

It's here again. Red.

It felled a giant beast, and is perching up in the trees, licking its claws clean in an effort to slurp up the best part of killing migrating beasts this time of year. Marrow, which forms when the blood is beginning to coagulate. Just before it becomes a crunchy and flakey mess.

It's Red's favorite part of the wild beasts outside of the neverending forest. But, just as it was in Alter World, the colors are a kaleidoscope across its muzzle and limbs. Splatters of a rainbow that have long since faded, but Red's cluster eyes can still see the faint remains, even after rains wash the visual evidence away.

One would think that it would consider what it looks like to others, but Red has never been one to do so. What does a beast really need to think about other than what is important to survive? Food? Water? Shelter?

These are the things at the forefront, though perhaps it can make a single concession to enjoy the taste of Marrow forming in the blood before it crusts over. Crook blood does not do this. It merely turns to dust when left uneaten for too long. Red never considered experimenting, even if the prey begged for mercy. Or offered a piece in exchange for life.

Red stretches and curls into itself. Death of such massive creatures usually draws out scavengers to feast on the remains. Red will be one of them as well, as there is no worry for the meat to dust away in a few hours. Will it still be a scavenger if it was the one that killed the beast in the first place?

The semantics do not matter in the slightest. If more food shows up, then Red will feast upon them as it would any other.