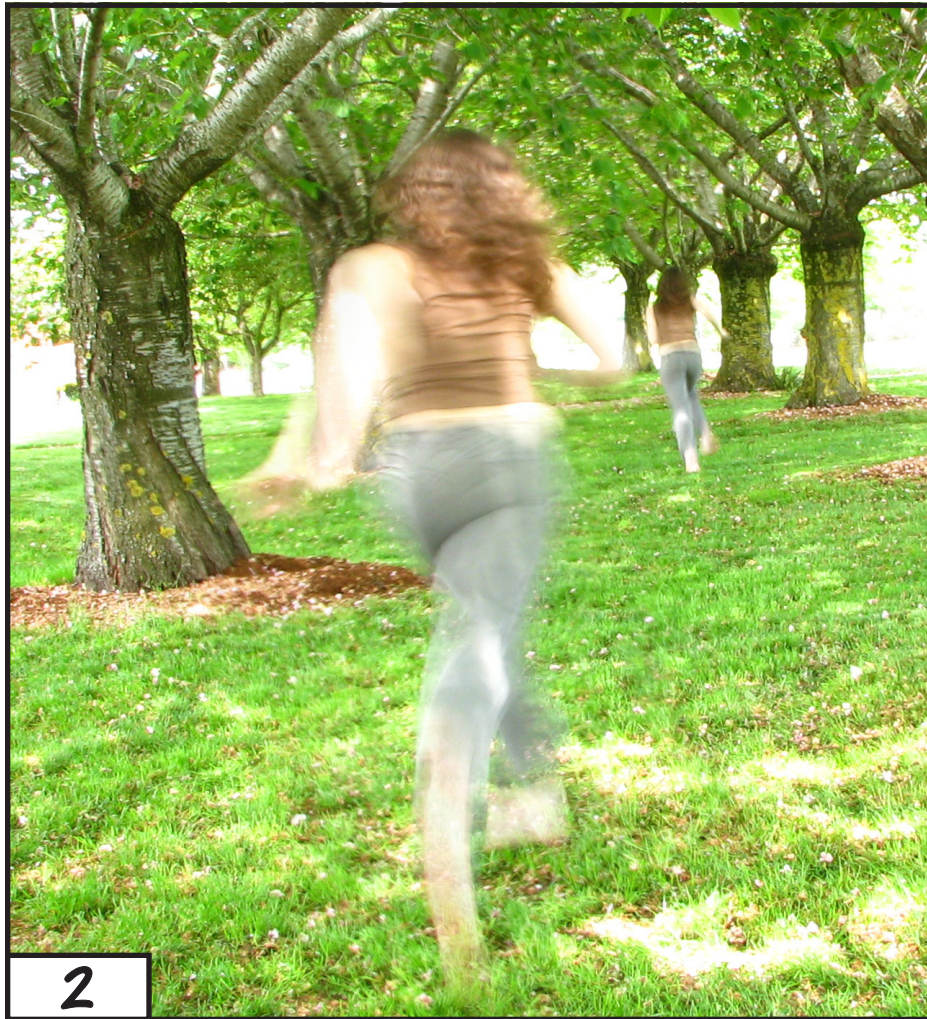
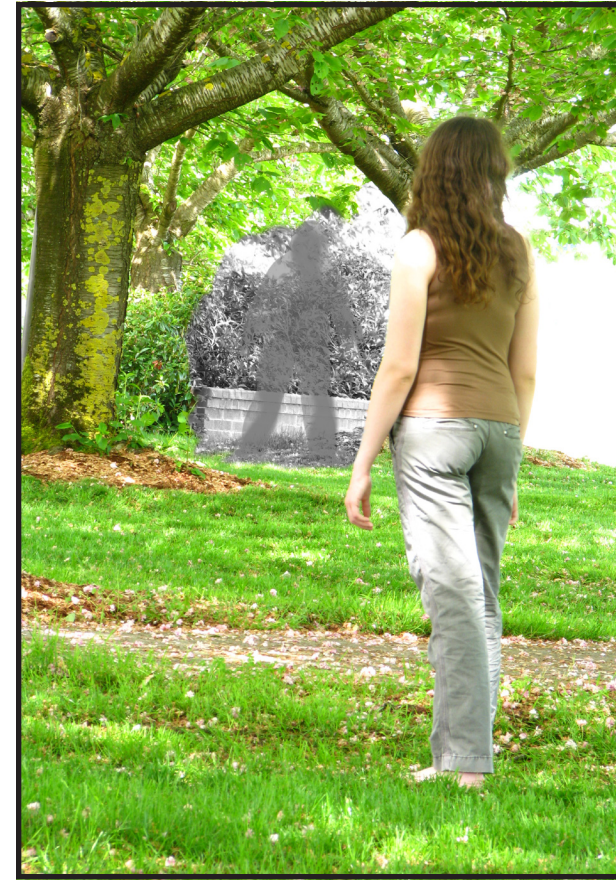




I SOMETIMES FEEL THERE IS
NO FREEDOM IN THIS WORLD.

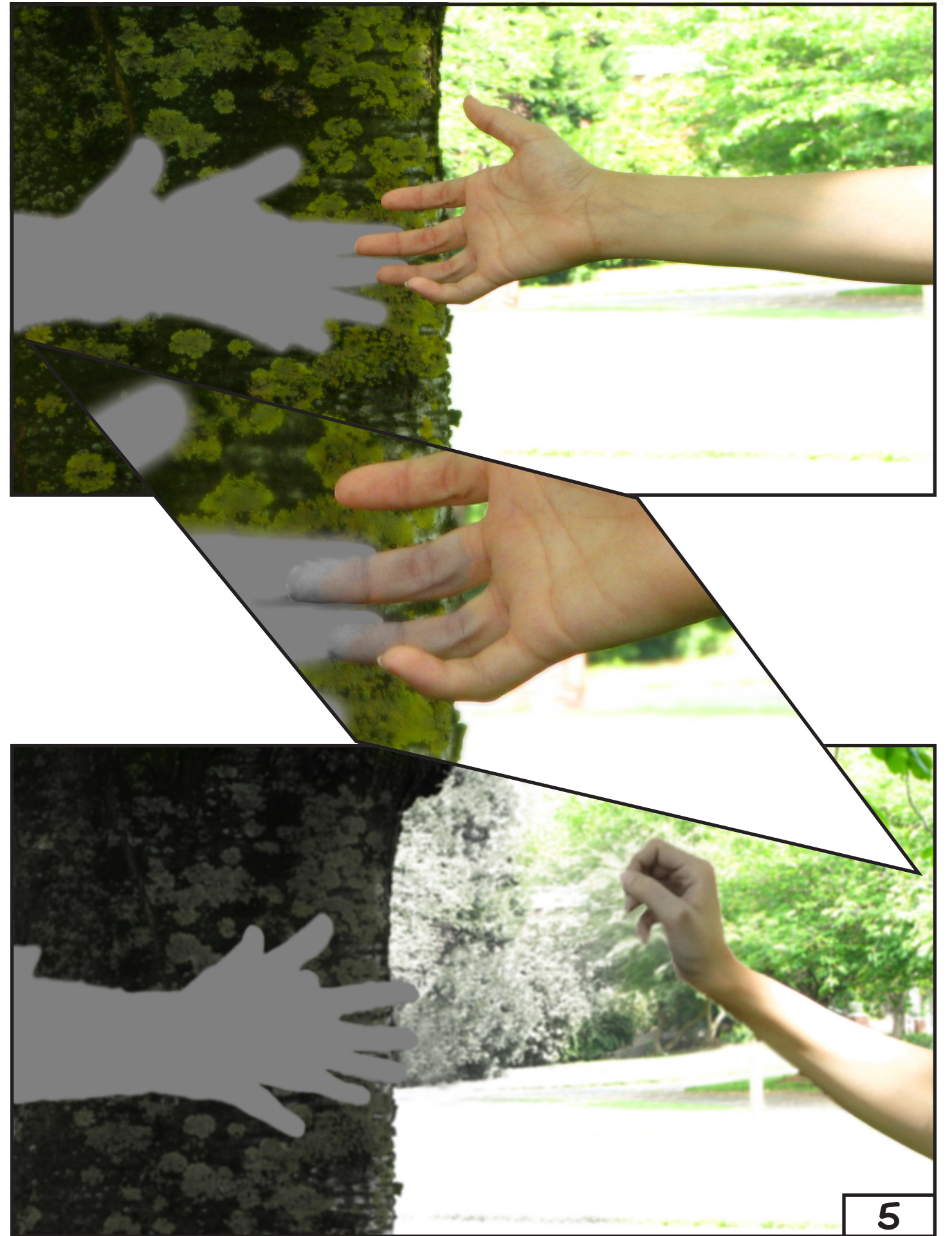
I KNOW OF ONLY ONE PLACE
WHERE I AM MY OWN MASTER...

BUT, IT IS NOT
OF THIS WORLD.





4



5



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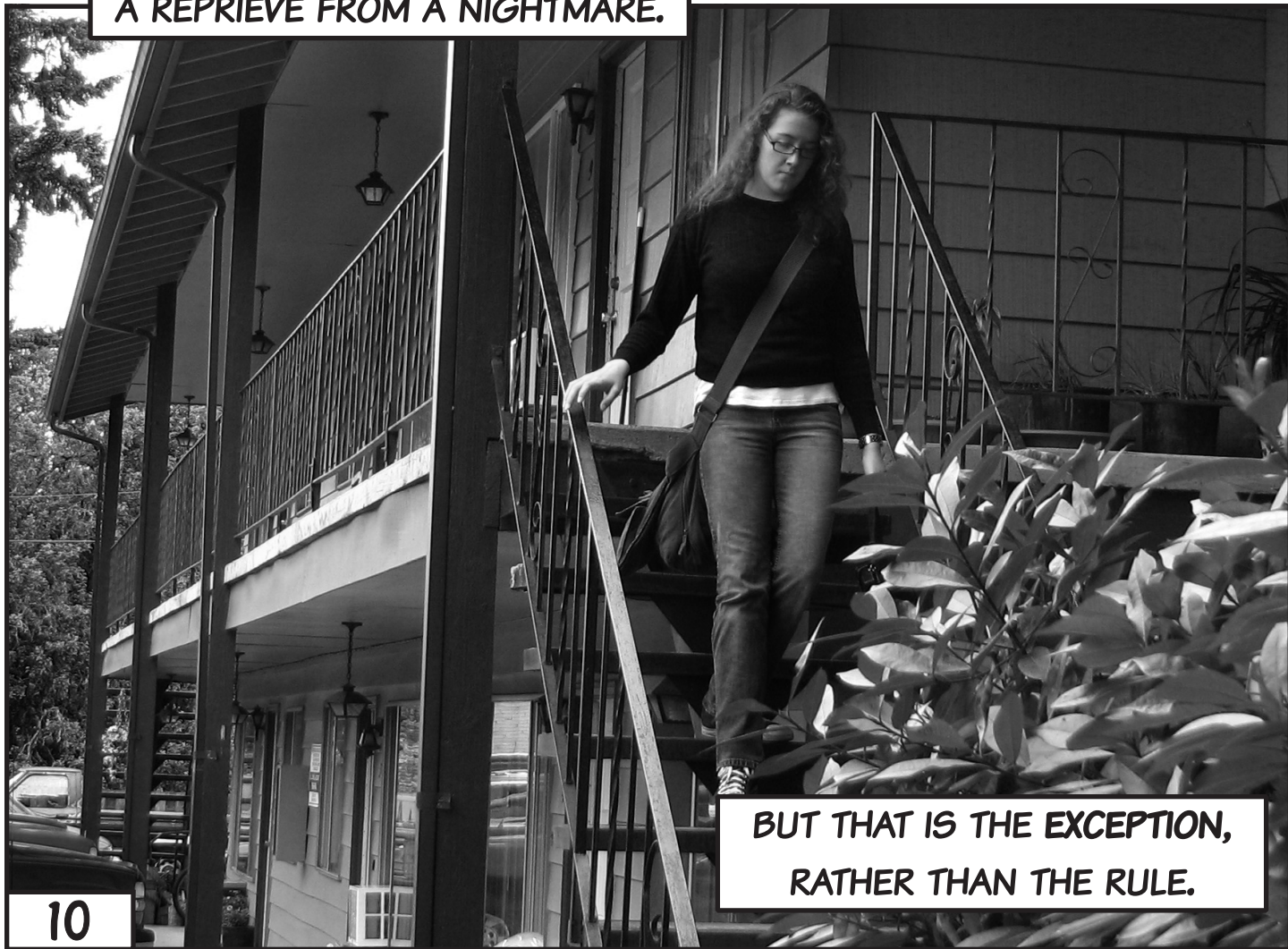


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**SOMETIMES IT'S A RELIEF,
A REPRIEVE FROM A NIGHTMARE.**



**BUT THAT IS THE EXCEPTION,
RATHER THAN THE RULE.**



**THE NORM OF MY MORNING IS A STARK GREY REALITY CHECK.
IT'S MY DAILY REMINDER THAT I AM STUCK IN THIS MUNDANE LIFE.**



**I'VE HEARD THAT MOST PEOPLE
DREAM IN BLACK AND WHITE.**



**I ALWAYS HAVE COLORFUL DREAMS,
AND I ALWAYS REMEMBER THEM.**

BUT I LIVE IN BLACK AND WHITE.



ONLY OCCASIONALLY DO I CATCH
A PRECIOUS GLIMPSE OF COLOR.



WAKING UP MEANS GOING
BACK TO THIS DULL WORLD...



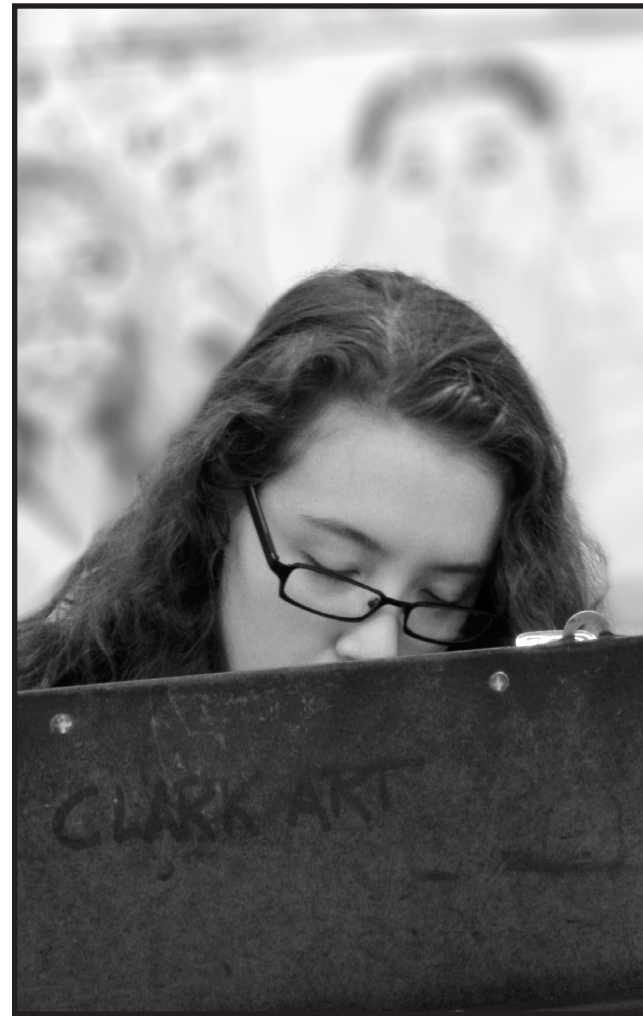
AND FALLING BACK INTO
THIS MUNDANE ROUTINE.



IT'S A LIFE THAT'S
BARELY LIVABLE.



BUT THERE ARE A FEW
RAY'S OF HOPE IN THIS CITY...



THIS COLLEGE HAS COLOR WITHIN ITS HALLS, AND IT'S LARGELY BECAUSE OF THE ART DEPARTMENT.

MOST PEOPLE SEE IN FULL COLOR, TAKING THEIR SIGHT FOR GRANTED.

BUT I ONLY SEE COLOR WHEN IT HAS A SPECIFIC PURPOSE, WHEN IT LEAPS FROM A POWERFUL IMAGINATION.

ART LETS ONE FOCUS THEIR IMAGINATION, AND THE MAGIC OF COLOR IS BORN.



THIS COLOR IS THE MAGIC OF THE WORLD. IT IS ONLY SEEN BY PEOPLE LIKE MYSELF.

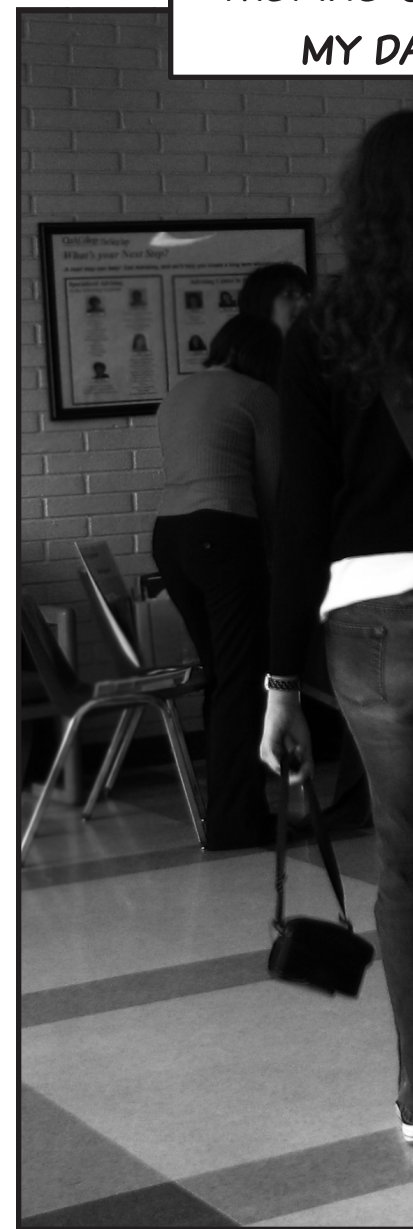
WE ARE CALLED IMAGINATIVES, MAGICIANS, LUCID DREAMERS, AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER NAMES.



THESE COLORS ARE PLACED
BY PEOPLE LIKE ME.
IT'S OUR ART, AND OUR POWER.



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN
I WANDERED WITHOUT AIM,
WISHING ONLY TO SLEEP
MY DAYS AWAY.



BUT HERE, THERE ARE PEOPLE
WHO UNDERSTAND ME.





I DON'T
 THINK THAT YOU NEED
 PROTECTION. IF THE THING
 THAT ATTACKED YOU WAS TRULY A
 MONSTER, IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN MORE
 THAN YOUR CLOCK TO WAKE YOU UP. IT
 COULD BE ANYTHING, FROM ANOTHER LUCID
 DREAMER'S AVATAR, TO ONE OF YOUR
 INNER DEMONS. THE LACK OF COLOR IS A
 DEFINITE CONCERN, BUT I'LL BET
 THAT IT WAS A MESSAGE,
 NOT A MONSTER.



TITANIA IS ONE OF THE
 WISEST PEOPLE I KNOW.
 HER ADVISE HAS NEVER TAKEN
 ME DOWN THE WRONG PATH...

IF
 YOUR DREAM DIDN'T
 FINISH, THEN GO BACK TO
 SLEEP. SEARCH YOUR MIND
 FOR THIS... THING, AND SEE WHAT
 MESSAGE IT MIGHT HOLD. DON'T FIGHT
 IT. YOUR IGNORANCE CAN BE MUCH
 MORE DANGEROUS THAN
 YOUR FEAR.



SO TONIGHT, I DREAM AS NORMAL.

AND WANDER FOR HOURS ON END...



UNTIL I FIND WHAT I AM SEARCHING FOR.



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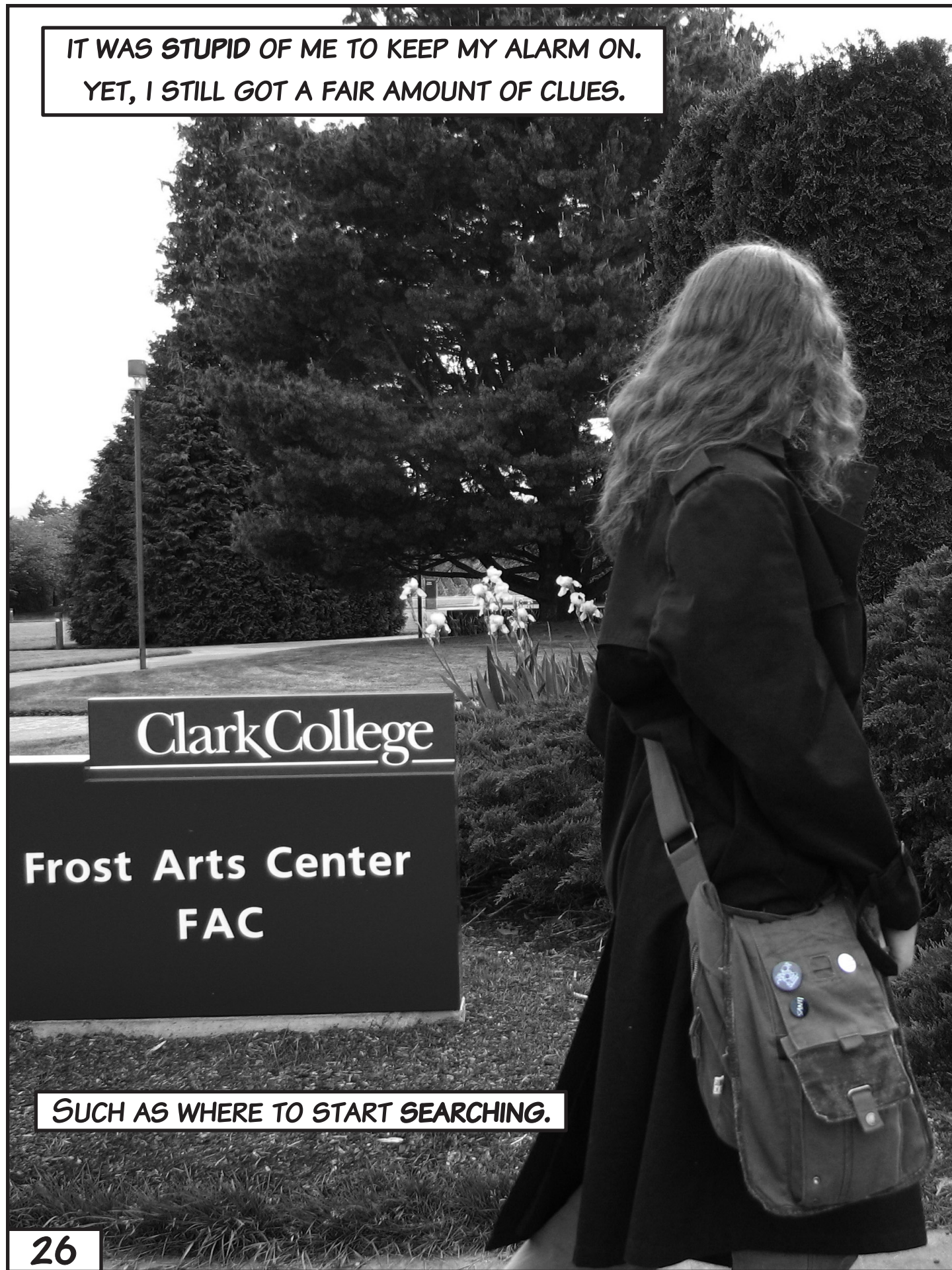


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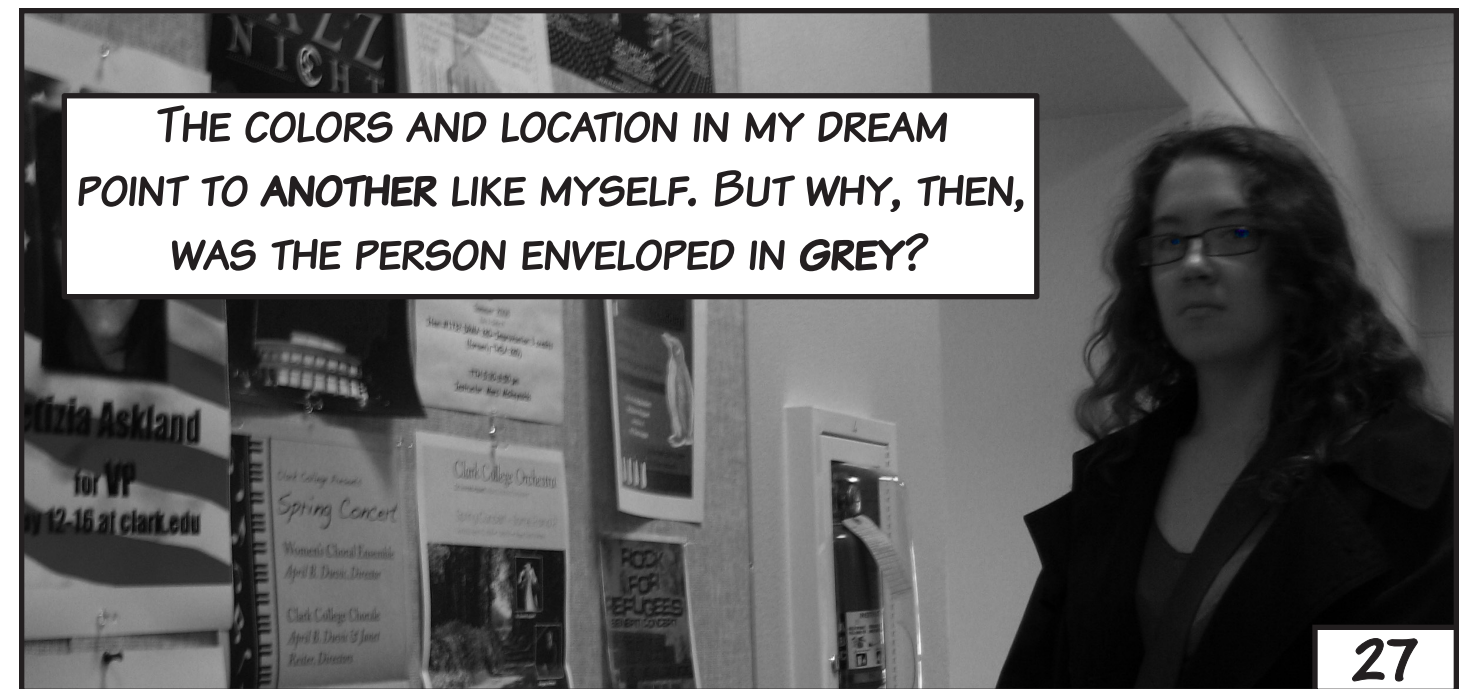
IT WAS STUPID OF ME TO KEEP MY ALARM ON.
YET, I STILL GOT A FAIR AMOUNT OF CLUES.



SUCH AS WHERE TO START SEARCHING.

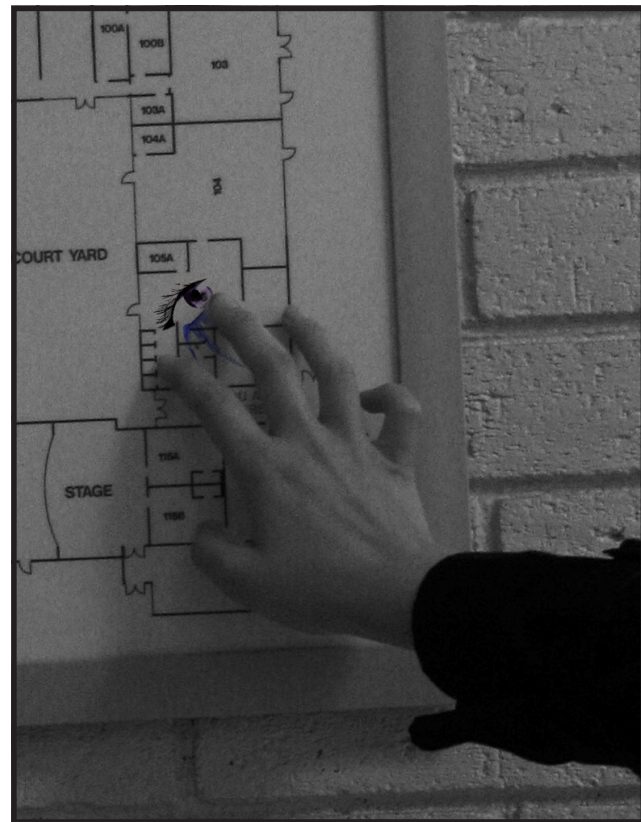


THE COLORS AND LOCATION IN MY DREAM
POINT TO ANOTHER LIKE MYSELF. BUT WHY, THEN,
WAS THE PERSON ENVELOPED IN GREY?





THIS MAP, IT HAS A GLYPH...
I'VE SEEN THAT GLYPH BEFORE.
IT'S THE MARK OF ANOTHER
IMAGINATIVE MIND. A POWERFUL
WOMAN NAMED ONYX.
SHE COULDN'T BE THE THE ONE
FROM BY DREAM, COULD SHE?

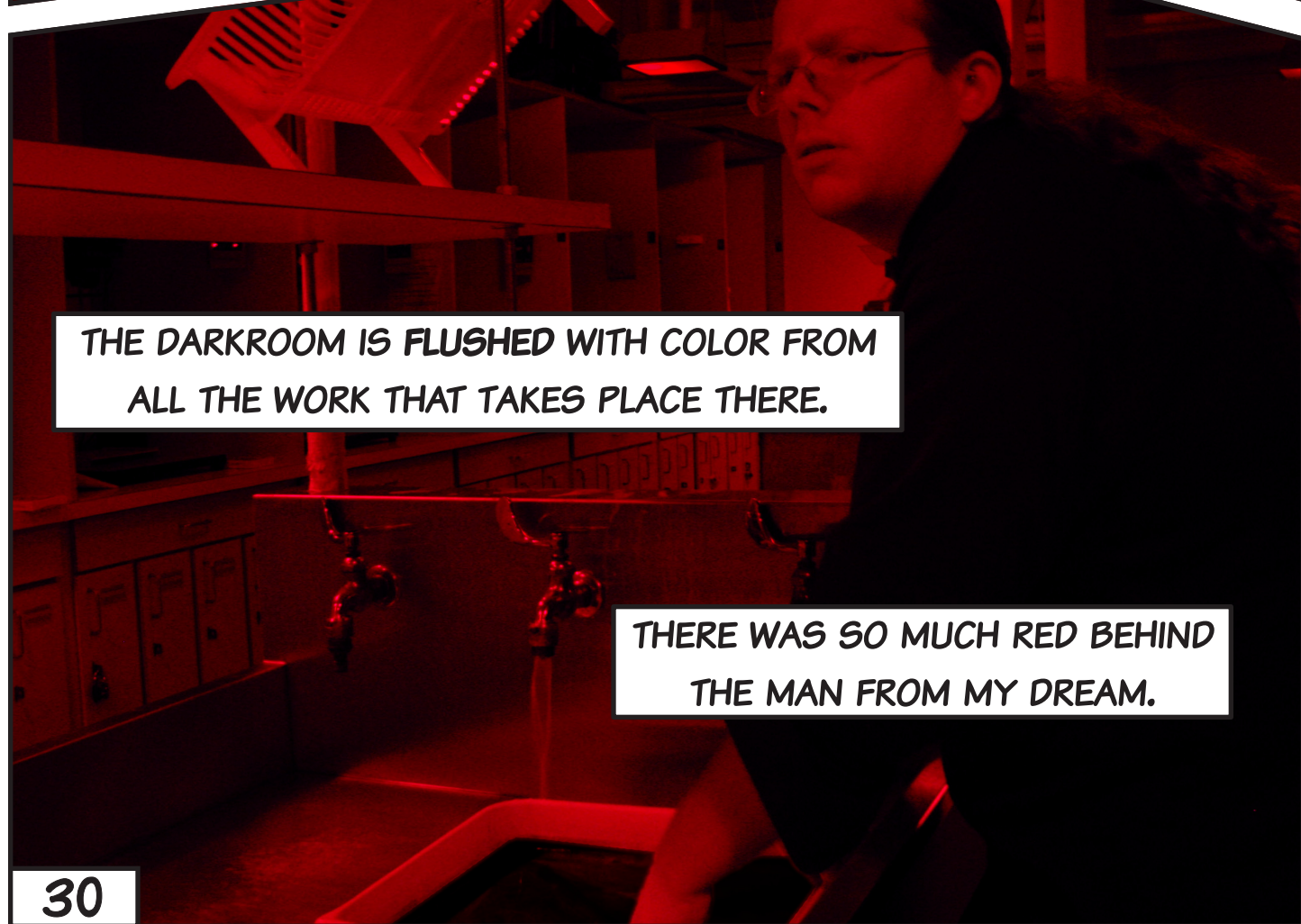


IT'S PLACED OVER A ROOM,
JUST AROUND THE CORNER.



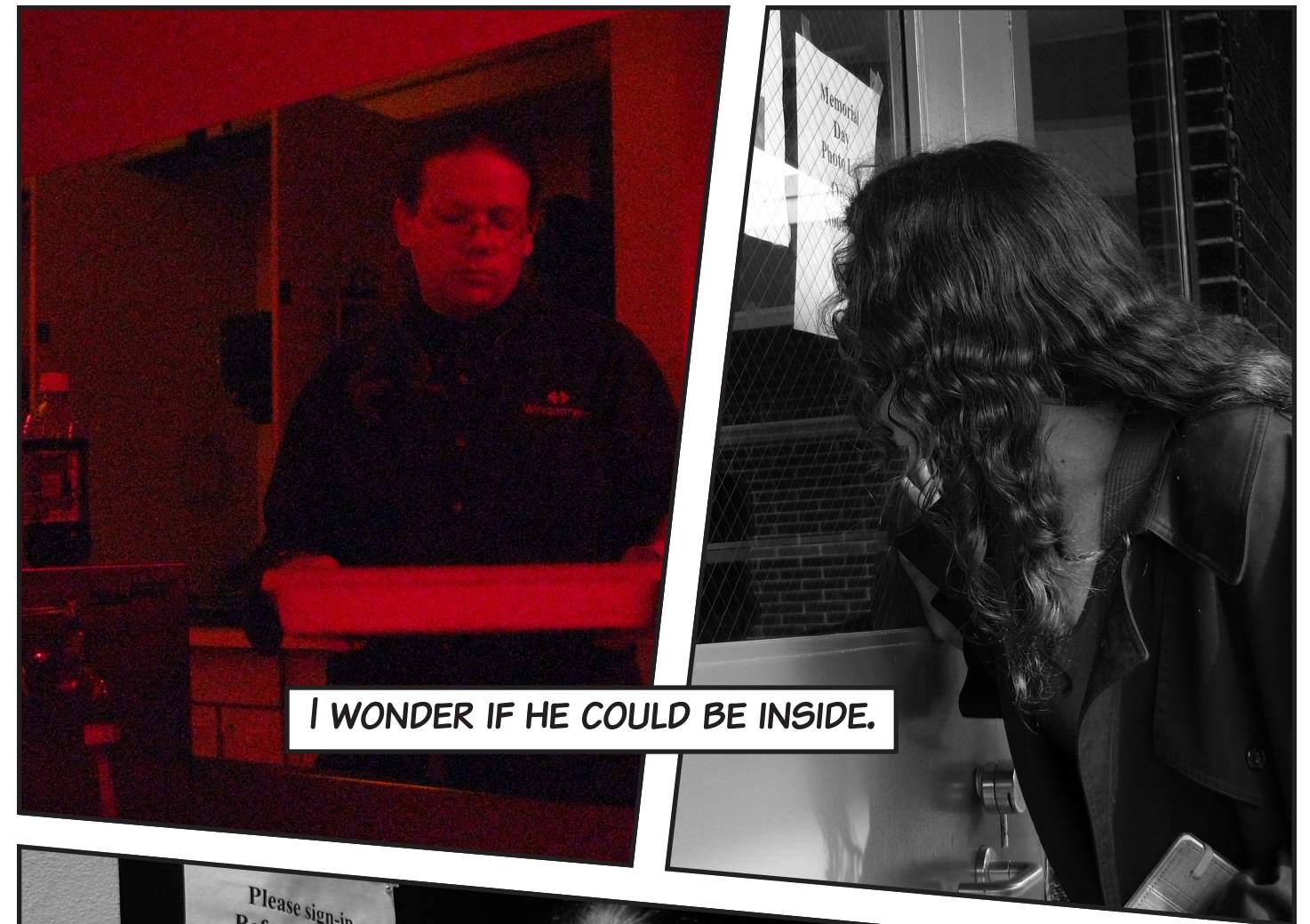


IT'S THE PHOTOGRAPHY LAB...



THE DARKROOM IS FLUSHED WITH COLOR FROM ALL THE WORK THAT TAKES PLACE THERE.

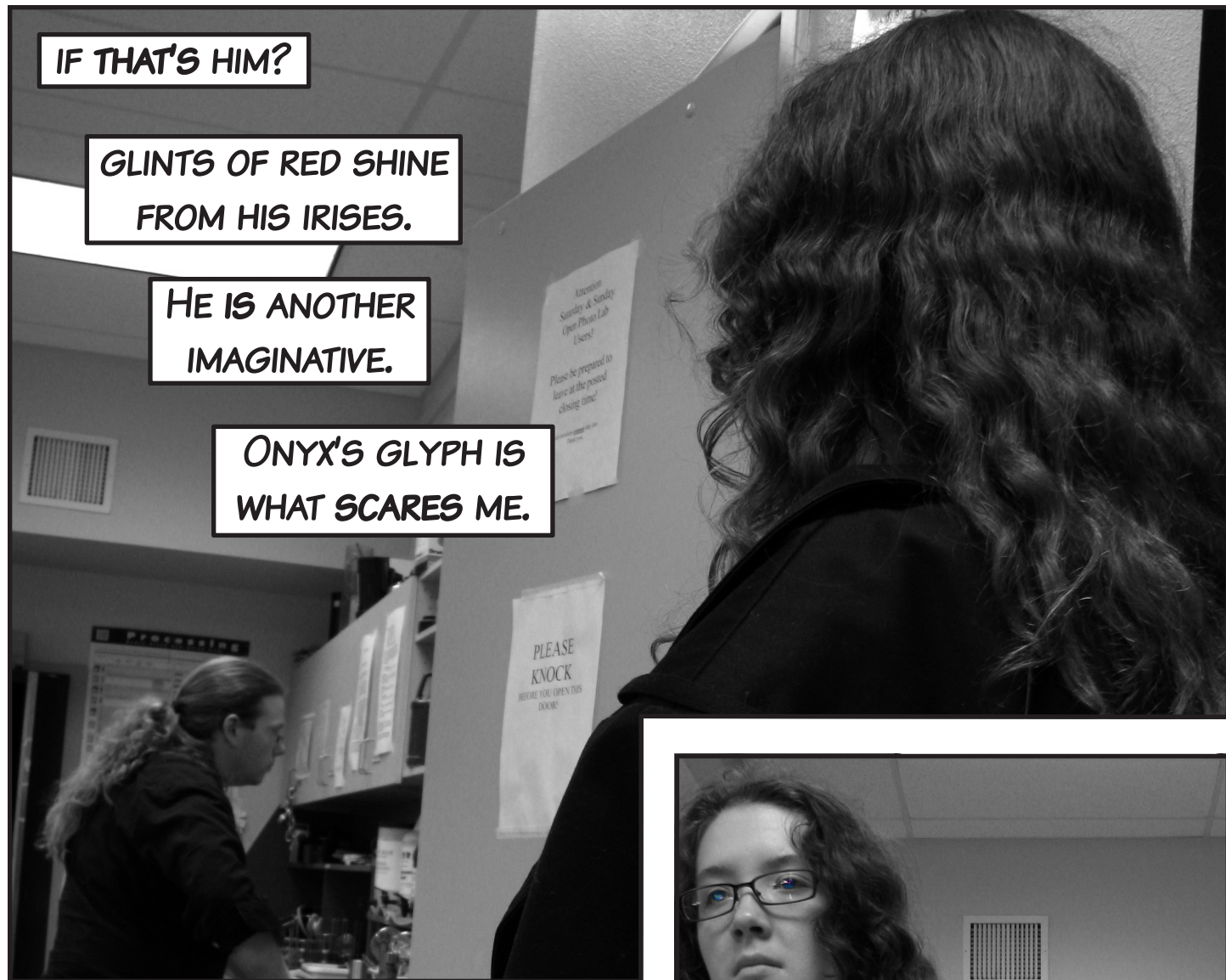
THERE WAS SO MUCH RED BEHIND THE MAN FROM MY DREAM.



I WONDER IF HE COULD BE INSIDE.



I WONDER...

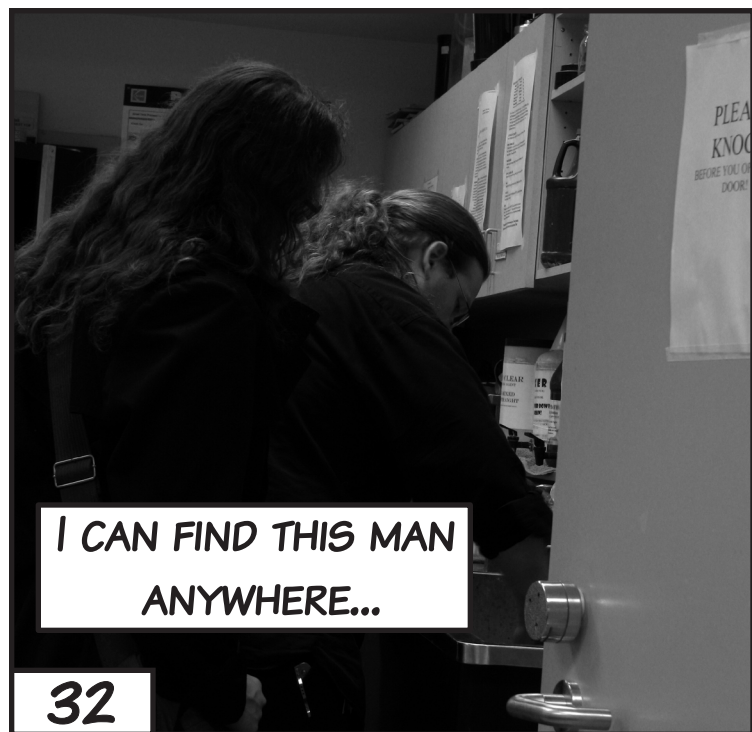


IF THAT'S HIM?

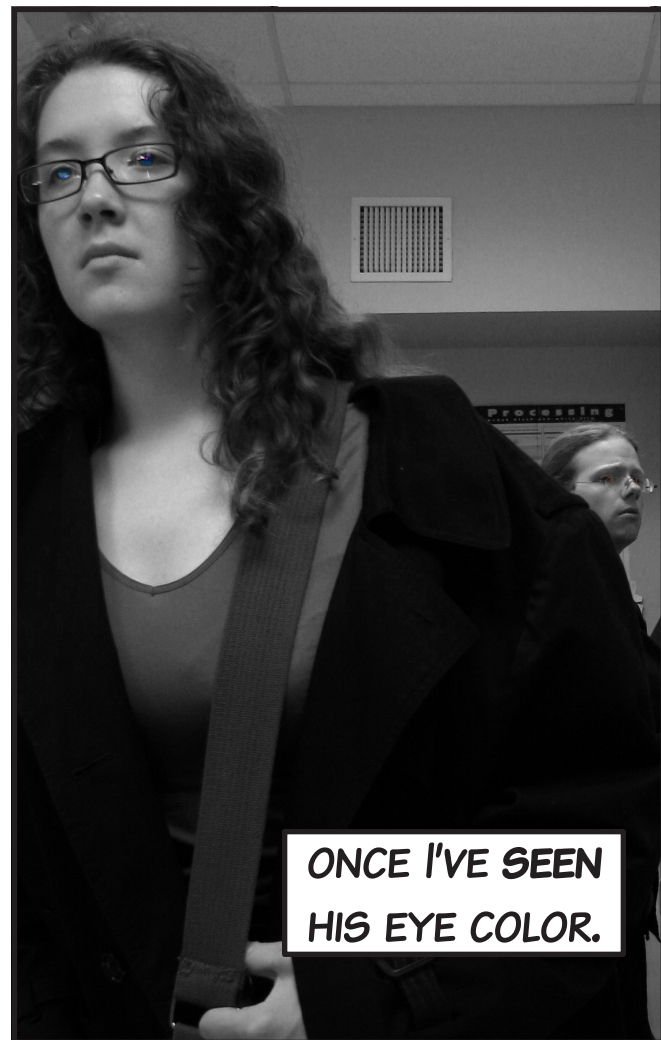
GLINTS OF RED SHINE FROM HIS IRISES.

HE IS ANOTHER IMAGINATIVE.

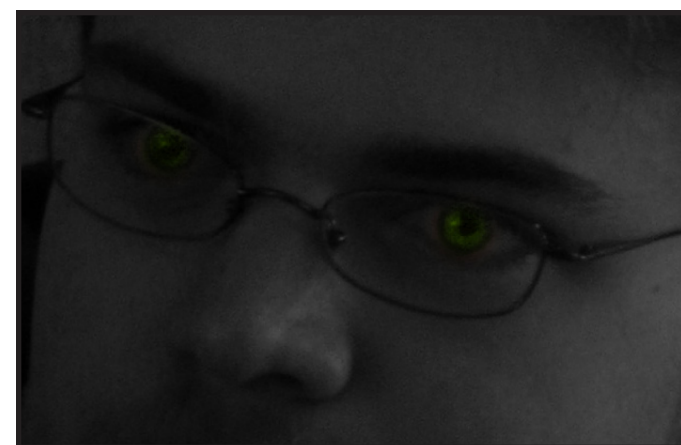
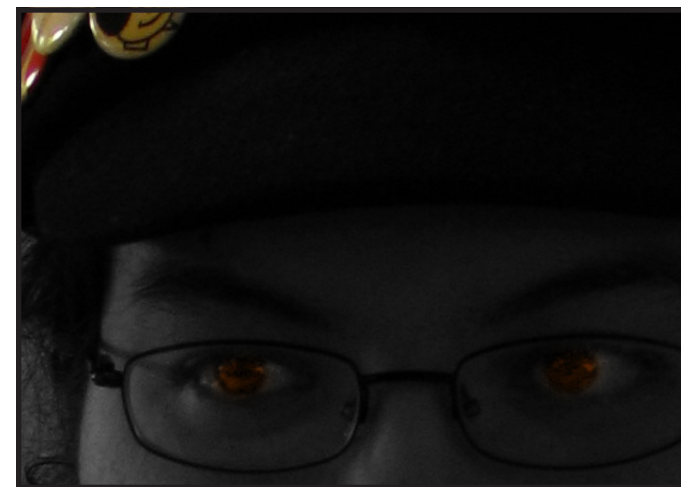
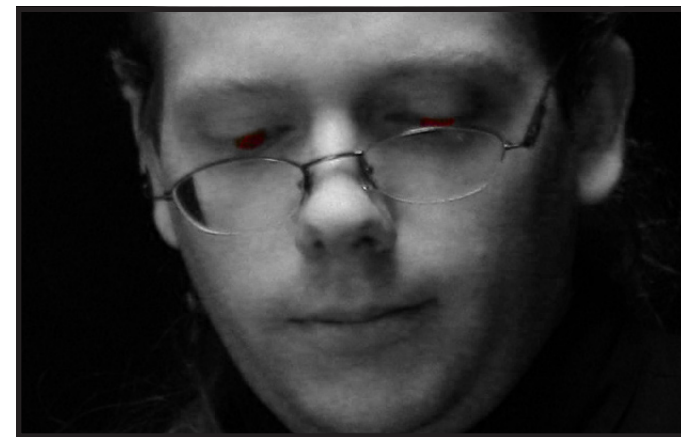
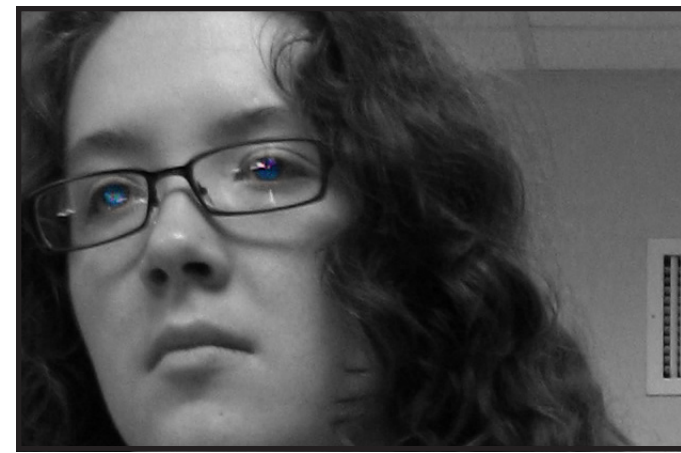
ONYX'S GLYPH IS WHAT SCARES ME.



I CAN FIND THIS MAN ANYWHERE...



ONCE I'VE SEEN HIS EYE COLOR.

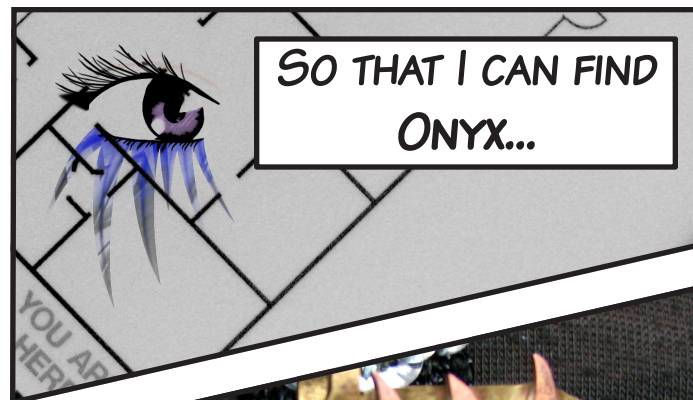


EYE COLOR IS WHAT WE USE TO IDENTIFY OURSELVES. WE CAN PICK UP MANY LITTLE TRICKS USING OUR POWER.

FINDING ANOTHER IMAGINATIVE IS A VERY SIMPLE LITTLE TRICK.



IT'S A TRICK THAT I
NEED TO USE NOW.



SO THAT I CAN FIND
ONYX...



THE MOST POWERFUL
PERSON I'VE EVER MET.

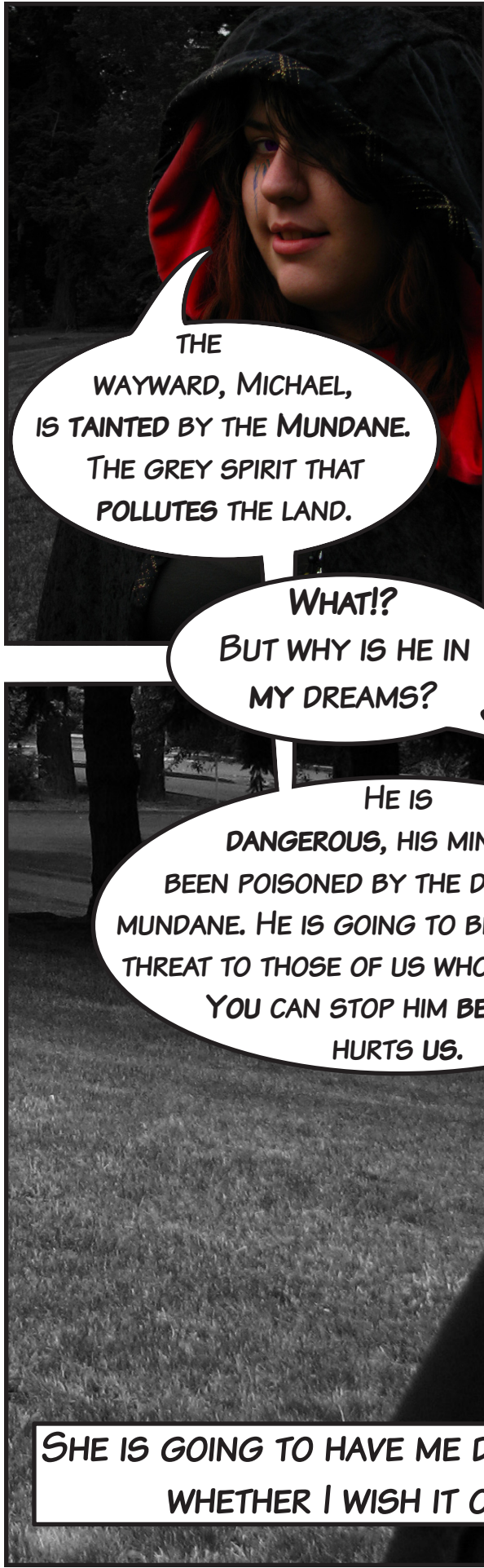




HELLO, MORGAN.
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
I SEE THAT YOU FOUND MY
GLYPH.

TELL ME,
DID YOU ALSO FIND THE
WAYWARD IMAGINATIVE
I'VE BEEN WATCHING?

THAT'S
WHY I'M HERE. BUT
WHY ARE YOU WATCHING HIM?
WHY HAVEN'T YOU INTRODUCED
HIM TO THE TEST OF US?



THE
WAYWARD, MICHAEL,
IS TAINTED BY THE MUNDANE.
THE GREY SPIRIT THAT
POLLUTES THE LAND.

WHAT!?
BUT WHY IS HE IN
MY DREAMS?

HE IS
DANGEROUS, HIS MIND HAS
BEEN POISONED BY THE DRUG OF THE
MUNDANE. HE IS GOING TO BECOME A GREAT
THREAT TO THOSE OF US WHO REMAIN LUCID.
YOU CAN STOP HIM BEFORE HE
HURTS US.

SHE IS GOING TO HAVE ME DO SOMETHING,
WHETHER I WISH IT OR NOT.



SHE IS THE FIRST
IMAGINATIVE I'VE EVER
KNOWN.

SHE ALWAYS HAS ME
DO THINGS LIKE THIS.

YOU ARE
KEYED TO HIM. HE CALLS
OUT TO YOU SUBCONSCIOUSLY IN
HIS SLEEP. YOU CAN MAKE HIM LUCID.
ONLY YOU CAN MAKE HIM
HEALTHY.

THIS
COIN WILL TAKE YOU
TO HIM, IN THE
DREAMING.

IT FEELS HEAVY.
...I FEEL SO TIRED.



THIS THING SHE GAVE ME IS
PULLING ME INTO A DREAM.



SLEEP WELL,
MORGAN.



I SOMETIMES FEEL THERE IS
NO FREEDOM IN THIS WORLD.



NOT EVEN IN MY DREAMS.