

The Riot of Rot Scares

It was a fun time of the year for Crackskin the spiral; the Riot of Rot was coming. It was a spooky event that all dragons can get along in and try to scare each other for harmless fun. Being a plague dragon, Crackskin took pleasure to scare as many people as she can during this time of the year. Speckled, freckled, and a whole body of crimson, she looks like her skin was cracking with magma. But that was her third gene, the sunshine crackle - an illusion to the eyes of many who don't bother to take a closer look.

This is the first time she was participating in this fun event in her new clan. The other clan members might be looking at the more hatchling-friendly events that also comes with this dragon holiday. Tricking and treating are common occurrences and bravery tests are also done in some of the clans. Scaring others takes careful planning though...Crackskin doesn't want the young ones to get too scared. She decided the three leaders of the clan gets the first glimpse of her talent.

Sandbolt was the first victim. This sunshine tundra just happened to be digging around in an abandoned mine shaft with his ember mouse familiar, when he saw glowing red eyes in the pitch black tunnel. It was followed by a strange wail that got him and his familiar running back outside. Sandbolt only realized that he had been tricked when he heard Crackskin's laughter and spotted the spiral flying outside of the shaft with two jars of red glass that each contained fireflies. He facepalmed at himself for something so simple while his tiny companion climbed up to hide under his dusty highnoon brimmer.

Cloudwing became the second victim the very next day. Busy writing things down for inventory management, the gentle tundra that was colored like the sky and clouds felt like she turned completely white when she saw one of the creatures that had been brought in for tonight's supper, move like a zombie. She was just as quick to scream and flee, leaving Crackskin to snicker at her reaction. Nearly invisible string and hiding near the ceiling to puppeteer the corpse made it all the worthwhile. She never realized that a mulberry mirror with magenta wings had watched the entire event with a cruel smile.

The last victim on the spiral's list was going to be the tricky one. It was this dragon that taught Crackskin to never underestimate her opponents, and the main reason that she even was a part of this clan. A wingless dragon named Mimic. A strange dragon without a tail, scales, or strong

claws, she prefers wearing clothing all of the time to cover her soft flesh, occasionally changing into something more battle worthy, usually associated with familiars, whenever something comes up. If Mimic can use anything to make up for her weak body in battle, it would be her wit as Crackskin found out the hard way from the last time she challenged her.

'There is no way that the spiral can get outdone by a non-plague dragon at their very own game' is what Crackskin wanted to believe. She just doesn't know if it's true yet... She'll have to think real hard to pull off a good scare on the third leader. A tap on her shoulder alerted her of the presence of another dragon. Crackskin turned to see the mulberry mirror there, looking at her like if she wanted in on the fun. "I heard that the plague were notorious for their scare tactics, but I did not expect how true it's turning out to be."

Crackskin moaned in displeasure; the clan's grump was here. "What do want, Arveia? I'm trying to think of something to scare Mimic with."

"So you want to go three for three? If I had known that you were scaring the leaders, I would have been in on it sooner," Arveia grinned. "Too bad, though. I heard that those who have messed with canopic jars like we have suffer big scares that will haunt them during the Riot of Rot if they don't get killed first."

Crackskin shuddered at that memory they shared. And Mimic was crazy enough to join in on the curse by breaking one herself before... But no one besides the three of them and Gaja knows of her being cursed too. "Are you looking to be a buzzkill or a help in scaring Mimic?"

The two of them worked for the rest of the day to plot how to scare the strange dragon.

At sunset, the two female dragons were planning on making their attempt. They had fished up an old rusted set of armor and had done their best with paint, cloth, straw, castoff scales and blades to make the semblance of an undead ridgeback knight. It looked pretty convincing when in the dark, and they even snatched a lot of blood from the fish and poultry brought in for the clan's food supply to make it look more gory.

Before they had time to do their next move, Arveia and Crackskin flinched upon feeling a sudden chill down their spines. Arveia looked in a direction and called out. "I can see your body heat, you know. Come on out!"

It was a tundra hatchling that came out. White crystal-like fur and ice colored wings that were just as shiny, the ice crystals on the little hatchling could not hide the look of horror and tears of despair. "Please, help...Miss Mimic...They...They..." He started bawling, much to the girls' dismay.

Arveia rolled her eyes. "This is why I despise ever raising a family. Let's find out what happened, Crackskin."

The two girls walked back into the lair and followed the hatchling straight to Mimic's den. Mimic was sitting in there in her chair, but the amount of blood at her neck told them enough; the hatchling saw something he shouldn't have. Arveia sniffed the scene while Crackskin got a little closer to the body for their leader. "Just what happened to Mimic, Arveia?"

"Like if I know! The only scents I'm catching are hers and this little rascal. I can see Mimic's body heat fading away, which means she'd dead."

The tundra hatchling just stuck near the door, frightened out of his wit. He was too scared to speak. Crackskin ventured a little closer to Mimic's body and gave it a poke to see if she would move. Both the spiral and the hatchling shrieked as the head fell on the desk Mimic had been at. This caused Arveia to turn and seeing what happened, shake her head as if Crackskin was the most pathetic dragon around. "Seriously? What kind of dragon are you, you darn plague?"

"Die..." All three dragons in the scene froze at those words. They know that none of them said that line and the only thing left in here was a corpse...

The corpse of their fallen leader started to move, clutching her detached head. "The curse shall take you... Tonight... Let's go together..."

On cue, various objects started to fly around with no wind to aid them, and in horror, the two girls and the hatchling watched helplessly. Nothing could stop their blood from running cold as the mirror and spiral screamed and ran like if the Shade was after them, but the hatchling stayed put, until they hid in Arveia's den. "Miss Mimic? Can we stop the prank now? It's hard to keep acting scared of you."

The composure of the headless corpse shattered, making Mimic laugh uncontrollably. She closed her den so she can change while the clan dragons tried coaxing their two frightened members to come out. Cloudwing approached Mimic's den with a look of confusion on her face. "Making us hide so you can scare them... How did you do that headless and flying objects gag?"

A violet and mulberry ridgeback walked out with a device that held a red button in the center. "A particular vibration can create the illusion of floating and whipping objects. I had the gizmo a lightning clan had made that could pull off that trick, so we simply used that. It was a very interesting experiment, I might add."

Mimic came out from her den, in a change of clothes with a smile on her face. "The clothing I was wearing was stiffened in the torso area and I can use it to fool others that I lost my head. And the cooling gel for when we get fevers was a nice touch to trick Arveia's heat vision. I'm surprised that Kenji and Charkaram made the props so quickly. With Gaja's device, Freezefang's great acting, some animal blood, and that stiff clothing, I think we scared them pretty good."

"Maybe too good," Sandbolt said as he walked over. "The lasses are convinced that the curse is going to get them. I say we give it until morning before we try to talk to them again."

Freezefang, the tundra hatchling, giggled at the thought. "Miss Mimic... It sounds like you'll be in for scares of revenge from them later."

"Who cares?" Mimic didn't sound at all worried. "When they now know that I can scare them like this, they are more likely to be hesitant to try again anytime soon. And attempting to scare any of the leaders calls for a little retaliation. I wonder just what their scare tactic was going to be on me, though..."

A couple of Talonok warriors were sneaking in to check on the lair that night while everyone was sleeping, except for the two frightened girls. They soon froze at the sight of something with glowing red eyes, then turned tail and flew away in a frenzy of fear. They had found the fake undead ridgeback knight, standing in wait for its next victim as the moonlight reflected off of the red glass that made up its eyes.