

Hatchling Red felt memories unbelonging to her invade her mind. The thoughts of many hijacked her senses as she battled over control of her consciousness, eventually entering a labored fit as sweat drenched her coat.

And soon, the blurbs of the Still Unborn's Origins were revealed to her in what felt like a fairytale.

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Still Unborn

< Persistence is not a reason for existence; we who have been born incomplete >

ORIGIN : Trauma **ATTRIBUTE** : Obsession

< 1 >

They were born hungry.

Is it not life without feeding?

The children born from the wombs of the Holy Mothers wondered about all the kinds of food outside of their cocoons. With no hands they relied on the nourishment from the umbilical cord. With no legs they remained suspended, feasting on the knowledge beyond the walls.

From young they contemplated their existence. From pre-birth they dabbled in the craft of imagination to what laid beyond their veil. But they were always hungry. Starved for something complex and meaningful, but they had no hands to grasp it.

And so they waited until the day their limbs grew. But one day, they were violently cast into the world, broken from their cocoons, and pried from the torn wombs of their Holy Mothers.

When they asked why, all that left their throats was the wail of a newborn that was still unborn – a cry that conjoined with the agony of their pale-haired mothers.

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She plucked another dull gemstone and swallowed it whole like a grape. Her eyes remained pried open as she contemplated the existence of these strange creatures. There was no empathy to be found in her eyes.

But even so, it was hard for her not to pity creatures of their kind. Because she too understood the notion of being born incomplete. The struggle of yearning to find meaning in oneself, which was an ability starved from a Corrupted like her ever since the conception of her beginning.

A time that not even she could remember well.

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< 2 >

They were still hungry.

Was it not the feed that they sought for within the cocoon?

From the teat of the Holy Mother, they drank the sacred fluids. With no arms they could not reach for the faces of those who brought them into the world. With no legs they relied on their mothers to endure their hardships – such was the beauty of their unconditional love.

With hope their mothers told them of they can become. With reverence they spoke of the places they would see. With stars in their eyes, they pointed to a place where they aspire to reach.

But their unborn kin understood the futility of it. With sunken eyes the incomplete children watched as even caterpillars transformed into butterflies.

So they wondered:

“What of us for we who were born incomplete?”

Like the webs of the nest that held the Doves captive, they saw that they too were trapped in a functionless body. But even so, the warmth of their mothers was all they knew and had. Their starvation fell onto the hearts of their pale-haired mothers as they drank the hopes and dreams of their aspirations.

“So long as we’re with mother, then everything will be alright.”

* * *

Their Origins were clear to her now. They were living stillborn. But she had no idea how or why they were paraded as a parody of their traumatic experiences. They were completely different from the natural-born people, animals and even monsters.

These things did not make any sense, just like the Corrupted.

Hatchling Red took one last gemstone. Just as she was about to swallow it, she received a warning.

< Please do not consume >

< Further consumption will result in Ego Death >

“Tch. Ego Death? As in losing myself? HUUUUH? Ugh...” She put it aside and vented a long sigh. “Agate. How come these gemstones hold their memories? Their emotions? Everything about them?”

< One day you will understand >

It did not respond with the irritating ‘unknown’. Rather, it seemed to understand where her mind was right now and assured her that only time would tell. She was still too young to know these things, she figured.

But even so, and undeniable yearning to sate her curiosity made her further speculate. But alas...

“... I’m too stupid to think this hard.” She whispered, knowing well that she was the wrong person to dabble this deeply into these things. “I’m just good at killing things. I want to change that too. I want to know what it’s like being alive. Agate. Do you know what it’s like living as a slave to something you can’t even describe? It’s like chasing a star you’ll never reach. That’s what it was like to be a Corrupted.”

< Corrupted still have meaning >

Agate’s ominous response caused her to turn on her side as she felt the familiar presence of a certain Rock Bug brush against the one she rested atop. Meeting with its beady eyes caused her to sigh again as she lazily plopped onto its back like a beached whale.

“So that’s our bright side in your eyes? I guess it’s hard to describe what being a Corrupted is like.” Hatchling Red did not have the vocabulary to articulate her past life.

And she figured that it was for the best that she didn’t.

Yet even as a living entity, her obsession over the White Wolf never disappeared.

The cavern became cold again as they ventured deeper, all the while the lava that streamed from the edges of the caverns flowed faster. Ahead was the flickering light of a blue star, and she wondered if those lights were a beacon of some kind in this strange place.