



The strange being grabbed Tonk's tunic. "Get up. Don't run," it said, crossing its glowing metal hands.

The voice sounded old and far away. And the hand crossing... It's some sort of language decoding system, Tonk thought.

He stood shakily beside the pathway, trapped between a pile of stones and thick trees. The strange being shuffled closer.

Tonk caught a whiff of the stench again. Its clothes were matted with grime. Glowing, metal, toeless feet protruded from open boots. Its hairless arms were scaled. Its ears, eyes, nose and hair were skewed, as if each feature had been plonked hurriedly in its place.



Sample pages