

The Kraglar

The **Kraglar** is a creature of cosmic necessity. It does not exist to cause suffering, but to maintain the balance of the metaphysical ecosystem. When a monster has lived past its era—when its bones turn to stone and its heart becomes a burden to the earth—the Kraglar descends.

Here are the grim details of the Monster who destroys Monsters.

The Asteroid of Bone

The Kraglar resides on a wandering, obsidian asteroid known as **The Ossuary**. This celestial rock is not made of stone, but of the compressed, fossilized remains of every titan, dragon, and demon the Kraglar has ever harvested.

It lives in a state of **stasis-hibernation**, its massive heart beating only once every day. It does not require oxygen or warmth; it feeds on the lingering "mythic resonance" of the monsters it disposes of. Effectively, it eats the *history* and *fame* of the creatures it kills, leaving behind only physical husks.

The Six Serpents: The Jury of Fate

The six draconic heads sprouting from its shoulders are not just extra weapons; they are sentient extensions of the Kraglar's mind, known as the **Hex-Council**.

- **The Three Left Heads (The Vile-Seekers):** These heads possess eyes that see into the "Shadow Record." They smell the malice and cruelty a monster has inflicted. If they dominate the conversation, the death will be agonizing—a slow dissolution into oblivion.
- **The Three Right Heads (The Virtue-Seekers):** These heads listen for the "Echo of Honor." They look for instances where the monster showed mercy or protected its kind. If they prevail, the Kraglar uses its primary maw to deliver a "Breath of Stillness," a cold, blue flame that puts the old monster into a permanent, painless sleep.

The Summoning: The Low Frequency

The Kraglar cannot be summoned by humans or traditional magic. It is triggered by a **biographical critical mass**. When an ancient monster grows too weary to maintain its form, it emits a specific, low-frequency psychic groan—a "death-rattle" that vibrates through the vacuum of space. The Kraglar feels this vibration on its asteroid, awakens, and wings its way through space like a falling star. It then issues its judgment and conducts its task.

A Short Story: The Final Night of the Great Chimera

Deep in the crags of the Iron Mountains, the Great Chimera—a beast that had terrorized the valley for nine centuries—lay trembling. Its wings were tattered, and its fire was a mere flicker of smoke. It let out a final, resonant cry, not of anger, but of exhaustion.

High above, the clouds parted with a thunderous boom. A streak of violet fire tore through the night sky. The Kraglar landed, the impact liquefying the stone beneath its talons.

The Chimera bowed its three heads. The Kraglar's **Hex-Council** began to weave and hiss, circling the old beast.

The left heads growled, recalling the villages burned in the 4th century. But the right heads sang a low, melodic hum, sensing the Chimera's refusal to kill the innocent during the Great Famine. The council reached a silent verdict.

The Kraglar stepped forward. It did not use its claws. Instead, it leaned down and touched its forehead to the Chimera's. A soft, blue light enveloped them both. The Chimera's eyes closed, its breath slowing until it simply stopped.

With a roar that shook the stars, the Kraglar unhinged its jaw and inhaled. The "essence" of the Chimera—its power and its legend—flowed into the Kraglar like golden mist. The monster's body turned to harmless white sand, and the Kraglar took to the sky, returning to its silent asteroid to wait for the next cry from the dark.