



Iridium
Art

From Drylands to LAX WIRES

Aylie
Antologia

Intro & Reading Direction

By IridiumArt

Greetings!

This comic, although it has a Manga style for drawing, **is read in the Western sense, that is, from left to right and top to bottom**. The pages were created and designed with printed material in mind (in fact, it is in **B5 format**) and I did my best to maintain readability on all screens, especially for cell phones!

"From Drylands to Lax Wires" is the closing of the Aylie Anthology and follows "A Court of Dreams". I recommend reading both the Anthology strips and "Uma Corte de Sonhos" for contextualization purposes.

Aylie is a character created by the artist **AmyMeow**, and she authorized me to continue the adventures of the adorable pink fairy, who captivated me since the first time I was invited to work on her, in 2023, for the now defunct TibiaTales website. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed drawing and narrating this story!

Kind Regards,
IridiumArt.

Brasília, April 2nd, 2025

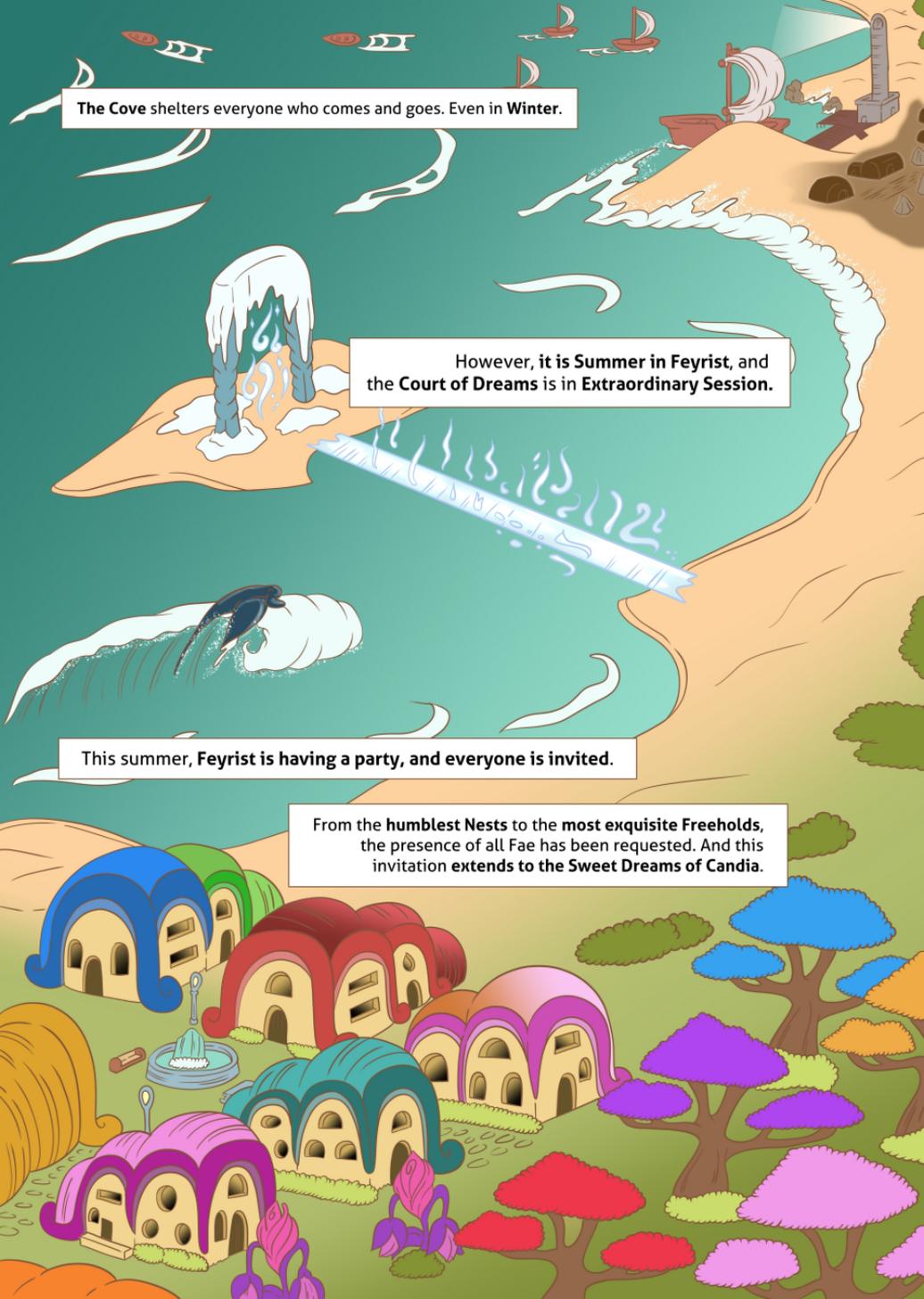
Welcome back to the **Dream Realm**, where the Fae dwell.

From Feyrist's Lax Wires to **Candia**, where Dreams come to life.

In the **Dreamtides**, where the Dreams of the **Abyssals** sleep...

In the **Fae Meadows**, where the **Dreams of Gnomes and Goblins** live...

...And where the **Skinchangers** and the **Changelings** live in **greater freedom** than their Dreamers.

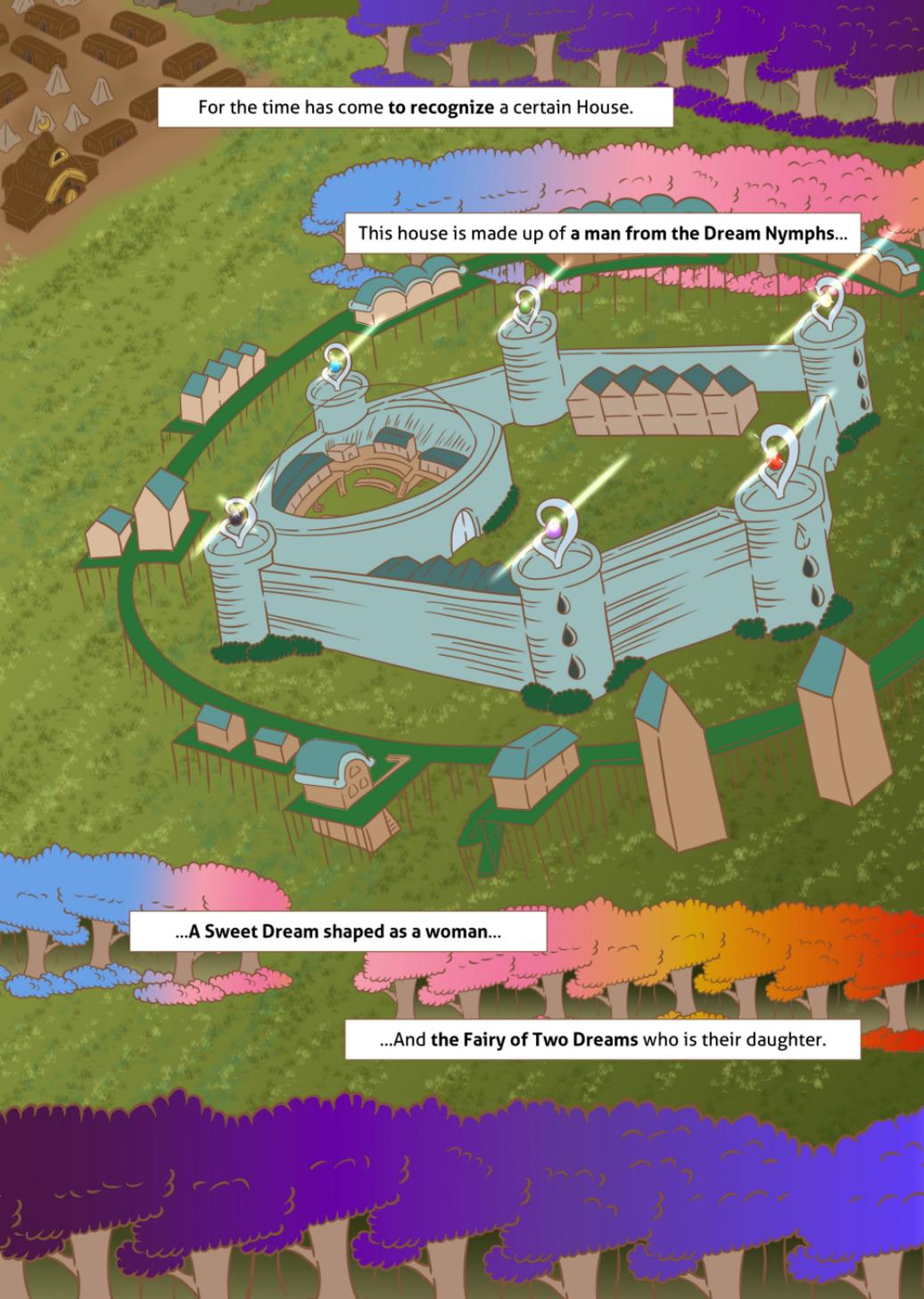


The Cove shelters everyone who comes and goes. Even in Winter.

However, it is Summer in Feyrist, and the Court of Dreams is in Extraordinary Session.

This summer, Feyrist is having a party, and everyone is invited.

From the humblest Nests to the most exquisite Freeholds, the presence of all Fae has been requested. And this invitation extends to the Sweet Dreams of Candia.

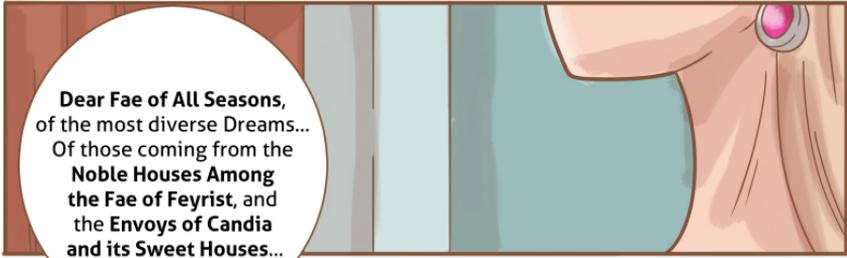


For the time has come to recognize a certain House.

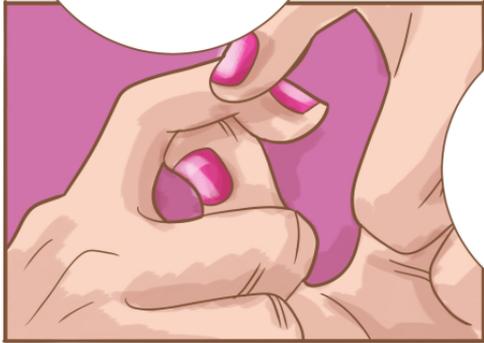
This house is made up of a man from the Dream Nymphs...

...A Sweet Dream shaped as a woman...

...And the Fairy of Two Dreams who is their daughter.



Dear Fae of All Seasons,
of the most diverse Dreams...
Of those coming from the
**Noble Houses Among
the Fae of Feyrist, and
the Envoys of Candia
and its Sweet Houses...**



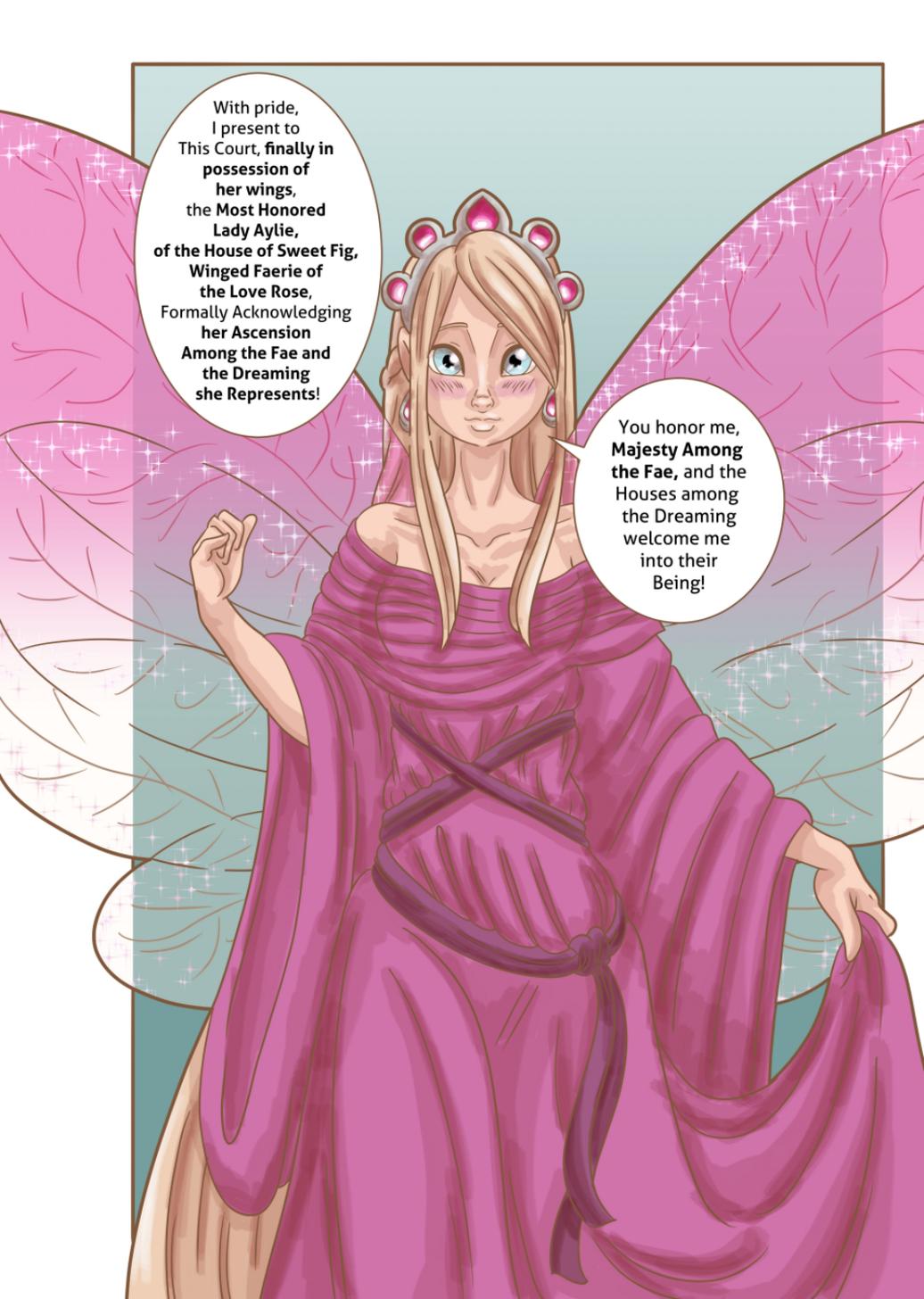
...It is with great pride
that today,
in this **Summer Court,**
the **Hundredth of
our New Age,**
we welcome a Fae
to **acknowledge
their Ascension!**



This Fae,
I can already
tell you,
is **well-known
by most
of us!**

This Fae sought,
tirelessly,
to achieve
their greatest
desire through
their Dreamer.

However,
after understanding
that, **first,** it was necessary
to protect the Dreams
of their Dreamer,
they were finally able
to **achieve
their own.**



With pride,
I present to
This Court, finally in
possession of
her wings,
the Most Honored
Lady Aylie,
of the House of Sweet Fig,
Winged Faerie of
the Love Rose,
Formally Acknowledging
her Ascension
Among the Fae and
the Dreaming
she Represents!

You honor me,
Majesty Among
the Fae, and the
Houses among
the Dreaming
welcome me
into their
Being!



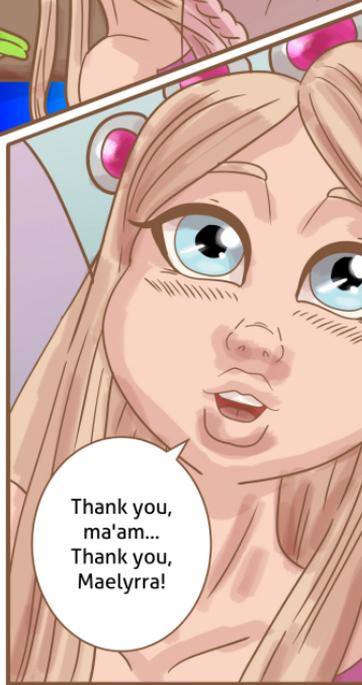
Love
Rose...

May your
Existence
be full of
the most beautiful
Dreams,
and may the Dream
you protect be
always
prosperous.

Your will
be done,
Your Majesty!



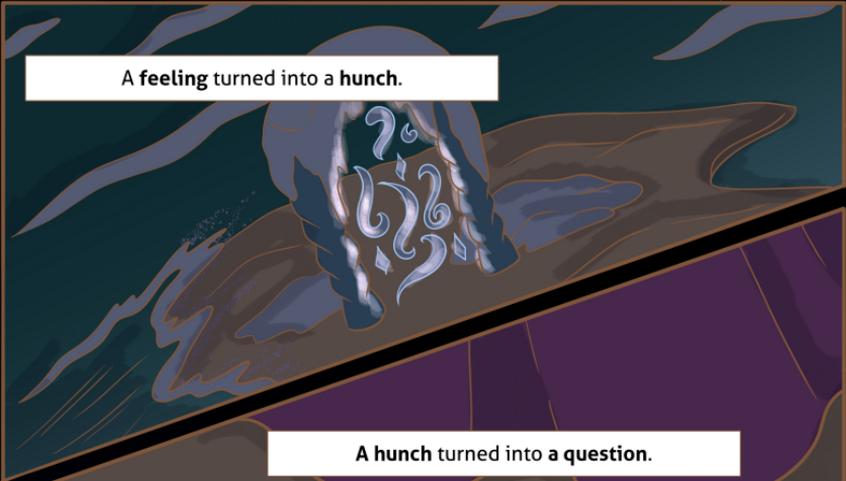
You can go,
Aylie.
I'm so proud
of you.



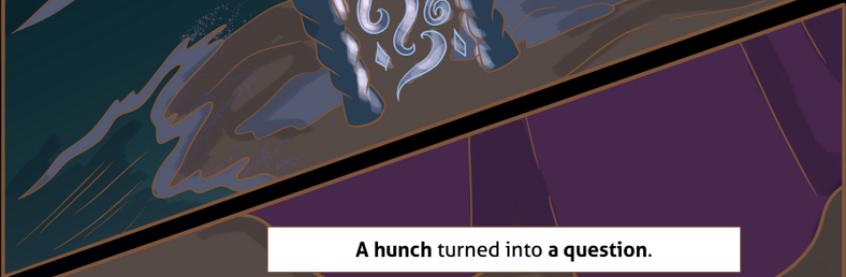
Thank you,
ma'am...
Thank you,
Maelyrra!





A hand with a glowing, ornate, silver-colored object. The object has intricate, swirling patterns and a central circular element. The background is dark with some light blue and purple washes.

A feeling turned into a hunch.

A hand holding a glowing, ornate, silver-colored object. The object has intricate, swirling patterns and a central circular element. The background is dark with some light blue and purple washes.

A hunch turned into a question.

A silhouette of a person with a glowing pink wing. The wing is large and has a complex, crystalline structure. The background is dark with some light blue and purple washes.

Questioning becomes action.

A hand holding a glowing, ornate, silver-colored object. The object has intricate, swirling patterns and a central circular element. The background is dark with some light blue and purple washes.

And the action made her go from the Lax Wires...

...To the Drylands, as familiar as it was unknown.

But, this...
This wasn't...
Is this...?





Who goes there?!

"I thought I would see Lailene, but... No."

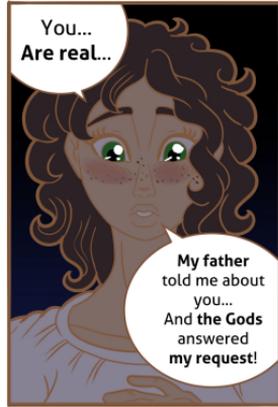
Don't even try to hide, I've already seen you!

Identify yourself, or I'll call the guards ...!

"Could she be... Their daughter?!"

Wait a moment...

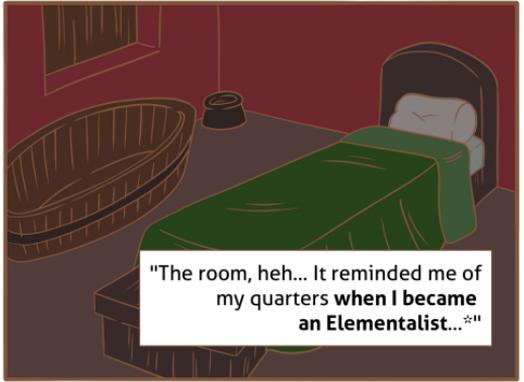
That hair, those eyes... You...



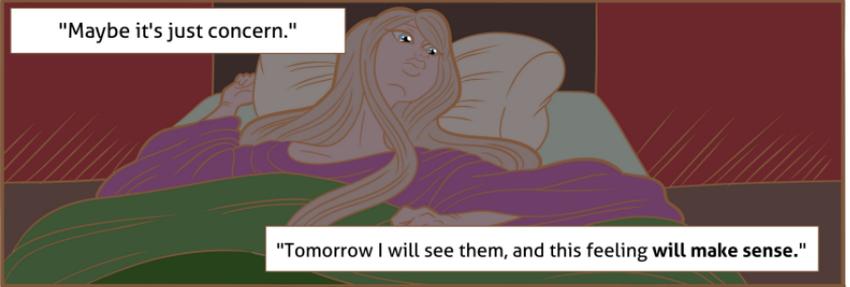
"That strange feeling was still with me."



"The room, heh... It reminded me of my quarters when I became an Elementalist..."

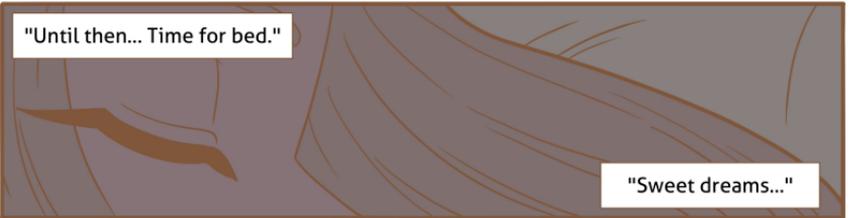


"Maybe it's just concern."



"Tomorrow I will see them, and this feeling will make sense."

"Until then... Time for bed."



"Sweet dreams..."

**Author's Note: See "Aylie Anthology #1 to #11" and "A Court of Dreams".*



Next day.

Gosh..
It looks
perfect
on you!

Even the
clothes...
Are
totally
different!

I did well to
keep that dress!
The Court will be
delighted to
meet you!

Speaking of
which...
Why did you
call me?
How can
I help you?

First, because
I wanted to
know if the stories
I heard from
my father,
Alajós, were true.
After all,
the reputation
of our house
depends
on this.

The second
reason...
Well...
I wanted you
to **intercede**
for me at Court...
To make
King Lothar IV
cancel my
engagement.

**Alajós...?!
Lothar IV...?!
Zófia, tell me...
What
year is it?!**



Don't you know?
I thought...
Well, we are in the
fourteenth
year of the reign
of Lothar IV...

In other words,
we are in the **Summer**
of the Year **1029**.
To be more exact,
we are in **21 NemeK**,
Year **1029***. Why?

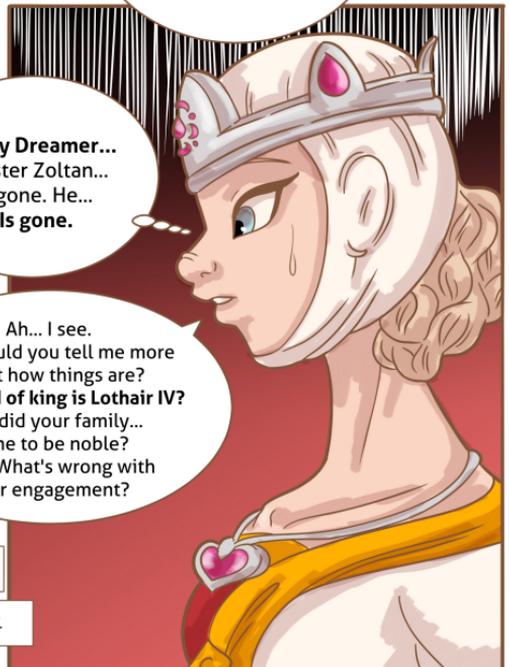
1029...?!
No, it can't be! That means...
That feeling...
Zoltan and Lailene...
They... Died.
I haven't been to the
Awakened Reality for...
311 years**.

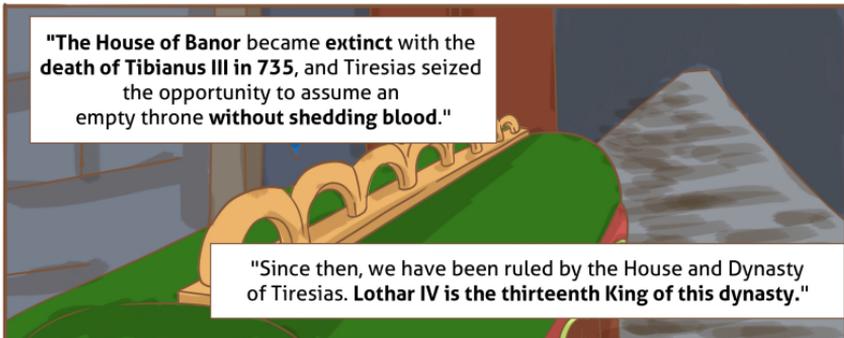
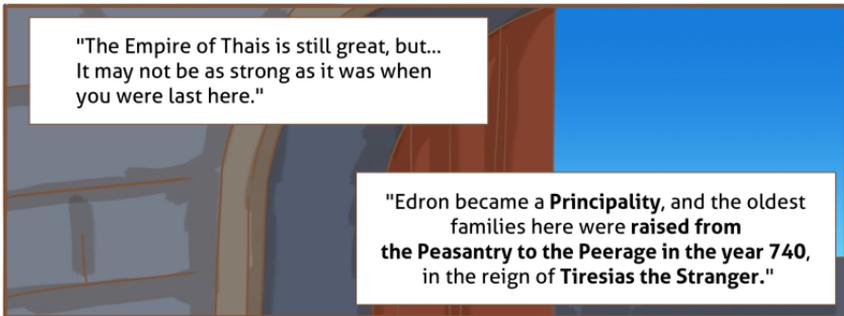
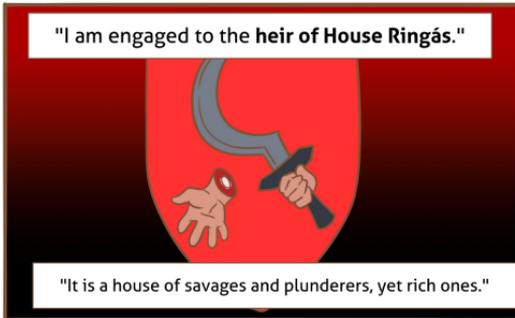
M-my Dreamer...
Master Zoltan...
Is gone. He...
Is gone.

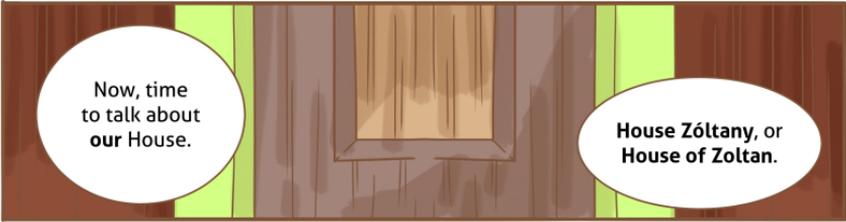
Ah... I see.
Zofia, could you tell me more
about how things are?
What kind of king is Lothair IV?
How did your family...
come to be noble?
And... What's wrong with
your engagement?

*Author's Note: May 21, 1029.

**Author's Note: See "A Court of Dreams".







Now, time to talk about our House.

House Zóltany, or House of Zoltan.



Our House became part of the **Imperial Peerage in 744, when Zoltan of Edron passed away.** The stories of the Fae disciple and her miracles were already known at the time.

So, when I **Ascended...** He passed away.

Since then, we have been known as Fae House, and the heirs have always contacted you through the Love Rose perfume, manufactured by us and with our exclusive recipe.

In fact, the original recipe was created by **Lailene of Edron,** and was passed on to the women of the House.

Before going to sleep, when we want to talk to you, we were taught to put the perfume on our heads and pillows and go to sleep, so that we can dream of the **Fae Guardian of the House.** That's how, well, I asked for you.



Thank you for... All the information. I have **one last question...** Are you sure you want to end the engagement?



Yes. You can do **whatever you must.**

Presenting to the Edronian Court:
The Most Esteemed Lady
Alajószí Zófia és Zóltany,
accompanied by the Notable
Lady-in-Waiting
Aylie és Zóltany,
for a private and emergency
audience!



Our Most
Esteemed
and Venerable
King Lothar IV
Yoriksson Blaustein,
of the
House of Tiresias,
Emperor and King
of Thais
and His Domains,
will receive
his subjects!



Speak up and
be heard!
Zófia, it is
a pleasure
to have you
at Court!



But...
As far as I know, you and your family
were only supposed to show up in the
autumn, for your wedding to
Árpadfi László és Ringás, if my memory
serves me right.
Or... Is there something I should know?



Your Majesty,
House Zóltany
humbly **requests**
the
annulment
of this
engagement.



And I, Aylie, as
Patron of
the House...



...I present
my
arguments
in favor
of nullity.





You don't want any **trouble** with me, do you?...

...And made with **Love Rose**, nothing more and nothing less.

...
You people from Feyrist **don't know how** to be discreet, do you?

I like it so...
It makes my work so much easier.



Who...?



Cling

Cling

Cling

Cling

Cling

Cling

Cling

Cling



Greetings.



Who are you?!



Me?
None but a courier.

Where do I come from,
that should be
your real question.
**I come from the place
where Dreams die.**

I serve and come
from the
**Nightmare Expanses
of Roshamuul.**
And I have a...
**Message and invitation
for you,
Love Rose.**



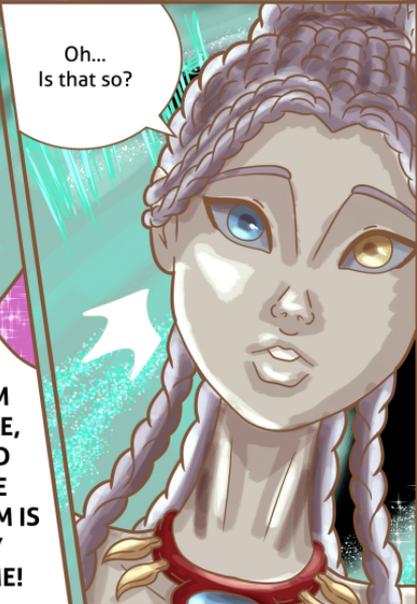


Join us in the **Nightmare**.
The **Dreaming** is **dying**,
while you **insist on**
denying Reality as it is.

Let the Frail King
go his way.
Don't try to **delay** the
inevitable.
Reality must
take its course.

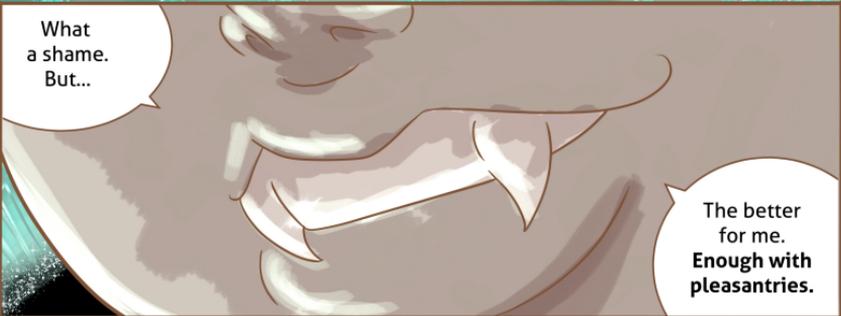


**NO!
THAT,
NEVER!
I
REFUSE
YOU!**



Oh...
Is that so?

**I AM
A FAE,
AND
THE
DREAM IS
MY
HOME!**



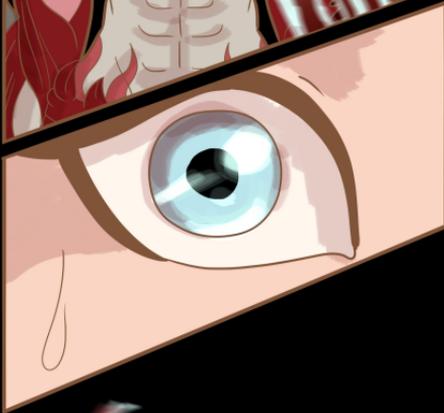
What
a shame.
But...

The better
for me.
Enough with
pleasantries.

Let's see
how long
you last...



AAAAHHH!!!



**STAY
AWAY
FROM
ME!!!**

**YOU
WILL
PAY
FOR
THAT
!!!**

**AAA-
HHH!!!**

<Hkkk>
You...!

I..
<Hkkk>
Will not...
Abandon
the
Dreaming!



And tell your "Master"...

...That he will have a very bad day in my hands!



And that goes for you too!





May the Dream protect me...
I need to get out of here!



What if I fly...?



Where do you think you're going?!

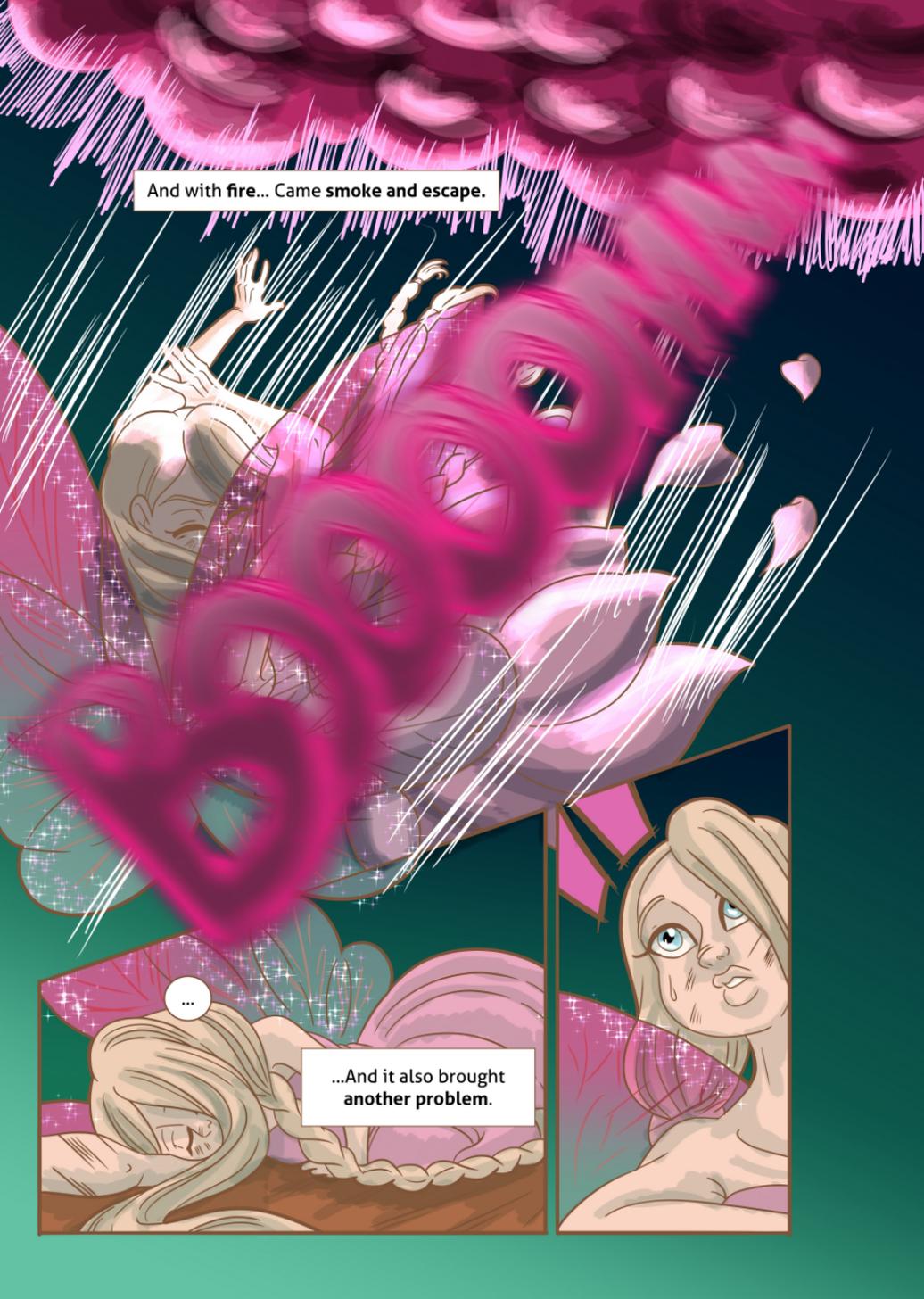


I... This place...
My wings...
I can't fly!

**RAAAA
AKHHKH
KHK!!!**

**I WILL LEAVE...
AND YOU WILL BE
HUNGRY!!!!**

WOOOAH

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a pink dress, is falling through a dark sky. She is surrounded by a heavy rain of pink petals and raindrops. The scene is dramatic and chaotic.

And with fire... Came smoke and escape.

A close-up of the woman lying face down on the ground. Her long blonde hair is spread out around her. She appears to be unconscious or dead. A small white circle with three dots is above her head.

...

...And it also brought another problem.



And so, Aylie returned from Drylands...

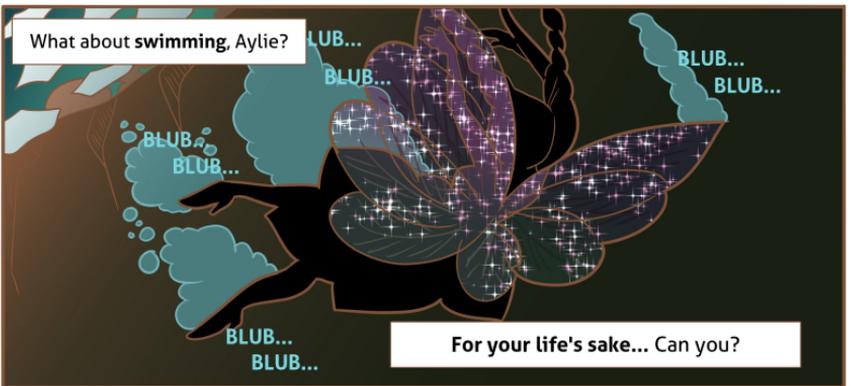


Where... Where
am I?!
Would that be...?!

What...
What are
these things?!
Help!!!!

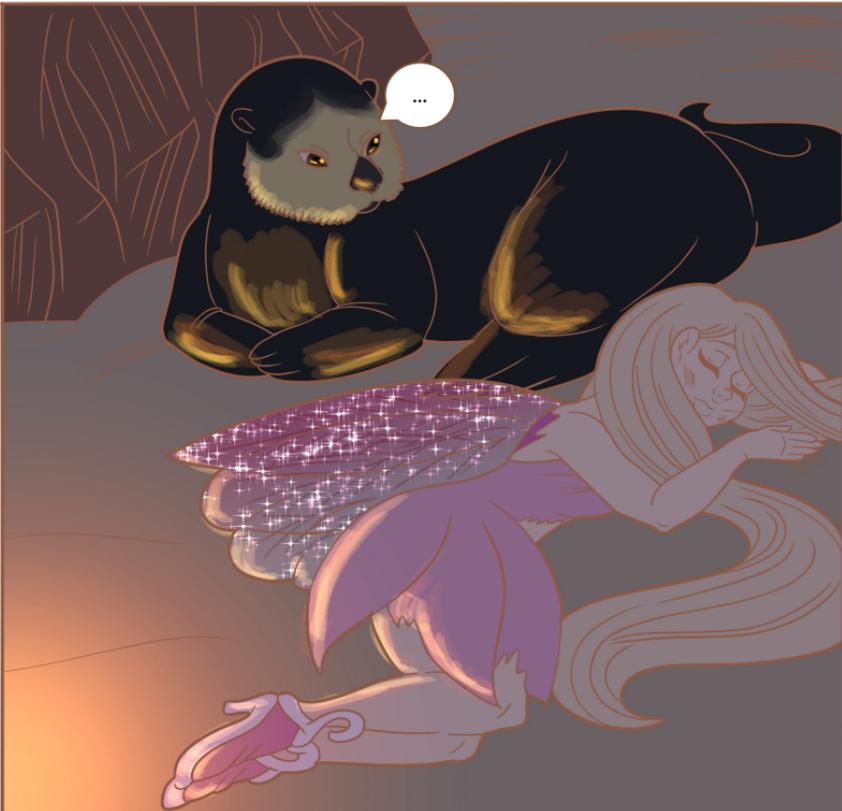
...To the Lax Wires, but not as she knew it to be.

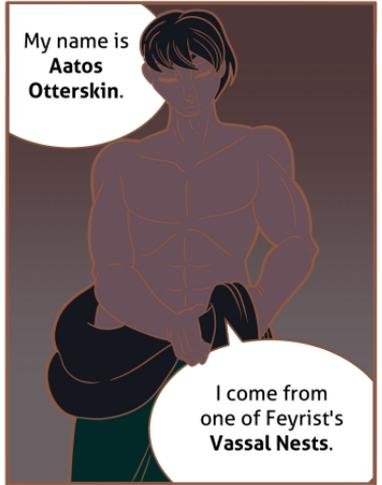


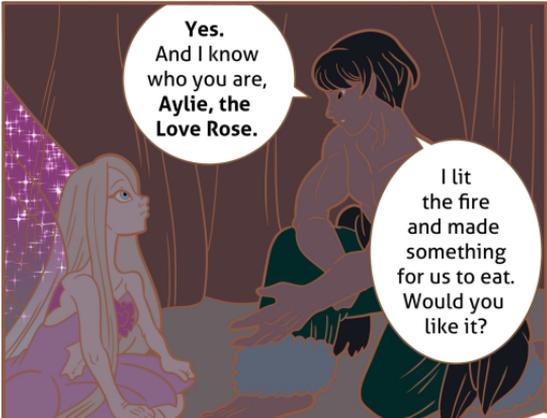




Well... looks like **someone** can swim after all.







Yes.
And I know
who you are,
**Aylie, the
Love Rose.**

I lit
the fire
and made
something
for us to eat.
Would you
like it?



Y-yes...
Thank you!



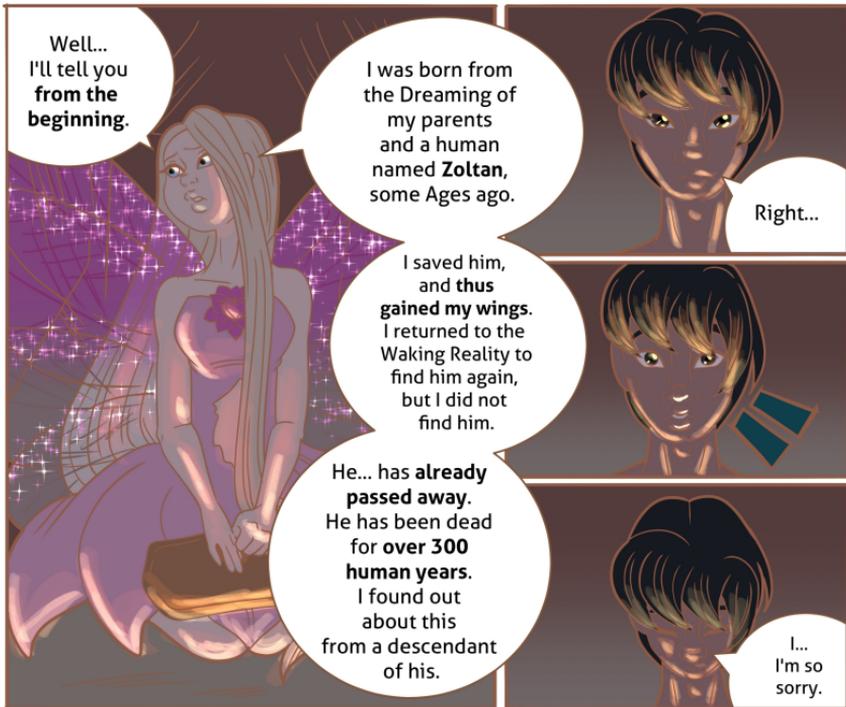
I **baked the bread,**
both meat and
stew are **game,**
and the fish I **caught**
and **roasted**
while you slept.

I...
Hope you
like it.

Hmm..!
How delicious!
It's really great!

I'm...
Happy about
that. Er...

Well... Back to the
topic at hand.
How did you end up in
the **Overmaw Bay**
in the first place?



Well...
I'll tell you
from the
beginning.

I was born from
the Dreaming of
my parents
and a human
named **Zoltan**,
some Ages ago.

Right...

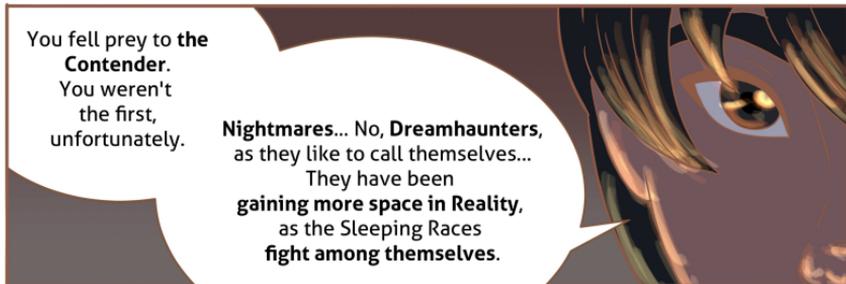
I saved him,
and **thus**
gained my wings.
I returned to the
Waking Reality to
find him again,
but I did not
find him.

He... has **already**
passed away.
He has been dead
for **over 300**
human years.
I found out
about this
from a descendant
of his.

I...
I'm so
sorry.

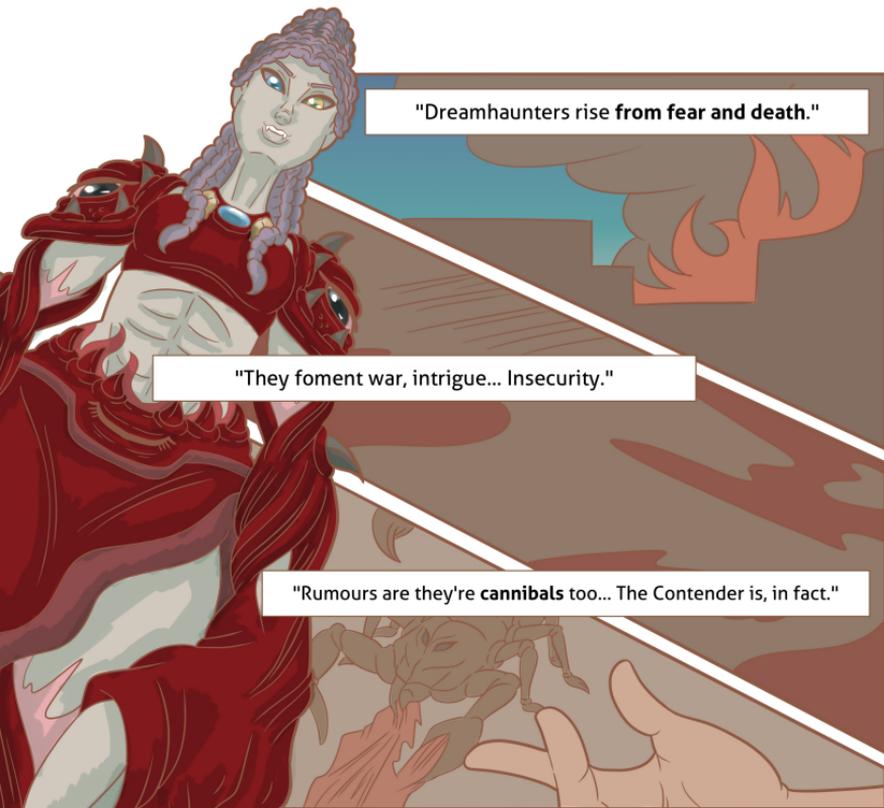


Her name is **Zófia**, and **she called me**
through her dreams. I answered the call,
and went to intervene in what
she asked of me...
I used fairy dust to **speed up**
the process and...
That's when **she** appeared
and attacked me. The rest...
You already know.



You fell prey to the
Contender.
You weren't
the first,
unfortunately.

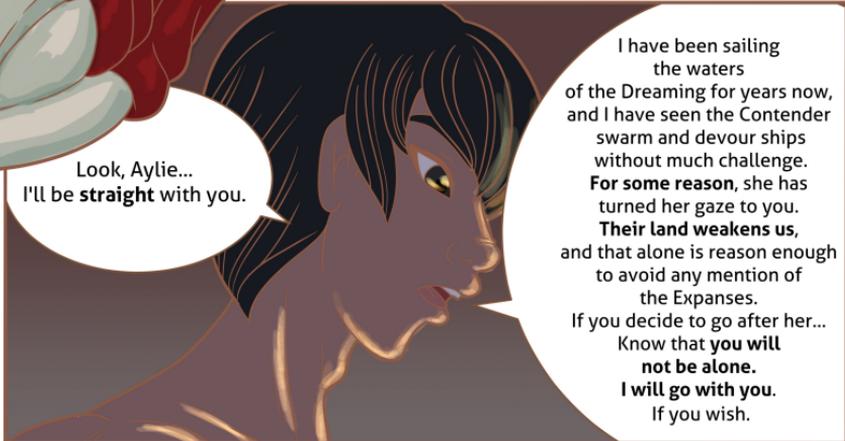
Nightmares... No, Dreamhaunters,
as they like to call themselves...
They have been
gaining more space in Reality,
as the Sleeping Races
fight among themselves.



"Dreamhaunters rise **from fear and death.**"

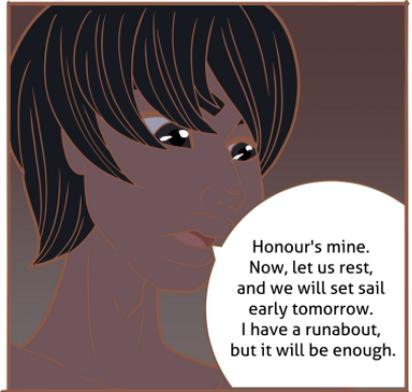
"They foment war, intrigue... Insecurity."

"Rumours are they're **cannibals** too... The Contender is, in fact."



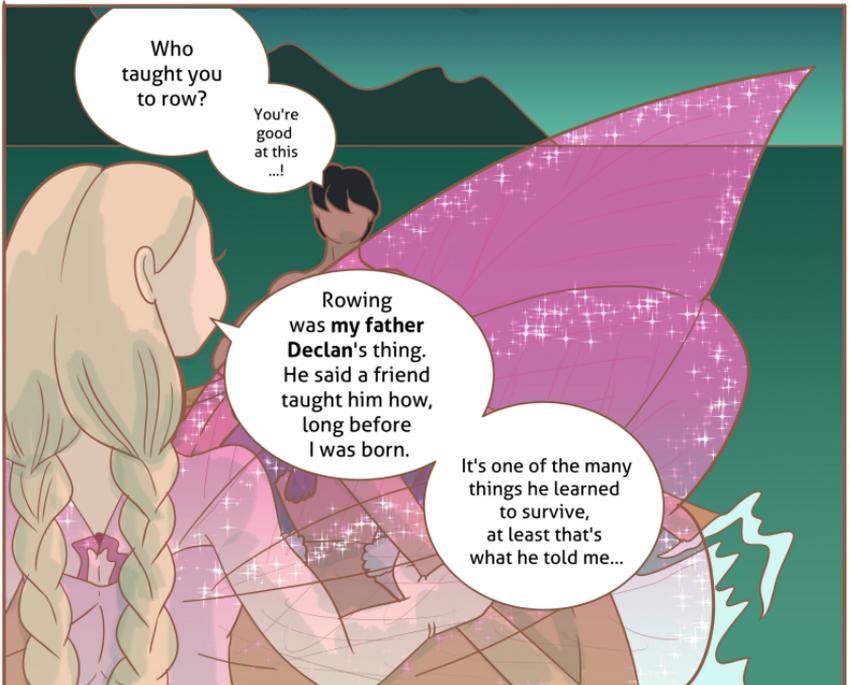
Look, Aylie...
I'll be **straight** with you.

I have been sailing the waters of the Dreaming for years now, and I have seen the Contender swarm and devour ships without much challenge. **For some reason**, she has turned her gaze to you. **Their land weakens us**, and that alone is reason enough to avoid any mention of the Expanses. If you decide to go after her... Know that **you will not be alone**. **I will go with you**. If you wish.



"In Roshamuul, you'll be **unable to fly**, as you already know."

"**And I might get weaker.** Let's be very careful."





**CURSES!!!
IT'S A
TERRORSLEEP!!!
I'LL TAKE
CARE
OF IT!!!**

**NOT ALONE!!!
I WILL HELP YOU!!!**



SWAP

S

GASP!



COFF!
COFF!
COFF!
...
GAASP...!

Oh...
My head...

I..
Aatos..?!
AATOS!?

The Selkie is...
Busy.
Hello, you.
Did you miss me?

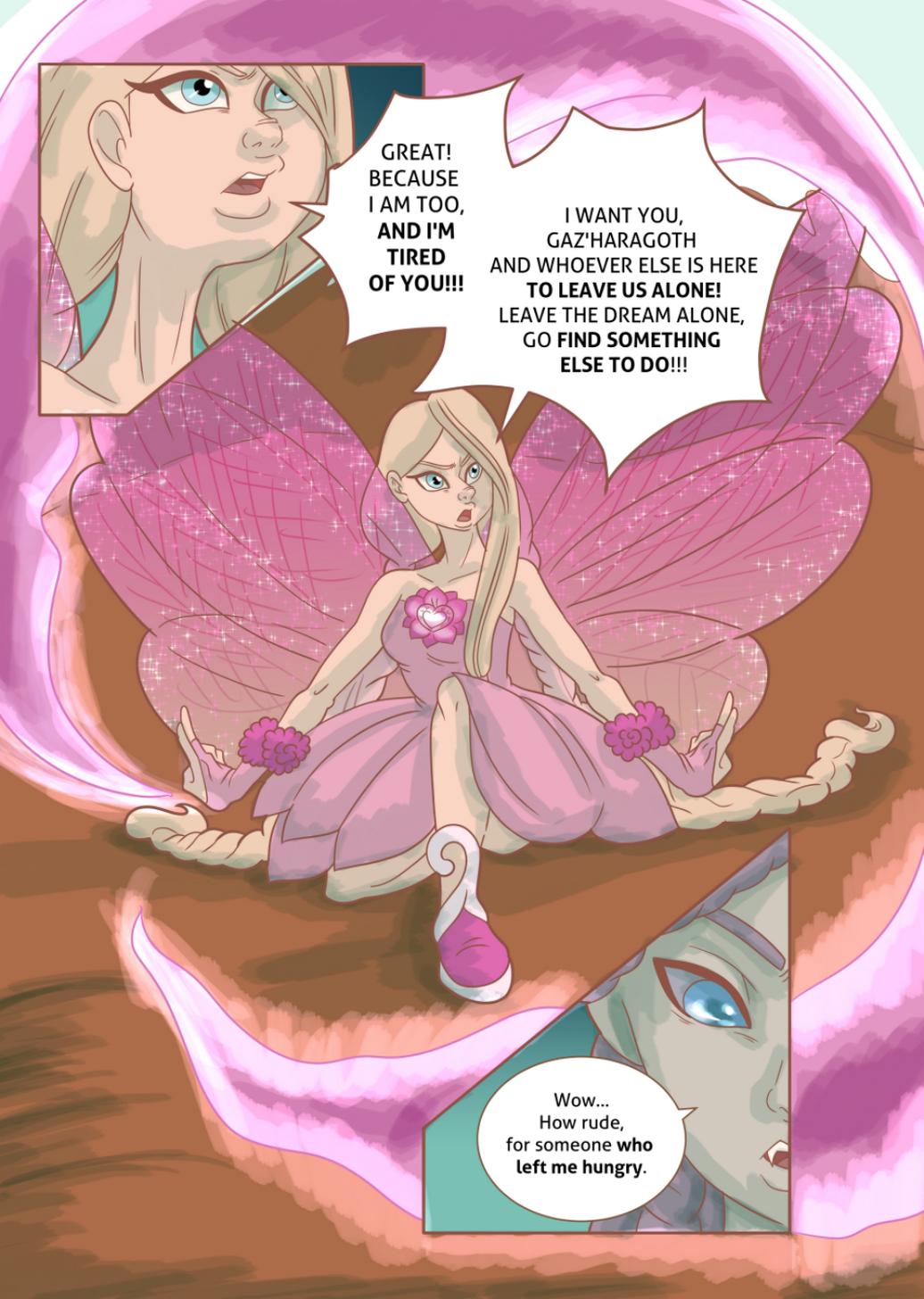
Oh,
no.



Someone's
a long way
from home, huh?
Welcome to Roshamuul.

I hope you are
ready to surrender.
Master Gaz'haragoth
is not very patient.

And I'm still
upset
with you.



**GREAT!
BECAUSE
I AM TOO,
AND I'M
TIRED
OF YOU!!!**

**I WANT YOU,
GAZ'HARAGOTH
AND WHOEVER ELSE IS HERE
TO LEAVE US ALONE!
LEAVE THE DREAM ALONE,
GO FIND SOMETHING
ELSE TO DO!!!**

Wow...
How rude,
for someone who
left me hungry.

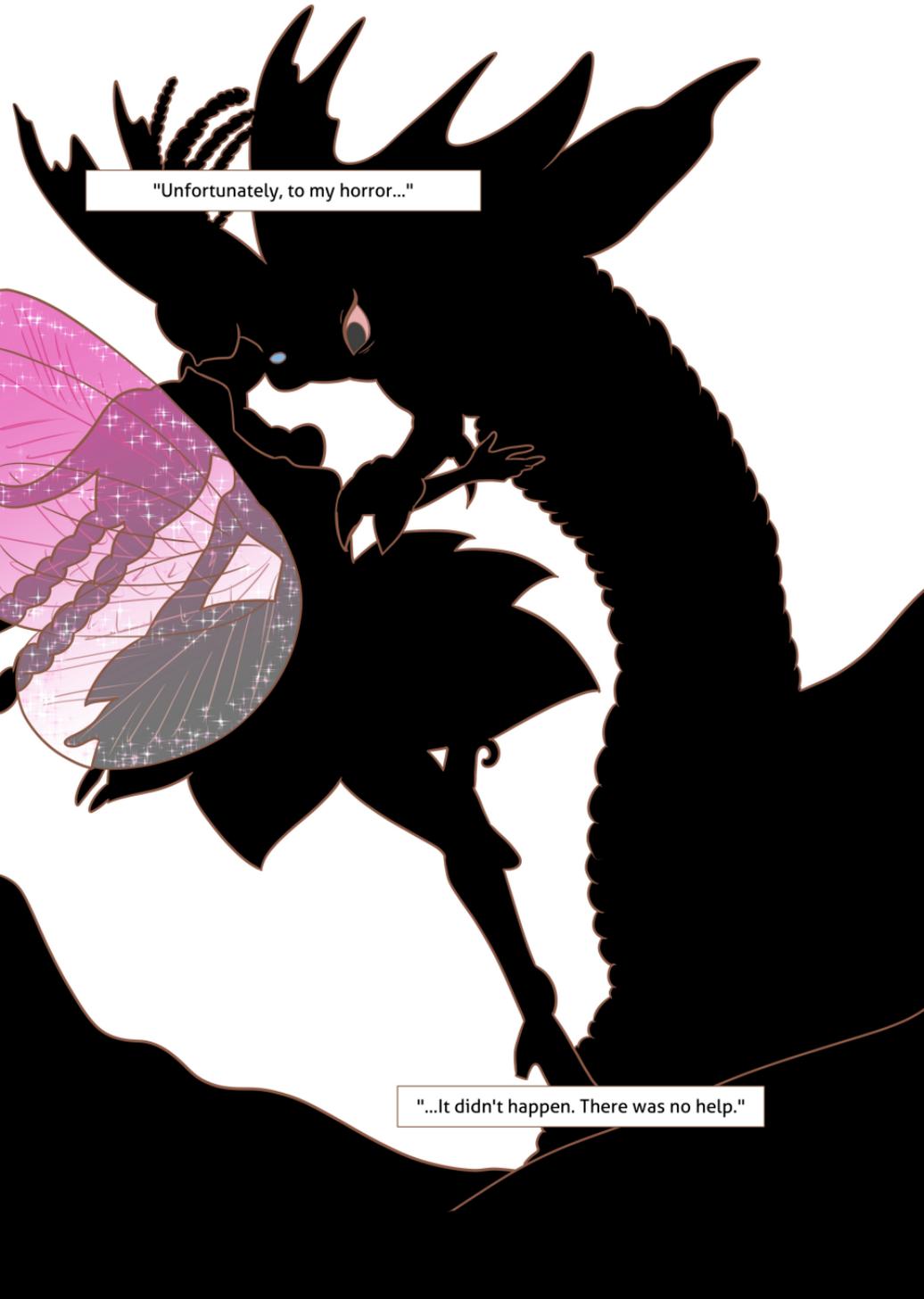


"Fire. She was afraid of fire. So I tried again."

RAAARRR!!!!
THIS
TRICK
NO LONGER
WORKS
WITH
ME!!!

"At that moment, I just wanted to wake up from that nightmare."

"I wish my parents, or Aatos himself, would show up."



"Unfortunately, to my horror..."

"...It didn't happen. There was no help."



In Yalahar the dead do not lay to rest on hallowed ground...

And not even in Ab'dendriel can the stars shelter us...



In the city of Roshamuul where the Eternal One may forever grow and thrive...



...Where even Light must pass...
And the journey continues...
And in strange eons...
Where even Death may die...

Rue the cursed place, with winds howling in sorrow
Over the Eternal One's watchful gaze in

Sleeping Death, which also dies.

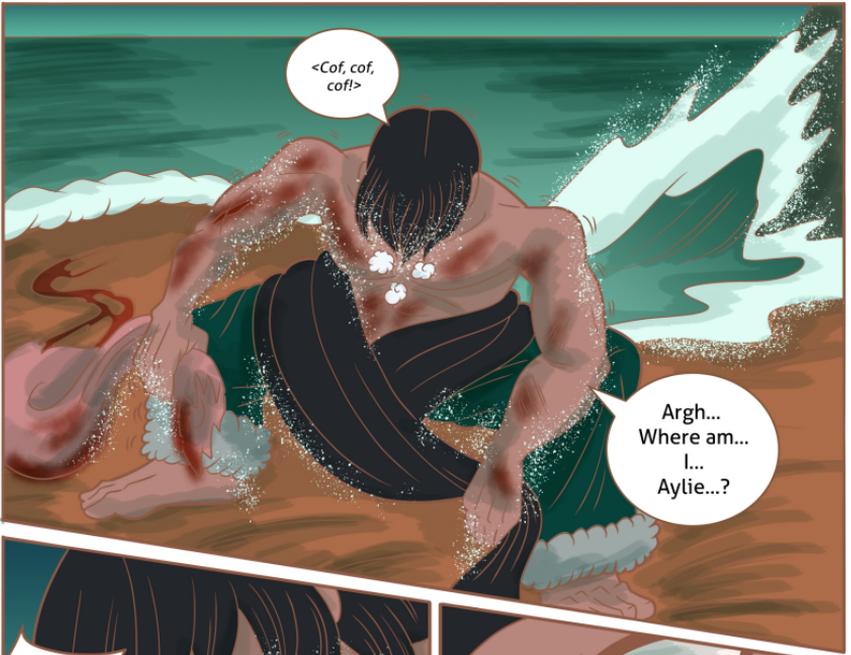
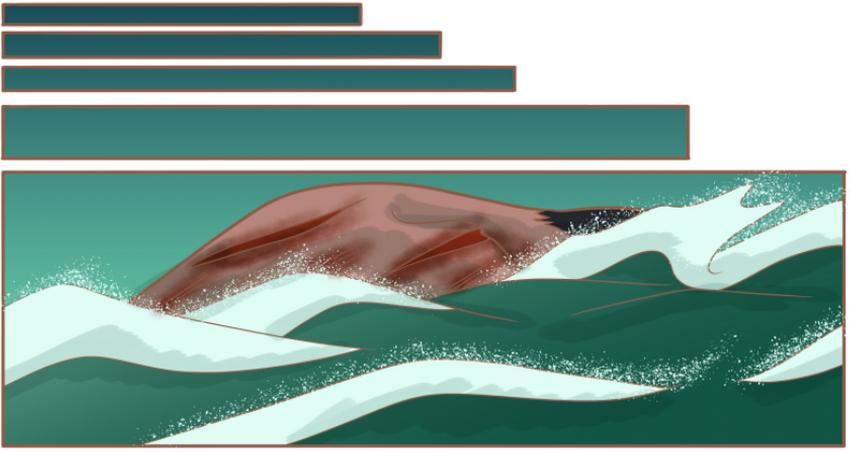
Horizon heavy in grief and ice, and not even in
Ab'dendriel can the stars shelter us...

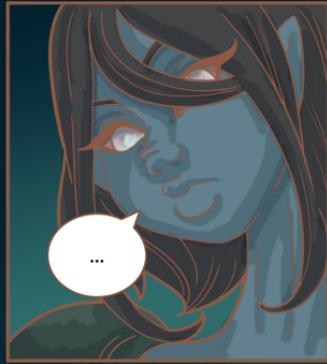
Murmur your Plea to the Eternal

Urge the wheels of time, when he will avenge us...!

Ultimately we howl in the wind, the City's crimes
Location of the worst and darkest of omens...







By Dreaming...
What...
What did they do
to you?



"Her answer? A pair of killer hands."

"I had no choice but to face her."

Fwoop

"Unfortunately for me... The Terrorsleep had already **done its damage.**"

"Even so..."

Rrrrr

"I won't give up on her!"

oth... Gaz'Haragoth...



...

You will kill him.



?

Yes... You will. You're not so self-assured without your wings, are you?

You and her... Different and equal in the same measure. Full of potential and promise.

Both promising. Both failed to deter me.



Who... Who are... You...?! Oh, no...!



Oh, yes.

It's me, yes. You know who I am.



After all.

My name is everything here.



Gaz'haragoth...

Gaz'Haragoth... Gaz'H



Hm...
You're a
smart one,
little girl.

The Nightmare
has much to gain
from having you
in our ranks.



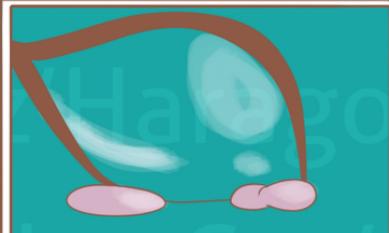
**HELP!
HELP ME!
SAVE ME,
PLEASE!**

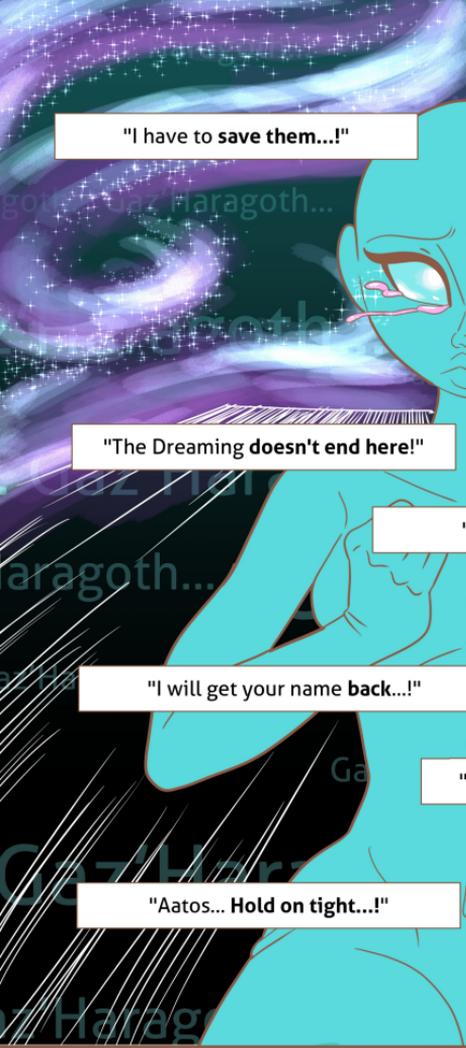


There's no point in
getting emotional,
Sweetfig.
That one **barely**
remembers
her own name.

Please...
Aylie...
My name...
My name is...

You will
kill the boy...
And feed on him.
As well as **many**
others.





"I have to **save them...**!"



"I will **kill him.**"

"The **Dreaming** doesn't end here!"

"In **Roshamuul**, **Dreams die...**"

"I will get your name **back...**!"

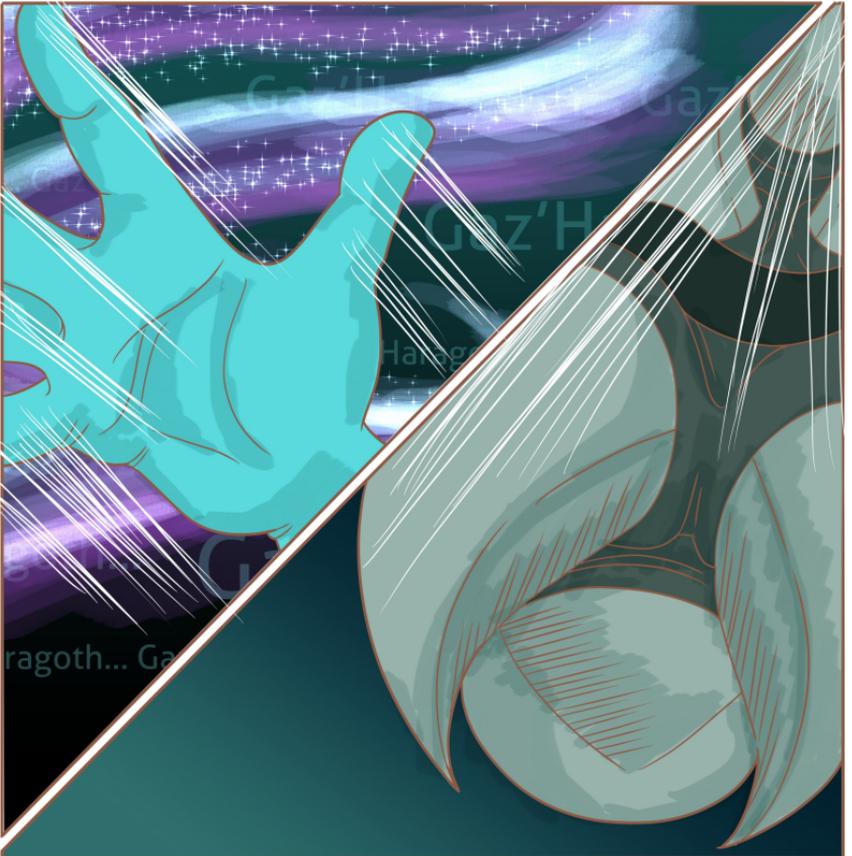
"I must **eliminate** the **Contender...**!"

"Aatos... **Hold on tight...**!"

"Aatos... **Forgive me.**"



"Would this be... **The end of my Dreaming?**"





!!!

CRICK...!

This is for me,
my wings...
for Aatos...
And for you!

SHU



My name...
I remember
my name....
Thank you.

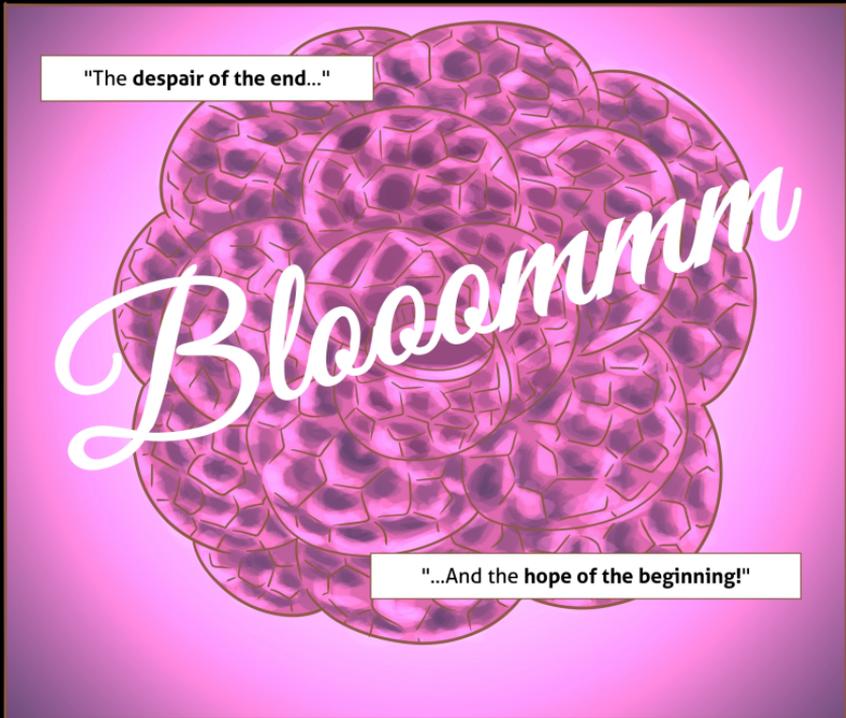


"The shards... The memories of a lifetime."

"Hers... His... And mine."



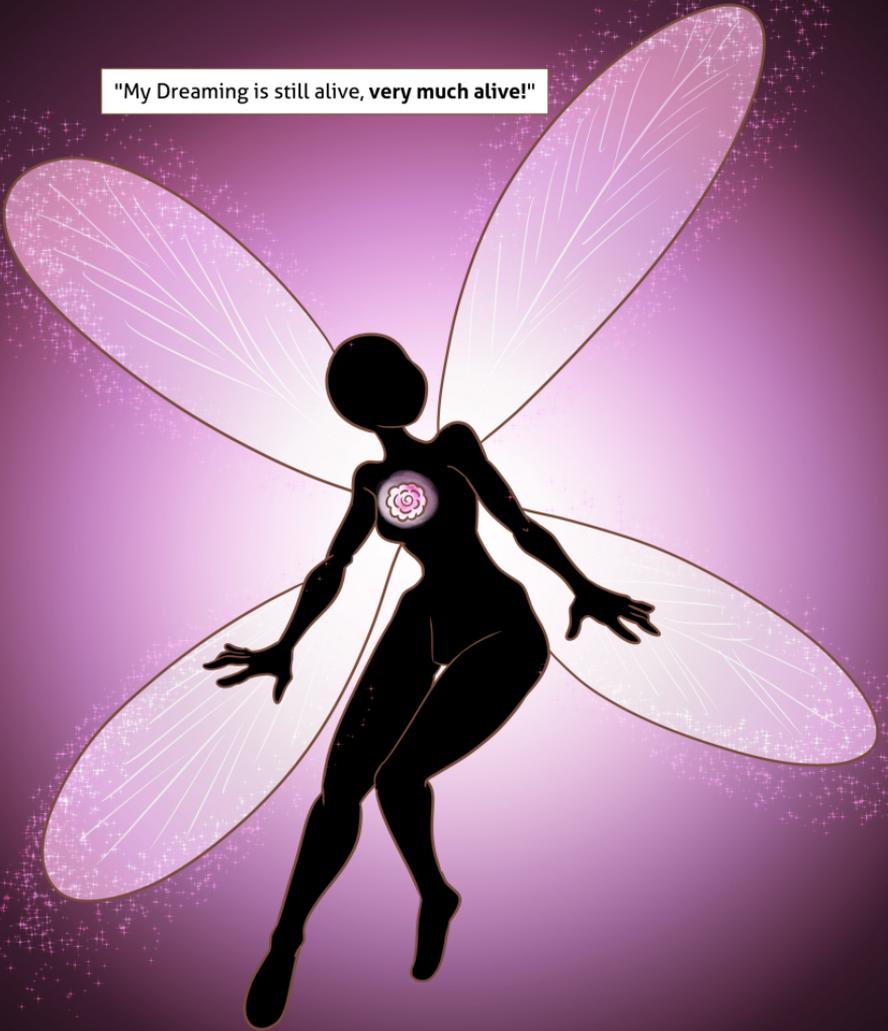
"The crooked tracks in the middle of the Station of Dreams..."



"The despair of the end..."

"...And the hope of the beginning!"

"My Dreaming is still alive, **very much alive!**"

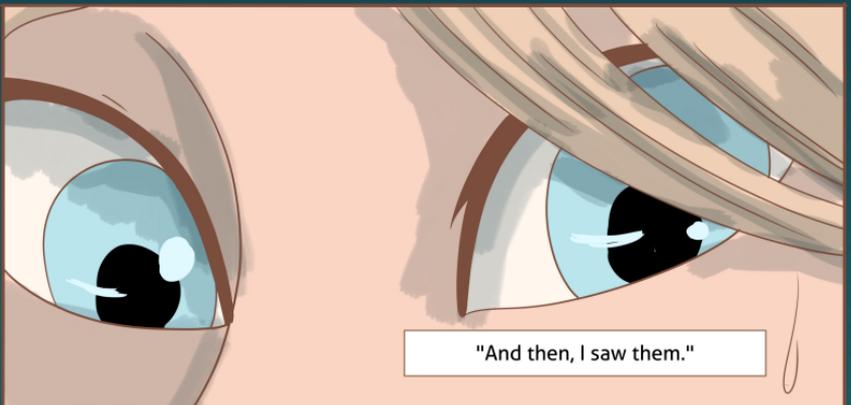


"Now, it is my turn to **revert all the evil** that Gaz'haragoth has created!"

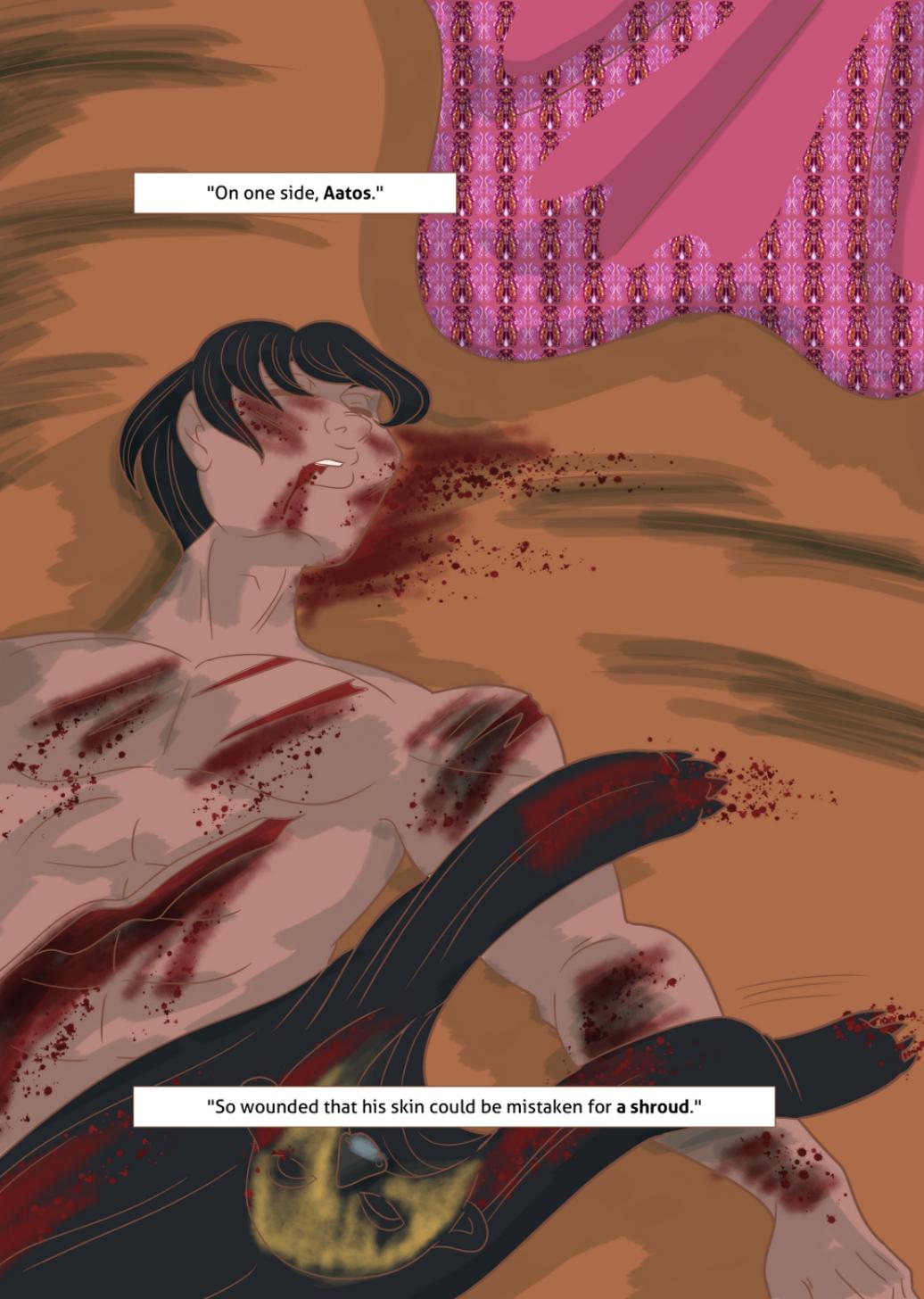


"It was like **waking up from a deep sleep.**"

"The Nightmare that lived within me... **Has completely dissipated.**"

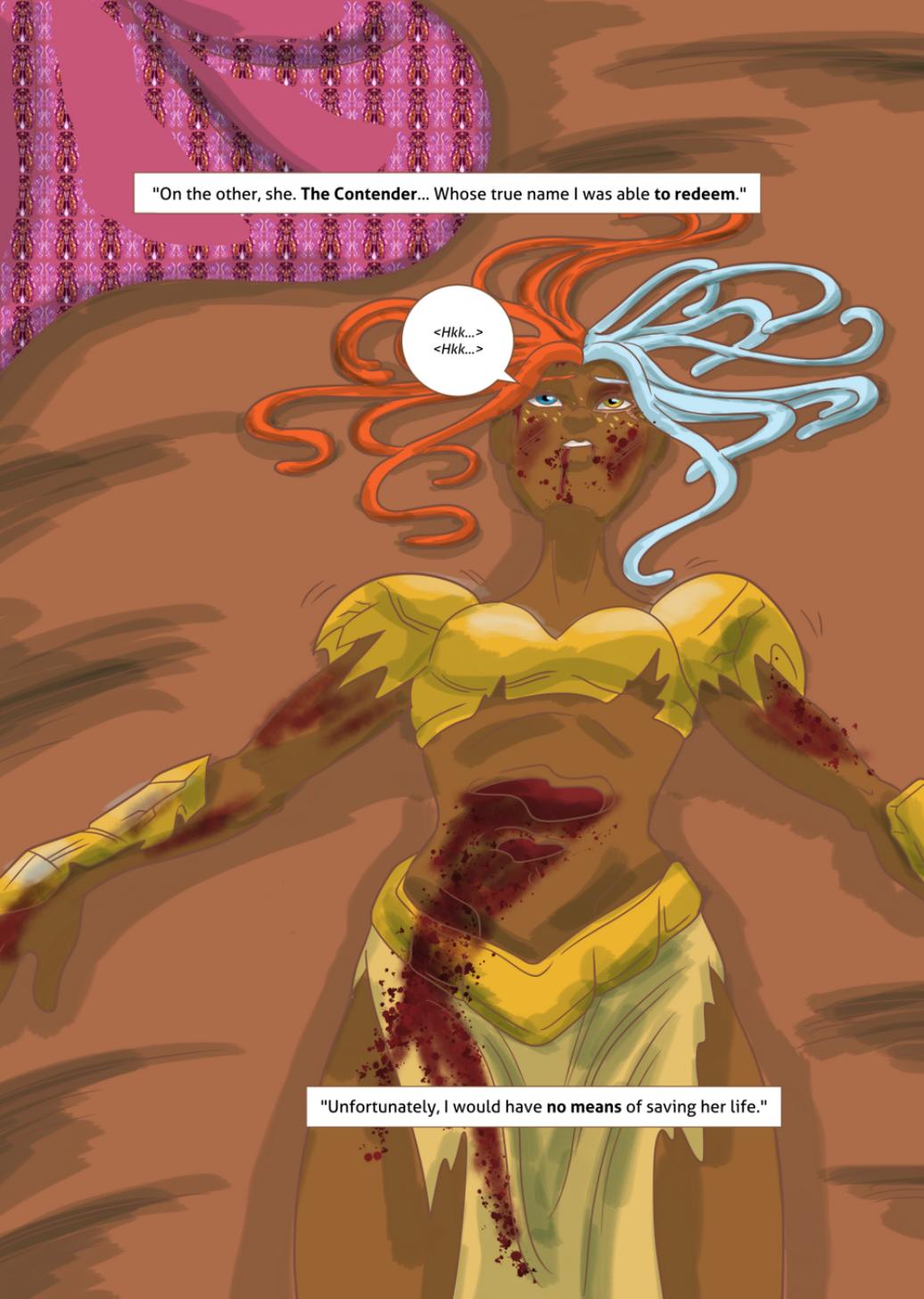


"And then, I saw them."



"On one side, **Aatos.**"

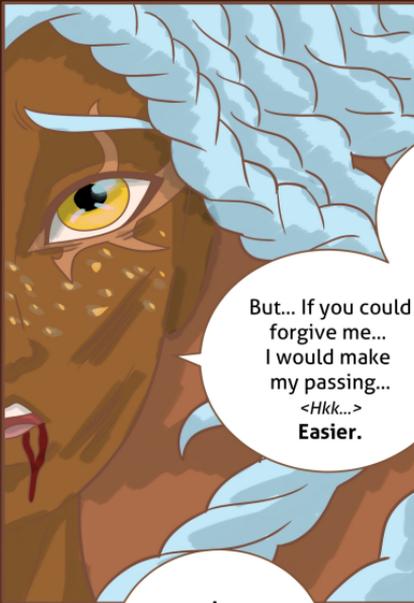
"So wounded that his skin could be mistaken for a **shroud.**"



"On the other, she. **The Contender**... Whose true name I was able to **redeem**."

<Hkk...>
<Hkk...>

"Unfortunately, I would have **no means** of saving her life."



<Hkk>
I know...
That **there is no forgiveness** for
what I did...

But... If you could
forgive me...
I would make
my passing...
<Hkk...>
Easier.

As
the **Contender**,
I cannot
forgive you.

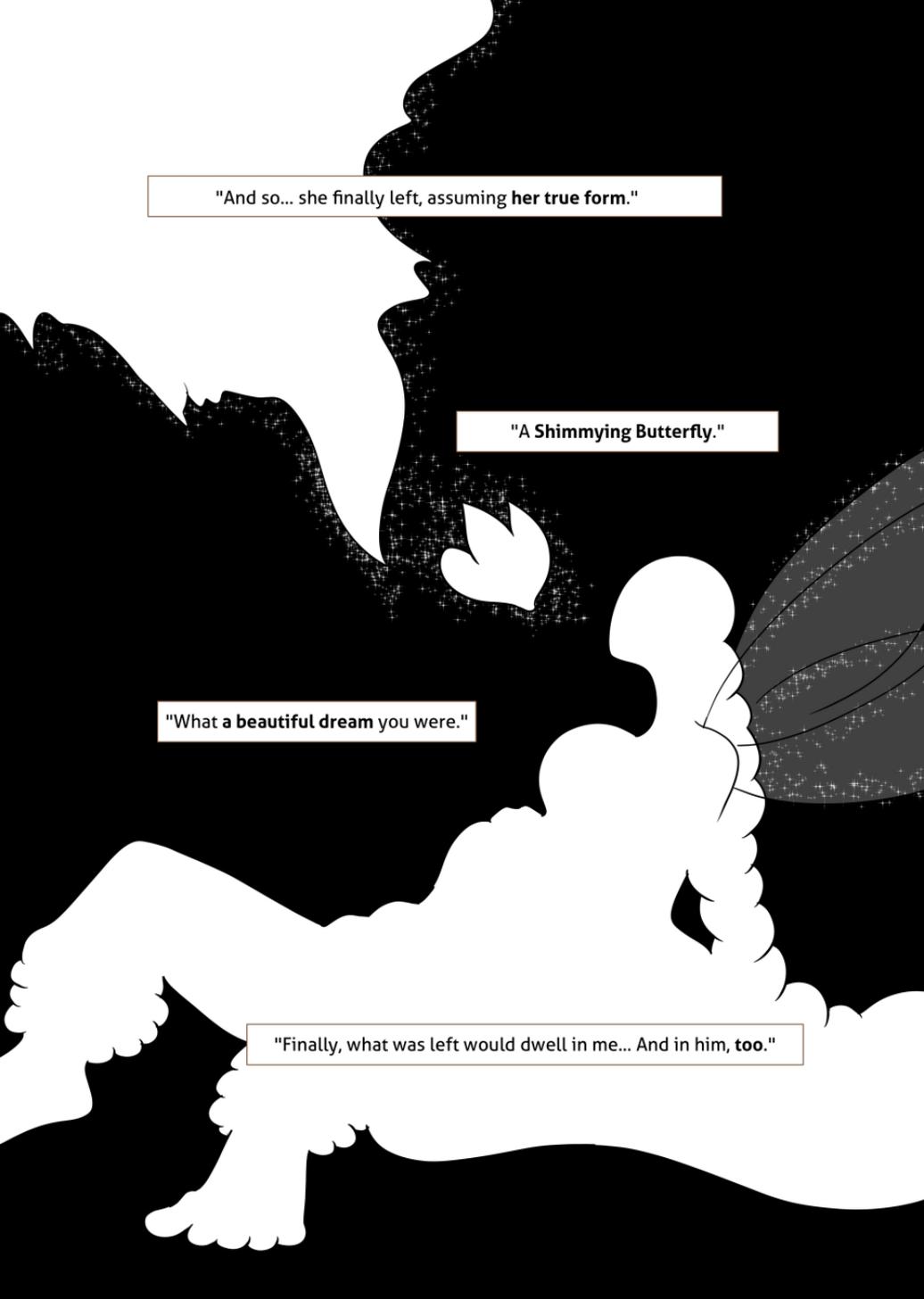


But, under
your **real name**...



...You can die
in **peace.**

<Hkk...>
Thank you.



"And so... she finally left, assuming **her true form.**"

"A **Shimmying Butterfly.**"

"What a **beautiful dream** you were."

"Finally, what was left would dwell in me... And in him, **too.**"

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

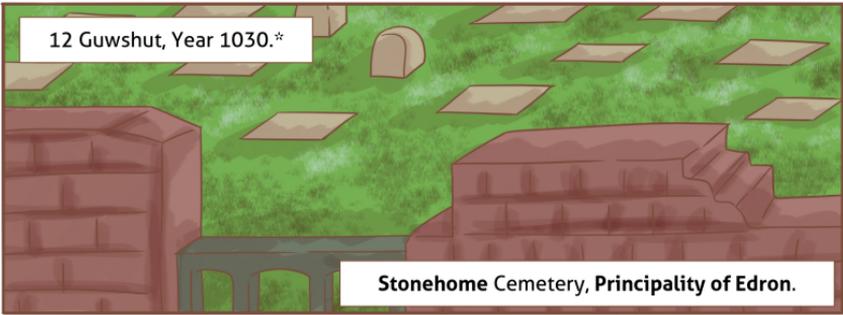
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12 Guwshut, Year 1030.*

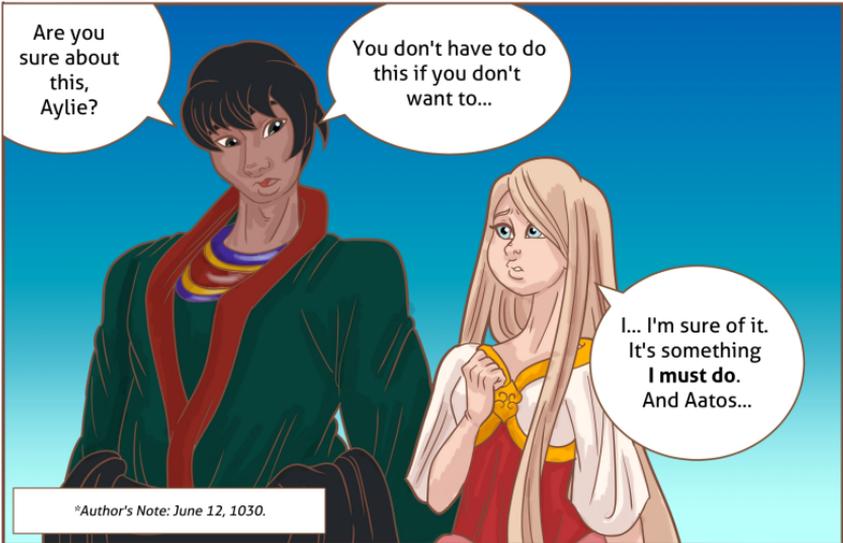


Stonehome Cemetery, Principality of Edron.

Are you sure about this, Aylie?

You don't have to do this if you don't want to...

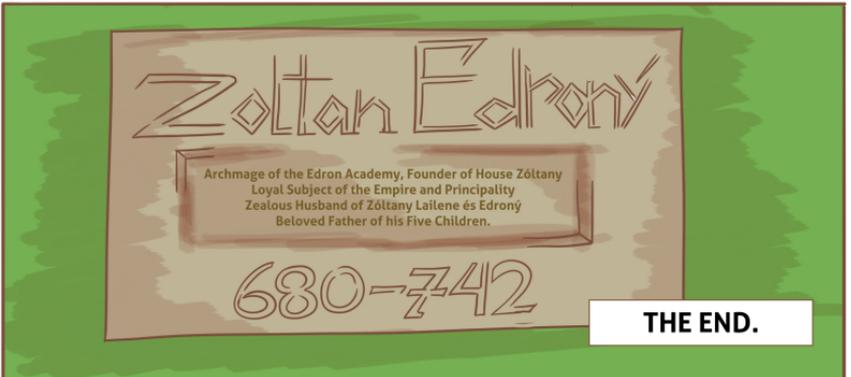
I... I'm sure of it. It's something I must do. And Aatos...



*Author's Note: June 12, 1030.



Thank you for
all of it,
thank you for
everything.



Zoltan Edrony

Archmage of the Edron Academy, Founder of House Zoltany
Loyal Subject of the Empire and Principality
Zealous Husband of Zoltany Lailene és Edrony
Beloved Father of his Five Children.

680-742

THE END.

The Time to Leave Has Come.

Greetings!

And the dreaded day has arrived; today, I say goodbye to a character that I did not create, but that I adopted as if she were my own.

"**From Drylands to Lax Wires**" touched me in an unexpected way. What was supposed to be the birthday special of the little pink fairy ended up becoming something more. The title came from a song of the same name, which I used in other projects that stirred my feelings and my subconscious in moments when I felt completely lost and faced with an unknown road: literally, going from terra firme to wire.

This oneshot brings with it a mix of feelings - from the triumph of dreams realized to the mourning of the passage of time. "From Drylands" ended up being much longer than planned because there was a lot to cover, and I did my best to contemplate each subject and end the narrative in the best possible way.

Aatos was a pleasant surprise, even though his participation was smaller than expected. Who knows, maybe you'll see him again another time? As for the **Contender**, well... Those who have been following my work for a while must have already guessed who she really is, and I can confirm - she will return in another upcoming work. **Zofia** and **Lothar IV** will also have their moments, at other times...

Furthermore, Aylie healed me of wounds that I no longer remembered I had. It was never about disliking pink - but rather about finding and recognizing the strength that exists in womanhood and in being a woman. Aylie, thank you for everything!

Hugs,
IridiumArt.

Brasília, June 24th, 2025



"Dreams die in Roshamuul."

Aylie has finally achieved what she so desired: her wings, her coming of age as a Fae, and her peace of mind. The Dreaming Lax Wires have welcomed her, and she finally feels complete.

However, an uncomfortable feeling, followed by a bad omen, makes her make a decision that will change her life. After all... She has been away from the Drylands of the Awakened for longer than she imagined, and her return has attracted powerful... and unwanted attention.

"From Drylands to Lax Wires" definitively closes the Anthology of Aylie, a beautiful, delicate, and powerful pink fairy in search of her wings. A 67-page narrative that encompasses arrivals and departures, mourning and overcoming, beginnings and ends.

An emotional and visceral farewell to a character that, even though she is not my own, I adopted as if she were and thus changed absolutely everything for me.

Aylie

Antologia

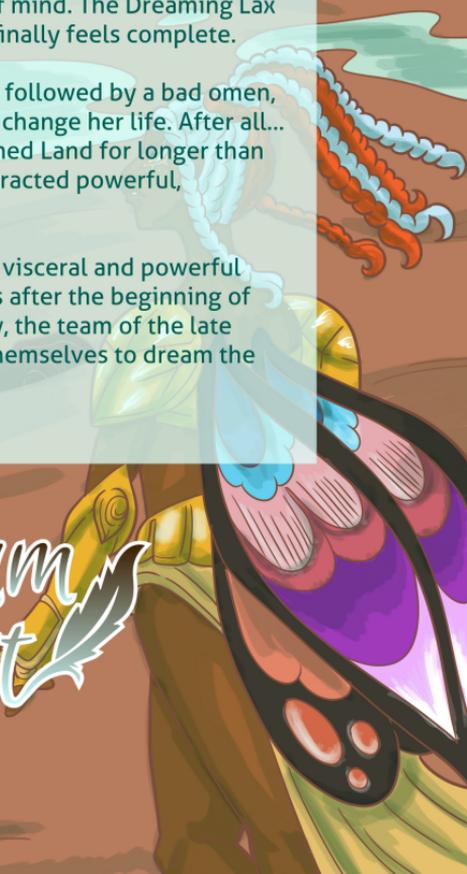


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However, an uncomfortable feeling, followed by a bad omen, makes her make a decision that will change her life. After all... She has been away from the Awakened Land for longer than she imagined, and her return has attracted powerful, unwanted attentions to herself...

"From Drylands to Lax Wires" is the visceral and powerful conclusion to Aylie's saga, two years after the beginning of this project. Dedicated to AmyMeow, the team of the late TibiaTales, and to all who allowed themselves to dream the same dream as Aylie.



*Iridium
Art*