

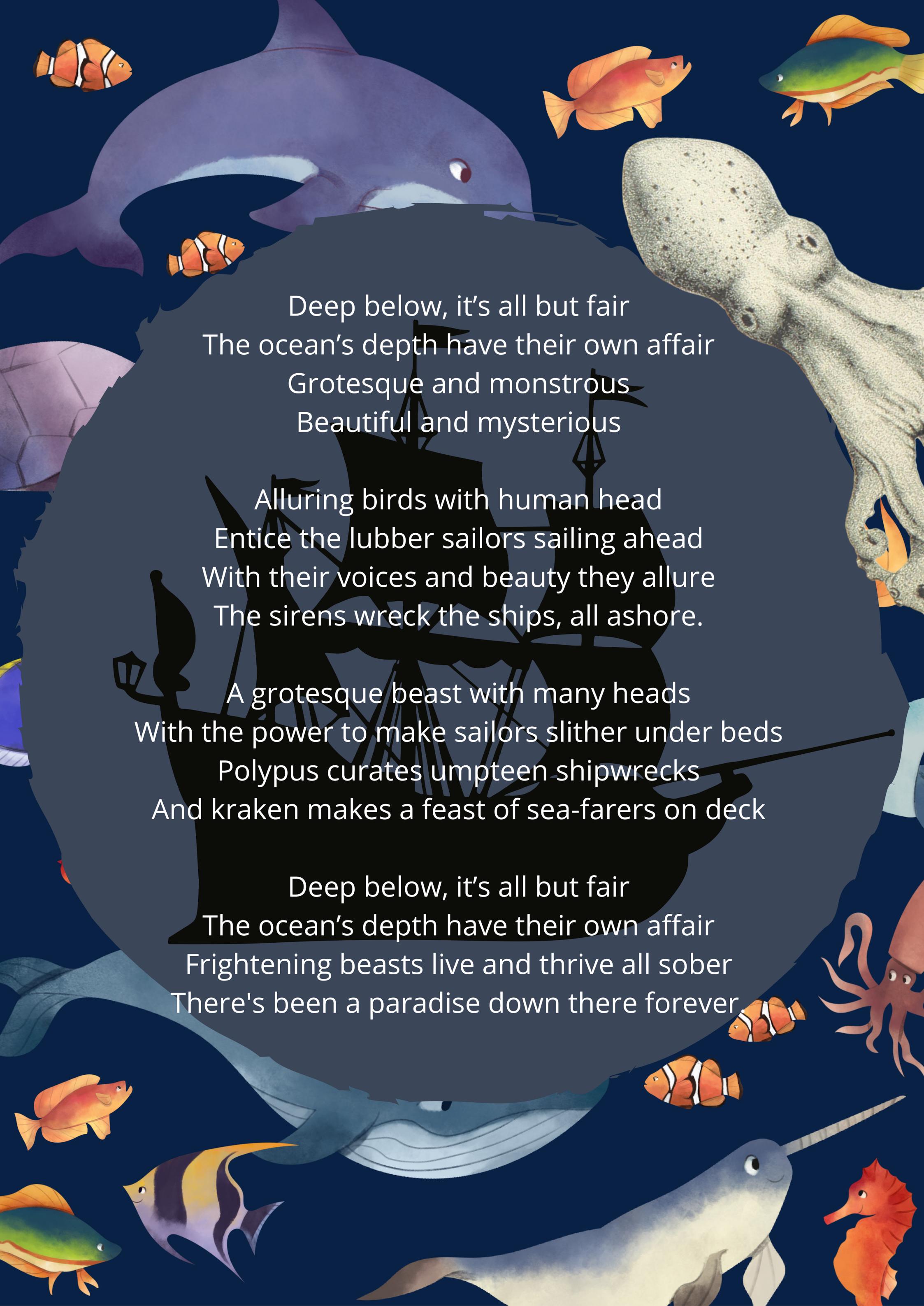


WILDFIRE

Issue 1

Complete the hunt within and
stand a chance to win exciting
prizes!

Link to Answer: bit.ly/Wildfire22



Deep below, it's all but fair
The ocean's depth have their own affair
Grotesque and monstrous
Beautiful and mysterious

Alluring birds with human head
Entice the lubber sailors sailing ahead
With their voices and beauty they allure
The sirens wreck the ships, all ashore.

A grotesque beast with many heads
With the power to make sailors slither under beds
Polypus curates umpteen shipwrecks
And kraken makes a feast of sea-farers on deck

Deep below, it's all but fair
The ocean's depth have their own affair
Frightening beasts live and thrive all sober
There's been a paradise down there forever

A TREASURE HUNT

I gasp as darkness shatters into blinding light and my senses begin to register the weight of the atmosphere and the warmth of the ground beneath. With waves of pain emanating across the entirety of my head, I glance around in search of familiarity; any sliver of a hint as to where I am.

I muster every bit of strength left in my dehydrated body and begin scrambling towards a harbour in the distance. A faint yet persistent pull nagged at me akin to an eager child at an amusement park entranced by the most flamboyant ride. As I inch closer and closer with my mind focused on the pull, a tumbling mass nearly knocks me over. Staggering for balance, I turn around to see a sailor in disarray scurrying away with a bouquet of rolled-up parchment paper. Though I silently curse at the man's carelessness, a strange sense of sympathy leaves me yet again questioning my very existence.

I was startled out of my thoughts as I found myself mere inches away from walking off the boardwalk. With staggered steps, my gaze lifts to the massive, looming ship in front- a nautical perfection speckled with scars of past journeys. I feel the spray of the ocean lightly coat my face, as I marvel at the bevels and ridges framing the ship's voluptuous curves. The pull intensifies into an overwhelming pulse in my chest. I try to walk it off and pace down the boardwalk until my eyes latch onto a more *compact* vessel. The pull begins to withdraw the closer I get to the ship and finally I step into the vessel to find myself greeted with what I can only describe as organized chaos - the mess onboard seems to have a life of its own, holding aeons worth of meaning. Barrels and lengths of rope strewn across, boxes of material unravelling interlaced and among it all- a modest mast all in its lonesome.

The tug in my chest reappears as I find myself mentally cataloguing the different shades of blue-green I find in the room. A part of me just knows if that precise shade of chartreuse moss would kill me, or which ocean that wad of blue map underneath the pile of junk indicated. As I scan the articles strewn around, I find myself drawn to this specific shade of *viridescence*- the marriage of the sea and earth. I reach out for it.



The journey continues at:

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