

THE HUNT



ALEX BOYERS



We're lost.



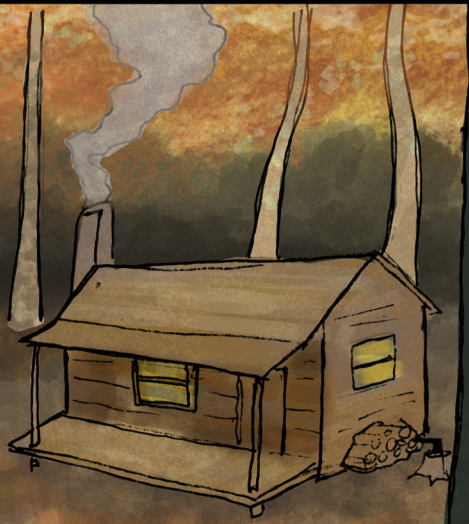
We've been wandering these woods for days. Or has it been weeks? I can't recall anymore.



We came out to hunt.

Father was injured.
Our parents asked
me and my younger
brother, to hunt for
food for the winter.

They fuss over Kyle.
It is his first hunt.



Father gives him
a new coat.

Mine is worn.



Mother knit him
a scarf.

My neck is bare.





She cries for him.

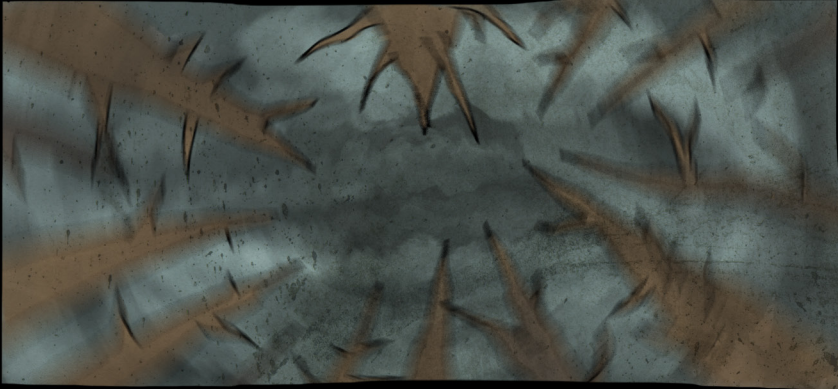
I am forgotten.

Somehow, we got
off-track out here.



As time passes in
these woods, my body
grows weaker.









Is this...



my blood?



Seth? What's wrong?



A dream...



It's nothing.

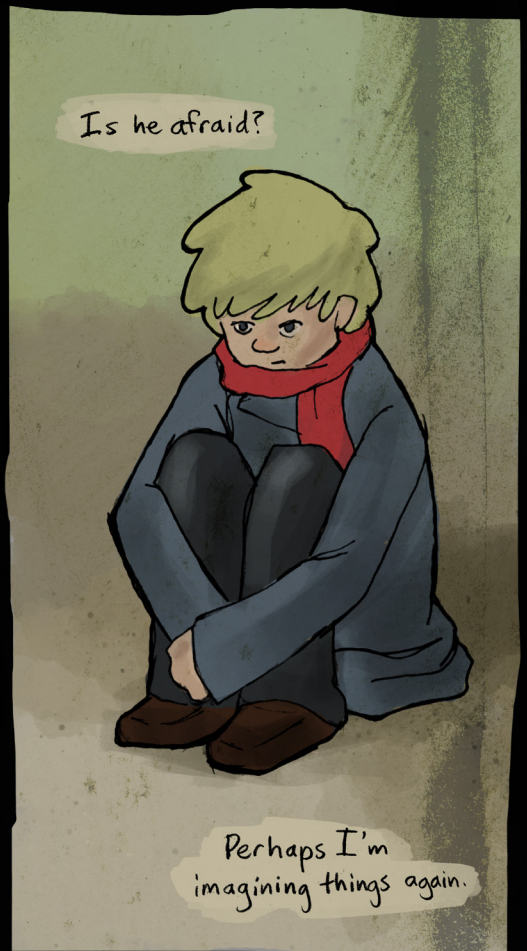


I'm probably just tired.

Well, we should stop and get some rest for the night.







Is he afraid?

Perhaps I'm
imagining things again.



He never sleeps.



We must continue on.







Some good fortune.

Perhaps things are starting to look up.



I'll take this deer down.



Huh?



My hand.

I can't pull the trigger...



What's wrong with me?

This deer is mine.
I can't let Kyle shoot it.

But I can't let it get away...









Wait.

This place...



Have I been here before?



Perhaps he
knows where Kyle is.

Maybe we can finally
go home...



No.







No.

I remember now.

I remember it all...

The leaves were falling all around me.

Kyle and I had gone off in different directions



While searching for him,
I found something else.

It was huge, and with Kyle missing, he was mine
for the taking.



I'll show them.



I'll make them proud.



