

FORGE OF FLESH



The White Shirt in the Red House

文瑞康

SHEN TIAN
A TALE OF GRIT & GRIEF



The vast interior of the industrial slaughterhouse is a cavern of iron and steam, where the floors run with a vibrant, deep red. High-pressure hoses hiss as they blast the concrete, trying to keep pace with the relentless pace of the machines. The air is thick and heavy, smelling of iron and the damp heat of the rising mist.



Shen Tian steps into the grimy factory, his shock of white hair and clean white shirt creating a jarring contrast against the blood-stained walls. He walks with a steady, quiet confidence, his tattered black gloves the only hint of the world he has entered. Every eye in the room turns toward the boy who looks entirely out of place in this desolate landscape.



THE ADVENTURE OF SHEN TIAN & THE BEAR-MAN



A powerful stream of water strikes the floor, churning the thick red blood into a swirling pink froth. Steam erupts from the contact point, veiling the ground in a ghostly white shroud that disappears as quickly as it forms. The high-speed rhythm of the cleaning process never stops, echoing the mechanical heartbeat of the factory.



THE CULTIVATOR AND THE BEAR-MAN'S JOURNEY

The massive bone-cutting machine screams as its metal blade slices through bone and meat with terrifying precision. A fine mist of red and green biological fluids sprays into the air, caught in the glare of the harsh industrial lighting. It is a place of raw power and cold efficiency, where life is reduced to a series of mechanical movements.



A giant of a man, built like a bear and slick with sweat and green fluids, sets down a heavy bone saw. He reaches for a long, thin boning knife, his massive muscles rippling under the flickering overhead lights. His expression is grim and unreadable as he prepares to address the intruder in the white shirt.



FRIENDS IN PIXELS - AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY

The muscular Bear-man looms over Shen Tian, his massive frame casting a long shadow through the swirling red steam. He grips the boning knife tightly, his presence radiating a menacing intensity that fills the narrow space between them. The atmosphere is thick with unspoken threats and the heavy scent of the kill floor.



From behind the massive shoulders of the Bear-man, the scene looks like a collision of two different worlds. Shen Tian stands perfectly still, his clean clothes and calm face a defiance of the filth surrounding him. In the shadows, other workers stop their labor to watch the tense standoff unfold in silence.



Shen Tian looks up at the giant, his gaze steady and his face entirely expressionless despite the chaos. He begins to speak, his voice cutting through the hum of the machinery with a clarity that surprises everyone nearby. His white hair frames a face of unexpected iron will, refusing to flinch in the face of the Bear-man's intimidation.

PANEL 1:



TRAINING

PANEL 2:



CONTENTMENT

PANEL 3:



DISCOVERY

PANEL 4:



OBSERVATION

PANEL 5:



APPROACH

PANEL 6:



UNCERTAINTY

PANEL 7:



FRIENDSHIP?

PANEL 8:



ACCEPTANCE

PANEL 9:



ALLIES!

THE CULTIVATOR AND THE BEAR-MAN

As Shen Tian finishes his statement, the heavy silence is shattered by a sudden burst of cruel, mocking laughter from the surrounding workers. They point and jeer at the boy in the white shirt, their faces twisted in derision at his perceived arrogance. He stands isolated in the center of the factory, a silent figure of resolve amidst a sea of mockery and grime.