

**Dream
COMICS**

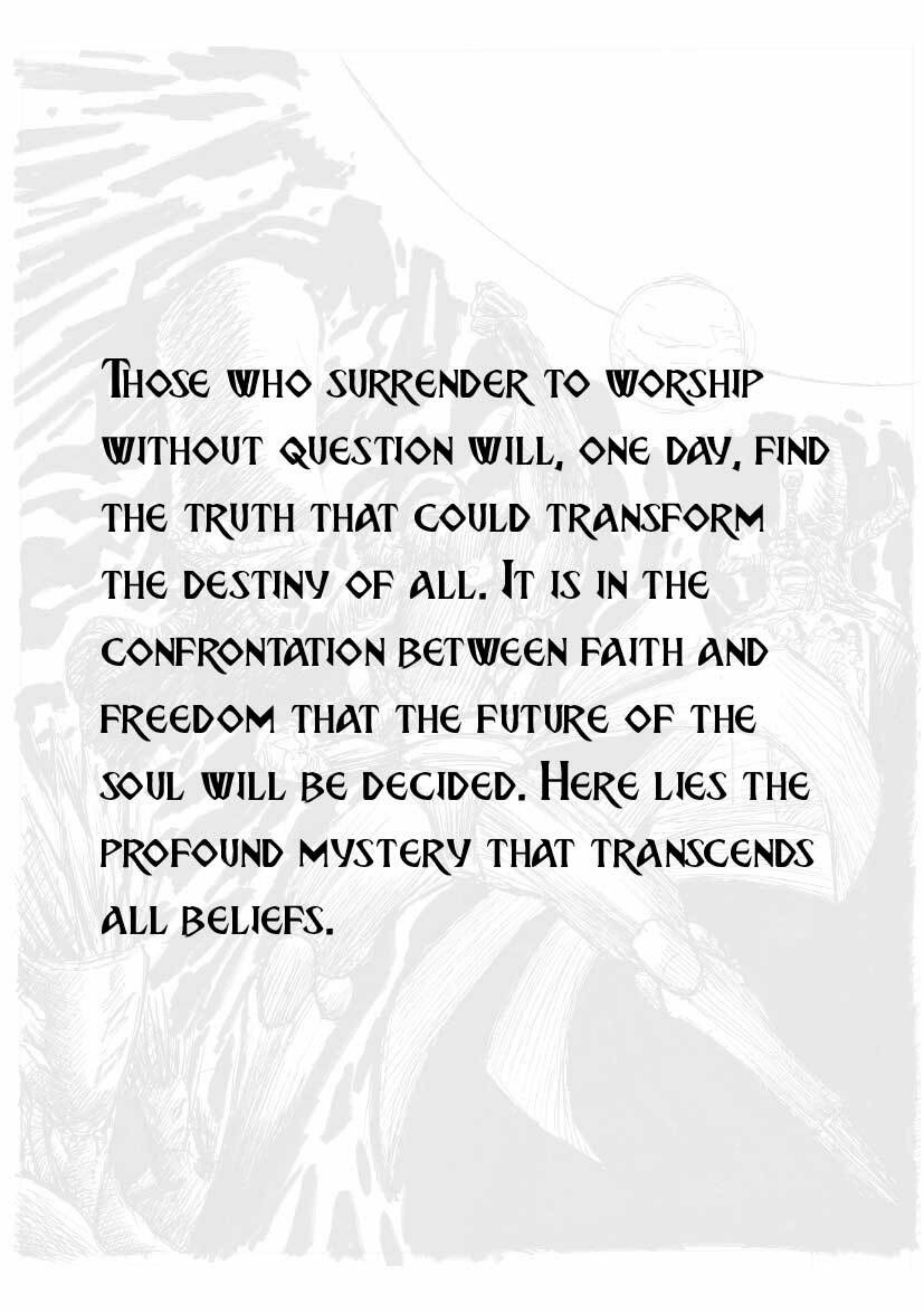


#1

STRAW GOODS



Lancaster



THOSE WHO SURRENDER TO WORSHIP
WITHOUT QUESTION WILL, ONE DAY, FIND
THE TRUTH THAT COULD TRANSFORM
THE DESTINY OF ALL. IT IS IN THE
CONFRONTATION BETWEEN FAITH AND
FREEDOM THAT THE FUTURE OF THE
SOUL WILL BE DECIDED. HERE LIES THE
PROFOUND MYSTERY THAT TRANSCENDS
ALL BELIEFS.

"BEHOLD, EVIL WAS SOWN UPON THE EARTH. THE FALSE GODS, IN THEIR HOLLOW GLORY, DECEIVE THE HEARTS OF MEN. THEIR IDOLS OF LIES SPREAD TERROR AND DESOLATION, AND THE WORLD, IN ITS BLINDNESS, SURRENDERED TO DESTRUCTION. THE LAND GROANS BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF CORRUPTED FAITH, AND THE SHADOW OF WAR BLANKETS THE HORIZON."

-FROM THE GOSPEL OF AXIA KHAN

THE RUINS ARE WITNESSES TO THE FURY OF INTOLERANCE. THE FALLEN TEMPLES, ONCE SYMBOLS OF POWER, ARE NOW MERE RUBBLE. THE LAND HAS DRIED, AS IF NATURE ITSELF WEEPS FOR THE DEATH OF A WORLD THAT NEVER KNEW HOW TO LIVE IN PEACE.

THE MOUNTAINS, TWISTED BY THE WRATH OF THE GODS, WHISPER IN BLOOD-SOAKED MURMURS. THE DESERTS SPREAD DESOLATION, AND THE SHADOW OF WAR CONSUMES THE AIR. THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE CHOSEN, BUT THEY ARE ALL CHILDREN OF DESTRUCTION.

IN THIS DESERT OF HOPE, HE WALKS, NOT BY CHOICE, BUT AS AN INSTRUMENT OF A GREATER FORCE THAT GUIDES HIM. EACH STEP, A WILL BEYOND HIS OWN.

HE FEEL, THIS IS AN ENDLESS CYCLE, BUT STILL, HE MOVES FORWARD. WITH EACH STEP, CLOSER TO WHAT HE MUST DESTROY.

THE WIND BLOWING FROM THE HORIZON CARRIES THE DISTINCT SCENT OF DEATH.

THE ALTAR, RAISED ABOVE A SEA OF FALLEN BODIES, RECALLS THE DEVASTATED FIELDS OF AN ENDLESS WAR. SCAVENGER BIRDS CIRCLE, LIKE SHADOWS FEEDING ON HUMAN TRAGEDY, AND SADNESS PERMEATES THE THICK AIR.

SYMBOLS, LIKE MARKS OF A TWISTED IDEOLOGY, ARE SCATTERED EVERYWHERE. THE SCENE, LIKE THE PAGES OF A DARK BIBLE, IS A TESTAMENT TO THE DESPAIR AND CORRUPTION THAT DOMINATE THIS WORLD IN RUINS.

IN SILENCE, HE OBSERVES, HIS ANGER NOT AS SURPRISE, BUT AS AN IMPULSE HE ALREADY FEELS AS PART OF HIM. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT MAKES HIM AN INSTRUMENT, BUT HE KNOWS HE MUST CONTINUE. SOMETHING WITHIN HIM DEMANDS REPARATION, AND HE MOVES FORWARD, AS IF PROGRAMMED TO DO SO.



FROM ONE OF THE PROFANE BONFIRES, A TREMBLING AND FEARFUL VOICE, LIKE THAT OF A GHOST, BLENDS WITH THE SCREECHING OF VULTURES AND THE SOUND OF THE WIND. A MAN, DISFIGURED BY TERROR.

THEY CAME...
THEY DESTROYED EVERYTHING.
THE IDOLS OF THE PAST FELL,
BURNED IN THE FIRES OF A NEW
GOD... A FALSE GOD, BUT ONE
WHO MADE THE PEOPLE KNEEL.
THEY TOOK EVERYTHING...
THEY TOOK EVERYONE...



I WILL TAKE
CARE... I AM THE
CARETAKER OF
THIS PLACE...

THE PLACE OF
DEATH. NO ONE
ELSE WILL COME.
ONLY ME. THE
CARETAKER OF
DEATH...
ONLY ME...
ONLY ME...



AND THE PEOPLE...
THE PEOPLE WERE BENT, CAPTIVES
IN INVISIBLE CHAINS. THEY FORCED
THEM, FORCED THEM TO BUILD THE
EMPIRE... THE EMPIRE OF EVIL, A
CASTLE MADE OF LIES AND
BONES. THEY COULDN'T SEE...
THEY COULDN'T SEE...

THE FALSE PROPHET, WITH
WORDS OF FIRE AND PROMISES
OF SALVATION, SEDUCED THE
MASSES. HIS ACOLYTES,
FAITHFUL SHADOWS, SPREAD
LIES LIKE SEEDS, MAKING THE
PEOPLE KNEEL BEFORE A
FALSE GOD.

FAITH WAS BROKEN, FREEDOM
LOST, AND HEARTS BOWED TO
THE WILL OF A TYRANT
DISGUISED AS DIVINITY.

NOW, ALL THAT'S
LEFT IS ASHES. THEY WON,
BUT... BUT IN THE END,
NOTHING REMAINS. ONLY
BONES AND PAIN. ONLY I...
ONLY I REMAIN
TO TAKE CARE...
OF THE DEAD





I WAS A PRIEST
OF THE ORIGINAL FAITH,
AND FOR THIS MY
PUNISHMENT NOW IS TEND
TO THIS ALTAR OF
DAMNATION.

FEEDING ON THE WORMS
IN THE WOUNDS OF THE DEAD,
DRINKING THE PUTRID SAP THAT
DRIPS FROM THE BODIES IN THE
SAND. WHAT WAS SACRED HAS
NOW BECOME A CURSE, AN
ENDLESS CYCLE...



THE RELENTLESS LANDSCAPE WATCHES HIM
LIKE A QUIET WARNING AND THE WIND
WHISPERS THAT THE WORST IS YET TO
COME. HE KNOWS HIS JOURNEY IS
INEVITABLE, AND THAT NOTHING CAN DIVERT
HIM NOW. HE MOVES FORWARD, SOLITARY,
WITH SILENT DETERMINATION.



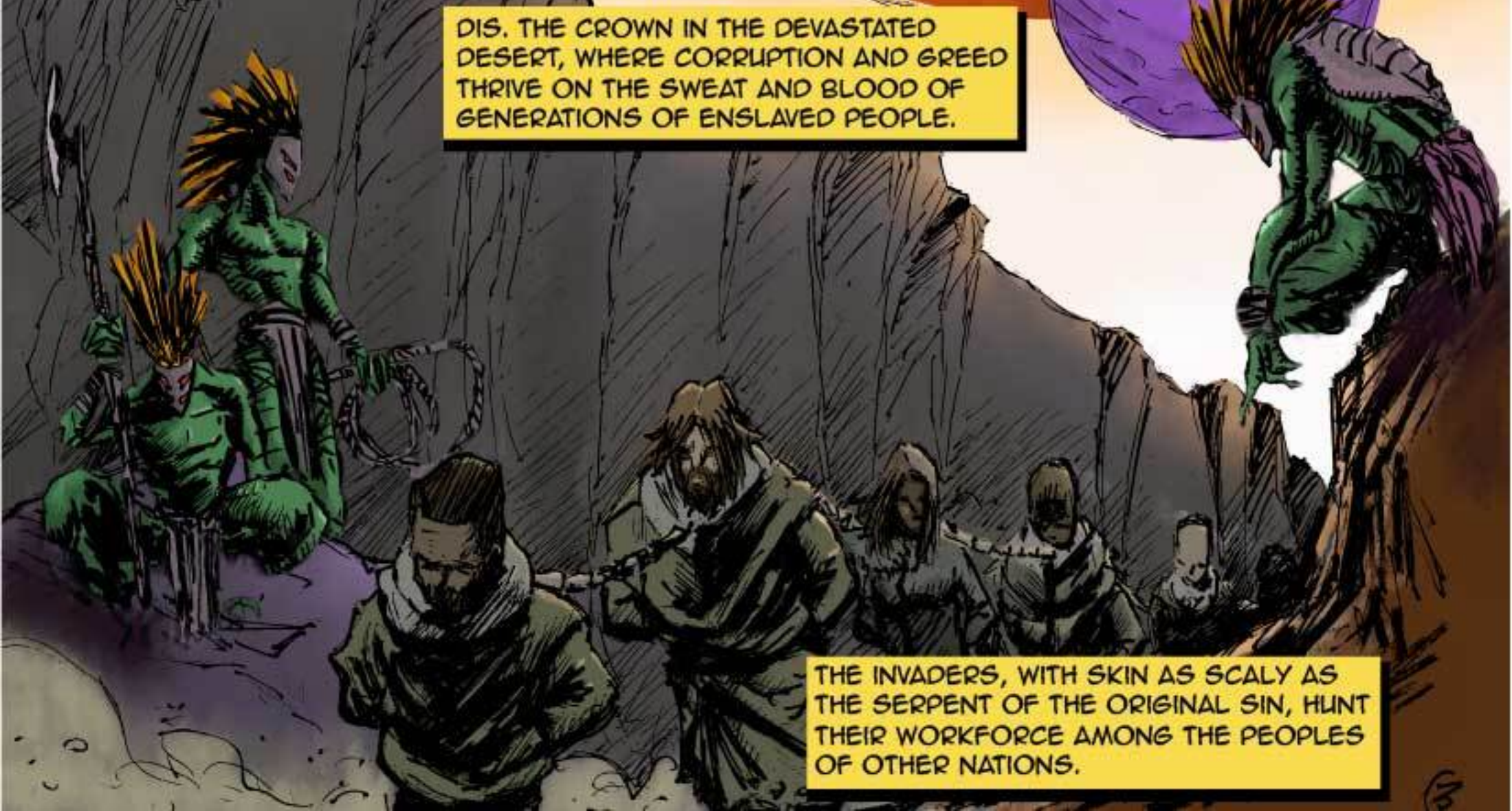
THERE...
BEYOND THE TWINS IN THE
SKY THAT'S WHERE ALL EVIL
BLOOMS. THE EMPIRE OF
THE FALSE GODS GROWS,
AND WE... WE ARE THEIR
SHADOWS. THEY TOOK
EVERYTHING... AND THE
WORLD DIES.



A SANCTUARY FOR THE FAITH OF THE IMMORAL, A
FORTRESS TO PROTECT THE LIE, A TOMB FOR
HOPE... A WORK OF VANITY AND BLOOD. AND YET,
ITS GRANDEUR IS UNDENIABLE.
THESE ARE THE GATES OF THE CITY OF DIS.



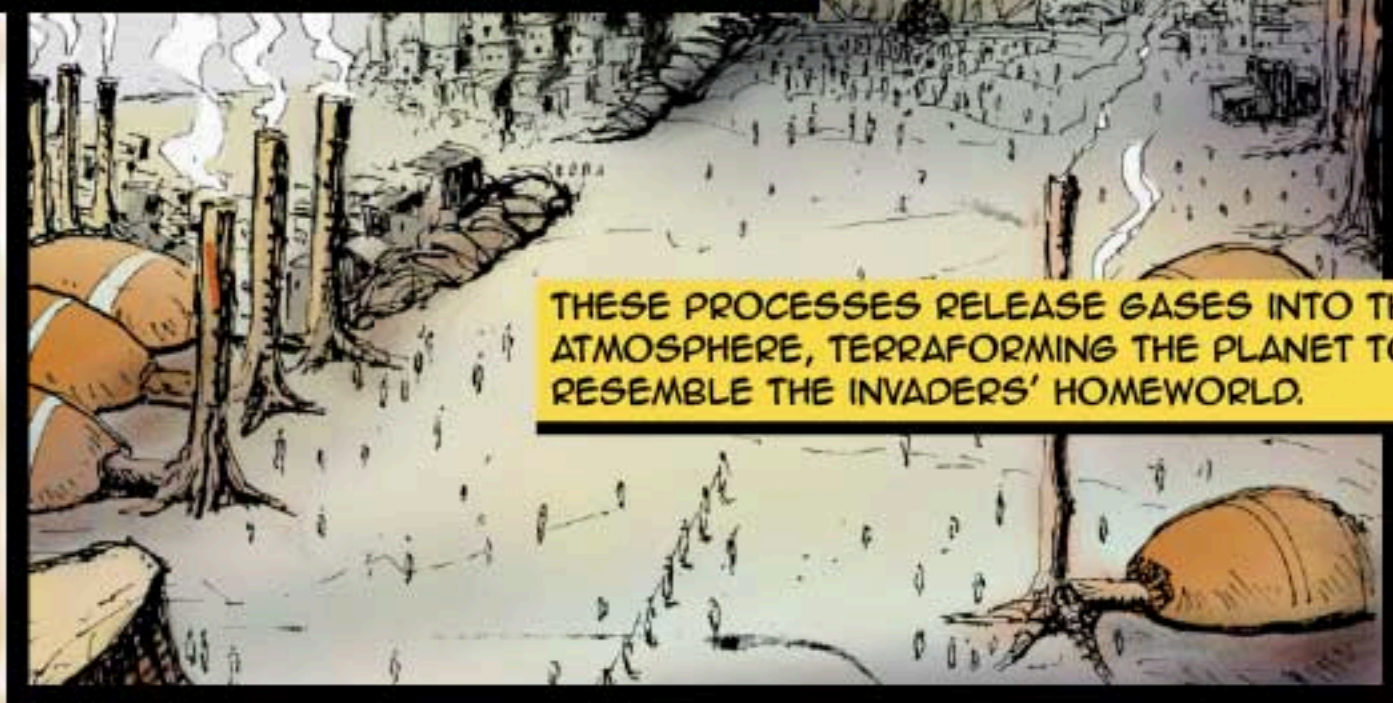
DIS. THE CROWN IN THE DEVASTATED
DESERT, WHERE CORRUPTION AND GREED
THRIVE ON THE SWEAT AND BLOOD OF
GENERATIONS OF ENSLAVED PEOPLE.



THE INVADERS, WITH SKIN AS SCALY AS
THE SERPENT OF THE ORIGINAL SIN, HUNT
THEIR WORKFORCE AMONG THE PEOPLES
OF OTHER NATIONS.



THE WALLS OF DIS AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, WHERE FORCED LABOR FUELS THE BIO-POWER PLANTS THAT CONVERT UNDERGROUND MINERALS INTO ENERGY.



THESE PROCESSES RELEASE GASES INTO THE ATMOSPHERE, TERRAFORMING THE PLANET TO RESEMBLE THE INVADERS' HOMEWORLD.



THEN, RISING FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS BEING, LIKE AN AVALANCHE OF RAGE, HE PREPARES FOR BATTLE.



HE GAZES AT THE HELM IN HIS HANDS AND FEELS ITS ENERGY GROW, LIKE THE ROAR OF AN ARMY ABOUT TO ADVANCE.



THE HELM FITS, AND WITH IT, THE CHANGE COMES. WHAT WAS HUMAN DISSIPATES, AND BEFORE ALL, HE IS A NEW CREATION.

IN THE DARKNESS,
HE MOVES FORWARD.



EVERY SECOND IS
A PROMISE OF
DESTRUCTION.



A SINGLE STRIKE
TEARS THE GUARD'S
HEAD OFF.



A SECOND ENEMY
LEAPS, READY FOR
THE SLAUGHTER...



...IN ONE FLUID MOTION,
HANDS RESPOND WITH
FELINE INSTINCT...

AGCK

... GRABBING AND
CHOKING THE TARGET.



THE FIRST WAVE OF
ENEMIES FALLS.



FROM THE TOP OF A WATCHTOWER, ONE
OF THE GUARDS ALERTS THE TROOPS.



ATTENTION, INTRUDER AT
THE GATES OF THE CITADEL.

COME!
ADVANCE WITH BLOOD
IN YOUR EYES
MAY THE CURSE OF
DESTRUCTION FALL
UPON YOU!

FOR I AM THE FIRE
AND FURY THAT
WILL CONSUME EACH
OF YOUR STEPS!

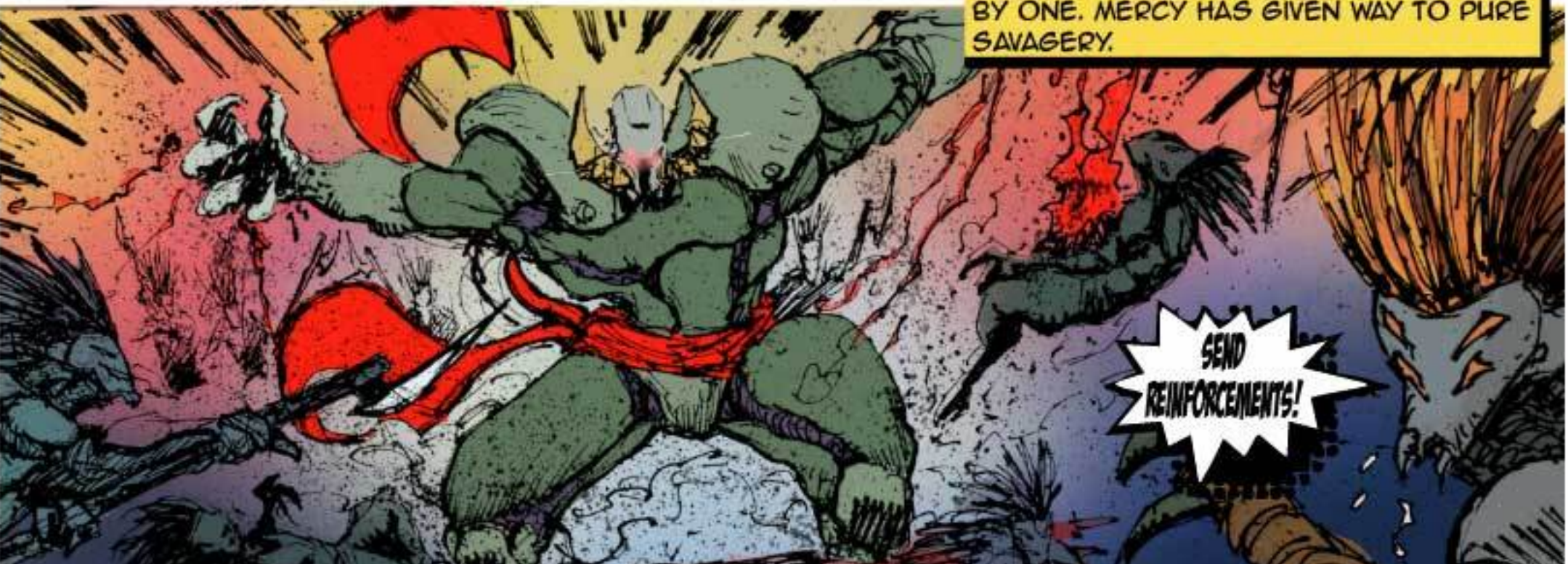


FOR BLOOD AND FOR STEEL!
WE ADVANCE LIKE HUNGRY BEASTS
DEATH IS OUR SISTER!

AAARRRGGHH

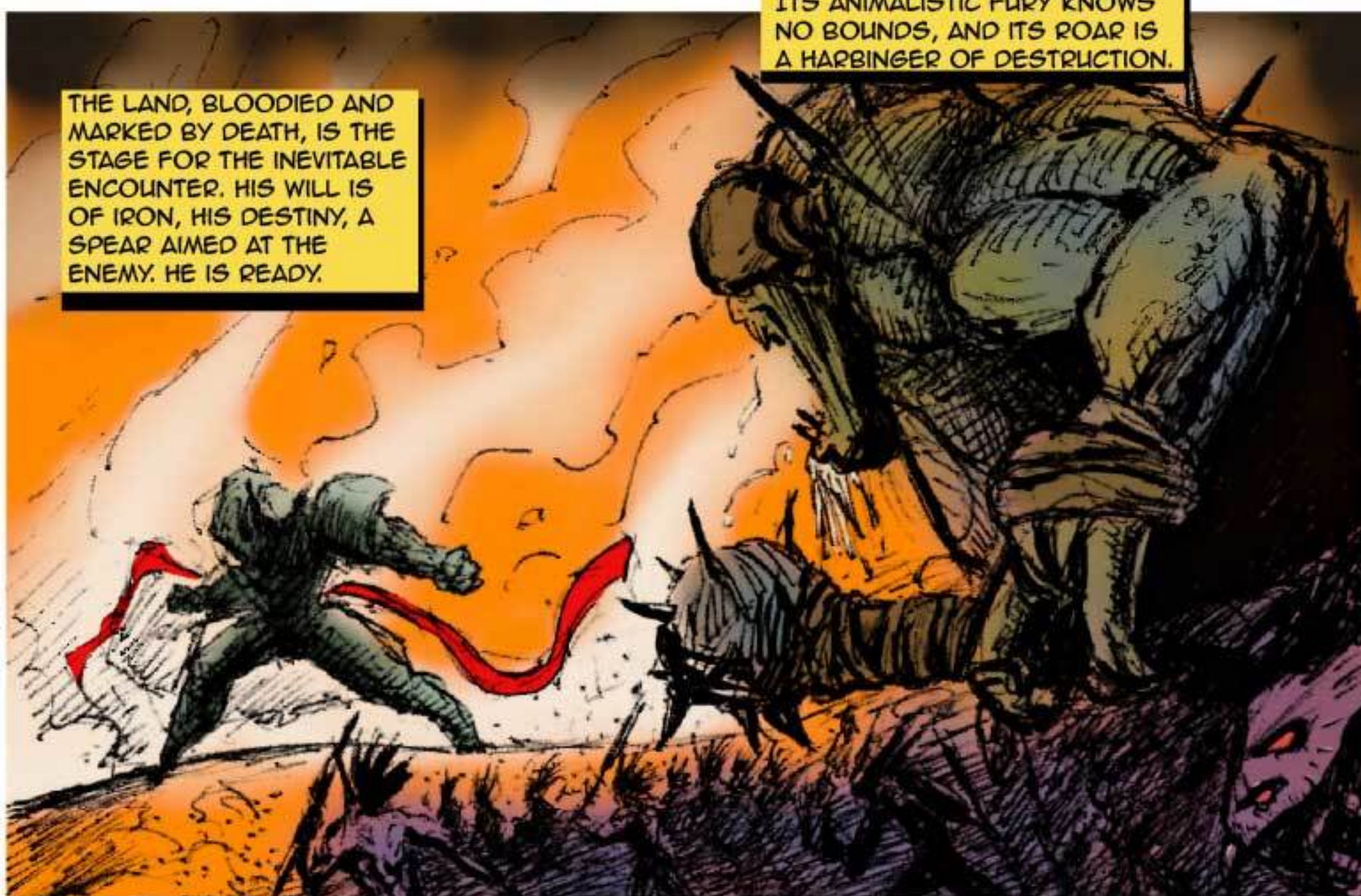
THE FANATICS CHARGE TO THEIR
SLAUGHTER AND ARE TORN APART ONE
BY ONE. MERCY HAS GIVEN WAY TO PURE
SAVAGERY.

SEND
REINFORCEMENTS!





GUIDED BY THE CHAINS OF WAR,
A DEMONIC BEAST EMERGES.
ITS ANIMALISTIC FURY KNOWS
NO BOUNDS, AND ITS ROAR IS
A HARBINGER OF DESTRUCTION.



THE LAND, BLOODIED AND
MARKED BY DEATH, IS THE
STAGE FOR THE INEVITABLE
ENCOUNTER. HIS WILL IS
OF IRON, HIS DESTINY, A
SPEAR AIMED AT THE
ENEMY. HE IS READY.



THE TITANS CHARGE INTO BATTLE. THE ROAR
OF THE CLASH ECHOES BEYOND THE
WALLS OF DIS.

MEANWHILE IN THE TEMPLE.



I CAN SEE FROM HERE THAT ALL THEY ARE DOING IS FULFILLING THEIR PURPOSE, GIVING THEIR LIVES IN MY NAME.

THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE. ON DIS AS IT IS IN HELL.



AH, I SEE THE SLAUGHTER REACHES ITS PEAK... MY ACOLYTES HAVE BEEN DEFEATED, THROTTLED BY POWERFUL HANDS... COME, I SHALL WELCOME YOU INTO MY HOUSE OF PAIN.



I HAVE BEEN CHOSEN, ANOINTED TO RULE THIS WORLD WITH AN IRON FIST, AS A GOD OVER ITS SUBJECTS.



THE WICKED KNEEL BEFORE MY PRESENCE, AND THOSE WHO OPPOSE ME WILL BE CRUSHED UNDER MY WILL, LIKE SINNERS BEFORE THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

THE FIRE OF MY FURY WILL PURIFY THE EARTH, AND I, THE SAVIOR AND THE DESTROYER, WILL MAKE THE WORLD MY ALTAR.



FOR I AM RIAJ
ONE OF THE
IRON GODS
THERE IS NO
SALVATION
OUTSIDE OF ME!





RISE AND BRING
DESTRUCTION!

TO BE CONTINUE...

Iron Gods

#01

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