For many days, we coexisted. No matter how close the carriages thundered by or how I struggled and wailed, the beast did not relent. It stared into my eyes, unmoving, unmovable, uncaring of my plight. On the fourth night, it began to rain. The droplets desecrated the pleas I'd written in blood, and the frogs wearing ponchos danced about to laugh at me. Currently, I am writing from the inside of my mind. I believe it is the only safe place. I know that they are watching me, hunting me, for the Elk chose me, not them. When I arose from the ground on the third day of supper, the aristocracy stepped out of their carriages and applauded my victory. The torches lit ablaze, and the drums beat to the rhythm of my- no- our heart. Indeed, the metamorphosis had transformed the molecular structure of my flesh, making it something akin to an ever-shifting tree. It branches and fuses with the atoms it touches, in a manner that can be seen only by the Chosen. While not all have the potential to find themselves so naturally enlightened, all have the means to make it so. Why I did not succumb to the hellish suffering, I could not understand- at first, that is. As one of the Chosen, I see, now, what my purpose is. This body I inhabit has been touched by the Elk, and thus it has become a part of it. My mind- a gift from the Elk, and thus its tool- is a conduit between the Elk and the unfortunate. To seek out the forsaken who have cast aside their souls, and bring them to salvation, such that we may all become one with the superior being, is the reason for which I have been birthed anew. My friend, I beg you! Come in from the cold of uncaring societies which feed on the time it steals from your children. Warm by the fire which thrums in our blood, as it rushes through us who act as veins. Should you follow the teachings to the heart which pumps life, you, too, will rise from the ashes of a hooved phoenix! Never freeze again; we welcome you to rest your feet. Your journey may be lengthy, but be purified, and your light shall not be extinguished.

The Chosen First, Konane