

Fear and loathing- October 2023- Reaper

Reaper lay in darkness, struck by the voices who whispered to him “ You eat the weak, you are a monster”. Reaper backed into a corner, his red eyes shut tight as the dark voice continued to taunt him and belittle him about his actions that he committed on a daily basis. The urge to eat his own kind was first done as a hatchling and it was his unborn sibling who didn’t get a chance to get out of the egg while his parents were away. That day was when the monster awoke within Reaper, one that had a hunger for his own kind’s flesh and blood. The voice grew louder as Reaper squirmed in his sleep his eyes narrowed and shut tight as the nightmare he was in felt never ending.

“Cannibal cannibal... eat the weak” the dark raspy voice kept going worming its way into his thoughts.

“They say fear the Reaper ” echoed the voices in Reaper's head as he began to mumble, starting to get more frantic in his deep slumber.

“ No.. I was young I didn’t know” he mumbled in his tossing and turning , heavy thumping noises as his scales scraped against the rock he was sleeping on due to the movement. The voice was persistent and never ending, causing Reaper's eyes to fling open as he growled, sitting up and breathing heavily. It was in the middle of the night the sky was dark and he had broken into a sweat from his nightmare.

Reaper stood up shaking his body as he calmed his breathing , before opening his eyes once more remembering the voice and letting out a rough sigh. His sleep had been disturbed yet again by the voices that haunted him in his dreams, this had happened many times throughout Reaper’s life ever since he was a hatchling. It was due to an intense trauma he had endured when he had first hatched something that he kept secret from most, it shaped the way the overgrown Cryo acted and was now. But it haunted him like a demon in the dark shadows of his mind, it clawed at him the dark voice always there forever reminding him of how he massacred everything in his path.

Reaper looked around as he calmed down before slowly closing his eyes again, he was tired and couldn’t fight it anymore as he laid back down on the rocky surface shoving old bones off of it. Falling back into a deep slumber, Reaper squirms as he is shoved into a dream that began to feel too real.

“Where am I?” Reaper muttered looking around the wooded area that was enveloped by a deep red sky. Reaper was confused as he walked through the wooded area with broken trees and old nesting material, “What is this place?” he growled looking down at the old nesting material that was scattered on the ground leading up to a hidden area nestled in thick grass vegetation. Pushing through coming to a nest that was abandoned, broken egg shells scattered everywhere within the nest. Reaper looked puzzled seeing the shells before looking up a bit from the nesting

area, to small welps lay in together one that spotted the same markings as Reaper himself and a much smaller welp beside it.

Reaper squirmed in his sleep letting out mumbles from his jaws, growling slightly at the discomfort he was experiencing. Reaper looked closer seeing the much larger welp turn and start attacking the younger welp, Clamping down on its neck strangling it. Blood soaked jaws dripping blood on the once peaceful nesting area, red eyes stared back at Reaper as he stood there in shock, his breathing getting louder and frantic.

Reaper muttered a few words “No No... what have you done” him backing up from the memory, It was him. It was the nightmare he lived over and over during his life. Reaper had no control over what he was experiencing , he couldn't alter anything or escape the trance he was in before feeling figures walk through him. It was his parents coming back from a hunt to a horrific site of their new welpings, one dead and the other eating from its sibling Reaper watched his parents face in horror but there was nothing he could do to fix his past and now it was here to haunt him.

He was frozen in shock , unmoving as the memories of his youth poured into him and the dark voice was back clawing at his mind.

“Monster who eats the weak, outcast , Murderer “ it taunted him raking at his scales , chills running throughout his body. “No no I was young, it was instincts” Reaper yelled out backing up before sprinting with his eyes shut the voice following him as he ran through broken trees and long grass.

“Fear the Reaper, Fear the Reaper” the voice grew louder following him.

Reaper felt his legs give out from under him as he flung to the ground tripping over a log. Turning around to see a monstrous form of himself walking towards him, blood covering his jaws. Red eyes filled with hate and rage.

“Cannibal Cannibal” it chanted as it got closer, Reaper shutting his eyes as he tried to get back onto his feet.

“No no” he yelled letting out a large growl, as he slowly got up. Before the figure of himself lunged, bloodied jaws opened wide. A loud scream leaving Reaper's jaws before everything went black. A cold sensation ran through his scales as he flung awake now on the cold ground from falling off his rock.

Heavily breathing and sweating as he looked around trying to grasp at what he just went through. The voice that terrorized him now quiet. Shifting his weight he stood up looking back at where he had fallen from. It was now morning and that was one rough night's sleep.

The nightmares were back and Reaper fell to them once again. The large cryo sniffed the air once more being wiping a tear from his eye before letting out a sigh of relief , but something was sitting at the back of his mind and it was that the voice will return again.