

I AM NOT GOOD  
AT MANY THINGS.

BUT A LONG TIME AGO, I  
WAS MY CLAN'S GREATEST  
ARTIST. ALL THE FLOATING  
PLAINS KNEW OF MY SKILL.



PAGES UPON PAGES WOULD  
SCATTER THE FLOOR OF MY  
HOME. IT WAS ALL I DID.

IT DEFINED ME.



UNTIL THE  
DAY WE WERE  
ATTACKED.







WHEN MY HOME WAS  
TAKEN FROM ME.



By 2015





BY THE PAZMINA.



THEY KILLED MY MOTHER.



AND THE ONE THING THAT  
MADE ME WHO I AM--



WAS CUT AWAY.







