

Mudlub  
By  
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The cave was no longer home for Twister. The Stickmen defiled it. Their stench everywhere; their evil pervasive.

Twister instead hid in the woods by day and wandered in the shadows of the Stickmen village at night.

He tried to follow his nose from house to house, hoping to catch Willow's scent.

He knew she was there somewhere. He heard the Stickmen talk about her in their jumbled speak. He couldn't understand every word, but he knew the word "mudlub", their word for Twister and his kind.

Days passed and his frustration grew. He'd have to vent that frustration soon.