

The background image is an aerial photograph of a landscape featuring a river flowing through a valley. The river is light blue and curves from the bottom right towards the center. The surrounding terrain is a mix of dark green forests and lighter green fields or pastures. In the distance, there are some small buildings and a road.

# THESIS

PRES E N T A T I O N



# THE THINKING PROCESS

And why it took so long

WE HAVE A WINNER



# INSPIRATION

According to the chronicle, one day, pagan priests (volhvs) tells Oleg of how he will die: "Prince! You will die of your beloved horse whom you ride." Oleg decides to send his faithful mount away, but instructs his servants that the horse should be well-cared for and fed, even though the prince himself is determined never to see the steed again, saying "Never again will I mount him nor see him."

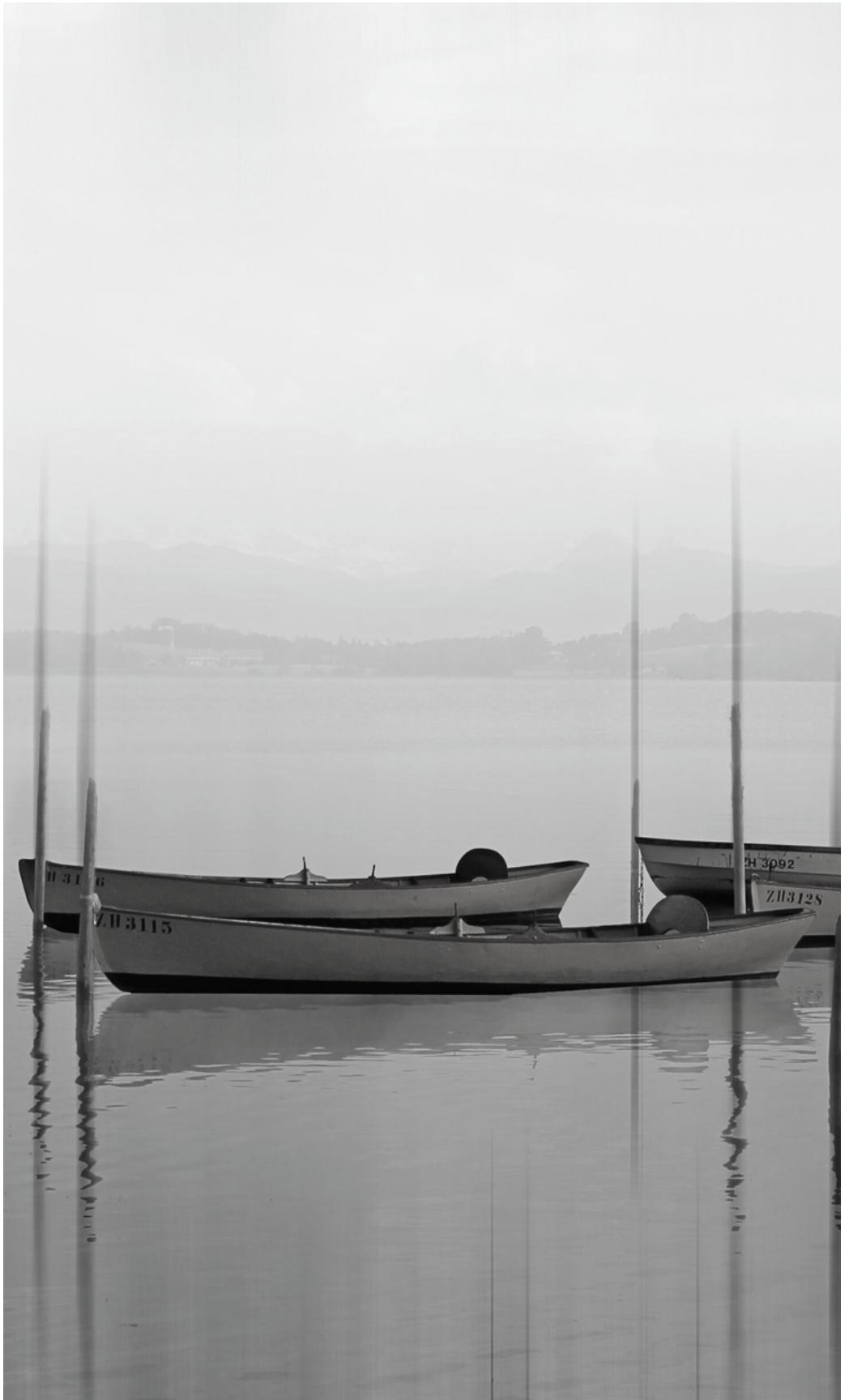
Subsequently, he goes on a campaign against Byzantium, and, in five years, when he is back, he remembers his horse and asks about him: "Where is my horse, which I have ordered to feed and to take care of?" He learns that the horse has died and, with feelings that may include a mixture of relief and remorse, says: "Everything that priests say is a lie: my horse has died, and I am alive." Everyone familiar with classical literature, as the chronicler apparently is, would know that it is at this exact point that Oleg should be most careful, because the prophecy may be fulfilled in a most unexpected manner. And it is. Oleg orders that he be taken to the place where the horse has died and, in an uncanny way, sees its bare bones lying on the ground. To complete his triumph against pagan priests – and against death, Oleg places his foot on the horse's skull, only to be bitten by a snake that has been lurking inside the skull. He dies from its poisonous bite.



# LET'S BEGIN

Let's change a few things...

Let's make it fantasy, change their names, change the story a bit



My story is about a lonely man and his horse. He was known as The Lone rider. Misunderstood and lost he wondered around the world with his trusty steed Talon by his side. He didn't spoke much, not even to Talon. In silence they traveled the mountains, the forests, the endless meadows. Never saying a word, Talon understood every look, every sign, every movement his companion made. They cared deeply for each other, and never left each others side.





ONE DAY THEY STUMBLES UPON AN EMPTY VILLAGE. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VILLAGE WAS A MAN SITTING BY A FIRE, HE INVITES THE LONE RIDER TO SIT BY THE FIRE WITH HIM. HE DISMOUNTS AND COMES AND SITS BY THE FIRE. THE MAN STAYS SILENT FOR A WHILE. SUDDENLY HE STARTS TO SPEAK... HE TELLS A TALE OF THE LONE RIDER AND THAT HIS HORSE WILL BE CAUSE OF HIS DEATH. THE LONE RIDER RECOGNISES THAT HE IS THE LONE RIDER IN THE STORY AND IN DISBELIEVE, ANGRY, HE STANDS UP AND LEAVES. DISTURBED BY THE OLD MAN'S WORDS HE GETS LOST IN HIS MIND. HE BECOMES DISTANT. TALON REASSURES HIM ON MULTIPLE OCCASIONS BY PUTTING HIS HEAD AGAINST HIM.

BUT ONE FATEFUL NIGHT THE STORM COVERED THE SKY. AS THE TWO HEROS RUN TO FIND SHELTER THEY GET SEPARATED BY A FALLING TREE.

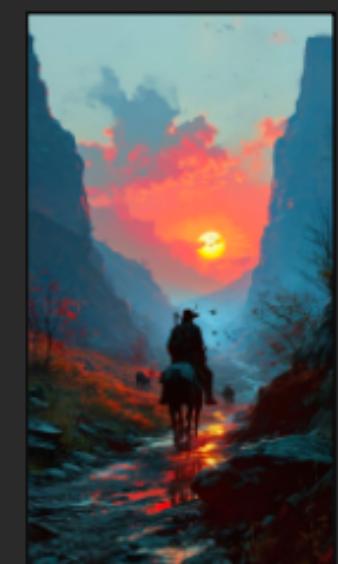
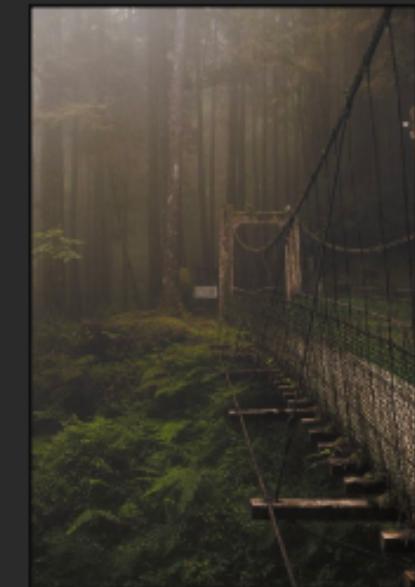
FRIGHTENED, THE LONE RIDER SEARCHES FOR HIS FRIEND IN THE HEAVY RAIN. DEFEATED HE TAKES SHELTER AND AWAITS FOR THE MORNING.

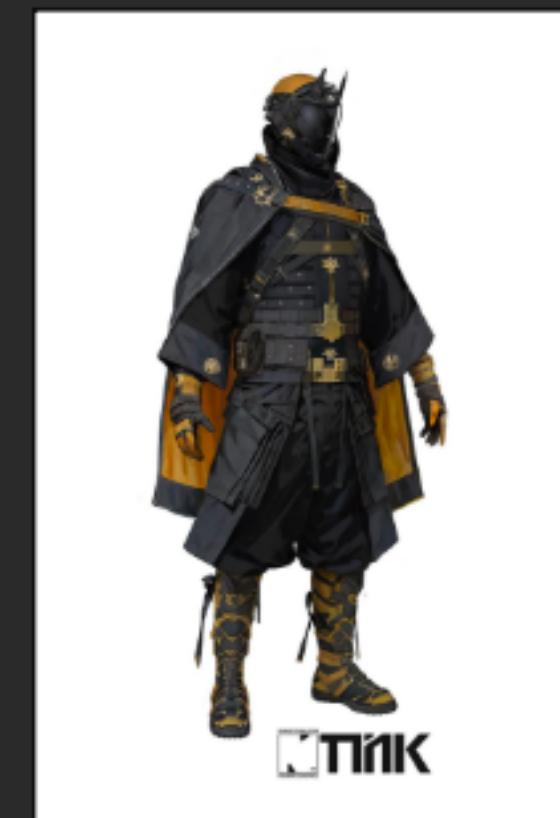
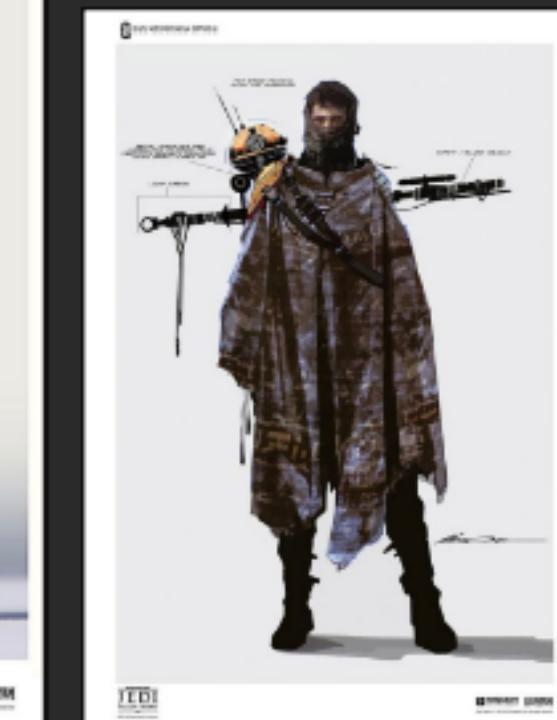
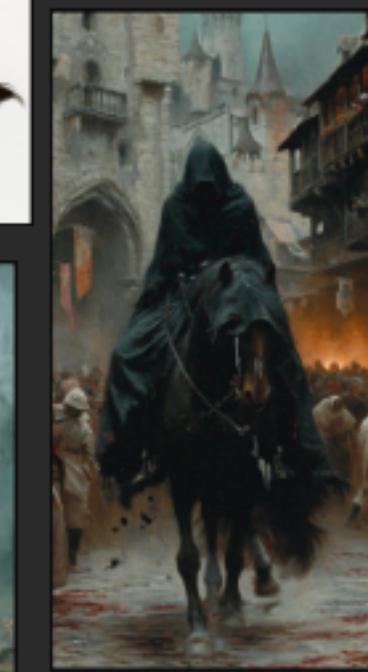
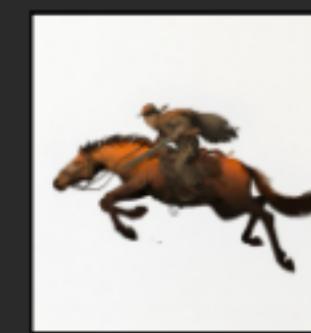
AS THE RAIN ENDED AND THE SUN CAME UP, THE LONE RIDER RESUMED HIS SEARCH.

AFTER A FEW DAYS IN DISTANCE HE SEES AN ANIMAL LAYING ON THE GROUND. HE APPROACHES. AS HE GETS CLOSER HE RECOGNISES TALON.

TALON HASN'T SURVIVED THE NIGH. IN AGONY HE DROPS TO HIS KNEES. AND AS HE PUTS HIS HEAD TO TALON'S DEAD BODY A SNAKE COMES OUT OF TALON'S CORPSE AND BITES HIM. POISONED BY THE SNAKE THE LONE RIDER DIES BY THE CORPSE OF HIS DEAR FRIEND.

THE END :)





# Talon

look



color



THANK YOU  
FOR  
LISTENING