

March's End

By Dragonien

The worst part for him wasn't even that he didn't notice. It was that he couldn't notice. He wasn't even awake when it started happening. His roommate woke up to the sounds of thumping and crashing from the room next door and within moments his roommate was stumbling into his room, still in their pajamas, nearly tripping over discarded clothes littering their floor several times in the dim light of the barely begun sunrise peeking in through the curtains. They were only able to get his door open about half-way before it hits something, some kind of blue wall just inside the door. They saw glimpses of a destroyed bed, dented walls, but most prominently in their partially obscured view the massive blue foot pressing against the wall next to the door crushing his work desk into splinters against it. But with each second that passed the door was pushed further closed as the other foot pressing against it slowly shoved forward, pressing the door back shut in the process. Their yelling attempts to wake him up from his deep sleep were drowned out by the crashing sounds of his knees tearing through the roof, his head ripping through the far wall, his tail mercilessly smashing its way through the drywall into his roommate's soon-to-be-destroyed bedroom.

Realizing that not only was he not stopping, but whatever transformation he was under was getting faster his roommate instead desperately ran for the back door. They burst through the door and turned just in time to see his head crashed through the rental home's side wall and into the backyard. From their vantage point they had a perfect front-row view of both of their home collapsing around his growing bulk as he outgrew it like an over-sized lizard hatching from some oddly-shaped egg. Yet even as he caused hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of damage to the yard, the landscaping, and the building itself, He was still sleepily snoozing away... emitting snores that, thanks to his new and still increasing size, sounded like the revving engines of industrial construction equipment.

His roommate wasn't close enough to get to his head in time, seeing the giant monster he had become growing so fast that they would have been lucky to reach your shoulder at a dead run before the rate of his growth actually outpaced his running speed. Not to mention by then it would have already been taller than they were and nearly impossible to climb up onto in time. So, instead, they made a snap decision to leap onto his enormous blue wrist; hauling themselves up over it like someone struggling to climb up on top of a car. Yet even as they climbed it continues to grow with increasing speed, having swollen to a size more like the flatbed of a truck by the time they had finally gotten all the way up on top of it, When they had reached the top and sprawled atop it for a split second to catch their breath his wrist had swollen big enough that his roommate could sprawl out spread eagle on the back of his wrist and was no longer to reach either edge at the same time no matter how far he stretched his arms. It was humbling in a

way they had never thought to feel before, eliciting a strange mixture of awe and terror at the realization of their insignificance to their now giant, and still growing, roommate.

Hope quickly began to dwindle in his roommate's chest even as they desperately tried to crawl up his forearm, realizing that he was actually growing faster than they could crawl. With each passing second they seemed to lose ground regardless of how fast they crawled. Even when the width of his arm had become so enormous that, despite the uneven ground, they could stand up and sprint down his arm's length they still saw the massive shoulder in the distance seeming stretch farther and farther out of reach. Before long they had completely lost track of how big he's gotten beyond his comparison to them. He had no way to know that the enormous blue tide of flesh and bone that was their roommate was spreading out across the city like a slow-motion tidal wave. Cars, homes, entire neighborhoods were bulldozed beneath the incalculable tonnage of his blue flesh. Their voice along with any other sounds from the city such as horns, explosions, or the chorus of pure destruction from down below were simply drowned out by the booming snores that had become a literal thunder from the sleeping, growing titan.

Just when they were about ready to give up their futile attempt to reach their roommate's head a dark shadow spread out across them and the surrounding area of blue they stood upon. Their eyes went wide as Their head slowly craned back to see that the sky above had gone blue. Not the faint light blue of the sky just after sunrise but rather a familiar, deep ocean blue that rapidly seemed to be descending downwards towards them like the sky itself was falling. The titanic, by now multi-mile tall, blue dragon was simply reaching over to scratch his wrist in his sleep where he felt a minuscule little itch bothering him... completely oblivious to the fact that, the moment his fingers made contact with the skin of his forearm... he no longer has a roommate.

What was even worse was when he actually awoke to experience his newfound, monstrous stature. Standing there with his head literally in the clouds, muzzle hovering ominously over his upraised palm. He could only imagine what the view of all of those people in the gnat sized airplane resting in his palm must look like. An endless field of blue spreading out in every direction as far as they could see. A literal mountain of a muzzle grinning overhead, exposing fangs each big enough to make skyscrapers look like toothpicks in comparison. He wasn't even sure if they would be able to see his entire muzzle all at once or if the edges would cut off to either side of their 'horizon'. He tried to speak to them, not even sure if they would be able to understand his words anymore... Not even sure if they would survive him speaking directly at them anymore. The shock-waves of force that where his spoken words were literal sonic booms at this point thanks to his impossible size and he couldn't help but squirm a bit at the thought of watching a city being blasted away from the concussive shock wave of him chuckling or telling them good morning like the concussive shock-wave of a bomb going off.

"I know you're down there. I can't even see you all anymore, but I know you are. Where did you all end up? Are you lost somewhere on the plains of the flat of my palm? Did you fall down into one of the canyons of the wrinkle lines on my hand? Can you even see all of my face up here? You know it's almost funny... You're all so tiny now I don't even know if I could crush you if I wanted to. Even if I knew where you were if I tried to press my finger down on you, you all might just end up getting lost in my fingerprint instead... or I might just push you deeper into one of those wrinkled canyons... God I can't even imagine what that must feel like to you all. Being so insignificant that we can't even interact anymore, not even violently. Like, if you guys were still flying around it would be like trying to swat a gnat out of the air, only to have the wind created by my hand moving push it out of the way so I can never quite catch it. Or like trying to crush a germ under my thumb..."

And yet even as he teased and taunted those lost within the endless expanse of his upraised palm, the behemoth March had become continued to grow. His feet plowing away dozens, then hundreds of square miles of land away with each passing second, his sheer speed of growth creating a shockwave of displaced air that pushed clouds away from him and disrupted the entire weather system across the landscape. He wasn't even moving anymore. The simple act of him growing in of itself had become a global cataclysm. Until, finally... he was gone. Or so they thought.

The surface was in turmoil, clouds swirling in chaotic spirals along the exposed surface of the planet. Soon the sun was blocked out for all those below as he leaned in closer, lips pursed as if preparing for a kiss. Those massive, cerulean lips were now easily larger than any continent on the entire planet. As they moved in closer, they just barely peeked into the atmosphere even as those down below realized in horror that those lips, alone, were big enough to be able to engulf the entire planet in their expanse were they to open wide. But that fate never came. Instead, the suction that abruptly came forth defied any comparable description save that of a celestial force such as a black hole. Every ounce of oxygen, every scrap of moisture, every tuft of clouds, every molecule of the gases filling the air of the planet vacuum towards the pursed opening of those lips like an unstoppable vortex. Untold numbers of trees, vehicles, buildings, people, and anything else not routed into the very earth itself was sucked up along with the atmosphere without him even noticing as, with that casual inhalation like someone taking a lazy drag on a cigarette, he sucked up the entire planet's atmosphere. The residual charge of storm clouds sent a fresh wave of energy through his body and once more he grew. On his perspective scale it was barely even noticeable. Maybe an inch or so of height on to his perspective, yet to the planet below it was hundreds if not thousands of miles. And as he finished that final growth spurt, the last bit that his home planet had to give was stripped away almost disappointingly easy. The very life-giving shell around the planet that once spawned him not even worth mentioning as a snack.

And now the planet was done. Cracked, damaged, uninhabited, and even missing its atmosphere with no hopes of recovery. It had given everything; he had taken everything. The

planet that had spawned created him and untold trillions of other forms of life, nurturing them through it all, was now nothing more than a glorified ball of dirt. And like a ball of dirt, it crumbled to dust when he, with finality, clinched your fist closed around the now barely baseball sized lump and simply crushed it into dust. With the planet gone, March had no more reason to stay here. Yet he still hungered, he still craved more. More nourishment, more energy, more POWER. And as his stomach gurgled insistently and he licked hungrily over his lips, a glint of light caught his attention. Slowly, the behemoth of a dragon turned his attention to the side and his lips curled into a grin as he spotted his next target. His next meal.

The Sun.