

Immortal

He always wondered what it would be like to die. Would it send chills down his spine? Would it be quick? Or would it be long, drawn out; sucking out every bit of life left in him until the very end? Arachnis could only wonder.

He always hoped that the end for him would never come, for he feared it. One day, as ordinary as any other, he discovered that his bones were weary, his age great, and his heart beating slowly, like that of a hibernating bear. Arachnis knew the end was close, and he didn't like it. He wanted to live on forever and not to die like the average human. He needed to find death's cure before death found him. "But who," he wondered out loud, "Who could possibly know the cure for death?" That's when he came.

Eyes bloodshot and dead, like a broken porcelain doll's. Skin gray and decayed. Cold, white bones sticking out of his head, arms, and legs. Blood drenched his cape. It was Death.

This wasn't metaphorical or hyperbolic. It was Death, plain and simple. He had come for him. Arachnis stumbled back, "Who are you?"

Death gave a long stare and then finally said, "Who do you think I am?" Death had a wicked smirk on his face, for he was ready to add yet another victim to his power: Arachnis. Oh yes, this Arachnis had troubled Death for a while, with his countless ponderings of how to escape him. But no man, child, or woman alike has ever escaped Death before, and he intended to keep it that way.

"You are... you are-"

"Death," the ghastly figure whispered.

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Death frightened Arachnis. His voice was gruff and was that of a dying bird that has been stabbed with the unforgiving knife of fate. Arachnis picked up the candle that was lying on his nightstand. He waved the candle in front of Death and threatened, “Stay away you monster! Come any further and...and I’ll throw the candle at you!”

Death chuckled, “Foolish man, you can’t defy me, I am Death! Go ahead and throw your candle, see if it’ll make a difference!”

Arachnis did as instructed. He threw the candle with all his might. The flame of the candle set Death’s cape on fire, but as Death snapped his finger the flames let out a final flicker and they were gone. The hairs on Arachnis’ neck stood up. It was really Death.

Death grew impatient. He wanted this to be over soon so he could hunt amongst the souls of the sinful, dishonest, and the cruel and go killing again. He couldn’t waste time on an arrogant Arachnis. But Death was clever. He knew how to get into this man’s heart. He’d give him what he wanted the most and that thing in end would kill Arachnis. Why kill Arachnis now, if it could be done ever more savagely and painfully? Death loved those feelings. The second most favorite pass time of Death in fact, was the torture of mankind. There was something so filling and satisfactory to Death when he heard the yelps for help of an abused being.

“You know what,” Death said with that evil smile on his face, “I have decided that instead of killing you now, I am going to give you a little gift.”

“I don’t want anything from you, you scoundrel!”

“Oh, but I do insist,” Death continued.

“No! Stay away! Not a step further!”

“Or what?”

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Arachnis paused. He hasn't really thought of this. "Or else I'll do something *bad* to you!"

Death laughs, "What could you flimsy human possibly do to me!?" There was silence.

"Exactly. And now about my offer. I offer you a gift."

Arachnis repeated, "I don't want anything you have to offer!"

"Oh, but you do! For you, young gentlemen, I have immortality."

Death's last word circled in Arachnis' thoughts.

"It's what you always wanted. Come on what do you say, we have a deal?"

It was true that Arachnis wished for this as long as he could remember but now when his wish had become a reality just out of reach Arachnis just couldn't bring himself to say yes. It was Death after all and since when has something good ever come from making deals with the devil?

"I don't want anything from you!"

Death got immensely angered by this. This Arachnis was making it especially difficult. "Well then, I shall kill you right now." Death took out a dagger from his pocket and raised it, ready to kill poor Arachnis.

"Wait!"

Death smiled, "Did you rethink your decision?"

Arachnis sighed, this was for the best, he was not ready to die just yet. "Yes, yes I have."

"Very well then, on the full moon's rising immortality shall be given to you." The wind howled at these words and as suddenly as he came, Death disappeared into the night. Arachnis' heart was beating faster than ever before. Fear pulsed through his veins and regret flooded his mind. Had he really just agreed to receive immortality from Death himself? No, it couldn't be! After thought upon this, Arachnis decided that what he needed was a good night's sleep to rid him of all this distress.

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He fell into a fitful sleep filled with nightmares of what he had witnessed during that fateful night.

Arachnis awoke with a cold sweat. He had dreamed about Death, has he not? It was all a dream, yes yes, that's what it was, Arachnis thought. It couldn't have possibly been real, *right?* Death wasn't a real being, it was all a dream.

All a dream.

The fake assurance soothed Arachnis very much and for the days that followed he didn't think of his encounter with Death once.

The days passed by, and Arachnis walked freely around, not worrying about a thing. If it were a dream after all, then why should he worry? But then, the moment of truth came. It was the night of the full moon. It was like any other day for Arachnis. He ate breakfast, went to work, ate lunch, went back to work, came home, ate dinner; nothing out of the ordinary. As he ate what was, unknown to him, his last dinner, something changed inside of him. He knew not what it was, but the piercing migraine sent him straight to bed after his hearty meal. The full moon rose above his home, lighting up the dark grounds. When the moonlight touched him, it happened. As Arachnis tossed and turned in his bed, something called to him. It lifted him out of his bed and carried him all the way to his open window. The moon's cursed light set upon him and the transformation had begun. Arachnis' heart stopped beating. His skin turned gray and solemn. His scalp split in two. His mind twirled then rottened. His fingernails turned a disgusting shade of mustard yellow and became loose on his fingertips. His eyes grew bloodshot. His bones lost marrow. His lungs became unneeded.

He had become a monster.

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The full moon cursed Arachnis with Death's promise of immortality. Though Arachnis' heart stopped beating, and he stopped breathing, he wasn't dead. On the other hand, he wasn't exactly alive either.

He had become immortal, cursed to walk the lands of the Earth 'till the end of all time.

Death won his victory after all.