

The Book of Monsters-Draft 4

If you are to understand the content of this book, you must understand a universal truth: Everything in this world was made for man, and their existence is the only one of importance.

Do not mistake me, the world does not *cater* to man. The oceans do not ease their waves, simply because man sets sail upon it. The land does not become fertile, simply because a village is starving.

But the ocean and the land exist so it may be there for man. The sun rises and sets only because man inhabits this world. To the world, the existence of man is of primary importance, and everything else is secondary.

And we are the secondary.

We are the beasts man calls 'Monsters'. We are a people forgotten, a race slowly devolved, a lost generation.

We exist to be conquered, slain, and presented as trophies. We are compelled to slaughter, rape, devour, and become savages.

We do not have heroes that rise against great evils. There are no stories of Monsters defeating the Dark Lords or questing through the Heartlands. Songs speak of us as a wickedness that needs to be vanquished from this world. And they are right.

This world was not made for us. To live in this world and be anything besides a human is to be nothing at all. There is no free will. There is no choice. There is only blind compulsion to survive, and as my people often do, destroy.

And for an eternity, all I did was destroy. There were too many families I had killed, too many villages I had burned, and too much blood-thirst among my mind. It was an insatiable hunger, and I had no control.

And the years passed. Kingdoms rose and fell. Technology changed. Monsters and Men fought, as they always did. And I slaughtered, raped, devoured, and became a savage.

But on one fateful day, I awoke from this terrible dream and suddenly had control.

Where before there was only raw, unattended emotion, there was now thought to sit beside it. Before I had only instinct to guide me, now I walked with awareness.

And when I awoke, my first steps were through a crimson field of my sins.

I awoke by a wide riverbank to my side. A dark green forest lay behind me, and the rolling grassland hills of the farming plains were in front. The limbs of the family I had slaughtered the night before lay around me, coloring the grass red.

A blond woman, mid forties, her limbs were ripped from her torso. One of her hands held a pitchfork. Her head still attached, held the expression of shock. She was brave, but weak.

Next to her was her boy. Too young. His features were disfigured. I had split his chest open with my claws, and drank from it like a well.

As if that wasn't enough, I had killed his dog as well. It had come to defend them when I quietly dragged the boy away, alerting the mother. I was not sated after I had drank from those two, so I had drunk from the dog as well. I had opened a small hole, and drank from it like a wineskin.

In that terrible moment, a mere minute after I had gained consciousness, I broke.