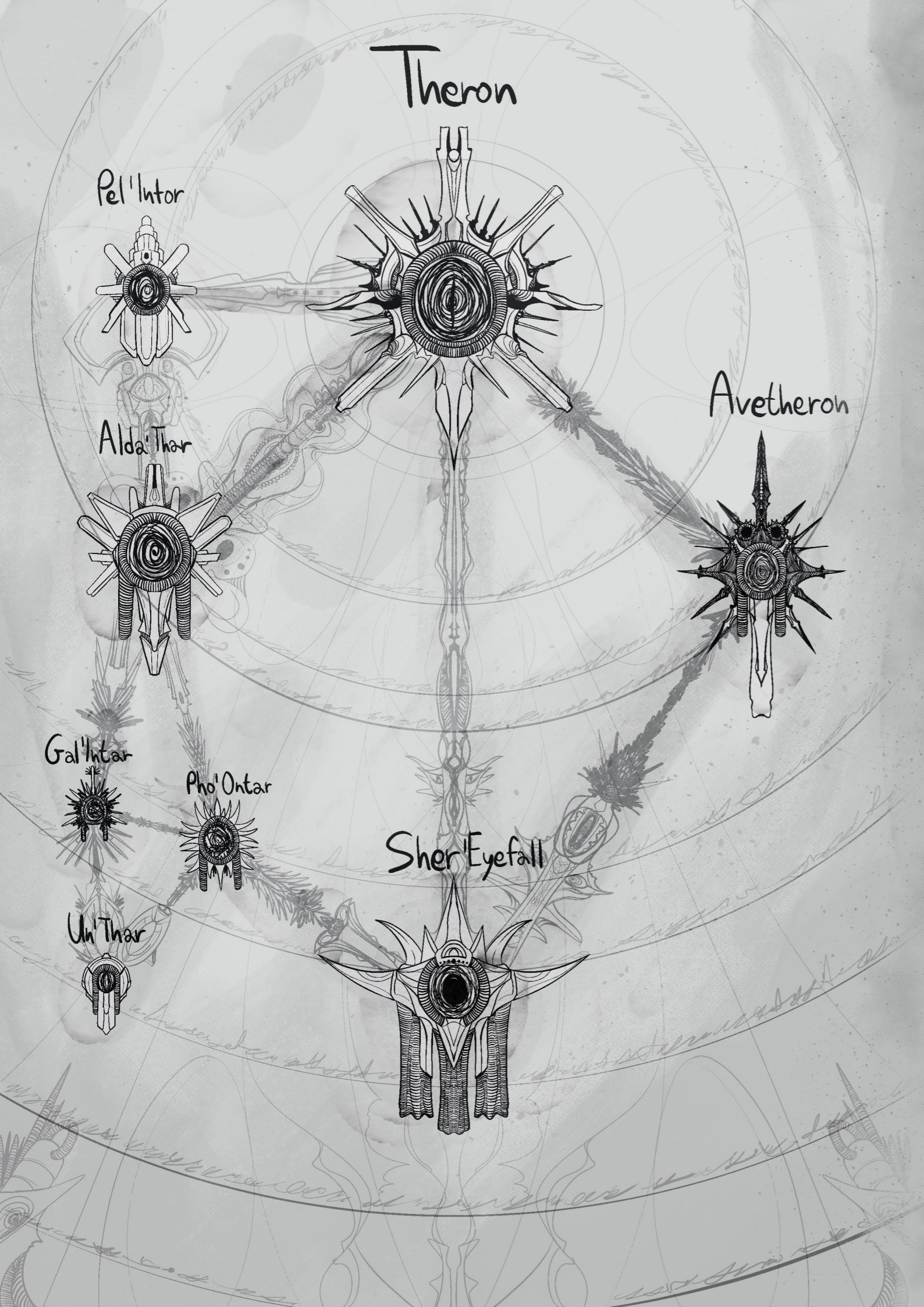
DREAMLANDS

World Walkers

STELIOS PLIATSIKAS

THANOS KYRATZIS





In the war-torn realm of Armaggedon, elite generals and warriors of the Dragon Army face trials to ascend. Among them lies an unspoken challenge—the Ringed Painting.

A blank canvas, adorned with a painted ring, draws challengers into a realm crafted from their own tales. Spell by spell, word by word, they relive their impact on the world.

Stored in the Armaggedon barracks are paintings of those who failed, reminders for warlordsto balance reality and magic.

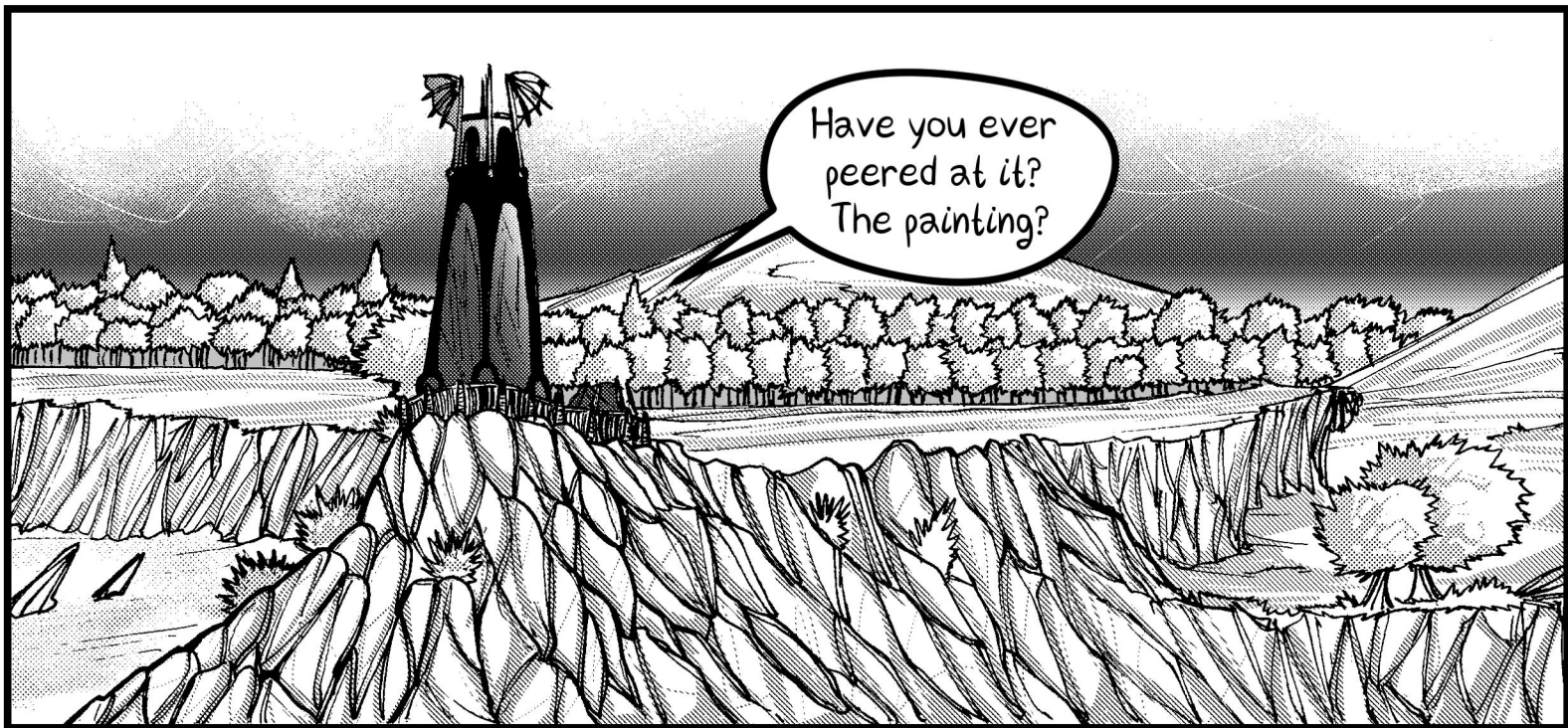
One victorious figure stands, a legend in whispers. In this mystic tale, the Ringed Painting holds secrets, and the victor's story sparks hope amid the enchanted trials.





Chapter 1

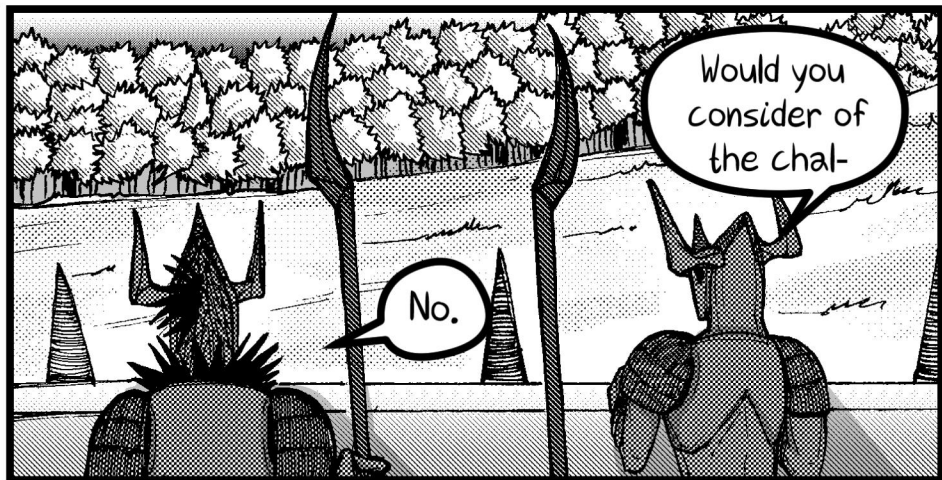
Broken Canvas



Have you ever
peered at it?
The painting?



If I could,
I'd end my watch
without even
thinking
about it.

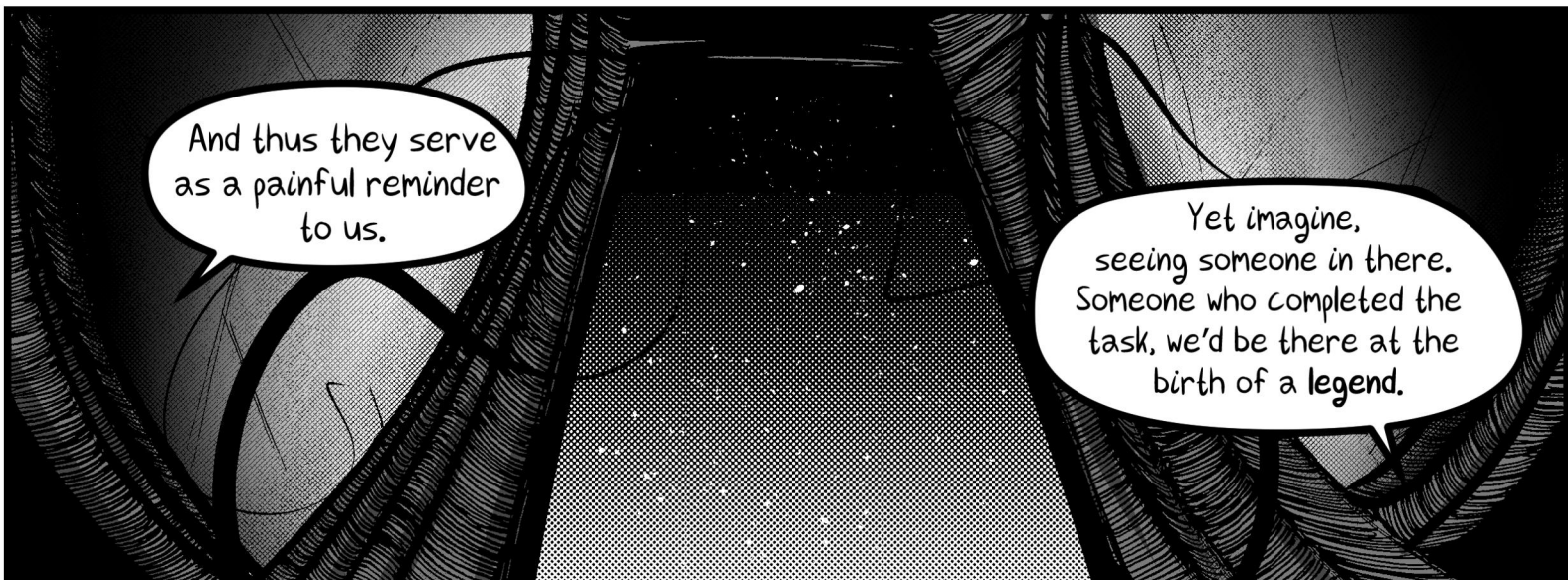


No.

Would you
consider of
the chal-

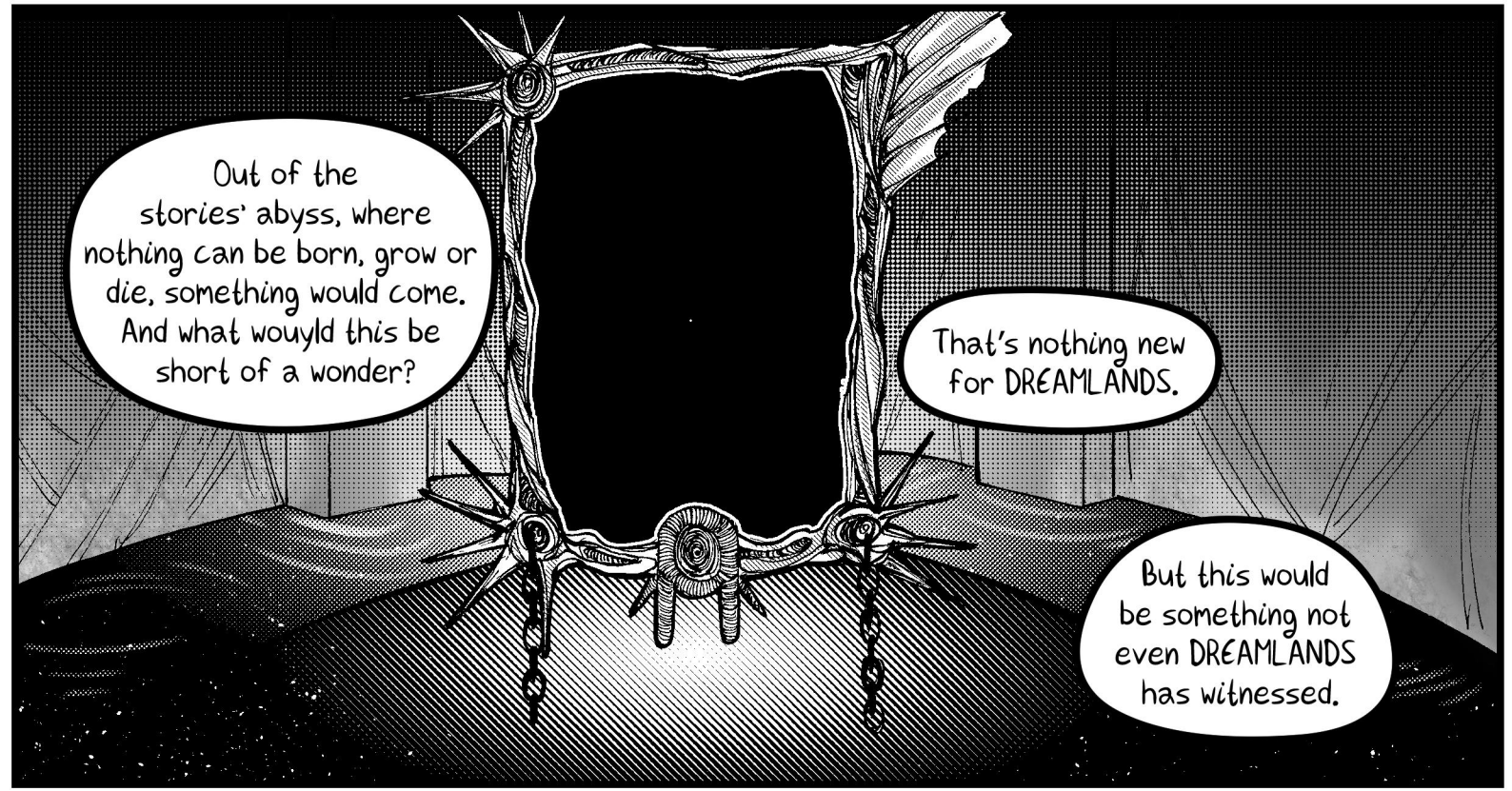


But don't
you wonder?
All who took the quest
are lost in there.



And thus they serve
as a painful reminder
to us.

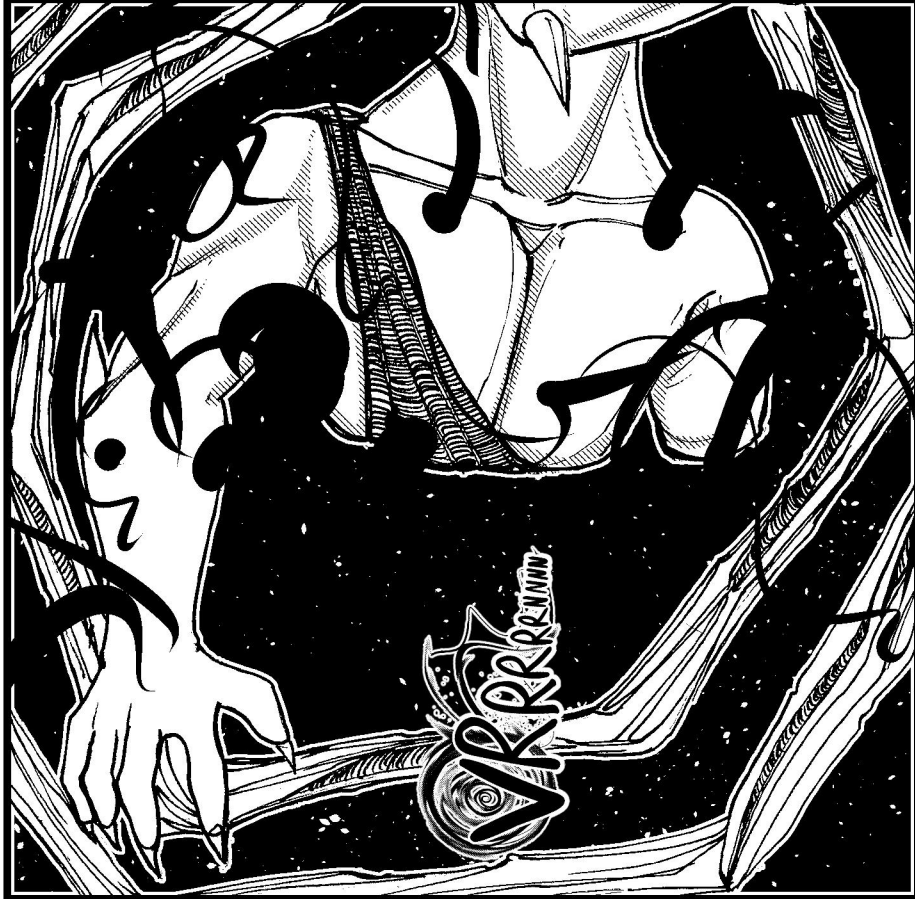
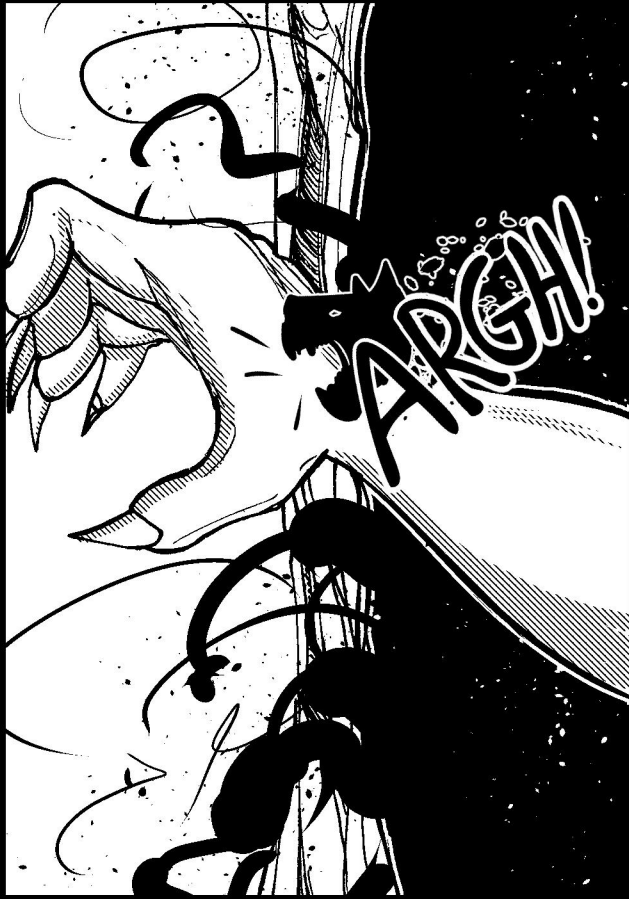
Yet imagine,
seeing someone in there.
Someone who completed the
task, we'd be there at the
birth of a legend.

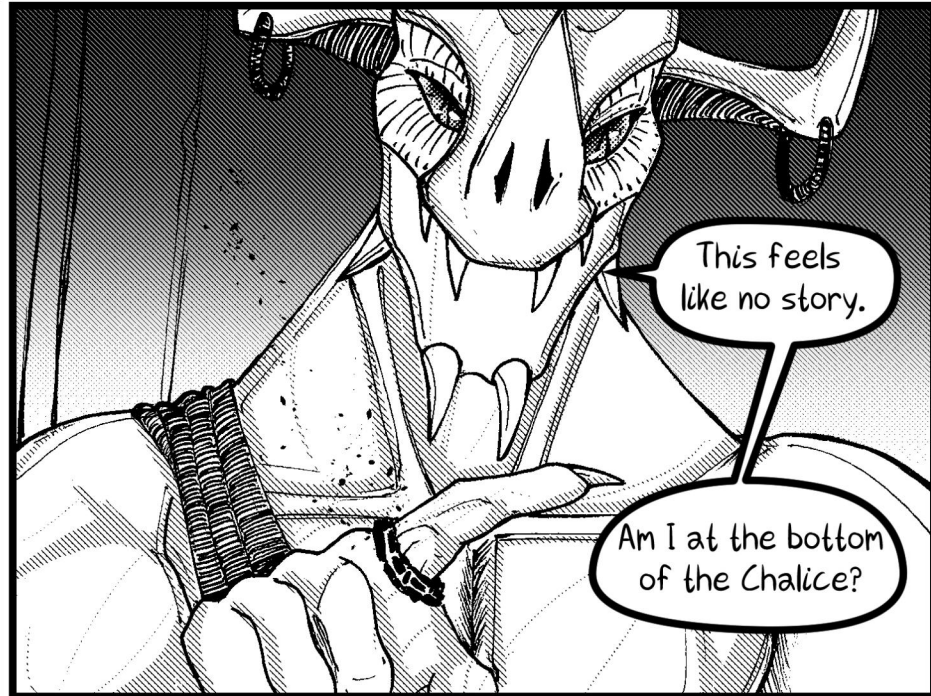
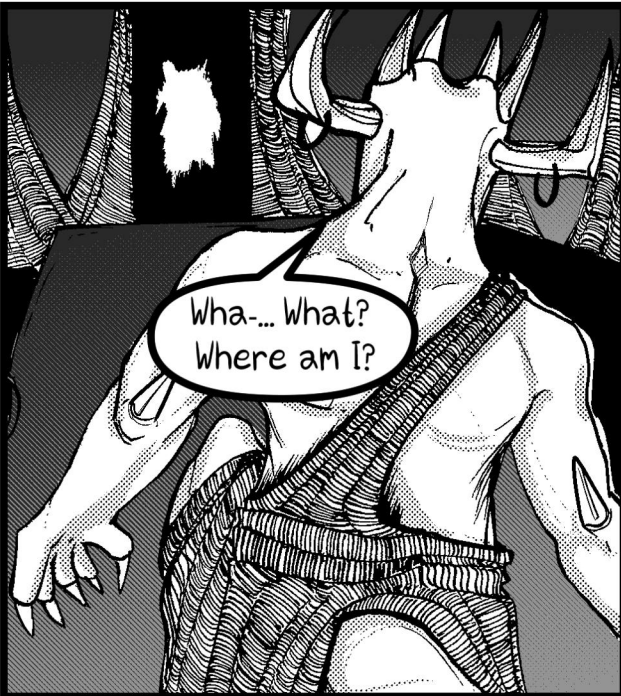
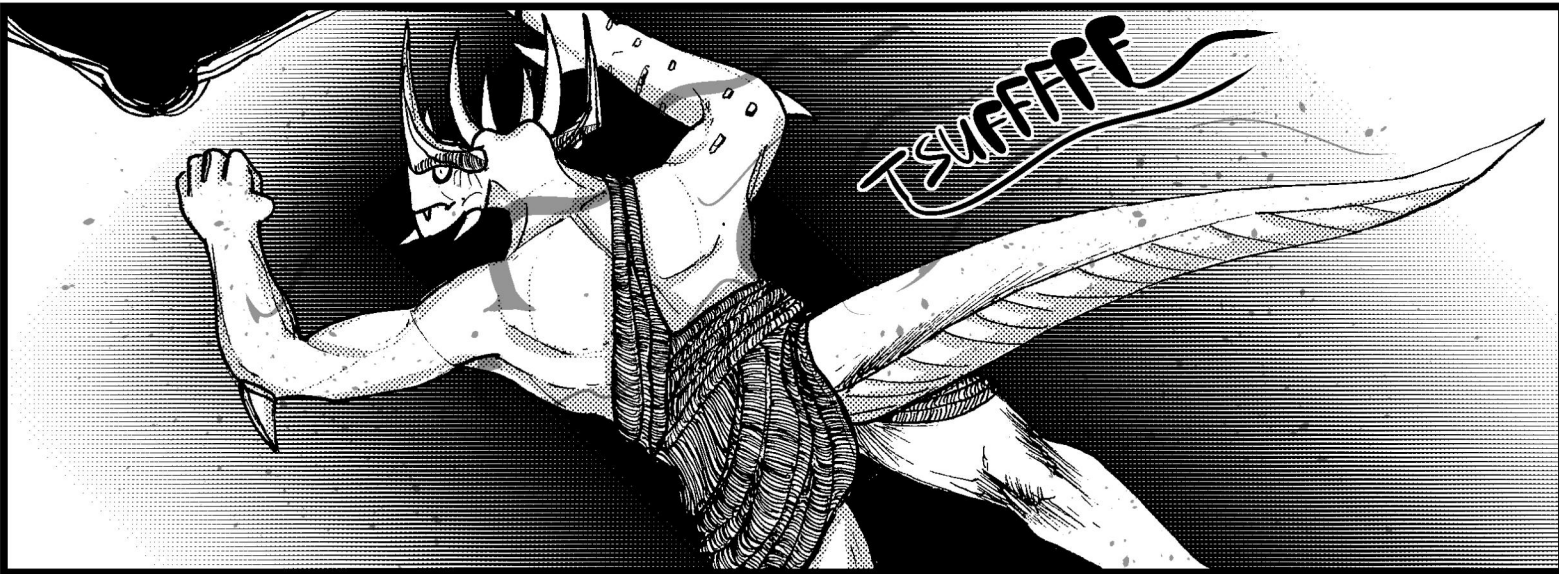


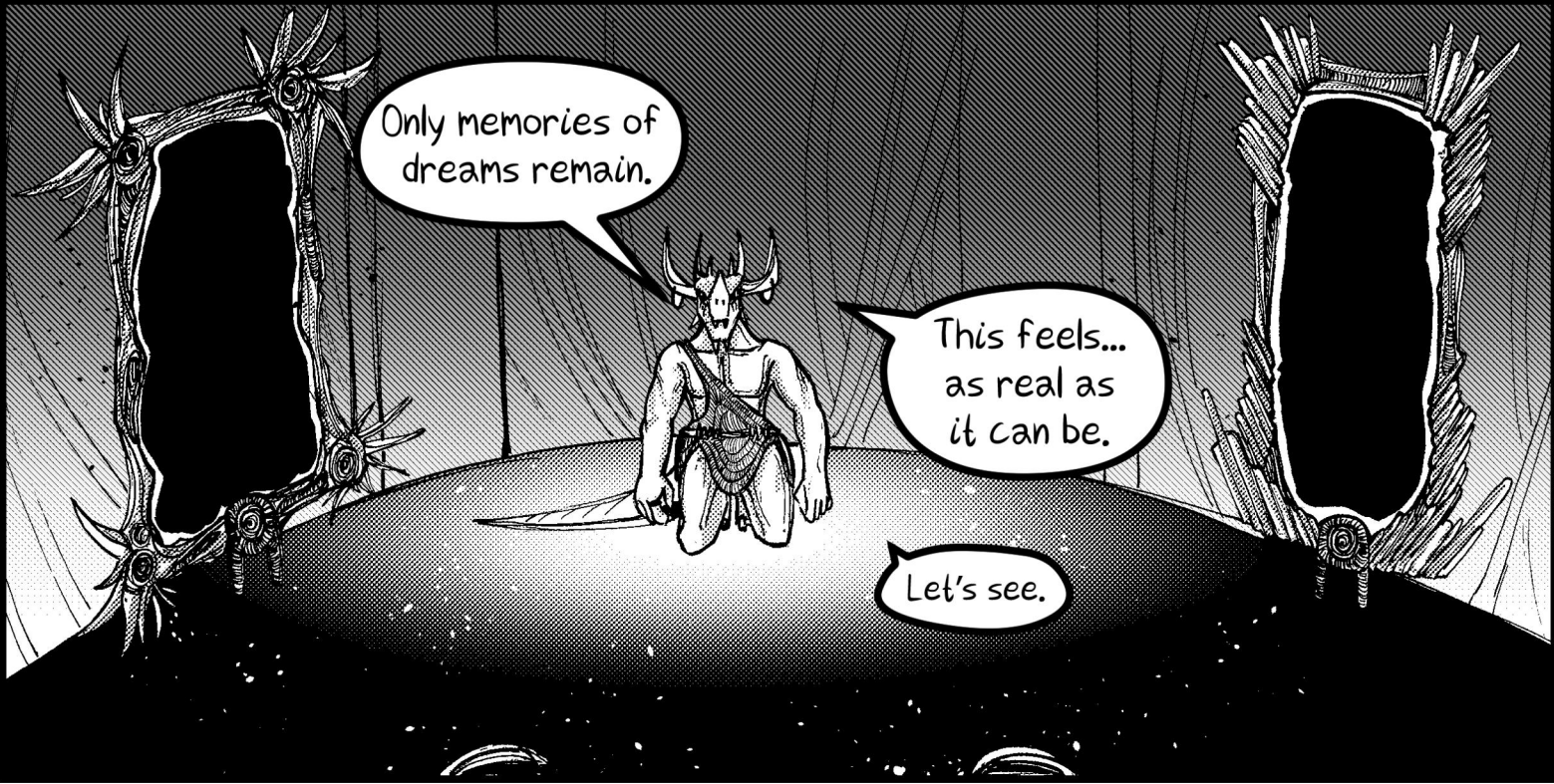
Out of the stories' abyss, where nothing can be born, grow or die, something would come. And what would this be short of a wonder?

That's nothing new for DREAMLANDS.

But this would be something not even DREAMLANDS has witnessed.



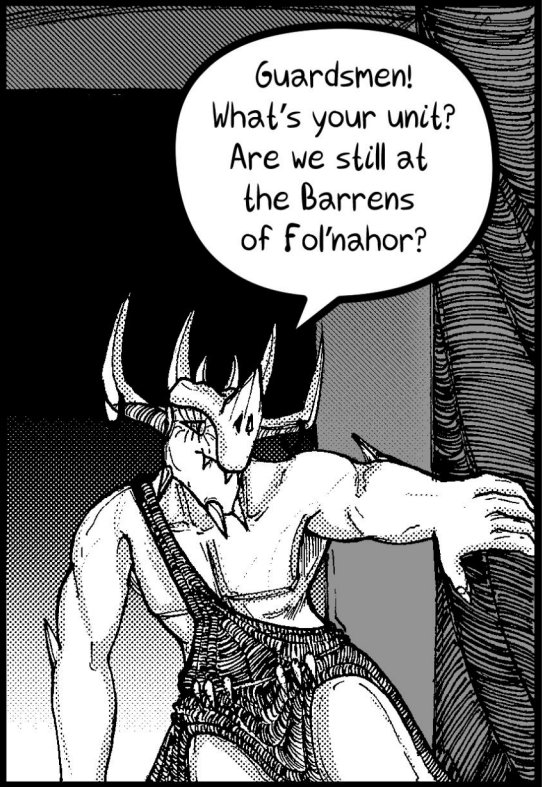




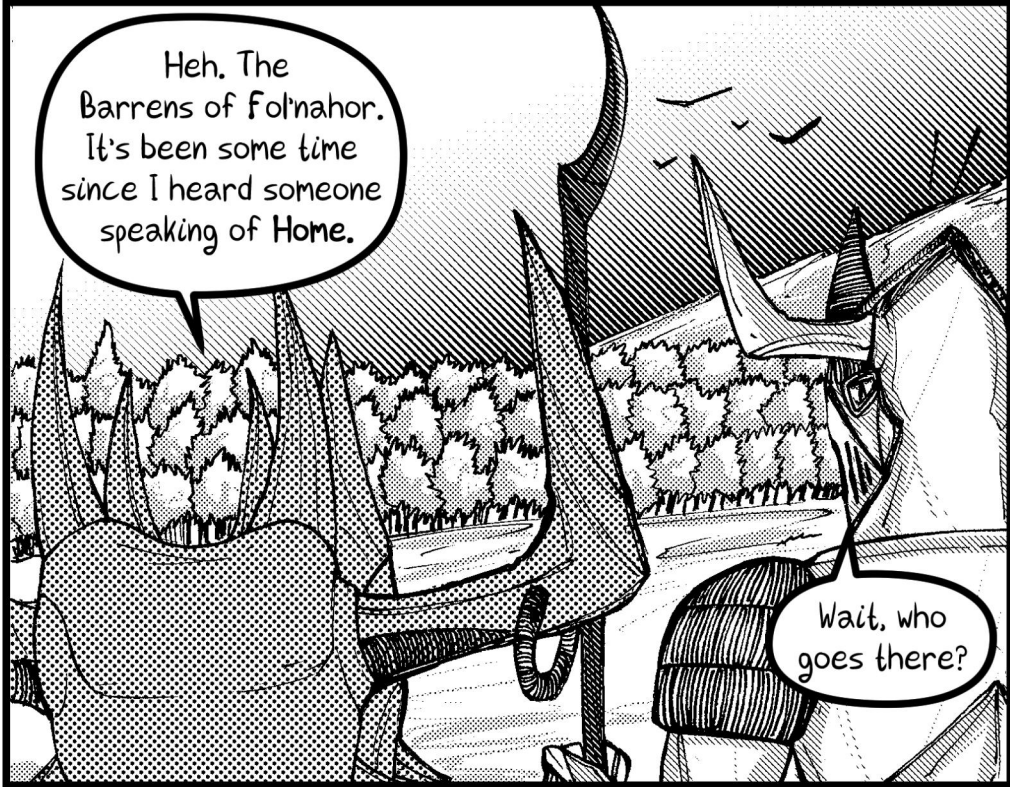
Only memories of dreams remain.

This feels... as real as it can be.

Let's see.

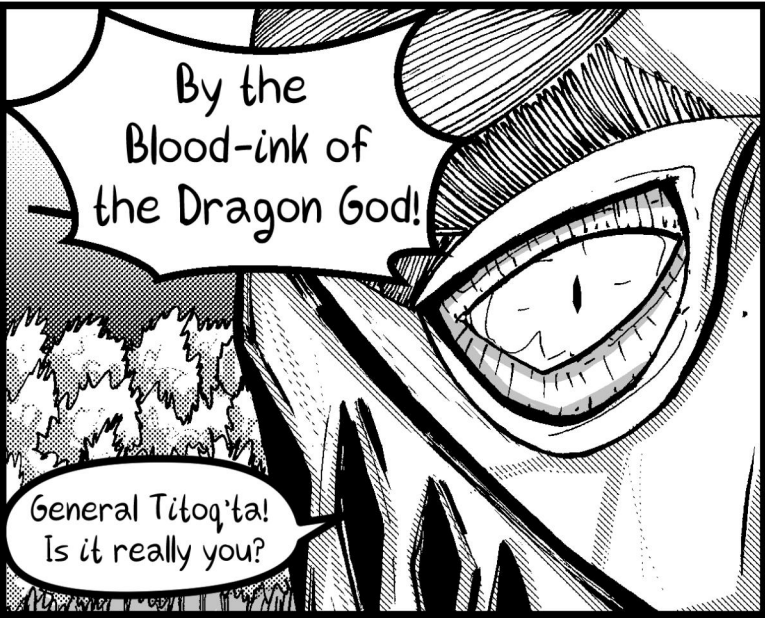


Guardsmen! What's your unit? Are we still at the Barrens of Fol'nahor?



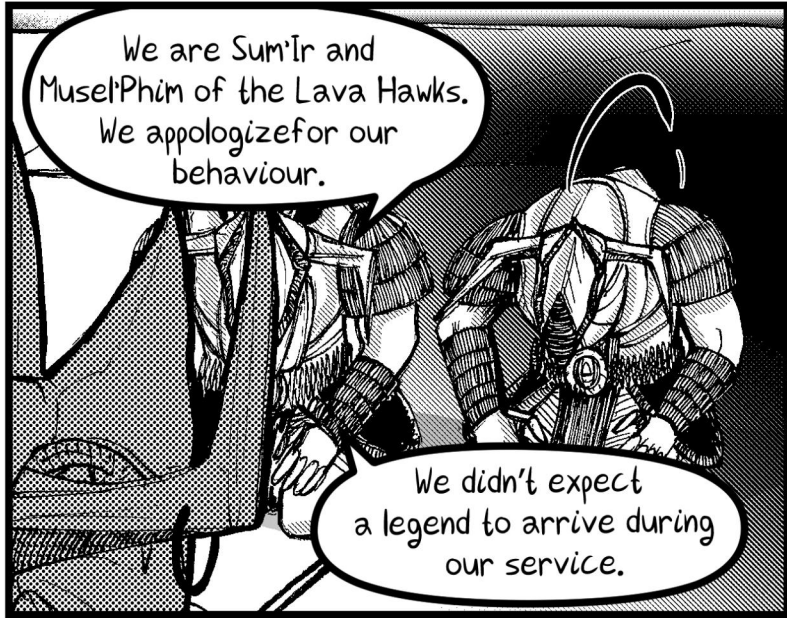
Heh. The Barrens of Fol'nahor. It's been some time since I heard someone speaking of Home.

Wait, who goes there?



By the Blood-ink of the Dragon God!

General Titoq'ta! Is it really you?

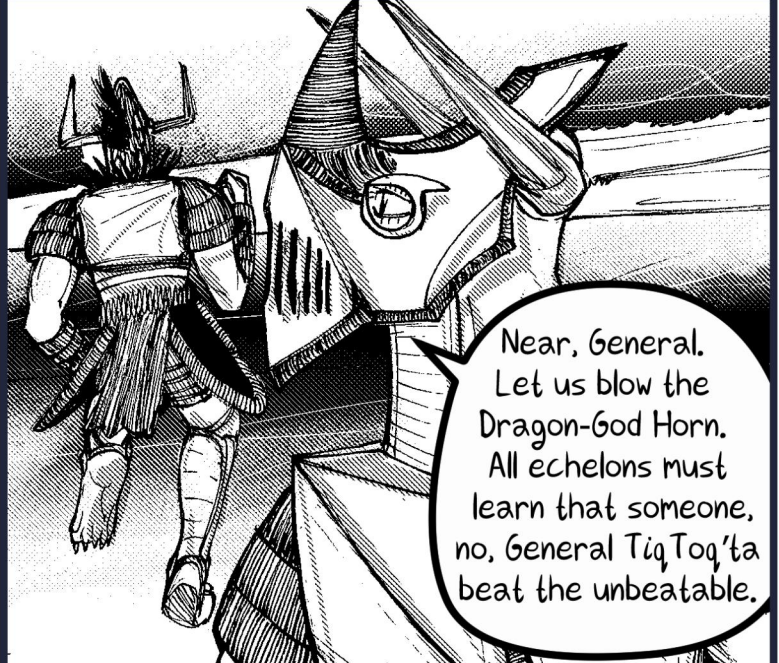


We are Sum'ir and Musel'Phim of the Lava Hawks. We appologize for our behaviour.

We didn't expect a legend to arrive during our service.



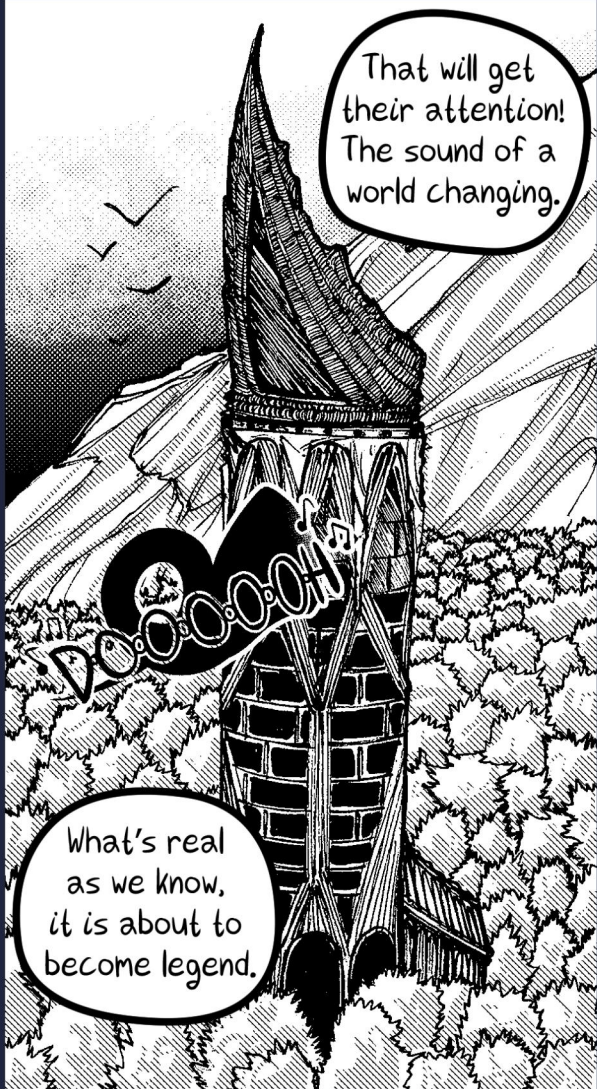
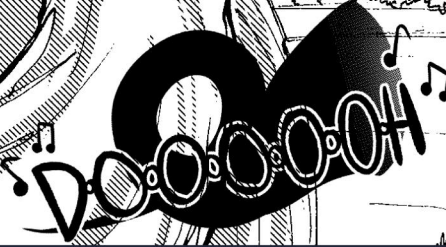
As you were. Where are our other cohorts of Armageddon?



Near, General. Let us blow the Dragon-God Horn. All echelons must learn that someone, no, General Tiq Toq'ta beat the unbeatable.

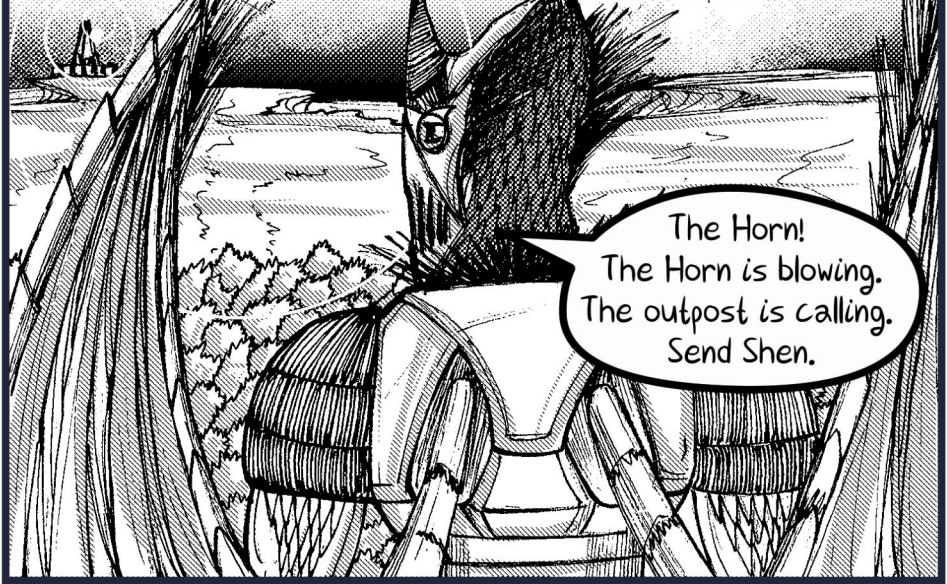


Blow until fire comes out. Blow the horn of Redemption for someones prison became triumph!



That will get their attention! The sound of a world changing.

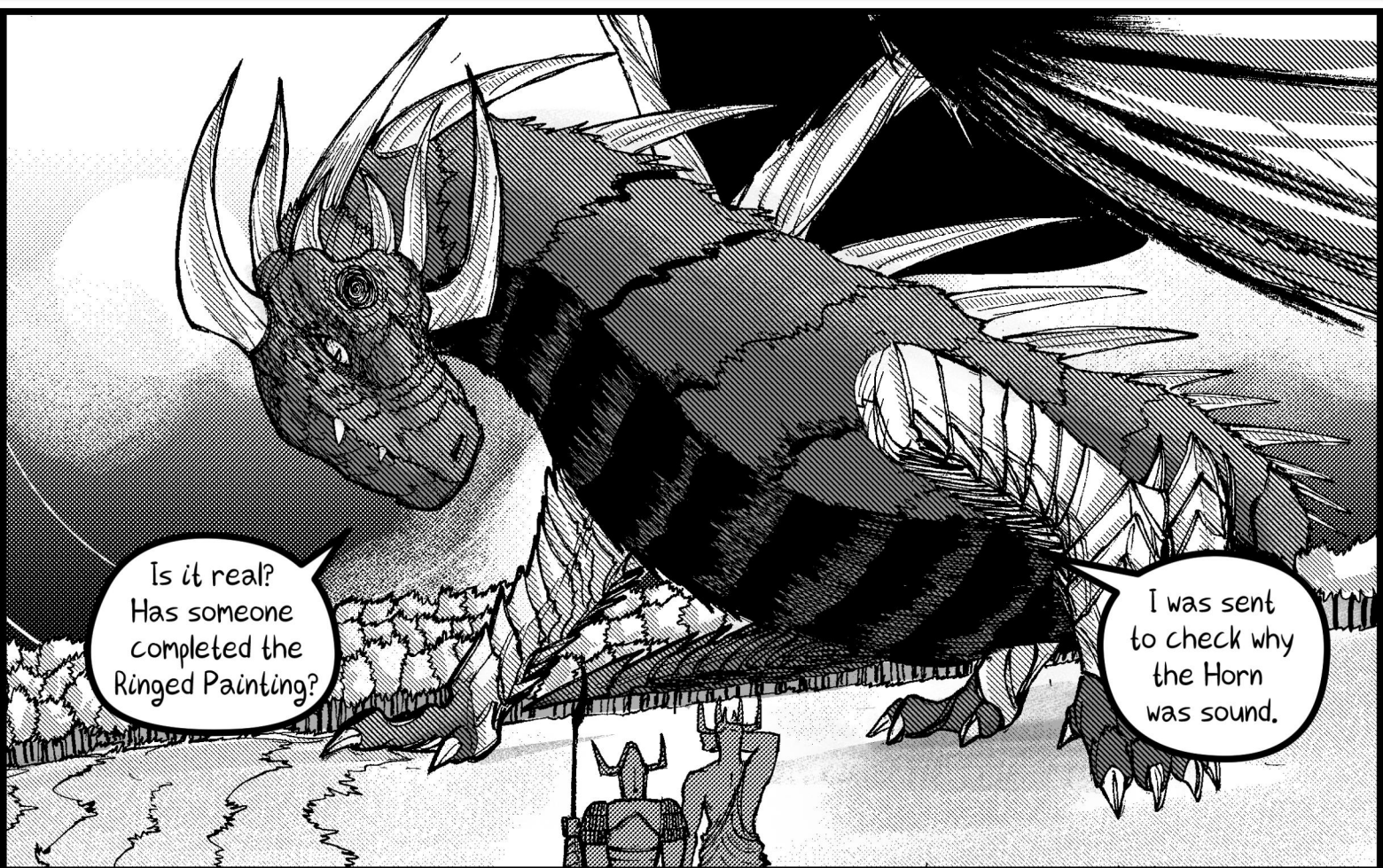
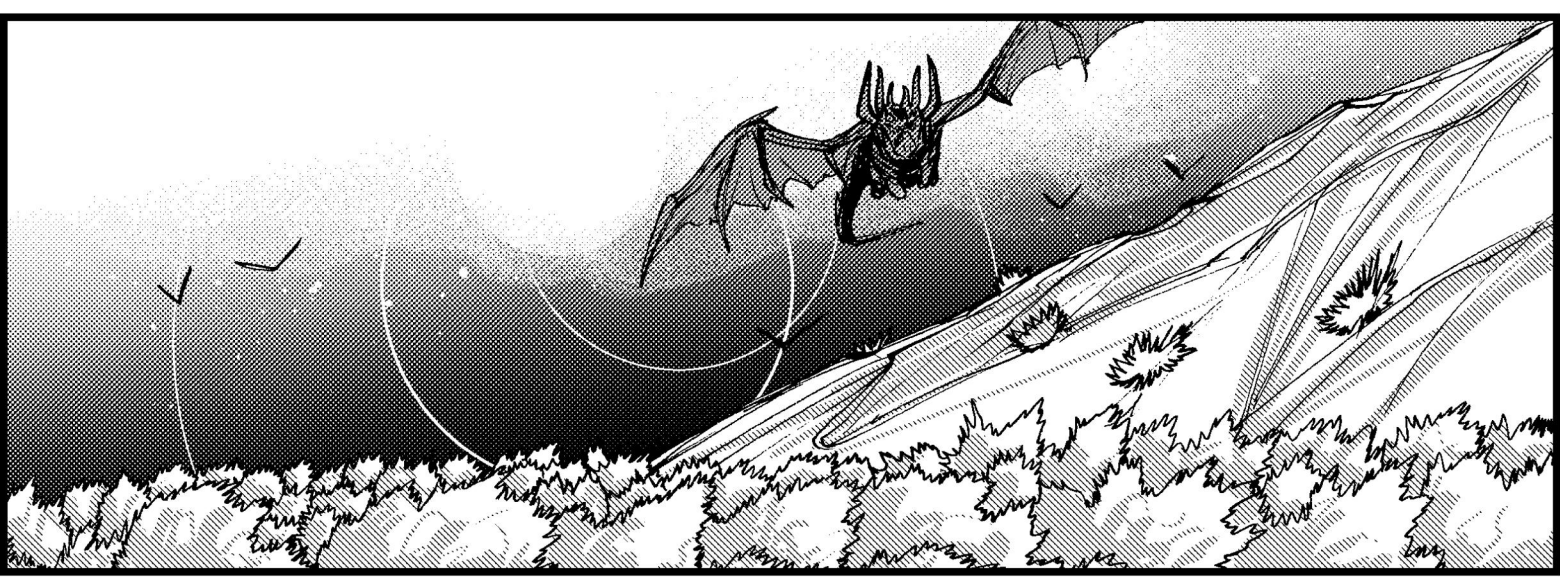
What's real as we know, it is about to become legend.



The Horn! The Horn is blowing. The outpost is calling. Send Shen.

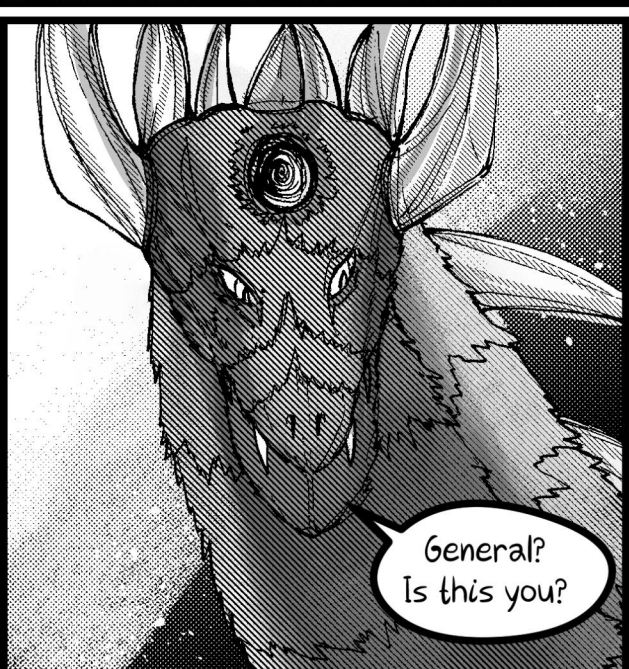


Hm...ha.. ha..ha

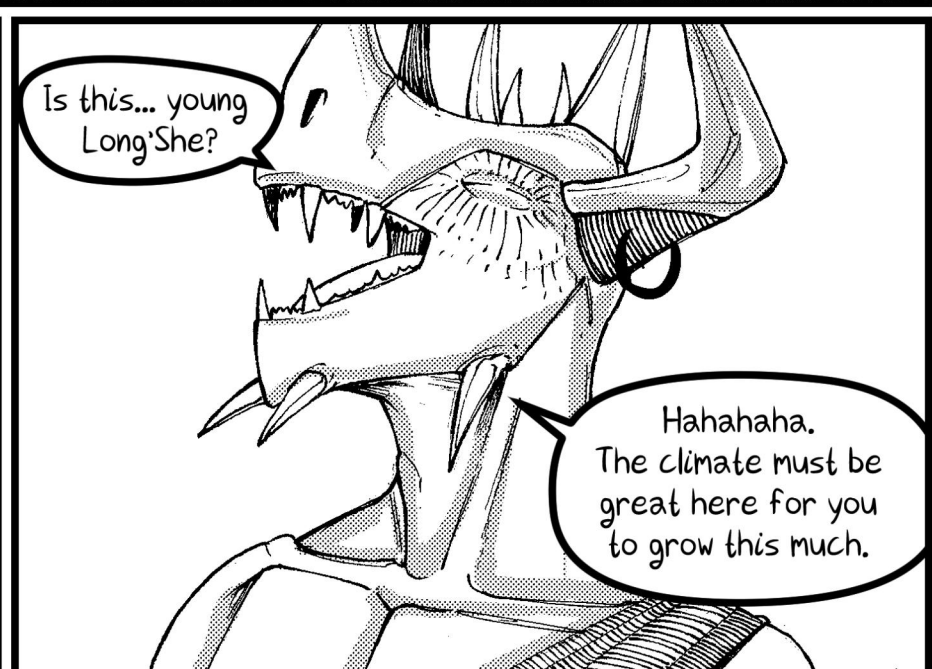


Is it real?
Has someone
completed the
Ringed Painting?

I was sent
to check why
the Horn
was sound.

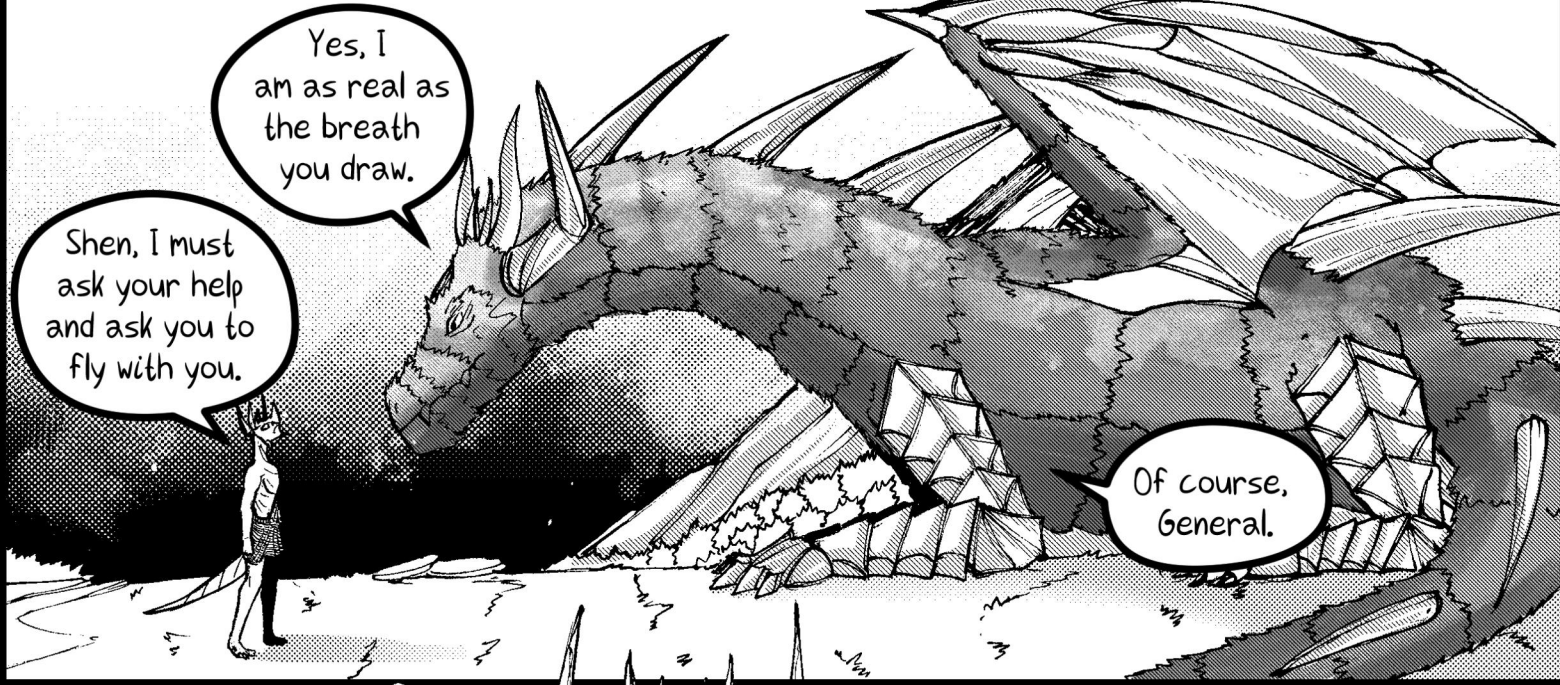


General?
Is this you?



Is this... young
Long'She?

Hahahaha.
The climate must be
great here for you
to grow this much.



Yes, I am as real as the breath you draw.

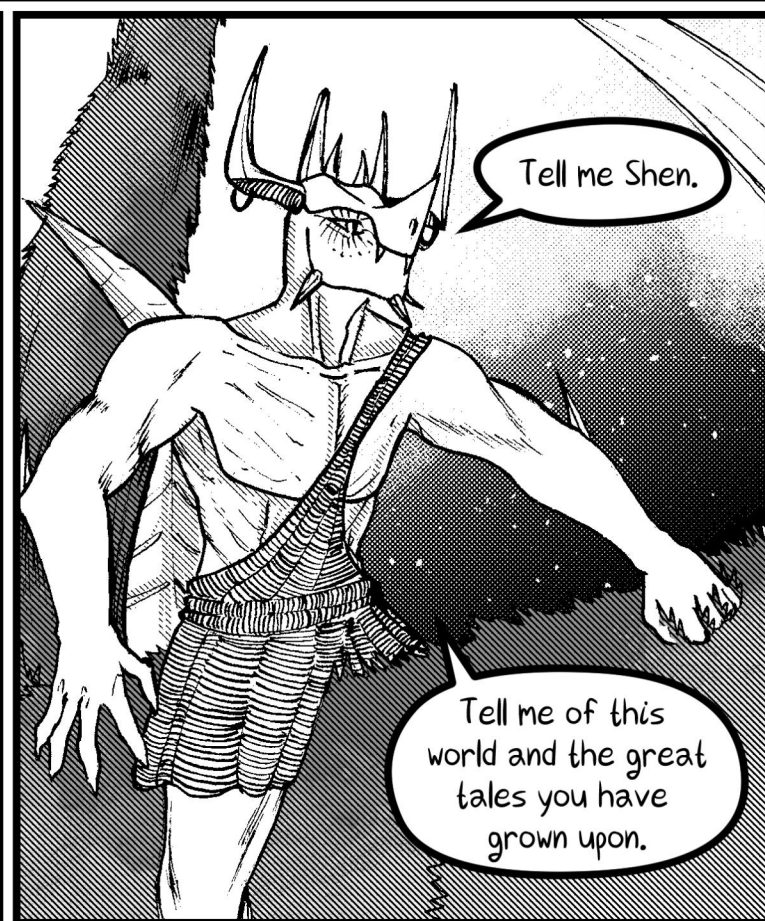
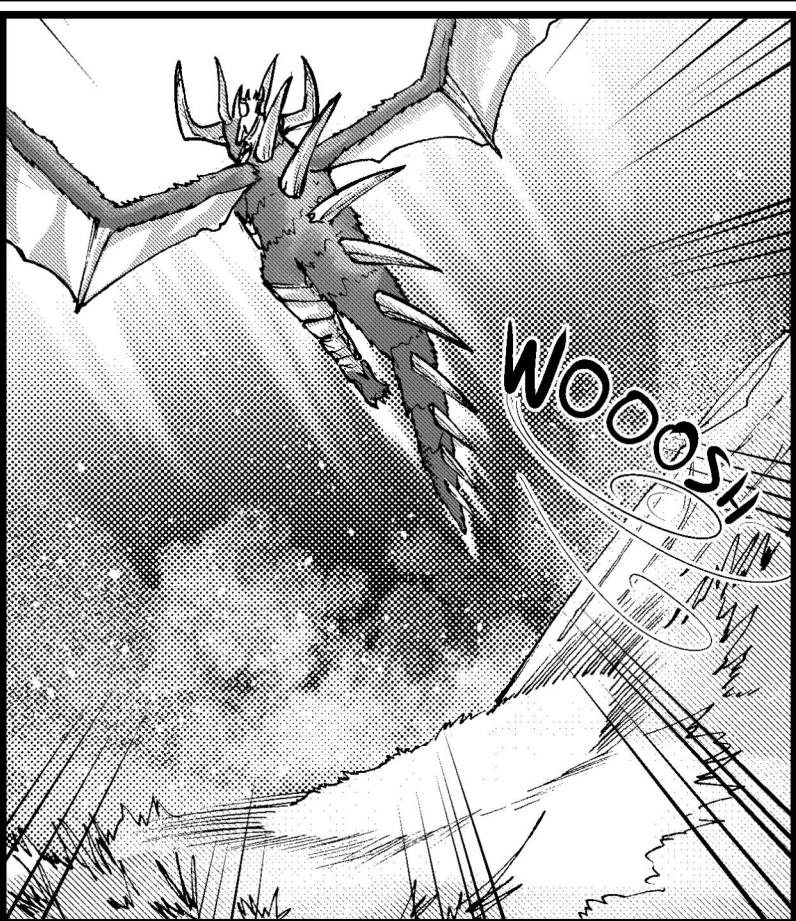
Shen, I must ask your help and ask you to fly with you.

Of course, General.



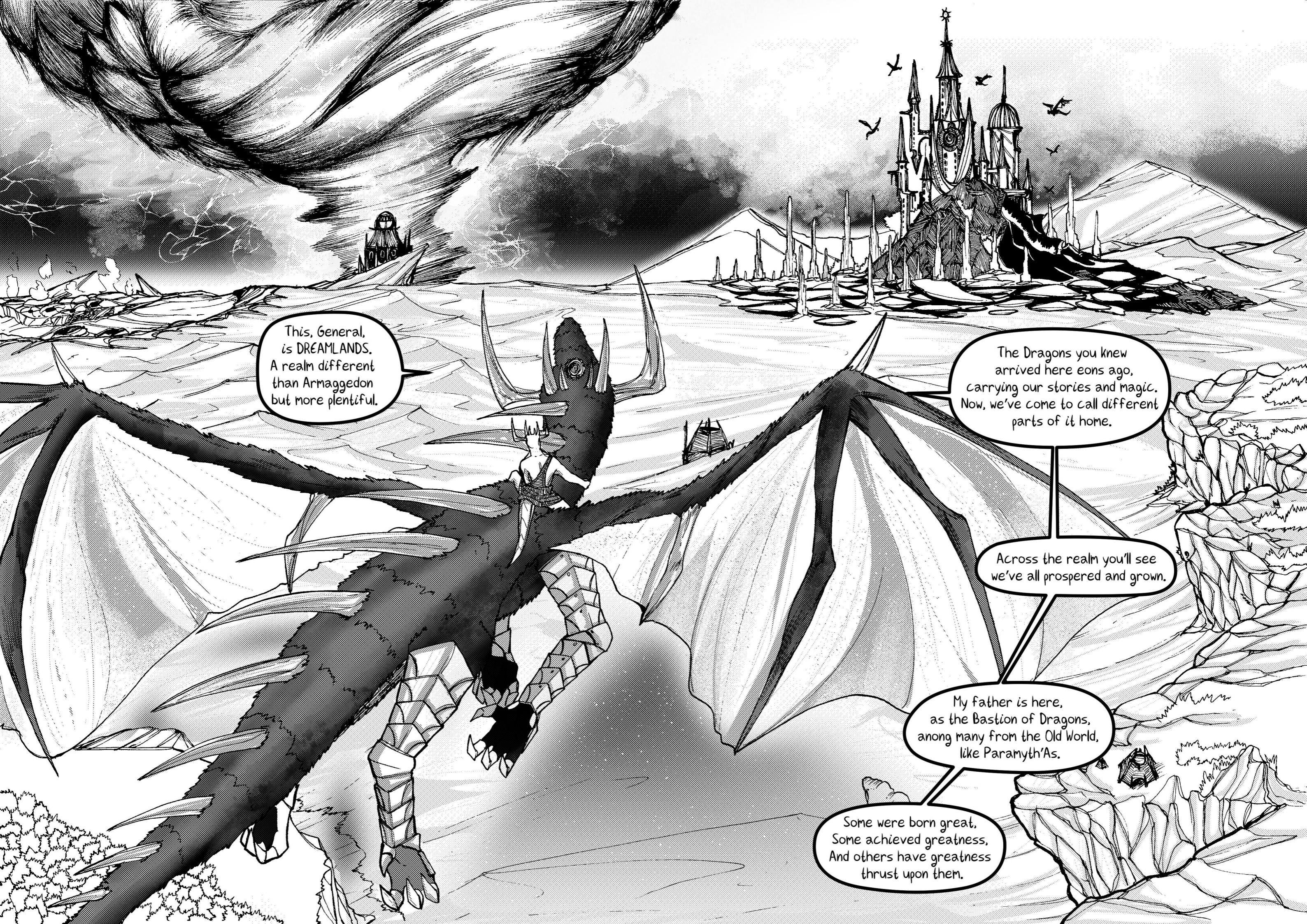
I want to see our kin and the glory it has come.

With wind-speed Shen. To the others!



Tell me Shen.

Tell me of this world and the great tales you have grown upon.



This, General,
is DREAMLANDS.
A realm different
than Armaggedon
but more plentiful.

The Dragons you knew
arrived here eons ago,
carrying our stories and magic.
Now, we've come to call different
parts of it home.

Across the realm you'll see
we've all prospered and grown.

My father is here,
as the Bastion of Dragons,
among many from the Old World,
like Paramyth'As.

Some were born great,
Some achieved greatness,
And others have greatness
thrust upon them.