A malaise can destroy a people, and it can also destroy a land.

This land is sick.

The Walker learned this quickly...

Collar will be there. Explosives too.

...and he learned to survive through it.

Strife.

Conflict without end is the fuel that fires this land.

War.

Battle.

Unconscious.
And for years, the walker chose to burn in it.

Others play at living in peace.

Pretending to do more than simply survive.

Bareen crop plots

Farming...

Vultures eating dead girl

Fishing...

Logging...

But not the walker.

But he gained strength, power, and — for a time — purpose...

He chose to enter the fight, head-on.

Through slaughter unceasing, he lost his fear, his name, himself...

Something else may go here, not sure exactly what.

But only for a time, because in just that — in time — all things must change.

For the walker, things shattered.