

It wasn't like she hadn't done horrible things out of fear.

Cole Farrow's brother, who was protecting his family, was a prime example of this. Zuza closed her eyes, leaning against a tree. He was about to kill her, but in her fear instead of stabbing him somewhere he could survive, she struck the throat.

It wasn't all that different from preventing people from invading your home.

Still, being stuck in the woods surrounded by what *looked* like a group of civilians and their pet *kriffin caxquettes*, all ready to throw rocks at you wasn't ideal whoever it was.

Opening her eyes again, she smiled sheepishly at the anxious group before her. She'd already tossed her weapons on the ground, and while none of them had collected the items, she still had backed away from them to solidify her intent.

There were children among them, who every so often whispered or tugged at the pant-leg of a parent only to be shushed and drawn closer as some discussion occurred among the adults. Suspicious eyes would turn to her every so often, so Zuza was almost fully confident they were discussing her fate.

They were probably putting more thought into it than the Human had when she walked into the forest. Sure, it was great to meet up with everyone in a bit and circle 'round *when you knew what the area looked like*.

Frustrated, Zuza settled to sit cross-legged amongst the foliage. The initial movement drew glares and raised hands, all clenching jagged rocks, but they lowered moments later. Despite being rather anxious over the situation, Zuza did her best to ignore the violent instinct and instead cleared a patch of dirt in front of her, and started drawing with a nearby stick.

If there was anything this clan and her clan had in common, it was the night sky of Selen.

Initially, her scribbling went unnoticed.

Then, they slowly started to peer over, suspicious more than curious.

After several minutes of tense silence and focussed mapping from Zuza, one of the women marched forward towards the Human. She was older - wrinkles and sunspots blemishing her skin. A Caxquette started to follow her but a raised hand stopped it beside the group.

Zuza glanced up, worried more by the monstrosity beside her than the woman, but upon seeing it stop, she continued onward. The depiction was far from perfect, but it was clear for any who navigated via the constellations.

The woman spoke a sharp word but not one Zuza recognised.

But she guessed it would be rude to continue, so she placed the stick aside and shuffled away from the stars.

The Tekpantli one crouched, a slowed motion by the ageing of joints, staring over the drawing.

She looked at Zuza, and then back at the map, humming in contemplation with a frown.

Then, picking up the stick, the woman drew the island below the map of the stars. It was quick, rough but accurate and obvious enough.

She offered the twig to Zuza, eyes narrowed behind her mask but it was something. The Arconan smiled, taking the stick and knowing what was next. She started with the main continent of Selen, that Estle stood upon. The Citadel. Home.

She put a dot where the city was on the map, to highlight that specific.

The gesture was not returned when she handed the stick back. Instead, the woman walked back to the group and left Zuza where she was.

*Great more whisperin- oh*

As she was about to sink into annoyance, the woman waved at her in a gesture that could only mean to come here.

The group did not look pleased, but as Zuza gathered her things, the children openly stared rather than doing so from behind the limbs of the adults. She placed it all on her back, out of the way and then approached the group slowly with her hands in front of her.

Zuza smiled, receiving a nod in return before the group started moving again with her as part of it.

It was a start at least.