

The Tragedy of Quetzalcoatl

By: Alejandro J Serrano

The heat of the fire was still present on Omopilli's mind as he stumbled through the jungle. Somewhere behind him his village burned. He could still hear them. The screams of his family. His father had died with the hunters. When he and the men had done everything they could to fend off the attack. His mother had followed soon after. The arrow that had pierced her lung had been too much for her to recover from.

Then they came after the children. His siblings had been lost somewhere in the fray, but he, Omopilli had managed to evade them. He was young, a child whose only base instinct told him to run from the danger, but he had the fire of a hunter inside of him. So, he ran until the skin beneath his feet was bleeding, until the air he breathed became thinner, until the screams could pursue him no longer.

As he crested the mountain top and attempted to fill his lungs with the high-altitude air, he could see the smoke still rising from where his village once stood. Far in the distance a storm approached bringing with it the rain to douse the flames and wash the blood.

Omopilli looked to the heavens and screamed. "Huitzilopochtli! War God! Why have you abandoned us?" There was no reply. The child collapsed on the jungle floor and cried. How could the gods be so cruel as to turn their back on his people?

"Huitzilopochtli!" Omopilli screamed desperately into the night sky. "Save us!" The screams of the child, a boy who'd only just seen his fourth summer, fell on deaf ears.

Despite the bloodshed and the sorrow, the patron of his people remained silent. The War God seemed satisfied with the brutality his family had been victim to. As the rain began

streaming down in glorious curtains that washed away the pain Omopilli felt scared. He had no clue what to do. So, he cried.

His weeping became inaudible, even to him, as a strong wind suddenly began blowing in from the east.

“Do not weep, my child,” a deep serpentine voice stated.

Omopilli looked skywards as his small legs moved him backwards, fearing that the hunters had found him.

Through his blurred and teary vision Omopilli witnessed a giant floating serpent with glowing green feathers hovering in the air before him. As he opened his mouth to scream in fear. The serpent’s eyes glowed with a warm, almost comforting light, that made his fears and doubts vanish.

“By the gods. What are yo...”

“It has been many cycles since I’ve seen a human with your hearts-fire,” the feathered glowing serpent continued. “What is your name, child?”

“I’m...Omop...Omopil...” the shaking of his jaw prevented him from being able to communicate properly.

The divine serpents head lowered closer to the child, and the warmth in its glowing eyes intensified. “Peace, small one, you have nothing to fear from me.”

“Who are you?” Omopilli managed to ask with his quivering voice.

“I’ve been known by many names. Tohil by some, Kukulkan, by others, but your people give me a different name.”

Omopilli studied the beauty of the floating serpent, and the radiance of the quetzal feathers that covered the sides of its face and body. "Quetzalcoatl," the child whispered almost without realizing he was speaking.

The heavenly serpent seemed to chuckle in its massive throat. "Indeed, small one."

The serpent turned its head in the direction of the smoke that rose from Omopilli's village. A severe growl emanated from the dragon god's serpentine chest and Quetzalcoatl turned back to face him.

"A terrible thing, small one, but fear not for I have found you now."

Quetzalcoatl coiled his massive neck and wrapped himself around the shivering child the way a protective mother would for its young.

"Come now, take comfort in knowing that, though you are young, I foresee you will grow to be a hunter like no other before you. Let us come away from this place of sorrow, and I will guide you on your quest for justice."

"Justice?" Omopilli asked, shyly.

"Those hunters," Quetzalcoatl gestured with his eyes towards the rising smoke. "Despite being Nahua, like you, have taken your tribe as sacrifices for my foolish brother, Huitzilopochtli. He, unlike me, does not know what it is to be mortal. To be made flesh and blood. To feel your fear and your glee. I have come to right all these wrongs against humanity, and you, Kuautle, will be my instrument."

"Kuautle?" Omopilli asked. "I am only a child, Omopilli of the jungle tribe."

Quetzalcoatl's eyes flashed a bright shade of blue. "You shall now be, Eagles Fire; Kuautle, and with my blessing we will end the senseless slaughter of humanity."

The feathered serpent allowed his lower jaw to touch along the jungle floor and he gestured for the child to mount atop his feathered head. Omopil...no, Kuautle, did as he was bid and with two quick strides, he found himself seated upon Quetzalcoatl's massive serpentine head.

"Trust me, small one, and we will accomplish things that will make the creation of this world a small seem a small and inconsequential thing."

With that, Quetzalcoatl rose high into the air and, with Kuautle, upon his head made his way northwards.

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"This prey is for the gods!" Tekolistli, the hunter, protested as Kuautle and his followers began cutting the ropes that bound the innocent villagers together.

Tekolistli was tired of this self-righteous jungle rat and all of his incessant preaching to end the sacrifices made in honor of the gods. He and the emperor's hunters had worked hard over the last two weeks to capture these prisoners and seeing that work go to waste upset him greatly.

"I have told you this already," Kuautle, a young man in his eighteenth year now, repeated sternly. "There is no benefit that comes from this senseless death and slaughter. Harm a single hair on these people's heads and the divine serpent will not be pleased."

Tekolistli scoffed mockingly. “The serpent you always assure us will return soon? You are a madman and a lunatic. The priests would do well to cut your heart out first for blaspheming against Huitzilopochtli this way.”

Kuautle smiled. “Quetzalcoatl, unlike your war god, shares this world with us and will return as soon as he tends to his business in the underworld.”

Tekolistli strode forward with his hand gripping his hunting knife tightly. Seeing the challenge Kuautle also moved towards his older opponent ready to fight if he needed to.

“That will be quite enough, boys!” a much older male voice stated out of the mass of people that had gathered to watch them.

Kuautle turned and saw the High Priest of Tenochtitlan, with his ever-present posy following closely behind him, walking towards them.

The man was in his late forties with notable piercing along his lower lip and through the center of his nose. Mocte, the man famous for his close favor from Huitzilopochtli, watched the would be sacrifices to his god scurrying into the crowd with disgust.

“You release my prisoners again without consent, Kuautle, by whose authority do you do this?”

“Quetzalcoatl, holy one, the serpent that outshines the sun,” Kuautle responded confidently.

“We have all grown tired and weary of hearing all about this serpent that never seems to appear despite all the power you claim it has,” Mocte stated, more than mildly annoyed.

“Quetzalcoatl is a god and would not bother appearing to the likes of you.

“A detail he seems to miss every time, older rother,” Tekolistli added in.

Mocte turned to his youngest sibling and glared at him the way one would look at a pest inside their home.

“Just because my father squirted you into a servant’s belly that does not make you my equal. Must I remind you to hold your tongue in my presence?” Mocte asked.

Tekolistli hesitated for a moment and then looked from Mocte to Kuautle in embarrassment.

“Now,” Mocte continued. “You will accompany me to the pyramid of the sun, Kuautle, and we will place this matter before the emperor. I’ll have no more of your blasphemies poisoning the people.”

As if they’d rehearsed this all prior to confronting him, two of the high priests’ followers strode forward in unison and took hold of Kuautle’s arms. Pushing their way through the crowd of spectators they made their way from the packed market of the city towards the center of Tenochtitlan.

“Highness,” Mocte began, once they’d all gathered on the grand balcony that oversaw the vast city.

“This man stands accused of blasphemy against our city’s patron, Huitzilopochtli, and of inciting unrest within our streets. He has freed our prisoners who were to be sacrificed and continues to spread false tales of Quetzalcoatl appearing to him.”

Kuautle stood opposite from Tekolistli, the hunter, on the terrace and with the same air of confidence as always, he turned to the emperor, Zuma. “Your priest speaks truth, Sire, I do proclaim the wishes of the feathered serpent. Human sacrifice is a barbaric tradition that Quetzalcoatl wishes to see ended once and for all.”

“Enough of your lies, boy!” Mocte hissed.

“Silence!” Emperor Zuma commanded with his booming voice. “Tell me, Eagles Fire, why should I listen to you? What proof do you offer that Quetzalcoatl has appeared to you? How can I be sure that this is the will of the gods?”

“Certainly not the will of the war god, Highness!” Mocte added in.

The emperor silenced him once again with his stare while Kuautle lifted his hands and dug inside his long black hair. He wore it up and held it together using simple string he’d purchased at the market, but within his fingers found all the evidence he needed.

“A feather!” he stated proudly as he pulled out the glowing green object for all to see. “Plucked from Quetzalcoatl’s brow for this very reason.”

The people that surrounded him all gasped in amazement as Kuautle proudly lifted the feather over his head for all to see. The amazed crowd of onlookers was baffled by the object as its brilliances radiated off of their faces.

“Impossible,” was all Mocte managed to whisper as he too was enthralled by Quetzalcoatl’s feather.

“This audience with you, High One,” Kuautle explained. “Was all I was waiting for in order to reveal the serpent’s gift. A gift to the people and a command that the sacrifices end immediately.”

Zuma’s smile faded momentarily, and the emperor’s eyes returned to Kuautle. “Our people have honored the gods with blood ever since the founding of our city. How can you expect any of us to believe that stopping the blood offering is what the gods desire?”

“His blasphemy is boundless!” Mocte roared out.

“He conspires with the dark one!” Tekolistli added in.

Kuautle lowered the glowing feather and offered it to the emperor. “Hold this, wise leader, and all your doubts will fade.”

Zuma nodded his head for the guards to allow Kuautle forward. As he walked to meet the emperor Kuautle perceived a flash of movement suddenly erupt from his right side. He moved quickly to evade the attack, but as his eyes focused on his sudden opponent, he felt a hard, open handed strike, hit against the back of his hand.

The surprise attack, coupled with an unfortunate easterly wind, resulted in the glowing feather of his patron floating away from all of them. Propelled further and further by the strength of the rushing wind.

Kuautle had already prepared to follow up his defensive movements against the rushing enemy, but the gusts of wind intensified to the point where every one of them was forced onto their knees or backs.

“I send you all a sign of my divinity, and my wishes. Yet despite it all you continue to push your doubts and sow your fears,” boomed a powerful voice that Kuautle instantly recognized. The rushing winds subsided and slowly the men began to regain their footing.

Kuautle smiled and looked towards the heavens happily, knowing what he would see. A few hundred feet above the pyramid where they all stood, posing in all of his magnificence for everyone throughout Tenochtitlan to witness floated Quetzalcoal, the Feathered Serpent, Dragon of the Mexica people.

The men, even the mighty emperor next to Kuautle, all fell to their knees in awe of the splendor. Kuautle strode forward and rased his hand in salute.

“Hail, feathered guardian!” he shouted.

“Kauatle,” Quetzalcoatl stated happily. “Boy of my heart. It gives me joy to see you standing so tall a man amongst your people. You have done well in being my voice and my will. Come now, for there is more to do. We must strike the bonds from those who remain bound for sacrifice and show them a new way forward.”

Quetzalcoatl descended, wrapping his serpentine body along the corners of the high pyramid, and resting his head low enough for Kauatle to mount his large head. Kauatle did as he was bid and the kneeling crowd of onlookers all gasped as they witnessed him mounting the head of their deity.

Kauatle turned and spoke, with an air of authority, to the emperor and his priests. “You’ve heard the wishes of the serpent. Do you require further proof? Let the word spread through our people and rejoice for no more blood shall run in needless sacrifice.”

Emperor Zuma stood and smiled broadly. “It will be done, Holy Serpent!” he assured.

Quetzalcoatl rose once again and began making his way towards the temples of Tenochtitlan where he and Kauatle would release the prisoners and begin instructing the Mexica tribe on the proper form of worship for the gods.

The voices and hearts of the people of Tenochtitlan were raised in cheer as Quetzalcoatl and his rider flew around their floating city. All except one.

Atop the pyramid, with rage and envy deep in his heart, Tekolistli observed as the world he had known shifted before his very eyes.

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The fires of the celebration illuminated the streets of Tenochtitlan. Dancing off the waters of Lake Texcoco the city seemed to be alive with joy as the music played, people feasted, and Quetzalcoatl sat among them humming happily.

Tekolistli watched all of this with disgust as he continued to follow the whisper he'd continuously heard in his mind.

"Come, come, come, come."

It was a simple command, but more powerful than anything he'd ever experienced. Blindly he allowed his legs to carry him up the steps of a temple. The floors still displayed dried stains of blood from past sacrifices.

"Come, come, come, come," the whispers turned to statements. Intensifying as he approached the summit of the pyramid.

From so far away the celebrations below had become a low hum compared to the growing voice in his mind.

"They cannot do this," Tekolistli groaned, remembering the way Quetzalcoatl and that jungle rat he deemed his messenger had upset the order of the world as he'd known it.

"Come. Come. Come! Come!"

As he reached the summit he finally realized where, he had been walking. Before him Tekolistli saw the statue carved in the image of Huitzilopochtli. The eyes of the statue were glowing green, and the blue stone that made up the deity's torso seemed to be softening and becoming flesh.

"High one!" Tekolistli gasped as he fell to his knees.

“I have called all of those loyal to me, and received only you, Tekolistli,” the grave, deep voice, of the city’s patron stated. “It seems my people have moved fast to forget me. Centuries ago I gave humanity the opportunity at life and lead my chosen tribe to this place to build their city. Now, they turn to my younger brother instead. They deny me the blood necessary to keep the darkness at bay. This must not be allowed.”

“What can I do?” Tekolistli asked in a shaking voice.

“You? Not much, my child. But we can move the very core of this world if we do so together.”

“I am at your service, God of War.”

Huitzilopochtli strode forward, the last remnants of stone falling away as his powerful blue limbs erupted into the world.

“Without the blood needed it will be difficult to face Quetzalcoatl, and his pet, but there is still a way.”

Tekolistli drew his obsidian hunting knife and held it to his chest in a sign of fealty. “I would follow you into the very depths of the underworld if necessary,” he stated proudly.

Huitzilopochtli chuckled and placed his large right hand on the young hunter’s shoulder. “Good,” he stated flatly. “For Mictlan is precisely where we are going.”

Tekolistli’s eyes widened in shock and his grip upon his knife faltered. “Mictlan?” he asked hesitantly.

“Do not worry,” Huitzilopochtli assured him. “Our only other option to this is death. If you die by my side your name will be engraved into the very fabrics of this world.”

“High One...” Tekolisli managed to say with a quivering voice.

“I assure you. The item we are after is more than worth the risks involved.”

Tekolistli prepared to protest, but before he could do so Huitzilopochtli gripped him with both of his powerful hands and teleported them away from the pyramid, away from Tenochtitlan, away from the world as he knew it.

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The world had revolved around the bright fire in the sky three times since the night when Quetzalcoatl had abolished the barbaric practice of sacrifice. Kuautle had ascended to the highest ranks of the Mexica tribe serving as the right-hand advisor to Emperor Zuma and acting as the known representative of Lord Quetzalcoatl who, on occasion, would take the form of a man and walk periodically amongst the people.

“The summer looks promising, Kuautle,” Zuma stated happily. “Truly we have been blessed with a fine harvest.”

“Yes,” Kuautle responded happily. “It is truly amazing to see our people thriving despite not a single life being sacrificed in so long. If only we had known what we do now since the founding of Tenochtitlan. All the lives we could have spared.”

“Indeed,” Emperor Zuma stated. “Let us leave those unpleasant truths in the past and allow us to focus instead on the future.”

Kuautle nodded, rose from his stone seat, grabbed a hold of his macuahuitl, a finely carved wooden club with obsidian shards placed along its edge, and strode towards then open balcony. He wore his elaborate Eagle Warriors head dress, a symbol of his status and rank. All

around him the splendor Tenochtitlan, floating city in the middle of Lake Texcoco, spread out in all directions.

“Life is good,” Kuautle thought happily.

He looked at the position of the sun and knew he’d better begin making his way home. His wife, and new born child would be waiting for his return.

He took his leave of the emperor and made his way down the stone steps of the pyramid and through the streets of the busy city. As he passed people bowed and greeted him respectfully. He returned the gestures and was offered various gifts of fruit and cocoa beans, which he declined.

When he turned the corner that led him home, he smiled broadly seeing his wife carrying their child out on their balcony. They saw him approaching and she raised their sons’ small hand, and her own, in greeting.

Kuautle increased his pace, eager to reach them, when Quetzalcoatl’s voice suddenly roared in his mind.

“Kuautle!”

He stopped, shocked, and looked around searching for danger, when a bright red flash of lighting erupted from the cloudless sky. The bolt cut a crimson gash across the sky, as if ripping the very fabric of the world around it and crashed violently against Kuautle’s family home. His wife and child vanished within the bright explosion and he, along with everyone else, was thrown brutally backwards until crashing against the stone of another building.

“No!” Kuautle roared as he fought to regain his feet.

Where his family home had once stood there was now only charred rocks and smoke rising into the air. People ran in all directions hurrying to vacate the scene of the attack. It was then that Kuautle noted the single figure striding towards him at a leisurely pace.

Tekolistli, the hunter, who had vanished for three years, walked through the smoke in his direction. He wore the sacred head dress of the jaguar and carried a shield in his left hand along with a macuahuitl in his right.

“Your time of reckoning has come!” Tekolistli shouted towards him.

Kuautle rose to his feet and gripped the hilt of his weapon so tightly the wood in his hand began to groan.

“What have you done?” Kuautle asked, rage bubbling within him.

Tekolistli laughed and banged his macuahuitl against his shield. “You did this,” he stated flatly.

Behind him the air rippled with sudden heat. The ripples intensified until a huge twenty-foot human figure with blue skin and a headdress woven from Quetzal feathers materialized.

Kuautle’s breath caught in his throat as he recognized the splendid figure that stood behind his opponent.

“Huitzilopochtli.”

He felt his knees buckle with uncertainty until a low growl reached his ears from behind him. The air smelled like wet soil and the light that always emanated from the serpent seemed to surround him.

“I am with you, Eagles Fire,” Quetzalcoatl’s voice informed him, as the feathered serpent materialized in the street beside him.

Kuautle felt his vigor and courage return instantaneously.

“Together,” he stated and locked eyes with Tekolistli who now stood only thirty feet away from him. The air grew violent and storm clouds materialized in the sky above Tenochtitlan.

As the first drop of rain crashed down the world seemed to momentarily hold its breath as both men, and the gods beside them, prepared to charge.

Huitzilopochtli released a war cry into the heavens that shook the earth, Quetzalcoatl roared his challenge, and the two mortal men before them charged down the stone road of the city with their weapons raised.

With a crash, strong enough to break the heavens, Quetzalcoatl and his elder brother began the fiercest combat to ever rage across the world. Kuautle’s initial downward strike was caught by the face of Tekolistli’s shield. The jaguar dressed warrior spun to his left and swung quickly attempting to break Kuautle’s left ankle.

Kuautle jumped back to avoid the attack, and then quickly darted forward with another strike aimed at Tekolistli’s head. Above them the clouds shattered as Quetzalcoatl attempted to bite down on Huitzilopochtli’s torso, but was struck in the left side of his face by his brothers’ massive blue fist.

“You were a fool to forget I am the patron of this tribe, brother!” Huitzilopochtli screamed as Quetzalcoatl reared back and attempted to prepare for another strike.

“You are the fool!” The feathered serpent shouted. “For forgetting I have died once before to bring life to humanity!”

They crashed once again and the world beneath them shook in fear of their battle. Kuautle and Tekolistli stumbled momentarily but then lunged towards one another attempting to use the opening against their opponent.

“You traitor!” Kuautle shouted angrily as one of the obsidian shards on his weapon shattered against Tekolistli’s shield. The battle between Eagle warrior and Jaguar warrior would have been astonishing enough had it not been for the gods dueling high above them.

“You are the traitor! You forget that our world, and people, survive only at the cost of human blood!” Tekolistli retorted.

“It doesn’t have to be that way!” Kuautle shouted. “My family didn’t have to die for this!” He swung his macuahuitl with even greater force than before. The memories of both of his families, the one he’d lost as a child, and the family he’d only just formed, and lost, filled his mind. Both lost to senseless violence. The thought fueled his limbs with rage and strengthened his blow.

The attack shattered the wooden planks of Tekolistli’s shield as well as the bone of his left forearm. His enemy cried out in anguish. Tekolistli spun on his heel, pulling his useless left arm in tightly against his chest, and used the momentum to strike down on Kuautle’s right side.

Kuautle barely managed to catch the strike with his macuahuitl. He parried the attack and used his forward momentum to drive his left shoulder against Tekolistli’s chest. The move sent his enemy tumbling back against the hard, stone walls of the building behind him.

In the sky above the city Quetzalcoatl was surprised to see his mighty elder brother beginning to grow tired.

“It seems the lack of prayer and sacrifice in his honor has left him weakened!”

Quetzalcoatl realized, and used his tail to whip down brutally across Huitzilopochtli’s exposed back.

“You cannot win this battle, brother!” Quetzalcoatl roared. “Your strength is no longer what it once was!”

Huitzilopochtli turned and a strange red aura began to materialize in his hands.

“Why do you think I took the time to retrieve this from Mictlan?”

In another moment Huitzilopochtli’s famous spear, Crimson Storm, appeared within his grasp. Red sparks of lightning reverberated off of its surface.

Huitzilopochtli aimed his spear tip forward and a red bolt of lightning broke across the sky heading towards Quetzalcoatl. The feathered serpent managed to evade the attack and moved quickly to avoid the volley that followed.

Down on the streets of Tenochtitlan Kuautle wrestled with Tekolistli on the wet stone floor. They’d both lost their weapons, but Kuautle had managed to gain the advantage since his opponents’ arm was shattered.

“You should have helped us!” Kuautle shouted angrily as he raised his left fist to strike. “We could have led our tribe to a better future!”

“There is no future without the patron of our city being appeased!” Tekolistli replied. He saw as Kuautle prepared to strike him, but in a smooth motion managed to reach down to the strap across his right thigh and retrieve his obsidian hunting knife.

The blade cut across Kuautle’s chest leaving a thin crimson line from one end of his torso to the other. Kuautle fell back from the pain and landed on a puddle that had formed

from the falling rain. Tekolistli rose after him and switched his grip on the knife to strike downward in a killing blow.

“Die!” he shouted with all of his might.

Kuautle saw the fierce headdress of the jaguar preparing to kill him when he suddenly felt the familiar wooden hilt of a macuahuitl submerged in the puddle next to him. He gripped and swung blindly. A hard thud indicated the weapon had found its mark and, only then, did Kuautle see Tekolistli’s disfigured head falling backwards away from him. He rose and released a triumphant war cry into the sky.

Above him Quetzalcoatl had managed to subdue his elder brother as he’d encircled him with his serpentine body. Like a constrictor of the jungle Quetzalcoatl’s mighty muscles worked to crush Huitzilopochtli.

“It’s over, brother,” he growled. “Surrender or die.”

Huitzilopochtli looked to the city below them as Kuautle’s war cry reached them. His right hand was pressed to his thigh but still gripped his spear tightly. He angled the tip and muttered.

“Would you die for them again?”

Quetzalcoatl froze momentarily. Not understanding what his brother was indicating. Then the flash of red from Crimson Storm erupted and rushed down towards Tenochtitlan. Only then did he see Kuautle standing over his dead opponent and the flash of red rushing towards him.

“No!” Quetzalcoatl shouted. He released his brother and flew down faster than he’d ever moved before. He was only slightly faster than the lightning, but it was enough to allow him to put himself between the blast and Kuautle.

There was a red flash of light and a searing pain across his entire body filled him until he lost consciousness.

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Kuautle rose, staggering, to his feet. His vision was blurred but he could see the mighty serpent on the ground all around him motionless.

“No! Lord Quetzalcoatl! Please!”

There was no response.

“You have offended me greatly, Omopilli of the jungle tribe,” Huitzilopochtli’s voice stated gravely, as the blue god of war descended to the ground next to him. The mighty god raised his red spear and prepared to thrust it into Quetzalcoatl’s head.

“Leave him!” Kuautle protested.

“Oh, I intend to mortal. For he is my kin but must be punished.”

He struck down and where there had once been a massive feathered serpent there lay now a frail older man.

“He will be banished from these lands for his crimes. Bound to your pathetic form until I chose to release him,” Huitzilopochtli proclaimed. Then he turned his gaze towards Kuautle.

“You, however, will die.”

“Strike me down then!” Kuautle challenged.

Huitzilopochtli chuckled. “No, mortal. Your death will not be that of a warrior.”

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Quetzalcoatl boarded his small wooden boat and felt the waves rocking it mercilessly as he set sail eastwards. The land he’d loved began to fade into the horizon and, as he stared towards it, he could still see the vivid sight of Kuautle being sacrificed at the summit of Huitzilopochtli’s temple.

The way the multitude had cheered as his heart was ripped from his chest, and his head severed from his body. The man they’d once proclaimed as a hero was mutilated and they cheered as his mangled body was thrown down the steps of the pyramid. The smile on Huitzilopochtli’s face was by far the worst part of it all.

“Hear me!” Quetzalcoatl shouted towards the shore in his frail human voice. “I shall return to avenge myself and Kuautle! Look to my coming! For these dark days of sacrifice will end!”

He crossed the horizon and disappeared. Awaiting the day he can return to his tribe.

