I’m a broken man, a dead man. A man without conviction or desire to do anything right in the world. Life decided to deal me a cruel hand and I’m forced to play it. Funny thing about this game of life that I’m in. There’s no winner. No one looks to you like you’re special or you stand apart from anyone else. No, in this game of life, there isn’t a victor. No one to gloat over how wonderful they are. No one to sing your praises when you pass GO. You don’t collect $200 in this game. You either survive to see another day, or you die.

I prefer death. It’s an easy quick way to go out. Surviving only matters if you’ve made it far. Trust me, I haven’t made it far enough. Starting at the beginning after dying isn’t on my top ten things to worry about. I’m just here. I prefer it that way. People think I’m nuts when I explain the rules of the game to them. Newbies. They don’t get it as it is. To them it’s a game. Something to be trifled with. To me, it’s something more. It’s more than a game, more than pieces going around on a board hoping you don’t get caught and thrown in jail, or prison. To me, this is life. You either keep going or you give up. When you give up, the people in charge make an example out of you. Trust me, you don’t want to be made an example of.

I don’t plan on giving up anytime soon.

As a child I was taught the simple rules of the game. Play it like you’re going to win, but don’t get cocky to the point where you’re so far ahead that you don’t notice someone coming after you with a knife. Yeah that’s right. You read that correctly. It’s that kind of game. The game is played on the streets out in the open. Anyone can join.

As with most games there is a price to be paid for those that want to play. They need to offer up their soul. Yes their soul. Handing it over freely is no menial task. Documents are drawn up, papers are signed in front of witnesses. It’s a highly documented event.

Once your soul is gone and you’ve lost the ability to feel. Lost the ability to care about your actions. You are ready for the game. There are rumors of the past where souls were kept in the players. The games were boring after that. People were caring too much about what they did to one another.

Then there was the year when mass murders were entered into the games. It became an all out bloodbath. Viewer ratings plummeted down to a point where they weren’t even recognizable as views. People turned to the evening news to watch the war efforts instead.

So the price of a soul was introduced. Everyone was on the same playing field as equals. It didn’t matter if you were big, small, thin, or fat. The soulless game players could tear each other apart and not feel a thing. That is how progress was made for the game. That is how winners were born. Aggressive to the teeth and willing to do anything to win.

After the game, souls are returned to the players. Some are more affected than others. It’s an amusing concept to watch actually. The ones who prepared themselves for the games before hand, the ones mentally prepared for their soul loss regenerate back into society without problem. The others, the ones who haven’t prepared themselves end up being shipped off to mental institutes. The guilt and tragedy of the games leaving a lasting imprint on their soul.

I’m told that during the games, the souls commune with each other in an underground facility. They watch and make bets against each other on who will win, who will lose, and who will just keep dying over and over again. They make fun of one another and have a grand ol’ time doing so.

Currently I am that soul in the dark room watching and waiting for the game to be over. My master has left me here among the others to plot against him when I return to my body.

It’s rather amusing at times. There are some days where I don’t know what I’m doing anymore. I just sit here getting bumped into by other souls as they sit and wait. We can’t drink, we can’t eat. We’re souls. Kind of strange not having the full sensations. I think I miss the sense of touch the most. However, I must admit it is rather fun not to have to get up and go to the restroom every five minutes. Yeah, I’m that guy.

Today is an odd day I find as I’m sitting there. There’s only three of us left in the arena at the moment. More will come later I’m sure. Clyde and Eric are up to their usual games. I watch as they tease each other. Calling each other names and horse playing around. Silly nuts, I often wonder if they’ll ever do anything but have fun at each other’s expense. Probably not. Oh well, that’s not what makes today interesting.

My owner is just sitting there. Like he’s giving up. Clyde and Eric’s owners keep coming by and killing him. He gets sent back to the first square and starts the game over. He catches up with them rather quick, and then just sits down and waits to die again. I can’t believe my eyes. It’s not normal. There’s something wrong.

It dawns on me why not have a little adventure of my own? My master is sitting there countless times waiting to be killed. I might as well get out and see the world by myself. I think of all the possibilities out there for a bodiless person to see and do.

I could fly high in the sky with the birds or go deep under the sea with the fish. The possibilities are truly limitless. There’s nothing I can’t do. With that thought, I decide to do it.

I look to Clyde and Eric. They don’t seem to notice. They’re too busy with their own games. They’re lost in their own world.

Standing up from the couch, I walk towards the door. Outside there’s a guard. He’s looking in on us. I wave at him. He waves back. I pass through the door. The guard looks at me for a second and then to his walkie talkie. Unsure of how to report my escape, he watches me leave. It’s a quick trip upstairs as I float through the floors. Rather an easy feat without the need of elevators or stairs.

Thinking back to my body in the arena I can’t help but wonder what will happen to him. What will become of him. Oh well, I think, doesn’t matter now. I’m on my way out to see the world for myself without the restrictions of having a human body. It’ll be a good day for sure.