|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Major decision | \*\*\*action in ren.py\*\*\* | * =player option | Font color=Character narration |
| + = new frame |  |  |  |

You awaken in an ethereal mist. You groggily sit up not knowing how you got here. You see in front of you a huge building that spans from left and right far enough that you can’t see the ends. The main entrance is bright with obnoxious neon signage.

-Walk in.

-Moon-walk in.

-Wave-dash in.

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: Welcome to the Memoryum Emporium! I am the dungeon master, Lord of all realities, a.k.a. god. I come here to entertain myself through sharing stories with mortals like yourself. This place is where experiences go D once they are over and forever rest. I have called you here because I would like to share with you one of my favorite memories from campaigns past.

Would you like to partake?

-Of course! Who doesn’t like a good story?

-Nah, it’s probably lame.

-Who are you again?

Of course! Who doesn’t like a good story?

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: Perfect!

\*he gets up and walks down one of the endless isles of glimmering crystalline vials of what looks like tears.

Here we go. I’m going to share some of my DM powers with you to recreate this universe.

\*\*\*screen flash\*\*\*

+You’ll be able to play with the party as if they were your puppets. Although you’ll be playing with clones in a recreated universe, please remember they think they have feelings.

**(PP)= the decision the party picked IRL**

*WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSHHHHHHHHHHHHHH*

\*\*\*jump to **STORY SCENE**\*\*\*

Nah, it’s probably lame.

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: Oh, really? Why do you say that? \*his finger dedicated for smiting twitches

-LOL. JK. Can’t you take a joke…heh…heh…?

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: Ohhhh. HAHA Why didn’t you say you were kidding.

-Of course Im kidding! Who doesn’t like a good story?

-Who are you again?

-Because you’re lame…

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: ………

+………

+………

-LOL. JK Can’t you take a joke…heh…heh…?.

-\*Continue awkward silence \*\*\*loop “………”\*\*\*

Who are you again?

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: You really don’t know who I am?

-Yes, I don’t

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: You seem to be that kind of person who answers “No” to a question asking if you are here.

-Of course I’m kidding! I know who you are.

-But, I really don’t know you…

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: Are you sure? Your pants seem to be on fire. \*\*\*play fire sound\*\*\*

-No, I’m not kidding. Who are you?

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: I guess I have to find someone else who will truly enjoy my presence and asks way less questions.

\*You feel magically teleported away

\*\*\*game restart\*\*\*

-Of course Im kidding!

-Aren’t you that guy with no life who lives in his parents’ basement?

-Aren’t you that guy with no life who lives in his parents’ basement?

You died

-No, I do

DM/Lord of all realities/ Kami-sama: Hah! Good one. Would you like to partake now?

-I would like a good story now.

-Nah, it’s probably lame.

**STORY SCENE Section 1**

DM (Narrator Mode): Our story begins with our band of merry adventurers walking along the base of a mountain. The five of them, Aline, Illyria, Lazarus, Tarla, and Motag, were gallivanting around looking for creatures to kill and exp. points to be farmed.

+Aline the druid, of course, abstaining from such harming of animals.

Lazarus had just leveled up before this session and was eager to play with the new spells and spell slots.

Motag, having his spiked gauntlets, had but a pitiful sling and his evil aura as the only things with a range greater than 5ft.

Illyria was a punch first ask questions later kind of barbarian. Her race was not known for their intelligence and literacy.

And Tarla… Fuckin Tarla… She only has ranged weapons and her undying addiction to Motag. The level of her obsessive love for him was only rivalled by his level of total indifference to her.

+ They continue marching until they come upon a cave entrance to the mountain. There was a large sign that read, “WARNING: BEAR-TRAP BEAR TRAP. ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK!”

-Compel them to go in (PP)

-Ignore the cave like a pansy

-Compel Motag to like Tarla back

-Compel them to go in (PP)

The party being trusting in their DM to not TPK (total party kill) them in the 3rd session decided to investigate the cave. Upon barely going in and looking in, they round the corner and see a well-lit room with a set bear-trap hanging upside down from the ceiling on a metal chain about 20ft in the air. Attached to the center of the bear-trap is a shiny but undistinguishable object. At the far end of the cave is a lever in the upright position. Beside it are two large stone statues of bears that seem to be guarding it.

-Send the least liked member of the party to pull the level (PP)

-Destroy the statues as a party before pulling the lever

-Lift up party members to grab the item carefully from the beartrap

-Ignore the cave like a pansy

The party shrugs their shoulders in indifference to the OBVIOUSLY fun encounter set up by their DM. They continue walking into the distance and disappear when they hit the border of the memory universe.

\*you feel pulled out of the memory and your DM powers leaving you

+…… \*\*\*fade to black\*\*\*

+You awaken in your bed feeling like you missed out on something great. You live out the rest of your life in mediocrity.

+UNLOCKED PARTY POOPER ENDING

-Compel Motag to like Tarla back

Motag: \*looks at the sky. You feel his intense apathy towards the gods. “The Undead Un-Dead Lord Motag will not be controlled!!!”

You implant in Motag a seed. Perhaps it will bloom in the future.

-Compel them to go in (PP)

-Ignore the cave like a pansy

**STORY SCENE Section 2**

Label choice3:

Send the least liked member of the party to pull the lever (PP)

After some brief private deliberation, the party easily convinces Motag to talk to Tarla.

“Motag” “”Hey Tarla, you should go pull that lever for me.”\n\*DM note: Yes, it was worded that dry.”

“Tarla obeys willingly, goes to the end of the cave, and pulls the lever.”

“A large dimension door opens up directly from under the suspended bear-trap and a large bear pops out.”

“The bear is clearly upset because it had just made pancakes that were about to hit that point between perfection and syrupy mush. It immediately swings at Tarla.”

menu:

“Leave Tarla to die”

“Help her (PP)”

Destroy the statues as a party before pulling the lever

“The party goes up to the stone statues and topples them and breaks them into small pieces.”

“Motag” “”Hey Tarla, you should go pull that lever for me.”\n\*DM note: Yes, it was worded that dry.”

“Tarla obeys willingly and pulls the lever.”

“A large dimension door opens up directly from under the suspended bear-trap and a large bear pops out.”

“It lands directly on Illyria crushing her and reducing her to 0 hp.\nThe bear is enraged and immediately attacks the party.”

“Long story short… the extremely new DM underestimated how much a single regular bear can do.”

“The party dies to the Bear-Trap Bear Trap”

“UNLOCKED TPK ENDING”

Lift up party members to grab the item carefully from the bear-trap

The group forms a human pyramid and lifts up Tarla to grab the shiny object.

+Tarla nears the hanging bear-trap and notices that the item is an illusion.

+Total disappointment falls on the party.

+Achievement: Most Smartest Player”

Jump to choice3

“Leave Tarla to die”

DM: How could you? You horrible, horrible person. Do you play all your games killing your NPC companions?

DM: You don’t know this but Motag and Tarla have a child in the future. I won’t permit you this decision.

*Decision will impact future $ choice5\_horribleperson=True*

“Help her (PP)”

Tarla manages to dodge the bear’s swipes gracefully like the cat her player is IRL.

Illyria, the barbarian, charges into battle!!!\nShe’s so excited to hit something she forgets to rage.\nSpoiler: She just doesn’t the entire battle. LOL

The rest of the party excluding Aline attacks the bear. The bear proving a formidable foe kills Illyria in one full round attack.

-DM intervene (PP)

-Allow it like the monster you are *if choice5\_horribleperson==True:*

DM intervene (PP)

"Illyria manages to miss the final attack that would have kill her but is definitely bloodied."

+Tarla sneaks out and fires with her bow. Motag uses summons a tiny monkey to attack the bear. Lazarus eager to use his newly learned spells casts enlarge person on Illyria…

+Illyria, an orc, was already nearing 7ft tall. Everyone watched her double in size. She grew and grew…

+HEADFIRST STRAIGHT INTO THE SUSPENDED BEARTRAP.

+ It was a beautiful scene. An angry bear swiping at an orc who's hands where prying at a bear-trap crown. The half-elf screaming for help as a druid looked on still abstaining, a tiny monkey biting at the bear’s face, and arrows whizzing by. A shocked Lazarus unable to act because of the chaos his spell just created in front of him.

+Needless to say it was a good day.

+The party manages to subdue the bear and heal up. But nothing can heal the scars in Illyria’s head and take away the joy of the memory.

\*\*\*Fade out\*\*\*

DM: I hope you enjoyed the story. If you laughed or chuckled to yourself I will be pleased. Perhaps I will call you again in the future.

You whisper to yourself, “As the Party does”, and giggle more. You get up and make breakfast. For some reason you feel compelled to make pancakes. Your day goes perfectly and you hang out with your friends, Aaron, Megan, Eric, Michael, and Jess later at night.

UNLOCKED GOOD ENDING

Allow it like the monster you are *if choice5\_horribleperson==True:*

The bear cleaves into Illyria. Blood runs through the cracks of the cave floor. The party attempts to get to her body to stabilize her but are kept at bay by the bear. They finish the bear off with vigor and rage (heh). Unfortunately, Illyria has passed.

DM: Hey I’m back with the Mountain Dew and DoritosOH MY GOD WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!

N: Doritos and nectar of the gaming gods fall to the ground\n\nA moment of silence for a wasted $5

DM: I should have known that if you were gonna leave Tarla you would allow Illyria to die. Now you’ve made a mess.

N: The DM begins to reverse time to bring the memory back.

\*\*\*flash\*\*\*

DM: Don’t you do it again! I’m warning you!

-DM Intervene

-Allow it like the monster you are

Allow it 2

You scream out “LEEROYYYYYYY JENKINS!” You then wave your hand and allow Illyria to die again.

DM:…

DM:…

DM…

DM: Did you…just…did you… did…just…but like… \*deep inhale\*…why…whyyyyyy… WHYYYYYYYY!

DM: BEHOLD MY WRATH!

You see a giant drill that can pierce the heavens forming above the DM. You can’t move. This is how you meet your demise. The drill spirals towards your body hitting you square in the stomach.

DM: OMAE WA MOU SHINDEIRU!

Fade to white slowly

UNLOCKED “YA DONE FUCKED UP” ENDING