

Tol



Hot, sticky sweat dripped from Torak's forehead as a crowd started to form. It loomed over him, an aura of menace surrounding them. Torak didn't know what to do. He'd never fought before, let alone ~~take~~ a 19 year old man. Turning around, he nearly burst with fury as he heard Woly scream in terror. A thought crept deep into his mind to run to him and comfort him, but there was no point. He'd be dead meat before he reached the den. Olak emerged from the ~~the~~ weaponry like a hawk and tossed Torak a spear. He glared as the weight nearly pulled him down to the ground.

"Crap..." he muttered, picking himself up. How was he supposed to fight with a weapon that weighed as much as he did?

As the wooden, ancient horn sounded through the camp, Torak whipped around, vibrations ^{shaking} ~~sounded~~ through his dirty body. Was it already time to fight?

"Ho-ord! Ho-ord! Ho-ord!" the ear-piercing crowd sang, clearing him on as Hord trotted into the arena. Rays of sunlight glimmered onto his shining, silver chestplate. Torak (now regretting ever touching the ice bark) trembled in fear, not daring to sleep into the burning sun.





It felt like an erupting volcano under his leather tunic, spilling boiling, vibrant magma. His thoughts drifted back to when he was deep in The Forest. When he was comforted by the chattering birds, the fresh breeze rustling the lush plants, Waly pouncing on him, yipping for black berries constantly. When Fa was there to help him - A cold tear ran down Torak's cheek.

"Why?" he mumbled quietly. "Why do I have to be alone?"

"What was that?" Torak whipped around to see Roon entering the den.

"Anyway, I saved you some elderberry juice." Torak eyed her suspiciously, his blood stained eyebrow rising. Despite an uneasy feeling nagging onto him, he gripped the leather cup and took a small sip.

"Why are you helping me?" he asked, wiping the juice off his dry lips.

"Hood had some. Anyway, it's time. Are you going or what?"

Sweat dripping from Torak's brow, he entered the arena, greeted by shouts and screams from the crowd. A nervous sensation gripped onto him

as Finn - Kedin started the fight with the sound of a horn.

Hord stared at him, hate sparkling in his eyes. He thrust a spear at Torak, skimming him dangerously. Torak stumbled for his knife, shaking as he drew it from his pouch. Lurching forward, he swung it at Hord's arm, adrenaline rushing through his veins. Hord easily ripped Torak's battered arm and swung his rugged knife at it. He fell to the ground, pain peering through his arm. It felt sticky and wet. Blood. It gushed out like a crimson waterspout, its depth making Torak wince in fear.

"Aaaaagghhh!" he screamed, sinking into the ground.

"worthless piece of ~~low~~ cow-herd!" Hord snarled, clutching Torak's head tightly. His legs stretched before his eyes as Hord pressed his knife on Torak's neck.

"Now, I am going to kill you." He sneered. "And dump your remains on your father's grave!" What did he say? The blood pounded in his head. He gripped Hord's arm tightly, swung around, and sunk his knife deep into his shoulder. Grabbing the both he had been saving - he dumped it on his dirty head. Hord screamed in pain as he fell to the ground, the skin on his head peeling off. Torak rose to his feet.





Joe



Anger was piercing through him. Rage igniting like a hot, searing fire, the hunter's instinct flooded his veins as he slammed his head against the rough ground, marking him out cold.

"Stop!" Finn Ketyan screeched, waving his hands around. "The sight is over!"