A note from Artella: We found this unfinished story in a time long ago, in a dream resting under tomorrow's pillow. While the cover of this Dreamworld issue seems to provide us with some clues, we would love to know what happens next. Complete this chapter to enter our first ~Lost and Found Story Contest~ One grand prize winner will receive \$100s of dollars of inspiring Artella merchandise, and will be invited to add a monthly installment to his or her story that will be serialized on the Artella Web site, illustrated by Artella artists. We will also publish other top stories on the Web site as well, so it's time to WRITE! Release your WILDNESS for this provocative story competition! FIND what is LOST! Details: www.ArtellaWordsAndArt.com/lost-story.html

There was nothing still about that sky. He twisted and somersaulted through its chill, unable to stop clouds and memories from crushing him, craving him. First he remembered when he was older, when he had a love he had never met, yet he knew her deeply. How could he forget her? Her love was as tanguaght as the forging rain whose dance sings alories on a summer evening. He want as he thought of her soft caressing watercolored rain remembered. The second of the sum tangy-suit as the Turgiving rain whose dance sings gibries on a summer evening. He wept as ne thought or ner sort caressing watercolored rain, remembering that tapped those days when he was twenty-seven or so. Now he was a boy of ten, and he flew through the clouds, remembering the smell of the sweet musky wind that tapped those days when he was twenty-seven or so. Now he was a boy of ten, and he flew through the clouds, remembering the smell of the sweet musky wind that tapped those days when he was twenty-seven or so. Now he was a boy of ten, and he flew through the clouds, remembering the smell of the sweet musky wind that tapped those days when he was twenty-seven or so. Now he was a boy of ten, and he flew through the clouds, remembering the smell of the sweet musky wind that tapped those days when he was twenty-seven or so. Now he was a boy of ten, and he flew through the clouds, remembering the smell of the sweet musky wind that tapped the seven of the seven this shoulder as she walked beside him in the Parisian square.

All the different ages gained speed and swirled again, he was at once a man just shy of one hundred, looking forward to his shoulder as she walked beside him in the Parisian square.

All the different ages gained speed and swirled around him like ribbons in a Maunole dance, factor and factor as he twenty-cound.

All the different ages gained speed and swirled around him like ribbons in a Maunole dance. The ston time from its intronid sprint

Here is an explanation of the could catch here. Manually the could catch here is a count of the could catch here. Manually the could catch here. when he grew up to be twenty-sever.

All the different ages gained speed and swifted around him like Flobons in a tyraypole dance, faster and faster as he tried to stop time from its intrepid sprint. If only he could catch her! Moment after moment, he found himself close enough to touch her, but the cumulous clocks would not stop time from its intrepid sprint. If only he could catch her! Moment after moment, he found himself close enough to touch her, but the cumulous clocks would not stop time from its intrepid sprint. If only he could catch her! Moment after moment, he found himself close enough to touch her, but the cumulous clocks would not stop time from its intrepid sprint. If only he could catch her! Moment after moment, he found himself close enough to touch her, but the cumulous clocks would not stop time from its intrepid sprint. If only he could catch her! Moment after moment, he found himself close enough to touch her, but the cumulous clocks would not stop time from its intrepid sprint. If only he could catch her! Moment after moment, he found himself close enough to touch her, but the cumulous clocks would not stop time from its intrepid sprint. If only he could catch her! Moment after moment, he found himself close enough to touch her, but the cumulous clocks would not sprint the could catch her? to stop time from its intrepia spriit. It only ne could cauch ner! Ivionierit after moment, ne round nimself close enough to rouch ner, out the cumulous clocks would not cease their teasings. Until one moment, when she became reassuringly near, reaching out with her perfect hands to pull him into her present, beckoning him not cease their teasings. Until one moment, when she became reassuringly near, reaching their hands finally met. He felt the hollow enach hoteless their teasings. Until one moment, when she became reassuringly near, reaching their hands finally met. He felt the hollow enach hoteless their teasings. not cease their teasings. Until one moment, when she became reassuringly near, reaching our with her perfect hands to pull him into her present, became to walk the same cadence with her on those uneven rusty cobblestones. With a final leap, their hands finally met. He felt the hollow space between their hands come align. It was a tipy space but it hold a vision that anoned this forever. At last, he was home hands come alive. It was a tiny space but it held a vision that opened 'til forever. At last, he was home...

His body was curved around a pillow when he woke up and realized where he was. He squeezed his eyes together and sighed into the reality beyond the dreamworld. His life was not in the swirts of Parisian sunsets and shadows and the clouds that moved too fast; it was in the dusty floors, the dishes undone in the clouds that moved too fast; it was not in the swirts of Parisian sunsets and shadows and the clouds that moved too fast; it was in the dusty floors, the dishes undone the dreamworld. His life was not in the swirts of Parisian sunsets and shadows and the clouds that moved too fast; it was in the dusty floors, the dishes undone the dreamworld. His life was not in the swirts of Parisian sunsets and shadows and the clouds that moved too fast; it was in the dusty floors, the dishes undone the dreamworld. His life was not in the swirts of Parisian sunsets and shadows and the clouds that moved too fast; it was in the dusty floors, the dishes undone the dreamworld. His life was not in the swirts of Parisian sunsets and shadows and the clouds that moved too fast; it was in the dusty floors, the dishes undone the dreamworld. His life was not in the swirts of Parisian sunsets and shadows and the clouds that moved too fast; it was in the dusty floors, the dishes undone the dishest control of the clouds that moved too fast; it was in the dusty floors, the dishest control of the dishest contro the dreamworld. His life was not in the swirts of Marisian sunsets and shadows and the clouds that moved too last; it was in the dusty hours, the dished as he walked on the creeky in the sink, the mediocrity of the chipped paint around the windowsill. He wobbled out of bed, stuck his feet into slippers that sighed as he walked on the creeky in the sink, the mediocrity of the chipped paint around the windowsill. He wobbled out of bed, stuck his feet into slippers that sighed as he walked on the creeky in the sink, the mediocrity of the chipped paint around the windowsill. He wobbled out of bed, stuck his feet into slippers that sighed as he walked on the creeky in the sink, the mediocrity of the chipped paint around the windowsill. He wobbled out of bed, stuck his feet into slippers that sighed as he walked on the creeky in the sink, the mediocrity of the chipped paint around the windowsill. He wobbled out of bed, stuck his feet into slippers that sighed as he walked on the creeky in the sink, the mediocrity of the chipped paint around the windowsill. III the shik, the mediacrity of the complete paint around the windowshi. The woodled out of ded, stuck his reet into suppers that signed as ne waked on the creation for a moment;

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