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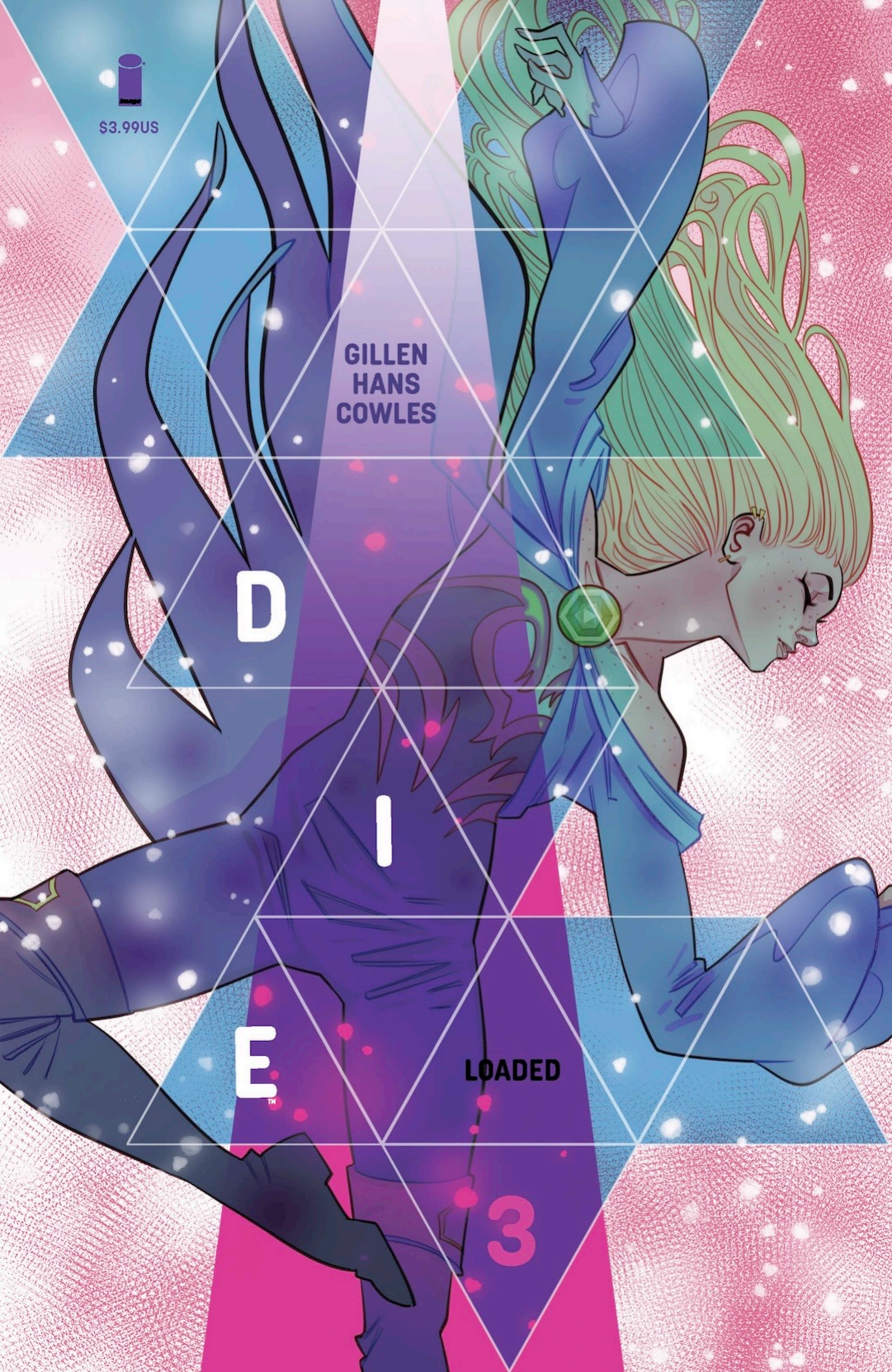
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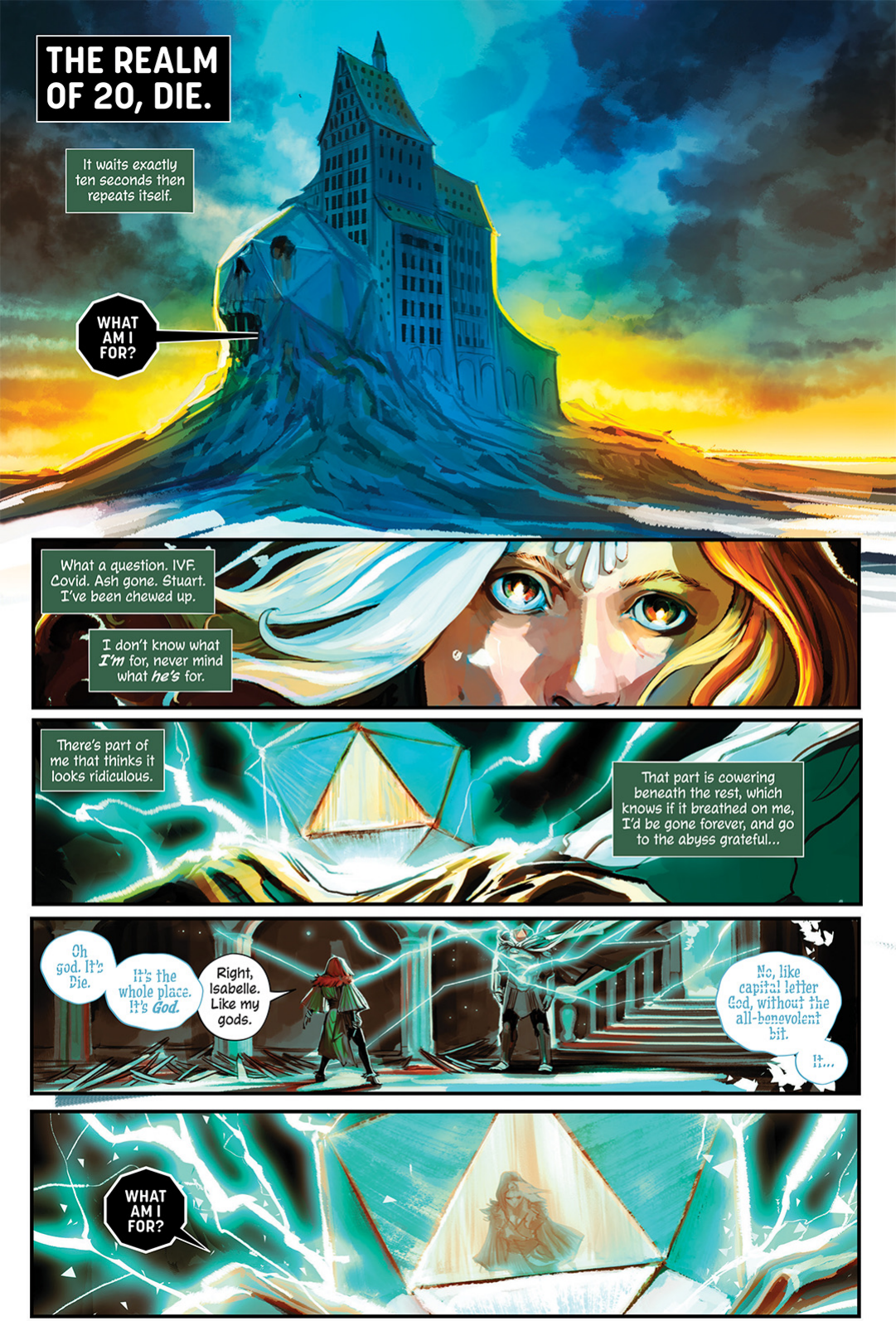
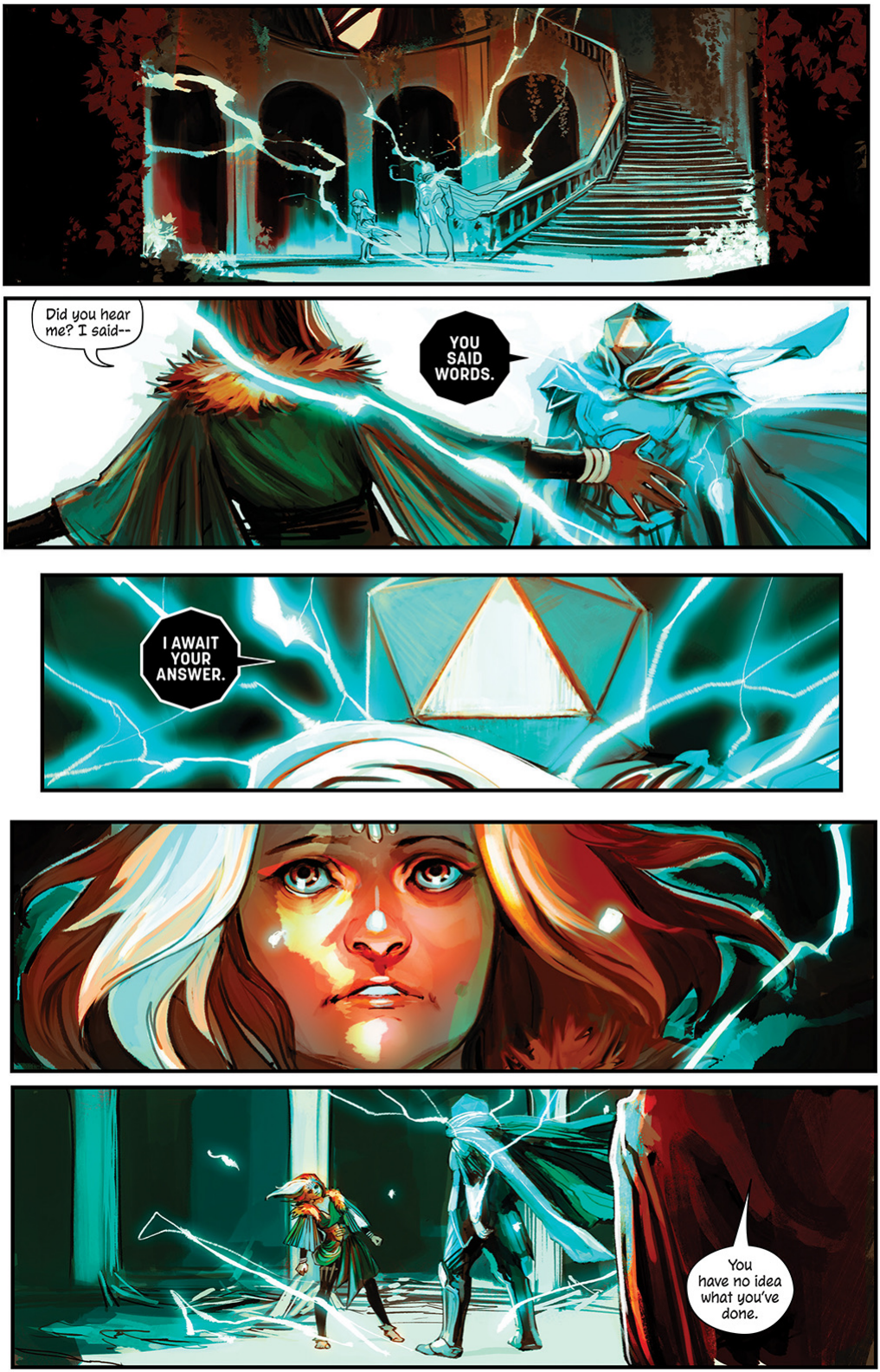

THE REALM OF 20, DIE.
It waits exactly ten seconds then repeats itself.
WHAT AM I FOR?
What a question. IVF. Covid. Ash gone. Stuart. I've been chewed up.
I don't know what *I'm* for, never mind what *he's* for.
There's part of me that thinks it looks ridiculous.
That part is cowering beneath the rest, which knows if it breathed on me, I'd be gone forever, and go to the abyss grateful...
Oh god. It's Die.
It's the whole place. It's *God*.
Right, Isabelle. Like my gods.
No, like capital letter God, without the all-benevolent bit.
It....
WHAT AM I FOR?

I have to tell God what it's for?
Does this happen in games a lot? This shit isn't in Candy Crush.
We worked this one out. It's asking you what you want.
What is it for, for you. As in, what do you want from the game. And...argh! I'm losing it.
Be careful. This is the Grandmaster's stronghold. Sol ruled here all those years ago, but he was in a trap, too.
It's... fuck--
What do I want?
That's not hard at all.
I have a 2-year-old, alone, with my husband, who you fucking tortured. Twice!
I want you to let me go home!


Did you hear me? I said--
YOU SAID WORDS.
I AWAIT YOUR ANSWER.
You have no idea what you've done.