

ISLAND FICTION

ESCAPE FROM  
SILK COTTON FOREST

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## KINGDOM OF IERIE

DOMINO COULD NOT AFFORD TO VOMIT. Only eleven, he was the oldest child in their group, trapped behind an overturned carriage. His mother sat staring into nothingness as though she had lost her mind. The only other adult, Yon Pero, their neighbour, was a cripple. Yon Pero had curled himself into a ball and whimpered behind his crutches which he held over his head protectively. Around them, six other children, aged three to six, sat wailing to the heavens. Domino knew them all by name: Trickster, Flo, Rose, Tassa, Ari and baby Belmonte. They were clasping their hands over their ears to block out the screams from those still fighting desperately for their lives, and those collapsing in the clutches of death. His village was under assault and all he could do was hide.

The giant rolling wheels of the invading army's trebuchets snapped the bones of the dead. La Diablesse and her army of Douens and Soucouyants were now using the carcasses from both sides as ammunition, to continue waging war against His Excellency, King Zar. It was the third day and the darkest the Kingdom of Ierie had ever known.

Missiles exploded and decomposing flesh landed with a thud or a splat and then lay limp. Suffocating under the rot, Domino wondered if stench alone