

Luke's vision returns and he sees the arena for Ur. Day and night both hang in the sky at the same time, causing harsh sunlight and deep shadows. The sky cut in half by the Sun, and the other half being the Moon and stars. The size of the arena is slightly larger than a city, with purple walls at the parameter. The vast majority of the arena is a city scape, but each building seems to be from a different time period. A mud temple sits next to a sky scraper, which sits next to a Victorian Cathedral. He looks to either side and none of the players are around him. He sighs and holds his head down. He has no need to seek out a fight as that would just end his life quicker, and he has no need to hide because that only prolongs the inevitable. The only option he has left is to just stand and wait until another player arrives to kill him. He remembers the words of Zial, "I died 5 years ago, if I have a second chance to wish for things to be different, then that's all I can do" he wonders if maybe she feels the same way he does. Maybe she could understand how he feels.

Suddenly, lightning rains down around Luke, who remains motionless. A man in bright golden armor appears in front of him and swings a bright glowing sword, which stops just before making contact with Luke's head. The path the sword took in its' travel is reduced to dust and rubble, for a mile behind Luke, who still remains motionless. The man speaks, "why do you not move boy?! Do you believe yourself too mighty to be defeated by my blade?!". "I'm not strong enough to fight back, and I don't have any way to teleport away. I'm just going to die from this horrible game anyway, there is no need to resist". The man makes his sword dissapear, he places a hand on Luke's head, "those who are weak need the strong to protect them! Follow me to victory! You shall act as my pet, do as I command, and you will not need to worry about your weakness!". Luke sighs, "the other players are much stronger than I am, I don't think I can help at all...". The man lets go of Luke's head and looks down on him, "you are my pet. Your job isn't to decide your future. You don't pick when you fight, or who it is with. Your job is to simply do what I command. Now follow me, to victory!". Luke feels a strange comfort. As the man said earlier, the weak need the strong to feel comfort. Children are able to play and live carefree because their parents handle any stress that comes their way. The act of having to decide and take action is crushing without the power to make your choice become reality. Luke raises his head, "I will serve you master, what should I call you?". The man points towards the center of the city, "that is our destination! I will take us there! You may call me by my name, Julius Caesar!".

Luke's eyes widen, and he begins to analyze the man. He is much taller than expected, over 6 foot, wearing heavy bright and golden armor, but he is very slender to where the armor looks very big for his body. Caesar puts his hands together and summons lightning to strike the ground at 5 different points in a star shape around them, "teleport". Luke is stunned by this usage of teleportation. Normally, a magician must stick a magical object at 5 points around them to form a star, and then use the teleport technique, but this man skipped this step by using his own magic lightning. Making his teleportation nearly instant, while he himself cannot even preform the art.

The two appear on a high up floor of one of the skyscrapers near the center of town. The inside of the building has modern supplies. Computers, desks and cubicles, even coffee makers all scattared around. Luke's curiosity takes over and he flicks the light switch on the wall. Julius answers Luke's unspoken question, "none of the electricity nor pluming are operational. The game master merely wishes to add a level of comfort so he occasionally adds in new structures". "The game master? Do you mean Jonah?" Luke asks. "That man calls himself by many names. It was whoever sent you into Ur". Luke grows concerned, "but how could he possibly be alive for thousands of years in order to send you and me into here?". Julius ignores the boy and looks out the window.

"Just as I predicted. One of them has arrived. Tell me boy, which one is that one?" Julius asks. Luke awkwardly runs towards the window and squints to see faintly in the distance, Lander standing