

First!!!

Vulture culture is a term used to describe a community of people who are interested in collecting, preserving, and studying animal remains, particularly bones, skulls, and other natural artifacts. This subculture is often associated with a deep appreciation for the natural world and a fascination with the life cycles of living organisms.

Chapter 1: Our beginning

The sun hovered low in the sky, casting a golden glow over the sprawling landscape. Around him, the world seemed to breathe in a rhythm all its own, a gentle hum of life that only he seemed to notice. It was a world of endless possibilities—a world Milo desperately wanted to understand. At fifteen, Milo was caught in the in-between, no longer a child yet not quite an adult. The small town he lived in felt both too big and too small, a paradox he couldn't quite unravel. The people around him bustled about their daily lives, seemingly content in their predictable routines, but Milo craved something more. Something beyond the confines of his

Milo had always been drawn to the unseen, the forgotten, and the discarded. It was this fascination that led him to the peculiar subculture known as "vulture culture." To outsiders, it might seem odd—an interest in collecting bones, feathers, and other remnants of the natural world—but to Milo, it was a way of connecting with something timeless and profound.

His room was a testament to his passion. Shelves

lined with skulls of small animals, each one carefully cleaned and polished, nestled beside jars filled with delicate feathers and stones. These treasures, as he called them, were not just objects; they were stories waiting to be told, and Milo had taken it upon himself to be their author. Yet, beneath his fascination lay a deeper quest—a search for identity. Milo often wondered where he fit in a world that seemed so neatly categorized. Was he the artist, the observer, or something else entirely? The answers eluded him, dancing just out of reach like shadows in the twilight.

School was a place of contradictions for Milo. He was both a part of it and apart from it. His classmates didn't quite understand his interests, and while they were not unkind, their puzzled glances reminded him of the chasm between his world and theirs. He longed for someone who saw the world as he did, someone who would understand the beauty in the things others overlooked.

On this particular evening, Milo ventured to the edge of town, where the fields stretched wide and uninterrupted. It was here, among the whispers of the wind and the rustle of the grass, that he felt most at home. The familiar call of a red-tailed

hawk echoed in the distance, a reminder that the natural world held secrets he was eager to uncover.

As he wandered, Milo's mind drifted to the stories he had read about explorers and adventurers. They, too, had sought something beyond the horizon, driven by a need to discover what lay beyond the known. Perhaps, in his own way, Milo was an explorer, charting a course through the complexities of adolescence and the mysteries of life.

With a deep breath, he raised the camera to his eye, framing the world in a way that felt uniquely his own. The snap of the shutter was a promise—a promise to seek, to question, and to discover who he was amidst the swirling chaos of the universe. And so, with the setting sun painting the sky in hues of orange and pink, Milo took his first step on the journey to finding himself, guided by the call of the unseen and the whisper of the vulture culture that had captured his heart.