

KASHMIRIAN WOLF HUNTER

By Mohammed Javad Allenchari (Tartan)

Kashmira, a secluded village in the northeastern corner of Saria, was home to a proud tribe of hunters. Life there was defined by hardship, where poverty ruled and survival depended on skill and courage. Among the villagers lived a family of eleven, bound together by love but torn apart by tragedy. The birth of their youngest daughter was marked by grief, as three of her elder brothers—imperial knights—fell in the infamous Garmada incident.

The Kashmirians held deeply to the ideals of martyrdom and sacrifice, celebrating those who gave their lives for the greater good. Yet, for a seven-year-old girl who had just lost her father and another brother, these ideals were unbearable nightmares. Time passed, and with each

merciless winter, life in Kashmira grew harsher. By the time she was fourteen, her once-large family had dwindled to just her and her ailing mother.

Starvation clawed at their bodies, and the girl had gone five days without food. Yet her focus remained fixed on saving her mother, the only family she had left. Salvation seemed impossible—no one in the village had access to the rare potion needed to cure her mother. The potion belonged to the great lord of the region, a cruel and powerful man who visited Kashmira twice a month to oversee his slaves and livestock.

With no other options, the girl set out on a two-day journey on foot to the citadel, the center of wealth and power. Her bare feet carried her through treacherous paths, driven by desperation and love. Upon reaching the high town, her eyes widened with horror at the atrocities she witnessed: naked villagers forced to lie on the streets as pavements for the rich, and young girls shackled like pets, paraded by their masters.

Among them was the great lord. Summoning all her courage, the girl approached him, pleading for the potion to save her mother. Her plea was met with scorn and cruelty.

“How dare you, Kashmiri rat, enter this part of town? Go back to your hole, you filth,” he sneered, slapping her to the ground.

Bruised and humiliated, the girl fled into the shadows. But her spirit remained unbroken. She followed the lord back to his mansion, determined to steal the potion and save her mother.

The lord's mansion was eerily silent when she crept inside. Searching frantically, she found herself in a room filled with shelves of medicines. Her heart sank when she realized the potion she sought wasn't there. A sudden noise behind her made her spin around. There he stood—the lord, smiling wickedly with the potion in his hand.

“Looking for this, you little birdy?” he mocked. “There are no exits here. After I've had my fun with you, I'll feed what's left of you to your pathetic mother.”

Fear coursed through her veins, but she refused to give up. Gripping a glass vial in her trembling hands, she smashed it, preparing herself for a fight. The lord lunged at her, but she slashed his neck with the broken glass. Blood spurted as he staggered, clutching his wound.

Then the room turned crimson. The lord's body twisted and contorted unnaturally as he began consuming his own flesh. His transformation revealed his true form—a monstrous demon that howled in fury as it turned its gaze upon her.

As the demon lunged at the girl, a figure burst through the door. A wolf hunter, clad in armor, leapt into action. His name was Miyaka Musashi, a legendary warrior. With precision and skill, he struck down the demon, saving the girl from certain death.

Impressed by her bravery and determination, Musashi knelt before her.

“You have the heart of a warrior,” he said. “The gods of light have bigger plans for you.”

He extended an invitation for her to join his league of wolf hunters—the first girl to ever be offered such an honor. Despite her youth and inexperience, the girl accepted, determined to repay the gods for sparing her life and to honor her family’s legacy.

Together, Musashi and the girl began their journey back to Kashmira. She was eager to share the good news with her mother and deliver the potion she had fought so hard to obtain. However, upon returning to her village, the sight that awaited them shattered her soul.

Her home had been reduced to ash, and her mother’s lifeless body lay torn into pieces, scattered amidst the ruins. Bandits had come during her absence, looting and killing without mercy. Everything she had left in the world was now gone—her family, her home, her past.

The girl collapsed, her screams piercing the cold air as grief consumed her. Musashi placed a hand on her shoulder, his voice steady and calm.

“You have lost much,” he said. “But the gods of light have not abandoned you. They have stripped you of everything to prepare you for greatness. Let your pain become your strength.”

Though devastated, the girl stood and wiped her tears. She knew there was no going back. Her grief would fuel her resolve, and her mother's memory would guide her path. She buried what was left of her mother and left Kashmira for the last time.

But something within her shifted after that day. The gods of light, whom she had once admired, now seemed distant and uncaring. She questioned why they would allow so much suffering, and her anger festered into hatred. She began to see the world as a place of endless cruelty, where power was the only salvation.

Under Musashi's mentorship, she grew strong—too strong. She became a formidable wolf hunter, feared even among her comrades. Yet, her view of justice darkened. To her, the ends justified any means, and mercy was a weakness she could no longer afford.

Her ultimate betrayal came when she turned on her mentor, believing his ideals of protecting the weak to be naive and fruitless. Musashi's death marked her complete descent into darkness. She became an unstoppable force, hunting not only wolves but anyone who stood in her way.

Now, she roams the land as the Kashmiri Wolf Hunter, a name whispered in fear by all. Her hatred for the gods and humanity drives her, and her vengeance knows no bounds. She is an antagonist shaped by a world that gave her no choice but to fight, and she has embraced her role as the one who will bring it to its knees.

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