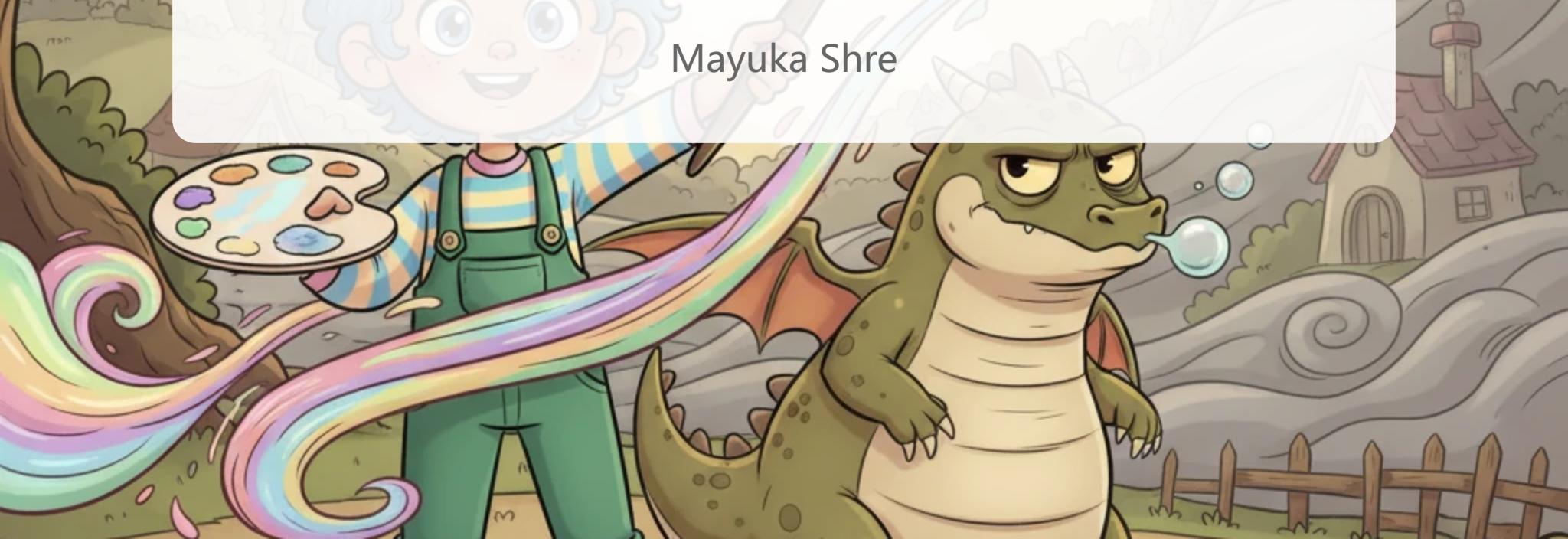


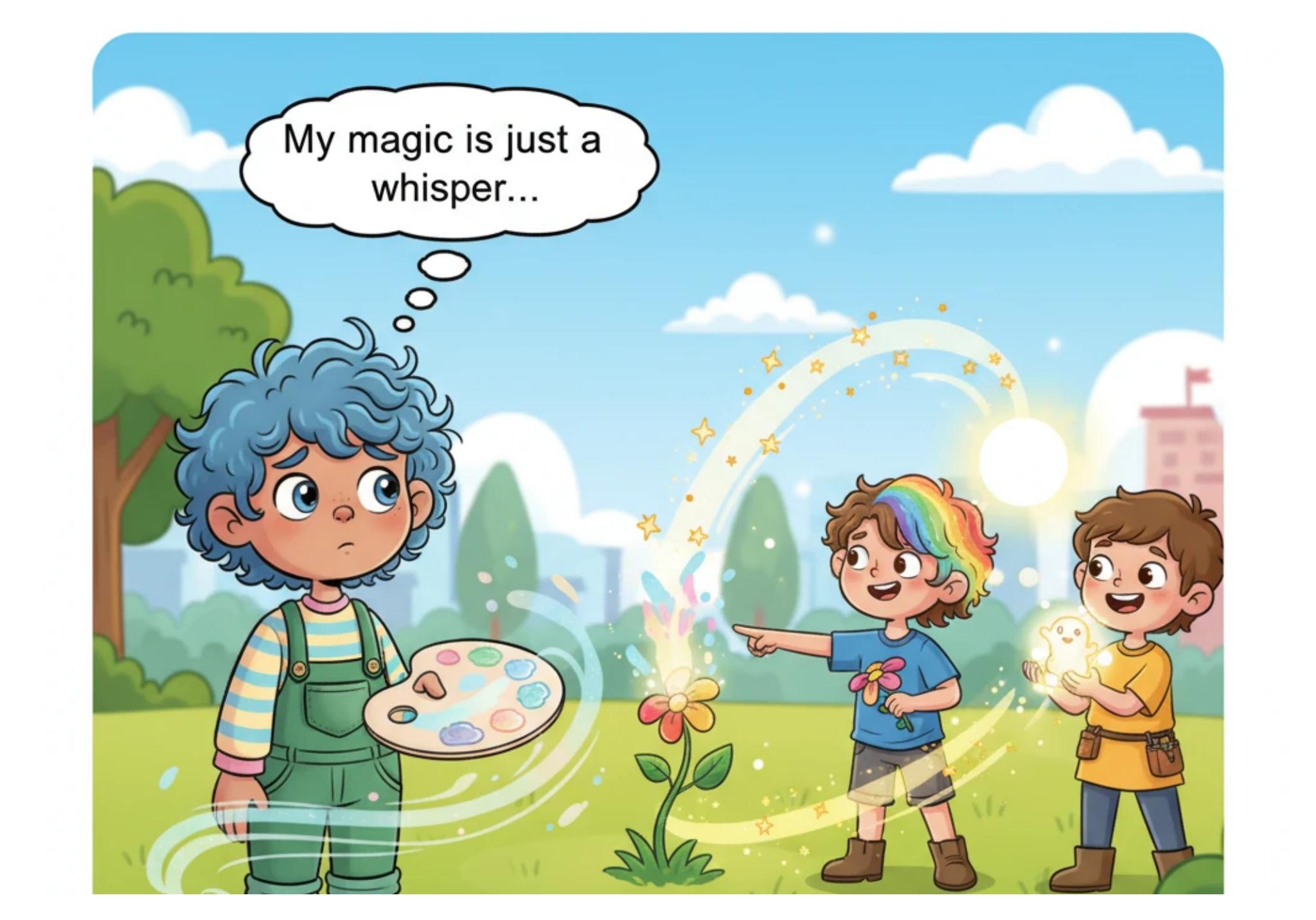
The Boy Who Painted the Wind

Mayuka Shre





Pip's drawings
only came to life
for ten fleeting
seconds!



My magic is just a
whisper...





over Oahwen, casting dull muted pallor over everything it touched.

It seemed absorb the vibrant colors and cheerful sounds of the village.





THE GREAT GREY

Huh!? It's just...
going through!

Like smoke!





It's not scary... it's
just lonely.

A SURPRISED MEMORY:





Go, my colors,
go!

whispers of forgotten joy...

