

Destruction  
By  
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Trees uprooted, earth scorched and rutted. This was what Twister followed as he trekked across the landscape.

He found the remains of woodland animals along the way, killed for no reason he could see.

He could hear the destruction happening miles ahead of him and his muscles twitched with anger and violence at every echo.

He didn't know who was doing this to the land, or who killed the Stickmen, but he didn't care.

All he wanted was to hold Willow in his arms again. Hold her alive, not dead like Juniper.

The pain of his loss pushed him on.