

It is Red. It is also a hunter.

Not that it is bad to be either one of those things. Or that it necessarily cares about what any other creature thinks of it. Just like how the wind blows through the leaves of towering canopies during a storm, it just is a part of the world. There is not much that needs to be thought of beyond that. A concept. An animal that is thriving on instinct.

It's the same instinct that tells it to stay away from where the loud people are. Red doesn't even have words to describe the city or its inhabitants. It hasn't needed words to do much of anything before, and there is little reason to start now, especially when the slothbears do not negotiate.

When it is a blur through the forest underbrush, it is hard to see the elegant browns and crimsons of its fur. It blends in so seamlessly that it can just as easily identify itself as that. Blur. Blood. Claws. Thing.

Red is Red. Red does not need to be anything other than that. And when it is crunching through the bones of a scavenged meal, it is lazy and full. When it has to leap and tear and gnash its teeth on the throats of whatever is unfortunate enough to cross its path, that is what it does. It does not have to think about these things.

Even when the odd person comes across it. Why does it live out here? Why not? Why does it reject society? Red has no concept of that. There is no society. There are no rules. It climbs the trees and feasts on unattended nests of birds filled to the brim with delicious eggs. It is just doing as it ought to.

Living and thriving in the world of the wilds.