





Vishnuh-Clan



# **Autorio – A Child of the Amazon Wilderness**

**Vishnuh-Clan**



## Colophon

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## Prologue

Deep in the heart of the Brazilian Amazon lives a boy named Autorio. He is no chosen one, no legendary hero, no bearer of divine favor. He is a hunter, a survivor, a child of the forest – shaped by heat, rain, hunger, and silence. His strength does not come from stories, but from experience. From falling and rising again. From listening to what nature reveals, and even more to what it withholds.

Autorio trusts his instincts, his body, and his mind. The forest is his home, but also his most relentless adversary. He knows which sounds warn and which deceive. He knows when to strike and when disappearance is the only correct decision. Every mistake has a cost. Every victory is temporary.

This book follows his trials and his way of life: driving away poachers who plunder the forest, hunting wild game to endure another day, facing storms that arrive without mercy, navigating hidden rivers, and encountering tribes long forgotten by the outside world. Each chapter is a confrontation — with danger, exhaustion, and the outer limits of human capability.

Autorio learns not from words or rituals. The forest is his teacher. A teacher without compassion, but with lessons that are unmistakably clear: those who fail to learn vanish. Those who cling to superstition die. Nature rewards neither hope nor prayer nor belief — only precision, adaptability, and courage.

What you read here is no fairy tale. It is an ode to survival. To muscles that continue

when they beg to fail. To a mind that keeps calculating while fear screams. To a body that learns to absorb pain without complaint. Courage here is not an emotion, but action. Control is not a choice, but a requirement. Relentlessness is not a trait – it is the only currency that matters.

In the forest, luck and coincidence do not exist. These words have no meaning here. Every day is a battle against hunger, disease, exhaustion, and death. Every encounter is a brutal test of strength, speed, awareness, and judgment. Those who fail die. Those who hesitate disappears. The forest forgives nothing and remembers everything.

Every victory – no matter how small – is paid for in blood, sweat, and pain. Not as heroism, but as necessity. Survival is not

triumph; it is obligation, demanded anew each day.

Autorio lives within this rhythm, breath by breath. The forest breathes around him – heavy, humid, hostile. It smells his sweat, hears his footsteps, senses his presence. It is not a backdrop, but an active force. An opponent that strips away weakness until only what endures remains.

Here stands the boundless potential of a human being with nothing left to rely on but his own ability. No gods. No promises. No salvation from beyond. Only flesh, willpower, and choice.

Autorio gives everything to remain standing. To endure. To refuse collapse. Not because he seeks dominance, but because he refuses to be erased.

This is not a story about winning.  
This is a story about staying alive in a  
world determined to break you.



## Chapter 1 – The Breathing Forest

The sun stood high as Autorio cut his way through the dense Amazon rainforest, his bare feet firm on the wet earth, his eyes alert to every detail. He was only fourteen, yet his body had been hardened by years of hunting and endless journeys through the forest. Every step was deliberate: the snap of twigs, the rustle of leaves, the scent of damp soil – everything told him where animals moved and where danger waited.

He gripped his spear tightly, ready to strike. A group of wild boars wandered between the trees, grunting and snorting. Autorio lowered himself, moving slowly, using the vegetation as cover. He breathed deeply, feeling the tension coil in his muscles as he closed the distance. With a single, precise throw, he struck one boar in

the flank. The animal thrashed and tried to flee, but Autorio was faster. With a few powerful leaps, tearing through undergrowth, he retrieved his spear and ended the hunt swiftly.

His stomach growled, but he smiled. This was no game. This was survival. The meat would sustain him, give him the strength to continue. He had left his tribe behind; his family was gone. What lay behind him was sealed. What lay ahead was uncertain—but necessary.

His purpose was clear: to find protection and shelter within a community known as the Vishnuh Brotherhood, deep in the south of Brazil. There he did not seek mere refuge, but acceptance—recognition—and a place within their warrior guild. Not as a

beggar, but as someone who had proven his worth.

Every step through the forest had shaped him. Every hungry night, every crossing, every confrontation with danger had made him stronger – not only in body, but in mind.

The forest had taught him what discipline meant, what responsibility demanded, and what solitude cost. And as he moved forward, Autorio knew one thing with certainty: he was not simply walking onward – he was moving toward something.

His eyes scanned the trees. The forest's shadows were never still. Snakes lay coiled on branches, monkeys watched curiously from above, and somewhere in the distance a jaguar growled. Everything was

a test — remain sharp, react faster than the dangers waiting to strike.

Suddenly, he heard the crack of branches that did not belong to animals. Poachers. Men with rifles, hunting for profit. Autorio knew he had to remain invisible. He slid through the undergrowth, used the muddy riverbank as cover, and followed a path that led the men astray. They did not see him — but he saw them. Autorio smiled to himself. He was faster, smarter, and born of the forest.

That evening, Autorio sat beside a small, crackling fire. Slowly, he turned the boar's carcass above the heat, as the scent of roasting meat blended with the damp, earthy breath of the jungle. He carried sufficient provisions for emergencies, but he knew restraint was essential. Fresh

meat allowed him to preserve his supplies for moments when survival truly depended on them.

His body ached from the long day – muscles tight, burning with exertion – but his mind remained sharp. He listened closely, alert to every sound, every subtle shift in the darkness around him. Even at rest, he stayed vigilant. The fire offered warmth and nourishment, but never complete safety. In the forest, survival was a constant balance between exhaustion and awareness – and Autorio mastered that balance.

He had survived the hunt, outwitted the poachers, and sharpened his skills through the forest's ruthless lessons. The jungle around him was alive, it breathed, shifted, watched – and Autorio felt himself fully

part of it: not an owner, not a ruler, but a hunter who understood its laws.

In the twilight, as the fire softly illuminated his face and shadows danced like living beings across trunks and leaves, Autorio knew one thing with absolute certainty: he belonged to the forest, and the forest had never belonged to him. Anyone who crossed his path with ill intent, anyone who tried to deceive or dominate him, would soon learn that truth. The forest forgave no foolishness — and neither did Autorio.

His thoughts briefly drifted to the missionaries who had once stranded themselves in his village. Strangers with smooth words and hollow promises. They spoke of a God who had created everything in seven days of a figure

shaped from clay and brought to life by breath. Even then, Autorio had understood how absurd it sounded. Such stories might suit small children, not those who survived daily among predators, hunger, and rain. What still astonished him was that grown men believed these tales – and more than that, entrusted their lives to them.

How could he ever trust people who built their worldview on such nonsense? People are willing to believe in what could not be seen, tested, or felt. He had watched a missionary take a golden necklace from a tribal woman, claiming it as an offering for a place “**above**.” Where that “**above**” was supposed to be had always puzzled him. The sky? The clouds? Or merely an

invention designed to extract obedience and possession?

Autorio was sharp. Strong. A survivor unlike most who walked the forest paths. No one could sell him fairy tales as truth. No one could convince him that an invisible hand watched over him. If he wished to live, he had to watch himself. If he wished to survive, he had to trust his senses, his experience, and his instinct.

There was no god to guard him.

He knew that.

And so, the burden, the task, the survival, it was all his own.