

The kingdom is dying.  
Leagues ago, the rains  
stopped and our world  
withered away.  
First plants, then  
everything else  
began to die.  
And so it was decided  
by the elders that a  
troupe of ambassadors  
be sent to the farthest  
edge of the kingdom  
to find help.  
That was many cycles  
ago, days trickle away  
without substance.



Gil and I are all that are left of  
our school, the others that travelled  
with us simply forget and were  
forgotten in turn.

One Molesk remains at our side, burdened  
with what little we still own, but who knows  
how long even it will keep inching on.



I still have a secret.  
One that only I know.  
One that can change  
everything.

I keep it close to  
my heart.



Artwork by Brice Reignier