

Prompts

Animal Orchestra Musician

BRIEF "Once again, the most melodic time of the year has come to the city of Faunalia! The Summer's End Music Festival, in fact, attracts the most talented musicians from the animal kingdom to please everyone's ears, and say goodbye for the last time to the hot season. Classical music orchestras, Jazz & Pop bands, Folk music virtuosos, and any other kind of skillful animal musician all gravitate around this festive event to bring good vibes and positivity with their paws, hooves, and tentacles! Let's jam!..."

Space Pirates

BRIEF "Elisabeth 'RedStar' Clayden was the fiercest, most terrifying pirate of the galaxy. They said her attacks and boardings had amassed her a fabulous amount of treasure, the greatest ever known. Like any good pirate, RedStar trusted no one, and always kept her treasure right under her tentacles, in the enormous hold of her spaceship. When finally her vessel crashed on the remote desert planet of Mohrn, pirates from the entire galaxy jumped on their ships to put their hands on the invaluable loot. The greatest of all treasure hunts has begun! ..."

March of the Living Trees (and plants!)

BRIEF "Things are not looking good for the ancient Forest of Greengrove. The city council, a den of corrupted politicians in the hands of corporate powers, has in fact chosen the southern margin of these primordial woodlands as the chosen victim for their next development project, a brutalist offices complex that is planned to replace the thousands of trees, plants, brooks, and animals, along with the local village that for centuries has lived in harmony with this ancestral land. As soon as the first bulldozers appeared though, something weird started to happen: machines keep breaking down, workers constantly get injured, and some of them have outright quit because they claim the trees have started to "move" at night, and are attacking them. This can obviously not be true! But the locals have also started to notice something unusual, the plants in their gardens just keep switching positions! Nobody knows what's going on, but the local lady at the shop keeps smiling and tells everyone that her ancestors were druids, and there's nothing to worry about..."

NINJA CATS

"A silent war has just begun in downtown Tokyo. The Siamese cats of the 'Clan of the Bloody Paws' has sworn vengeance to their mortal enemies, the Persian cats of the 'Clan of the Eldritch Claws'. This war has brought violence and chaos on the streets, and many peaceful cats who don't want anything to do with this madness are now falling victim of this gruesome bloodshed. But the 'Secret Ninja Clan of the Shadow Tails' has had enough of all of this, and have decided to put an end to this nonsense..."

Vampires

BRIEF "It's the night of Halloween. A macabre group silently walks through the streets of Prague crowded by thousands of tourists and locals. They are the last Vampires, the Children of the Night, members of an ancient race of blood-thirsty undead. They all have responded to the invitation for the annual Banquet of Hecate, the Queen of the Damned, the oldest of their kind. One hundred virgins were abducted to become the main-course of this bloody celebration. But not so far away, in a secret chamber of Vatican City, the ancient Secret Order of the Vampire Hunters has been summoned by the Pope to put a stop to this massacre..."

Wizards & Witches

BRIEF "Every 100 years wizards and witches from all around the globe gather in a secret location of the city of London for a magic duel. The prophecy says that only to the most powerful sorcerer of the Earth will be revealed the mystery of the Nine Worlds, the sum magical knowledge.. "

Fighting Clowns

***BRIEF** "No one remembers when it began, the decline started a long, long time ago. The downtown neighborhoods were the first to go, degradation, crime, and drug abuse became ubiquitous, and all went out of control in the span of just a few years. The good, hard-working people left and never came back. Then the gangs started to appear. First, it was the criminal ones, but when the police got tired of dodging the bullets, the vigilante gangs started to spring up like mushrooms pretty much everywhere, the few honest people became so angry and decided to take it upon themselves to bring back a semblance of order in town. Some say it was because of some movies, or some weird social media trend, but one by one the gangs all started to dress up like clowns. The*

Death Squad Clowns, The Afro Clowns, The Bloody Jogglers, The Weeping Pagliacci, The City Jesters, The Serious Jokers... every year more gangs of violent clowns were formed. Today, while the city burns, its leaders have taken to the streets with the promise to bring an end to this madness, once and for all. It will be a bloody, bloody weekend..."

Samurai and Geisha

"This is a story of loyalty, sacrifice, persistence, and honour. A samurai is on a journey to rescue the lovely Sudo Magodo, a geisha who has been kidnapped from the palace of his daimyo Mashiro Tamigi, his feudal lord. His heartbroken master has promised to commit seppuku (the ritual Japanese suicide) if his beloved lover will not be returned to him. With the help of the chief guard of the palace and loyal friend Fatu Nakazata, the fearless samurai will resolve this once and for all by fighting the bandit and kidnapper Pokoto Pokoto and his evil henchmen to the death..."

Yokai & Kami

BRIEF "In the lands around the ancient, abandoned shrine of Mount Komaki, live a group of Yokai and Kami spirits. Lately, they have been threatened by a gigantic suburban development project called Neo-Komaki, which is cutting into their homes and dividing their land. Soon a great council is assembled at the nearby Komakiyama Castle to discuss how to disrupt the mortal men's plans. In spite of their many differences and rivalry, the spirits decide to unify to stop the development by using their most powerful skill: eldritch spells and illusions to spook humans away for good!..."

Private Detective

"An unusual crime has shocked the city last week. The body of a well known aristocrat, Lady Poppington, was found in her bedroom by her housemaid. Four other people were in the Poppington Mansion at the moment of her death: Philip the butler, George the Gardener, Miss Mimi the Housemaid and Mr. Boringburg, a guest of the victim: none of them heard or noticed anything unusual that night. The police didn't find any evidence at the crime scene that could lead to the killer nor did they find the murder weapon. The autopsy just revealed that the death was violent, but nothing more. Lord Poppington (the victim's husband) disappointed by the results of the police investigation, is

personally getting in touch with the greatest private detectives to finally solve the mystery of his wife murder"

Steampunk Explorer

"In 1863, where an alternate nineteenth century Europe has made tremendous strides in steam-powered technologies, the scientists of Royal Engineer Society have succeeded in discovering the "FogStone" a pure mineral. They believe it can be harnessed to create as an ultimate power source for steam engines. However, the precious mineral seems to be located only in a remote (and seemingly inaccessible) corner of the world, so they decide to hire the most famous explorers of their time to find a secure path.."

Merling Undersea Kingdom

BRIEF "Deep in the Atlantean Trench, where sunlight never reached and pressure could crush steel, the merling kingdom of Nyalindor gleamed like a constellation beneath the waves. Its cities were grown from coral and shell-glass, winding along volcanic ridges and glowing with bioluminescent currents. At its center rose the Celestine Spire, a living palace of sacred coral, home to Queen Sayali, the Silver-Finned Regent. She ruled by the Mandate of the Abyss, a divine right passed through her bloodline from the Deep Gods, mysterious, ancient beings said to sleep beneath the trench floor. Nyalindor's society was as layered as the ocean itself. At the top were the Pearlborn Houses, noble families claiming descent from sea dragons. Each House controlled its own domain: reefs, thermal zones, or shipwreck fields, governing them as Sea Lords. Though loyal to the Queen, they enforced their laws, collected their own tributes, and trained elite clan-knights in martial and mystical disciplines. These knights, adorned in eelbone lamellar and bearing tridents etched with oath-runes, were both warriors and scholars, upholding the honor codes of their Houses. Every three years, they gathered at the Spire to renew their oaths in a sacred ceremony known as the Moonflow. Below the nobility swam the Coralmoot, a respected guild of artisans, scholars, and cultivators. At the base of society were the Siltkin, common merlings with no noble blood. Many worked the trenches or served noble courts, though some rose as merchants, pirates, or spirit-weavers. Their villages clung to the sea floor, glowing faintly beneath drifting kelp. Among them, the oldest songs and deepest magics endured, passed down through whispers rather than scrolls. Beneath the stillness of the deep, unrest began to ripple. House Irothis, proud and secretive, had pierced the sacred boundaries of the Leviathan Grave, a shadowed trench where the bones of ancient sea titans rested in silence. Their defiance of the Queen's decree was more than rebellion; it was a

provocation against the old powers slumbering in the dark. Heavy with duty and worn by years of quiet rule, Queen Sayali summoned the Council of Twelve Tides to weigh the unthinkable: to censure one of the Pearlborn, or draw the realm into open war. As the noble Houses armed their knights and stirred their banners, the ocean itself began to shift, currents thickened, lights dimmed, and the deep began to murmur with voices not heard in an age..."

Mariachi Sicario

BRIEF "At first, they were only whispers in the streets, rumors of a group of musicians who had traded their instruments for weapons, their melodies for gunfire. It started in the town of San Vicente, where a group of mariachis had lost everything, brothers, fathers, sons, all slaughtered by the ruthless men of the Cártel del Norte. No one knew where they trained, how they armed themselves, or who funded their war. Some said they had been soldiers once. Others believed they were guided by vengeance alone, sharpening their skills with each bloody night. But what could not be denied was the pattern: cartel lieutenants found executed with bullets where their hearts should be, their bodies left in empty cantinas with notes that read "Por la familia." The cartel dismissed them at first, laughing at the absurdity of musicians playing at war. But then their shipments burned. Their safe houses were raided. Their enforcers were gunned down in the streets. The legend of the Mariachi Sicarios spread like wildfire. The media eventually caught on. News anchors debated their existence, speculating whether they were vigilantes or ghosts, an urban myth or a rising insurgency. Their infamy grew, and with it, so did the fear within the criminal ranks. The cartel, once untouchable, was now hunted. Then came word, the Cártel del Norte would gather in the mountains to regroup, their last stronghold, their final chance to restore power. The Mariachi Sicarios had one last song to play. No one knows if they will succeed, but their revenge will be remembered forever..."

Post-Cataclysm Wastelander

BRIEF "No one agrees on how the world died. Some say it was fire, bombs of a thousand suns burning the old world to cinders. Others claim it was the sky itself, shifting and cracking, turning the oceans into steam and the land into dust. Some whisper of a great machine that broke the balance, that science dug too deep, played too much with what should not have been played with. A punishment from the gods say the zealots, a reckoning long overdue. No matter the cause, the truth is clear: the world is gone, and in its place lies only The Waste. The Waste is an endless stretch of cracked earth and ghost cities. What water remains is poisoned, what food exists is fought over with blood and iron. The sun is merciless, a swollen red eye staring down upon the husks of the past. Storms of black sand rage without warning, stripping flesh from bone, and burying settlements whole. The only law is strength, the only right is survival.

Factions have risen from the ruins, but most are simply wastelanders, the nameless and the lost. They are scavengers and killers, traders and nomads, loners and would-be kings. They live in the ruins of gas stations and shattered highways, in hollowed-out mountains and half-collapsed bunkers. They barter in bullets and fuel, in old batteries and purified water. Trust is a rare commodity; betrayal is far more common. Some dream of a safe haven, a paradise beyond the Waste, where food grows and the air does not taste of ash. Others have abandoned dreams entirely and live only for the next scrap of meat, the next sip of clean water. But the Waste is not empty. It is haunted by more than just the desperate and the cruel. Things lurk in the ruins, twisted remnants of the old world. Mutant creatures stalk the dunes, things that were once men or beasts but are now something else entirely. The dead do not always stay dead, some wander in mindless hordes, hunger driving them long after their flesh should have rotted away. Some whisper of machines still alive, rogue AIs left unchecked, with their cold logic deeming all life expendable. And there are darker things still, things that no one speaks of, nightmares that claw from the shadows when the sun sinks below the horizon. There are whispers that some mysterious travelers search for something, not just food or fuel, but something older, something that might matter. A truth, perhaps, or a way out of this endless wasteland, but none knows if these may be only legends. The Waste does not care for dreams. It does not care for the past, nor for those who cling to it. It only devours. It grinds the weak into dust and tests the strong until they, too, fall. The factions fight, the scavengers crawl, and the wanderers move ever onward. In the end, who will survive..."

Animal Pirates

BRIEF "Under the blood-red glow of the setting sun, the infamous island of Ghost Claw juts out of the Caribbean Sea like a skeletal hand. Black cliffs loom over crashing waves, and the pirate town sprawled across them teems with life. The air is thick with revelry, clinking glasses, and the occasional clash of steel. Ghost Claw is a haven for the most ruthless cutthroats of the seas, but tonight, it hosts a gathering that sets the Seven Seas whispering. On the central square, illuminated by flickering lanterns and bonfires, the crews of animal pirates swagger into town. Each crew is distinct, bound together by species and their shared thirst for plunder. The Crimson Fangs, a band of jaguar pirates, arrive first. Their captain, El Tigrón, strides in with the air of a predator who has never known fear. His spotted pelt shimmers in the firelight as his crew, lean, silent, and deadly, spread out among the crowd, their claws gleaming on their hilts. Hot on their heels comes the Iron Flock, the parrot pirates. They squawk raucously as they enter, fluttering about and perching wherever they please. Captain Hookbeak, a scarred macaw with a mechanical talon, caws a greeting that echoes through the square. The Black-Tide Boars storm in next, their hooves clattering against the cobblestones. Their captain, Bristleback the Boar King, is as wide as he is tall, a fearsome beast whose tusks glint like ivory sabers. His crew of bristly warriors stomp their approval, their guttural snorts cutting through the night. From the shadows slinks the Hissing Death, a mysterious crew of serpents. Captain Venomshade, a sleek black cobra with piercing green eyes, coils himself dramatically on the speaking platform, his hiss silencing the crowd for a brief, uneasy moment. Finally, when the air grows still and even the bravest pirates hesitate, Captain Alabaster Bloodmane appears: the Albino Lion, the

Pirate King himself. White as a ghost and twice as menacing, the lion saunters into the square, his red eyes surveying the gathered crews with quiet authority. His mane, though pale, is full, and a jagged scar runs from his brow to his jaw. The lion's crew, a mixed band of creatures who owe him fealty, flank him like shadows. "The treasure," growls the Pirate King, his deep voice reverberating through the square, "is not for the unworthy. Those who come to Ghost Claw seeking my gold... or my crown... will find only death." A heavy silence follows, but it doesn't last long. Soon the island's usual chaos resumes. In the corners of darkened taverns and under the glow of lanterns, whispers spread: rumors of the Pirate King's treasure hidden deep in the island's labyrinthine caves. There are murmurs of betrayal, secret alliances, and ambitious schemes. As the night wears on, a lone figure slips into the shadows of Ghost Claw, their identity concealed. Their eyes glint with determination. Somewhere beneath the island, the treasure awaits, and perhaps, a chance to claim the title of King of Pirates. The game is on..."

Frog Fighter

BRIEF "Willows' Loch was once a tranquil haven for a peaceful community of frogs, living in harmony among the reeds. But that peace was shattered when Scaletooth the Cruel, a monstrous northern pike from the depths, ascended upon the lake, and its shadow now darkens every lily pad. He terrorizes the waters, devouring frogs with cruel delight, driven by a hunger that seems insatiable. None of the frogs are safe, and the once-vibrant lake has fallen into a deadly silence. In these dark times, the desperate frog elders call for a council. Their mission is to unite the lake's scattered tribes for war, as in the days of legend. Many refuse the call, too fearful to face a foe that seems unbeatable, but some rise. The swift and cunning Green Hoppers, led by their chief Swiftfoot, answer. The Bullfrogs, famed for their strength and booming voices, rally behind their warlord, Ironjaw. The Poison Darts, vibrant but deadly, bring their leader, Venomstrike, whose lethal touch is rumored to rival Scaletooth's bite. Even the Toads of the Boglands join. Slow but wise, they send their elder, Cragback, armed with ancient knowledge of the lake. Together, these tribes forge an unlikely alliance. Their long-standing differences, once causes of conflict, are now their only hope. They devise a plan to lure Scaletooth to the Blackwater Shallows, a dangerous part of the lake where the great predator's strength will falter. But time is running out, and Scaletooth's hunger only grows. As the wind whispers across the lake, it is as if the waters themselves hold their breath. The day of reckoning has arrived..."

Barbarian Conqueror

BRIEF "Know, oh nameless artist, that between the years when the oceans drank Atlantis beneath the insatiable waves, and the years of the rise of the Sons of Aryas, there was an age undreamed of, when shining kingdoms lay spread upon the wide expanse of the world like blue mantles beneath the stars. In those days of yore, lost cities prowled by unspoken enigmas, their secrets veiled in the shroud of mystery. Decadent civilizations bowed beneath the yoke of

tyrants, their thrones stained with the blood of the oppressed. Forgotten temples, cloaked in shadow, concealed their tombs, guarded by spectral sentinels sworn to eternal vigilance. Across the wild expanse, riders roamed, clad in armor wrought of steel, adorned with the finest silk and gleaming gold. They were the nomads of the wasteland, their steeds thundering across the barren plains like echoes of forgotten legends. Each carried with them the weight of ages past, their swords honed by hardship and battle, their eyes alight with the fire of unquenchable ambition. And unto this, a hero rose. Daring, vigorous, sword in hand. A reaver, a slayer, a barbarian conqueror with gigantic melancholies and gigantic mirth, to tread the jeweled thrones of the Earth under his sandalled feet. A warrior destined to wear the crown of a great new kingdom upon a troubled brow. It falls upon me, the chronicler of his exploits, to unfurl the saga of his valor. And upon thee, the artist, to capture his figure in strokes of vivid hue. Together, we shall recount the days when the world trembled beneath the tread of the unconquered, weaving the tapestry of high adventure!..."

Mad Scientist

BRIEF "In the grand halls of the Global Scientific Symposium (GSS), the world's most brilliant minds converge year after year. Their shared goal is noble: to confront the pressing global challenges that threaten the planet's life and human prosperity. For decades, the GSS has been a beacon of hope, a place where science and collaboration promise a brighter future. However, in recent years, the symposium has taken an unsettling turn. Remarkable technologies emerge from the laboratories of these scientists, and while they hold the potential for incredible progress, they also raise questions about the ethical boundaries of scientific advancement. Among the new inventions showcased at the GSS is the Omni-AI, a superintelligent system capable of deciphering and predicting human behavior with uncanny accuracy. Then there is Mega-CRISPR, a gene-editing tool that not only corrects genetic defects but also enhances DNA to superhuman levels. Hyperefficient nano-droids promise to revolutionize industries but also raise concerns about surveillance and control. Quantum mega-computers seem to unlock the secrets of the universe itself. Slowly, a group of scientists at the symposium begins to share a disturbing conviction: they believe they are transcending their human nature and becoming something akin to gods. Their newfound powers make them feel superior, and they consider the rest of humanity as primitive and inferior. In whispered conversations behind closed doors, they hatch a plan: they will seize control and rule over the world! They believe that all ordinary people are backward, unintelligent, and unworthy of self-governance. If the masses dare to defy their rule, they vow to wield their newfound technologies as tools of punishment and control. As the GSS concludes, the dissenting scientists depart with a dangerous secret agenda, hidden behind the façade of noble intentions. They have the knowledge, the power, and the determination to reshape the world in their image. Will they succeed in their plan to rule over humanity, or will the rest of the scientific community, driven by a commitment to ethics and humanity's best interests, rise up to stop them? The fate of the world now rests on the shoulders of those who hold the power to shape its destiny..."

Robot Gardener

BRIEF "In the aftermath of a devastating atomic war, Earth's once-vibrant civilization lay in ruins. As a result of the actions of corrupted politicians, radical revolutionaries, and an arrogant yet ignorant population lost to sterile vices and nihilism, the world was plunged into chaos and desolation. But amidst the ashes of the past, a glimmer of hope emerged in the form of Neo Byzantium. Founded by a group of enlightened individuals who had managed to preserve their sanity and compassion, Neo Byzantium became a sanctuary for the brightest minds. Here, intelligence, wisdom, and love for humanity were cherished above all else. As the ruins of the old world slowly gave way to new beginnings, a remarkable vision took root. The enlightened group, known as the "Children of the Ashes" recognized that to heal the Earth and feed its reborn population, they needed innovative solutions. To help them, they created the Robot Gardeners: a collection of remarkable creations designed to rejuvenate the land, promote biodiversity, and pass on timeless agricultural wisdom. Among these robotic wonders were the Seeding Bots, delicate yet sturdy machines that traversed the wastelands with grace. They possessed an uncanny ability to analyze soil conditions, adapting their seed dispersal to ensure optimal growth. These bots planted a diverse range of crops, from heirloom vegetables to ancient grains, each one carefully chosen to restore the balance of nature. Then came the Harvester Droids, their mechanical arms deftly reaping the bountiful harvests that followed. These tireless beings were programmed to gather crops at the peak of ripeness, minimizing waste and maximizing nutrition. With intricate sensors and precision tools, they worked in harmony with nature, acknowledging the delicate dance between human intervention and the earth's rhythms. In the heart of Neo Byzantium's revitalized gardens, the Beeborgs tended to their invaluable charges. A fusion of bees and machines, these beings understood the vital role of pollinators in the intricate web of life. With gentleness, they guided the real bees' efforts, ensuring that the blossoms flourished and fruit set in abundance. Their symbiotic relationship showcased the possibilities of cooperation between nature and human technology. As time passed, the Children of the Ashes not only revitalized the land but also inspired a new generation of farmers. Their teachings spread far and wide with the help of their Robot Gardeners, encouraging the adoption of holistic practices over the destructive monocultures of the past. The art of companion planting, crop rotation, and regenerative farming flourished, rekindling a profound connection between people and the Earth..."