



Niourk

OLIVIER VATINÉ

AFTER THE ELDER'S DEPARTURE I SPENT THE NEXT THREE DAYS **SICK WITH FEAR**--



JUST SCRAPING BY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE.

DARK CHILD SHOULD **LEAVE** THIS TRIBE THAT DOES NOT WANT HIM.

I HAD FLED MANY TIMES BEFORE, BUT THE WILDERNESS AND ITS DANGERS HAD ALWAYS FORCED ME BACK TO THE SAFETY OF THE **GREAT FIRE**. I PREFERRED THE HATRED OF MEN TO PACKS OF **WILD DOGS**, TO THE GAPING MAWS OF **CROCODILES**...

...AND THE TENTACLES OF **MONSTERS**.

ON THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH DAY, **THOZ** SET OFF WITH SOME HUNTERS TOWARDS THE **MOUNTAIN OF GODS**.



THOZ IS LEAVING TO JOIN THE ELDER.



I WAS STARVING. BUT THE HUNTERS' ABSENCE MADE ME **BOLD**...

...SO THAT NIGHT I TOOK MY CHANCES.





WAS THIS GOOD OR *BAD* FOR ME? I COULDN'T HAVE SAID. SNIPPETS OF THOUGHT FROZE AT THE EDGE OF AWARENESS...

