Intro:

[Black screen, text overlay fading in line after line]

Death is an inevitable thing. It’s something we don’t really think about until it happens.

Someone once told me (I think it was an Epidemic quote or something) that Death is nothing to us, for when we exist death is not present, and when death is present, we do not exist.

I thought that was a shame.

25 years of life, and the only times I’ve ever felt alive was when I was courting death.

Vaulting over barbed wire, mountain biking down cliffs, reading Mein Kampf in the Tel Aviv Metro and nodding away, I loved to see how close I could get to dying without actually losing my life.

People call me an adrenaline junkie, but the thrill wasn’t what this was about. It was always something deeper.

I’ve always been looking for something, and I guess I found it this time…

…bungie jumping from a paraglider over a volcano.

Oh well, hopefully where I go next, I will live as I died… whilst I lived… and died…

[Scene transitions instantly to spawning in front of enemies and inevitably dying to them]

Act 1:

[After player dies, they get moved to the transition room where they can meet Death. Upon interacting with Death this dialogue hopefully plays]

**Death:** Wow, the floundering fish finally faces fateful failure. About time honestly.

**Player:** What?

**Player:** Where am I?

**Death:** Very good question!

**Death:** So good, in fact, that I think I ought to turn that question onto you. Where do you think you are?

*Severe confusion has me blinking, eye lids shuttered in rapid succession, as if to fulfil some primal desire to restart my vision. Restart my mind.*

**Death:** Oh this isn’t a trick question by the way. If it’s obvious then it’s obvious

( ^ ω ^ ). Just say the first thing that comes to your mind.

**Player:** Uh…

**Player:** …

**Player:** …am I in hell?

**Death:** …

**Death:** …

**Death:** Wow.

**Death:** Is it that bad? I know my realm is due for a bit of spring cleaning but I didn’t think it was that bad.

**Death:** Like… to go straight to H- E- double hockey-sticks. No guess at Heaven, or The Afterlife, or even Limbo or something…

**Death:** Just… Wow…

**Death:** …

**Player:** …

**Death:** …

**Player:** …

**Player:** Is this the part where you judge me for my life yet or-

**Death:** Huh?

**Death:** Oh yeah!

**Death:** Wait, I mean no! No judgement here. No moral judgement at least.

**Death:** Cuz frankly, morality is a concept of human invention. It’s… confusing to me. Too fluid, no objectivity.

**Death:** But you know what is objective?

**Death:** My love!

**Death:** That’s right! My love is an objective measure that comes with an integer scale.

**Death:** It’s empirical, fact-based, and vegan-friendly for the sake of some of our devs!

**Player:** …

**Player:** Your…

**Player:** You’re love?

**Death:** It’s “your” actually, but yes (\*≧ω≦\*)

**Death:** For years you’ve done nothing but look for me, searching me out unnecessarily

**Death:** It’s soooo enduring!

**Player:** Endearing you mean?

**Death:** …

**Death:** No one likes a smartass dipshit. -1 love point for you.

*The strange creature snaps their fingers, and a sharp pain runs through my chest. It’s not a physical pain, but it’s SOMETHING. A soft rumbling ache numbs my torso, subsiding the unpleasant feeling.*

**Player:** What the hell was that!

**Death:** My wrath, heehee.

**Player:** Ngh… Who the hell are you?

**Death:** C’mon mate, it says my name right in the text box.

**Death:** Anyways, if you don’t want any more of what that was, you better start trying to gain my WUV and ADOWASHUN from here on out.

**Player:** …

*I look about myself. There’s no way out for me. If this really was the afterlife, and this figure was really Death itself, then I didn’t have much room for recourse. Appeasement was the only option I had. So with a sigh, I relented.*

**Player:** Fine… How would I go about doing something like that.

**Death:** Hehe, knew you’d come around ( ´ ꒳ ` )

**Death:** If you want my love, you’ve gotta bring me the souls of my enemies.

**Death:** Those creatures that just cut your Afterlife life short only a moment ago? Yeah kill them. Bring me their life essence.

*I had almost forgotten about those guys. You’d think the way they gutted me like a fish would have been more memorable, but apart from the pain I felt from Death’s wrath, what they did to me in that enclosed graveyard was nothing.*

**Player:** Sure, I can do that… but uh-

**Death:** But you’re weak and worthless and unworthy of combat.

**Player:** …

**Death:** Heehee, don’t worry about that. You might be as useless as a superior who earned his position through nepotism, but Dearest Death has you covered.

*Another dreaded snap of the fingers. Knowledge courses through my head and I crumple for a moment. My synapses throb and burn as data churns through my consciousness and subconsciousness. Somehow Death’s blessings hurt worst than their wrath.*

**Death:** There we go! A lovely projectile-based attack with which to spam your opponents with.

**Player:** Can… Can I swear in this game?

**Death:** No

**Death:** Now take this scythe and get back out there!