Hfff….. hfff…. hff…. what… how… How am I here ?! As he was babbling while huffing behind a rock he heard the same sound that he was running from “Treong treon trechesk “ those sound instantly froze his legs. Why why why as he thought and almost started to sniff and fall to the ground half knee bent, he stopped and tried to calm himself. Tears almost forming on both eyes threaten to blur his vision he quickly cleared his eyes with his bare hands and with the back of his hand he cleared his nose that was also beginning to clog with emotion. Then he stilled his body with two thoughtful breath. “Living is the first and only thing he should care about first. So he perked his ear once more listening to those sound, and as he listened to those sound he could deduce there were two distinct sounds indicating two of those green bug like things. And as he listened he also realized these sound though inaudible to him he could still tell they aren’t aggressive or at-least that’s what it seems like compared to the bug? Beast? Whatever he was chased before. As he contemplated his understanding the situation he debated within his mind if he should take a risk and peek to see where they are and if they are still chasing him. In his mind rational reasoning wasn’t taking hold of a side as the situation was too weird and new for him, as indecision threaten to waste more of assumed precious time the argument was this if he should take a peek what if they are chasing him and as he peeks he comes to face with those monsters giant mandible faces, and if he peeks he might see something useful, even before his thought process could end he jerked his head and turned his body and faced the corner of the giant rock and he peeked for a glance the hid his head before he could see much and even before he could finish processing the little info that he gathered he peeked once more this time hanging there and identifying two bug like monster’s. As he looked he started calculating all the data the beast things, are both same size shorter than him, 3 foot as far he would guess no a bit bigger, their face were like eggs and the body was a tube like extension hovering half a foot from the ground, outward L shape tube like legs supporting their hold body, short tube like hands sometimes waving from the bodies as they seem to talk to each other making those same noise, but as he assumed these are different, covering some parts of the body cloth and cape like apparatus on both. Both were green ish or at-least that’s what it looks like with the green light floating over their head seemingly without any suppor, wait a minute the light was hovering in the air illuminating the bugs he looked more closely for a contact point, but nope there was none at-least not from his perspective. Having seen this he once again turned placing his back on the rough rock behind him and leaned a bit. With a gulp he tried to process all the data’s he has gathered. What are they was the main concern still nudging the survival factor inside him. Are they hostile is the second question formed in his mind no doubt still driven by the same survival instinct. He contemplated just walking up but like a sane person his brain buzzed with no signal. Too risky , he thought. Until proven non hostile its just too big of a gamble. As he was contemplating this and that he heard few more of the same sound but from a new direction and as he tried to asses the direction of the sound he realized they were coming toward him from his left in a slight angle from the front, same type of light source bobbing not few meters from him gave away the direction of the approach. His blood froze instantly panic surges through his body with a shiver. His intense leg shaking reappeared and he simply became unable to do anything standing like a frozen sculpture, but suddenly rational part of him realized that freezing in such a moment means death so with all his effort he forced himself to think. The first instinct run was instantly rejected by his rational on bank of the little info he had both ways are blocked his behind is blocked because two bugs and consequently so is the right side, he can start a mad dash to his front but chances no he was certain the rock wont be able to cover his run from the enemy behind and all it will need is a shout for the incoming enemy to pursue him. And despite his experience of running faster than these creatures something maybe fear or something rational kept him from taking the chance of outrunning them again.  
Then what? He instantly looked around for any more information that might help he realized he was underneath a light source he quickly looked up to see the stone he was back against held a lamppost like thing atop its head though the light isn't that bright, he realized it was enough to give his position away to the oncoming enemies, realization shot his panic to a incredible height threatening to take over his sanity, and before exactly that happens he jumped right onto the bush in front of him.

He struggled for a second cutting himself all over the body but before the oncoming enemy had approached a dangerous position he managed to hid himself within the bush-line. Unaware of how much he was hidden he chose to still himself and controlled even his breathing to a minimum. A they approached they talked same the others in those weird noises. As he was lying in the bush he opened his eyes to their full extent to absorb all information. He noticed they are the same animals, three of them talking and approaching the bush-line. He held his breath completely unbeknownst to even him. Thousand thoughts mostly panic was fighting to consume him but even if they were consuming his rational he simply didn’t move a single inch not even blinking he observed tried to process but couldn’t due to the panic. And he waited as they nearer by the second. What if they saw him, what if they are coming toward him cause of that or they saw the bush move or …., like this countless other thoughts has taken over him but even when all of his being wanted nothing but to run out and make a dash he simply didn’t move was it his last ounce of rational thinking or his body to stiff out of fear he didn’t knew. And just as they approached right in-front of him all of his thought somehow silenced maybe out of fear if they hear the sounds of his thought. But they all silenced as little part of his rational scheming in utter silence if they had seen him they wont be dilly daling like they are or their conversation or posture wont be this relaxed. With this sudden inception of utter calculation his body once more felt a wave of cold ? feeling extruding from the neck to chest to all over, his body wanted to shudder but just failed maybe due to this severe condition he felt he has control over even the tiniest part of muscle twitch or just simply body being to stiff to even shudder. He realized as they came right in-front of him, they are just waking past him, none of them even glanced at the bush-line where he was laying. I mean how would they he realized his heartbeat which was pounding so hard and fast few seconds ago is in a rhythm so gentle that he worried if his blood were even flowing properly. Was this his international doing or again the body being to stiff he simply couldn’t tell. They passed and joined the 2 for a bit then they went to somewhere beyond the standers. These all is just his speculation based on the sound so he waited for a bit more then after who knows how much time he tried to gently climbed out of the bushels tried is the key word as he managed to scratch all over him and made a quite load of sound in the process. He jumped and looked around the corner and saw no one nearby so he let out a sigh and with it his body again started to shudder again and again. This continued at-least 2 to 3 minutes after he forced himself to walk straight only way he hasn’t seen any enemy yet. This time however he walked in utter caution. Looking every other way and crouching at any sing of any sound which was more than enough to question anyone's sanity because almost 6 or 7 times they only rabbits and rest other nightly creatures like owl bats etc. But none of them were howls or the same sound as those bugs made which is why he contemplated just running for now but he thought better of it and continued his somewhat clumsy sneaking around as he tried to search out questions to the questions that he pushed down within before for survival purposes. Where was he? And why. And as he thought more and more he realized he dint even know much about himself he felt he knew he was a human male and a near adult one at that but how did he knew this he couldn’t recall. He also realized he doesn’t remember any of his memory he felt very thinly that he should have some memories of his past he being and near adult and all but nope he is simply felt the reservoir that should hold his memory is utterly empty, void of any childhood or any sorts of memory in fact it baffled him as he could reason very well the mechanics of things like time age and other important stuff but lacking the well of memories that built or should’ve built such reasoning. I mean how does one know what his gender and age is without the knowledge of growing up and other gender. He also knew somehow how to reproduce for that matter a super complicating process yet he doesn’t have the knowledge of ever doing or in fact knowing such process. And more nuanced things like his stomach rumbling indicating to a empty stomach and he should eat to sustain without having the knowledge to ever eating not only that he somehow knew a rabbit is a edible option and grass aren't and also how that same grass is sustenance for that same rabbit is utterly confusing. Not to mention should be or at-least he feels should be impossible. Some more time later and some miles later he realized the first ever memory he has is of him waking to a call and a writing upon the sky, no more like hovering in the sky bot said the same thing “Prove your worth to ascend. Ongkar is no place for cravens. Severed souls must pay for dream, worthy enough for every lost spark.” Each sentence faded one after other. Then he looked around to a rusty looking sky with 3 different colour moons. Then as he wondered here and there for answers same as now he stumbled upon a shore of lake or ocean he couldn’t tell as before he could even asses what the environment is he got chased by two of the bugs and he instinctively knew they were danger and he should run. So he did and then he reached the stone where he was hiding and the rest is continuing. So what does that mean, it could be about killing seven of those bugs to get out of here, at-least that’s the most straight forward conclusion one can draw. But the message might also refer to something completely different. But for now he must focus once again one few more primal things as he reached a canopy like place with no sing of any footpath or any paths his body began to relax without his consent and so did his mind and with that things like hunger and cold began to demand his attention. He almost forgot he was butt naked up until now, no , wait he didn’t even know he was up until now somehow. Even the scratches couldn’t bring his attention to his nakedness up until now so was his fear. And upon the realization of his bare-body two things bubbled within him one shame, which couldn’t take to much attention as the second thought is to how he might acquire any sort food without any,.. I mean anything at all. He took a wide look of the area and found the place much more dimmer than the open fields as the light of moons which somehow has increased in numbers couldn’t penetrate the area without facing some sort of resistance.All thanks to the much more bigger and thicker trees inside than the long stick like trees at the start of the canopy. But even then the area was lit enough to be explored by naked eyes. He found few distance ahead some rock formation long as six or seven man and it seems to create a sort of barrier encasing the canopy at-least from that side. He approached the wall, plans yet to be formed, so the gathering of knowledge of surrounding must do. As he neared the wall of stone he realized the closer area is littered with small rocks some sharp enough to make him not stand on them for more than few seconds. He picked some of them up, and began to contemplate, things like if they could be used to cut branches.Though not nearly sharp enough to cut anything with its sharpness some of them had jagged enough shapes to at-least help in cutting of some branches. Though what can be done with those branches without any fire he didn’t know. Besides the ground itself was covered with twigs and branches which would be plenty enough if he wanted to make fire. But the problem is ignition. He contemplated banging rocks against rock for spark but then he would need something easily flammable like … again he somehow knows he needs something but for the love god he simply couldn’t remember what. He was getting frustrated with this dilemma and the cold wasn’t helping but suddenly he felt a tinge of idea pop in his head he scour the ground before him then after few minutes of that fallen rocks looks better than the one I just picked up he picked one up which was kinda triangular the rocks thickness tapered from one end to a long jagged part, he thought the back fat end would be perfect to hold when using the jagged end and went inside the forest. Within few minutes he found what he was looking for a straight long tree. Hardly a tree as the whole tree could be grabbed comfortably with a palm. He was looking for specifically that attribute. It’s a good thing he remembered these when he entered the canopy. He first beaded the tree and started to slice the part with the tension with the jagged bits of the rock. He tried to break one of them by bending them when he initially saw them just to have a stick but the plat ins more flexible than sturdy and instead of breaking fully the tree kinda got mangled inside and remained attached due to the fiber like bark outside. So he just left it, but now now he has a way to break those bark and the trunks he just need patience. So he concentrated on the rock. After more than half an hour he finally managed to get and stick with somewhat clean break. He definitely didn’t think this would take this long and take 3 more tries each time searching for another tree. But finally he had a somewhat sturdy and somewhat flexible stick. Now he started looking for something long and thin for binding things. So again he started searching for something. He looked and looked and more than half an hour went by and this time he found nothing useful. And all this walking made him thirsty. So he searched for something to drink and with this he was also having no luck. Hunger and thirst on top of cold was draining him of the very little energy he had not to mention his will. And he finally sat down leaning on a tree the cold soil under him almost stood him up instantly but lack of energy made it easier to remain sitting. He took a few breaths and started thinking about how he can solve all his need but each need needed something he didn’t have things like water and fiber then a prey which needs to be slow enough for him to chase and kill, and something he has but very little in reserve, energy. So he thought he need to use the thing he has sparingly so he doesn’t get completely drained just to find the the things he need. He started looking for fruits or anything like that and his luck as far he saw none was present he somehow new that even some fruits might not solve his problem. As they might not be edible or worse poisonous. But he was hungry enough that he thought even that might be palatable to him. He saw few mushrooms here and there and they were bright and red all of them of same species. But something told him though he knew they might be edible but he also knew them being poisonous is has more of a chance and he felt he didn’t knew or more like a feeling that the familiarity with them is nonexistent compared to other familiar things like the concept of meat and fruits.  
But he still took note of them as his last resort. As he contemplated all this he looked up to check the sky but his eye wondered to the tree tops that is filled with long thin worm like strings suddenly he remembered they are some kind of weed. He jumped up and went near the tree and he used his stick to gather some of the weed and as he pulled it came of, in fact they came of very easy. Which should have filled him with hope but it only made him fill with dread. And after few minutes of trying the weed he realized that yes they were useless. They are too green and soft to be able to be even bound. Breaking at the slightest sharp pressure. So he sank down again to the floor, his will power mirroring his movement. After the initial numbness due to the shock had elapsed, the thought that was always there, the one he was aware of at the corner of his consciousness, the very one he was pushing down in the depth of unconsciousness, exploded within him. It was a complex emotion mixed with various thoughts and emotion but the jest of it was this “You are doomed. You alawys were”. His body started to shake with invigorating fear of death and every other primal instincts related to fear. He began to loose control of his mind and body despite him trying not to. Then they did take over for long long time. Those long are equivalent to 10 to 20 minutes, so in total 30 minutes or so. All his emotion stilled it was bound to I mean how long does fear of something that might grip you, for a long time! Ok but how long does it make you loose all hope, if the pit of hope gets empty what then ? Do you just give up? Perhaps, but don’t you need a way to give up like letting everything go. But in a place as strange as this, in a condition as peculiar as this , how does one even goes on to give up ? Like do you need to kill yourself or something, that seems awfully irrational I mean I need to work to end and even then how ? wont it hurt ? of course it would. Then maybe just sitting here , nah hunger seems also terrible, I mean if everything is doomed anyway and whatever I do is for nigh. Wont just trying continuously the most rational option ? I mean if its gonna end anyway whats the harm in a little more pain. This is the thought process that have led him to stand up once more or he just had a bottomless pit of hope that took so long to drain completely the fear just ran out. Anyway he stood up once more eyes open body still he contemplated his next move. Even if I were to find a perfect twain to bind the rock to the end of the stick what then ? And even if I were to find prey with said mace what then would I be able to eat it raw ? and what about water can I drink it without boiling? The last one probably yes at this condition. But the common factor still remained he needed warmth , he needed fire. He could use the yet to be made makeshift mace to strike at other rocks to create a spark but he felt not so confident as-to turn that spark into fire and it would take a lot of energy and a yet to be found sturdy but flexible enough string like thing to bind his mace in a way that would allow him to strike the other rock. He thought for a few more minute then a tinge of plan started to form in his brain. The plan was this since he hadn't found anything in the forest thus far chances are he wont even if he searched more. But even then he would search on his way out of the canopy toward the rock wall and see if there is a way to climb the wall somehow it needs to get down somewhere. And higher alleviation would let him gather far more information. But he didn’t let go of his fear completely. Instead he used them to be ever vigilant and fuel his grueling slow journey toward a angle that should intersect the wall and the end of the canopy. At least toward the way he came from. And after half and hour or so he saw the open expanse through the trees. He waited near the end of the tree lines for another 20 or minutes precious times he knew but more precious was his life even then. Then after seeing literally nothing but rabbits and butterflies here and there he moved out of the canopy. It didn’t take long to find the stone wall sloping close enough for him to climb but since the wall was slopping further close he didn’t waste more valuable energy trying to climb it. Instead few moments later he found the slope and promptly started walking toward the elevation, using his trusty stick sometime as a walking stick and sometime just holding sideways as a normal stick. The hill was climbable so he walked and as he climbed a distant sound perked his ear. The sound was distinct and continuous but wasn’t loud. He instantly knew what it was even though he couldn’t recall ever hearing the sound ever. He straiten-eth up and started running and before he could take few step he lost ground under his left feet which was ahead at the time and before he could even think he stumbled and hit the ground with a whack! He was discombobulate for a few moments every tired inch of his body easing him to just let go and go under unconsciousness. And he tried resisting it know this could mean the end, a prospect so tempting and hour ago but now he wanted to fight for just a little bit. A bit more his mind whispered and he finally managed to gain control. Albeit with the help terrible pain of the fall and scratch on his left leg. He knew for sure he was bleeding somewhere. He turned over and faced the sky then with a grown he pulled his leg up. The path or the way was cut to the right side he saw if he fall through he would have first hit the rock formation couple fits down then bounced or slid from there to the canopy. Though he couldn’t see the ground properly due to the trees he knew the fall would have been his certain demise. Then he crawled on his back to few fits ahead where the path again is whole it was covered with grass. He lifted his leg and saw that he was cut in at-least 3 places 1 was minor slash near the back of the knee in his upper part of the calf. Lastly a messy gash stretched across the front of his leg, just above the ankle. The skin had folded back in uneven layers, thicker the higher it went. Thought the cut was long the blood was coming out from under the crumbled skin. The cut seem to be the deepest there.The pain felt tremendous, but he didn’t even squeak. He was angry — angry at the ledge, angry at his luck, angry at his situation, but most of all, he was furious at himself for being so careless, rushing for nothing, for his useless, godforsaken, idiotic, shit-filled brain throwing caution to the wind for absolutely nothing. All this time — all his tiptoeing, waiting, careful and deliberate steps — wasted. And for what? For a goddamn sound and a half. He wanted to cry out of frustration, and he did. Not from pain, no — only from the pure disgust and rage he felt toward his own brain-dead stupidity. As it happened he started crying as he was getting up using the same stick as a lever for serious this time. He felt like he was betrayed by him, by his expectation of him. As his muffled crying continued he started walking toward the sound, slowly,bearing on the stick for support.He would’ve laughed at this irony all this time he was using the the stick just to justify his energy cutting and carrying the damn thing. Now he is genuinely needing to use it as a walking stick, as if the stick or the tree has cursed him to his misfortune. All this thought rampaged on his head while he walked,more carefully this time. Though he couldn’t muster much speed even if he wanted to. Half dragging his left foot and half hopping on his right he made his way. As he got closer to the sound source more the sound increased. More and more it sounded like a waterfall. But hopes weren't resurfacing within him this time. He would've surely push it down if it did but the pain with his grim new prospect made the reasoning for hope scarce. And after 5 more minutes he arrived on top a tiny basin the sound of water fall was indeed of a waterfall. This wasn’t a giant waterfall as the water was falling down from no more than a 12 to 15 foots. He saw the water was falling into basin which in itself was leaking water through a steady stream which disappeared under the the thick bushes and trees. The water looked like, water. No immediate difference whatsoever was visible. The basin was filled with small bushes grass and stuff. Indication of no big trees worried him but the green grass and other tiny bush in the basin was promising. He climbed down and gently though the basin wasn’t that steep to begin with. He climbed down a bit more to near the water. He saw different kinds of bushels. These though looked familiar at the same time he knew these are completely new things he was observing unlike other things he felt he remembered but didn’t. But first thing first he went near the water fall in tip toe as not to fall which was hardly a concern as the dry soil covered in grass made an excellent ground to walk on. Now near the waterfall he contemplated going in just a bit until he could reach the waterfall as it looked like that’s the deepest part of the basin. Years of falling water surely made there mark the most there. He stood and contemplated for few more minutes. The cold was still present and as he looked in the sky for daylight he saw the sky remained the same, only moons illuminating the sky. And though the lights were plenty even enough to pierce the depths of the still water and show him the floor of the basin under the water, it lacked the warm that was associated with sunlight. This concept somehow he knew all to well and he felt like there weren't even a tinge of veil guarding these knowledge like the other stocks of informations. In fact thought he was sure that all these moons are complete alien to him their existence only served to ease his mind. With few more moments gone he finally sighed and went inside slowly and as he suspected the cut places which he realized were more than the few he noticed were stinging like crazy. But he somehow knew these are not abnormal. He went deeper near the water fall he had water up-to his neck but he saw a little ledge to stand behind the fall. He got onto the ledge and then cupped some water with both hands and smelled them and tried liking them, and when he couldn’t determine anything as-to if it was safe to drink he or not. He contemplated then he started drinking, both hands to redirect and hold the water and mouth submerged he gulped again and again until he could no more. One would think cold outside would deter someone from drinking cold water, bu the sensation of cold that ran along inside his body was nothing but uncomfortable. Though the cold he felt increased the thirst he felt and now the satisfaction of quenching the thirst outwayed that by few folds. After that came the shiver which made with the lack of the knowledge of the just quenched thirst made the previous though a little bit complicated. But now he moved onto the next task. Which is to clean all his cuts properly. He just plunged his left foot under the fall, hesitation that should have come with the fear of the sting was heavily pounded by the searing anger he felt for himself. He flinched but steadied and unlike the cold vs thirst argument this one remained unwaveringly in the favour of the self imposed punishment. His exact thought “do more stupid things why don’t you”. After a bit he went down the basin and reached it shore near few of the bushels he previously marked in his mind. He contemplated between two types of leafs one was long leafs in length more than two feet and in width no more than 4 inch. Another one was like a triangle in length no more than a feet but in width also near a feet which tapered down to a point. Then he plucked from both taking 3 leafs each. Then he washed them thoroughly. Afterward he kneeled and looked for at the cut, still looking white and bloody, still bad. But, the skin that was folded has relaxed and came down to cover few of the cut, more like hanging like a bad drape in-front of the cut. No doubt the running water has relaxed the fold, a new idea formed instead of his previous one of yanking the excess skin and bandage over it, he could just bandage over the skin while its placed over the wound leading to no direct contact with leaf and also giving chance to reattaching the skin. This new idea sounded more enticing to him despite his previous idea which would’ve allowed him to exact another chance to punish him for his idiocy. So despite the prospect he definitely would love, but he began to slowly and very gently place the skin over the cut. It seems the skin has shrunk a bit despite the common sense saying it should cover the cut exactly it somehow didn’t. One little tug and more blood came from the deepest part of the cut. He grasped and let go then he went back to was it and then he waited and finally more gently then before he covered the cut with the skin as much as possible then covered them with the softer triangular leaf then two of the long leaf finally one triangular leaf covering the whole bandage and then the soft green he carried from the forest to bind the whole thing as tight as possible. It was no very tight both due to the weed being soft and the pain. The moment he was in midst of getting up he saw something on the other side of the basin. He sat back again as the thing was in a position that it was hidden by the fauna so he bend down and saw the ashy brown snake like thing that was attached to the basin wall opposite of him. He realized that was a rope like root. He then contemplated again if he should wet himself again wont wetting the bandage make it worse. Then he searched for a pass and he quickly spotted the rocks that looked smooth but still standing firm blocking the passage of water and bending the way to a narrower path same was for the other side. Then he tiptoed to that rock and climbed over and saw a 2 to 3 foot jump to the other rock he saw a surface enough to land on the other sides rock. He frowned looked to the narrow water way it re claimed its way after the rock. And he saw the waterway vanish in the jungle. He looked back at the water fall it seemed powerful enough that he might also fall if he tried to cross from above. He frowned again, then he thought some more, he knew he could make this jump easily even with his injury but the fear had gripped him and it gripped him well. Then he crouched and jumped to the other side, as his thought was this that might solve few of his problem at once throwing this opportunity might even have fatal commonsense. He landed without any problem though as he looked again and saw this was indeed a very easy jump. He then got closer to the roots and frowned the basin was was covered with these roots. Then he tested the root with tugging and crunching. He thought for a root this was very flexible, almost too flexible how they secured the tree was confusing. Then after few minutes he realized they weren't roots at all instead they were weed. Just a 1 to half inch thick weeds that was carrying water from the basin and enamored the trees out of the basin. His face lit up with this revelation. This meat that he might get uninterrupted long rope substitute finally he hurried and untangled the rock he attached to the base of the stick he had. Then he cut these weeds with the same jagged rock he used in cutting the stick. And after half an hour or so he had three sets of vines each more than eight foot long. Then he firs used half of one to bind the bandage more tightly. Then he used the other half to bind the stone on top of the stick more securely. Then he looked at the sky again no sight of day. And the cold was making the sleep kinda impossible so he walked the next god knows how many hours creating some sort of cover for his lower area using multiple types of leaf. He knew they might not be comfortable or that warm but it is better than nothing. The idea was simple, first he made a belt like loop with the vines then just bound the leaves to it in a circle then he just stacked few more leaves over those. And wallah. The makeshift shoes wasn’t that hard to but though. All he did was bound the vines tightly to his feet in a coil until it covered most of his feet then secured it by binding the vines just above the ankle bone. Like that he had only one set of vines left and he attached some long leaves the as they went to the end smaller. Which gave a triangular shape then he carefully hang the vine form the back of his neck and bound the ends to the belt in-front of his belly. Wallah uncomfortable and extremely flimsy clothing done. Then he searched for more vines and bound a set of it to his stick for easy carrying like the little ones which most of them were used binding the leafs. Then he looked at the sky once more again no sing of day but the colour or the moon itself has changed now a light cyan instead of purple. The purple one has gone from the center to more of a downward toward uuh, he realized again he knew the concept of directions like north and south but which is which was a completely different story. He stood up then he he drank more water then he collected and bundled some of the big leafs and started walking. Toward the water way which carried the water downward and inside the jungle. He moved moderately faster than he initially could. The scar though aching was far less distracting as the pain now he felt was a continuous stream instead of sudden bursts. He still walked cautiously though eye open for any anomaly. He again saw plenty of rabbit big ones too but, pleasantly enough no predator to hunt them, or him. He walked for two hours, energy though depleting, he had a certain refresness after the bath and quenched thirst. His exact plan for following the river was simple. Since he will need water again why not stick by it. And he was exploring new horizons too see more of the land searching for anything useful. He saw flowers and fruits extremely high above now and then but which one is useful and which one was poisonous he didn’t knew so he didn’t waste much time on them. After two or more hour what he found was not on his bingo card of search however. He crouched at the first side of it. He was nearing the end of the forest and this all way through was downward all of a sudden he could see a clearing through the trees and not far on the clearing on a grassy yellow green plain was few structures. They were clearly made by something sentient. They looked like a houses of woods spread around the area. Not only that the moment he noticed the already cut tree trunks not more few meters away his blood froze for the forth time that night. He started backing away into the forest instinctively. Then at that moment he caught something in the corner of his eye. Fire light all over the area. The night was so bright that he didn’t noticed it but there were clearly fire there. Not hovering as far he could tell and not spreading. Meaning probably a torch or something. There were bigger fires too probably campfires. He also noticed there were tiny creatures around them. They looked like people but he couldn’t be sure from this far. He contemplated going back but there was another part in him that wanted to run to the houses expecting peoples. He thought of waiting in the woods for someone to get close enough to alleviate his worry or justify it, surely sooner or later someone would come near enough. The trees, they must need more of it. But how long would I survive the night as my energy gets lesser and lesser, or dying before that due to the cold he is managing so hard to keep at bay, yet it marches slowly but surely to first claim his inner heat then his conscious forever and ever. He knew the thoughts are of a weaker being. A being that is doomed to suffer sooner or later. But alas knowing something hardly gives power over it instantly. It takes practice, practice he feared he lacked severely. But he still managed to hold himself down in that crouched position, trying to track every information he could get.