



THE PILGRIM CHRONICLES

BOOK I



THE LAST CYCLOPS

by

HERVÉ MISSIAEN

© 2026 Hervé Missiaen

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted
in any form or by any means, electronic,
mechanical, photocopying, recording,
or otherwise, without the prior written
permission of the publisher.

Advance Reader Copy

This pre-publication manuscript is shared
exclusively with members of the Pilgrim Circle
for review and feedback.

Please do not redistribute, reproduce, or upload
this manuscript without the author's permission.

First edition

Printed in the European Union

Version 1.0 – Advance Reader Copy – July 2026

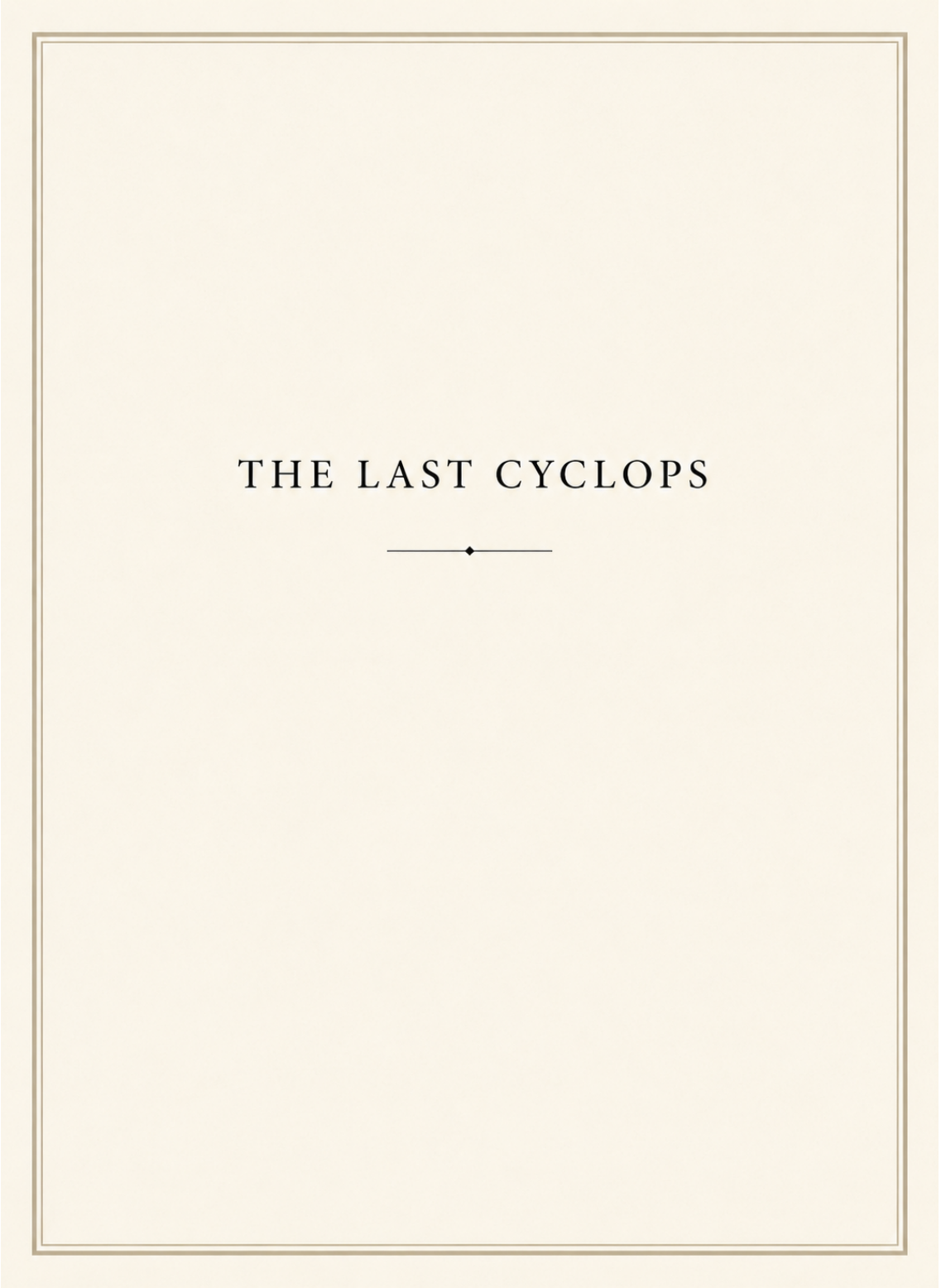
This book is for those who walked before me,
and for those who will walk
after me.

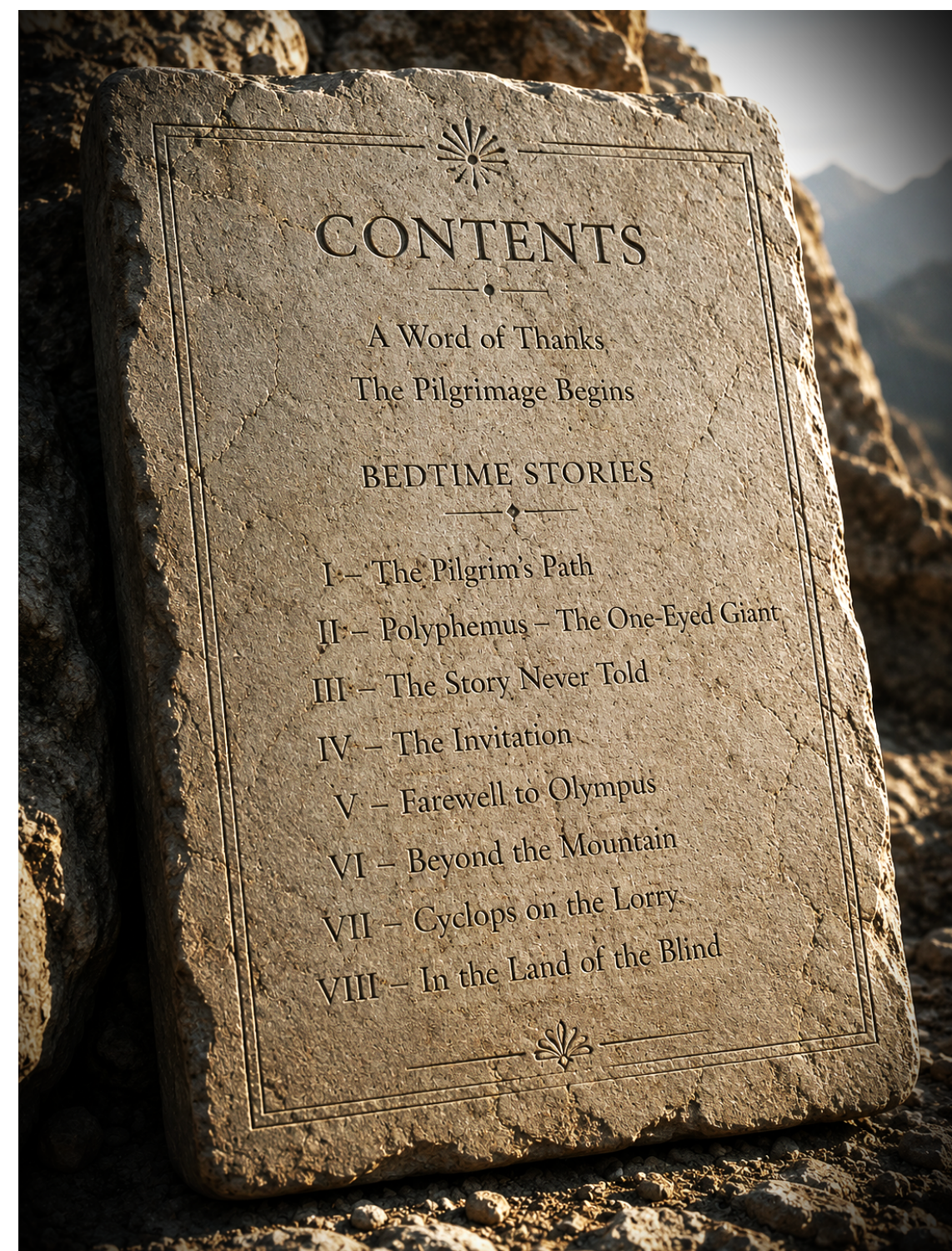
With special thanks to Nathalie Sabrina Dahl

Without your encouragement, this story might never have been written.

Thank you for opening a door I never knew existed.

The destination of my footsteps
has always been to search for the light.







Near Kokkinopilos,
beneath Mount Olympus, Greece

THE PILGRIMAGE BEGINS

There are places in this world that appear on no map.

Valleys where the wind still remembers forgotten names.

Mountains that seem to wait for those who dare to climb them.

Ancient paths where every stone has witnessed the footsteps
of countless pilgrims.

It was along one of these forgotten roads that a solitary Pilgrim walked.

He carried no banner.

He sought no glory.

He simply followed the ancient path.

I, THE PILGRIM'S PATH

There are places in this world that appear on no map...

His only companion was the silence of the mountains.

Day after day, the Pilgrim followed the ancient path.

It climbed through valleys carved by forgotten rivers,
crossed windswept ridges, and disappeared into forests
where the oldest trees whispered together
when the evening breeze arrived.

He never hurried.

Every step was taken with purpose,
as though he trusted the road to reveal
what awaited him when the time was right.

The villagers he met along the way all spoke of the same place.

Beyond the highest pass, hidden among cliffs that
few dared to climb, lay a forgotten valley.
Some called it a place of giants.

Others would not speak of it.

An old Shepherd was the last person the Pilgrim met
before the path climbed into the high mountains.

His flock grazed quietly among the rocks
while the old man watched the clouds drift across the peaks.

As the Pilgrim approached, the Shepherd studied him for a long moment.
"You are travelling alone," he finally said.

"Yes," the Pilgrim replied.

"Then you should know what lies beyond the highest pass."

The Pilgrim remained silent.

The old man lowered his voice.

"Some say a giant still lives there."

"Others say he died many years ago."

The Pilgrim looked toward the distant mountain

.

"I only know that no one who went searching for him ever returned."

The Pilgrim listened without interrupting.

When the Shepherd had finished, he smiled gently.

"Perhaps," he said,

"those who never returned found what they had been seeking."

The old Shepherd frowned.

"And what is it that you seek?"

The Pilgrim remained silent for a moment.

His eyes rested on the distant mountain.

"I seek understanding"

The Shepherd looked at him with surprise.

"Understanding that can only be found through truth,"

the Pilgrim continued softly.

The old man lowered his eyes.

He had heard many travellers speak of glory, treasure and fame.

Never before had one spoken of understanding.

The Shepherd stood in silence for a long time.

At last, he pointed towards the distant peaks.

"The old path begins where the last pine tree grows," he said.

"Beyond that, you will find no signposts, no villages,

and no one to guide your steps."

The Pilgrim thanked him with a gentle bow.

Before turning away, the Shepherd spoke once more.

"If you find the one they call the Last Cyclops..."

He hesitated.

"...do not judge him by his appearance."

The Pilgrim smiled.

"No one can truly be seen from the outside."

Then he continued along the ancient path,

while the old Shepherd watched until he disappeared into the mountains.



The path climbed above the last pine trees.

Soon the forest disappeared behind him.

The air became colder.

The wind carried a strange silence that seemed older than the mountains themselves.

He crossed ancient stone fields where nothing grew. No birds sang.

No insects could be heard.

Only the sound of his footsteps echoed against the cliffs.

Then...

He noticed something.

Far ahead, pressed into the dust of the mountain path... was a footprint.

It was larger than the Pilgrim himself. He knelt beside it.

Fresh.

Someone... —or something—

had passed this way not long before.

The Pilgrim slowly rose.

Without fear...

he followed the trail.

The trail ended at the edge of a narrow plateau.

Beyond it rose a wall of grey stone, worn smooth by countless winters.

The Pilgrim looked around.

Nothing.

Only silence.

Then...

A shadow passed slowly across the ground.

He looked up.

High above him, on a cliff overlooking the valley, sat a solitary figure.

It was enormous.

The Giant rested with one knee drawn up, his elbow upon it,

gazing across the mountains as though he had been watching the world for centuries.

He did not move. He did not speak.

The Pilgrim remained still.

For a long moment, neither of them broke the silence.

Then the Giant slowly turned his head.

Their eyes met.