

A youngblood trial was his first time experiencing the raw power of his prowess. he delved into the trial carefully even though his trail was brutal and he was made first downed and punished several times. he didn't let that stop him from becoming better with counsel with the elder Vor'Ork of Clan Cnaw. he did what he was told at his first trial with the rules of the pit. after being what he would interpret as being the runt as the other two Youngbloods of the trial seemed to have the most experience even though they also were youngbloods. After his dealing with cleaning the pit being the first to become fallen, he then came to the equipment hall to gather his gear and become a hunter by trial of course. he hesitated on what to use as his primary hunter blade and chose a sword, the little time or patience with the elder hasten his choice and slowly learned how to become knowledgeable in the ritual of preparation.

During the first hunting trial with humans he was very anxious but never spoke of it until it was time to hunt. his first hunt was a human minigunner by the name of SONG. ironic as his fighting style was not as elegant as a song and more that of a brute that played with the hunt more then attacked, that is until the prey ran out of bullets and resorted to a secondary where he relentlessly slashed the prey with his sword. he tended his wounds during the fighting as most of the bullets did strike him and his mind faded slightly from some of the wounds and blood loss, he repeated the steps to heal himself as he was shown before the hunt and felt each nerve ache. watching his prey fall unconscious and never once touching his thwei he consulted a youngblood packleader on what to do.

--"kill them, dont make them suffer"--

words that will echo with A'ytuih for the rest of the trial. he hesitated and fumbled with his knife to skin and did so carefully with directions. after skinning he dragged the body to where he fought them and proceeded to return to the group and Elder Vor'Ork where they were discussing performance and made himself foolish by mentioning that he required a second mark when the elder mentioned earlier there are only 4 marks out of the 3 of them. he lowered his posture after feeling the eyes of the others make fun of him non-verbally and felt a wave of embarrassment come over him.

after the camp they returned with one less member and was taught how to clean a trophy and collected the skull of song, which he forgot to do at first but wont forget after. he fileted the skull and prepped it for cleaning and polished the skull to a near cream-ash shine. he admired the skull to long feeling the ecstasy of the hunt, feeling the exaltation over hunted within his grasp as he stared into the skull. a wave of guilt, excitement and hunger hit him as he attached the skull to his armor and feeling a internal proudness and boast he stood silent before the Elder. Ready. Willing to hunt again to prove themself better.

the Second hunt began with Serpents. he watched both youngbloods fall to the serpents cornering them and slaying them. A'ytuid went after the larger one. the Pretorian of the serpents and successfully done so. only to have his memory fade from that trail.

His Second trail consisted of the same 3 but he was clanless now and understood it. the others had separate clans of their own and were a packleader and the other a more experienced youngblood. his day was met with a HERALD, the name slips his mind he made the mistake of giving them the title of elder. one of the other youngbloods offended them and were deservingly punched by A'ytuid and the other. after the herald gave them a test for faith by lighting candles in the pit with a tool and were given a meal choice by the one that lit and

returned the tool to the herald. A'ytuid lit most of the candles during the scuffle and lost the tool and the other took the tool and handed it with him and the other knocking it away and causing a larger scuffle to just deliver it until the packleader did so in the end.

after eating the meal off the floor and being laughed at. the Herald asked us whom was the strongest the other boasted about speed and A'ytuid remained silent and the Elite Herald said "you must be the witty one." it was time for the pit spar and the packleader choose to spar all at once and since this pit fight was given time to choose a weapon A'ytuid choose carefully. the others grabbed a sword and the other a hatchet while A'ytuid choose a dagger. he was laughed at for choosing something so small and short of reach. he did studies this time for the fight and used his wit to use the knife to throw. the others struggle at each other as A'ytuid slid and dodged the blades as he snatched his dagger at each moment after throwing almost not missing a step, the others seems to focus on him now and toss the dagger aside but he was quicker and used their brute strength and speed to run into each other and grab the dagger any time they tossed it away.

He receive several cuts and slashes and scraps from the blade and axe but both ended up falling to the dagger. the Herald and the Blooded returning from a hunt came into surprised looks after both sword and axe fall to a dagger. A'ytuid felt bold and was rewarded the Scout Drone. he stared at it and felt more rewarded then he could imagine from the first hunt not only did he keep the skull but he was given a scout drone. he felt more like a hunter then before and his blood rushed with anticipation for this hunt. A'ytuid was instructed how to use the drone and gave a slow nod and soon after the thought of him being Clanless, eating off the floor and using a dagger in the pit became shadows to how far he came.

after getting gear and learning how to heal he prepared himself. he came to the hunting grounds on the desert moon and hunted humans by his choice. he claimed a trophy of a spine but this ended as a dream to him. now his purpose came to him. a Collector hoarding worthy foes on the field but lets hope that a clan adopts him to be part of their clan.