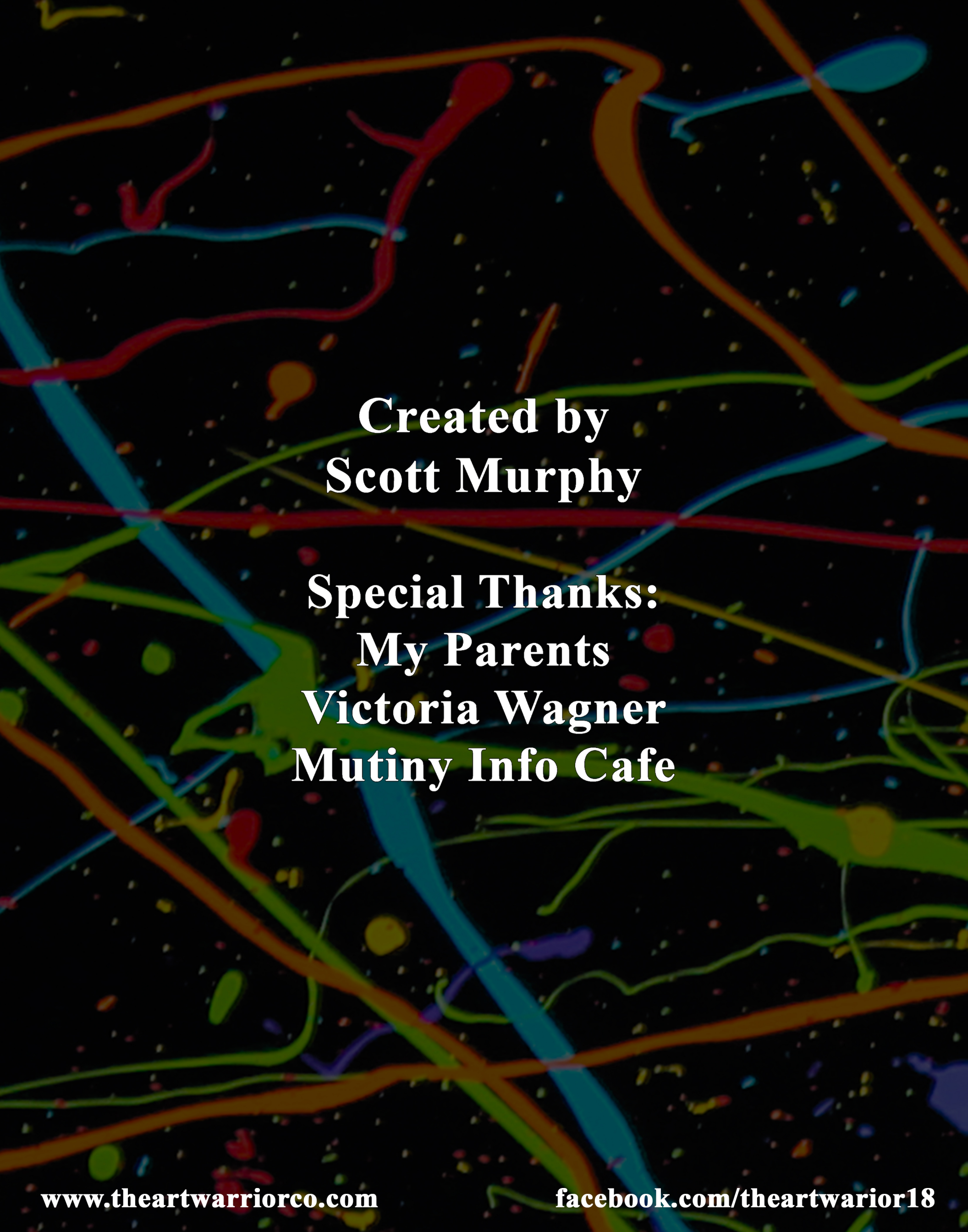
#1

THE

ART WARRIOR

Scott Murphy



Created by
Scott Murphy

Special Thanks:
My Parents
Victoria Wagner
Mutiny Info Cafe

In the murky depths matter writhes and pulsates, formation takes place.

The heart of new life springs from the proteins of the rich and evergiving eden of Tomorrow.

The mind gestates in its' slumber.

Structures of control rise from the dream and take root.

Muted murmers of war echo with each heartbeat.

Dulled by repetition, core conflict and violence is reduced to tedium.

Though this moment is new, it has lasted millenia.

Kept in a slumbering infancy, it begins to wither. Witness the suffocation of Possibility.

A rigid obelisk stands tall. An ominous eye watches out across the budding terrain.

The mighty pendulum of time dangles from the deep iris, thrusting across space.

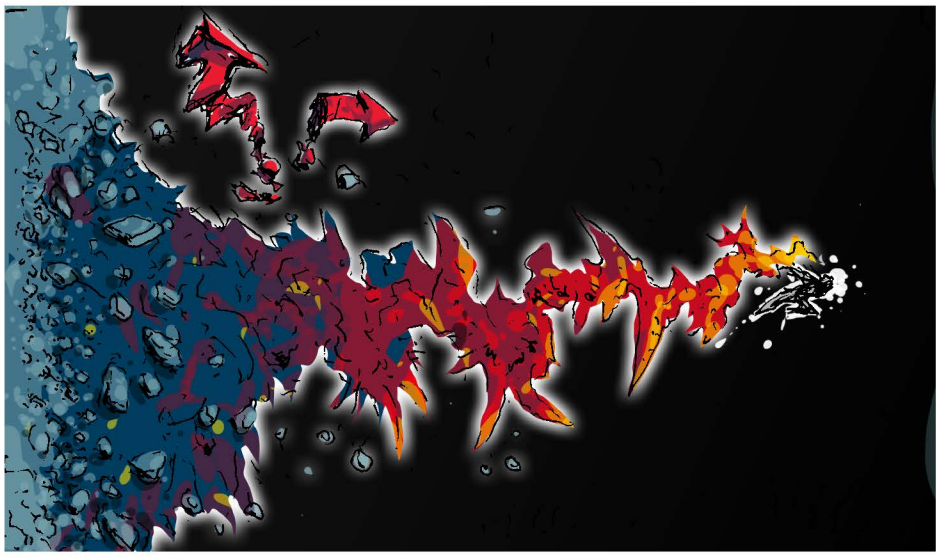
The great clock swings from beast to mounstrous beast, enduring their controlling abuse.

Each number, identical in function and meter, sit differentiated by name only as the hands of understanding spin in a crazed delirium.

Encased behind the glass face Reality and its history reach out into infinity.

A shock of color slams agounst the glsss breaking the silence of the atmosphere. Something stirs from within.

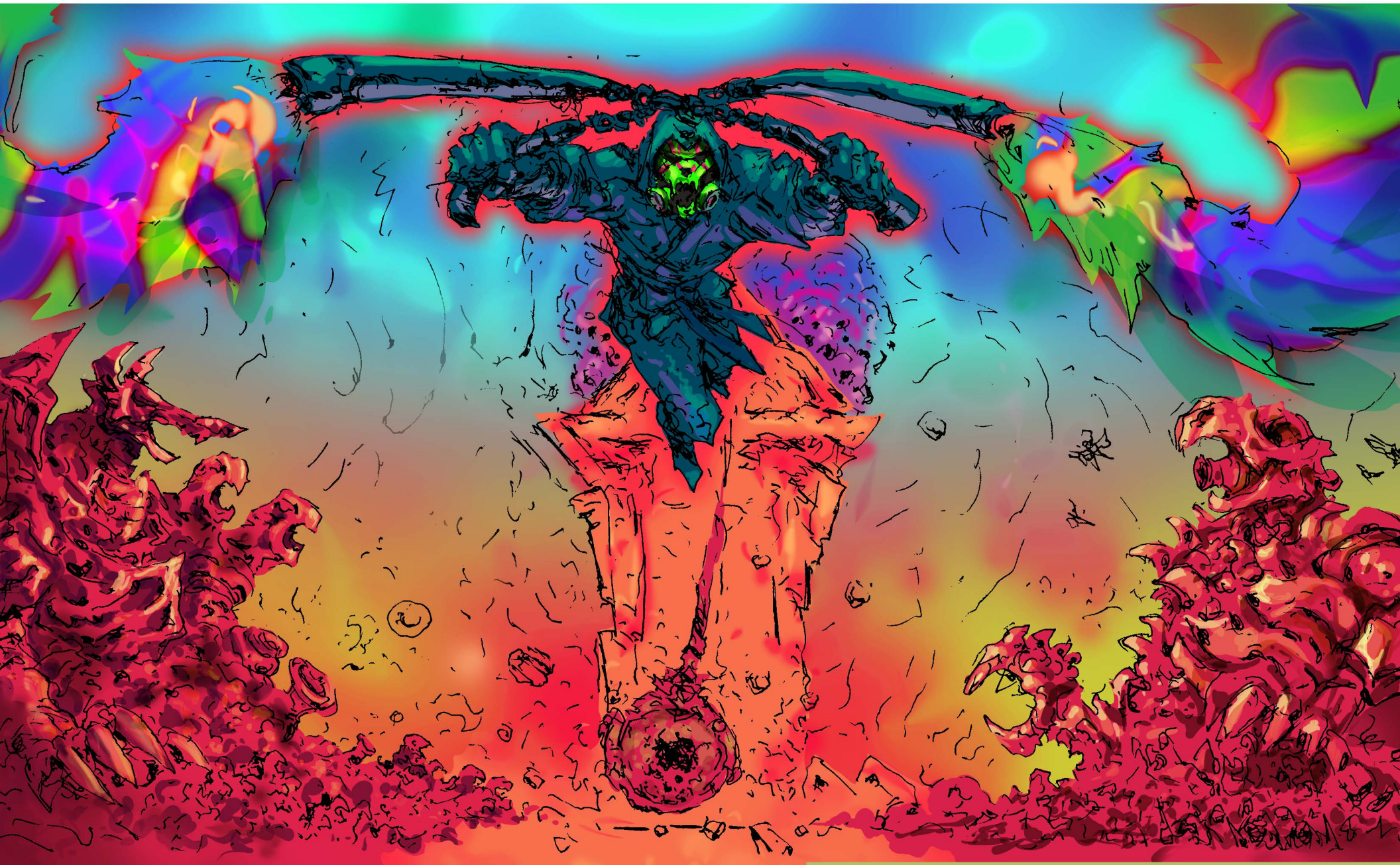
Another strike erupts as the clock face bends.

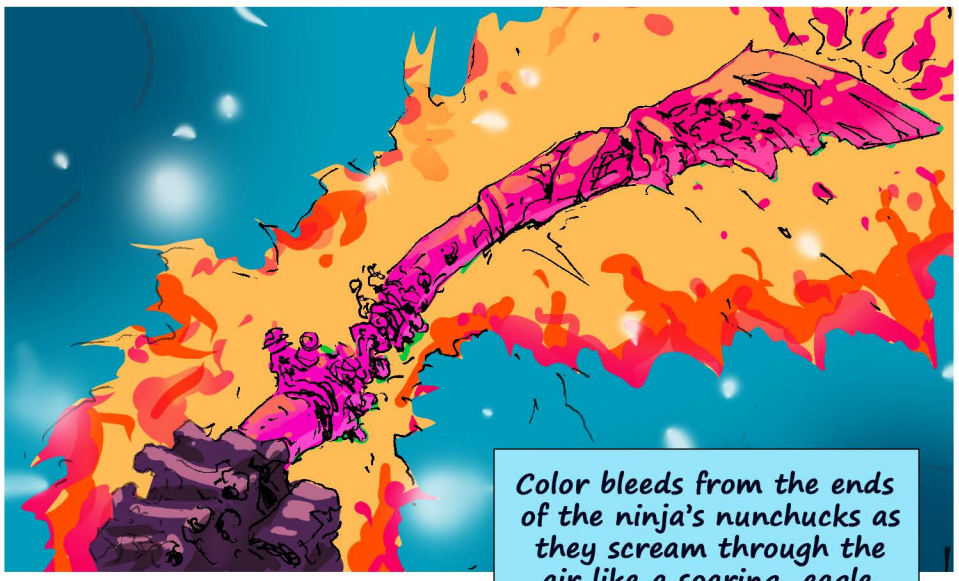


A figure pierces the glass folllowed by streaks of brillient collor.

The dark beast of Absolution. drunk from its obsession of destruction, releases it legions to engulf this distrurbance.

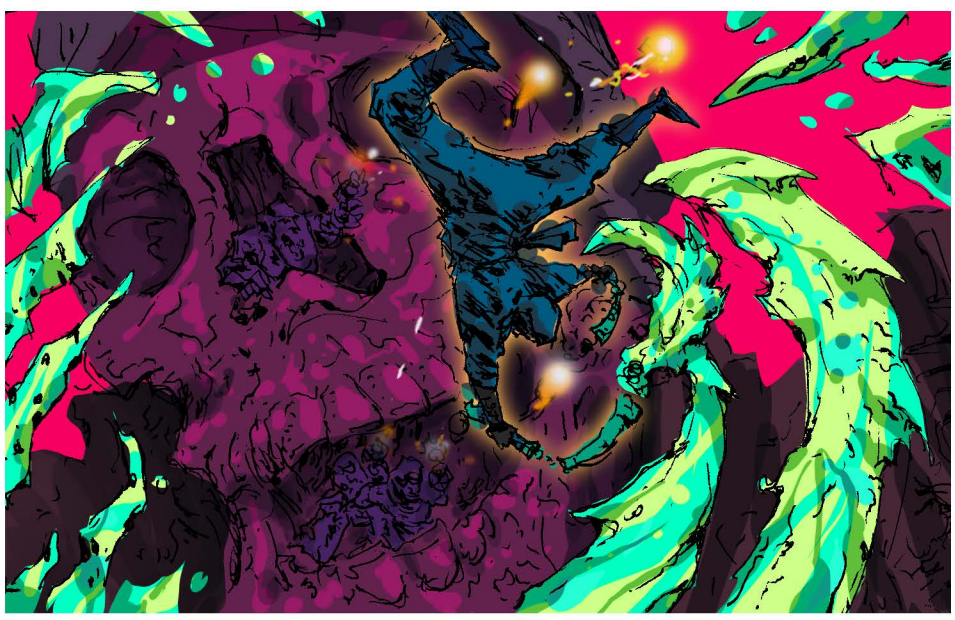
The light beast of Absolution releases its armies to protect of from this intrution.


Ripped from the fabric of what we are, the Art Warrior is set free!

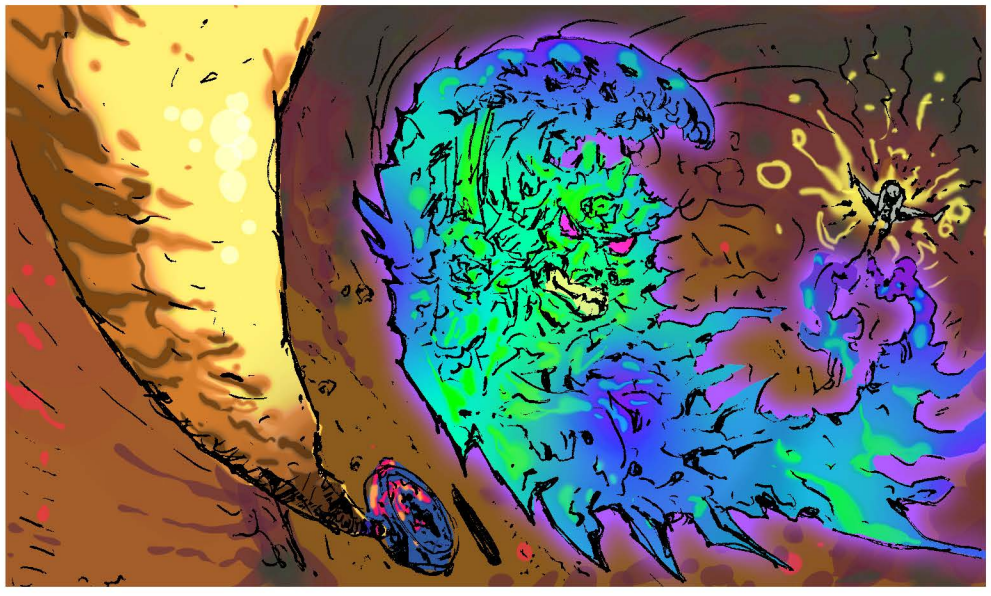


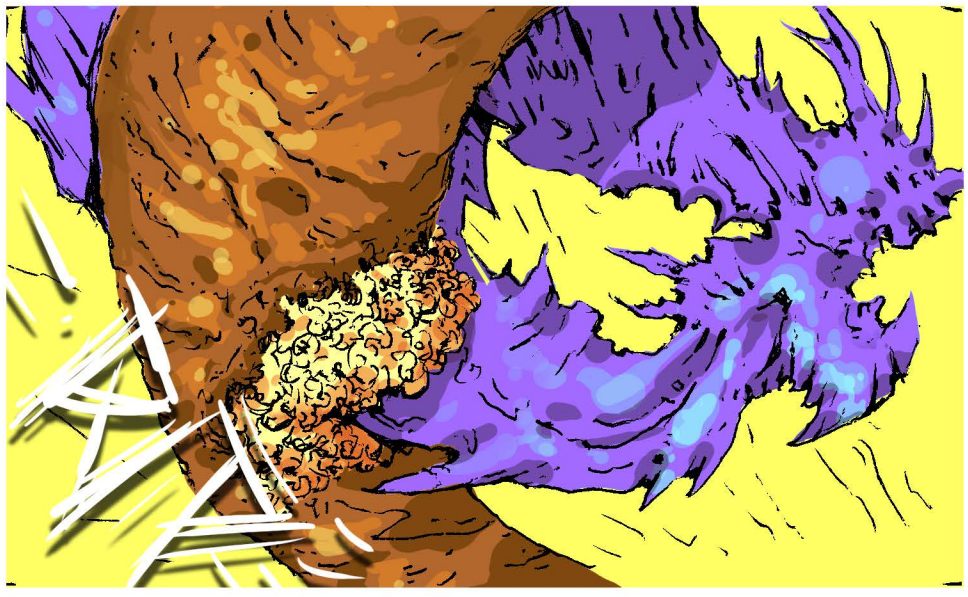
Color bleeds from the ends of the ninja's nunchucks as they scream through the air like a soaring eagle.

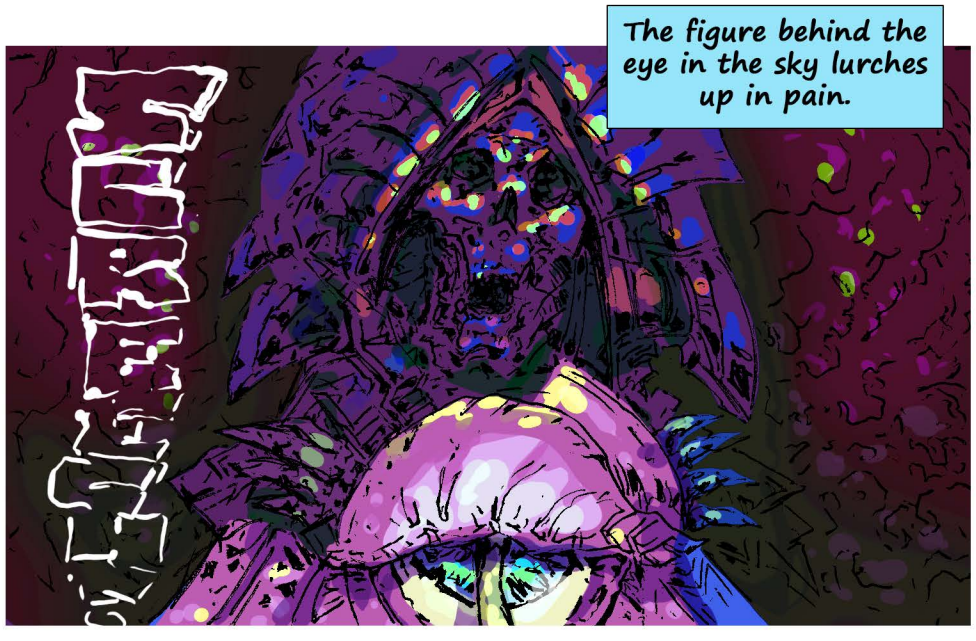
The minions of light and dark descend upon him...



... but all submit to the transformative energy of color.

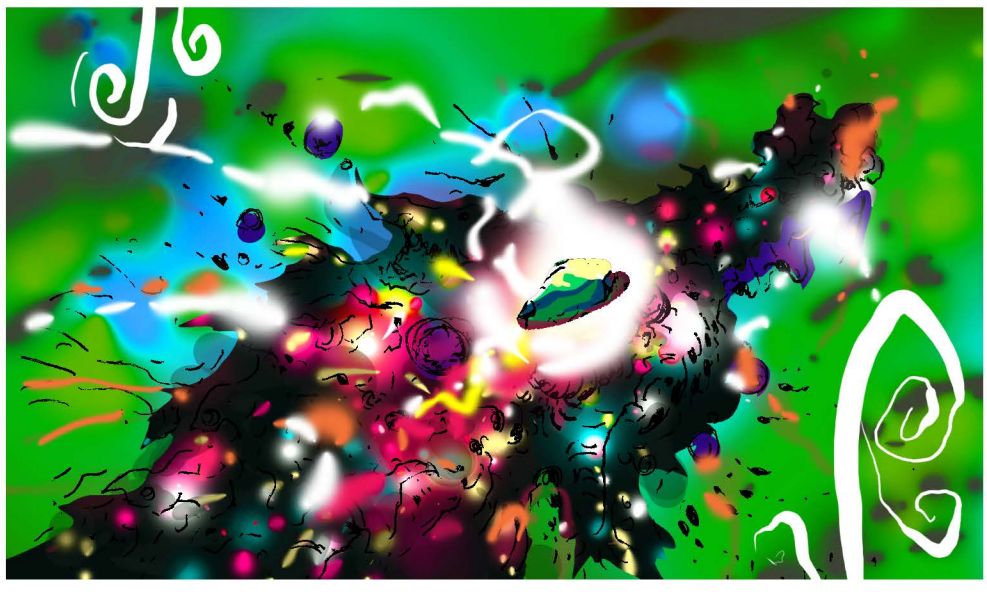




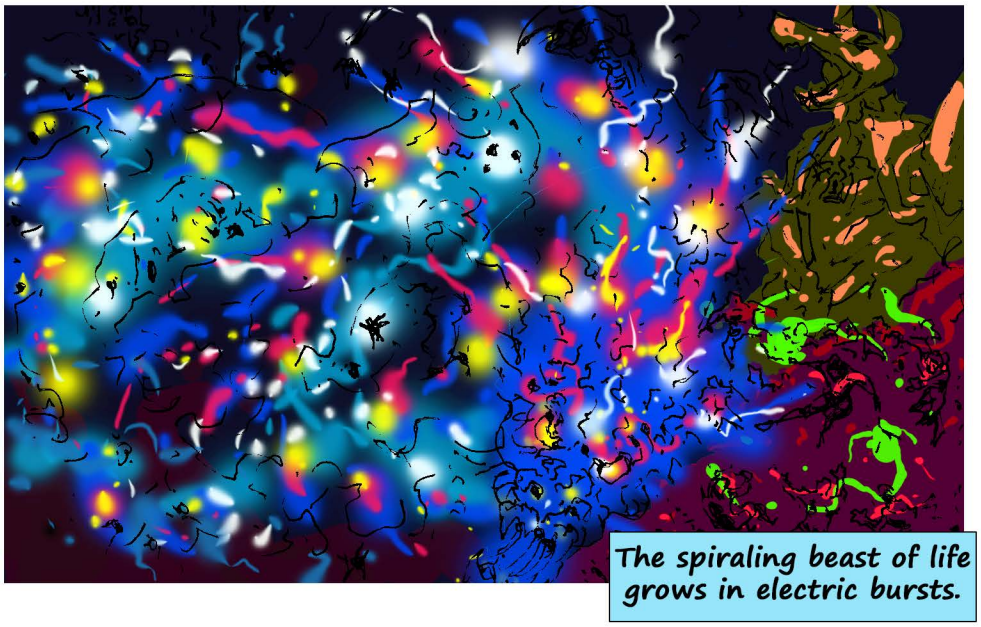


The figure behind the eye in the sky lurches up in pain.

The controlling clock shatters realeasing life, energy, and plenets.

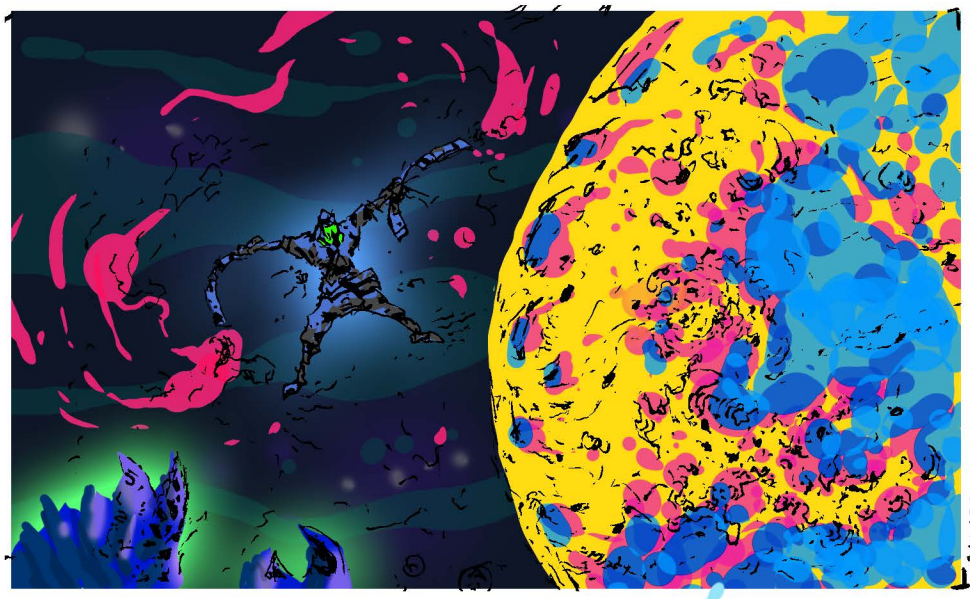


Free from domination, the universe takes shape.

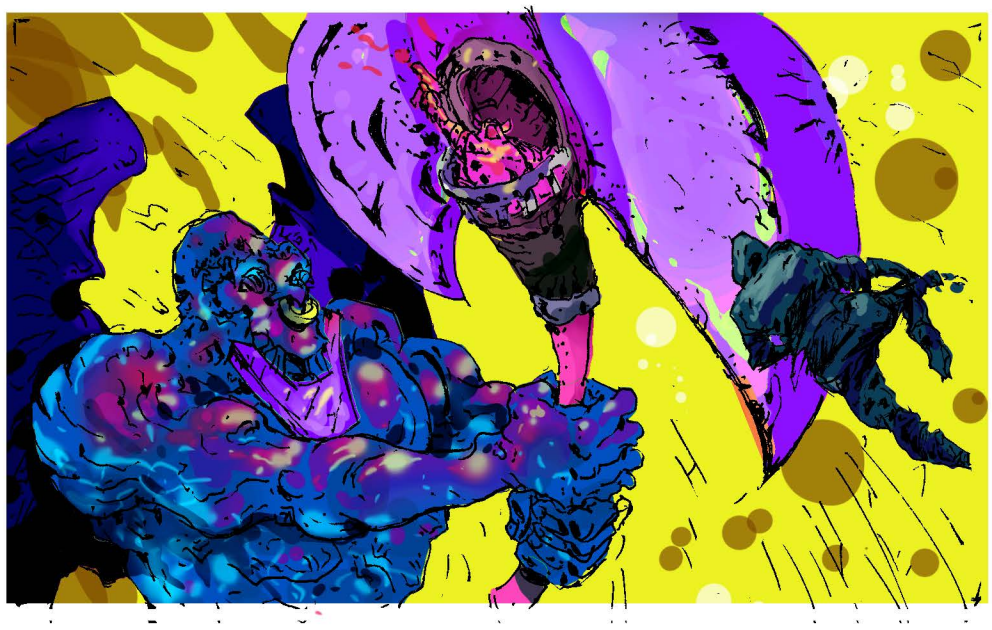


The spiraling beast of life grows in electric bursts.

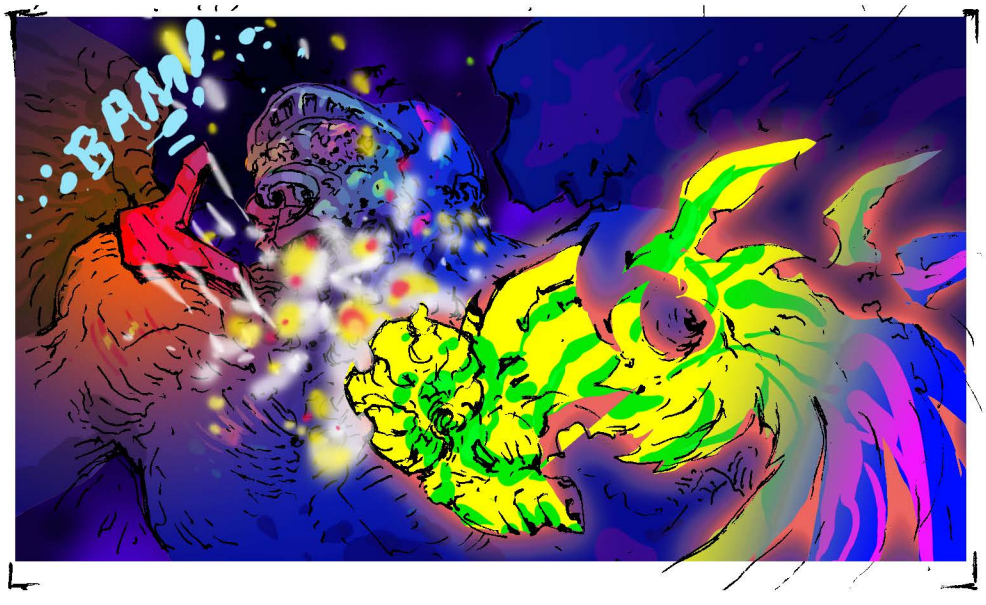
GRRRR!!!

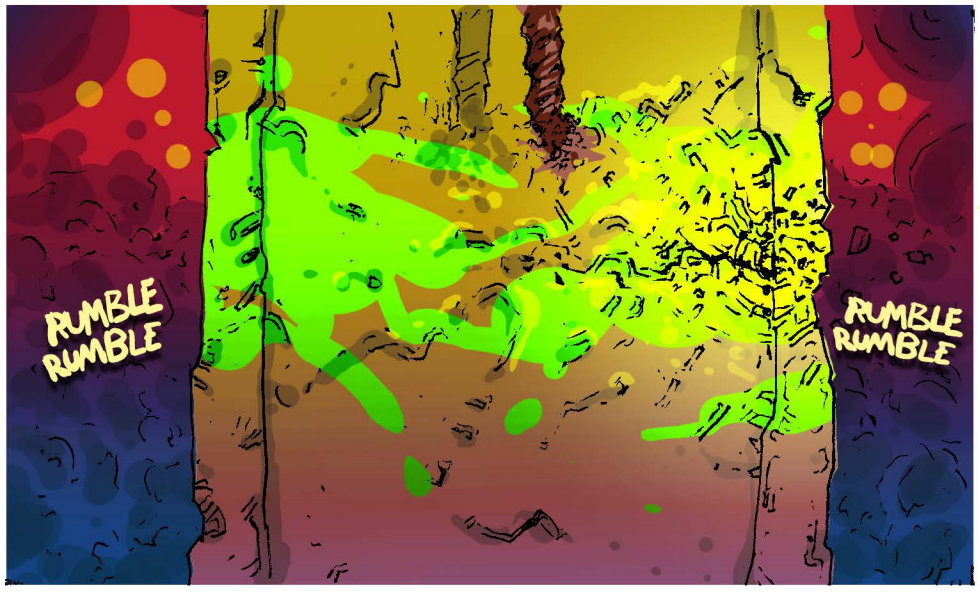


RAHHH!!!



POW
POW
POW


BAM!!!


RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE

KRA
KOW

RRRR

With the tower destroyed --
-- we are released!

The infant wakes to experience its first emotion.

Pain.

Fool, already chaos sprouts from the remains of my tomb.

I continue on while those two chase after your wild goose chase.

END

Thank you for reading!

Check back next month for more colorful adventures.

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