Excerpt from Graphic Short Story

*Far away atop a mountain…*

Gazing out unto the horizon a warrior clothed in a black parka, skin tight leather ski pants and twin blades crossed across their back, views a parallel mountain top in the distance that has a hidden domicile nestled within. As our warrior plots their course to the next rocky terrain suddenly a visitor arrives.

“To live simply walk away” muttered from beneath the scarf and goggles of our mysterious figure as they address a large bear with glowing blue eyes. The bear seems to be under the influence of another and in a state of madness as it barrels toward the warrior. The warrior reaches for a blade but does not unsheathe it but pricks themselves and instantly vanishes as the bear viciously swipes at them. The bear confused and more enraged starts swiping in all directions as the warrior returns to the same spot that they had recently vanished from a second prior. The warrior slices the bear in the back and makes a run for the edge and jumps off.

Moments later the bear disappears and the warrior appears in their place. The warrior refocuses on scaling the rival mountain and infiltrating the isolated fortress. Looking for a seamless travel route, the warrior looks to zip line across. The warrior fires the line across the dark void of emptiness and snow that separates the two mountains. Before the warrior can embark further on their journey they are greeted by another visitor. A hawk descends on the zip line right at the starting point and seems to have the same glowing blue eyes as the bear from earlier and a mini speaker harnessed around its neck. Suddenly a voice bellows from the speaker “Tara I know it is you”. The warrior now identified as “Tara” appears unfazed by the voice as the speaker continues to dissuade Tara from proceeding any further. “You should not be here please leave, if you continue I will be forced to stop you at all costs” the voice yells. Tara throws a pen sized dart at the bird, which causes it to squawk and fly away. The dart nicks the hawk on its left wing and then recoils back into her hand via a rip cord attached to it. Tara then places the pen dart back in her pocket as she initiates her zip line across the ravine. As Tara gets about half way between the two mountains, several hawks swarm her to make her fall. Tara smiles and releases herself from the zip line and plummets below…