

(!!) WARNING (!!)

This story is for an original character for the indie game "Rain World" developed by VideoCultMedia, and distributed nowadays by Akupara Games. This character takes inspiration in the form of a "slugcat". All concepts about worldbuilding, animal species, mechanics, and etcetera that are shown in the original game, belong to them respectively. Also, this isn't related to the "Weirdo Triplet" that the creator has, that is an AU that includes the Stranded. but isn't canon to its actual story (This).

If you by any means don't happen to have played or get to know about Rain World, it is highly recommended to do so, not only to know what this story is going to be about, but also to make yourself experience one of the best considered indie titles at the moment. It also contains spoilers.

Take in mind: That the creator is not by any way experienced writing stories, this was written for fun, therefore, you shouldn't expect an outstanding level of writing. There was also much creativity freedom that was chosen to share the Stranded's story and concept.

This story is also not suited to get consumed by very young audiences. Additionally, it can trigger very sensitive readers. It isn't something too harsh, but it is still to considerate. If you are prone to get sensitive upon topics said next here below, it is recommendable to not read the document.

The whole story contains:

Food deprivation - Mental struggle - Description of blood, wounds and injuries (Occasionally severe) - Violence - Depiction of animal death - Existentialism (Mild)

If you are fine with these topics, you can proceed without any issue. Hope you enjoy it!

Fanmade original story by Triple A
Rain World by VideoCultMedia



RAIN WORLD: THE STRANDED



STRIKING SERENITY – FILE OF TEXT (“Behavior of the red slugcats”)

“The slugcats, as they were named, are soft looking animals with blank stares and a very agile mobility. They were included to be helped to achieve ascension once a solution has been found, however, they seem to not follow a definite mindset and to succumb merely to instinct. Despite being small creatures compared to other predators, they show to have great skill in combat and self-defense, being able to superate single confrontations with scavengers in most cases. Even with those abilities, they mostly prefer to avoid all threats if possible.”

“Nonetheless... Sightings of a common phenomenon in a few creatures of the ecosystem were also detected in slugcats. Old theories said how red colored creatures are not only the most feared, but also significantly more strong, aggressive and more powerful, judging how some count with unique abilities.”

“I took the job of studying these cases, all the information I have found just told me that those theories were right. All red slugcats with a visible history show clear skill potential, and some are even stronger than others, having abilities that could not be achieved for the average, and, the most interesting thing for me, is that some are capable to count with different abilities, they are not all the same and that makes a big difference between these and other creatures. Red slugcats also show to have a very strict diet of nutritious meat, which is odd considering how some average ones tend to be omnivores and very rarely need to hunt higher predators to survive, but fair since how strong they might become once they become adults. They seem to rely a lot in their mainly carnivorous diet to preserve their strength.”

“Even if this subject awakens curiosity on me, I cannot do much to study this branch of creatures other than keeping an eye to find and observe its behavior.”

“It would be helpful to know the limits of these slugcats, I cannot help but think more questions that I do not have an answer for, which for example...”

“Could a red slugcat survive by its own if it gets deprived of their common meat diet since birth?”

Ever since I got the memory of being surrounded by the ones I love, I had good memories that they showed to love and to care about me. They have done a lot for me since I had the ability to reason, and to be fair, I still miss thinking well about them. Of course, that would be if they wouldn't have doomed me from the start.

Well, I will try to cut out my feelings and share what I can remember about my life. I don't want to influence you about what you might think what was proper to do. Even if I still think those actions were bad, you still have your own judgement.

There was once a big colony of slugcats taking advantage of a huge tree full of resources, there, they relied on merely surviving the night where predators were on the hunt, despite that, it was safe to stay there until the colony leader decided to do a migration once they found enough food for all of us. I was born not much after the group sat on the tree. Now, it is dumb to say how my life was already wrong since this exact moment, but I wouldn't actually be wrong by saying that.

My parent always stood firm by not hurting anyone, by not getting mad or having such emotions that can trigger fights, to this day I still understand that, no one would have wanted problematic people inside their own colony. They also said that by my conditions, I needed to be more comprehensive and understanding to others... My "conditions"? I was never told what type of "conditions" I was dealing with. They never thought it was worth to just tell me what was wrong with me, only saying "You're flawed" and not elaborating any further is not practical, is just... Not right. What was this secret they were hiding from me and why they were hiding it? It all is just too confusing to think about. The only difference I had with other children of the tree was that I was feeble, not very fast or strong either... So it never made sense to me, why was *I* the one who needed to be understanding to people that are obviously in a better state than me? More of those thoughts came across my mind as I still think what is left to tell.

I grew up being weak, without being outstanding in anything either, I was more of somebody that could easily get down after a fight, whatsoever that never bothered me, at that moment I always hated confrontation, they kept me in safe places when the adults needed to fight predators in case the worst happens...

So then how was my life? Not very active either. I had a few friends in which didn't care at all about me having a "condition", but as they and I grew, we all started to not wanting anything to do with the others. And also, as I grew up, I felt even weaker and more conflicted to even stand up.

My alimentation is an important topic here. I was told that I needed to require a very strict vegan diet, I never had a problem with that either! I cherished the moments my parent brought blue fruits when I was feeling too weak to even stay awake, these were my favorite food. It was curious to me, at least, that everyone was able to eat many other things, such as other creatures, big and small. Was the condition I was told about that I wasn't able to eat some things perhaps? That they would hurt me or make me sick if I tried? I didn't know at that moment, it didn't click to me.

Time passed, I needed to require more food to not feel like I was going to starve at any moment, in addition to this, I didn't get to be tall but one of the shortest of the colony. Everything seemed dim, the hunger and my need to eat more was overwhelming, my rest

was also affected by how much my body hurt from not being satisfied enough. Hate to be this dramatic, but it felt like my body didn't belong to me... Like I was a husk that mere purpose was to waste oxygen.

But then, it happened that one cycle, I encountered a very kind adult which saw my face and instantly knew I was in pain. It happened like this, my parent needed to attend on a hunt for the colony and I was up to a small group of other slugcats that took the responsibility of taking care of the children and others that were sick. I also was there, at that point I wasn't considered a child anymore, but I didn't apply to hunt, I was never that agile. Then, I went to have a snack... Well, "snack", it is a very vague description of "If I don't eat something right now, I might die at any moment", but who cares... The point is that the one adult I mentioned earlier, saw my suffering, while I was eating a fruit slowly like I was about to collapse. They stood up next to me, and without saying much, offered me something that I am forever thankful of. A small, fresh centipede. I'm not going to lie, I hesitated a lot, I was very afraid of what could happen to me if I ate that, I was already in too much pain and getting sick in the best case wouldn't be good. However, I accepted it, at that point the hunger was unbearable and I needed something else. I took a bite, and... It was the best thing I tasted until then.

The centipede was quickly lost after I felt its taste, I'm currently thinking how that adult that handed me it, was looking at me eating ferociously, I didn't even take the task to check if they were disgusted by my manners or by any other thing, my senses were specially focused on the fresh meat. I could see a red liquid go through my teeth, hate to admit it, but I wasn't very sure of what that was. After that, I didn't even realize that I finished it already, taking a bite of my own finger accidentally. Then, I snapped out of it and I saw the face of that slugcat that gave me the centipede and they looked slightly relieved but also somewhat worried, like there was a problem with me. After that, they left to supervise the other kids and I was sitting there, just thinking of the taste of that one bug, all this time licking my snout. More thoughts were filling my head: "do all other creatures taste like this?"; "Are there some better than others to eat?" But then, I thought that I was taking attention to the wrong things. Thoughts of regret were filling my head instead: "That wasn't what I was taught of, I didn't need to do that, I could have just declined it! What will happen to me now? Will it have a bad reaction on me physically?" I wasn't ready to struggle more to even breath, I finally realized that it might have been a big mistake.

The hunter slugcats weren't going to get back from their trip until later on, so I needed to do something to satiate my hunger. After considering, I came to the conclusion that one more wouldn't do much after I ate a full young centipede, yes, maybe it will hurt more, but not much compared to one. So I went to the same kind slugcat, and I requested them to give me another one, they seemed like they were very sorry for me... Well, would you blame them though? I was in misery.

They accepted to give me something else, I couldn't help but start getting more excited of tasting something delicious again, my mind couldn't focus in anything else, it started to feel sickening at that point. And then, not much happened. After being able to eat another pair of small centipedes, I no longer felt like I was about to die, well, it was to expect that I needed to eat something... But not that eating these things would make me feel relief of so much pain. Walking wasn't a hard chore anymore, and the moment my parent and the other

hunters got back, I even felt happy. It was such a moment that, at this date I can't forget, not because I don't want to but because it was a very comforting experience, living didn't feel that painful.

Later that night, the only thing that was annoying me was the lack of sleep. Of course, I couldn't sleep well for so, so many cycles in which I was close to starvation, and when hunger wasn't my priority, it made me realize of how needed of sleep I was. I fell onto my blanket as soon as I got inside my home.

The next cycle, I was feeling the same as good as I felt last night... But yet, even if I felt well physically, something didn't feel right. I stood inside my home for a very long time, questioning if eating these things were good for me. It seemed like they didn't act negatively on me yet, but aside from that, I was sure that my parent was aware of my euphoria when they saw me the moment they got back, and that I knew they wouldn't be happy. The fact that I woke up without my parent being inside my home didn't help that thought at all, were they mad at me? At the slugcat that handed me the food? The realisation of it being a huge mistake hit me like a squidcada. Like I said, I didn't leave my little sleeping place for a long time, knowing that something will happen to me, from the food I ate, or from my parent being mad at me. I was scared to even move and my thoughts were getting worse by the second.

However, eventually I got to calm down and clean my teary face and go outside. I spend so much time inside that I was unaware that the cycle was about to end, so everyone was setting their stuff together to go back to hibernate. I was still a little upset, but I needed to find my parent... Why? Hell if I know, man... I wasn't thinking very clearly, okay?

I got back where the adult slugcat gave me the centipede and, to my surprise, all the resources were... gone. I didn't find them nor their belonging, making me even more sure that something was very wrong. As the sunlight started to set, the rain started to flow and I kept looking for an answer to a question that I didn't even have.

Then, I heard them. I turn around and as soon as I did, my parent took me by the paw and dragged us both into our home. I never liked the rain water on my body so I guess it was a little relief... But at the cost of being in a very tense situation with my parent. We were there inside the tiny space, they were in their sleeping position facing the wall, while I was in the corner facing the room. I wanted to have a word with them, to know if they knew I did that and if they were angry at me, but I couldn't do it. I was paralyzed in a very uncomfortable position, as much as I wanted to move or say something, I wasn't able to. I was scared. I made a mistake and I knew it.

Many cycles passed as I didn't get to talk to them. I even stopped being considered a teenager by others.

At that point, I started to come up with conclusions that led to more questions. I was getting my mind together so I had to think about what was the deal. First, the centipedes didn't do anything bad to me, it satiated me a lot more than my average food. Second, I got sure of it, that the slugcat that fed me the centipedes wasn't in the colony anymore, not only they left with their stuff, but also other members of the tree refused to tell me why they were no longer there, not knowing if something happened to them or if they just left by choice. And third, something that I realized upon finding the other two points, is that

people act different with me than with other people, like I was a freak of some kind. I wanted to know why they didn't give me other kinds of food earlier, I wanted to know what happened to that other slugcat, and I wanted to know why I was different from the rest. I always lived like this but it got to a breaking point that I couldn't truly accept, not only the curiosity was killing me but also the need I had to have a normal life like the others. But then, what was my solution? Ask my only family member? They weren't even talking to me and just kept feeding me fruits, I couldn't believe in their word any longer even if I asked them. And I was SURE that they didn't love me enough to tell me the truth.

Time flew. The hunger for filling meals didn't leave my body and my head was struggling to admit being a parasite in that hell of a tree. The feeling my parent had with me of not wanting to talk to me got mutual, I can certainly tell that they didn't care at all about me doing the same. I went to isolated places of the tree so I could be alone, not to think or anything, I already needed to deal with hunger and I didn't want to do the same with people I can't trust.

One of these cycles, I noticed that a lot, for not saying all of them, of the colony slugcat caught the attention to greet someone. I kept being up there on that branch seeing what was happening, and it was unbelievable, it was the colony leader! They got back of their food quest alive and with a sweet smile on their face as usual! The leader always was a good example to follow, they were strong, brave, uplifting, and very big! I always dreamt to be like them, they were almost mighty, at least to my eyes. Some people always denied me saying that the stories they tell about them are lies and exaggerated, but I don't personally think that! I want to believe that they can truly do all those things but choose to not show us because we are not worthy enough!

... Sorry for that, I got too carried away with my fascination. I was just happy to see them again.

Not long after that, they announced a migration, in which everyone will move to a better and less dangerous place, a new home where it doesn't rain every night - That was the main reason they went for resources after all. The cycle of migration came, and everyone was packing everything, it was... A little heartbreaking to see all the places and people I knew needing to leave, but, I was going with them after all, right? ... Well, about that.

Do not judge me for these thoughts, but I decided that I wasn't going to move with them, I was so conflicted that I couldn't bear the idea to keep living with them. I stayed hidden, saying that I was indeed going with them, that they don't need to worry of not seeing me, because I would be busy with other things. The moment I saw was the proper time, I ran in the direction of those dangerous lands that the leader once went through with a spear in my left paw, and jumped into a big hole with water at the bottom.

It was very early at dawn, so I was aware that there were going to be a lot of predators getting out of their covers to look for an easy prey. However, the mere reason I was leaving my colony is because I thought I was more than they think, so I was convinced they weren't going to be a problem.

But still, even when I was sure that I could survive by my own, the feeling of doing a serious mistake didn't leave me. I already did something bad eating that centipede, and it

went very bad... I didn't want to make an even bigger error this time, now what was in line was my own life.

I was thinking that when I encountered my first creature, it was there, a lizard, a big one. It certainly surprised me, I've never seen a lizard that close, and not one of that size either... As the lizard saw me and fell onto the floor from the platform it was leaning, I was shaking and unable to make the first move. The passage of time felt unnerving, like every second made me more nervous because of the time that I was spending being paralyzed. But luckily, the creature spat at me and made me finally react. It felt weird and out of place, why would it spat at me? It was gross, maybe it tried to blind me or something. Well, the point is that I finally got to move and I chose to climb a pole and try to avoid it, but it wouldn't allow me to do so, it spat at me a few more times and it was more than enough to make me fall from the pole onto the ground. I quickly turned my head around and saw how it was intending to charge at me, my heart skipped a beat as I rapidly jumped and avoided its deadly jaws. It hit its head into the boulder, at this point I was already feeling tired, it was obvious that someone that needs to eat so many fruits wouldn't be in a good physical state... But, I saw the creature stunned and I knew that if I wanted to get out of there alive, I needed to attack. I quickly took distance since they always taught me that the most damage I can deal to a creature it would be from a throw, and finally stuck the spear on the lizard's torso... But it barely felt it. The lizard looked at me with rage in its eyes, and I started to shake again with both of my paws empty from weapons. What went wrong?! I was thinking to myself, tales told how the great leader always killed these lizards from just doing the same as I did! Then I thought, sure, I am not as strong as them, there would be no way a weakling like me could kill a creature from one shot... The lizard started to approach me growling, I realized that no one ever taught me what to do next. It was always to throw a spear to save someone else or to free myself from another creature's grasp... But what do I do in this situation? The spear was stuck on the lizard's body and it would most surely catch me if I get close to it. I couldn't afford to be paralyzed again, I took a rock from the ground to throw it at its face and ran away, the pain of my hind legs were tolerable from the adrenaline that I was feeling, I even tripped over a few times and every single time I did, my demise felt closer... I didn't want to look back, that thing wanted to kill me, surely it stopped chasing me after some time, but I was too scared to check. I kept running until I climbed a few more poles and, there it was! A shelter, I could recognize that symbol anywhere! I got in as fast as I could, jumped onto the floor of it, and walked in circles a few times before collapsing and falling facing the ground. It took me an important amount of seconds to gain conscience again, once I got up, sitting, I saw how both doors of the shelter were closed, I was safe.

But for how long? Was my new problem.

I sat on the corner of the shelter, it felt alone. I couldn't stop thinking about how my fighting abilities failed miserably, and that I almost lost my life. It was very clear now, I wasn't going to survive in these places, and if I go back now, the colony would be long far from me enough to lose them!

... I doomed myself from my own egoism, they wanted to protect me and this is how I respond. I was holding back my tears while shaking, until I noticed that it was senseless to do so, after all, there wasn't anyone there with me. So I broke up.

I fell sideways holding my head strongly until I realized I was holding it too tight and my claws were hurting me. I couldn't move, I couldn't think, the only thing I was able to, was cry pathetically. I wanted to be held by my parent, to let them solve this for me, and to be covered by my blanket I had in our home, that I didn't take because I thought I was all grown up for that! This proves I was wrong. I was lost, scared and cold, and that is how I fell asleep.

The next cycle, I woke up by the sound of the doors opening. But I didn't want to get up, my life was ruined, why would I even move to begin with? Well, I quickly heard the answer. No no, it wasn't a voice telling me to go on, I am not that insane. It was my stomach, I didn't eat anything since a lot of time, and I needed to go look for some fruits, or whatever I could find.

As I kept going ahead to the dangerous lands, I noticed how the rain was... Oddly getting more intense as I got further from the tree. I didn't care enough about the rain, I was already dealing with so much hunger and panic from every step I took. They weren't kidding, these lands really are something else... No doubt why the colony leader was the only one who went to explore them. Foolish of me to have thought that this would be a good challenge to prove that I was more than they think of me...

I kept walking, jumping and climbing my way further from the tree, I was hoping to get through the "dangerous" part of this place into somewhere in which no one would go to look for me. Going back wasn't an option, my life is already ruined and it would've been worse if they find me again, at that point, I just wanted to be alone until I eventually get killed.

The environment started to get darker and more dim as I kept getting away and the rain was still getting more intense. At some moment I noticed that my wrists were hurting really bad... I never got to experience that, it was probably because I did a sudden movement trying to hurt that one lizard that attacked me. After all, it would be senseless that my wrist was hurting just because I was feeling scared.

To be completely honest, I exceeded my expectations when I found out that I was already in a different place. However I didn't know that yet.

In a big, weird metal wall with a grid floor and ceiling close to it, it was strange, why would there be a closed path? I stepped on the grid and I started to inspect this wall. It didn't take too much time with my paws quiet enough when I realised it was locking me up, it closed like it was some sort of shelter. Then, the ceiling released water on me... Why? Who knows. The next thing that happened is that the wall I was inspecting opened, of course, it wasn't a wall, it was a door. It opened and I was just standing there, not really fond of the water at all, it was almost degrading... Come on, pouring water on me wasn't necessary at all.

I went through the pipe, and what was in the other side was darker than the previous place, just a little rays of light could be found, I was underground now. It was creepy, it felt like I shouldn't have been there, this time not because of my own sake, but because I would find something I won't like. I needed a shelter, I found one and took cover in it to curl into a ball and sleep... I heard a lot of noise of running water and things falling, but I just assumed those were the same shelter that it wasn't in good conditions. The fact that there were more

infant centipedes there than in other places took my attention, and then my suspicions were correct, I found a mother centipede the next cycle, not so far away.

I needed to stay calm, I knew that centipedes are blind, I managed to get away without needing to fight this time, but my serenity wouldn't last much longer when I heard a screech from the ceiling. A weird giant bug-thing launched itself at me. Its jaws were huge as they could cut anything with ease, I ran away throwing everything I could to it... But then, I was on the edge of a cliff, not high enough to kill me, I was sure. That thing was still getting closer as I hesitated to jump in, there wasn't any water... Oh, I KNEW it was going to hurt.

I jumped in and I hurted my left hind leg, I didn't see what the creature that was chasing me did, but my next problem presented as soon as I took my face out of the dirt. Another grown centipede, this time, it heard me falling flat onto the ground.

I did the best I could to get away, I felt the centipede chasing me, but I knew it would lose track of me eventually.

I went through another pipe, and took a deep breath... It seemed that there wasn't anything there. My leg was still hurting, I thought to myself, if I needed to survive, I would need a spear, and quick.

My senses stopped for a moment, as well as my thinking about the spear. A lizard peeked out of the ground slowly, as I was hoping it will go away before it would see me... But it did. The lizard growled and I tried to go back using the pipe, but I wasn't fast enough. The lizard bit the SAME LEG that was hurt and then my torso, I screamed in pain as the lizard started to drag me further from the pipe. I was starting to get dizzy from the pain, it was unbearable how I felt how its sharp teeth was tearing out my body in half. When it let me go, I opened my eyes and saw where I was, it was really dark and I couldn't do much to move, the lizard was still tearing apart my body inside that place it dragged me in... My nerves were doing their best to make me feel everything, my upper part was still with me but somehow I could still feel my lower even if there wasn't much left from it. Eventually, I stopped feeling it. I couldn't feel the pain as same as the first bite, at that point, it hit me. It was truly the end, I was hopeless while I thought about the normal life I was hoping I could find, the peace I enthralled my whole life...

There wasn't nothing left to do, I failed, and I just needed to close my eyes and accept it.

This would have been the end of it all.

Nonetheless...

After all these painful bites and tears, and the moment I closed my eyes, I felt relieved of any pain, free of any injury, it felt almost like a dream, which in a state of delusion I wouldn't feel my body getting crushed.

Then, I woke up in the previous shelter, the one with infant centipedes. I took a moment before realising I was back alive before getting up and asking myself what the hell that was. There could be no way I could have survived that lizard... Was it a nightmare? There was only one way to find out, I never explored these undergrounds and surely the place will be different than in that dream I just had.

So I went out of the shelter, confident that I won't encounter the same rooms. It was shocking to see that I was wrong.

The rooms were exactly the same, then I also got aware that I remember that "dream" very clear, I often forget about them after a few minutes... If that wasn't a dream, then what was it?!

I quickly said to myself that I needed to remain calm and get back to the main point. Yes, that weird "dream" was a scare for sure, but I needed to keep going until I get into a safer place. I can't afford to care enough about recognizing rooms that I never have been before... At least not at the moment.

So I was aware of how the place was built, that was useful, I knew that I needed to roll in that fall, and to be careful about a centipede that will be waiting for me down there. I was unsure if there was a lizard in the next room after that pipe, fortunately, I found another path behind my back. It was calmer than the other room, and I didn't see it the first time, well! It seems it isn't just as same as the dream I had, I thought.

It was calm, yes... Until I heard something creeping down the ceiling, it sounded like branches and leaves getting twisted, what was the creature that was causing all of that? I needed to be sure I wasn't in front of a threat, because the lightning didn't help the situation at all.

I was trying to see what could be approaching, I felt a plant I could have used to climb, I grabbed it, and it didn't hesitate to stab my paw with itself. It was even more painful than the lizard, for how sensitive the part of the paw is, I needed to bear with the pain and act fast, because as soon as I stopped screaming, it was very clear to me that it wasn't an animal, but one of these giant carnivorous plants that drags their prey. I didn't have anything in hand, that was my worst flaw there, the only thing I could do was try to tear apart the branch that stabbed me, but it was useless. The plant was way too resistant and fast to do something to save myself. The plant dragged me into a very dark place, and the next thing I felt was my skin melting as some liquid started to pour onto me. I felt my eyes having a more dim vision, my paws becoming just claws with no fingers, and my ears falling apart.

And yet, I woke up again.

The shelter was still with centipedes, I woke up in the same place I slept on, and after experiencing death twice, I was still in one piece with every memory of it!!

I didn't know what was happening, the pain that I endured with that plant was too much, I couldn't believe that I got through that, I didn't want to, either. I was starting to be scared of getting out of the shelter, I didn't want to experience the same thing again, I didn't think I would have been able to bear with it a second time.

My mentality of needing to get ahead was still my priority, so I got out and went to explore once again. I grabbed a rock from the ground, of course that a simple rock won't do much, but I needed to have something to defend myself.

Focus on your goal, focus on your goal, I repeatedly thought for myself, you NEED to focus on your goal... This dread of experiencing death twice was starting to get into my

nerves, I didn't understand what was happening, thinking more about it just made me worry more, like it was something that would have worried me if my parent told me about...

I stopped walking.

... My parent didn't tell me about a lot of things, was this the condition I always had?

What does that mean then? I was born to never die? To live forever and suffer countless deaths?

The silence of the room kept getting louder as I was still thinking. It was loud enough to not make me notice a centipede was about to shock me.

I heard the shelter opening once again.

I woke up.

I didn't want to get up.

I didn't want to even wake up.

I had so many questions.

I asked myself, why would I need to exist in a world that I can't die?

I asked myself, what was the point of even trying to live, if I can't die?

I asked myself again, how can this even be possible? It feels like it is all setted up to make me suffer forever.

I asked myself once again, if this is how I was born, why would my parent hide this from me?

I asked myself one last time, why would I even get up?

...

I spent a while laying down in the shelter, until an infant centipede got closer to my face. Gross! Get away, don't you see I'm busy having a moment?!

The centipede with its orange body segments, it reminded me of how that slugcat gave me one to eat... The rest of them left the shelter as the one I was looking at was still with me. I slowly and carefully approached my left paw to the centipede, and grabbed it. I noticed how weak its little body was, that much that I was able to snap it in half before it even managed to shock me. It... reminded me of myself, in some kind of way. Weak, hopeless, and about to get its body tear up by a predator's maw. I tasted its body, my tail started to slowly sway side to side, this time I was way calmer than the previous time I first time got to eat a centipede, I didn't have anything to worry at all anyway, so I took it very calmly. It was certainly a delicacy for my palate.

As I finished eating it, I was getting aware of my situation, with a more clean mind this time.

My life, along with my existence, has no meaning to be. Even if I die, I will come back with the memories of my death. My purpose to live may have sunk due the lack of risk I no longer have in my life, but...

If there is no risk to lose my life, then maybe I can take advantage of this...

I remembered the confrontation against that big lizard, and the same substance that pours out of the centipedes was present in the injurie I made to it once I attacked it... I then, took the job to confirm something.

Calmly, I grabbed my own tail, and started to look for injuries, I was sure of something, dying and waking up again will leave me like new... So, I started to look up for wounds, would there be something? Anything at all? I managed to find a leak on my body, though. I was right, I also had it, the same red liquid.

If every creature has this anatomy, then I could eat more than just centipedes. The possibilities were a lot along with so many tastes I could try, and the risks as I said, were none.

... Then, it hit me. The world was at my mercy, if I can't die, then I can make everything my playground.

And make my life a personal carnage.

I assure you, that this is far from the end. As more bad decisions came by, it kept paying me back as like some force was assigned to make me feel every mistake I do.

I managed to taste the meat of centipedes, spiders and lizards, of course not without some death in between, but I knew I couldn't truly die, so I couldn't be scared anymore. My safety was null, along with my ability to reason. The thought of wanting to do something else didn't even come up to my mind, I was in my own bubble of escapism.

Not much long, one cycle I spent too much time outside, to the point that it ended with me very far away from a shelter. The ground started to tremble and a lot of water filled the room. Well, it seems this place is already going down, I thought. I rapidly went downwards, sure of myself that I was going to find another shelter soon... I didn't want to experience death by drowning, at least not yet, that sounds awful.

However, I didn't find a shelter, but something very different instead.

After going down a few rooms, I found myself in a shadowy place with some rays of light that moved side to side. Not sure of where they came from, I started walking.

It was a very odd experience to walk around those rooms, there were big structures that looked like big creatures resting, with no face whatsoever.

Echoes of many cries were heard in the distance, but not in a desperate way, but with a more... calming intent. There wasn't any creature in there, except a tall monstrosity that had some circular things up onto its head, like an overseer's screen.

I made sure that it didn't see me. Its face was also pretty weird, it didn't have mouth or eyes... So I attacked its head, thinking it was its weakness.

But I was wrong, the spear was reflected by its head and ended on the floor. I growled to myself annoyed and quickly got off the high place I was on, to go and grab it again.

The creature, even with no eyes, directed its face at me, when I grabbed my spear and got ready to throw it again, I saw how its face was looking at my injured tail from that one experiment, and then looked directly at me. I was ready to it to attack me, however it was intended to do, I was ready to counter attack. Its face then started to glow red with a symbol... A symbol oddly familiar to me, there is a cross that is drawn everywhere, but that one wasn't the same cross.. It wouldn't even be considered a cross, to begin with. It blinded me from its sudden light and the last thing I saw was one of its arms pointing at me.

Then, it attacked me, it was way faster than I could have ever predicted, but rarely, it didn't kill me. I fell back from its attack, I still was a little dizzy after I got up and threw my spear again.

But even with that, the creature was more than I thought. I started to float rapidly until I hit the ceiling, then, I fell on the ground with the same strength. I directed my gaze on the creature, and one of its arms was making me float... Somehow.

It made me repeatedly hit the ceiling and the floor, and the last hit against the ground was the strongest.

...

I woke up again, in the previous shelter. I quickly got up to take my revenge on that tall freak! But something was wrong...

My body wasn't responding to me properly, I felt like the same spots that I got hit with that creature did, still hurt.

...

I didn't realise it soon enough, but after that cycle, my body kept getting more and more wounds, in places that I was hurt before dying. Almost like I stopped regenerating properly after a failed cycle.

I started to get scared and feel despair again, what was happening to me now?! Can't I catch a rest?!

...

After that, I kept feeling scared of my own safety, not because of losing my life, but because I didn't want to suffer so much from my injured body.

They were everywhere, in my arms, face, even my left ear got bitten. Looking at my reflection in the water was never so unsatisfying, I felt terminally sick, my face was almost unrecognizable from how my ears were hurt and my face was scratched. It was a nightmare.

...

At the end, I left that place, I knew that if these dangerous lands were full of so many strange things that could happen to me, I didn't want more... I took my own path after getting back to the tree, obviously far from these damn lands...

...

The regret I feel from all of my mistakes still torments me, but I'm overdue from saying sorry.

I have a lot to tell you still. This is not close to finishing, but I won't waste your time any longer. Come back to me if you are still interested to listen. Farewell from now.

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