

# THE BALLAD OF IRK



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# THE BALLAD OF IRK

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The Ballad of Irk was photographed entirely on virtual location in The Cape of Ruin, which is a part of The Wastelands in Second Life®. Consent to use this location specifically and only for this project has been graciously extended by the creator, owner, and game administrator of The Wastelands, NeoBokrug Elytis.

Irk's ballad is based on a poem from the Egyptian Middle Kingdom, as found on the LP entitled "Origins and Meanings: Primitive and Archaic Poetry" from Broadside Records (BR 651), 1968.

Mutated appreciations to Catherine DeWitt, NeoBokrug Elytis, Aposiopesis Fullstop, Angharad Greggan, Dan Seawwconds, Cliban Callow, ZTAR, Marko, Gnawbert, Briel the Fallen, Sandusky Kayvon, The Mutant Witch of the Wastes, Itch, Jedidiah Stone, Kayanite, and PanPot for their inspiration and encouragement. Special thanks to NickCitrus for Irk's tail and earrings.

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A lone mutant wanders  
the wastelands...





"My name smells worse than the buzzard  
on days when the sun burns hot."



"My name stinks more than fishermen  
or the sick pools they have fished."



"My name smells more than a manimal  
who has been found stealing meat."



HMMM...



It needs  
more force...



A good  
ballad must strike  
like a machete...

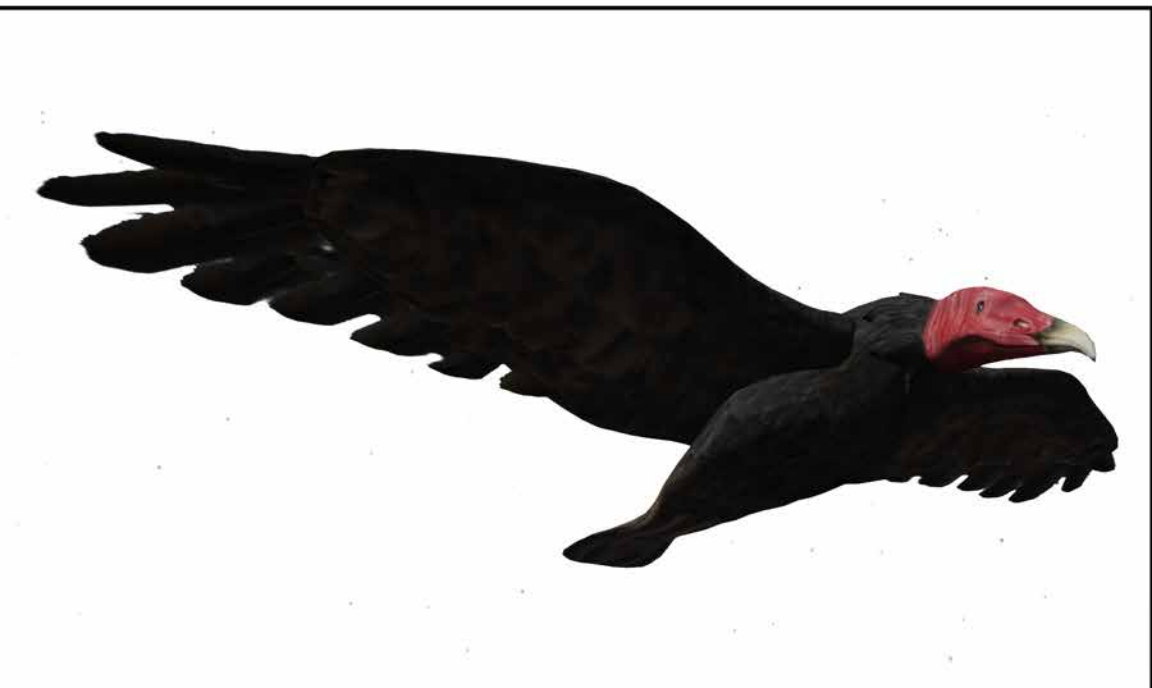


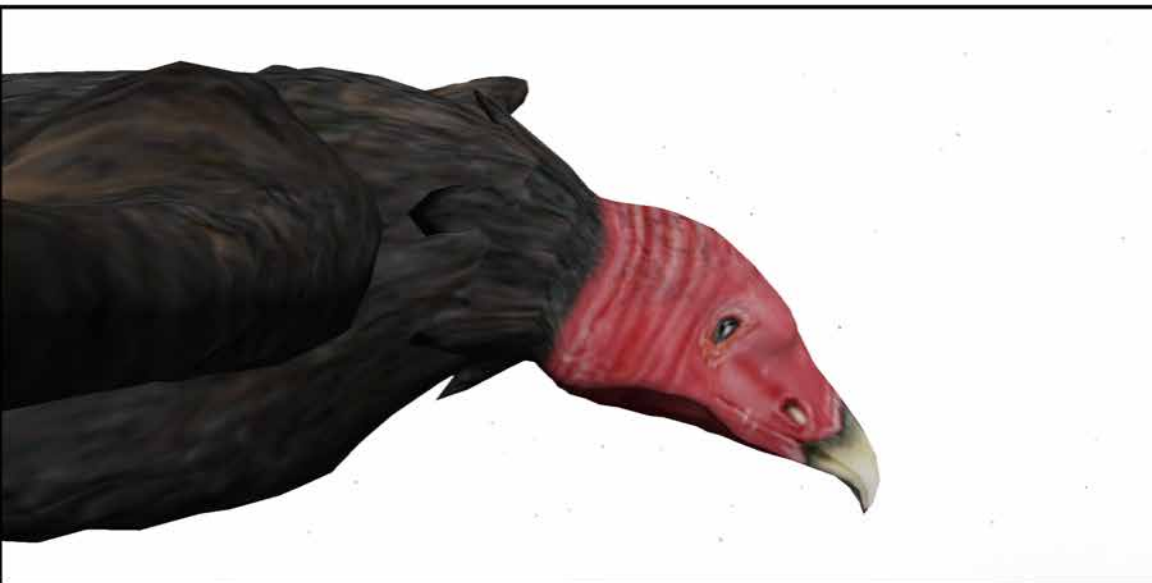
"Behold! My name stinks more than the odor of  
carrion birds on days when the sun burns hot!"

"Behold! My name smells more than fishermen and  
the shores of the sick pools they have fished!"

"Behold! My name stinks more than that of a  
manimal accused of taking someone's meat!"







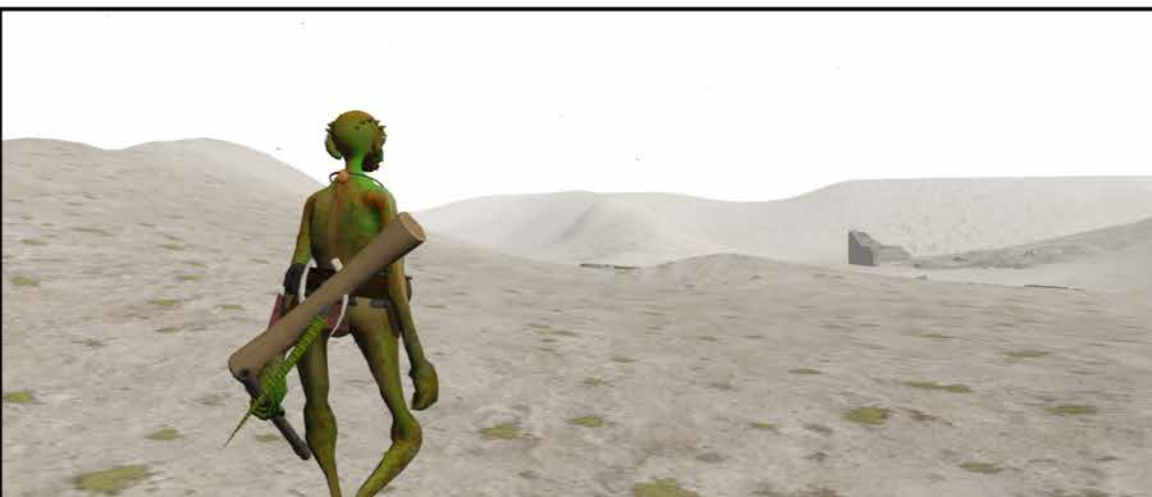
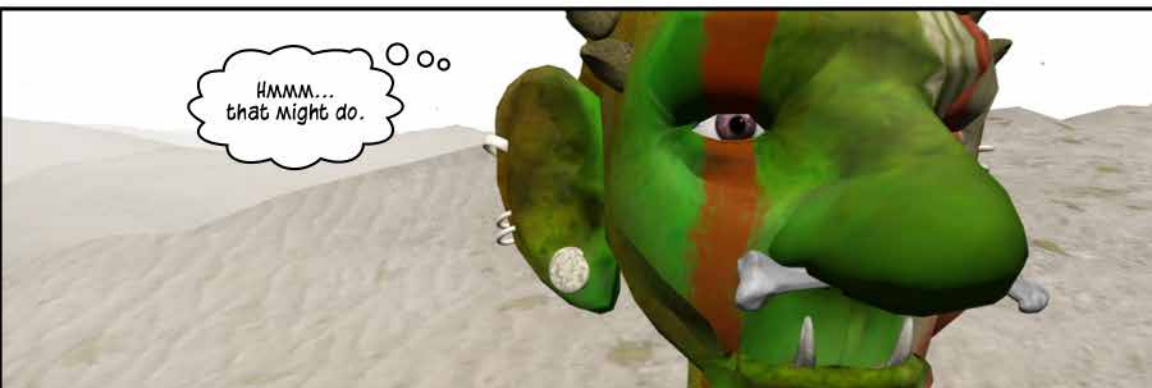
*I dare you!*

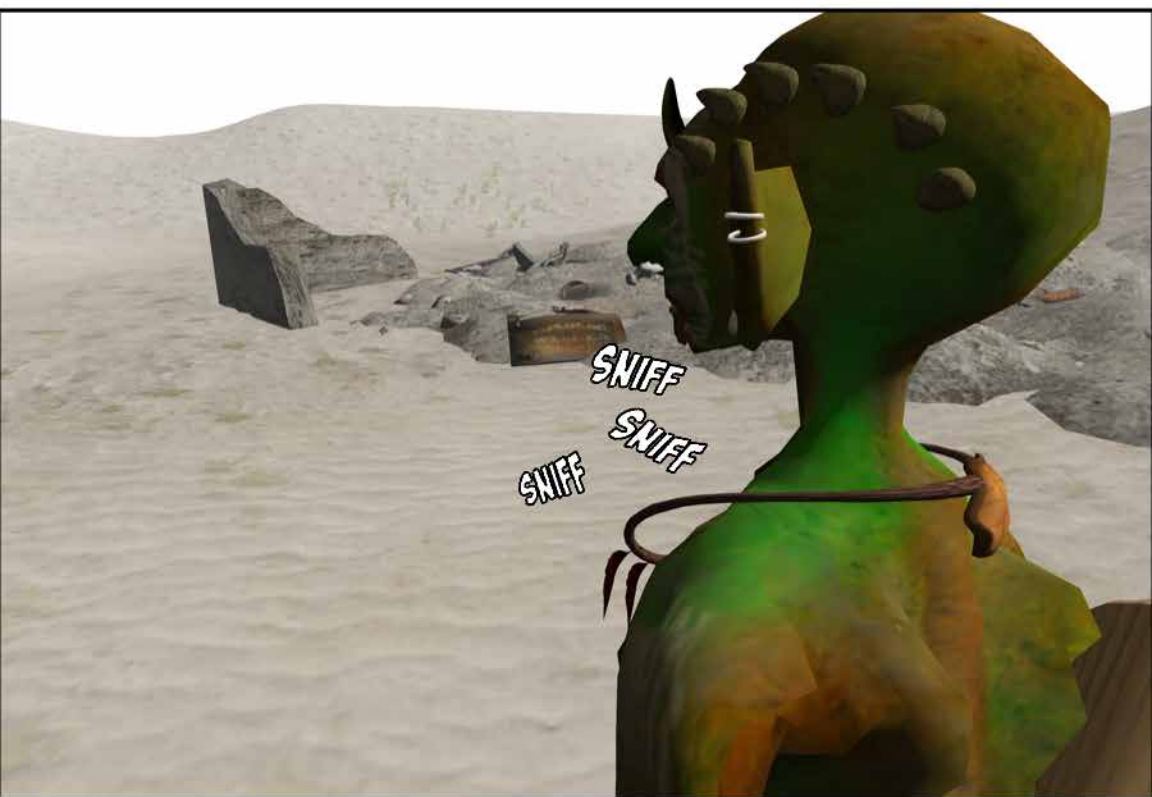


*Oily devil...*













Later that evening...


*Oi there! I'll be no trouble to a noble mutant such as you!*




*I saw your camp and hoped to pass the night, share a peaceful tale and some food!*








Where I am from  
humans are the food.



But tonight we will  
eat what you have.

Sit by the fire.  
I am Irk.



Well hello Irk, my name is Mavis!  
I'm grateful for the welcome... doesn't  
happen much in this world!









I understand what you say about havin' no place to go. For me it's more like there's no place I WANT to go, know what I mean?



No.

Well, it's like sayin' wherever I am, that's where I'm supposed to be for some reason. So I got no place to go because I'm always there!



Humans think strangely.

On that we agree!







I have no place to go because I am exiled from my tribe. I failed to pass the rites of a warrior and was cast out, never to return to my family or friends.



Cast out huh? What did you... I mean, uh, what happened?



I will tell you the story. It is a tale of woe.

"The rites last many days  
under the blazing sun, testing  
one's head, heart, and hands."



"Each day I endured, each day  
I succeeded, and I thought  
myself to surely be a warrior."

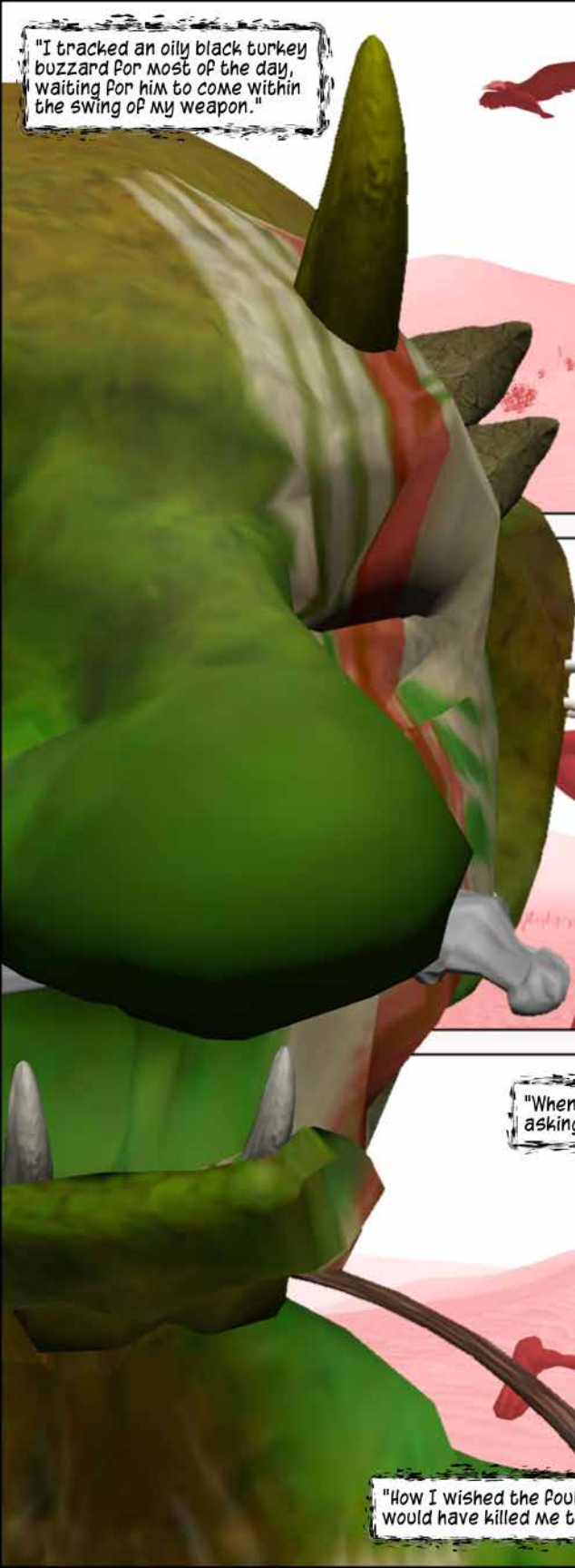
"But on the last day, the day of the hunt  
when the warrior must make a kill with a  
weapon crafted by his own hands..."



"On that day I failed."







"I tracked an oily black turkey buzzard for most of the day, waiting for him to come within the swing of my weapon."



"But when my moment came the weapon broke and the buzzard attacked, taking my eye and nearly my life."



"When I returned to my tribe the children mocked me, asking if someone made a lollipop from my eyeball."



"How I wished the Poul bird would have killed me that day."



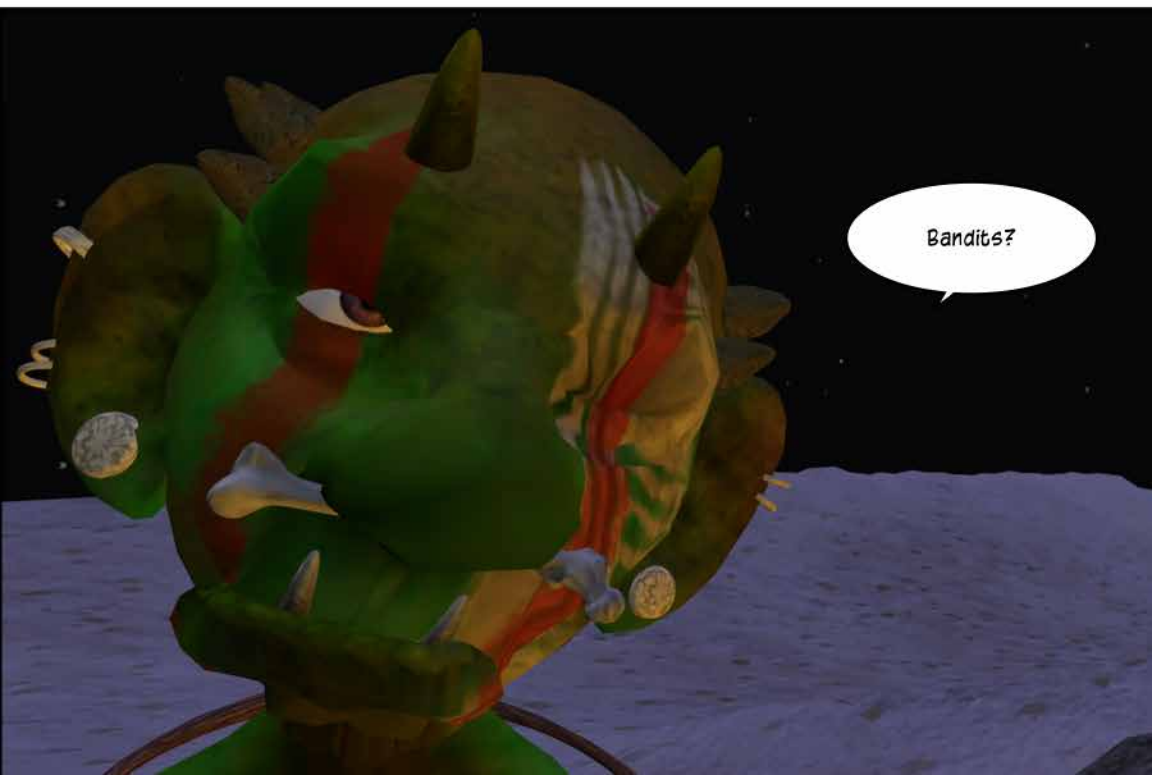




Me? Aw, not much to tell really. Just a man out in the sands doin' the best he can, as they say!



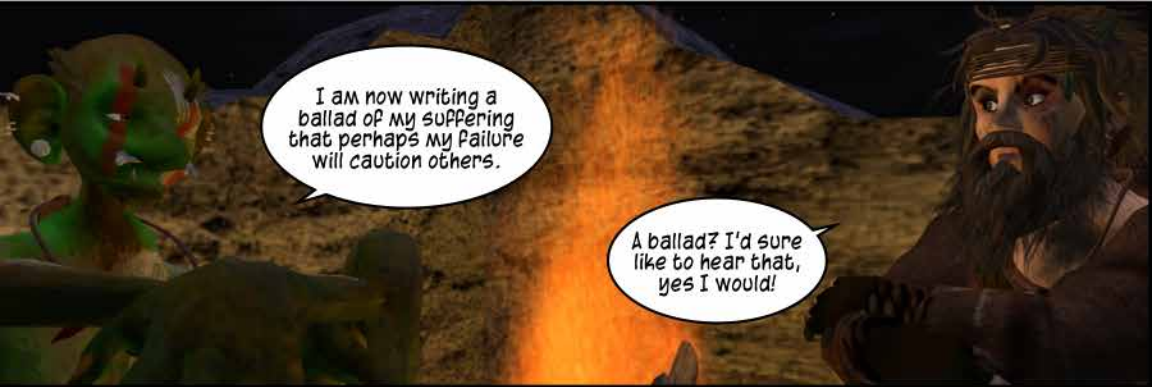
Tryin' to stay clear of them bandits out this way.



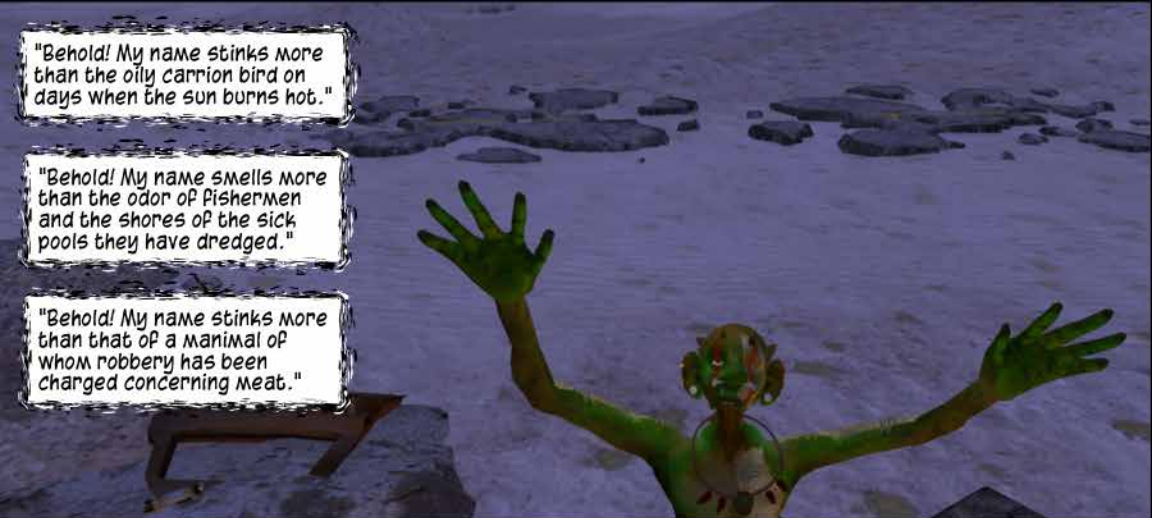
Bandits?











"Behold! My name stinks more  
than the oily carrion bird on  
days when the sun burns hot."

"Behold! My name smells more  
than the odor of fishermen  
and the shores of the sick  
pools they have dredged."

"Behold! My name stinks more  
than that of a manimal of  
whom robbery has been  
charged concerning meat."



"To whom should I speak today?  
Hearts are covetous, every creature  
plunders the good of his fellows."

"To whom should I speak today?  
Gentleness is forgotten, nowadays  
all do not as they were done by."

"To whom should I speak  
today? There is no heart  
whereon one might lean."

"What shall become of us? The  
righteous are no more, the land  
is given over to evil doers."





"What shall become of us? There is a lack of companions, creatures have recourse to a stranger to tell their troubles."



"What shall become of me? I am haunted by misery and without a comfort..."



There is more but it really needs work.

You came up with all that, all on your own? Those are powerful words! A drink for you!







The next morning...








"Death is in my eye today, as when a sick man becomes whole, as though walking abroad after illness."



"Death is in my eye today, like the sweet scent of blood moss, like finding shade on a hot day."



"Death is all I see, like joyful incense, smiling in love on the banks of drunkenness."





"Death is welcome today, like a well trodden road when warriors return home heavy laden from the hunt."

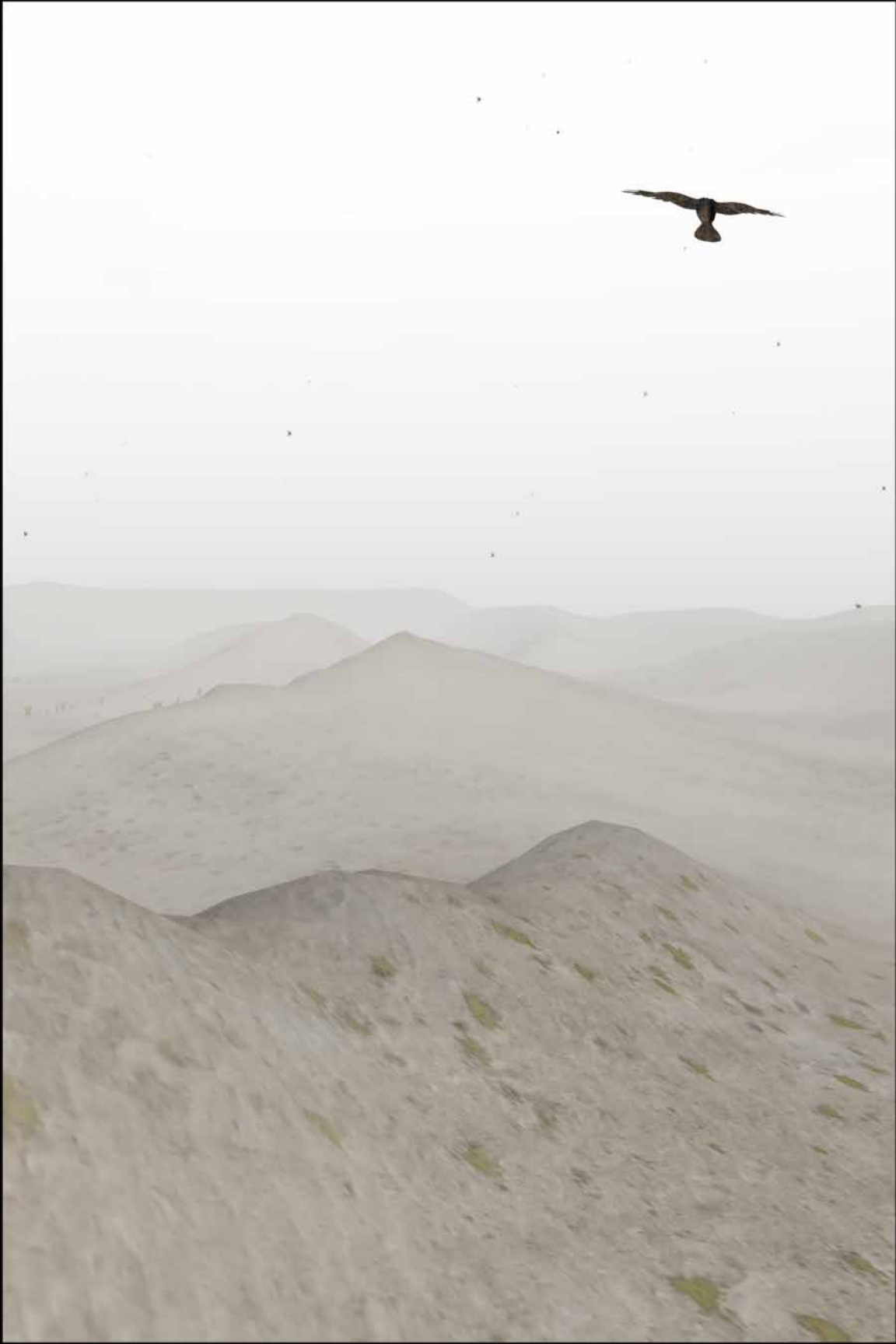


"Death is welcome today, like the desire of a creature to see his kin after many years in captivity."



"Death is welcome now, like the unveiling of heavens as when a creature finally attains that which he knew not."







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