

The Past

Your name is Hiram Dray. You're 20 years old. You were born schizophrenic and psychotic to a world that's always looked at you like you're alien to it.

You were born to Lemuel Dray, your father, and Mabel Sallow, your mother. Both of them were psychologists by trade, though your mother dreamt of being an artist.

Your father was a professor at UCF. His department and students alike always kept away from him. He was said to have an unexplainable, deep desolation in his eyes, despite the rest of him looking like any other ordinary man. At home, he would barely talk to you and your mother, and spend most of his time reading books on his own. Anytime you tried to approach, him he would obliviously and repulsively cast you away with a loud hint of sadness in his eyes. Despite him being your father, you barely remember his face.

Your mother, once a cheerful, beautiful woman with enough charisma to be a politician, is now no more talkative than a chunk of moldy bread. Although she does almost everything for you, from cooking to cleaning, she never really speaks to you either. She, too, spends most of her time alone in her home workshop, making abstract, macabre paintings of things you don't quite understand. Although she's tried to sell some of her art, mustering a hopeful, tired smile every time she tries, she never gets anyone to come up to her at the local markets she sets up at.

One day, as you were falling asleep, you heard your mother and father arguing.

You'd heard it before; it's happened all your life. It's mostly your dad's voice, speaking to your mother in a condescending tone, telling her how wrong she is about what happened (even if it was his fault) and explaining it with esoteric theories and anecdotes from the books he read that your poor mother unfortunately didn't have the knowledge (or the energy) to fight back against. She would go to bed and cry so hard it seemed like she was pouring out all the emotion she kept hidden all the time. Your father would go to the balcony and smoke a cigarette. The next day, it'd be as if it never happened

This time, however, it was different. You heard the usual arguing go on, but then, all of a sudden, you heard a gag, followed by silence. After a second or two, you heard another, and then a thud hit the floor.

As you walked to check, you saw blood on the floor, flowing closer and closer to your feet.

You opened the door to your parents' room and found them both dead with their necks gored with what you presumed to be the knife that your dad held.

The Present

You hated seeing everyone around you live a normal life, while you were tormented with visions and trauma all of yours.

When you got to college and everyone treated you like a freak, you decided you'd had enough.

To take revenge on the world, you meticulously began killing those that irked you most using a Ratman costume.

You picked 6 total victims:

- **Walter Pritchard**, one of the school's most successful and intelligent students. You hated him for how much everyone praised his success, despite him treating you like damaged goods every time you spoke with him, which reminded you of your father. He did so because he was aware of your illness and heard rumors of your traumatic background, feeling unsettled yet sympathetic with you. His demeanor made you hate him anyway. He was your first victim.
- **Nora Garcia**, one of your professors. Going to her class made you want to die. Despite being aware of your condition, she still treated you like you were nothing, and failed you with no compassion. She didn't believe mental illness was a real thing. You killed her because you hated how there could be people as ignorant as her in the world, seeing her as a cause for how miserable your existence was.
- **Emmet Clarke**, a local musician in an emo band. Despite feeling compassionate towards you, you felt that this "compassion" and the desire to be your friend only came from his need for attention; if he was friends with the kid with the traumatic background, wouldn't that be punk? The second he wasn't getting attention from being linked to you, he went somewhere else. You killed him because f***k fake people.
- **Sarah Jane Abbott**, a golden girl. Honors college, rich, loving parents, friendly, everyone liked her. She was everything you wanted to be, everything you thought you were robbed of at birth. You killed her because you thought it unfair that someone gets to have everything while you get to have nothing. You'd never spoken a word to her. She was secretly a lesbian drug addict.

- **Jonas Millard**, a low-functioning autistic boy that went to class with you. You sat next to him by choice, and he never left. Although you never really spoke a word to him (he wasn't able to do so), the fact that he didn't leave made you feel attached to him. You killed him because you always believed in the afterlife, and wanted a friend to accompany you in the world of the dead.
- **Lucina Willoughby**, the girl you made eye contact with every once in a while when walking to class. She was the only person who ever smiled at you. You'd encountered her in school activities two or three times, and she was always friendly and treated you like a person, as was her demeanor with most everyone she spoke to. You dreamt of her every night, and took comfort in the idea of her everytime the world treated you badly, which was the usual. Those around her always found her desirable, and the idea of her being with someone else set off your inner demons like nothing else. You killed her so that no one else could have her. Her soul resents you for killing her with near-infinite fury. She will be your biggest threat in absolution from limbo. She was your last victim.

After you killed everyone, they found you out. In an attempt to escape the consequences, you killed yourself.

The World's Laws

These are meant to be murky, strange, and only for those who *really* want a story. This should be hidden away in some religion book found in some corner of the game world, where it would be presented even more vaguely than it is here.

- Life after death
 - When one is born, a soul is put into one's body.
 - A soul is the purest form of a being; it's everything the being is, but free of a mind.
 - Birth "activates" the soul by binding it to a mind, which allows it to think and develop.
 - As life goes on, the soul becomes "tarnished" by the world, the mind's changes, and the body.
 - The person grows to be a certain way, having had their mind influenced. The soul is tarnished.
 - The mind changes as it grows older, becoming more mature and sometimes developing mental illness. The soul is tarnished.

- The body the soul is in may deteriorate. The soul tarnishes.
- If the mind dies, the distorted mind and soul are "unbound" from the body and return to limbo.
- In limbo, the mind and the soul must be separated so the soul can be reborn into a new body.
 - The unbinding process consists in the soul cleansing itself by eliminating the tarnish it's been given by the mind.
 - Once the tarnish is gone, the soul must destroy its mind in order to move on to a different body.
 - This process consists in the soul "confronting" the tarnish it's been given by the mind, which in Hiram's case, means redeeming himself from the victims he killed and escaping the manifestation of what plagued his head, i.e. his trauma and mental illness.
 - The manifestation is the game world; a dark, gloomy place, much like Hiram's mind, with Ratman, your alter ego, trying to kill you. You are able to see all this from an external perspective in limbo, as opposed to living through it in the real world.
 - The redemption is collecting mementos of the victims and escaping limbo with them.
 - If you win, the mind of Hiram dies along with all that plagued it. The soul can be reborn into a new being.
 - If you die, the mind of Hiram and his soul are doomed to be bound forever, haunted by the beings of its tarnish's manifestation.