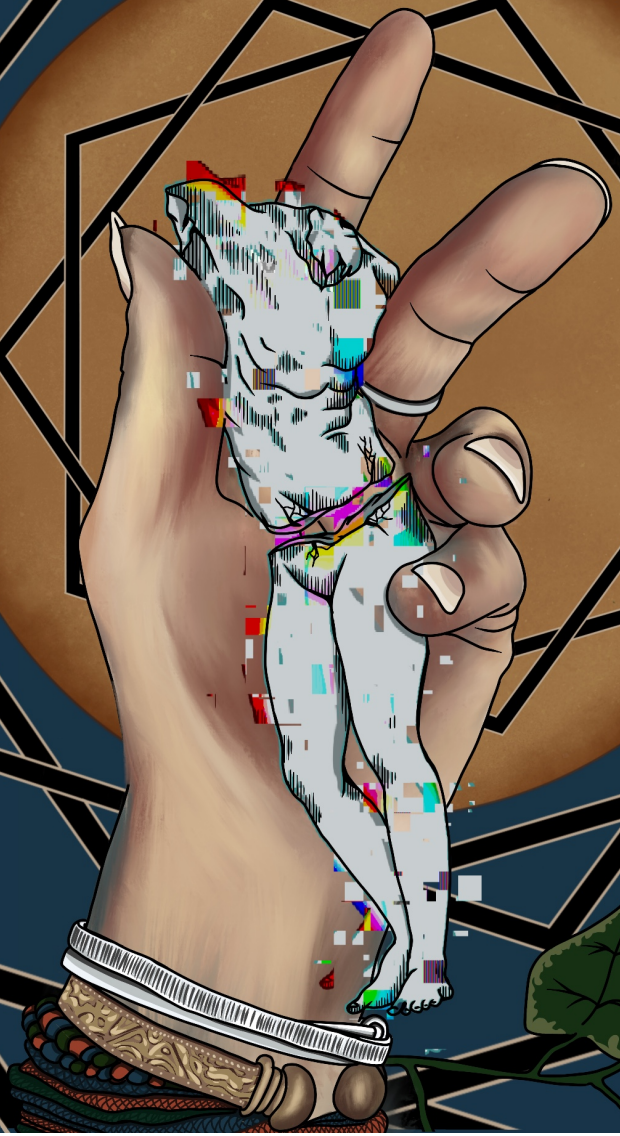
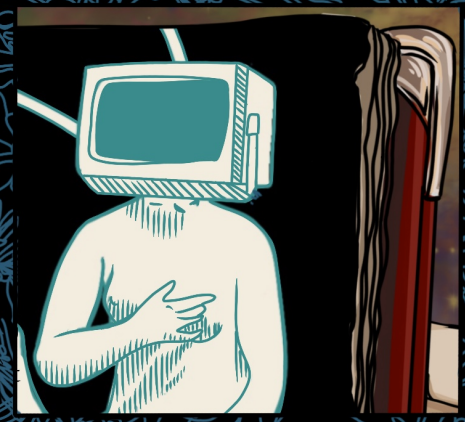
Amaranth

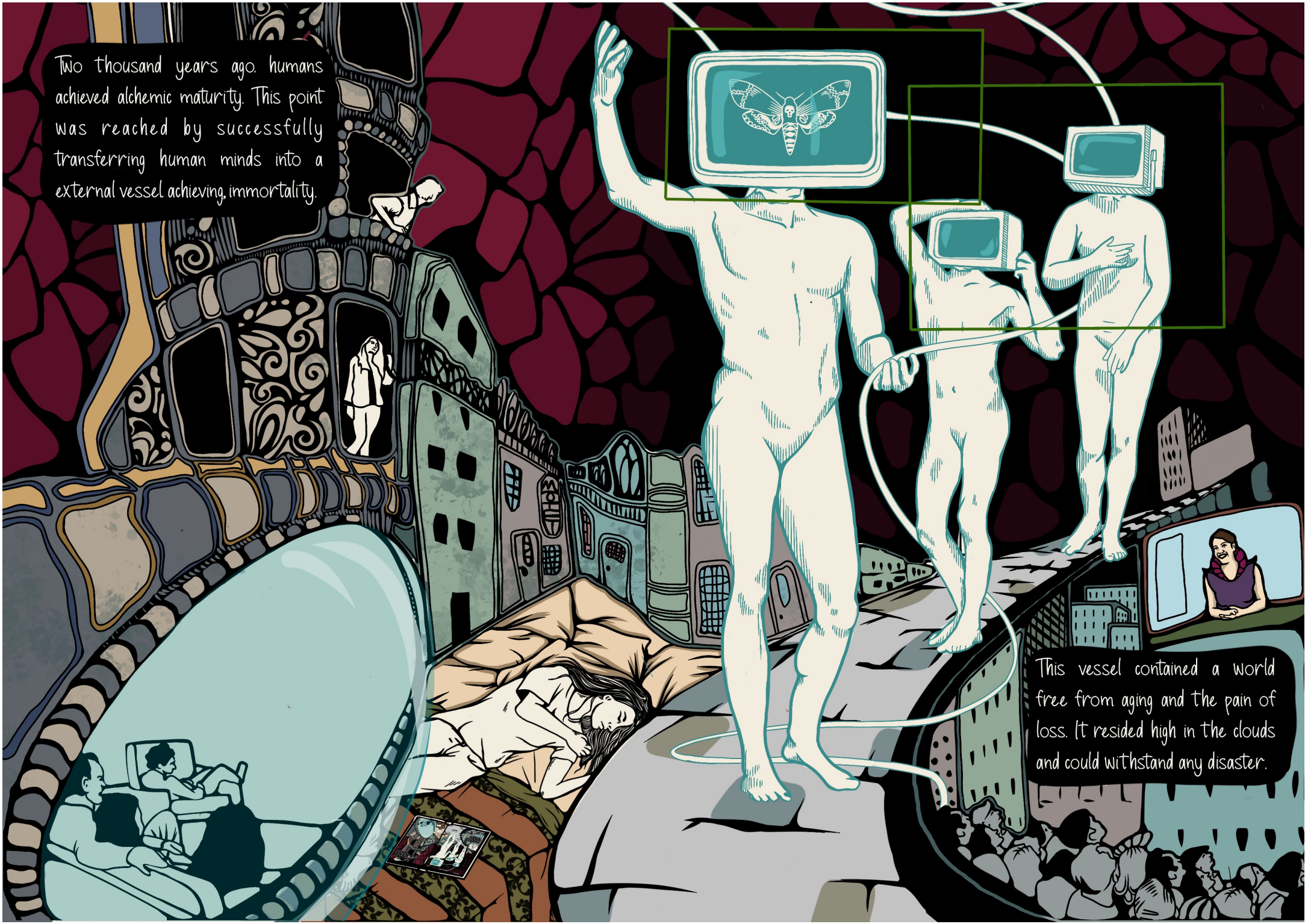
#1
Robyn Rooke

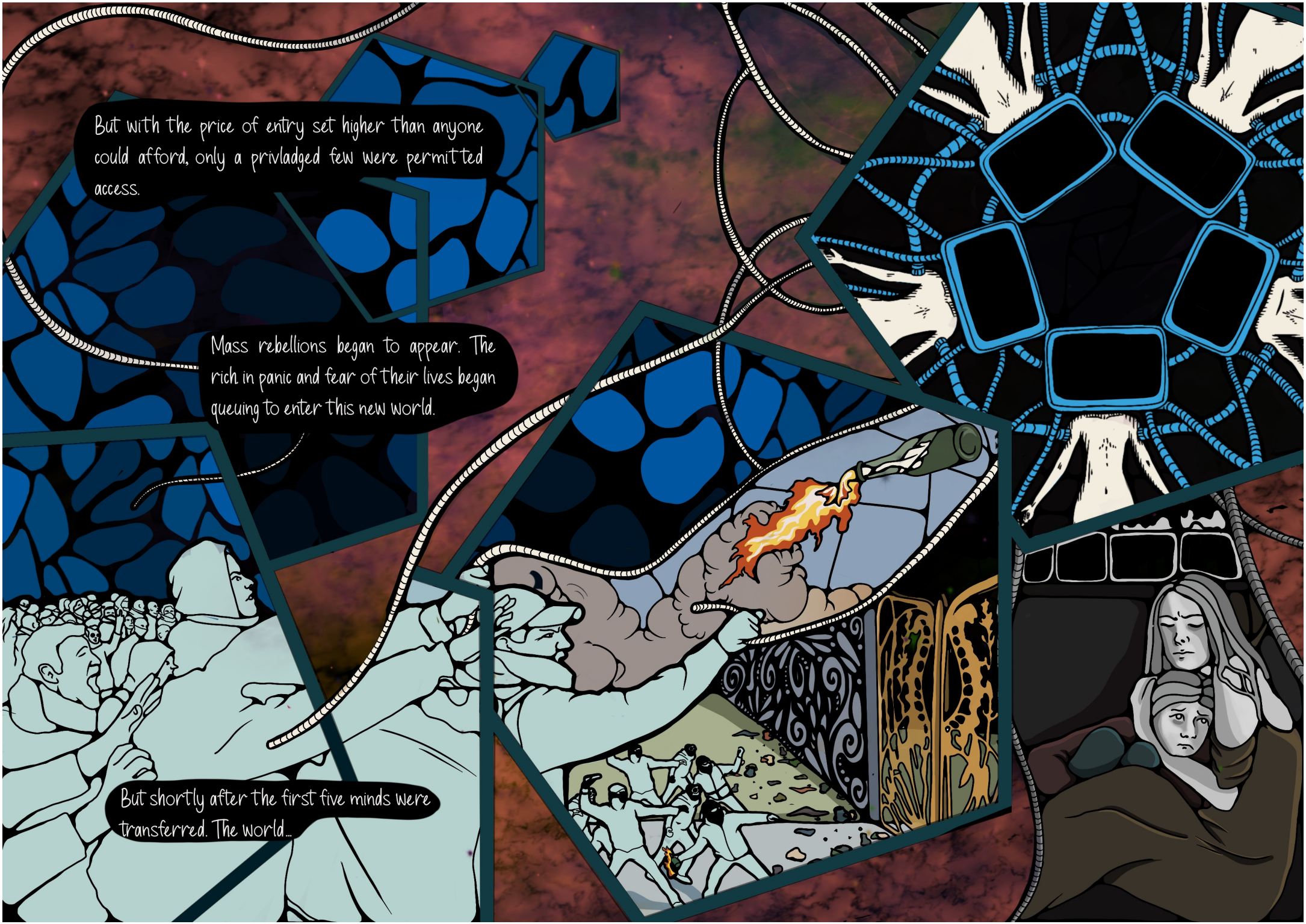


Amaranth

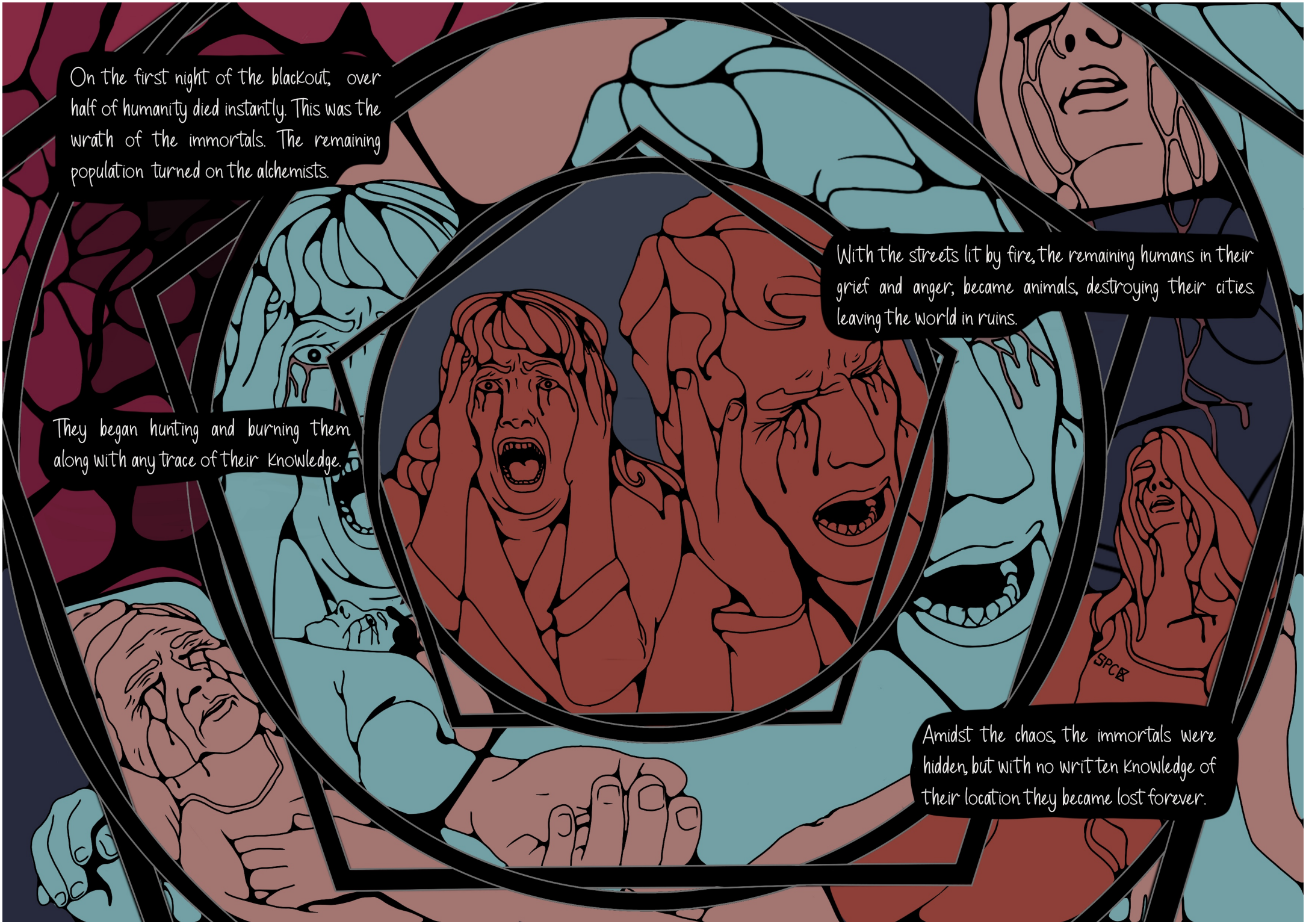
Written and illustrated by Robyn Rooke




Two thousand years ago. humans achieved alchemic maturity. This point was reached by successfully transferring human minds into a external vessel achieving, immortality.
This vessel contained a world free from aging and the pain of loss. It resided high in the clouds and could withstand any disaster.


But with the price of entry set higher than anyone could afford, only a privladged few were permitted access.
Mass rebellions began to appear. The rich in panic and fear of their lives began queuing to enter this new world.
But shortly after the first five minds were transferred. The world...

...turned black.

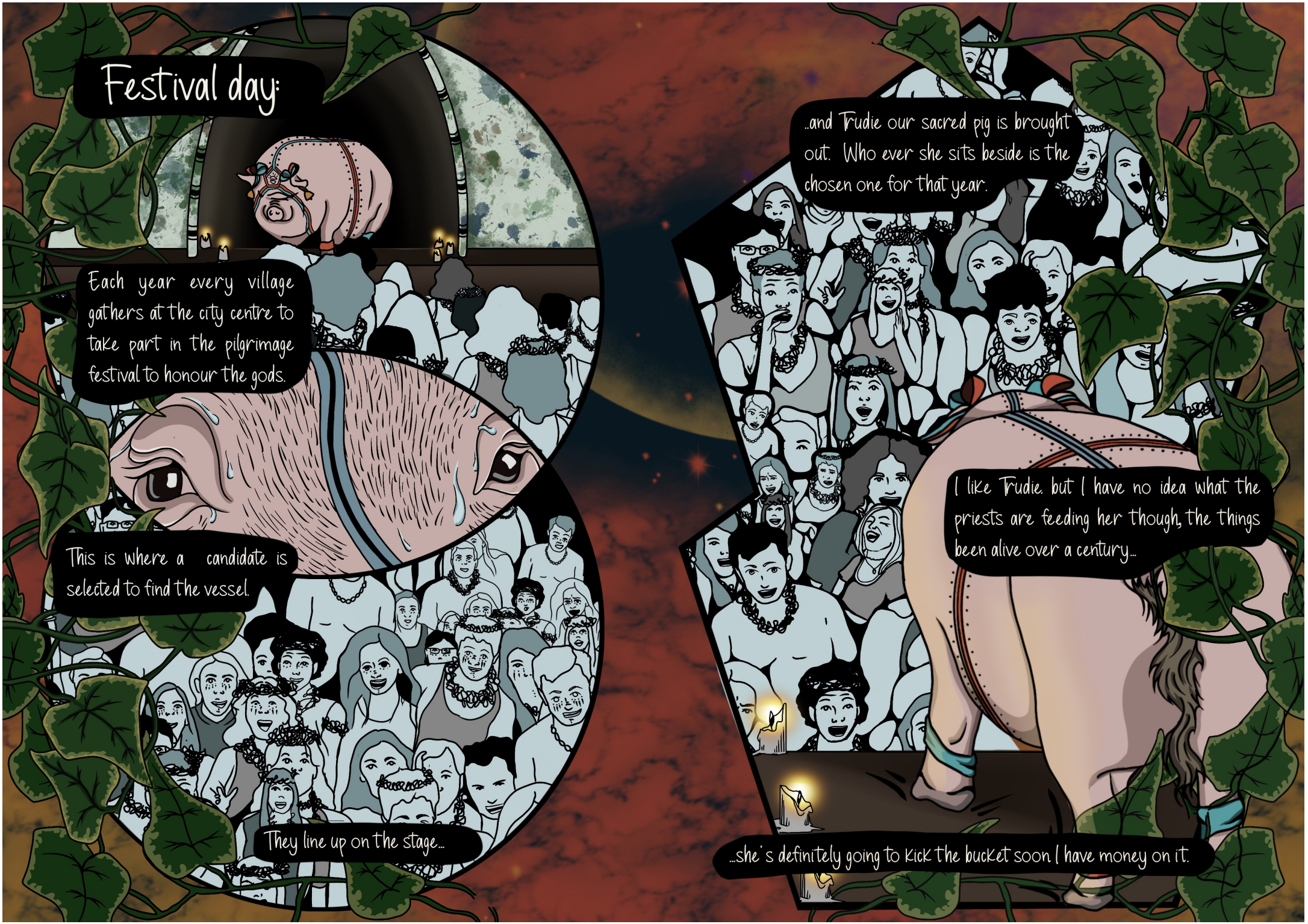

On the first night of the blackout, over half of humanity died instantly. This was the wrath of the immortals. The remaining population turned on the alchemists.
They began hunting and burning them along with any trace of their knowledge.
With the streets lit by fire, the remaining humans in their grief and anger, became animals, destroying their cities, leaving the world in ruins.
Amidst the chaos, the immortals were hidden, but with no written knowledge of their location they became lost forever.

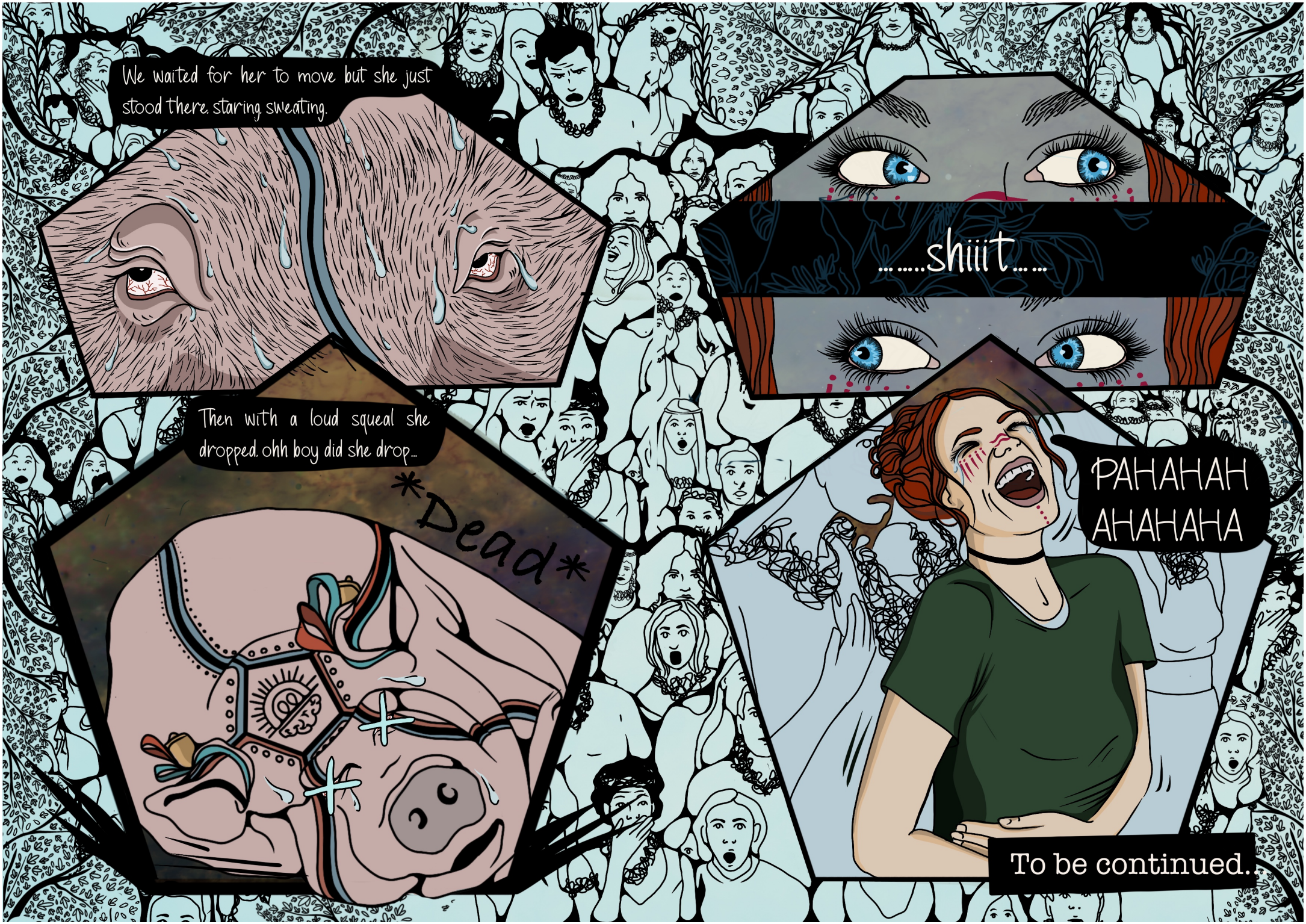
As time went on the remaining humans moved to the mountains, leaving nature to reclaim the cities and with it any knowledge of the past..
but the stories of the immortals remained.
These stories passed on from generation to generation, never to be forgotten serving as a reminder of our past mistakes.

As time went on these beings became more than stories, they became gods birthing a new religion known as Amaranth.
Temples were erected in every city and village, and the doctrines followed honour the immortals yada yada yada...
Oh yeah and pigs are sacred.

The vessel has long since been sought by the priests of our temples, they say that finding it will 'heal the land' and cure sickness...but I'm not sure how.
Each year someone is nominated to leave the village and search for the immortal's vessel...
...from these pilgrimages some never return and those who do bring back artefacts and stories from the old world...
...a few said they witnessed the immortals reflected in the sky...
...as giants with serpents emerging from their broken bodies.
IN MEMORY

This myth is with us since the day of our birth. We're taught it so often that by the time we are five we can recite it.
It acts as a reminder to not repeat the mistakes of our past.
I hope we won't, too many people have given their lives already.
In my time I've seen dozens of people leave and only a fraction have returned to their villages...
...but no one has returned to our village yet. My parents fuck I miss them.
Maybe I should leave...HA. yeah like I'd make it out anyway.


Festival day:
Each year every village gathers at the city centre to take part in the pilgrimage festival to honour the gods.
This is where a candidate is selected to find the vessel.
They line up on the stage...
..and Trudie our sacred pig is brought out. Who ever she sits beside is the chosen one for that year.
I like Trudie. but I have no idea what the priests are feeding her though, the things been alive over a century...
...she's definitely going to kick the bucket soon I have money on it.


We waited for her to move but she just stood there. staring. sweating.
.....shiiit.....
Then with a loud squeal she dropped. ohh boy did she drop...
Dead
PAHAHAH AHAHAHA
To be continued..