





it all started this september.

having pushed my body to the limit by biking the immense distance to the nearest hobby store (a distance i have been told is "not a simple task". this proves that my friends are weak and will collapse under gas prices in our modern age...) I picked up a couple of cheap (comparatively) miniatures. i did not know shit about miniatures beyond the impulse gift card induced buy of a chimera model from

a large book store chain (there are benefits to spending your middle school years reading through books at the rate of a wildfire. unfortunately i dont read nearly as much nowadays, so the gift cards go mostly to waste.)

anyways the point is i have spent just over a month now learning a whole new skillset. making structures for these things to inhabit. attempting to bribe my friends into playing ttrpgs with me.

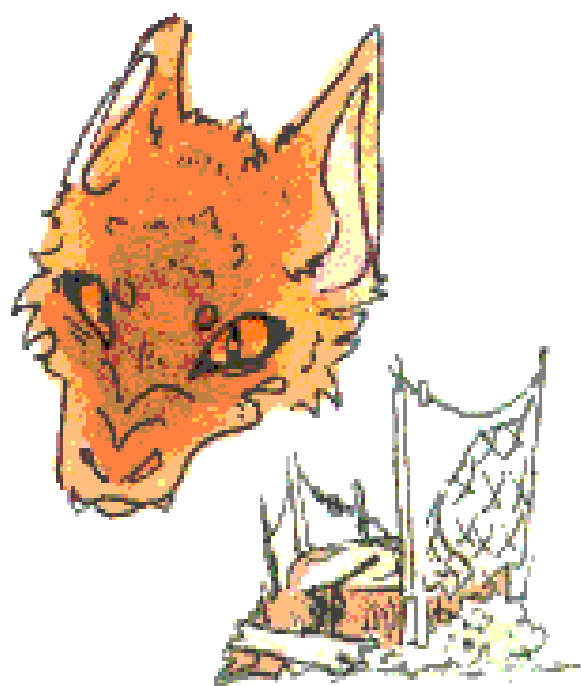


I AM NOT THE BEST AT THIS. I AM CRINGE BUT I AM FREE.

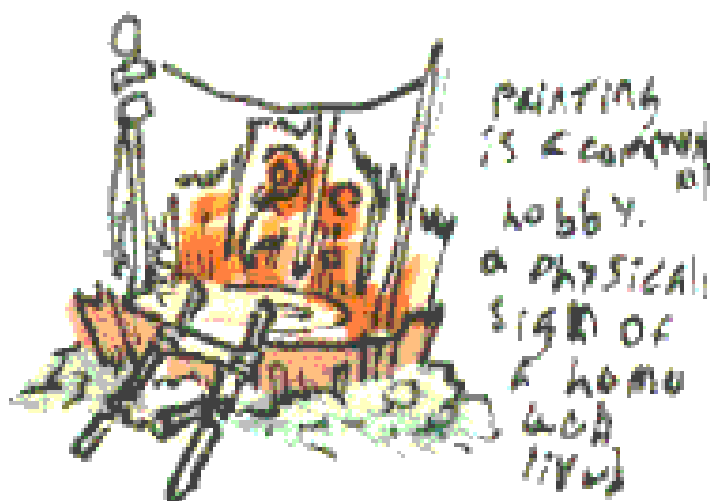
# UNHUMAN COLLECTIVE.

escaped prisoners running from the hands of a tyrant. turned inhuman for their rebellion.

anyways behold my weird pseudohivemind dogs.



- built from logs and cut logs.
- primary user is as watch towers and cover. comfort is secondary. but present



PRINTING IS COMMON HOBBY. A PHYSICAL SIGN OF A HOME (W/ LOGS)

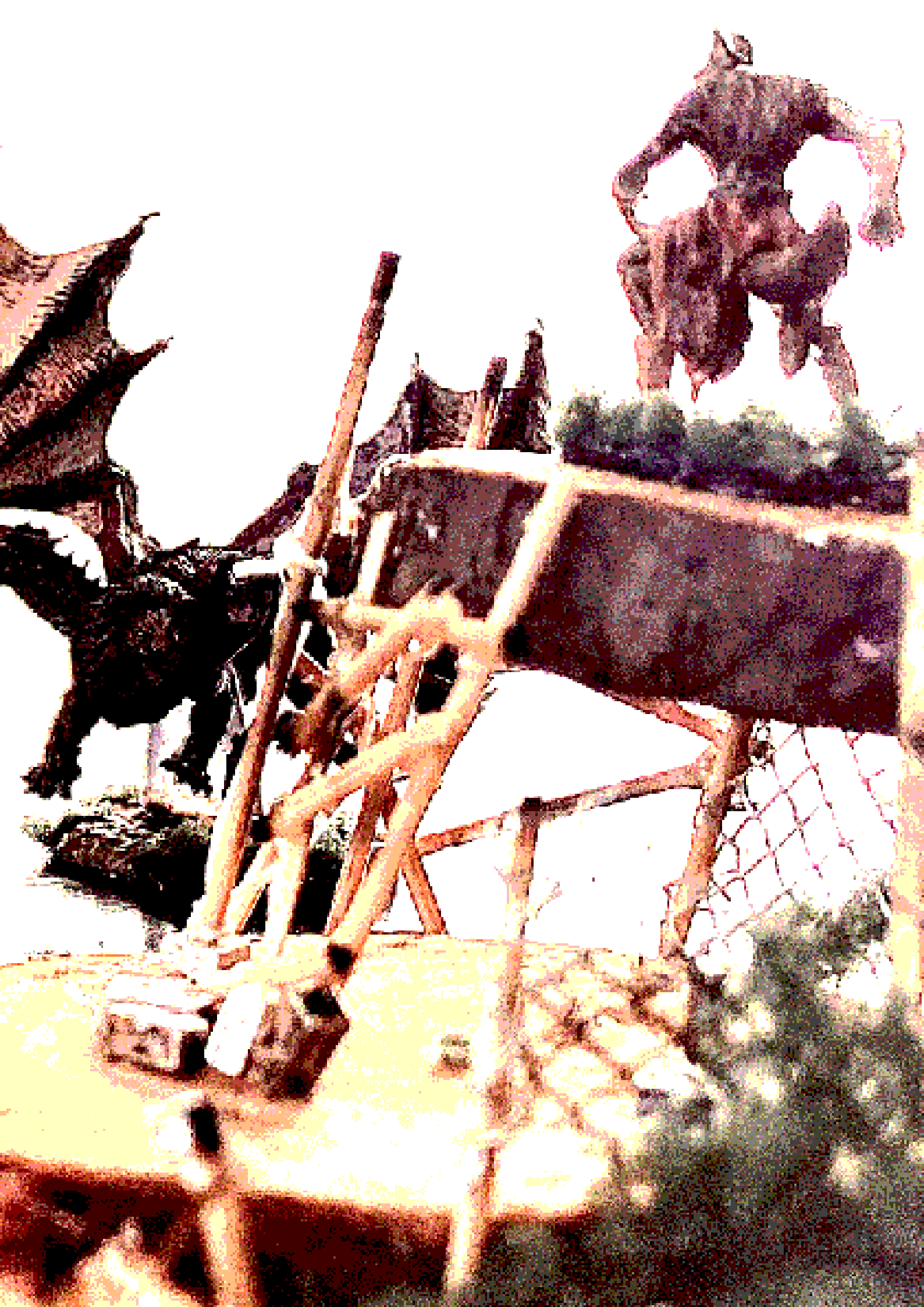
# Shell carvers

a subset of psychics among the inhuman, named for their knack for assuming direct control of others, a process likened to carving someone else into a shell.

often these guys get put in charge of patrols, less often you'll run into an entire pack under the control of a single shell carver.



shell carvers are originally no different from their kith, they undergo a painful metamorphosis shortly after their powers manifest. this is referred to as an "awakening"





# FUNNY DOG



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