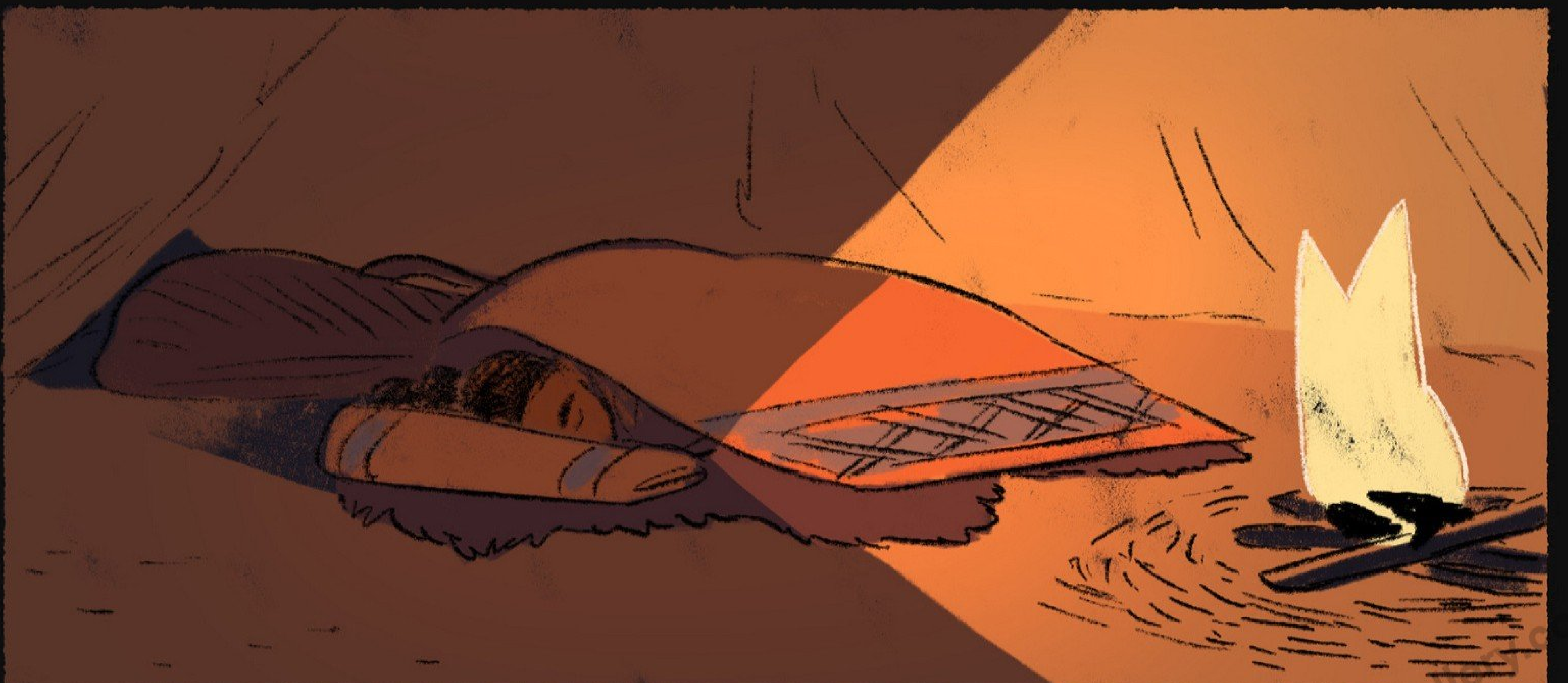
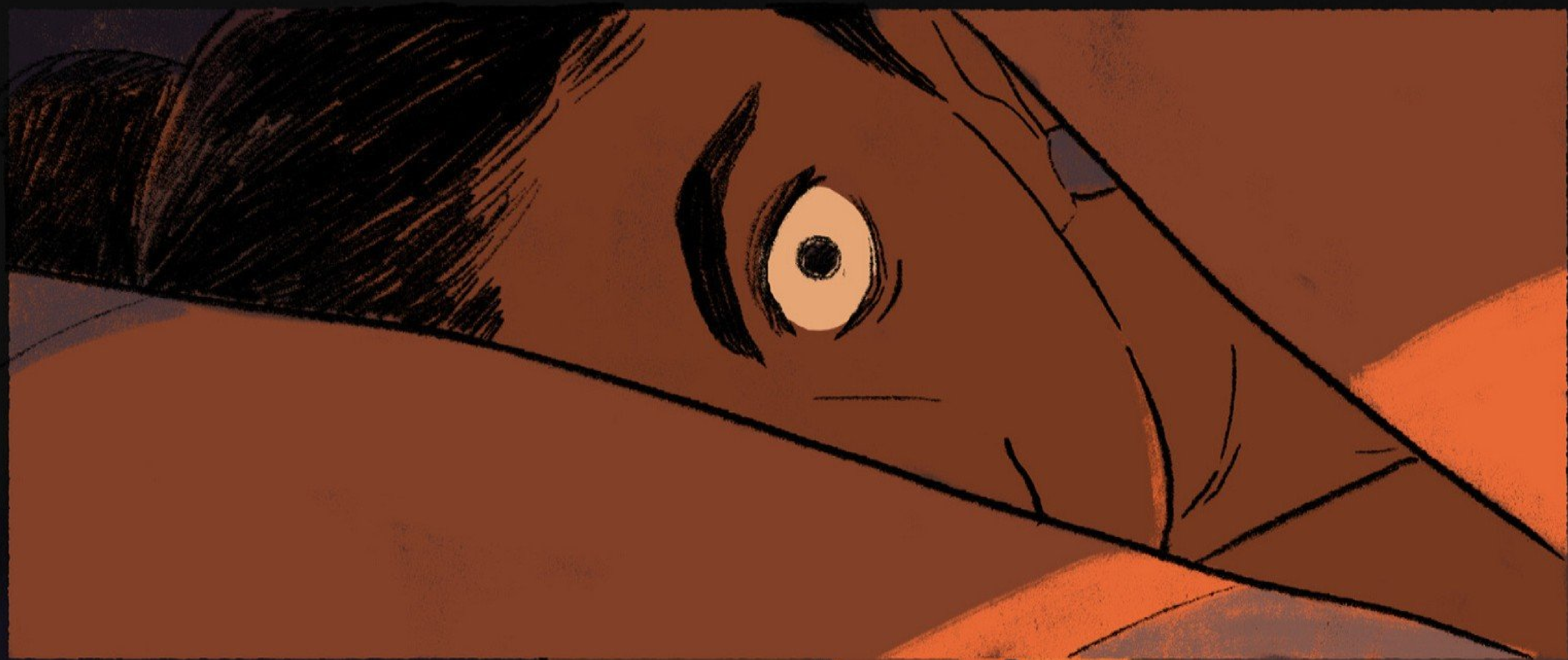


OTAVA HEIKKILÄ
SHATTERED
SPEAR

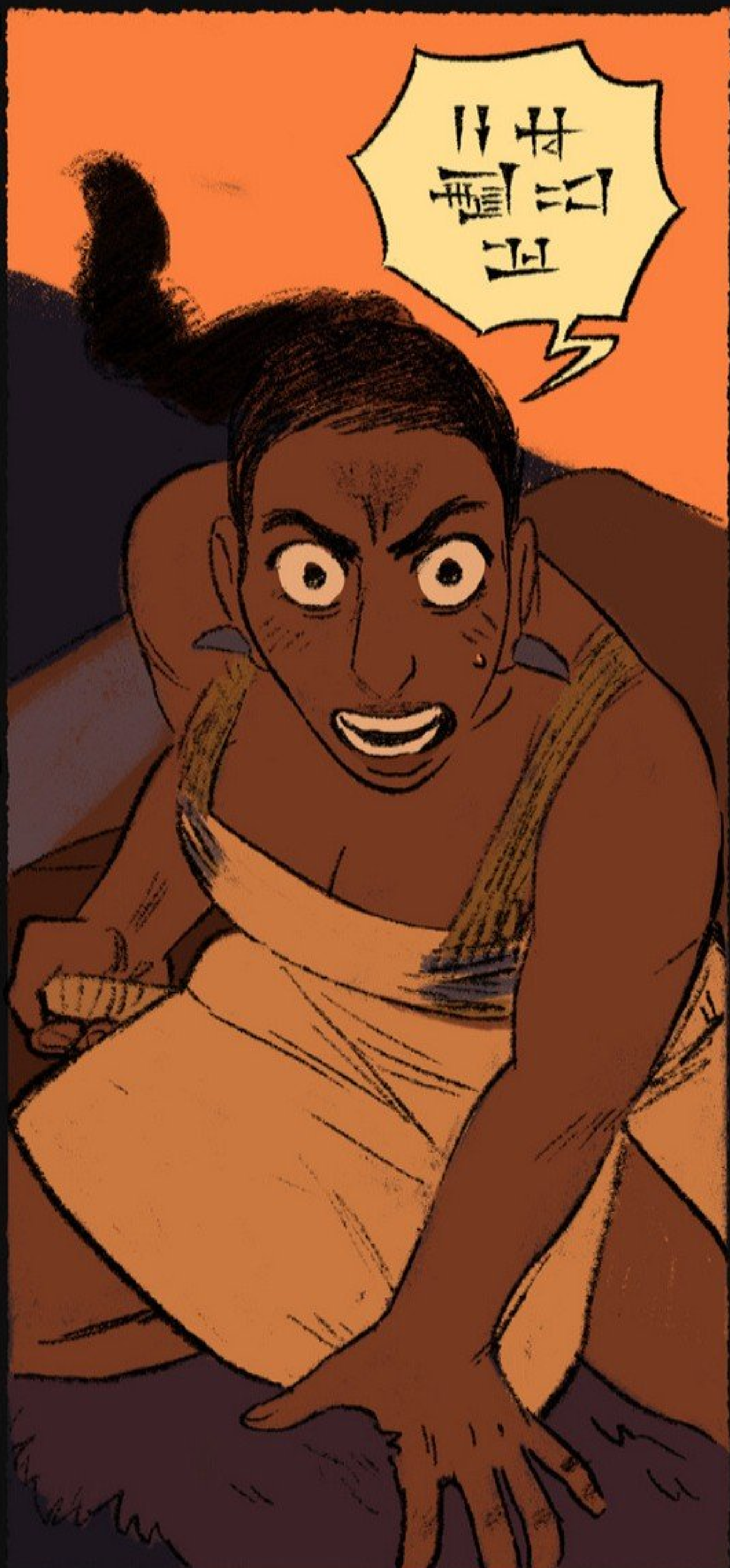
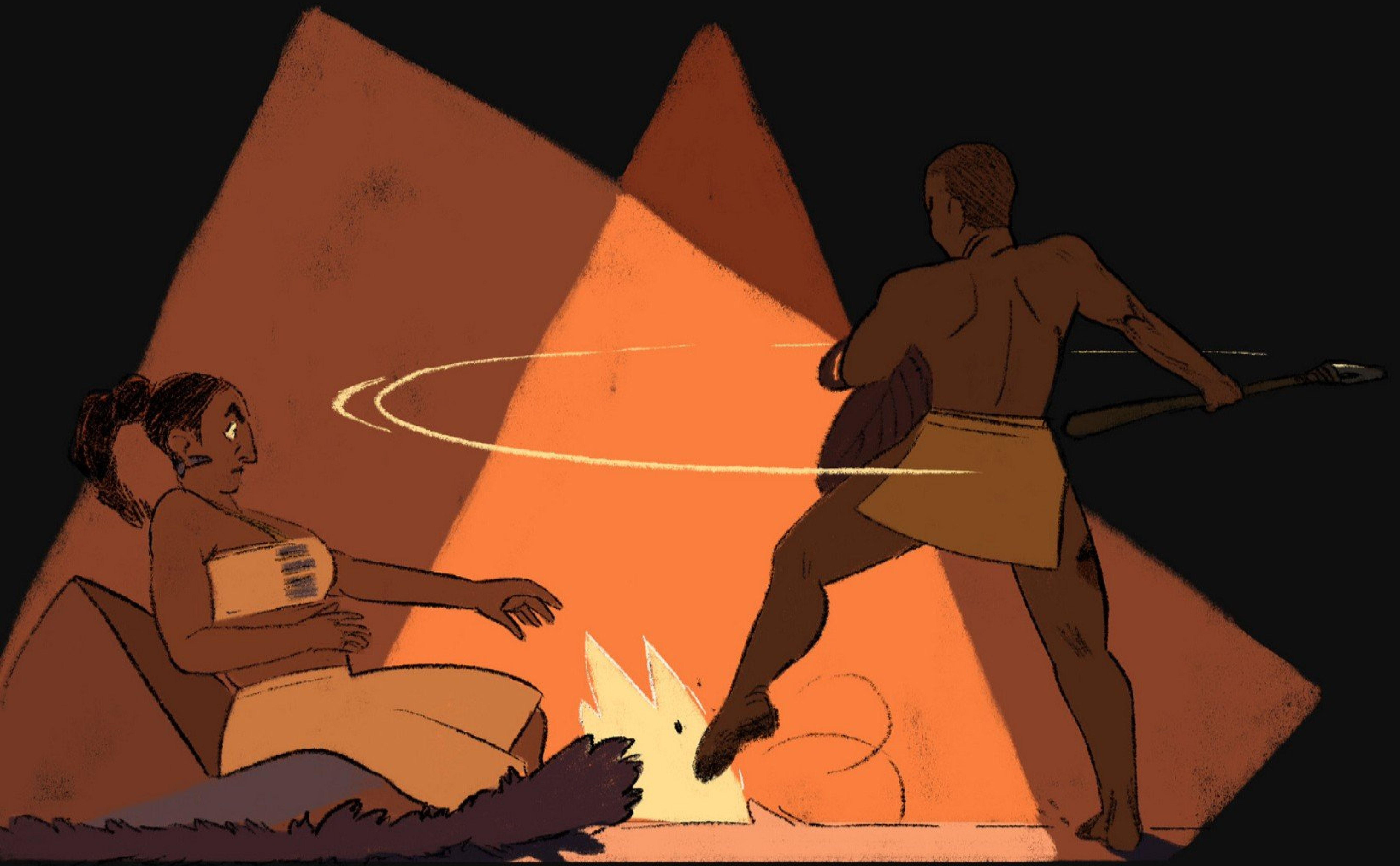


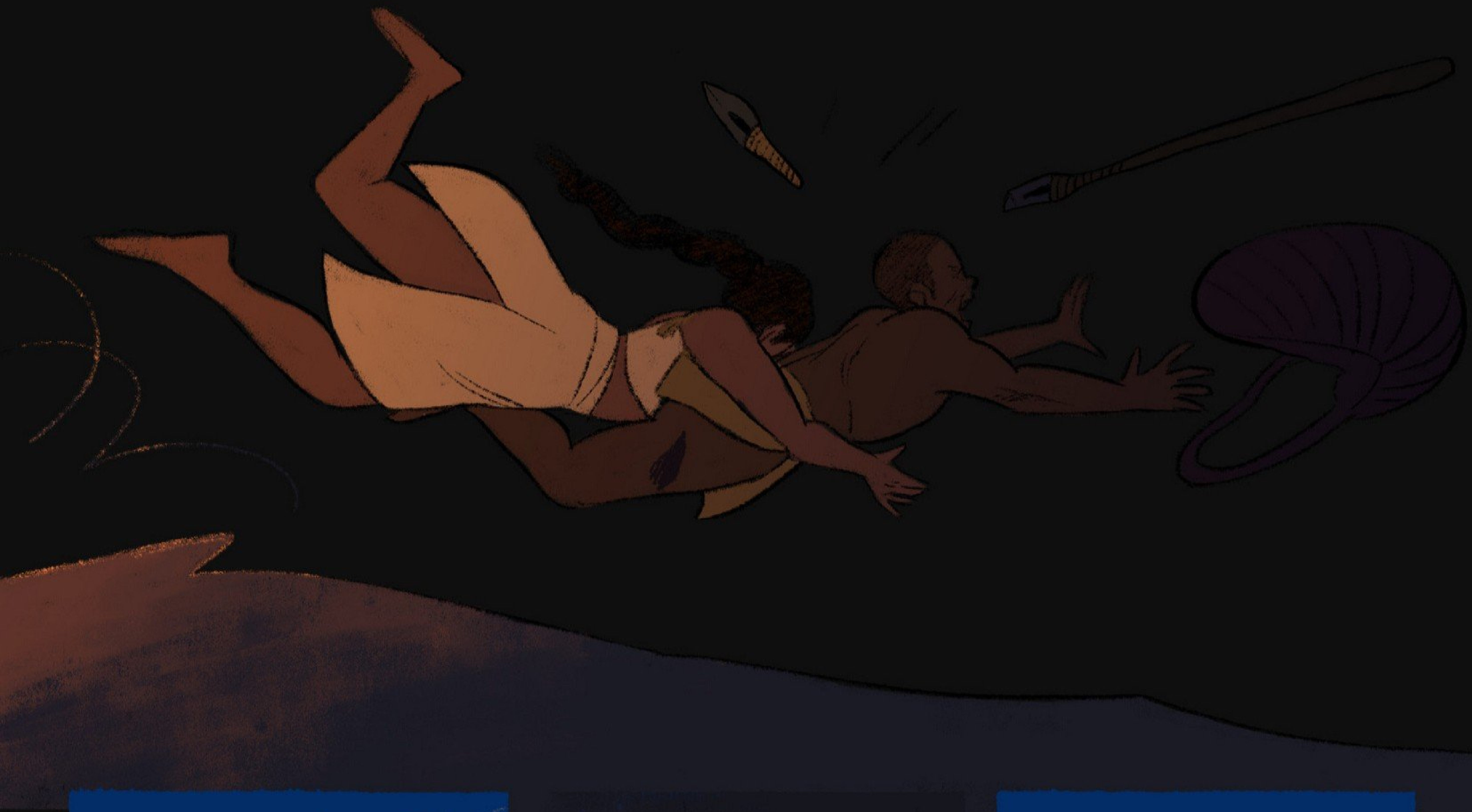






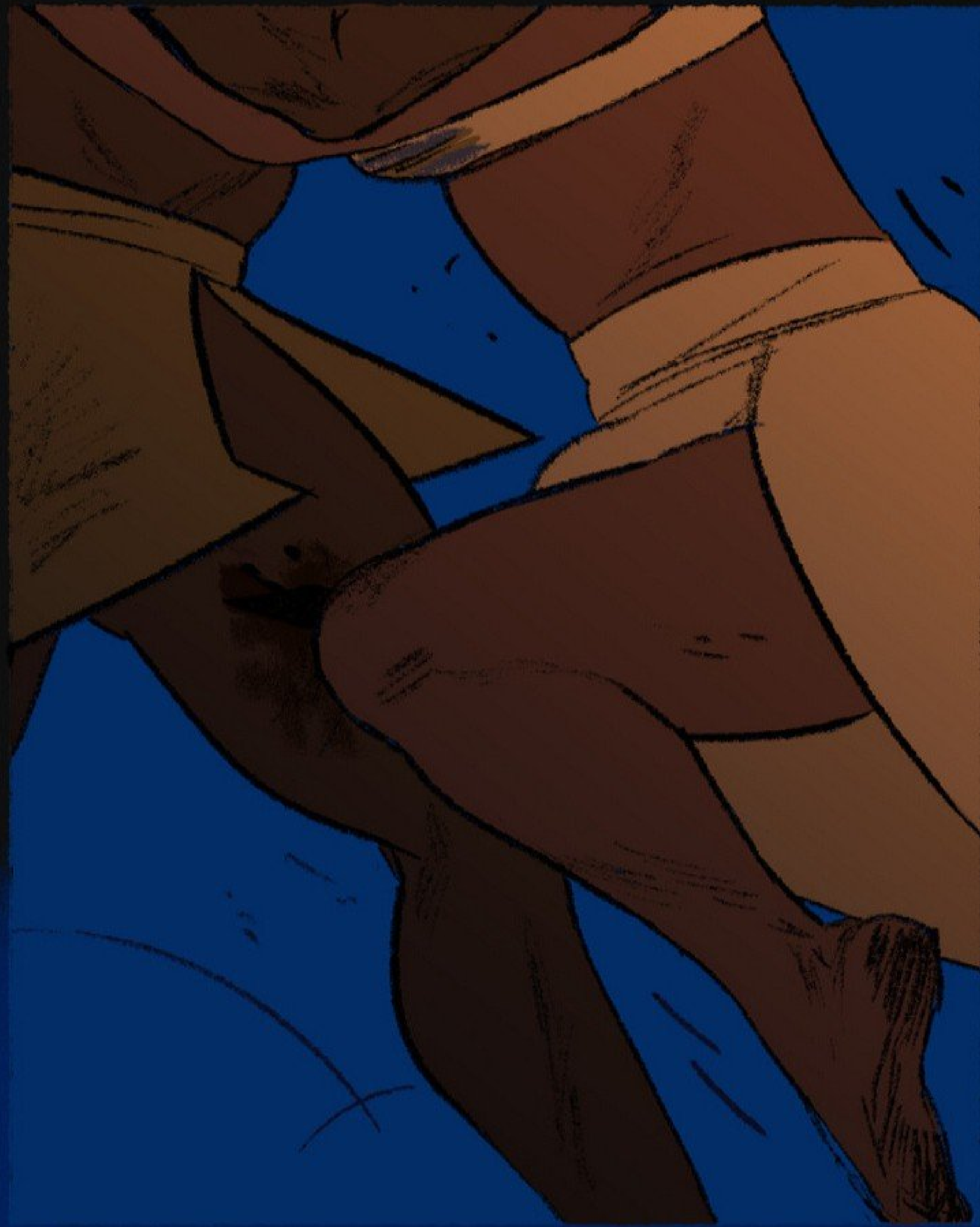


















YEAH.
I'M A DOG,
RUNNING FROM
WORSE DOGS.

A GROUP
OF TRAVELERS
ATTACKED ME FOR
MY BELONGINGS A
NIGHT EARLIER.

I BARELY
ESCAPED WITH
MY LIFE.

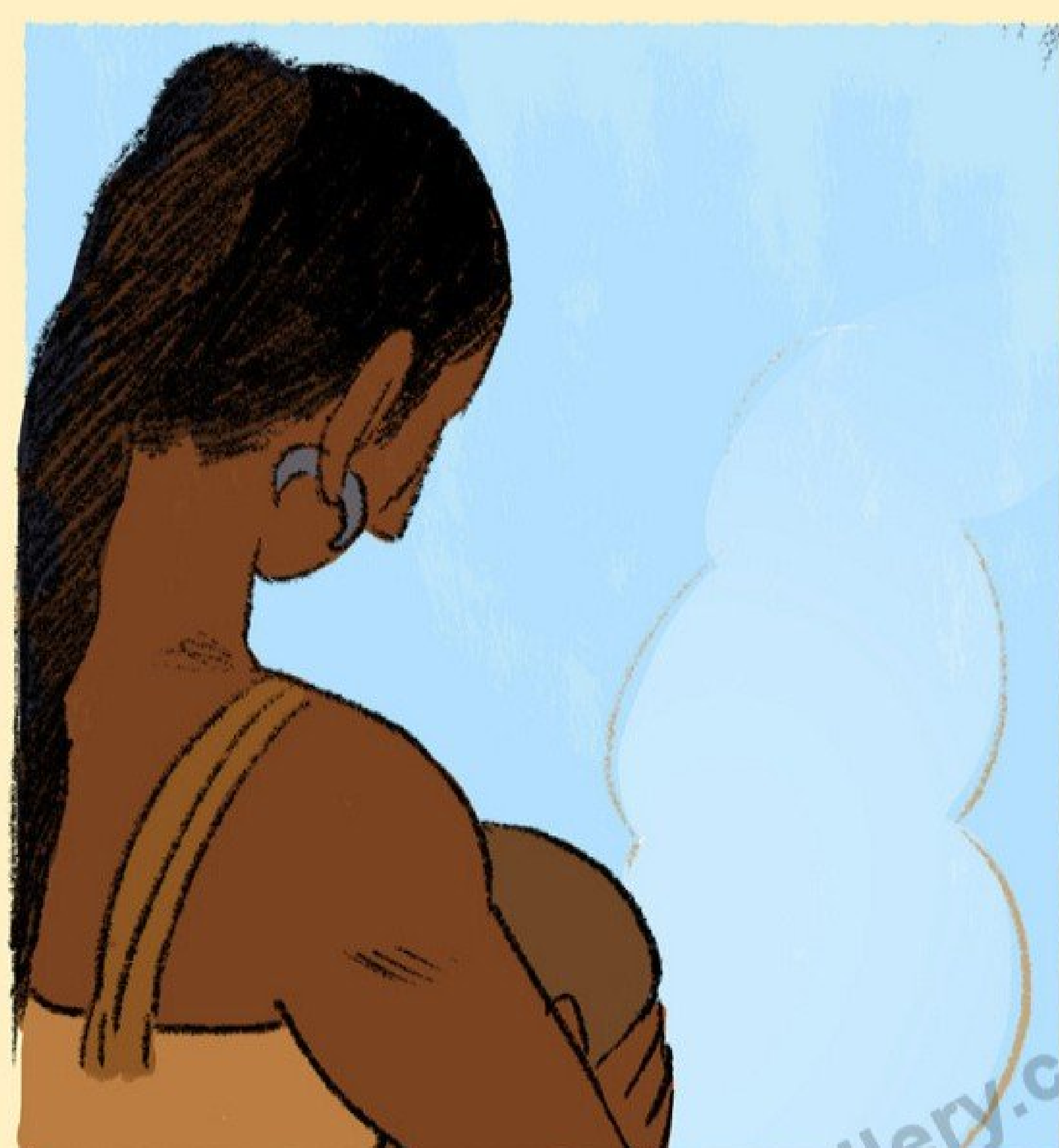
LOOK
AT WHAT I CARRY.
SEE THE TRUTH IN MY
EMPTY HANDS, AND
MY WOUND.

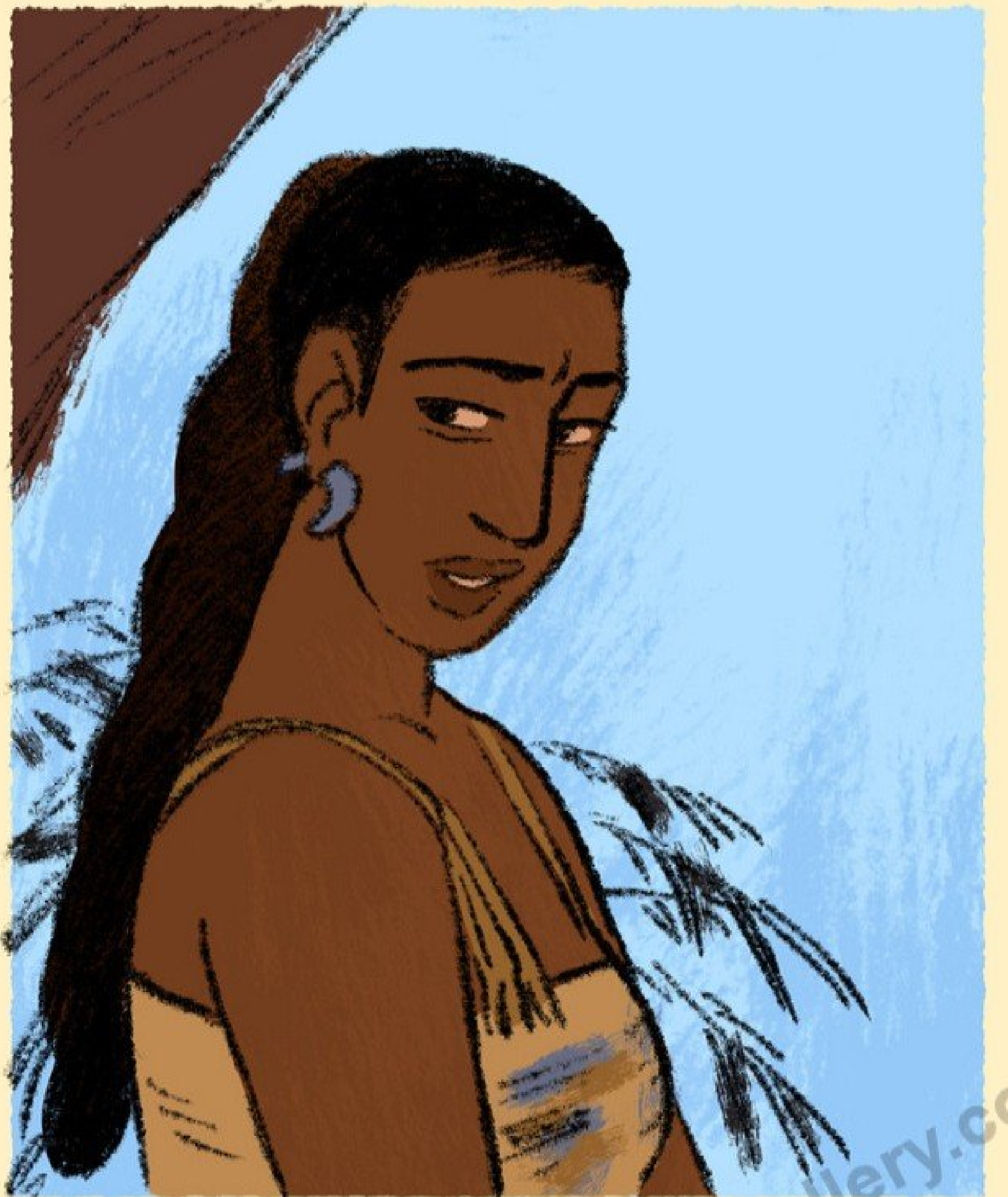
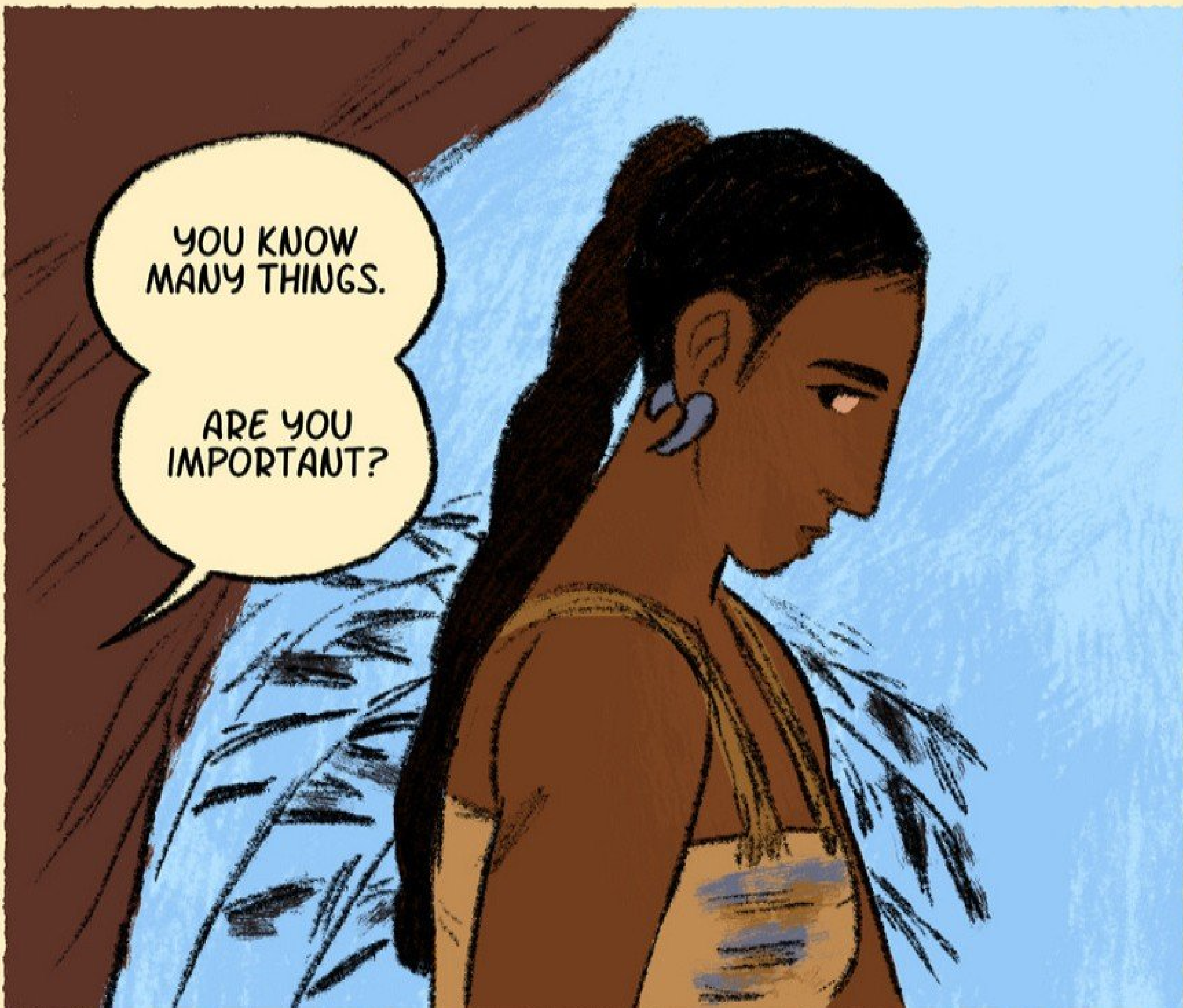






















I FORGOT TO ASK YOUR NAME.

IT'S NAIHU.



NAIHU, YOU KNOW STORIES?

HAHA! I KNOW SEVERAL.

TELL ME ONE.



I'LL TELL YOU
A SHORT ONE.

IT'S
A STORY ABOUT
TWO GODS AND AN
EMPTY EARTH.



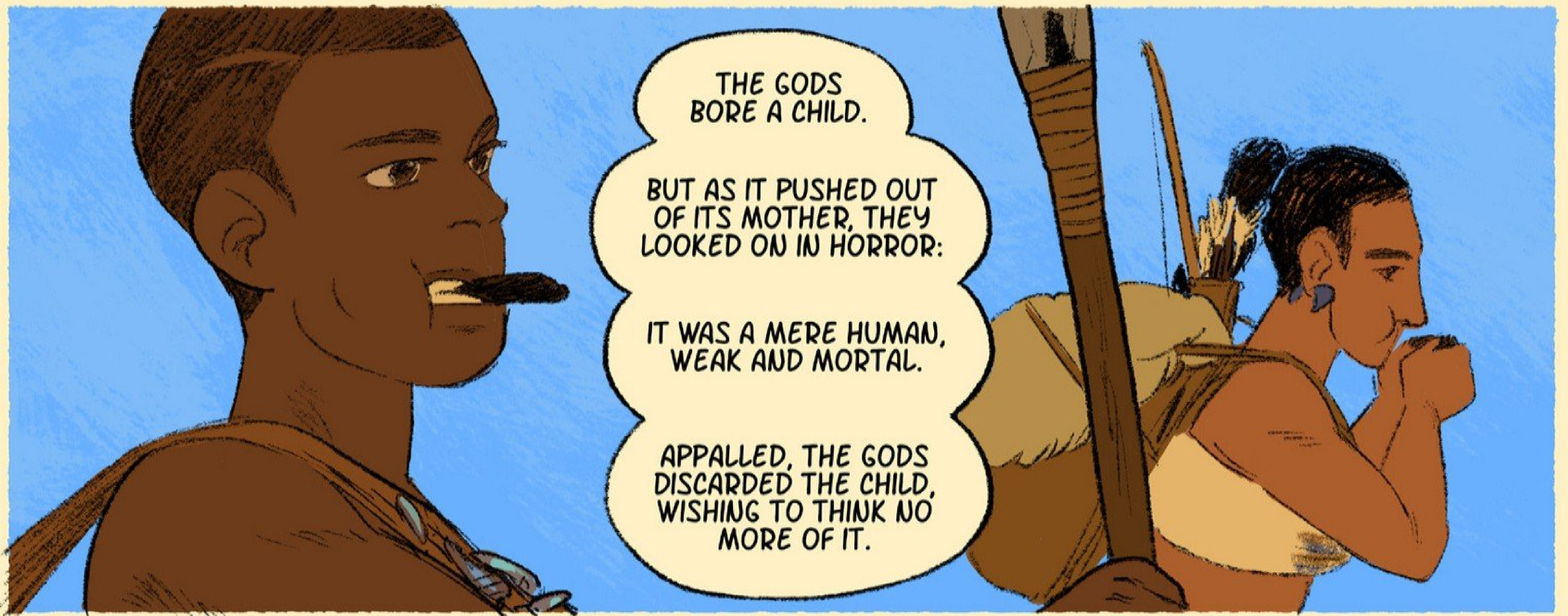
THE
TWO GODS
WERE EQUALS
IN STRENGTH
AND WISDOM,

AND MORE
THAN THAT, THEY
WERE LIFEMATES
TO EACH OTHER.



THEY
SAW THE
PERFECTION
EVIDENT IN
EACH OTHER.

IT WAS ONLY NATURAL
THAT THEY WISHED TO BEAR
MAGNIFICENT CHILDREN
TOGETHER.



THE GODS
BORE A CHILD.

BUT AS IT PUSHED OUT
OF ITS MOTHER, THEY
LOOKED ON IN HORROR:

IT WAS A MERE HUMAN,
WEAK AND MORTAL.

APPALLED, THE GODS
DISCARDED THE CHILD,
WISHING TO THINK NO
MORE OF IT.



THE GODS
TRIED TO BEAR A
NEW CHILD, MIGHTY
AND STRONG LIKE
THEM.

TO NO AVAIL!
ANOTHER HUMAN
WAS BORN, AS SMALL
AND SLOW AS THE
FIRST ONE.

APPALLED, THE GODS
DISCARDED THE CHILD,
SO THAT THEY WOULDN'T
HAVE TO THINK MORE
OF IT.



AGAIN THEY HAD A
CHILD, AND AGAIN A
HUMAN WAS BORN.

MAKE
NO MISTAKE,
THEIR PATIENCE
WAS DIVINE.

THE
GODS TRIED
EVERYTHING TO
BEAR BETTER
OFFSPRING.

THEY TRIED FOR
AS MANY YEARS AS
THEY BOTH HAD LIVED,
AND THEN SOME,

BUT THEIR LUCK
WAS NOT GOING
TO CHANGE.



ONE DAY, THE GODS
FINALLY LOOKED AROUND
THEMSELVES.

THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE
THEIR EYES. THE EARTH ALL
AROUND THEM WAS TEEMING
WITH HUMANS!

EVERY CORNER AND
VALLEY HAD TURNED
TO A HOME FOR THEIR
PATHETIC OFFSPRING.

THEIR CHILDREN HAD
TAKEN OVER ALL THE
EARTH.



...

YOUR
VERDICT?

EEHHH.
THE GODS SEEMED
PRETTY STUPID.

WHY WOULD
THEY MAKE THAT
BIG MISTAKES?



HAHA

ISN'T A STUPID
GOD EASY TO
RELATE TO?

YOU CAN FIND
YOURSELF IN THE GODS
AND THE HUMANS BOTH
THAT WAY.



I WOULDN'T
WANT TO RELATE
TO THESE GODS,
STILL.



WHAT WOULD
YOU DO, THEN?

IF YOU WERE
IN THE GODS' PLACE,
AND YOUR WISH WAS
NEVER FULFILLED?



IT WAS
STILL FULFILLED
SOMEHOW. THEY JUST
WEREN'T HAPPY WITH
WHAT IT WAS.

I WOULD'VE TRIED
TAKING CARE OF THE
FIRST CHILD, EVEN IF
IT'S A SHITTY ONE.

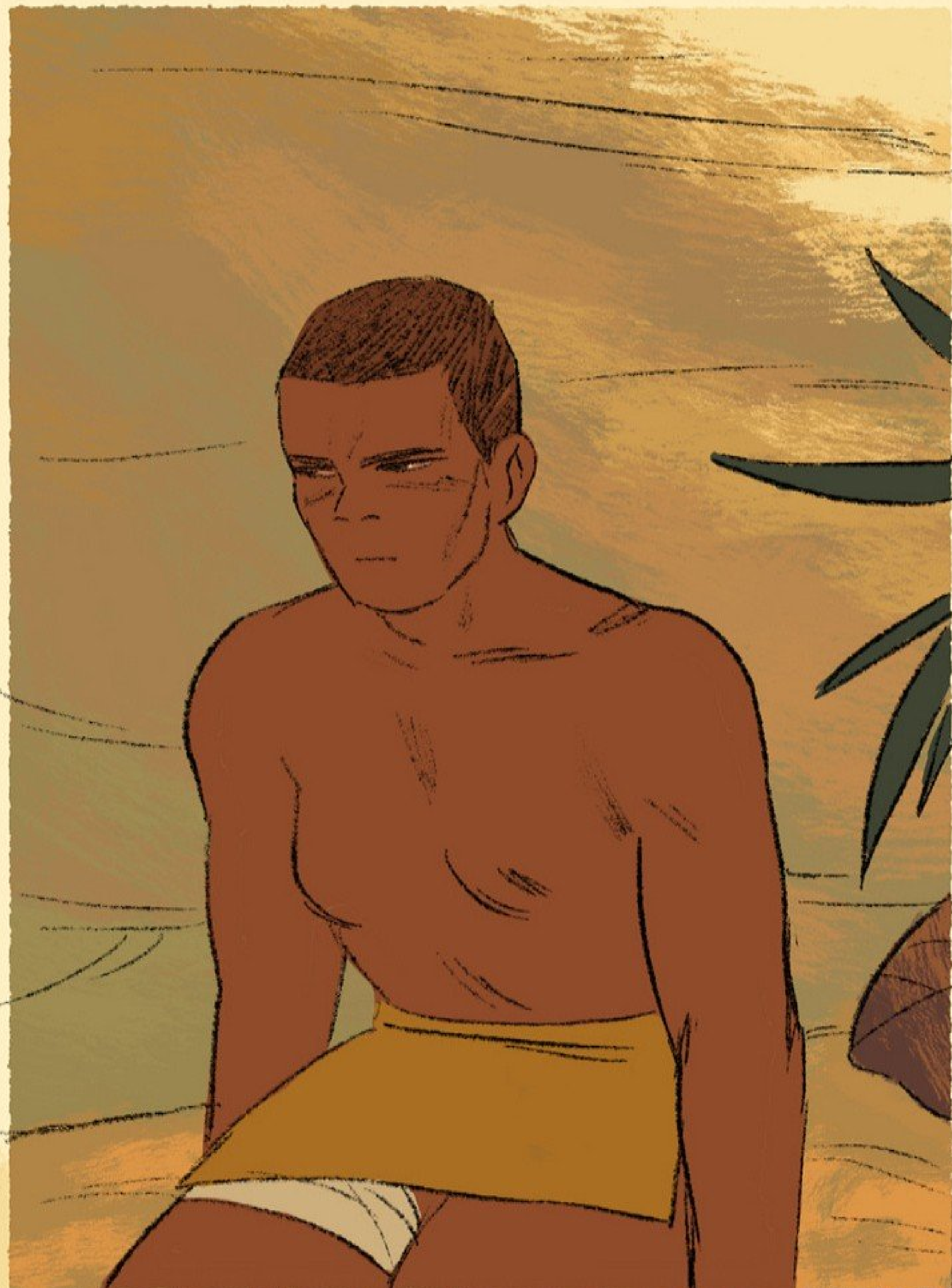
WE
HAVE A SAYING
IN BAIDHA, PITU:

MOST
HUMANS WOULD
MAKE GOOD
GODS,

AND ALL GODS
WOULD MAKE CRUEL
HUMANS.







I'M WATCHING
OVER YOUR
STUFF.

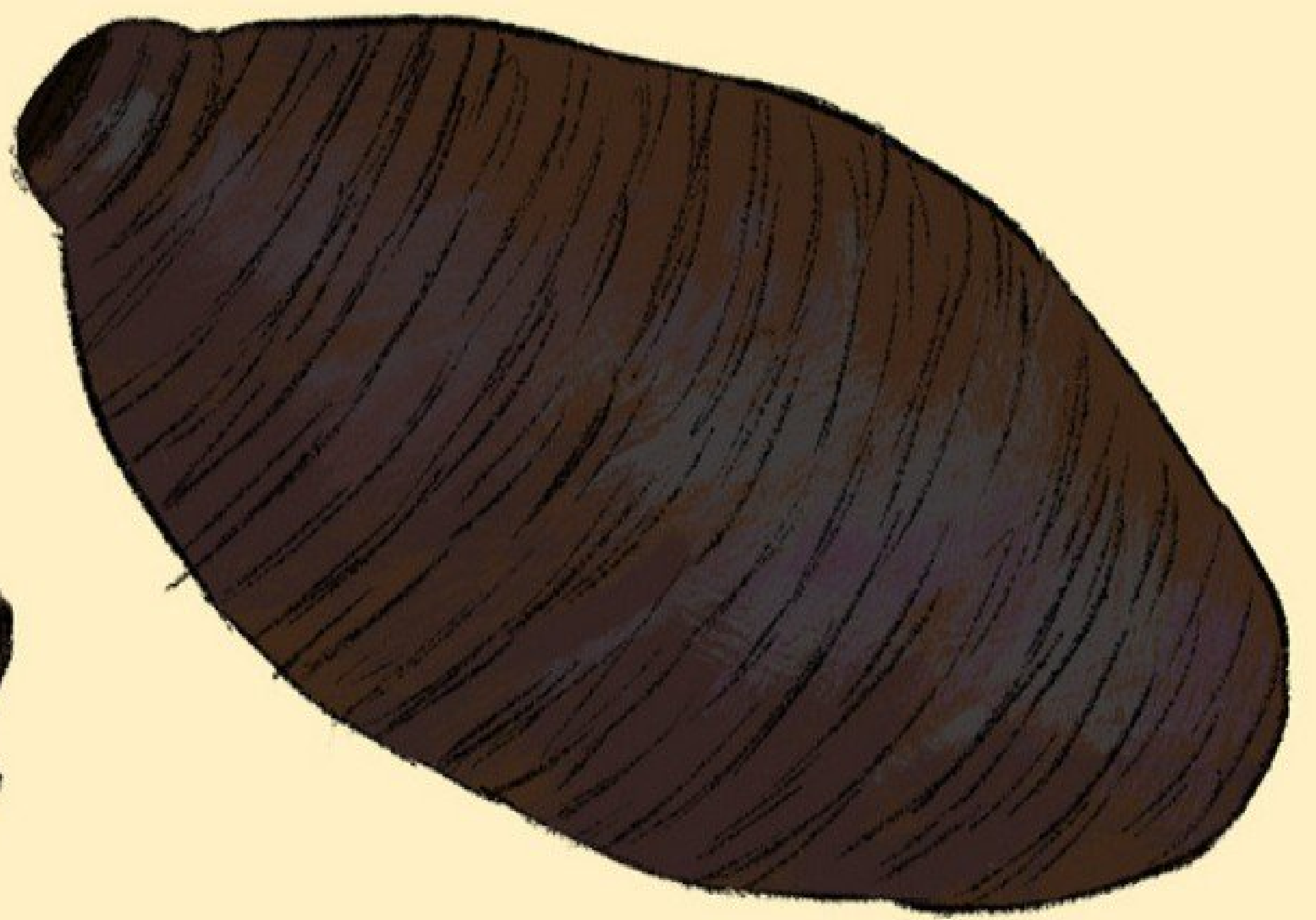
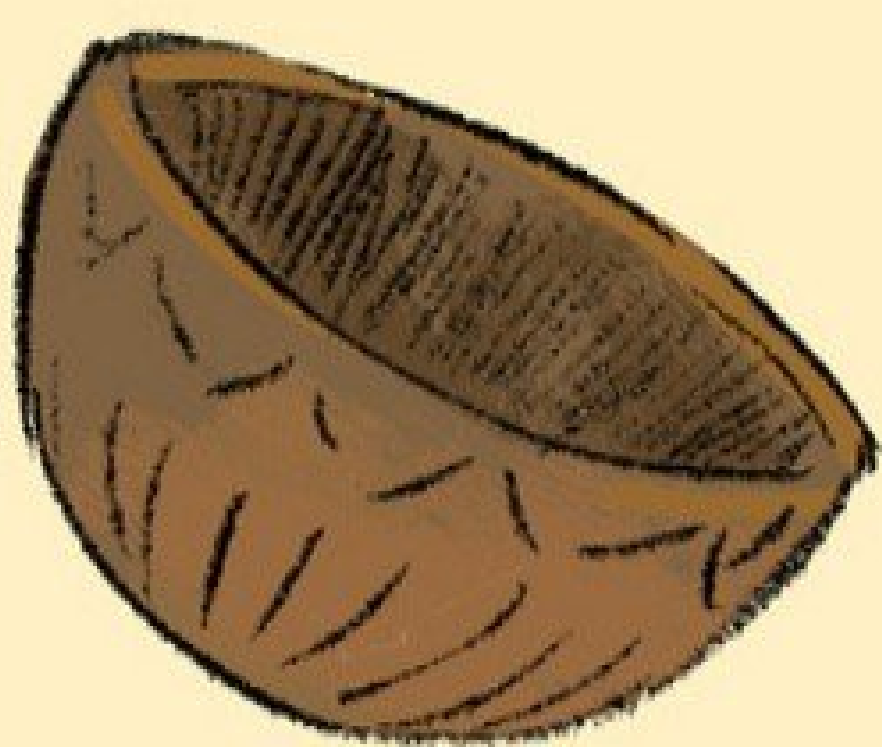
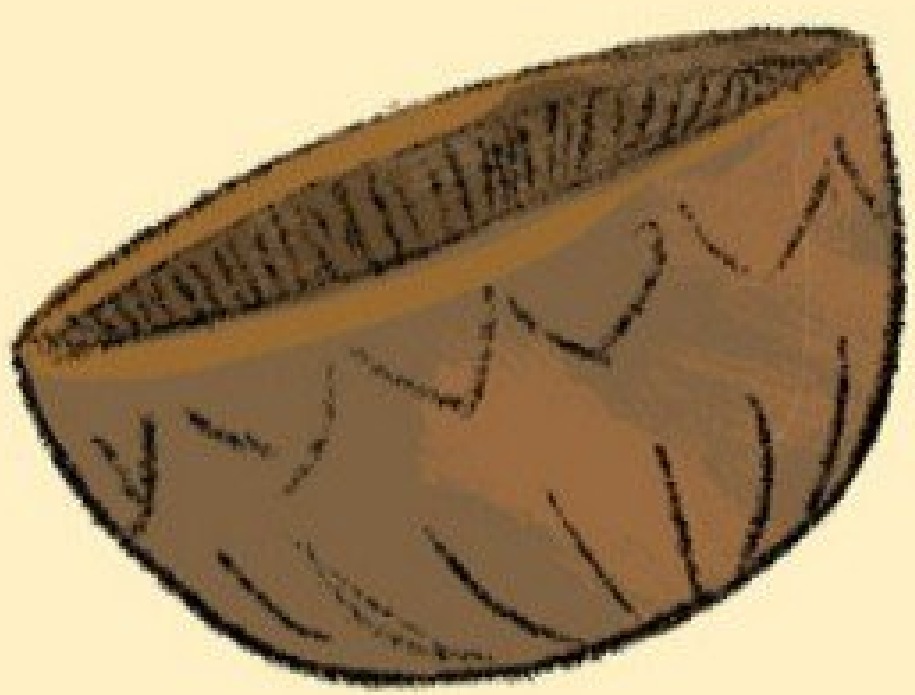
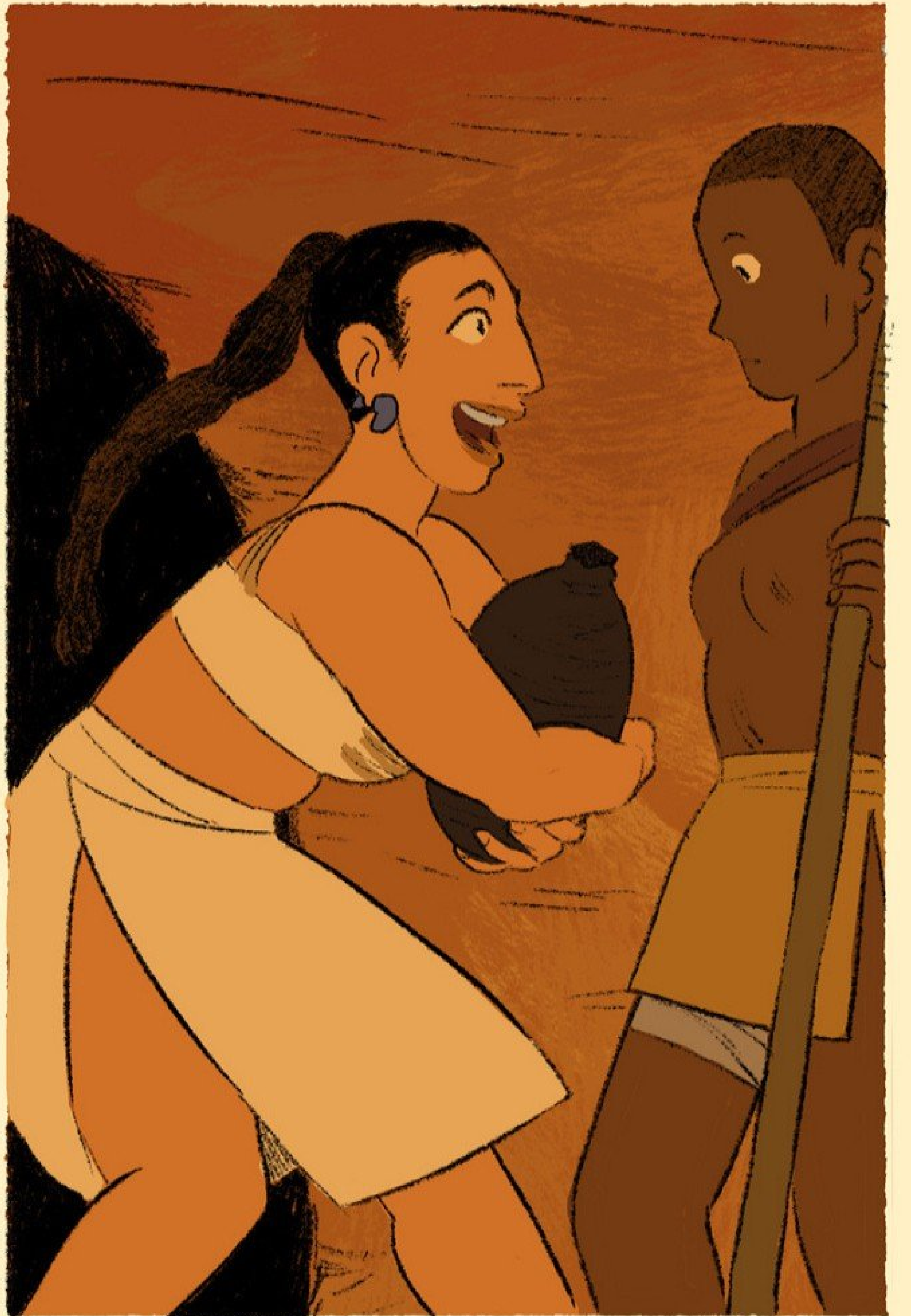
WHO'S
GOING TO STEAL
THEM?

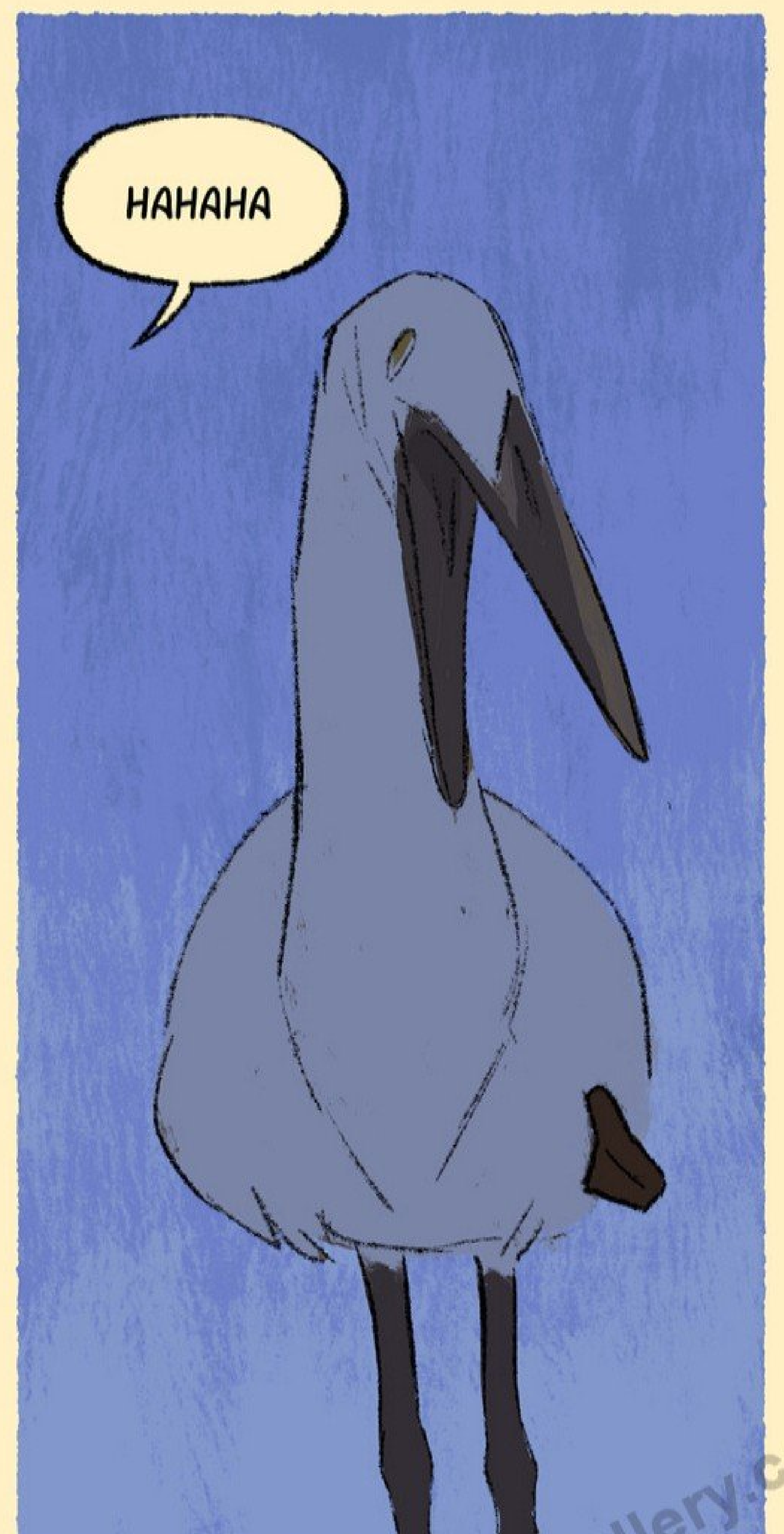
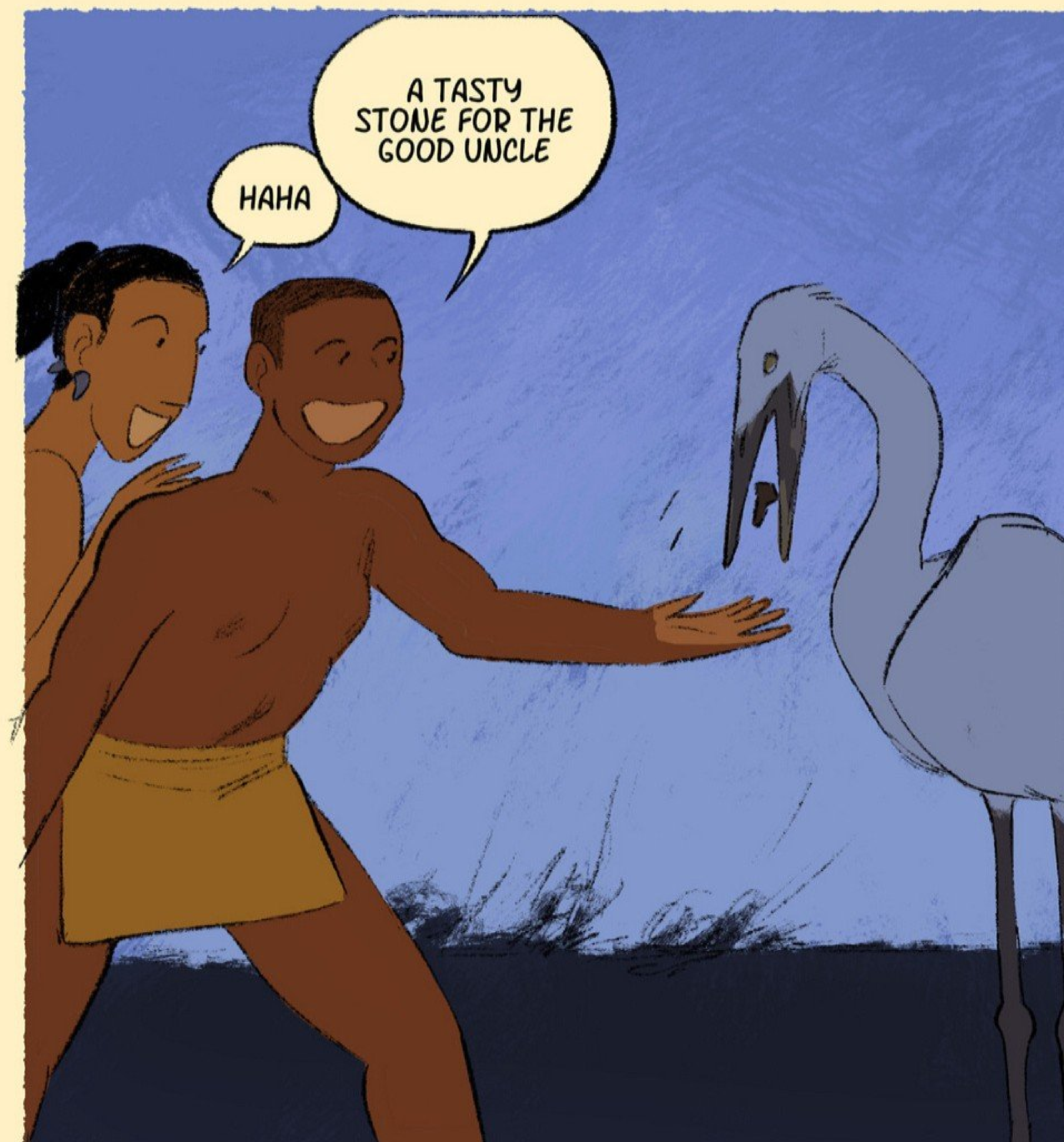
YOU?!?

EUGH.

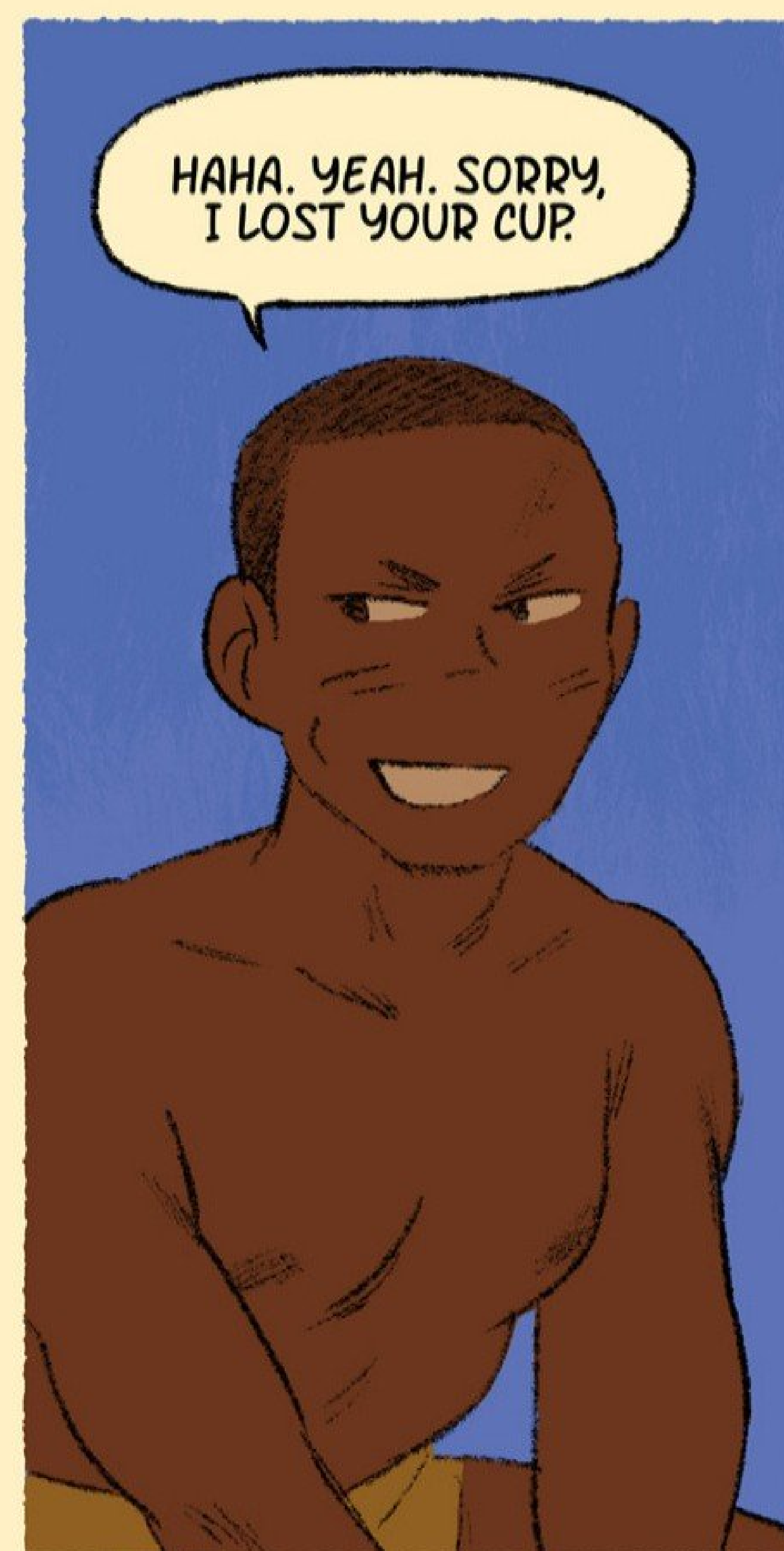
I'M JUST SAYING.
I ALREADY TRAVEL
WITH THE THIEF.

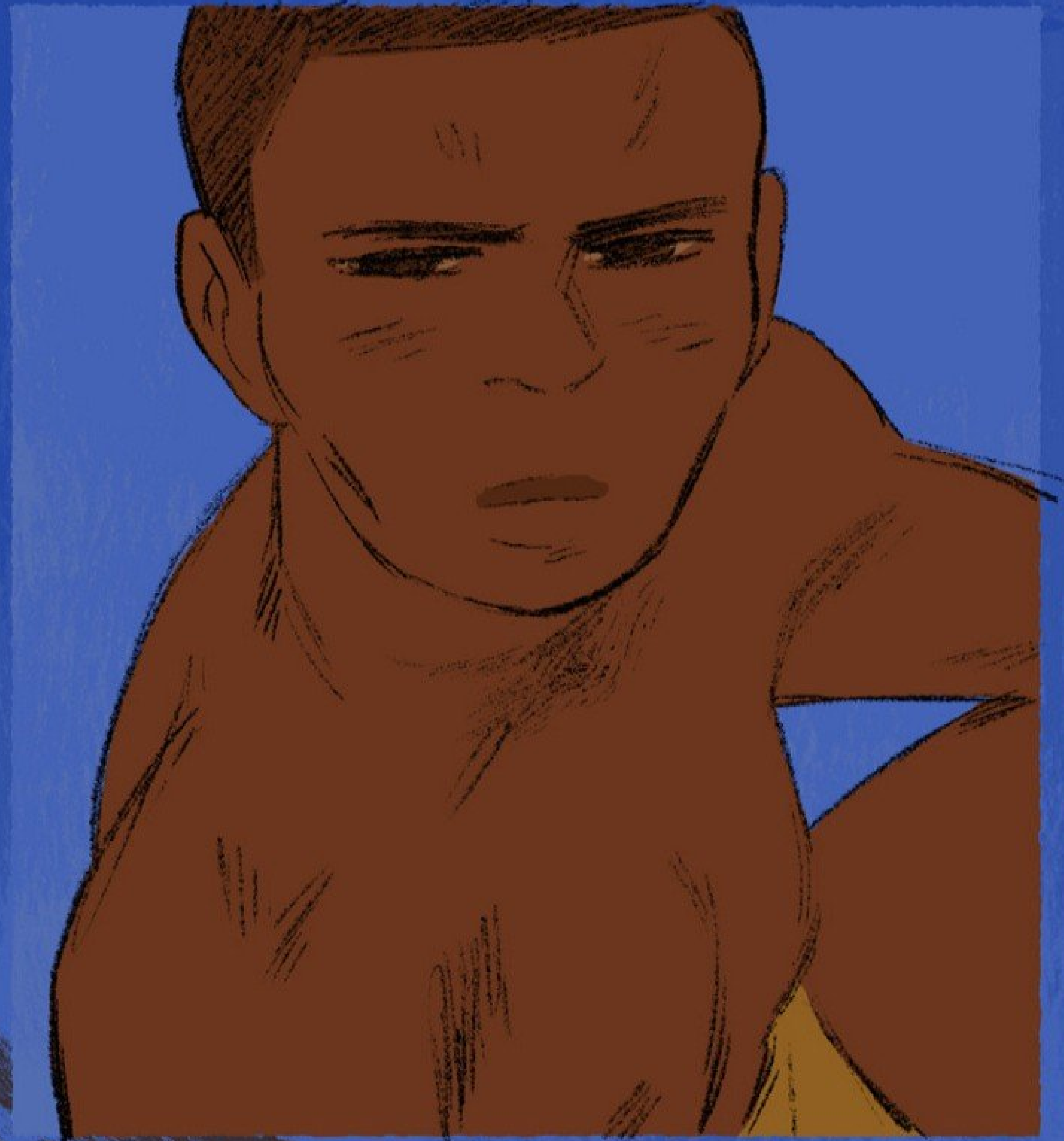
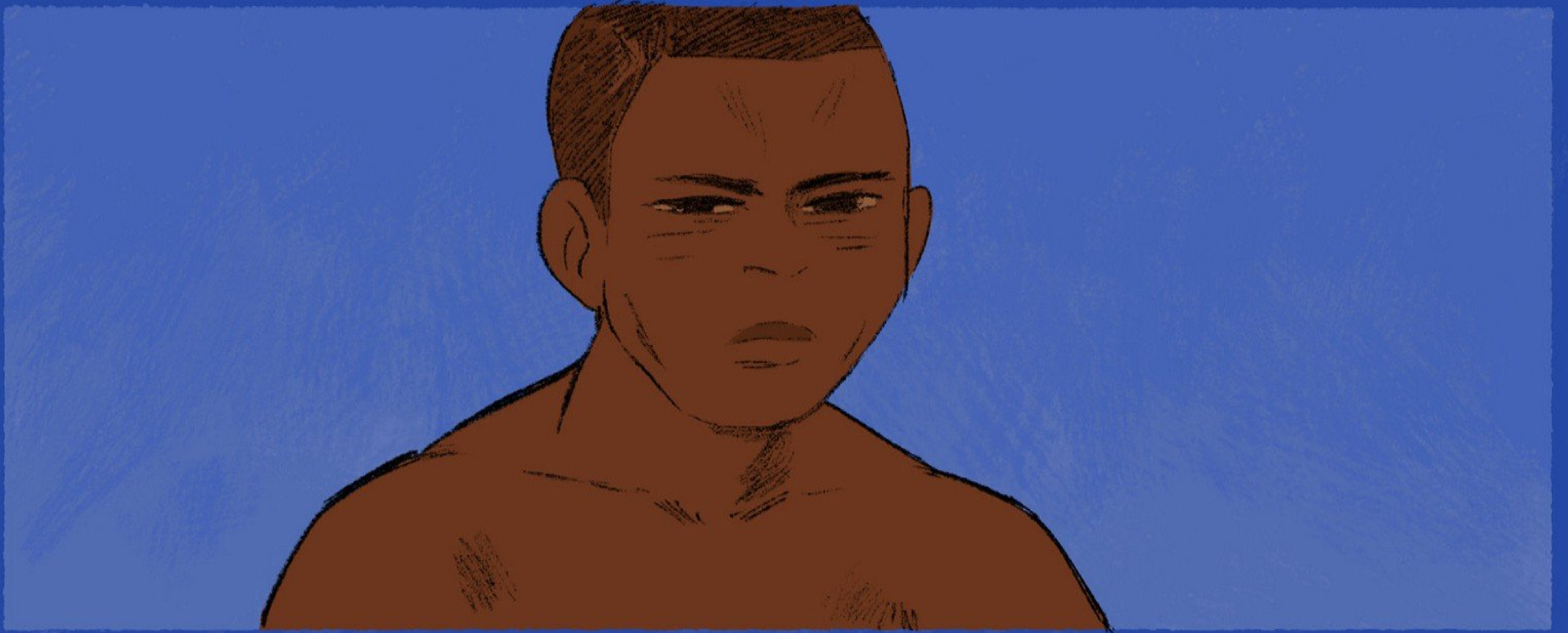


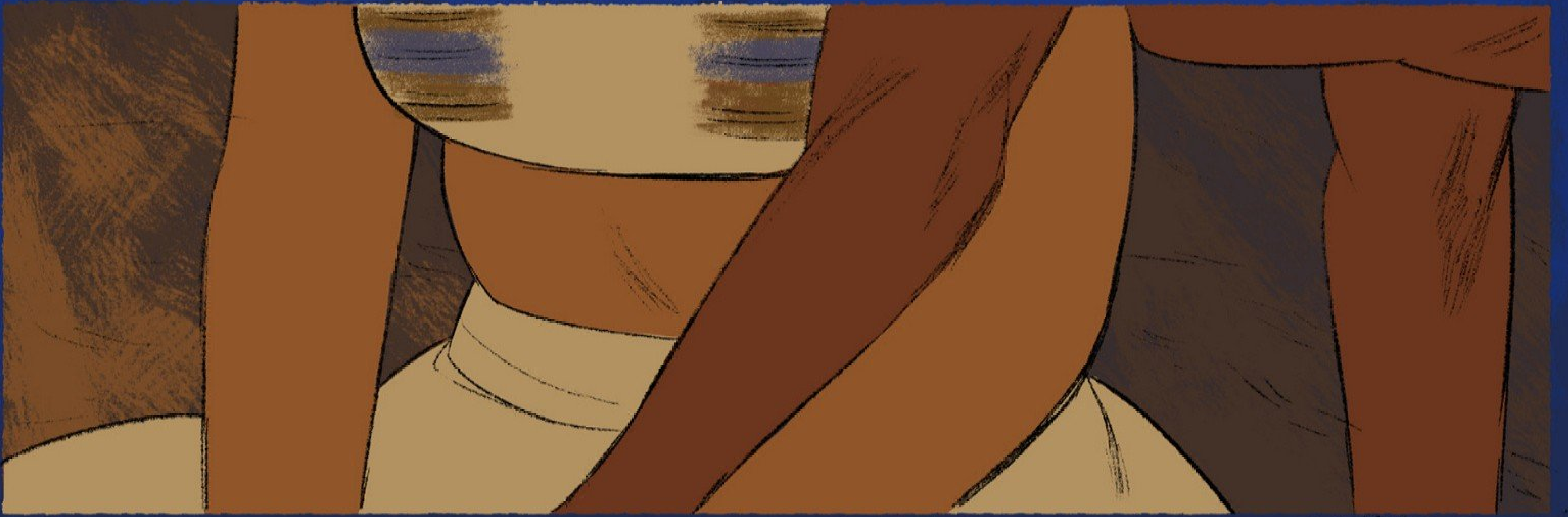
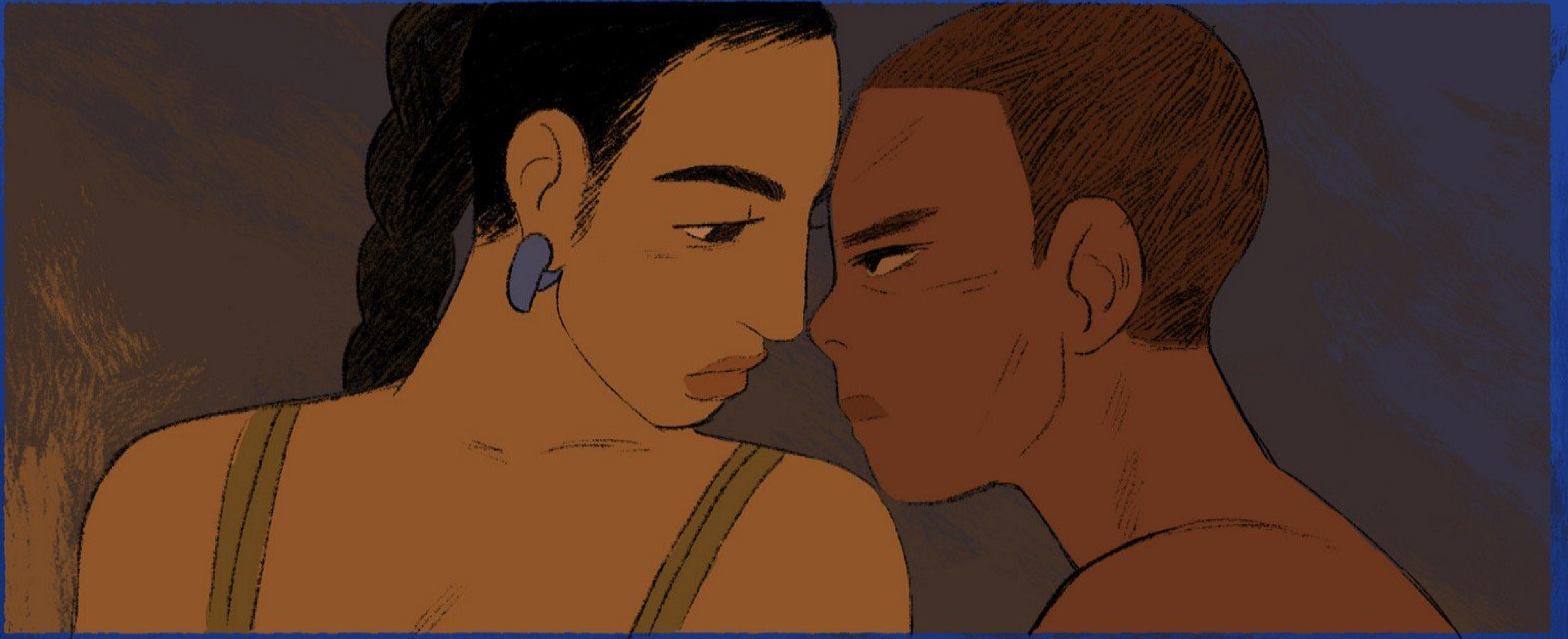


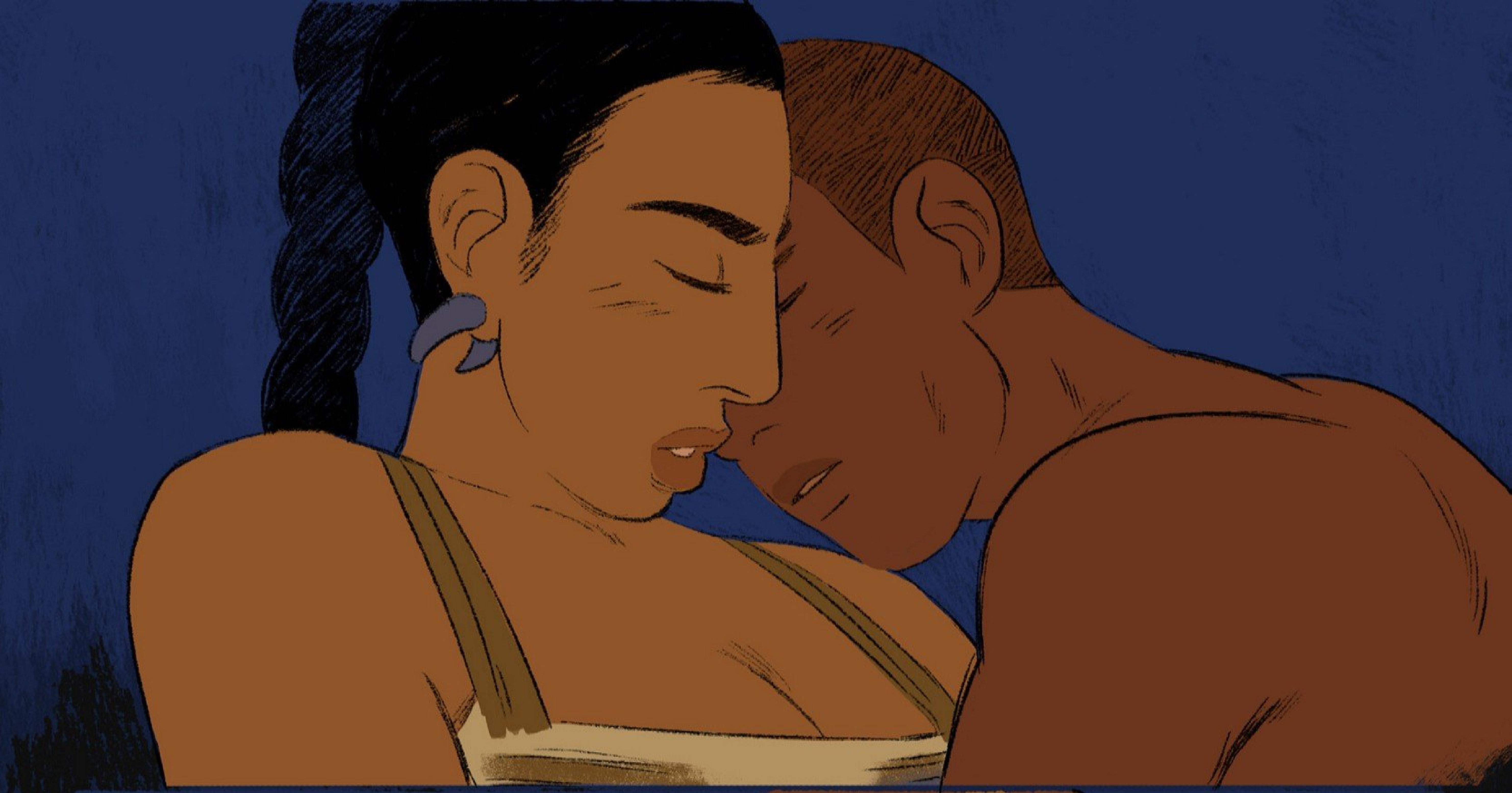








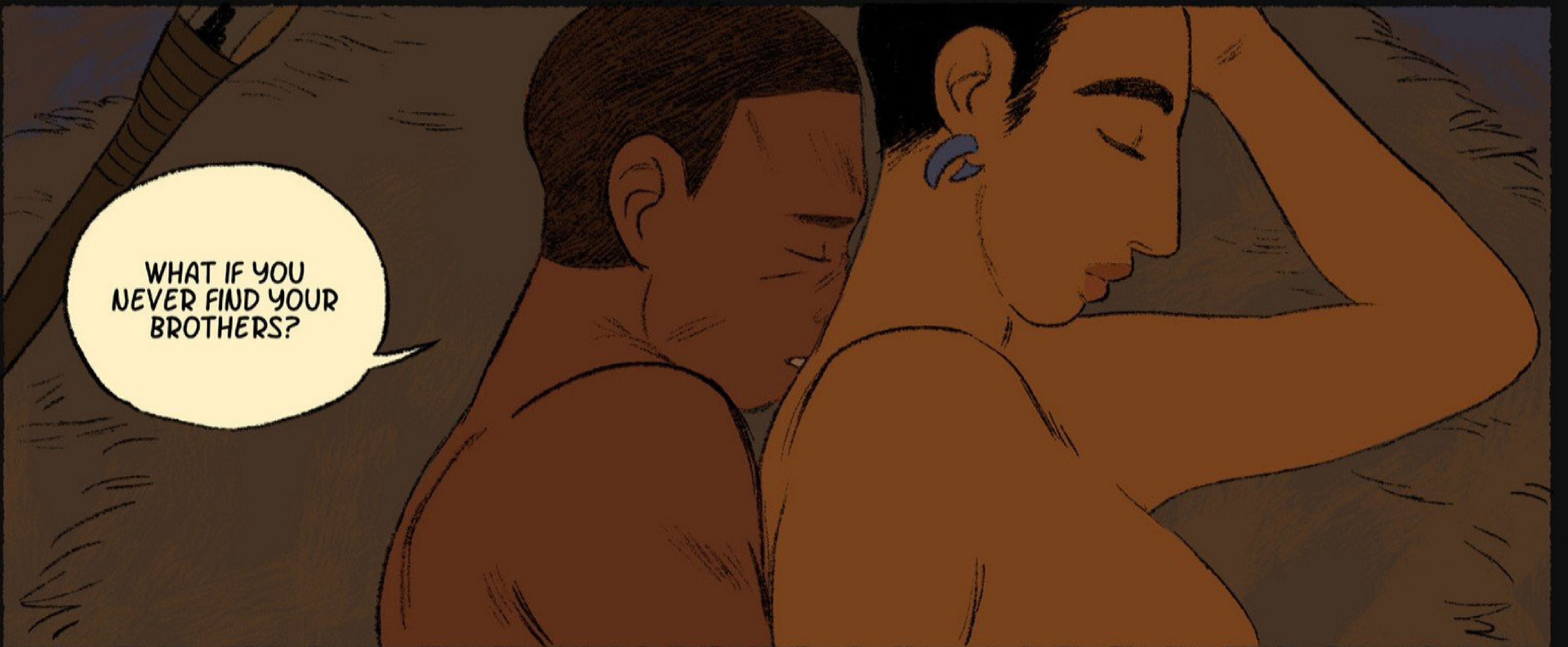




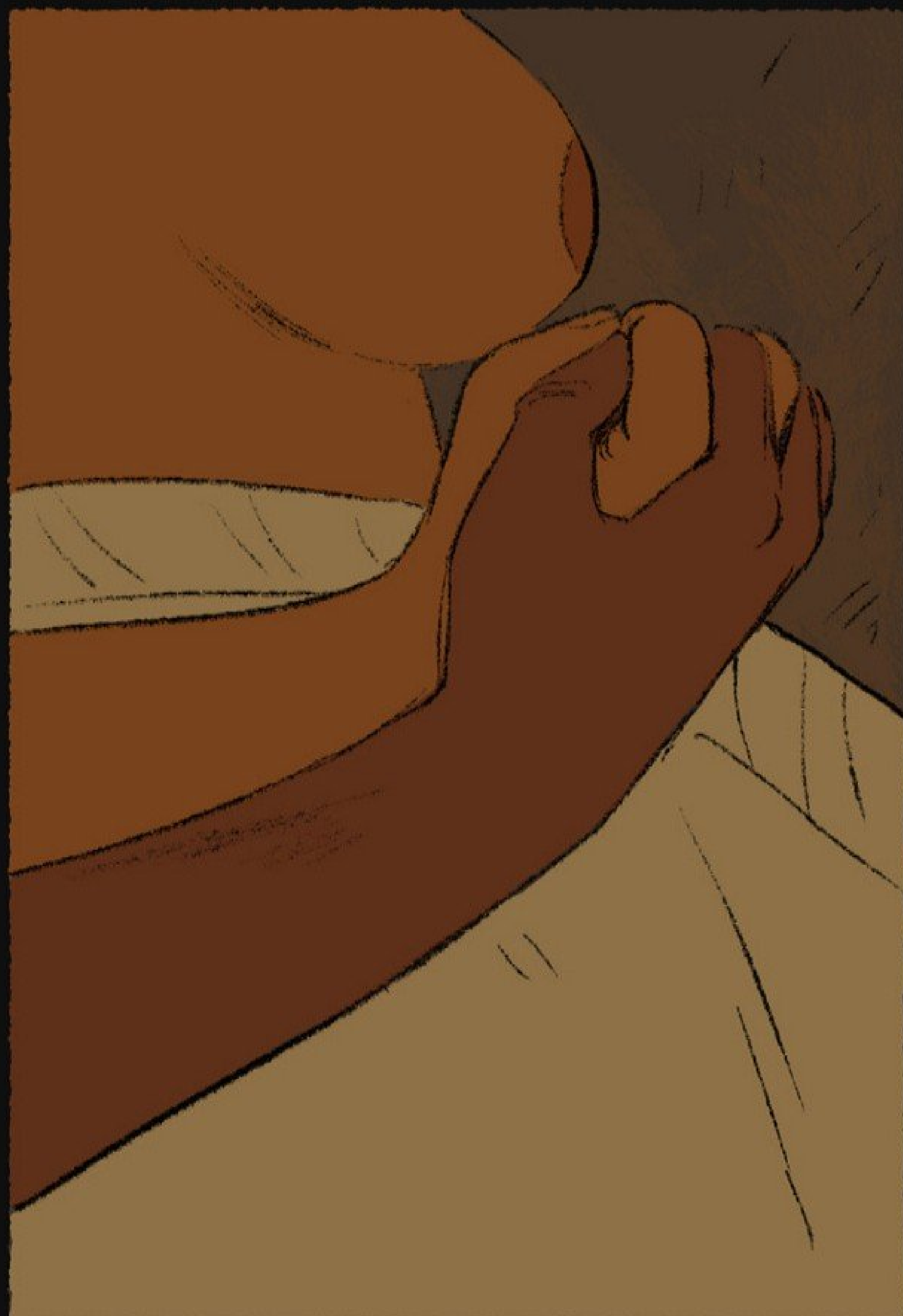




NAIHU...

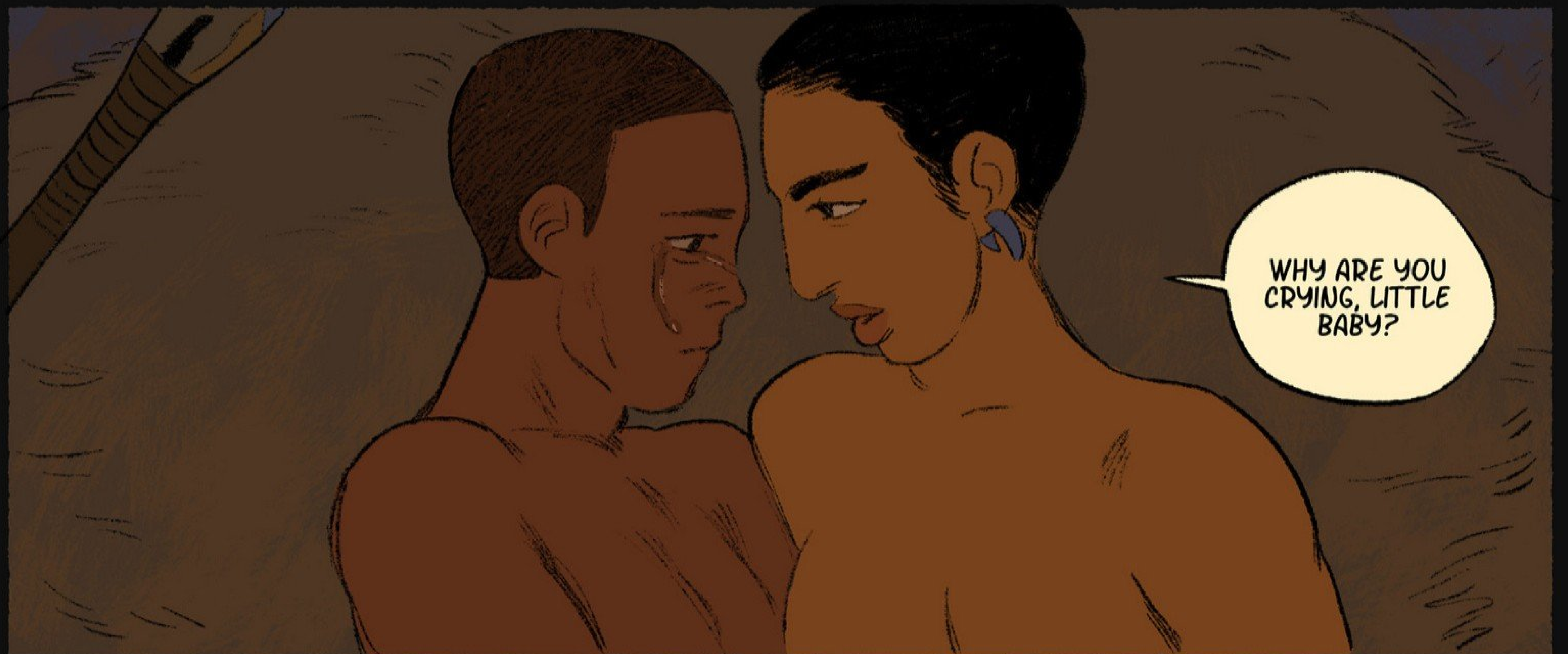
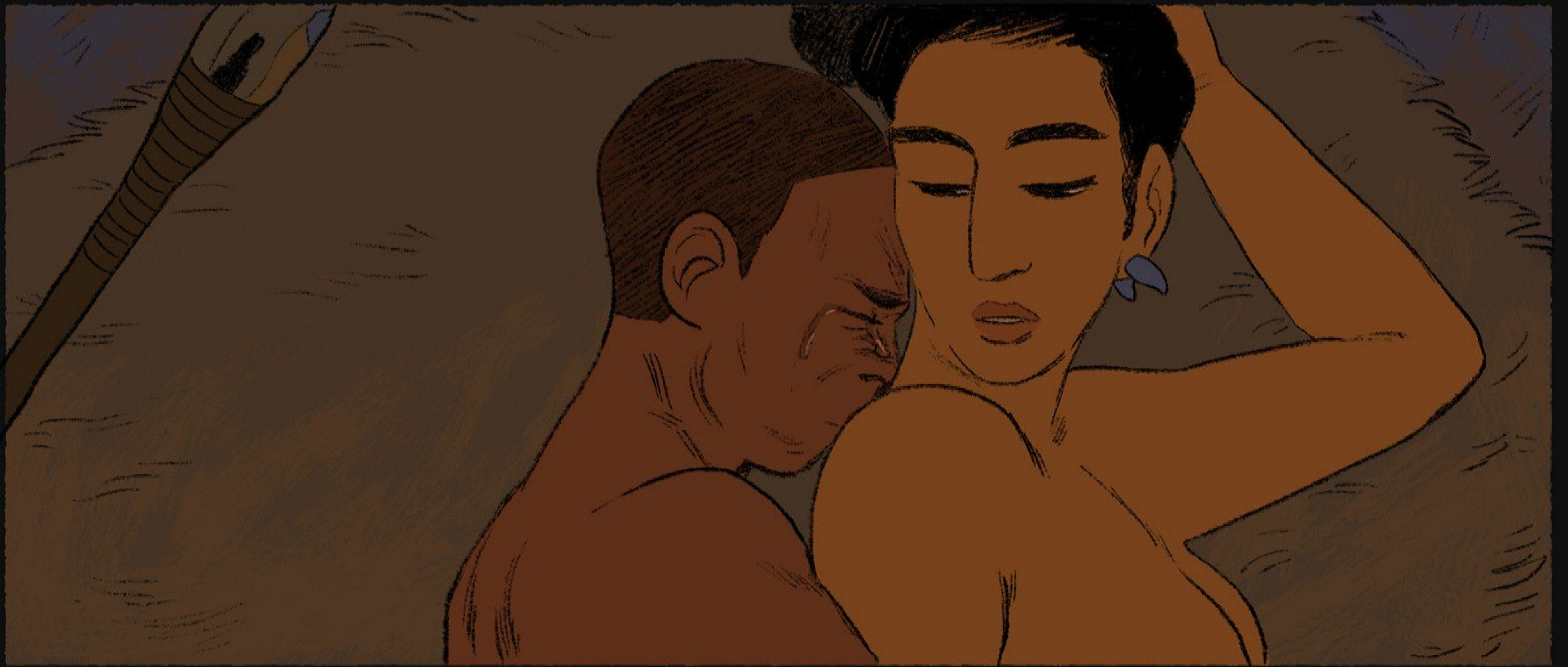


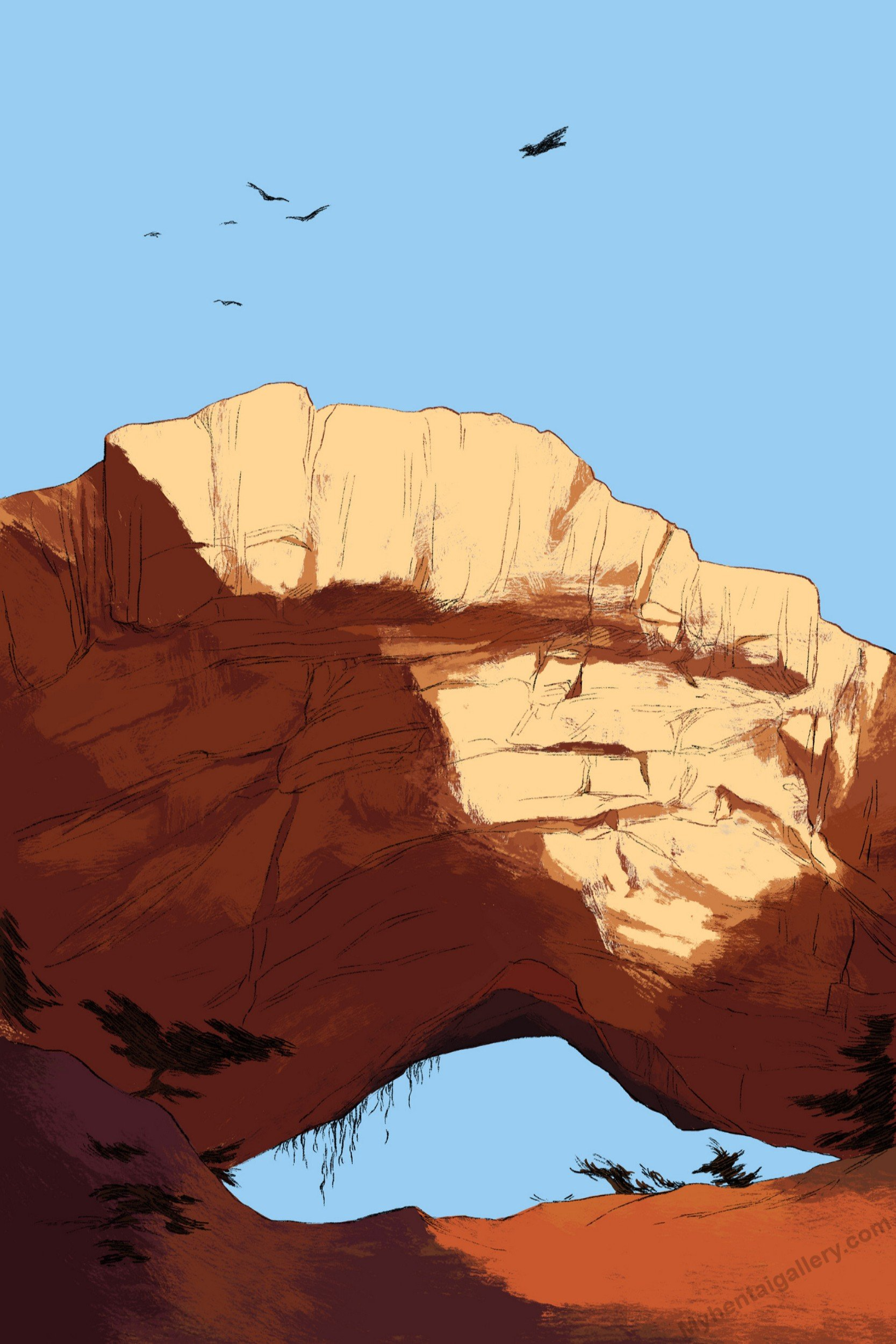
WHAT IF YOU
NEVER FIND YOUR
BROTHERS?

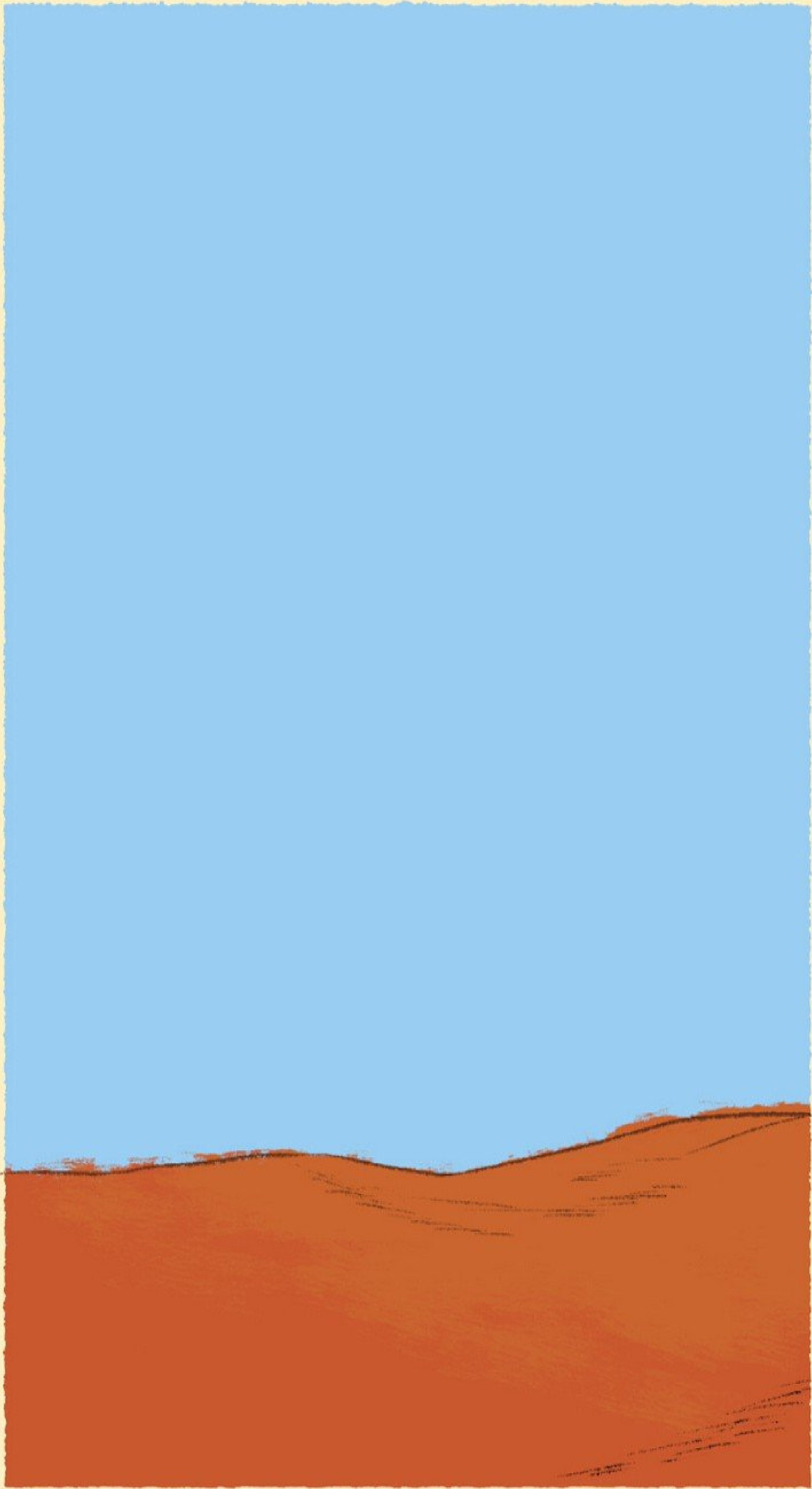


I HAVE NO
FEAR. THE GODS
ARE GUIDING MY
PATH. THEY WILL
SHOW ME THE
RIGHT WAY,

THE SAME WAY
THE GODS GUIDED
ME TO FIND YOU,
PITU.

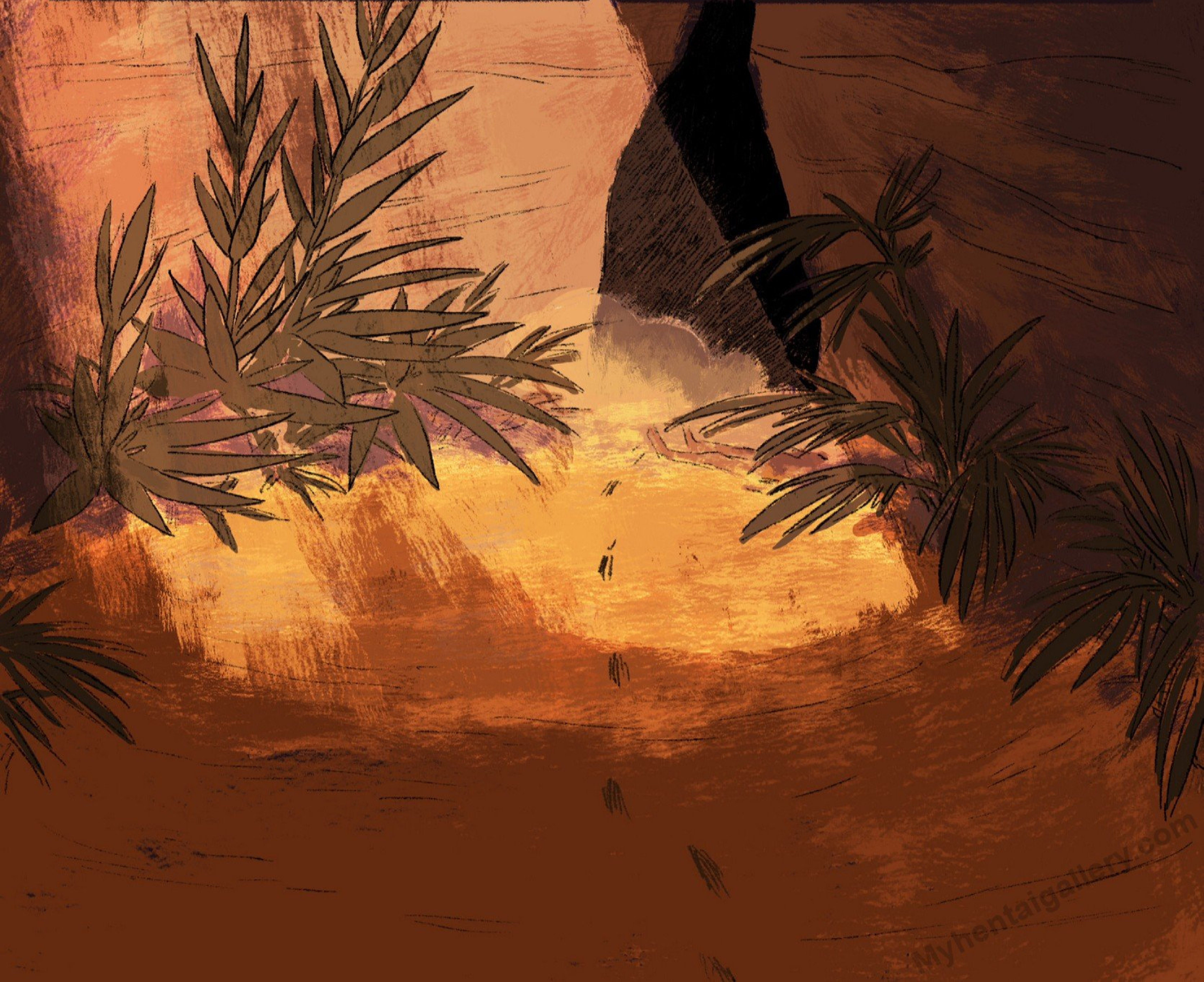
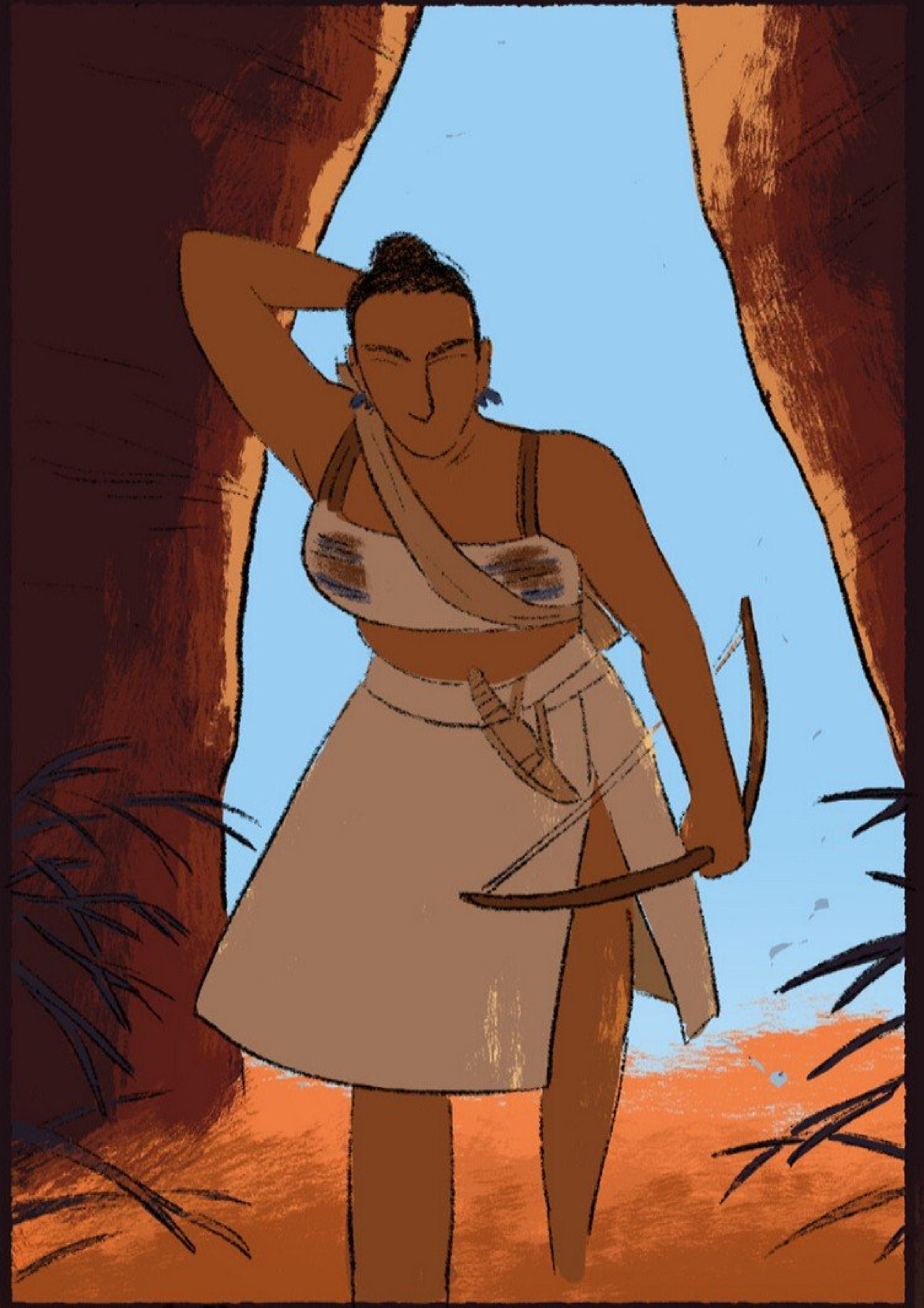
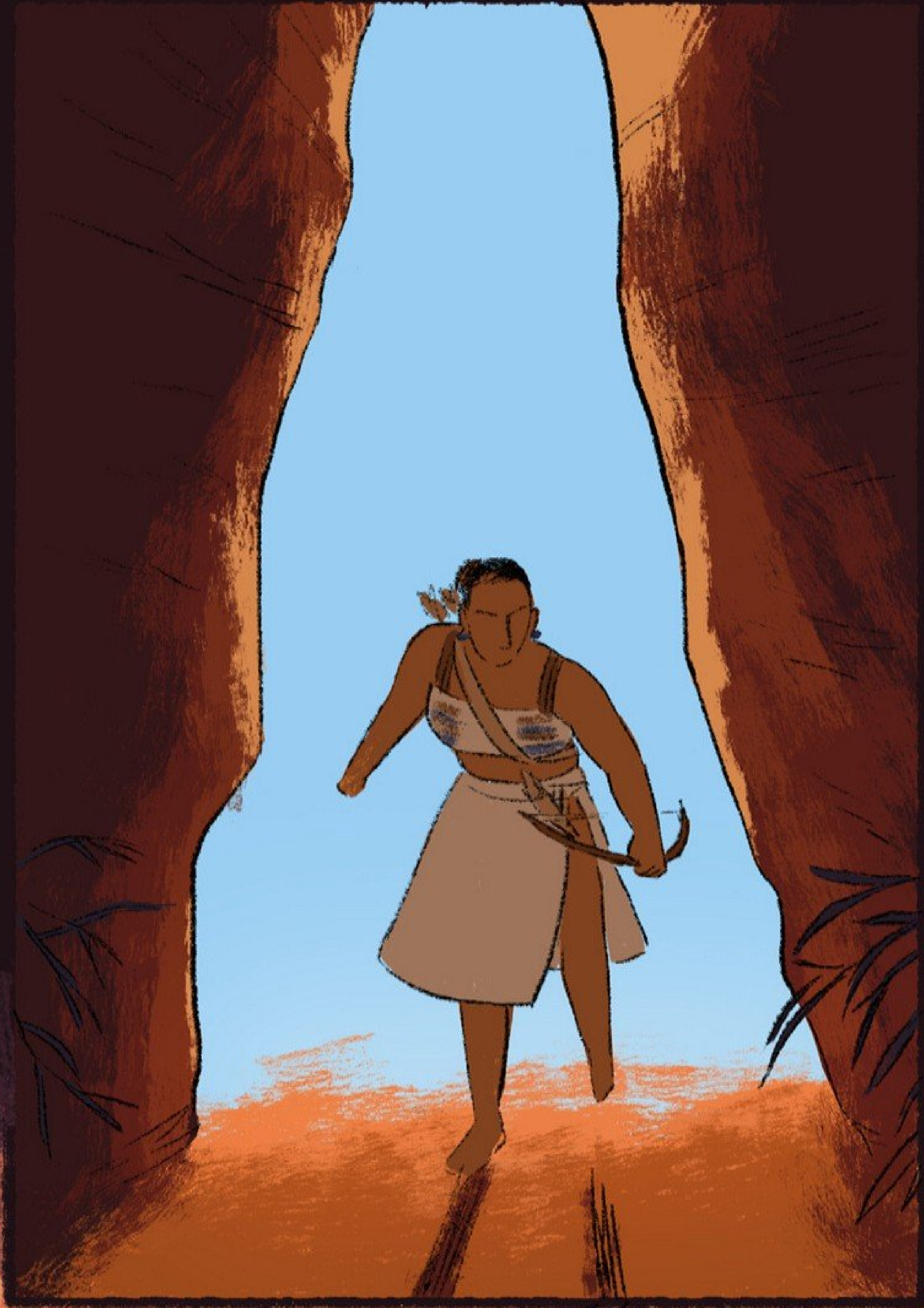


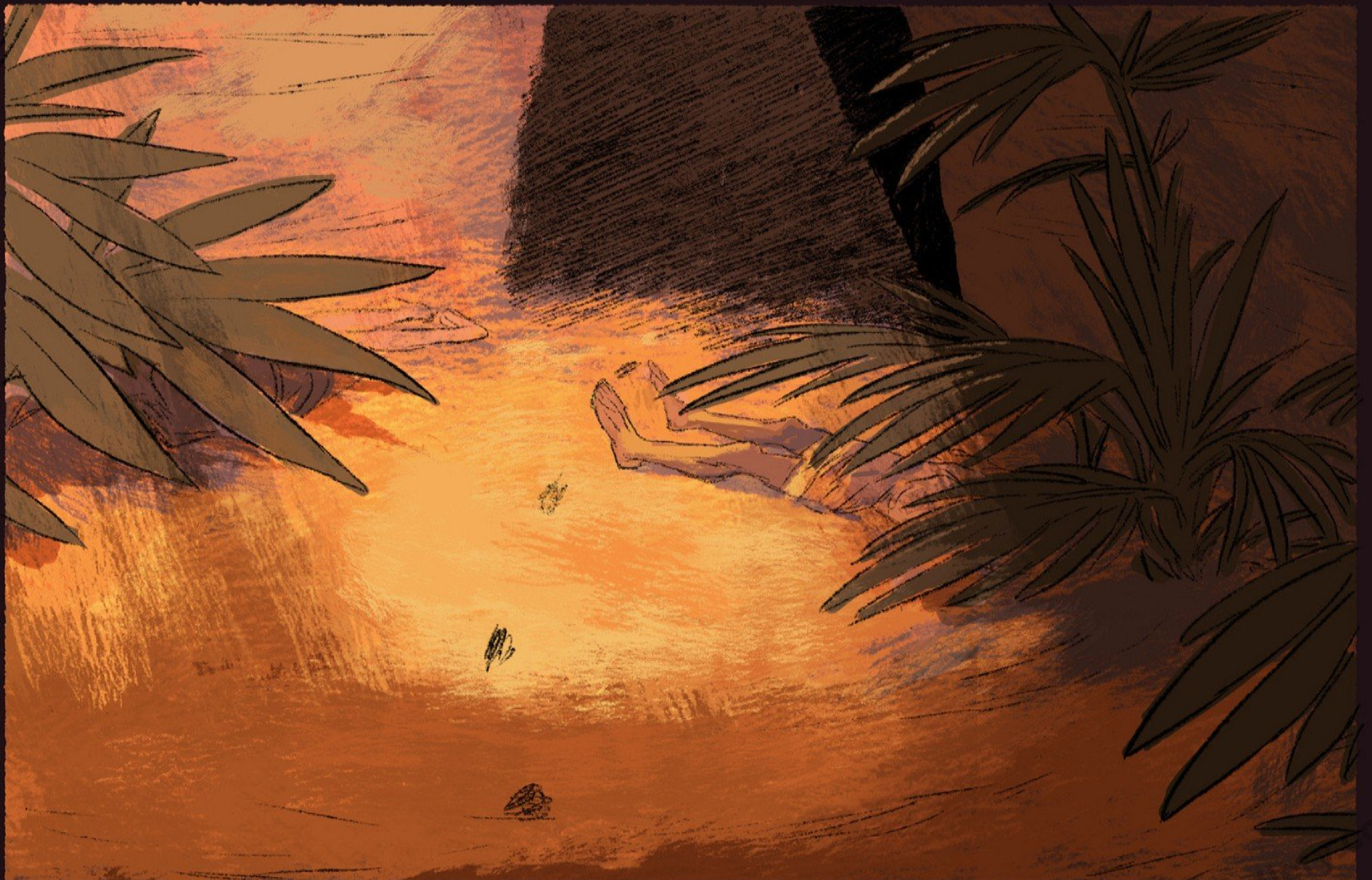


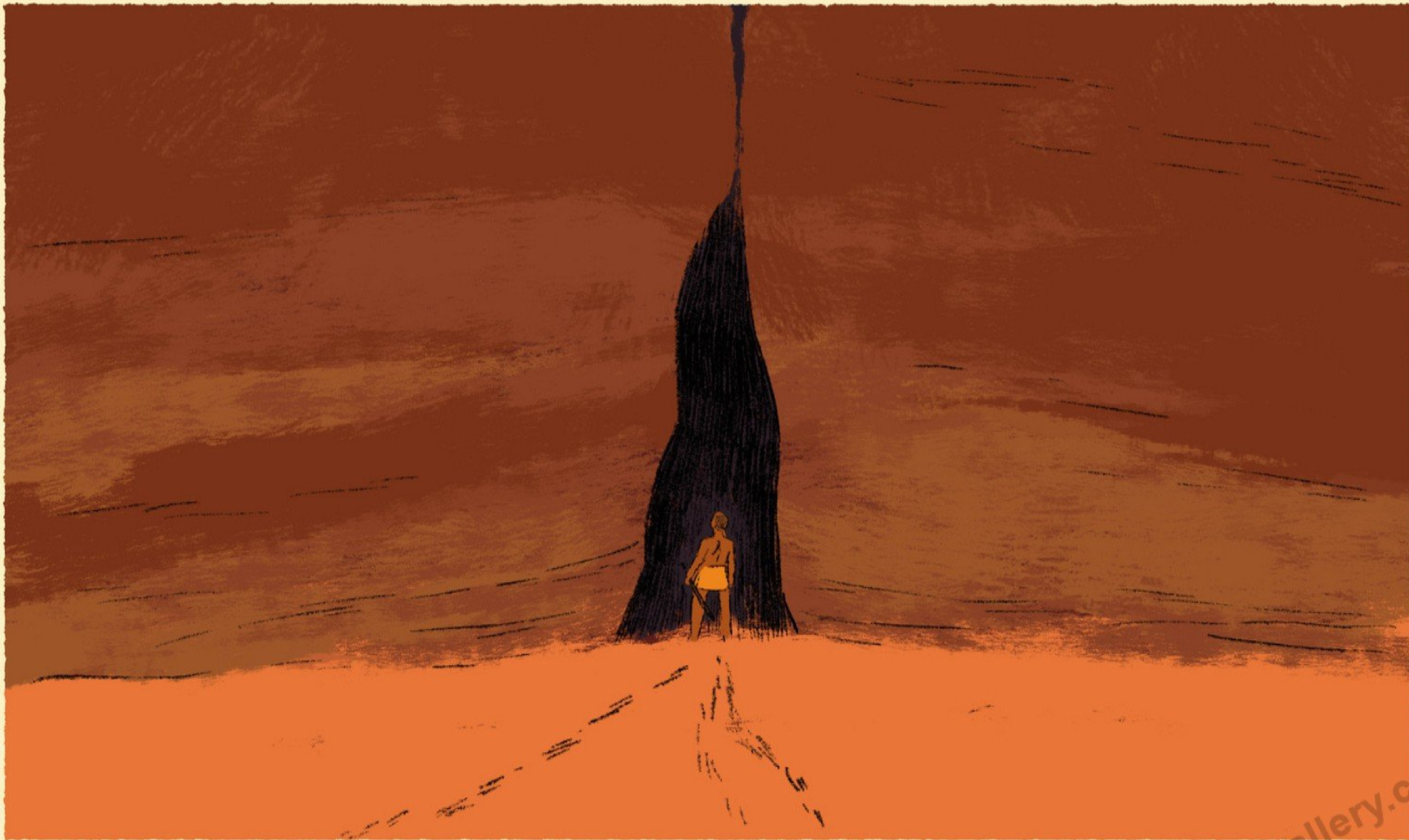
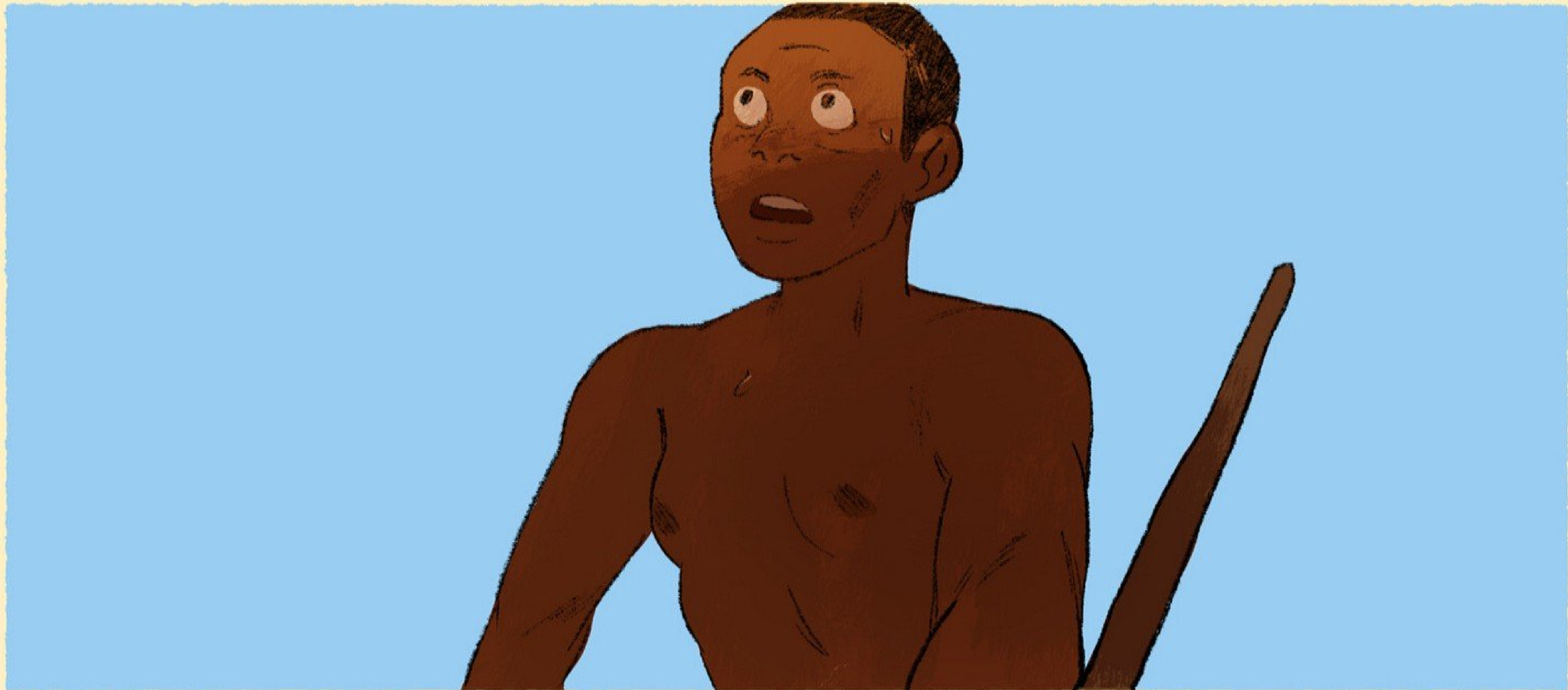
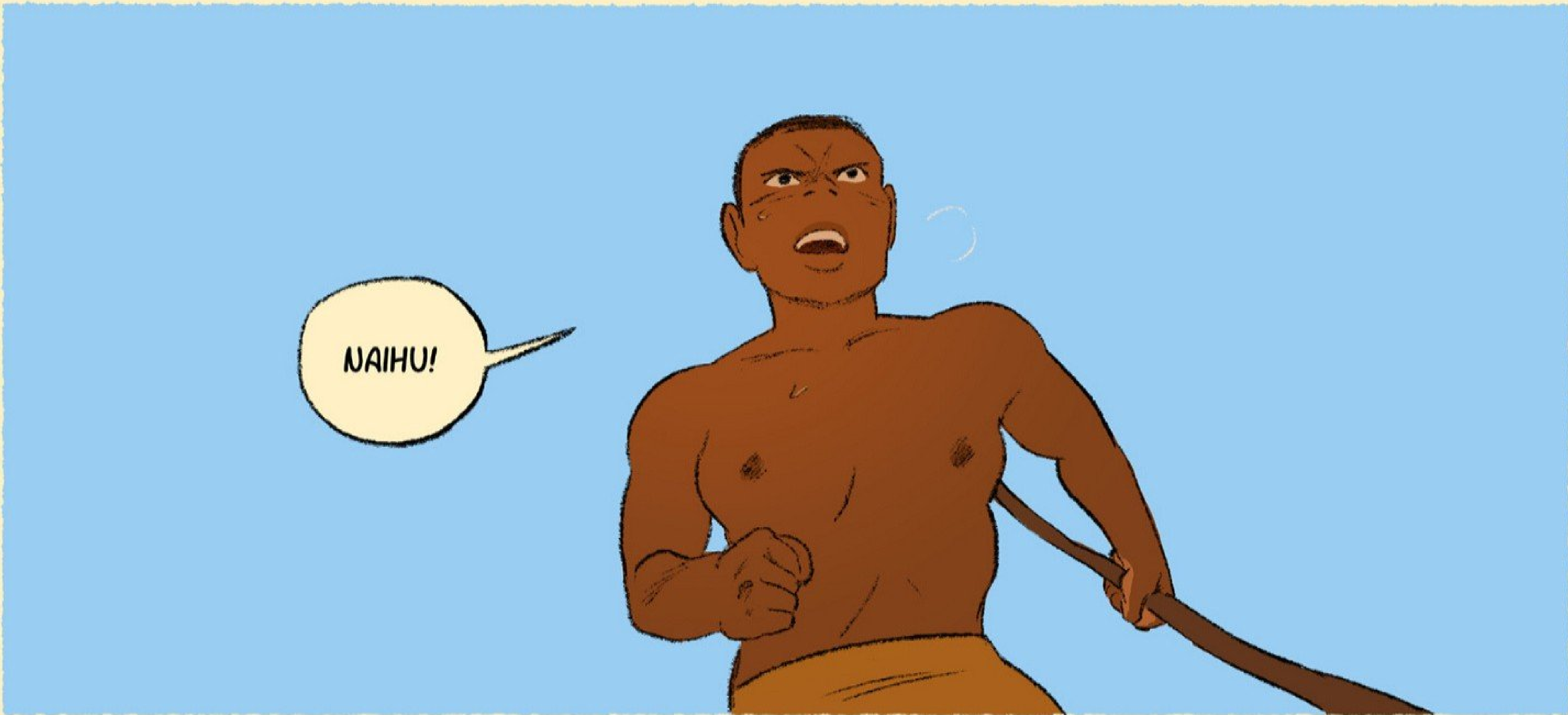


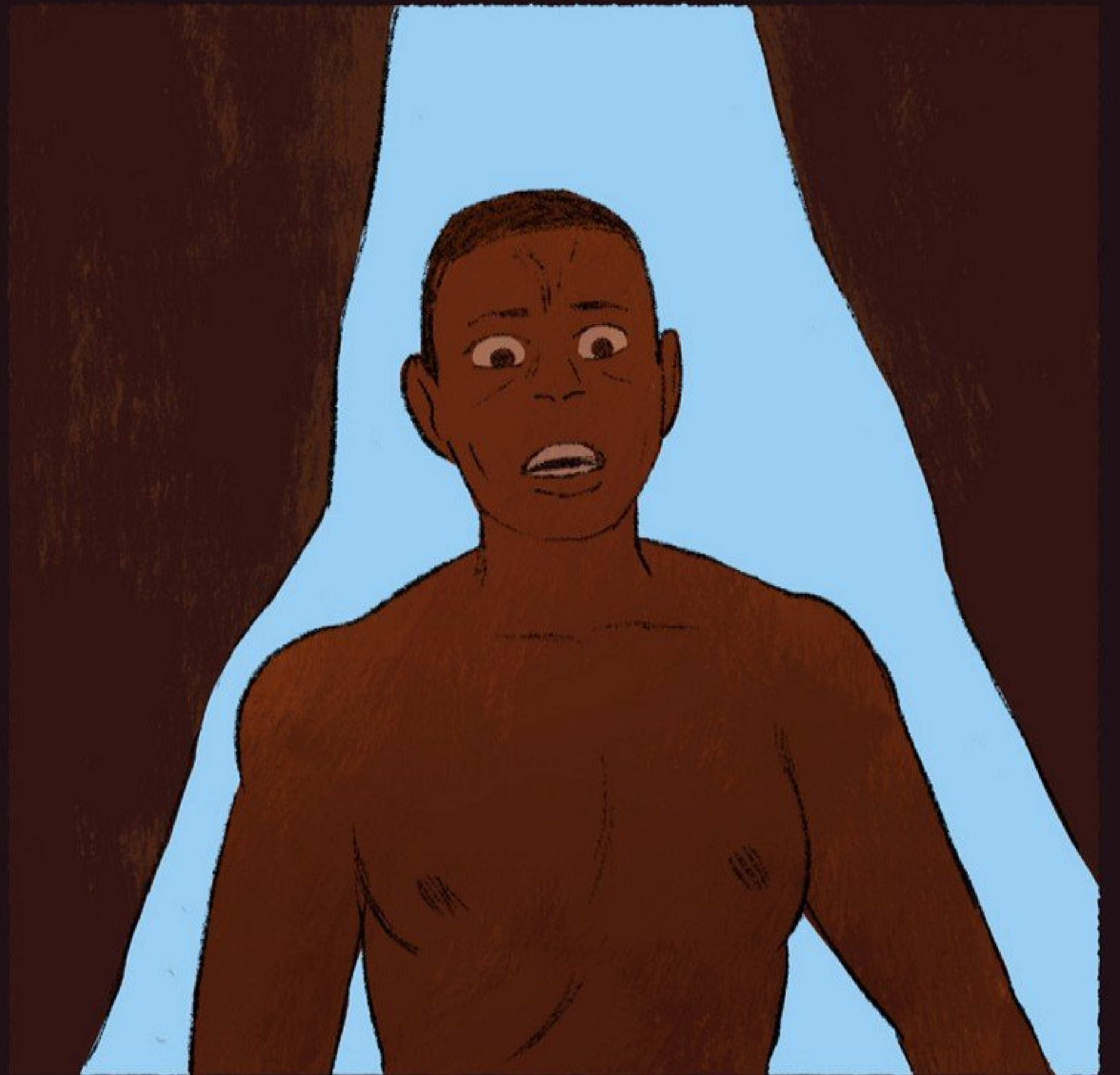


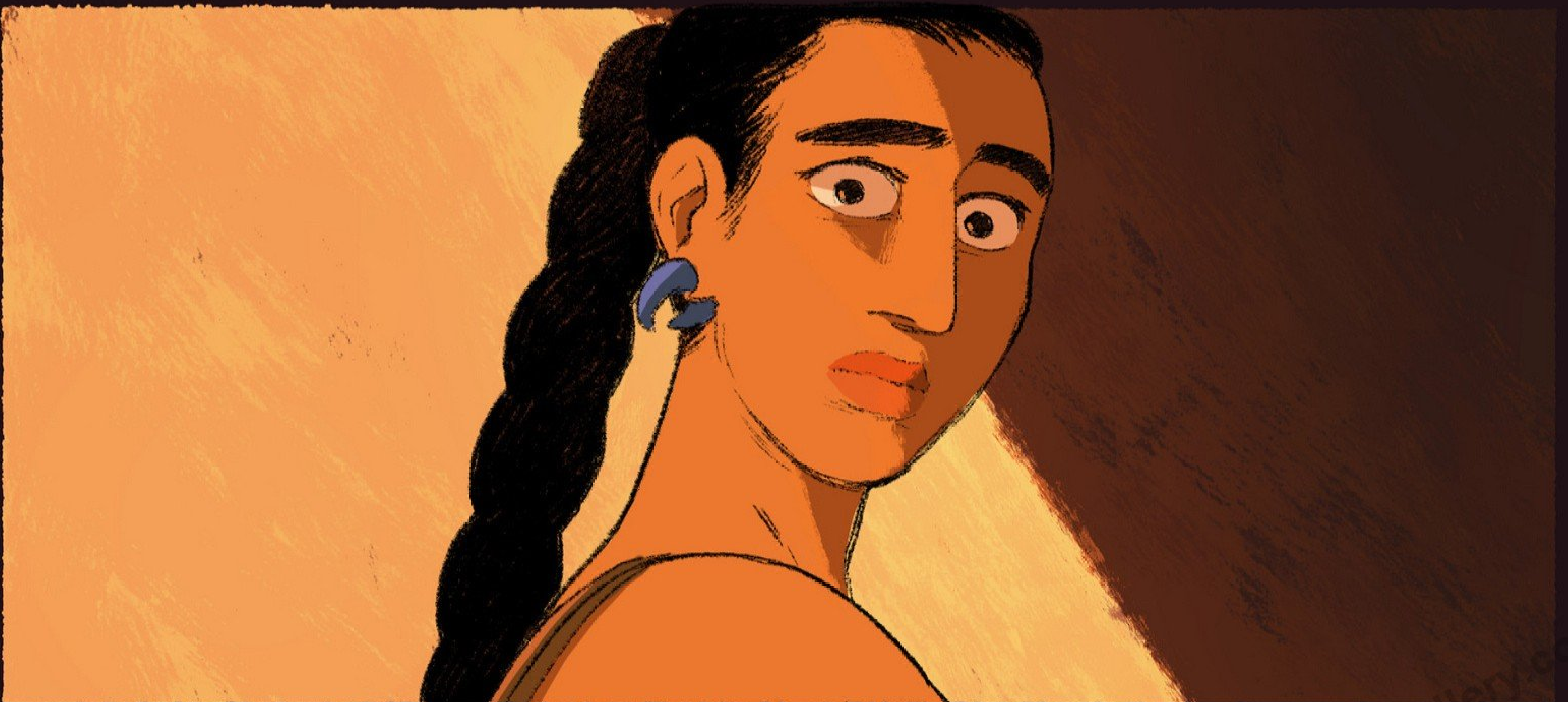
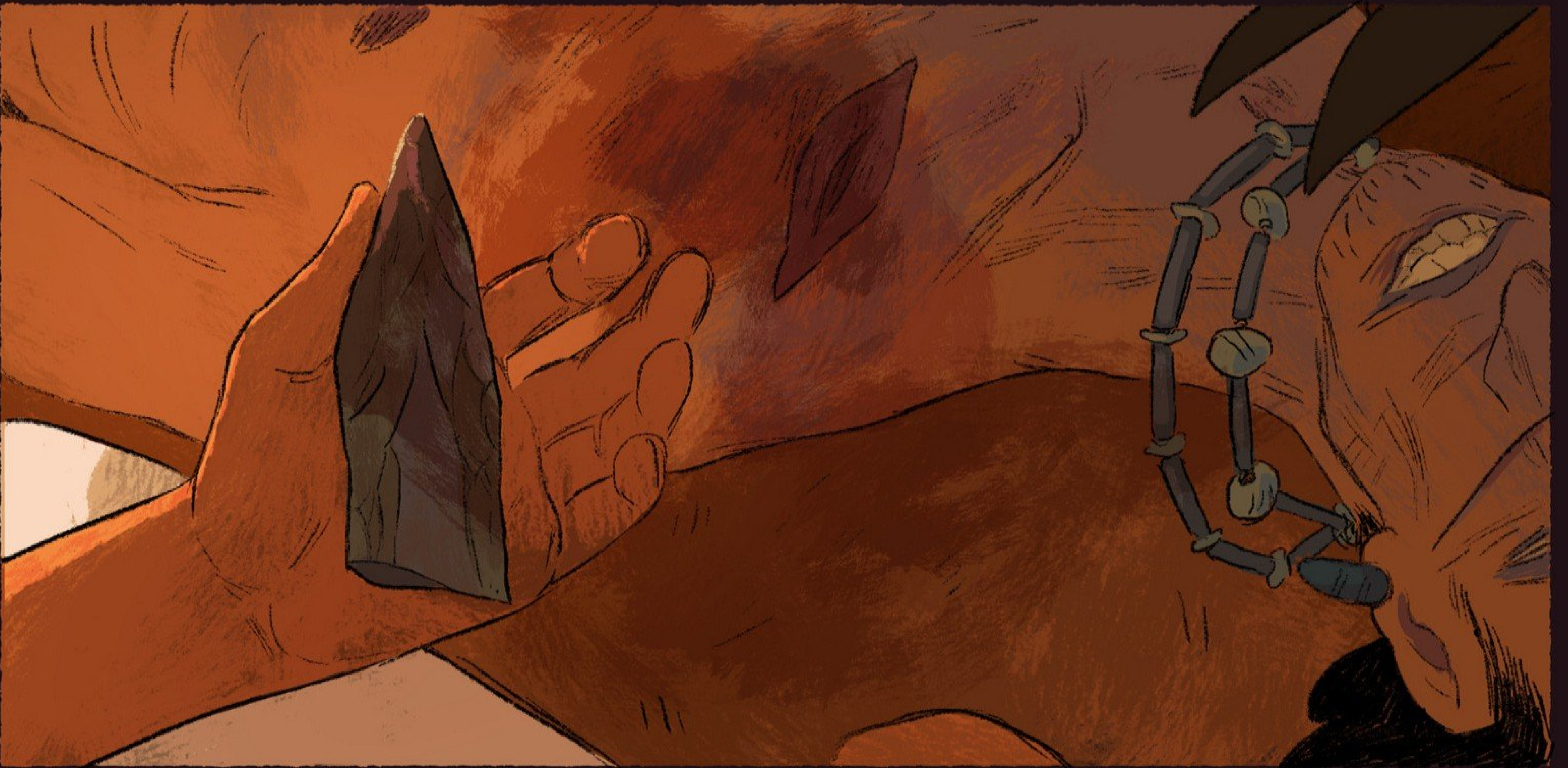
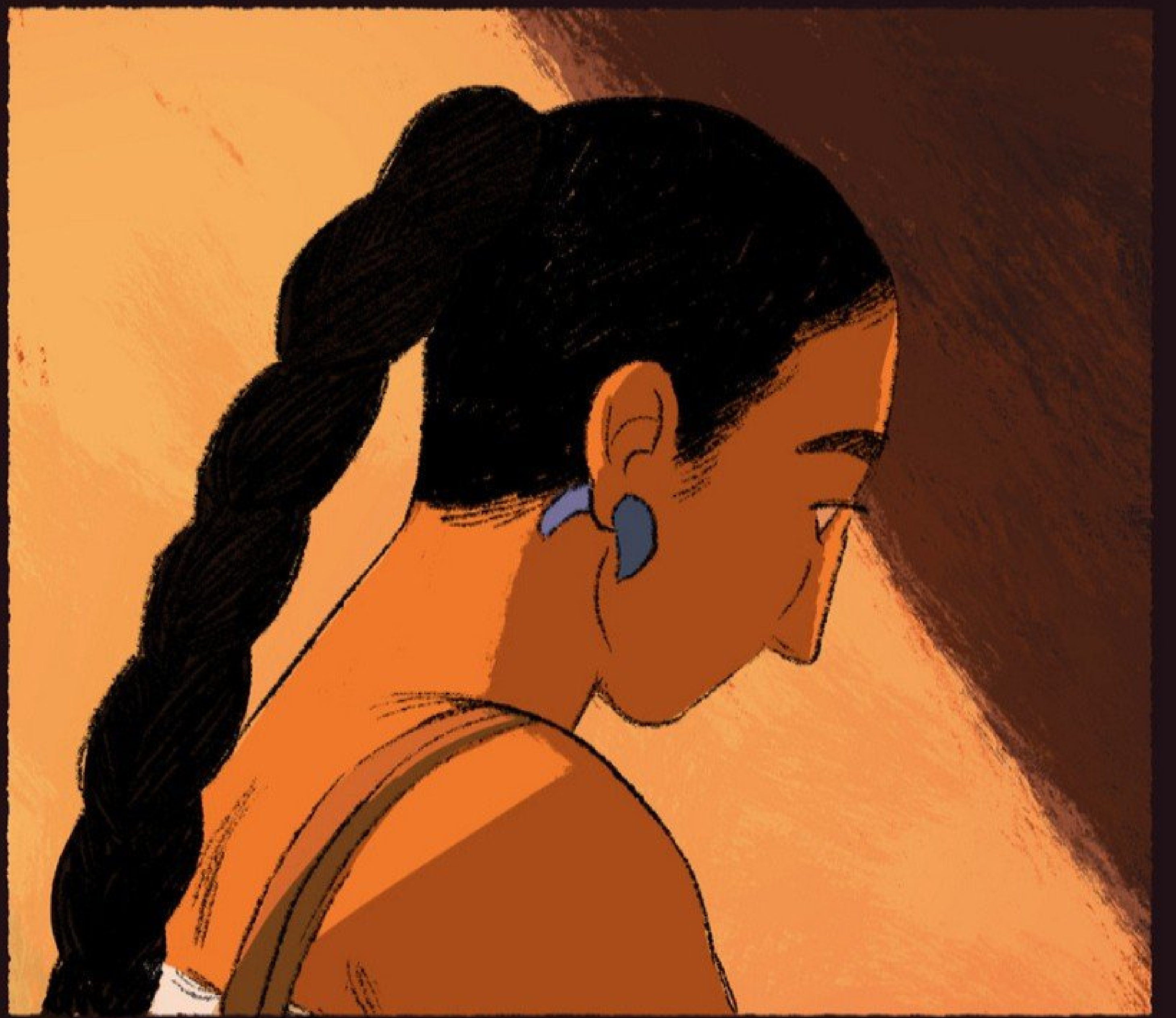














Shattered Spear is set in the Neolithic Middle East, a period starting roughly after the end of the latest Ice Age in 12 000 bc and continuing until the start of the Copper Age in ~5000 bc. This was a time when people started, then stopped, then once more started settling into the first large towns such as Catalhöyük and Jericho, and likewise over the millenias started and stopped farming and keeping domesticated cattle. The climate changed from lush, warm and fertile to cold and eroded and then warm once more, creating an ebb and flow between humans settling to towns and 'gardening' the wilderness around them, to falling back to a nomadic hunter-gatherer lifestyle, with an innumerable amount of lifestyles across the age found somewhere between the two.

Naihu hails from one such proto-town in the fertile crescent, perhaps the ancient settlement of Beidha in modern day Jordan, that existed as a town first in the 11 000 bc and then again around 7000 bc. The society she lived in probably wasn't very hierarchial, and instead she enjoyed equal status with other women and men in Beidha.

Her skills as a woman of lore and language would've probably made her a respected individual, and given her freedom to follow her own paths. Many Neolithic settlements show signs that women's DNA was generally more diverse and from further off locations than men's, and while the general guess is that women may have been brought in to settlements by force, one of the starting inspirations for making this comic was finding a study suggesting that it may have been a sign of women voluntarily travelling to culturally exchange, perhaps speaking of a culture where information carried by women was seen as an important piece of spiritual well-being.

Naihu's life is a success story in the Neolithic: she wears beautifully tailored clothes and bright sea shells that have been traded from the Mediterranean, she is healthy and has a home to return to, even if she's left handling a grim situation in the current moment.

Pitu is probably a late Natufian from the current day Israel and Palestine. Her people once lived in settlements in the lush coast, but as the climate grew more arid and the game they hunted grew sparse from over-hunting, her people were scattered to a rough nomadic life on the desert. Her family is gone, perhaps to a sickness or starvation or for simply leaving her behind to increase the survival chances of the others.

She faces cruelty from the strangers she encounters, but also kindness and hospitality from Naihu. Life was undoubtedly rough for most of the Neolithic, but few Neolithic settlements show signs of warfare or trying to ward off strangers; Walls in towns were built for environmental reasons such as against floods rather than to ward off attackers, and building layouts showed little signs of segregation or neighbourly suspicion. Trading and social gatherings with far-off people was common, and both Naihu and Pitu would've likely grown up expecting to be met with hospitality, creative curiosity and love that is found in all contemporary humans.

