

This is an age of brutal survival—where animal hides barely serve as clothing, and people eat raw meat just to silence their hunger.

And somehow... my soul was dragged into this era.

When I opened my eyes, all I saw was darkness.

Cold air brushed against my skin. The rough ground beneath me... the smell of damp stone...

A cave.

“Where... am I...?”

My voice felt like it didn't belong to me.

My mind was in chaos. Memories clashed, and reality felt distant.

It took everything I had... just to calm myself down.

Slowly... I walked outside.

Even though I had calmed myself down, my eyes widened. I was still in disbelief.

So this is the tribe...

Can I call it my home now?