
The Story of Naih'kaor

Naih'kaor never had a clan. No sigil no nothing to back her name. She was born on the edges of Yautja Prime where the jungle does not care if you live or die. Other young ones had clans teaching them giving them armor and weapons and traditions to follow. She had none of that. She had only herself.

The others made sure she knew it too. They mocked her called her a shadow said she did not belong. But if they thought words were enough to break her they were wrong. She learned faster than them. She learned patience. She learned silence. And when they thought she was nothing she was already watching already planning how to prove them wrong.

Her chance came when she chose a prey no one wanted to face alone. A xenomorph ravager. Most would not even try it without their clan at their back watching them to tell them whether they can heal or not but Naih'kaor went alone. The fight nearly killed her. Acid ate through the armor she had built from scraps her body burned and cut but in the end she stood. She brought back the skull. It was not gifted to her by anyone. It was hers.

The elders still did not take her in. They did not even acknowledge her like the skull meant nothing. But the others... they saw. They whispered her name after that not as an insult but with unease. She had done what most of them never would.

Later off world she went after humans. Not just one or two but a whole group. They thought numbers and weapons made them strong. They moved in squads rifles ready armor heavy. But she did not strike blindly. She studied them learned how they moved when they rested where their weaknesses were. And then she hit them.

The first went down without a sound. Then another and another. Panic spread faster than their bullets. They fired into shadows into nothing while she kept cutting them apart. By the time the last one realized he was alone it was already over. She did not even take trophies from them. They were not worth it. The victory itself was enough.

Naih'kaor is not like the others. She does not need a clan. To her survival is honor. The hunt itself is enough. Every scar every kill it all proves what she already knows she does not need a clan to stand as Yautja.

And so she keeps moving. Clanless. Alone. But never weak. Her name is not carried on banners or etched into records but it does not have to be. Those who have seen her or even heard of her know.
