

The Winx Chronicles Miniseries 02
BOOK OF LORE
Written By The Winx Chronicles

100 - Opening Monologue

Stories are the backbone of a culture. Knowledge its flesh and time its voice. I am Lord Bartleby, the keeper of this tomb. For millennia, my family have been the guardians of this archive - a repository of knowledge of all that is known, and much that remains shrouded in mystery. My job is to catalogue stories, myths, legends and folklore onto unfiltered and unstirred pages. The information you may discover in these passages should not tempt you into pride, but humble you with your ignorance. There is so much you do not know, nor I, or anyone. The Book has many volumes catalogued throughout the centuries, hidden from the world in a secret library in the mountains of Domino. You will find out more about me In due course, where I'm from, how my story started... and how it should come to an end. So I welcome you, dear reader, to learn about our world. Welcome... to the Book of Lore.

101 - The Dragon and the Phoenix

The creation of the magical dimension is one of the most famous stories to all Mystic-kind... and beyond! Like many genesis stories, it represents the metaphorical battle between light and dark, push and pull... good and evil. A tale as primordial as the universe itself can never be known in its entirety, but the most common recount of the story is as follows... The Cosmic Dragons are the great guardians of the universe, beings of pure energy, with one singular goal: To reorganise chaotic matter and energy into something usable and ordered. You see, the universe, and everything in it, exists in a constant state of balance. From the tiniest of organisms to the largest of energetic concepts. This is true of all things, and the dragons exist as part of this cycle to ensure the universe continues to exist indefinitely. The Dragon's primary interest is a phenomenon known as Entropy. It is one of the fundamental laws of thermodynamics. Left untouched - Entropy always increases in our universe. It is the reason a hot cup of water will cool but never freeze. Energy always seeks to disperse itself evenly, and when it does so, some of the energy becomes unusable. The dragons exist to counteract this process. Taking that trapped energy and moulding it into something new! It is theorised these creatures exist all throughout the cosmos. But the great

dragon is one very particular entity indeed.

The Great Dragon came across earth in its infancy and was fascinated by the intelligent creatures (humans) that inhabited the planet. Although primitive at the time, the dragon recognised the advanced potential within them and created an ever-wise, immortal and powerful race in their image to live among them. These would come to be known as the Elves. Their job was to guide the humans along their journey of evolution and protect them as they grew. The dragon was part of Earth's history for many years - depictions of dragons can be found in multiple ancient cultures all over - even before the planet was well connected. Naturally, love would sometimes bloom between an elf and a human. Their offspring would go on to be the first specimens of Mystics! With all the tenacity and passion of humans and the power and wisdom of Elves. This Hybrid species began to serve as a bridge between the elven and human populations - further connecting them. For an age, all was well, but nothing good lasts forever.

It is not known when, it is not known how. But a shadow of darkness appeared from the void. The legends told of a creature - malevolent, wicked and evil. A creature of the night. A harbinger of destruction. The shadow phoenix... The entity somehow made its way into our reality, from another universe, one where the laws of physics and reality are completely different. This creature was everything the dragon was not and the Phoenix and Dragon possessed powers that each did not have. The Phoenix sought to bring disorder and chaos to the cycle of our universe. The very cycle the dragons existed to protect; thus, it set its sights on destroying all that the Great Dragon had created. It began to plant seeds of doubt in the minds of humans - sowing the threads of their own undoing in the process. Humans were infected with the jealousy and hatred of the Phoenix toward all things magical. Chaos erupted on Earth between the species. The once peaceful coexistence shattered like glass. An

epic battle commenced. A war for the very nature of reality. The Dragon joined forces with seven Mystic heroes, each once powerful and trusted. Together they fought the Shadow Phoenix. Weakened by the laws of our universe and overpowered by its adversaries, they sealed it away in a prison within a pocket dimension, never to darken the cosmos again. However, it was too late; the damage had been done, and the bond between Humans and Magical creatures was broken. For some time, the two species tried to lead increasingly separate lives but the animosity from the Humans became too strong. So, The Dragon birthed a new solar system - now known as the magical dimension - and invited all Elves, Mystics, and magical creatures to begin a new one on Magix. As time passed, more and more left Earth to escape from the wrath of the species they were meant to protect.

The story ends here, I'm afraid, but the doorways remained open until very recently. Travel between the worlds was common using one of the seven portals. I used to live in hope that one day, our worlds would reconcile once again, and we could share the knowledge and advancements of Magix with Earth. That dream was snuffed out when my home was razed to the ground. They announced that the portals would be closing two lunars ago. I had been traveling in Andros, you see. I was... one of the lucky ones. I swore an oath to dedicate my life to the preservation of knowledge, and so I enter into evidence these final pieces of writing, in hopes that one day, someone will uncover my words. To learn from the mistakes of history and move forward with the spirit of every lost Dominian.

The following are not just random recollections and memories. This is my story. The story of the final lord of the Book of Lore.

102 - A Tale of Seven Heroes

I've become somewhat of a nomad these past few solars. I have no home to return to anymore, so I move from place to place, city to city, learning what I can. It has me pondering the seven realms and their relation to the heroes who founded them. In many ways, the realms are a continuation of them, working both individually and as a unit. Their names shall never be lost to time, but I hope that the mystics behind those names are remembered as well. Recently, I wrote a passage for each of the heroes, compiling what I have learned from previous volumes of the book and my travels over time. I believe we can learn a lot from their story, so here is the tale of how they met, who they are, and what happened to them.

#

Hestia Domino is perhaps the most well-known of the heroes. She was the first guardian of the spark from the great dragon before it departed—and the dragon hasn't been seen since. She was a fiery woman, fierce like a flame but uplifting like one as well. Her natural leadership was what formed the seven in the first place. She also inspired every elf and mystic to fight alongside them when the time came. Hestia valued individuality, resistance, and freedom—these virtues stoked her fight and guided her development of the Realm of

Domino. Those virtues were important to the nation until the very end. Hestia lived in an Elven settlement in Greece some three thousand years ago. The particular settlement was close with the great dragon, she was young when she began to rally the people of the city together stoking the flame that would eventually become the Great War.

She travelled to the Italian peninsula to meet with Leonardo Solaria. He was vibrant, extroverted, and frequently ostentatious. He was well-liked, however, and much like the element his realm has come to represent, he brightened the days of all in his company. Criticised as shallow, he did value outward appearances and acted decisively. The importance of frivolity and creativity are lesser-known aspects of the hero, as he is often only remembered for his former characteristics. Hestia and Leonardo were good friends for many years before the war, and that friendship was mirrored in the realms. Together they decided to begin their venture to the other Elven settlements across Earth to spread the necessity to stand up to the Phoenix and aid the dragon. Together they decided to gather a group of strong Mystics to directly face the shadow head on.

The next hero they met was Ekon Andros, a pacifist through and through. He valued life and loyalty greatly and embraced change whenever it occurred—flowing much like water itself. He was a skilled Aquamancer and tactician, widely believed to have been the best of his time in his affinity. Ekon was the final Mystic to join the cause, he initially denied involvement when they first came to his city in Western Africa. He only joined after being convinced by the next Mystic they invited.

In ancient China, they met Melody Jing-Yi. She was artistic and bright, possessing many of the same qualities as Leonardo. Music was a massive part of her life which later cemented itself into Melodian culture, as she believed that art and expression are the only ways to achieve peace. Jing-Yi was one of the more proactive members of the group and

joined the fight upon initial offer without much convincing. She sought freedom for all creatures, much like Hestia, so she quickly bonded with her and Leonardo.

The team moved up to the continent of North America, in the far north they found Ahnah Zenith - she swiftly became the brain of the war, working behind the front lines mainly to develop effective countermeasures to the Phoenix at the time. Much of this research was lost for unknown reasons—my predecessors have tried to recover it countless times with no results. She valued advancement, much like the realm in her namesake does today. She excelled in many fields and ultimately was a skilled Arcanist who fought in the final battle alongside the other six heroes.

After many moons they reached the rainforests in the southern hemisphere. There they met Aurelia Linphea, the guardian of the natural world. Her motives were to protect the ecosystems at play in the universe from the cosmic to the miniature scale. She was brave and often stern but fair. Her grasp on the many elements of science, especially biology, was rivalled only by Ahnah. Her realm is dedicated to the preservation of the natural world and our coexistence with it. She was a natural-born leader, much like Hestia, and was quick to offer herself up to aid in their quest.

With the help of the Dragon, every important Elf and Mystic met to plan the attack. It was at this meeting they met the final hero Dimitri Eraklyon. His story is often one victim to whispers and runaways; much of what is considered common knowledge is unverifiable factually speaking. Often portrayed as a zealot who enjoyed the power the war bestowed upon him, Dimitri was, at least at one point in history, a rather shy man. He later became valiant and was the only one of the seven who was not an Arcanist, prompting a complicated realm-wide relationship to magic that hasn't ended for two thousand years now in his realm. He was a skilled weapon-smith, inspiring and charismatic - something that the team needed.

Ekon later joined the group after meeting again, thus completing the seven great heroes. Together they led a battle using each of their given skills in order to imprison the Phoenix.

After the war Hestia and Leonardo moved to Magix and devoted themselves to attempting to amend the broken bonds between magical creatures and humans.

As for Ekon, he poured most of his time into sculptures as he healed himself from the traumas of the war, many of which are preserved in various museums in Andros today. He became a great king of the realm.

Ahnah dedicated herself to the construction of Zenith and was the one who developed the initial bio-dome designs.

Aurelia led some of the first migrants from Earth to the city now known as Graynor. She continued to shepherd the migrating magical creatures - animals, mystics and elves alike until eventually settling down in Artemis.

Jing-Yi actually remained on Earth for a long period of time, she had a human partner who was not allowed to cross. It wasn't until he eventually passed she moved over with her children to govern the land of Melody.

As for Dimitri, his history is documented the least out of all the heroes in this book, much of his memory stained with hearsay that not even I can differentiate between fact and fiction. There is truth to every story, mind you, so the rumours would not have risen from thin air—the truth now truly lost to time.

#

The seven heroes were all important and influential in the history of our world. They led the main fight against the Phoenix alongside the dragon. We should also never forget the great number of Elves, Mystics, Magical creatures, and even humans who fought the Phoenix's

henchmen; without them, we would not be where we are now.

I intend to travel back to the oceans of Domino in due course; I cannot be the only one left alive. Since the great fall, the realms have closed themselves off in suspicion of one another. I fear this was part of a greater goal of the destruction of my home. After I have gathered any survivors, I need to speak with the leaders of Magix to try and make them see reason. If the story of the seven teaches us anything - it is that we are far stronger when we stand together, and I fear there are far greater, far darker forces at play here than anyone can imagine.

103 - The Fairy and the Human

It appears that harmony amongst us remains elusive, I hold hope for change in due course, although it seems to be a commonality of the eras. Many Dominians from the outlying islands have survived the onslaught, though their territories suffer escalating desolation due to the encroaching decay from the mainland. Recently, I presented our plight before the Magix Council. These past three years have been shrouded in darkness. My aspiration was that our plea would prompt the leaders of Magix to heed reason. However, it appears to have worsened matters. The council seems to suspect that Princess Daphne may be implicated in the assault on our realm. This accusation appears to trace back to Prince Thoren of Solaria, once betrothed to Daphne. I am unable to corroborate such allegations, and even if I could, they have vehemently dismissed my testimony and endeavours. Queen Miriam and King Oritel have also vanished since the attack. They were absent from Domino's fall and haven't been seen since. On top of this, evidence has come to light that indicates an illness afflicting fairies, although details are few. If the accounts I've heard hold truth, we risk losing access to the sacred transformation of Enchantix forever.

Much of this information is too raw for me to fully grasp. Fortunately, However,

Linphea has extended sanctuary to myself and any surviving Dominians on one of its islands. Yet, amidst these pervasive anxieties, it proves challenging to envision a future beyond despair. What role did the princess play in Domino's destruction? Why does Prince Thoren seem so keen on pushing this narrative? Whereabouts elude the King and Queen, and what fate befalls Enchantix?

During such tumultuous times, divisions deepen. Whilst I would wish for love to triumph ultimately, reality often defies such sentiments. Consider this Ode, a poignant reminder passed down through generations among Mystic-kind, illustrating why trust in humans remains precarious. It serves as a sombre testament to the inevitable sorrow of when a fairy meets a human.

O love between fairy and human once bloomed

In distant days of yore, fruited the rarest of truths

Two peoples apart, two auras alight

Magic blessed the two, with each passing night

#

Three children born to Mystic sire

into a world corrupt with iniquitous desire

No amount of love could prevent their fate

from the cruel caress of destiny each passing date

#

For a shadow lurked where the sun once shone

In the haven they knew, seeds of discord were sown

At moment once this hamlet paradise
To envy's flame to extinguish this edelweiss

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She, stolen at dawn by cruel decree
to face a fate, dreamt wicked minds free
No shield of magic could heart defend,
As mortal folly bring her tragic end.

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Set ablaze, tethered to a stake
They seared their own, no solemn in wake
Unaware, the man knew his heart was torn
found his flame, to ashes, she was unborn

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Devastation gripped his soul, his pride
Three children born, One kindred died
With a broken heart, he perished too
In sorrow's grip that love once knew

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The elvish wept, destiny can't be tamed
A sorrow profound, a decree proclaimed
Never again shall magical hands entwine
With mortal hearts, in a world malign.

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For a thousand years, the ode unfolds,

of love in cinders, of a tale untold,
but the fairy's love, a human's pain
In the annals of time, their echoes remain.

104 - A Word on Pixies

Sometimes, things are far beyond our understanding. It is in our nature to discover, to understand, and to explore. However, it can lead us, as a species, to feel cheated when things seem to defy our ability to learn. It's a quality we inherited from humans - both for good and bad. Elves never questioned, never wondered, but to be human is to question, it is to wonder!

The existence of Pixies is one of those peculiarities, evading our understanding for millennia now, yet they are very important magical creatures that have interesting relationships with us Mystics. So here is what we know about the species so far.

#

Pixies are manifestations of concepts, inventions, and emotions. Appearing as small sprite-like creatures, pixies come in every colour of the rainbow for all of their features. In comparison with us, aside from being much smaller, Pixies have much larger heads, smaller limbs, and larger features, with permanent intricate wings to reflect their power. They wear a myriad of different outfits traditionally woven from silk.

They are uniquely linked to the Mystic race as they rely on our ability to dream and think but also our magical abilities! As you can imagine, we have an interesting relationship

with the creatures as a result. If a Mystic and Pixie befriend one another and earn each other's trust, they become magically intertwined - this is known as bonding. As a result, the pixie gains access to some of the mystic's abilities and vice versa. A Mystic can only ever form one bond with a pixie in their lifetime, but since a pixie's lifespan is linked to their power source, they can re-bond with other mystics when their previous partner passes on.

Pixie society in the villages is a fascinating topic. There are pixie colonies all over Magix; some live with their own kind, and others live amongst us. Every village I have visited is vastly different from the last; some are in caves, others in water, forests, mountains, and deserts. Their bodies only respond to particular stimuli and hence can survive in often extreme conditions. On the other hand, when exposed to magic that is in conflict with their energy, they can become extremely weak. This is a relatively rare occurrence as Pixies are often the only creatures with powers at odds with other pixies, and they do not attack one another.

The creatures do not reproduce conventionally but are instead born from buds of the tree of life. Every time something new is discovered, every time something new is invented, a pixie is born. A pixie can only die when what it represents is destroyed, but they can be whittled to a comatose state by external forces.

Almost everything in relation to a pixie's life is dependent on their power and age. The oldest rule and govern, and most will belong to a larger group and will be governed by the pixie representing a common factor. For example, I once had tea with the pixie of love in southern Solaria. She referred to other emotion pixies as her siblings, and the pixie of emotions as her elder. It was an enlightening conversation, and nobody makes tea quite like the pixies.

Pixies are able to recount many centuries of history in relation to their power, making

them reliable sources of information, but it often does not come in the form one would wish for ease of understanding. The further back an event, the more obscure it becomes to their vision. It is unclear as to what the limit of this ability is, if there are any. The creatures are difficult to study and document and so have remained esoteric even today.

Since the fall of Domino, the pixies have retreated to their own villages, often hidden deep in inaccessible places. I attempted to visit a village last year during my travels, but it seems to have been moved somehow. Any understanding I could profess here would be feigned as to how this happened, but the why. I do believe I could shed some light on that. But not here, not in this book. There are certain secrets even I must keep.

105 - The Ones Who Stayed Behind

Every life is sacred, and every decision, every jurisdiction of one's path, is their own to make. It has been almost ten years since the fall of Domino. Myself and other survivors of the attack have congregated here on this island in Linphea. We have rebuilt our lives, our culture, and our customs. Though we are few, we are not defeated. Not everyone chose to join us here in Prometia. Thankfully, relations between the realms have healed since I last spoke to the council. Some Dominians opted to live with family in other realms rather than start anew here—I can't say I blame them. It certainly wouldn't be the first time such a decision was made. Almost a decade ago, the portals closed between the worlds forever. It was of utmost importance to me to travel to Earth one final time. I met several people who did not intend to migrate to Magix before the gates closed; they still have lives on Earth after all this time. It gives me hope for all that could be rebuilt. This is what I learned in my time spent with the ones who stayed behind.

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On Earth, it is the 12th century. Though time may run concurrently, their society leaves much to be desired. We appear to be millennia ahead in technology, with our current focus being on

extended space travel. Zenith leads the way in innovation and was able to land us on the moon centuries ago. On Earth, they still squabble about the most fundamental basics of reality. They've barely understood the atom, let alone split it. Communities of Mystics are now small and hidden. When Magix was first created, many chose to stay on Earth. Over the millennia, most magical creatures have slowly trickled into permanent residence in Magix.

The laws preventing humans and Mystics from marrying are no longer enforced. Most of the Mystics I spoke to who decided to stay had a family and a spouse. Since our presence on Earth has dwindled, magic has now started to recede into the realm of superstition rather than militant fear, making it easier for a few of us to exist in peace. One such couple I spoke to lives in Central Asia in a beautiful and hidden settlement in the mountains. They were kind and content with their lives. I informed them I was not there to ask them to move but to merely understand. The way they spoke of their lives brought me happiness, and dare I say, they changed my mind. They understood what brought them joy and followed that where it led them.

Some have stayed because of their philosophy, citing that we were meant to be custodians of the Earth and help humans fulfil their potential. These Mystics travel between civilisations and help where they can. I met a man like this in Lisbon; he navigated to regions of conflict such as what is occurring in the kingdom of Portugal. He spoke of interactions he has had with many like him, going from place to place to prevent loss of life. I greatly admire people like him and wished him all the best.

Our existence is already fading into myth and warped in legend, which makes it easier to get by without arousing suspicion now. It definitely takes a trained eye to spot a Mystic in a sea of humans, but if you spend enough time looking at our features—our eyes, our deeper and more saturated colourings, our hair—it becomes easier to see. I sit and wonder now what

will become of the population of Mystics on Earth. The elves died out many centuries ago, leaving just us. Will our genealogy remain dominant, or will the descendants in the years to come get less and less powerful, slowly forgetting their familiar lineage in the process? I suppose I shall never know.

106 - Wisperia

Change is an inevitable facet of existence. Through my experiences, I've come to realise that rather than resisting the tides of time, it's often more beneficial to accept the unfolding events that the universe presents. However, it's essential to acknowledge that change can be emotionally taxing and arduous, particularly during challenging periods. As I reflect upon the past century, I find myself in my twilight years, no longer the youthful man I once was.

Taking a respite from my duty as keeper of the book, I have grappled with personal tribulations, directing my focus towards carving out a new path in life. Yet, during this hiatus, significant developments have occurred within the Magical Dimension, realising our worst fears. The presence of the enchantix fairies, once abundant and vibrant, has dwindled to near extinction, I have not seen or heard tale of an Enchantix fairy in decades.

Efforts to reverse this decline have been exhaustive, yet ultimately futile. For the first time in my long life, I find myself grappling with a sense of incomprehension. I've come to accept that I, simply do not understand, and for once, it's not necessary for me to.

With the realisation that my tenure as the custodian of this sacred tome draws to a close, I document these thoughts not merely as an entry into its pages but as a philosophical

inquiry into the nature of change and the ways of existence.

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Since the closing of the gates, fall of Domino and disappearance of Enchantix, a group comprising of three Arcanists, has unveiled a method known as "the eternox process." This technique supposedly grants them access to more potent power that would typically only be possible of an Enchantix fairy. They say that the era of fairies has waned, alleging abandonment by the great dragon, leaving us with yet another thing to be divided over here in Magix.

These self-titled "Witches" wield formidable power, and have left the realms of Magix for a distant moon of Grimhildr, they have dubbed this new haven "Wisperia".

As our comprehension of magic and the cosmos expands, we are consistently understanding that a previous limit to our power as Mystics actually can be overcome. Some advocate for the unbound pursuit of knowledge, a sentiment with which I am inclined to empathise with. The Magix council seem to believe that there are things that are not to be tampered with in regards to the limits of magic as there exists knowledge perhaps best left unexplored. I speak from personal experience, as keeper of the Book of Lore, I have been granted knowledge that I would rather have gone without.

Wisperia has now become a sanctuary for seekers of this forbidden knowledge, unfettered by the constraints of the Magix council. Not only do many of the new Witches and Wizards call Wisperia their new home, but also fairies yearning to unravel the mysteries of Enchantix. Wielders who want to understand how to expand their potential, and even scholars, as they are free to research in any manner they so choose. Mundanes have also been attracted to the moon as they are researching ways that could bestow them power.

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Regarding the moon itself, Wisperia possesses an intriguing composition. It is smaller than Magix and thus experiences weaker gravity, yet it is highly habitable, boasting a thick atmosphere that insulates the moon and maintains temperate conditions, despite much of the moon being quite cold. I have contemplated visiting the moon to witness its wonders firsthand, but I am hesitant to travel far from Prometia for an extended period. Although our advancements in space travel have made such journeys feasible, it would still require several months of absence. Nonetheless, members of our community have ventured there; they visited the capital territory of the planet, Namatho, which has been developed considerably.

The Wisperians have dedicated themselves to becoming a united force in understanding the full spectrum of magic, the workings of the universe, and how to expand their potential to greater degrees. I find myself pondering what drives these individuals. Some are most likely propelled by the pursuit of knowledge itself, but I fear that many seek the one thing that has plagued humanity and continues to plague us as a species as well - power. Raw, unrivalled power. When does power become a force for good, capable of influencing positive change, and at what juncture does it corrupt and morph into a vice, an insatiable abyss that can never be filled?

Presently, society there appears vibrant and united in pursuit of common goals. Perhaps this cohesion explains why so many from Magix are drawn to Wisperia; whilst we remain divided, they unite under a shared cause.

In many ways, I earnestly hope they uncover what they seek. There are numerous gaps in our understanding of our own magic, and it seems evident that the Magix Council is apprehensive about the power they might unearth.

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I endeavour to concentrate on my life here in Prometia. My community now holds greater

significance to me than my personal quest for knowledge. In many respects, I see reflections of myself in the young Wisperians. Like them, I once yearned for knowledge and harboured faith in its capacity to bring about positive change. However, with the passage of time, knowledge has also brought me considerable heartache and burden. Perhaps this is an inherent aspect of our existence, a truth we gradually come to comprehend as we mature. It is a freedom that everyone should be granted - the opportunity to glean wisdom from the teachings of the universe and, in turn, navigate the nihilism that follows.

107 - Prometia and the Last Remnants of Domino

How should one feel in their final moments? Resolute or regretful? As I stand at the end of this journey, a myriad of emotions wash over me. Pride swells within me for all that has been accomplished to preserve my culture, Domino. This cruel cruel world. I suppose it all makes sense, given all I know. Given all you don't.

Prometia stands as my greatest legacy, but can that atone for all of the destruction I have enabled? The lies I have propagated. It's a paradox, being both the keeper of truth and the greatest of deceivers. They say one shouldn't live with regrets, yet in the end, they're the companions we die with. So, allow an old man to share with you the story of his life's work, of Prometia, and the final remnants of Domino. Let me paint for you the picture of what was, what is, and what could be.

#

Nearly one hundred and fifty solars ago, the great realm of Domino fell, shattered by forces beyond our control. In the aftermath, I sought out survivors from the outer islands. Some had sought refuge in Solaria and Andros, while others stayed in their homes amidst the turmoil. Gathering them all, I brought them to this island in the middle of the Sea of Flowers, a gift

from Linphea. Here, we have rebuilt our culture, erecting a bustling city from the ashes of our past. We have healed, though the scars of our collective trauma remain. Yet, I take solace in knowing that future generations will not carry the burden as we have, for it shall fade into the pages of history.

The architecture of this new city differs from the grandeur of our capital, Sparks. There, colourful and statuesque buildings lined the streets, quaint in their own paradoxical charm. They had a funny way of making those wide streets feel so narrow... Here it is more reminiscent of the outer cities, Lapalapa and Io. Blending Linphea's natural architecture with our own, our homes stand tall, crafted from grand wood, offering respite from the tropical heat amidst abundant greenery.

Fruits that grow here remind us of home - Huagula and Io'ono are abundant, their bounty exported to colder realms as they were in days past. Yet, it's the underground industry of fire rubies that fuels our economy. Solarians covet them for their brilliance, their hues of red, orange, and yellow dazzling all who behold them.

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Hospitality is always paramount to us. Visitors are welcomed with open arms and treated as honoured guests, invited to partake in traditional feasts and celebrations. Family bonds are cherished, and gatherings often revolve around shared meals, lively music, and storytelling late into the night.

We have a love for art, philosophy, and mythology. The arts flourish in Prometia, just as they did back home, with bustling marketplaces showcasing exquisite pottery, intricate jewellery, and vibrant textiles. Philosophical discussions are commonplace, often pondering life's mysteries over a warm cup of tea. Our most important value here in Prometia is freedom. Life is about living, a sentiment Hestia kept until the very end. We love to travel

and learn about the world. Spontaneity is important to a life well-lived, and of that, I can agree.

#

The festival of Domino is upcoming. It is a worldwide celebration to commemorate the loss of the seventh realm. Floating lanterns of all different shapes and colours are traditionally set off into the sky and the ocean. Everyone wears colour and enjoys a dessert from Sparks called Glyko-louloudi. Essentially meaning sweet flower, it's a pastry rolled into floral shapes and dyed with spices, fruits, and vegetables to create various colours. I'm not as much of a fan if I'm honest, but most find it delicious. It is within the nature of Dominians to be jovial rather than solemn. Here in Prometia, we go swimming in the waters of the geysers and hot springs. It's like nature's waterpark! They naturally occur on the island and against the backdrop of rainbow lights, two moons, and stars, it's quite beautiful. People travel from all over the planet and beyond to visit Prometia during the festival! I have always been thankful that we are remembered with joy rather than heartache. Otherwise, it would only have given those who sought to destroy us more power.

And before you ask, no, we never found out who was behind the attack on Domino. At least, the Magix council didn't. Our king and queen, Oritel and Miriam, however, I believe they did and brought whoever it was to justice. I have to believe it.

#

Not a day goes by when I don't ponder all that was lost, all whom we lost. My wife and son were in Sparks that fateful day. There were no survivors in the capital... I would do anything to see them again. I'm not much of a believer in the afterlife, in the great beyond. I've always been a man of the observable, but for them, for me, I have to believe. I have to believe I'll see them again, to stroke my wife's hair and hold my boy once more. Yes, I have lost much, as

have we all, I suppose. Soon, I'll be privy to the most elusive knowledge of all: what happens after your final breath. Either way, I'll be with them, which is all I ever wanted.

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So as I sit here, inscribing the final words into this Book, a tome that will be locked away until such time as the dragon's flame returns, I feel many things. Accomplished. Ready. But I must confess, I feel guilty. Guilty for withholding knowledge that should have been shared decades ago. Perhaps if it weren't for my own blind loyalty, I would have. But I took an oath to protect certain knowledge and to only pass it down to the next keeper. Yet, there will be no next keeper. No one to uncover this knowledge, this burden.

Thus, I entrust this to you, dear reader. I have been a fool. A damned fool. I cannot inscribe the words onto these pages, for if they were to fall into the wrong hands, the entire world, no, the entire universe as we know it would be at risk. So, I leave you with a set of instructions: to whomever shall find this book, whoever reads these words. Domino harboured a secret. A grave secret. You, everyone, has been deceived. I fear I have been complicit.

So many lies, and so much truth to uncover. You must seek the company of light. Tell them, tell the world. The final heir of Domino lives. Oritel and Miriam had two children. They kept one secret, knowing what was to come. They all understood the darkness that lurks in the universe, darkness and lies beyond what anyone could conceive. The codex. Inform them about the codex, about the keys. The keys to the power. He desires it, he craves it. I'm running out of time, reader. The dragon had a secret. A grave secret. Find the lost princess of Domino; she may be our only hope. Find Bloom.

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