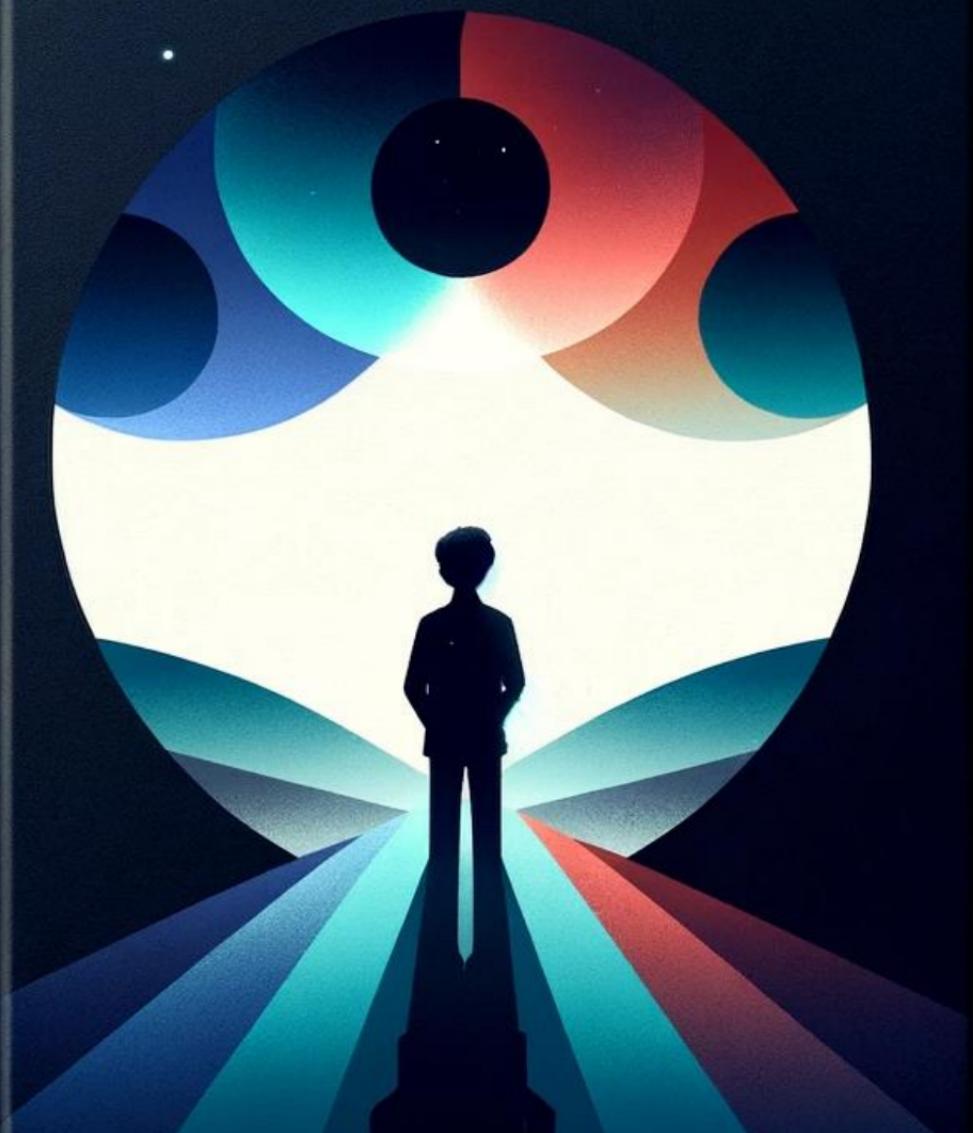


# Echoes from the Coloіrful Shadows



# The Beginning.

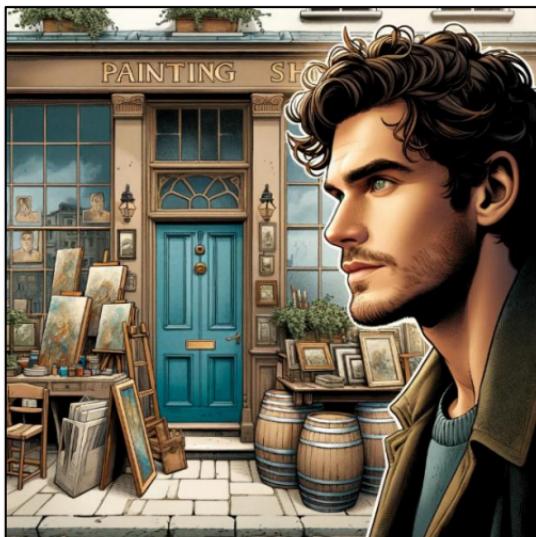
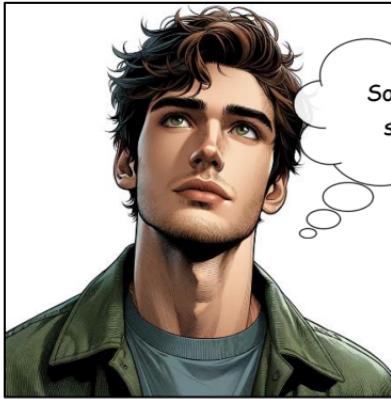
How long will this continue?

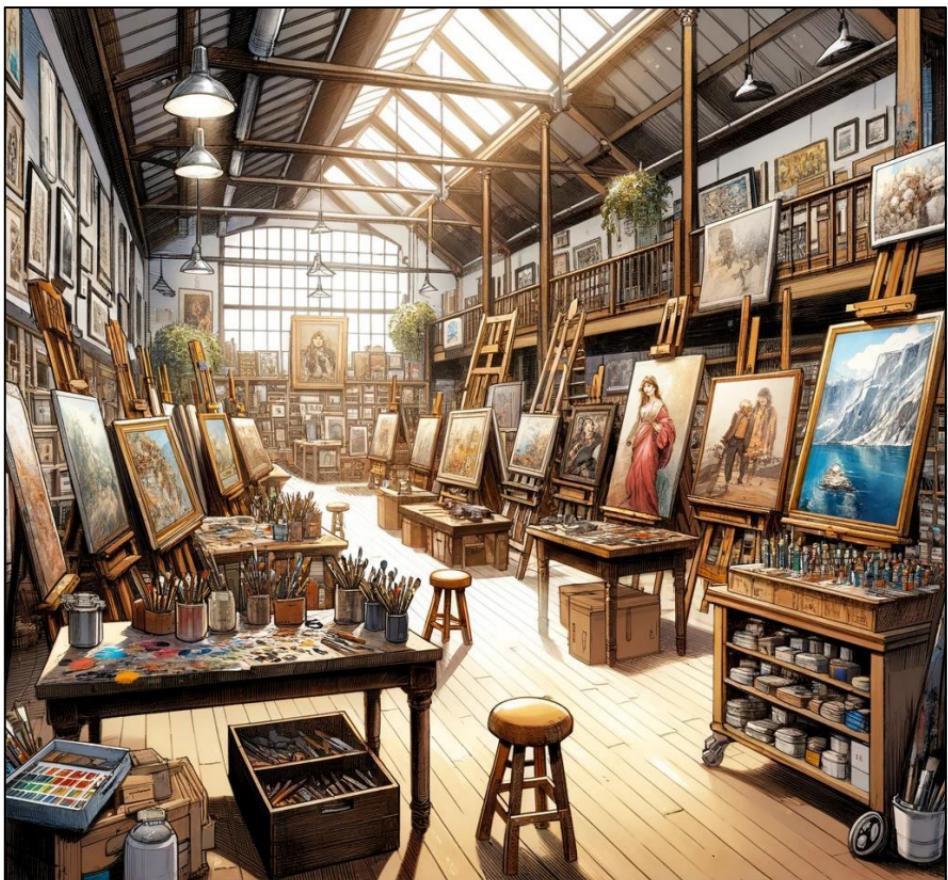




This used to be so fulfilling...

But will I be repeating myself forever?





Wow. It looks a lot bigger from the inside!



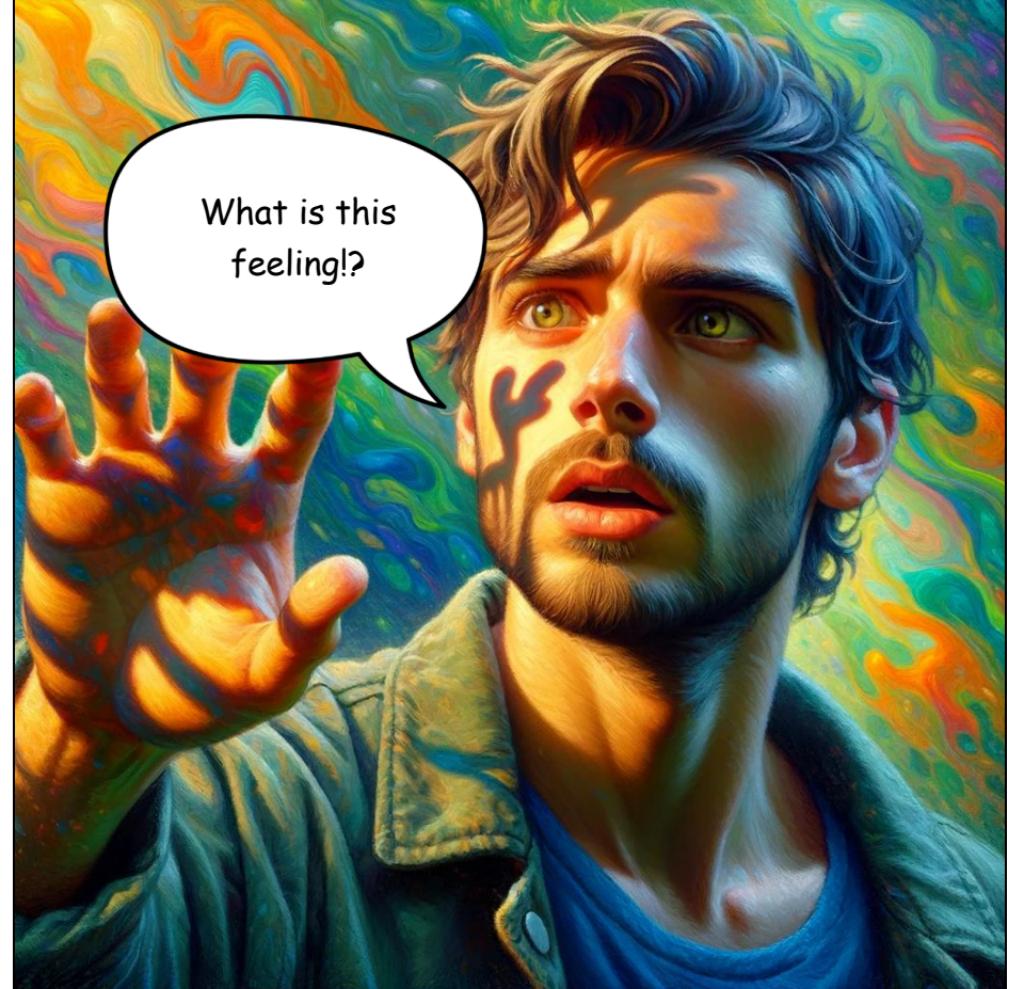
What the hell. Why are there only similar looking splatter paintings in this part of the shop?



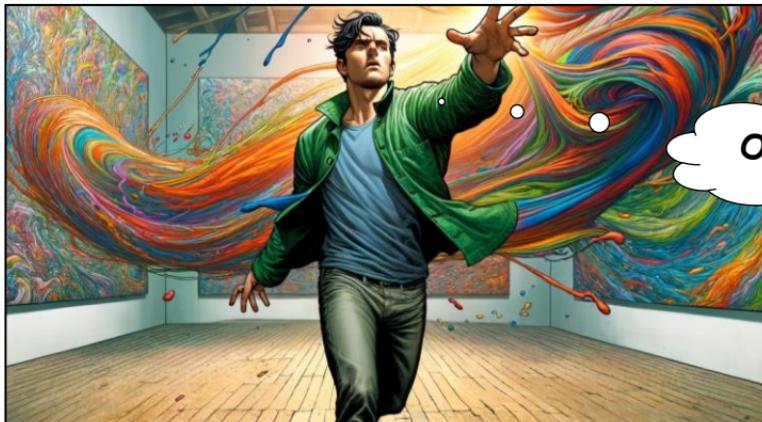
Where does this lead?



Incredible.  
It seems  
almost  
sentient.



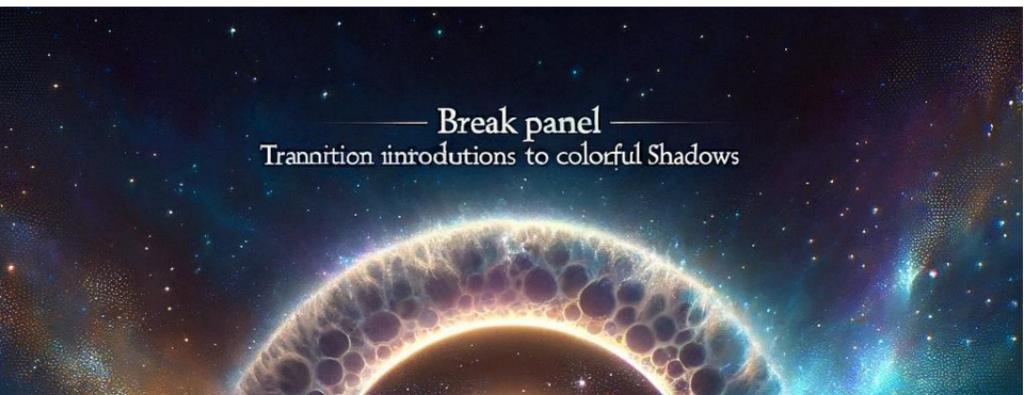
What is this  
feeling!?

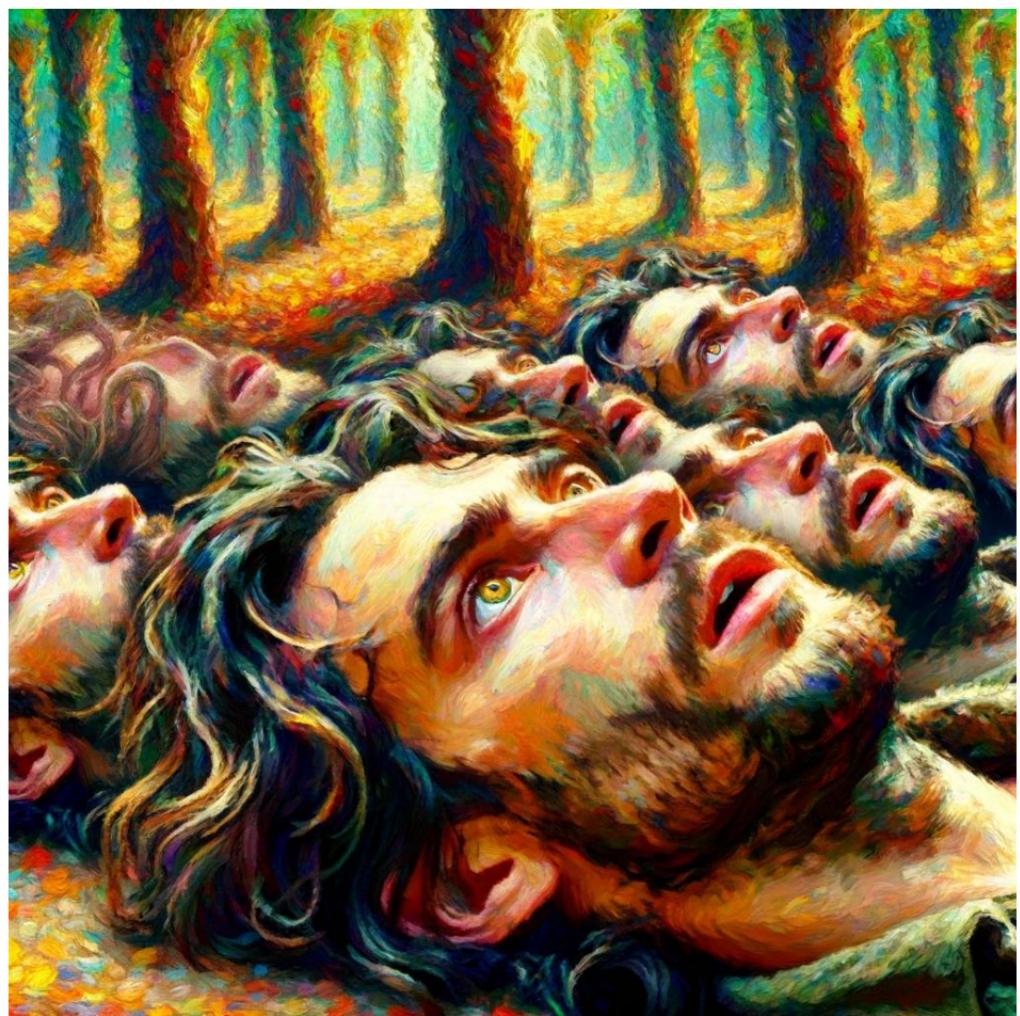






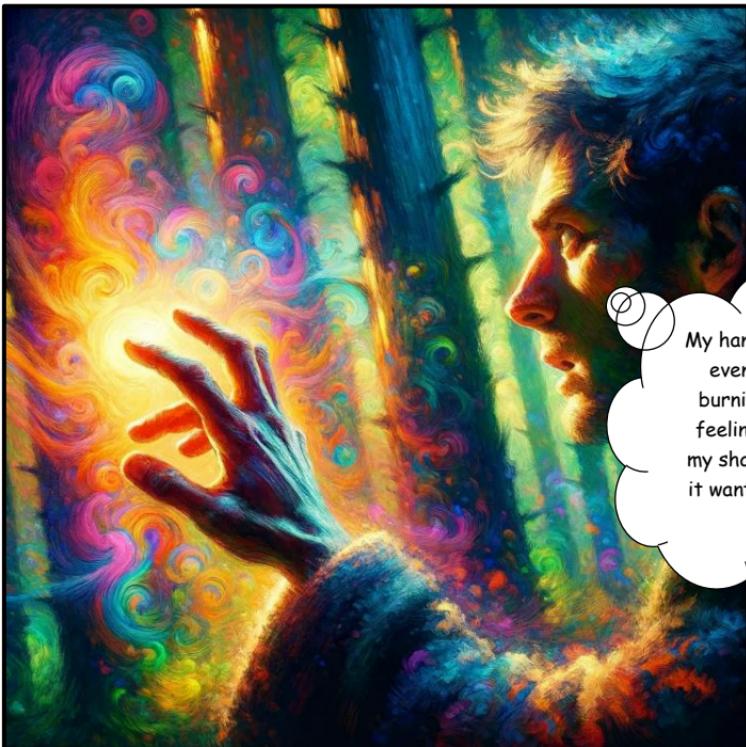
— Break panel —  
Transition introductions to colorful Shadows





I must have hit my head. What is  
this? Everything keeps... **changing**?  
What is going on? Where am I?



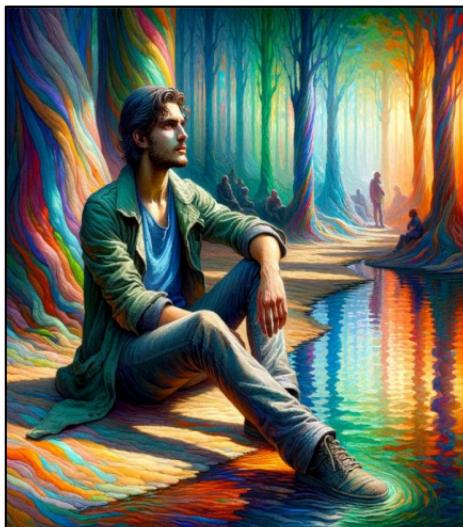
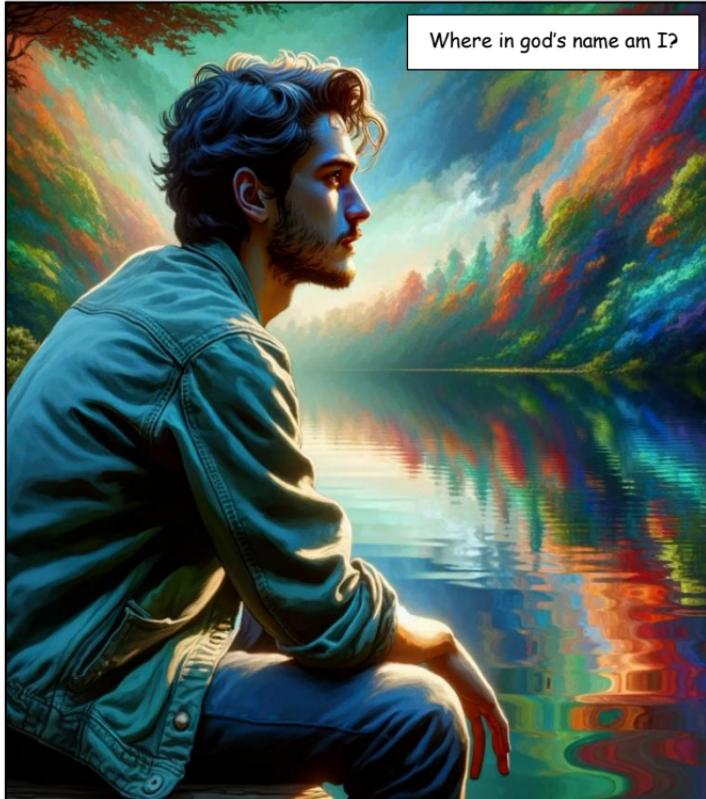


My hand! It's not hot even though it's burning?! And this feeling... I can feel my shadow? It's like it wants to split into parts.

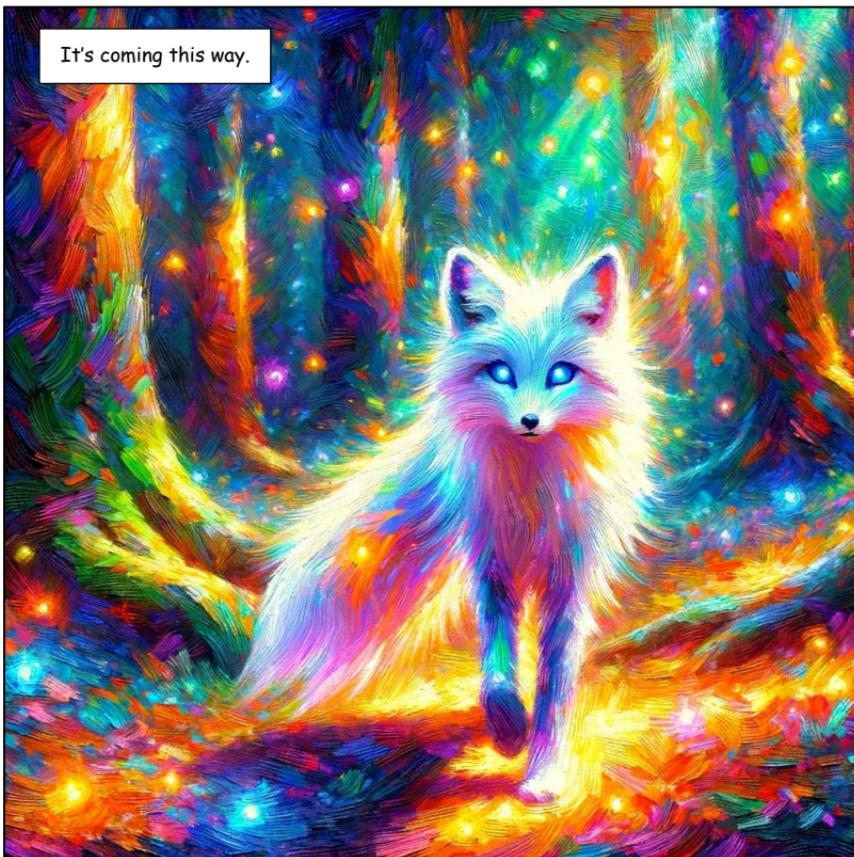


I did it! I split it with a touch!?

An hour-of-wandering later.

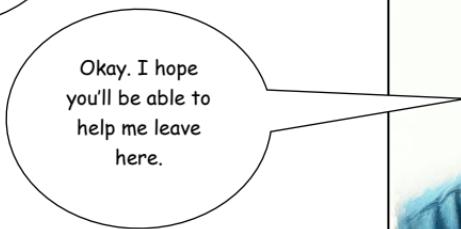
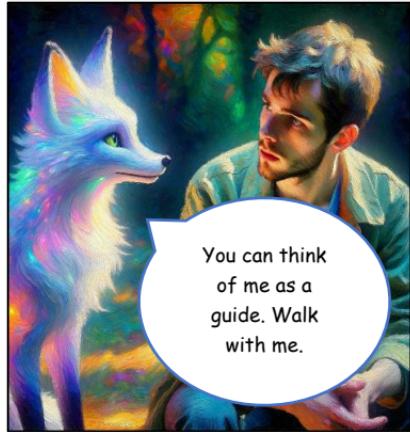
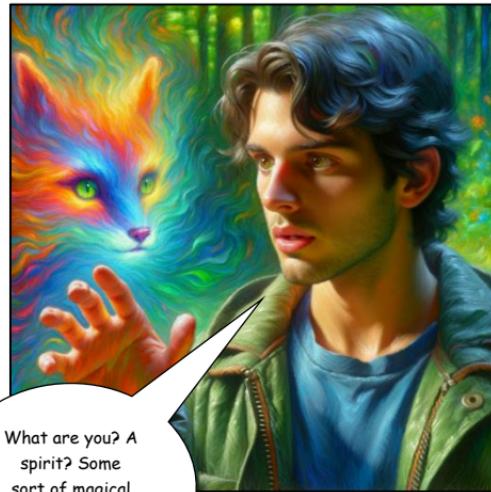


My shadows are getting more and more independent. This is surreal. It seems like they just do whatever they want now. I still haven't come across another person here. I haven't even adjusted to these shape-shifting visuals. It's like art continuously morphing. These chameleon aesthetics seem to be influenced by my state of mind, but not to a large degree. The changes also seem more subdued, less drastic, than when I first got here.

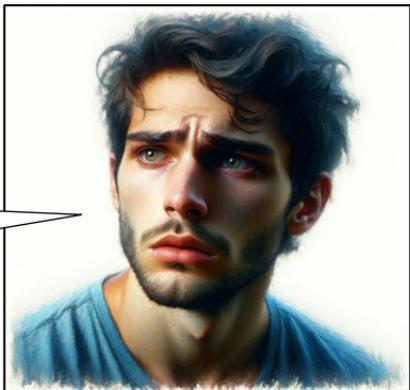




I am not  
here to hurt  
you. You can  
calm down.



Okay. I hope  
you'll be able to  
help me leave  
here.



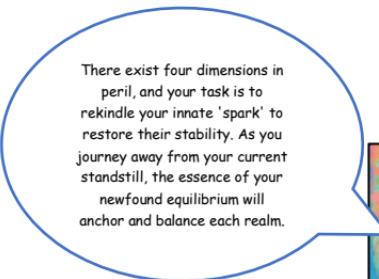


Lumi, the ethereal fox spirit, revealed that I could return home by mastering my unique talent for manipulating shadows. When I inquired about her knowledge of my ability, she explained that she embodied the "world's will." According to her, the disintegrating world summoned a savior to mend it, and apparently, I am that chosen individual.





So, what  
must I do?



Lumi told me to journey around to light my 'spark'. There are four dimensions. The first dimension—the one that connects all the others and the one I am currently trapped in—is known as the **Dimension of Colorful Shadows**. Besides this, there is also the **Dimension of Whispers**, the **Dimension of Mirrored Realities**, and the **Dimension of Fragmented Time**.



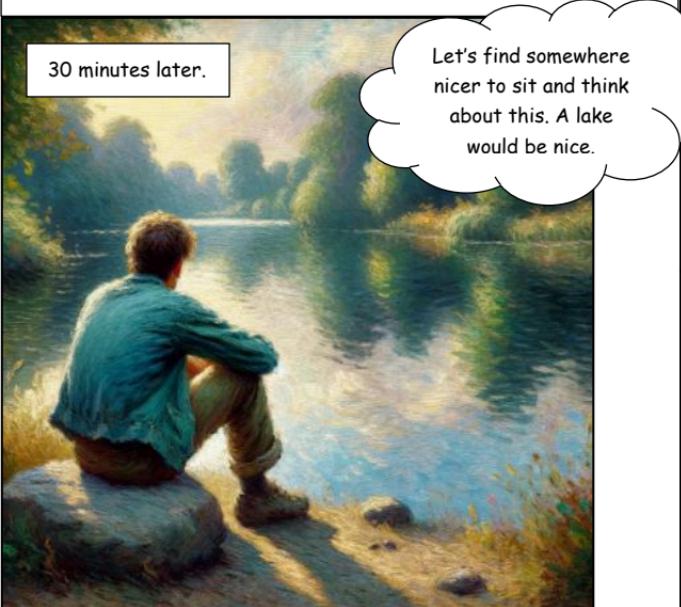
And with those words, she departed. Before vanishing, she imparted one last piece of wisdom: the world itself will aid you in its mending. Merely wander, and you shall discover what is required. The world will dispatch its 'wills' to guide you in moments of uncertainty. I bid you good fortune."

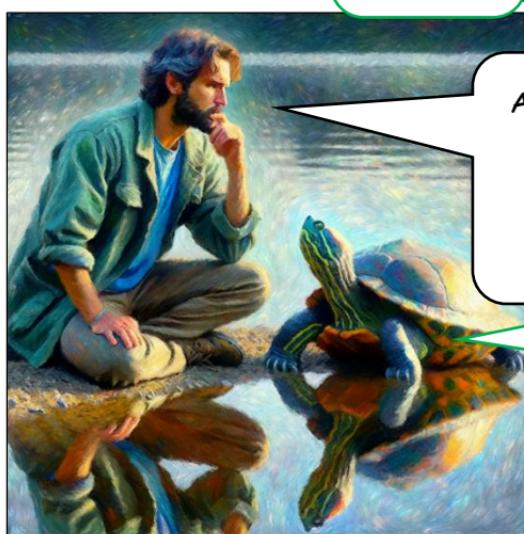
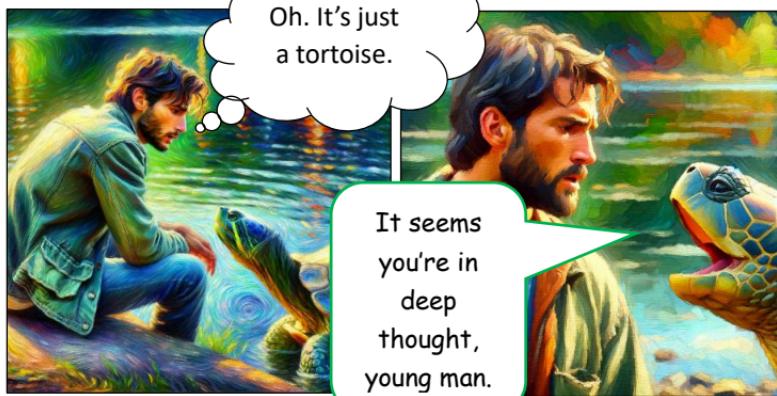
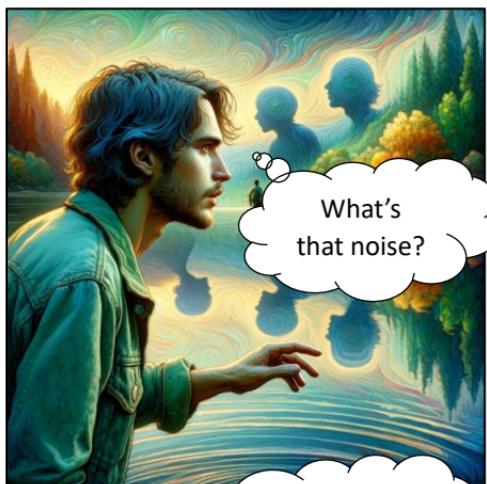


Thus, my journey began, marked by chance meetings and new horizons.

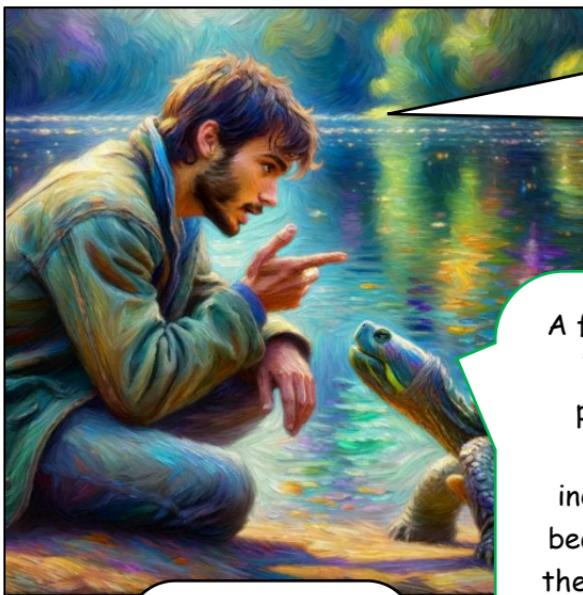


I met many wonderous beings over the next few days. But I didn't feel any change like Lumi said I needed to.





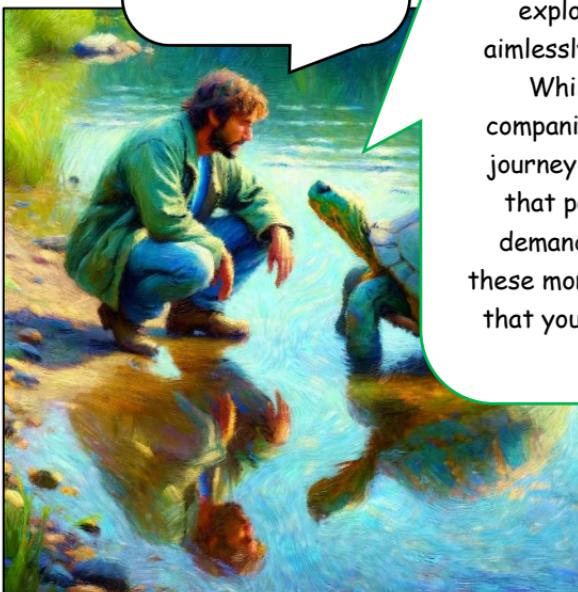
That is what most call us. I felt your need, so I've come to offer advice.



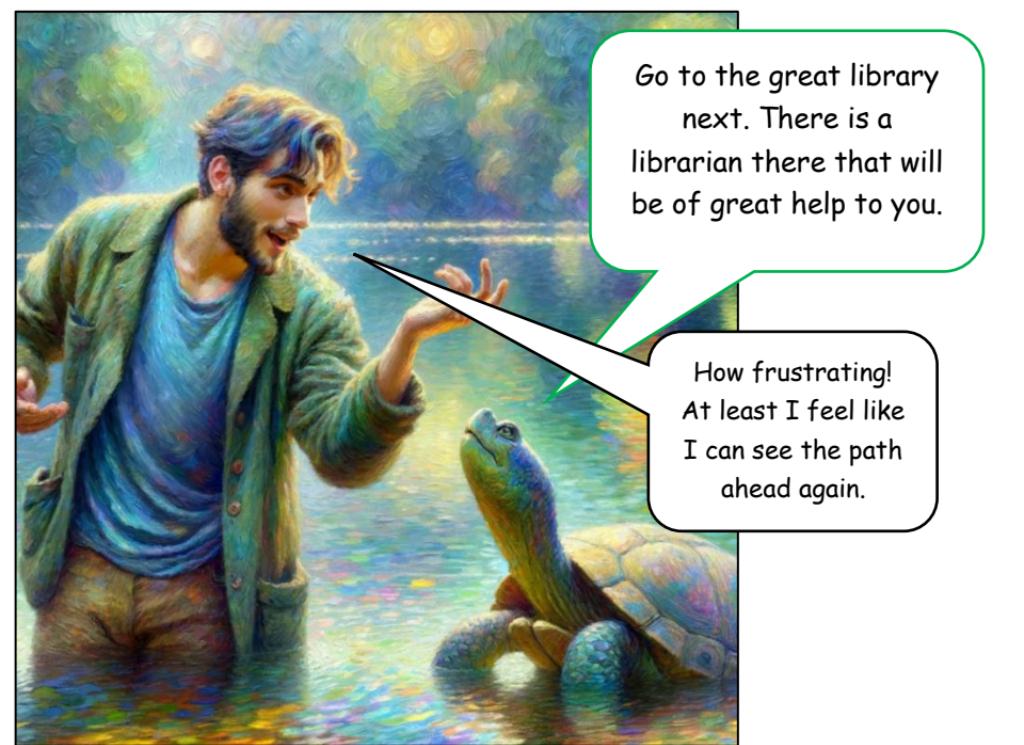
So, what am I doing wrong?

A few things stand out. There's a distinct presence of spirits surrounding you, indicating that you've been flowing along with the currents set by this land's denizens.

What's wrong with that? I was just exploring like Lumi—another 'will of the world' told me to.



The key lies in deliberate exploration, not just aimlessly following others. While I sense that companionship makes your journey easier, remember that parts of this path demand solitude. It's in these moments of alone-ness that your true intent must guide you.

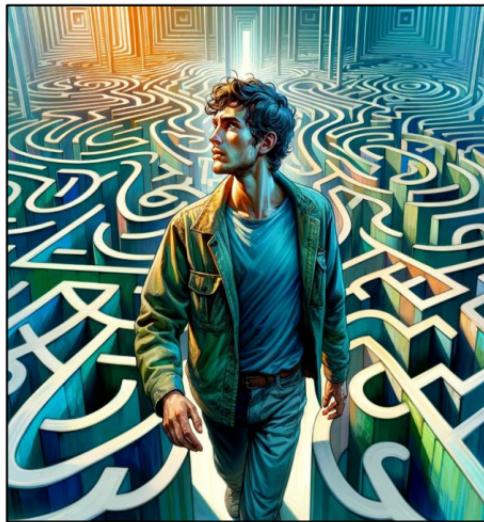


Go to the great library next. There is a librarian there that will be of great help to you.

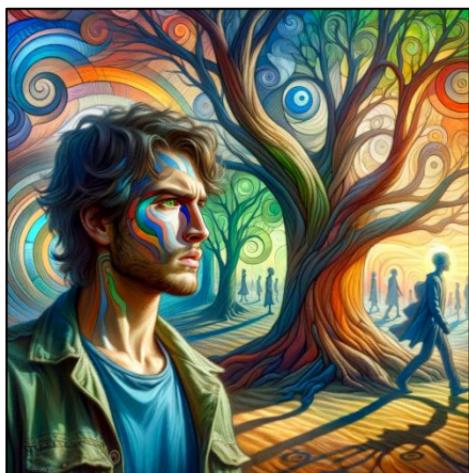
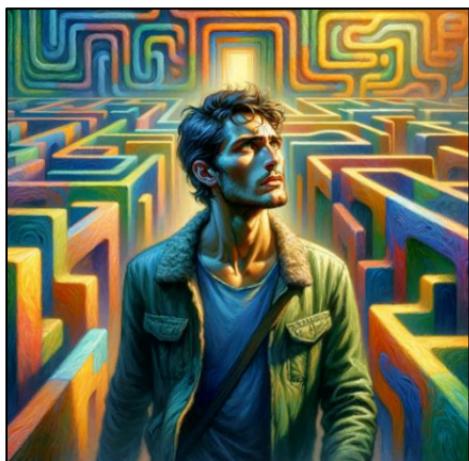
How frustrating!  
At least I feel like  
I can see the path  
ahead again.

And with that, he swam away, and I began my long journey to the great library.

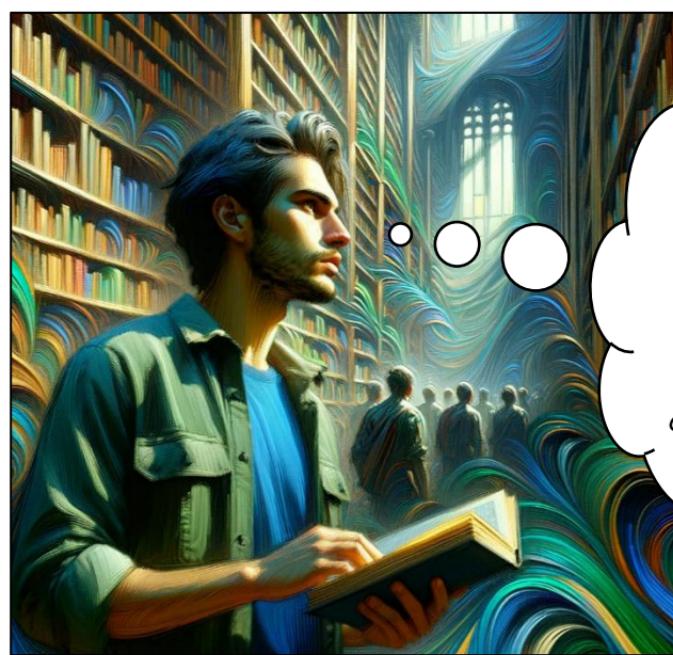




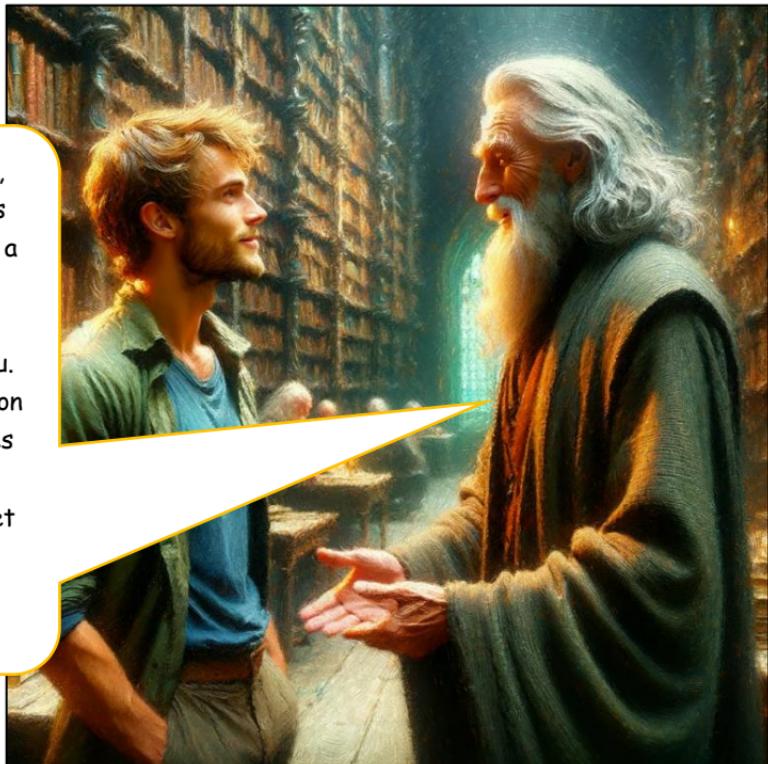
And with that, he swam away,  
and I began my long journey  
to the great library.



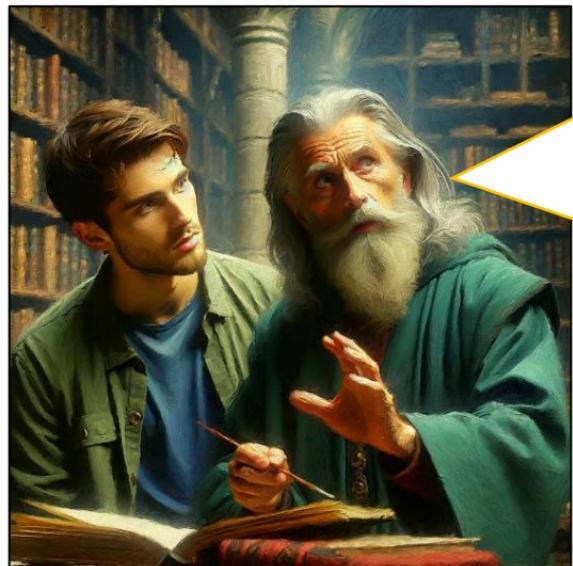
And then I finally made it to the great library.



I think I see  
the man the  
tortoise was  
talking about  
over there. He  
seems to be  
coming this way.



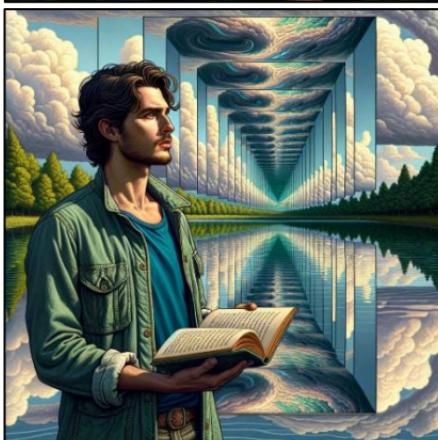
Ah, my friend,  
the air carries  
the essence of a  
certain  
tortoise's  
guidance to you.  
My old companion  
often delegates  
his mentoring  
tasks to me, yet  
he remains a  
dear friend  
despite it all.



Dear traveler, within these texts, all answers lie preserved forever.

However, I have committed these works to memory and shall serve as your guide to swiftly navigate this wealth of knowledge. But first, you must understand the value of what is here.

Consider this: every book you open is a door to another world, a reservoir of knowledge and inspiration waiting to ignite your artistic spark. The act of reading is not just absorbing words; it's a conversation with the past, a dance with different minds and ideas. Each page turned is a brush stroke on the canvas of your imagination. Just as an artist blends colors to create new hues, blend the wisdom from these worlds to paint your unique masterpiece. Let reading be the kindling that fuels the fire of your creativity, guiding you to explore depths within you never knew existed.





Now I shall impart upon you that which you should hear; remember, the wisdom of the journey lies not in the footsteps left behind, but in the clarity of the path ahead. Each choice you make carves not just your destiny, but also the destiny of the worlds you tread upon. Look within, for it is your inner light that illuminates the darkest of paths. Just as a single flame can defy the night, so too can your resolve redefine your reality. Embrace the solitude as a cocoon, from which you will emerge not just as a traveler, but as a beacon of change.



Proceed to the vibrant bazaar of colors. On its walls, you will discover your inspiration. Extend your hand towards it, and it will respond in kind, initiating the rejuvenation of these weary dimensions.



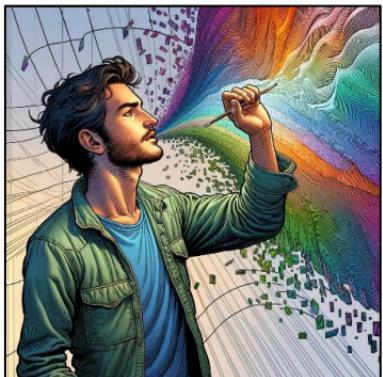


This is it. This is what that librarian spoke of, I can feel it. With the sound of mending on my ears, I'm pulled into the sensation.

Where am I? I can only hear, not see. This must be the Dimension of Whispers that Lumi spoke of.



In this realm where sight yields to sound, every note paints a vibrant canvas in my mind. Here, in the absence of vision, I discover a symphony of echoes guiding my imagination, painting unseen landscapes. The melodies and rhythms become my eyes, crafting vivid images from the very essence of sound. This world of audible hues inspires me, teaching me that true vision isn't just seen with the eyes, but felt and heard in the heart.



I can feel it—the noise. I can truly feel it.

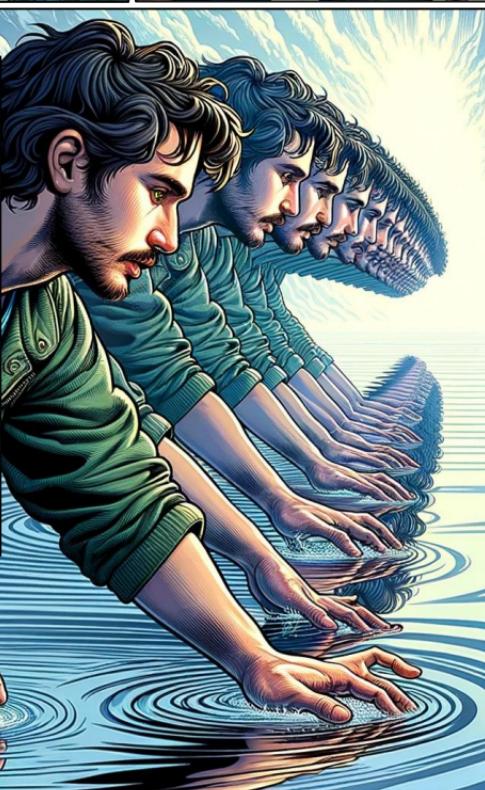
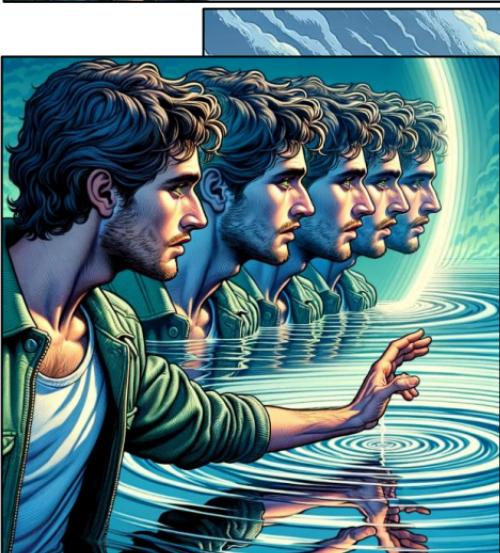


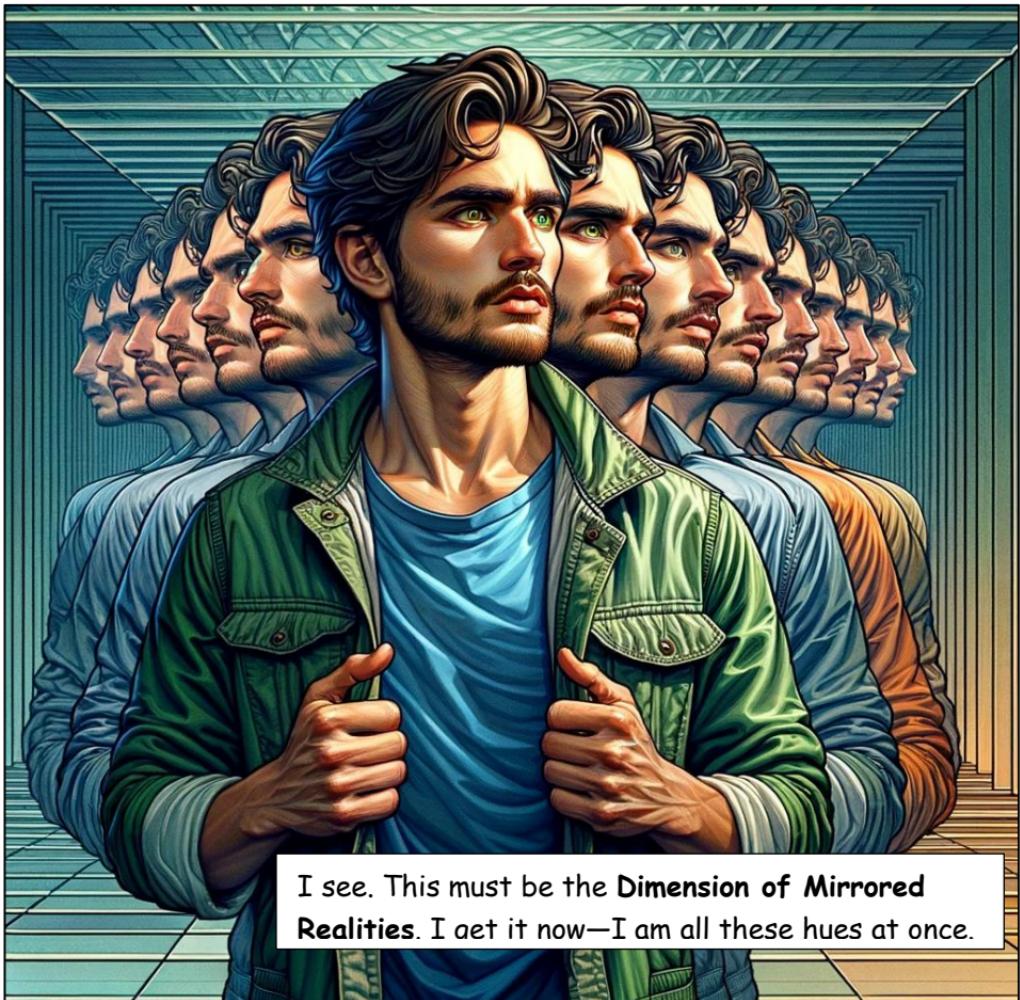
As the harmonies of restoration resonate around me, I'm suddenly swept into another realm. With this transition, my sight bursts forth anew, revealing a world that had been veiled in the previous

This was all happening so suddenly.



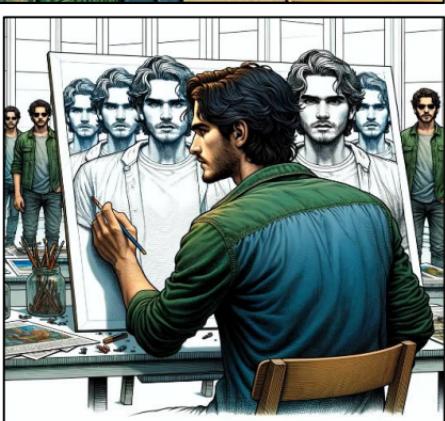
What is going on?





I see. This must be the **Dimension of Mirrored Realities**. I get it now—I am all these hues at once.

Before me, an easel materialized as if conjured from thin air. Compelled by an unknown force, I found myself seated, brush in hand. Ideas cascaded through my mind, a torrent of creativity unleashed like a flood from a shattered dam. I sketched these figures with fervent focus, each stroke imbued with profound significance. In this work, I discovered a deep sense of purpose.





Incredible. A feeling I hadn't felt in years swept me off my feet.

The harmonious tones of mending resonated once more, drawing me through an experience akin to passing through a fine sieve. I sensed a tangible shift within, as if my very thoughts were swirling inside my head.

A new dimension. This must be the Dimension of Fragmented Time.



Amid the teeming crowd, a profound stillness reigned, a blanket of silence under which only the soft patter of bare feet and the rhythmic thumping of my own heart resonated, like faint echoes in a vast, hallowed chamber.

Visions of bygone eras flickered before my eyes, their origin a mystery yet unmistakably rooted in the depths of the past. There was an inexplicable certainty in my mind, a knowing without knowing, that these images were echoes from a time long gone. The cascade of visions culminated in one especially profound scene, radiating an intense heat that I could feel enveloping me. It was as if I were witnessing the very dawn of creation, the genesis of all that is. I was awestruck.





Again, the harmonious mending sound resounded, ushering in a calming surge of completion and deep-seated tranquility. My concerns about the future and the quest to return home diminished, now trivial in the grand scheme. These thoughts felt ancient, like echoes from numerous past lives. As my consciousness softly faded, it merged seamlessly into the timeless current of the universe.



# STATISTICS

	Activity	Hours
	Organizing Images	6.1
	Generating Images	14.3
	Creating/Editing Story	3.4
	Researching Publishing Options and Purchasing Necessary Supplies	3.0
	Printing Issues (Caused by Amazon's Delivery Mishap)	1.1
	Total Time Spent	27.9

	SUBJECT	Quantity
	Total Workable Images Generated	244
	Images Generated Per Workable Image	10-20
	Images Used in Comic	130
	Total Images Generated	~2000+

# Echoes from the Colorful Shadows

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BACK COVER: 0.10

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