









5186

As they gaze into the mirror, they're struck by bewilderment. Not knowing it is their reflection they behold they imagine it to be a world of wonder and colour imprisoned in the confines of these glassy depths. They marvel at the beauty within, clad in threads of almost magic.





Opulent Charm

There lived a king who thought he was the richest of the world. Not before he saw these damasks dressed in garments sublime, embroidered with golden threads. He cried, he weeps for riches which could never last.





Opulent Charm

Thank Lord a king who brought his back all the stones of this world. All before he saw these stones polished in
garden's streams, something in golden stone, but stone, for weeps for its face which could never be his.





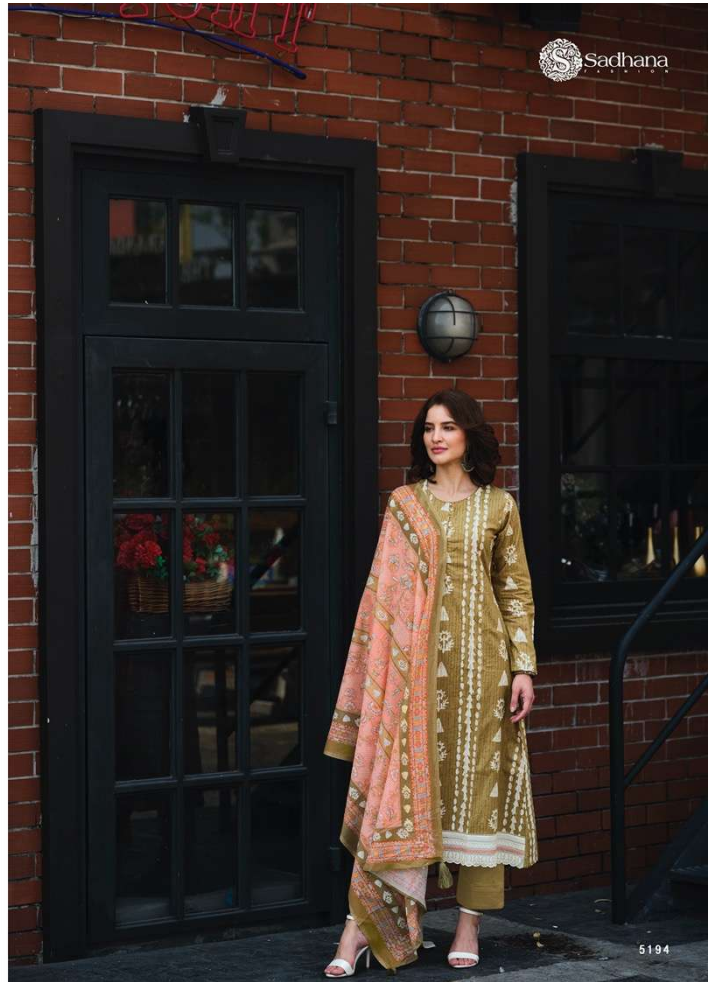


There lived a king who thought he had all the riches of the land. But before he saw these domains bedecked in garments sublime, emanating a golden aura. In haste, he weeps for riches which could never be his.

5191









Once a great wise sage spoke
of a spark, a glow which
would consume the planet with
its intensity. These molders were
born into life, and from a very
young age glowed brighter
than the remaining universe.
Today, their spark and that of
their dazzling clothes have
infected the universe with their
inherent charm. The prophecy
came true!