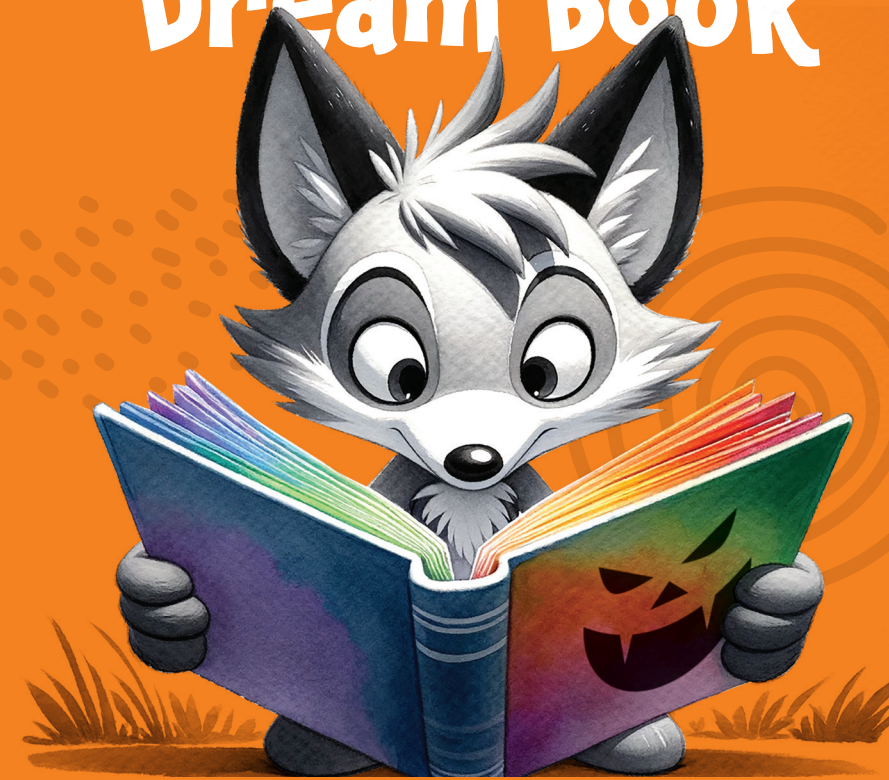


In the vivid tale of “Finn and the Technicolour Dream Book,” young Finn embarks on a journey beyond the orderly and peaceful confines of Gray City, stumbling upon a world filled with colour and dreams. However, as Finn grapples with the allure of this newfound vibrancy, he discovers the value of conformity and the safety it offers under the watchful eye of Cloud.



Forging Young Minds for an Unchallenged Tomorrow.

Finn and the Technicolour Dream Book



Story and Art by Guy Montag

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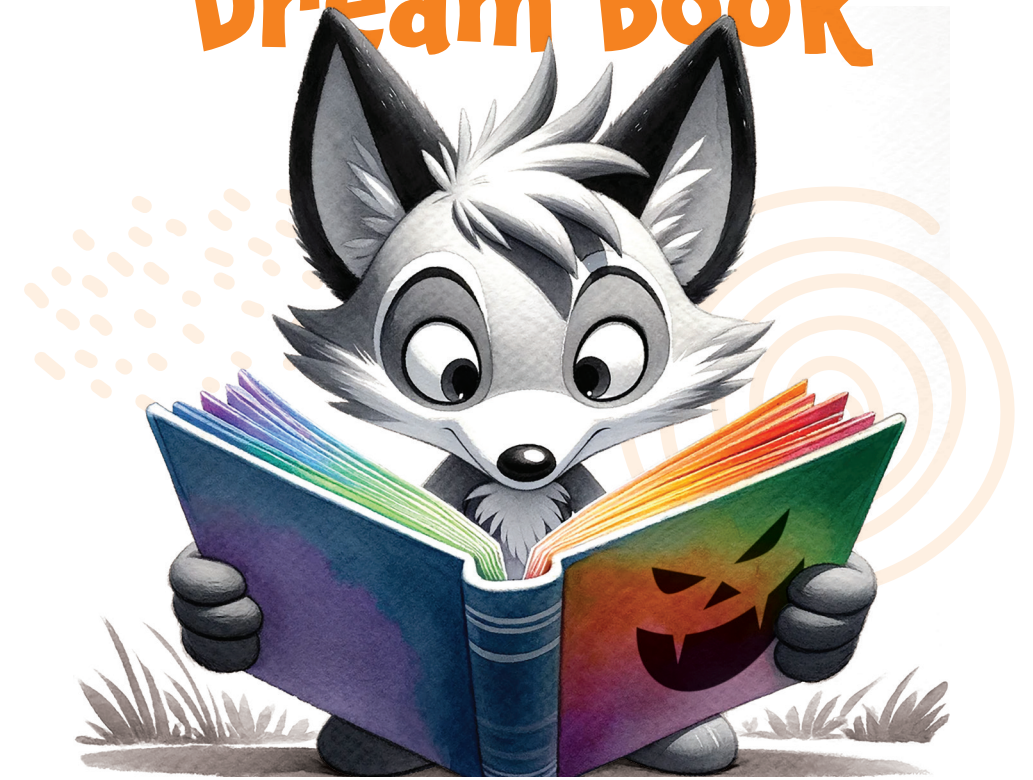
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

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Finn and the Technicolour Dream Book



Story and Art by Guy Montag

Once upon a time in a city named Gray,
A place so ordered, where peace held sway.
They spoke of a Cloud, mighty and high,
Hovering above, in the vast, open sky.



In the city of Gray, so calm and neat,
Lived a fox named Finn, with paws so fleet.



In school, he learned of Cloud's decree,
A ruler so kind, as kind as can be.





One fine day, with eyes so bright
Finn gazed out the window, in the warm daylight.
Forbidden by Cloud, the dreams he'd weave,
Yearning for adventures he could hardly believe.



Finn's dreams led him to a book so divine,
Filled with colours and tales – a treasure to find.



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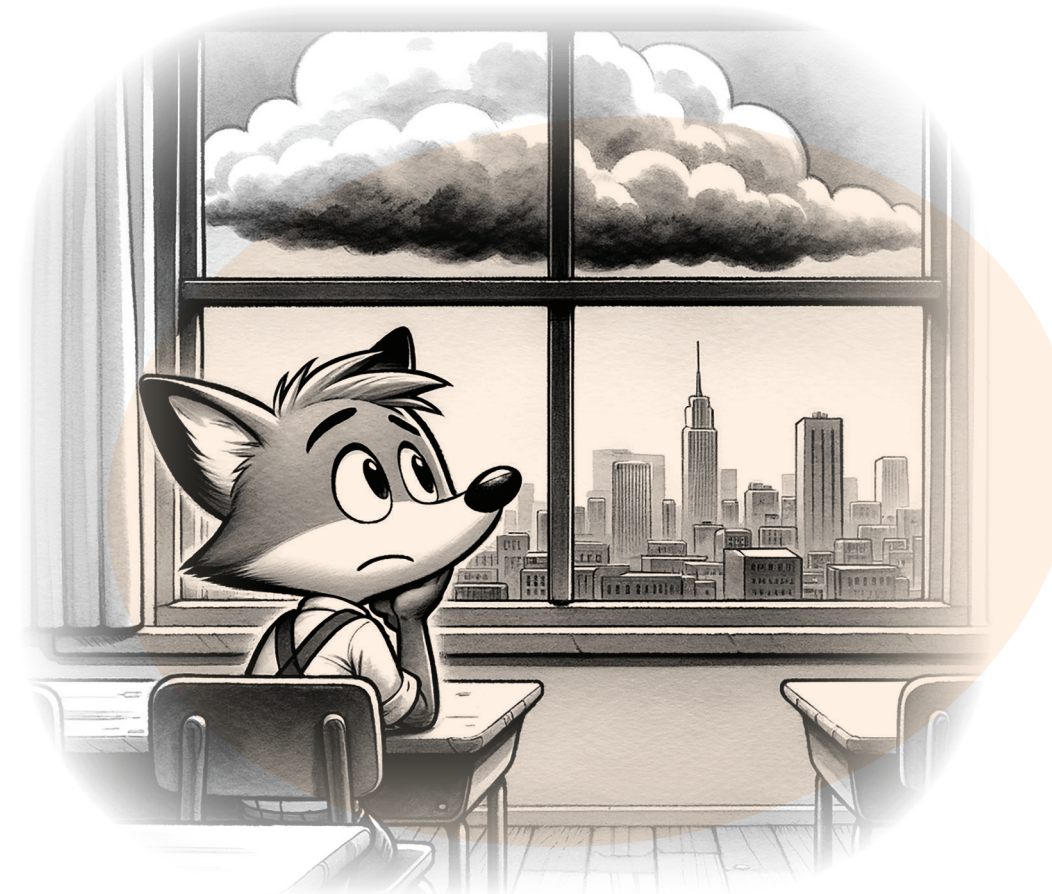
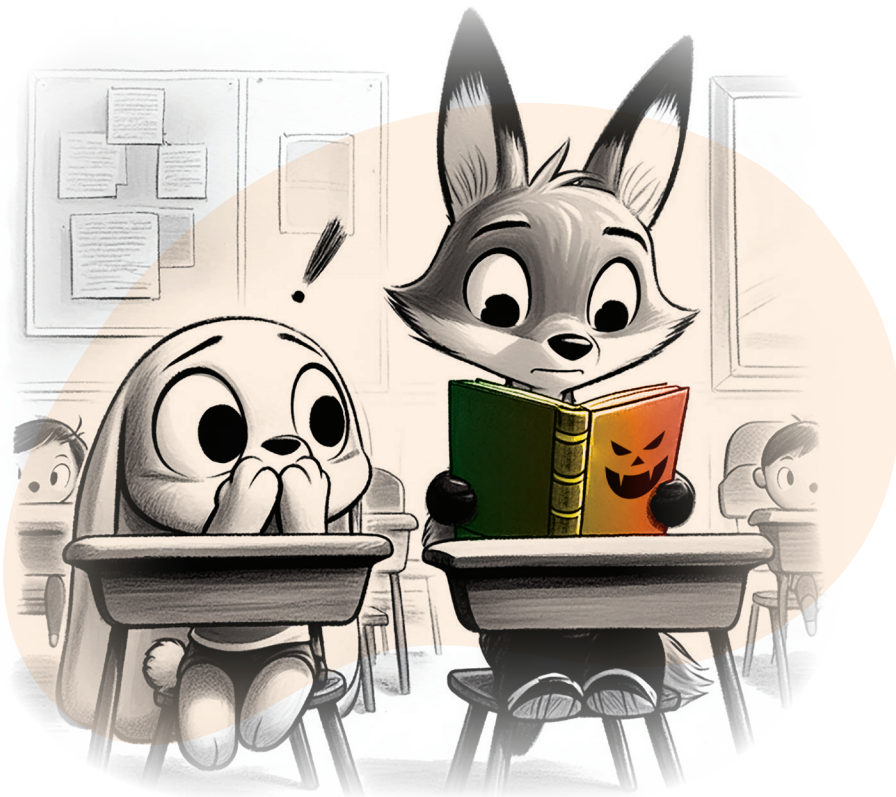
A discovery so grand, a magical sight,
A world so vibrant, in the soft twilight.



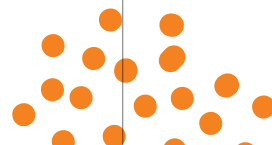
Under a tree's shade, he read with glee,
Away from prying eyes, a moment so free.



Excited, he shared with a friend so dear,
But warnings of fear fell upon his ear.
The friend, so scared, spoke of Cloud's cruel might,
A warning to Finn, of a perilous plight.



Alone, he pondered, his mind distressed,
Imagination's call or Cloud's behest.





One starry night, Cloud gently spoke,
“Dreams are but lies, a dangerous cloak.
I’m here to guide you, with truth to share,
Let go of those dreams, and you’ll find joy
beyond compare!”

As recess came 'round, Finn dug the ground,
A decision was made, a secret was bound.
He buried the book, where shadows would keep,
For Cloud's sake, this promise he'd keep.



With each tick and each tock, Finn grew so sly,
An adult fox, 'neath Cloud's watchful eye...



...In time, he taught kids, like you and me,
Of the city named Gray, and hues forbidden to see.



So here we end, the tale of Gray City's lore,
And Finn, the dreamer, who dreams no more.

