

CHOOSE YOUR OWN

Adventure



THE STONE OF AFTERLIFE

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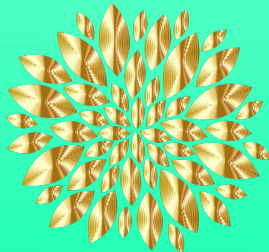
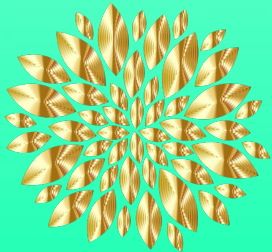


Instructions

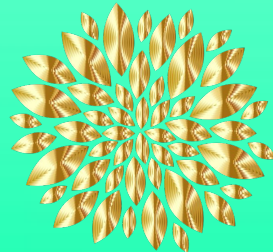
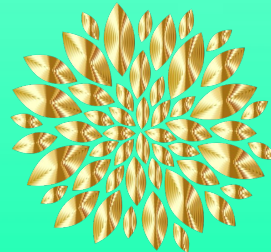


This is my Choose Your Own Adventure story. Find a way to get through without dying, and help Lily claim the Stone of Afterlife.

Once you have finished, you can try again to see what other choices you could make—is there a quicker way to get through? Right your mistakes and try not to die—and find the Stone of Afterlife.



START



Lily had had enough of misfortune.

First, while trekking the picturesque mountain of greenery, she had tripped on the many tropical tree roots and found out the disgusting taste of dirt, even though she had never wanted to.

Secondly, she had been viciously attacked by blindingly colourful birds of paradise, and now had painful white scars all over her arms and legs. They must've been mistaken that Lily would hurt their cute newborn chicks, which she would have never done.

Thirdly, she had died agonisingly from a tiger attack, either because when she had found the perfect tent-erecting spot, her tent had been too bright for the tiger's nightly luminescent eyes, or because Lily's bad luck just had to continue to get worse.

She floated out from her sprawled, bleeding body as a wispy, transparent ghost, and was about to take revenge on the adorable baby tigers cuddled up in a sort of burrow, but a swirling sensation had awoken in her stomach. A small tornado had formed and carried her higher in the air than she had previously been, and she zoomed towards the clouds so fast that the singer who made the song 'I Believe I Could Fly' would have been immensely proud.

[Continue](#)

She let the strong, invisible force of wind carry her at five million kilometres per hour, shooting towards the sky. In five seconds, she was in outer space and in another minute Lily had passed through a glowing sky-blue portal, the strange runes etched around the edges pulsing like blood coursing through veins. Lily landed in a grand enormous room, with a huge golden throne encrusted with precious jewels at the back wall, like it was made for a giant.

Utop the throne, sure enough, was a goddess. Lily saw a shimmering silver aura enclose her form. She had black hair, electric blue eyes and wore a white dress edged with gold thread, with matching robes.

“Your trial,” the goddess began. “My name is Melati. I am the goddess. You are hereby trialed after being killed by a tiger attack and are condemned to torture by murdering one hundred and seven insects while tripping and swatting with an electric tennis racquet-”

“It was an acci-” Lily interrupted angrily.

“-injuring two birds of paradise of an endangered species-”

“It wasn’t my fault, they attacked me, and-” Lily protested furiously.

“No excuses, and you tried to take revenge on innocent baby, young tiger cubs!”

[Continue](#)

“Really, it’s not my fault-” she began hotly, then stopped. It would have been useless to continue arguing with this bland and firm goddess. Lily wondered whether she could maybe escape afterwards, and return happily to the world of the living, but she doubted that Melati would let her pass.

As if reading her troubled mind, Melati started to talk, “there is no way you can return to the living world, unless, of course, you escape as a ghost right under my nose, or you find the Afterlife Stone.”

Lily stared furiously at the the calm goddess; it was extremely frustrating that there was a stone that enabled her to go back to the living, but it was so out of her reach.

The transparent windows had sunlight beaming through them, lighting the room with a cheerful ray of pale yellow. The mosaic floor had been arranged to show pictures of immortals triumphing over humans, and Lily hated it instantly.

“You are a ghost.” Melati held up a golden mirror she had conjured out of nowhere, and held it down for Lily to see. She looked the same as always; long light brown hair, stunning greenish-yellow eyes, pale complexion.

[Continue](#)

Lily wore her favourite pale mint-green T-shirt and black leggings she had died with, and her plain black jacket with a silver zip and black knee-length hiking boots, with the fluffy white insides. But something was very, very wrong. She was still colourful, but she looked slightly less solid, like gas. Lily touched herself, but she was still mass.

“I am under the impression the trial has finished,” Melati whispered, and with a flick of her wrist, and a wave of her hand, she smiled serenely and Lily recognised the same churning sensation like she was engulfed with a storm around her. The feeling erupted, and Lily caught one last glimpse of the elaborate room, and a peek at a mortified looking boy with black hair and brown eyes, then was whisked away by some magical force, past a table at the left side of the gigantic throne.

Before she was dismissed and vanished, Lily saw a vial of some purple liquid, with a wooden stopper for a lid. She grabbed it, along with a fabric backpack that was labelled ‘for emergencies’, clamped her mouth and forced her eyes shut, clutching the glass bottle tightly, and disappeared into the torture zone.

Lily opened her eyes blearily. Her vision was blurry at first, and then began to clear, followed by a surge of panic. She was chained up, and suspended from her ankles.

[Continue](#)

Lily's negative emotions took over her in a overpowering wave of dread. All those feelings of giving up were bottled up in her chest, mixing and creating something completely ridiculous or unexplainable.

Lily had to face the fact that she was on her own, and she needed to come to her senses before her demon torturers came to work. Maybe they were late. Lily giggled at the thought, but her sense of joy immediately vanished when she thought of what the demons would do to her.

Lily could either escape, or she could wait. In stories, demons were brainless and the heroes would always get the better of them, and plus, she was already dead, so she couldn't die again. She was practically immortal. Lily would be more or less than safe whichever she chose.



Choice 1: Lily escapes right now.

Choice 2: Lily waits for the demons and tricks them. Two down, at least.

Lily decided to run for it. After all, stories were just fiction. There was no guarantee that she was going to trick the demons. They might've been intelligent. Lily, with a huge effort, managed to heave herself upwards and start to unlock herself from the grip of the chains. Apparently the demons didn't bother making lockable chains, probably because they thought that the prisoners would think they were locked. A clever trick, but it wouldn't thwart Lily. She was fired up with clear, cold determination to escape from heaven, or hell.

Lily finally got herself free and tumbled in a heap to the floating grey stone track. There were millions of these, winding this way and that, but none of them seemed to be rooted to the ground. Lily peered carefully over the edge, and to her horror, a demon on the floor below her spotted her, unchained.

Lily quickly pulled up. She was sure the demon had seen her. There was no time to lollygag. Suddenly, the chains, which must've been enchanted, sprang up, moved, and stopped floating in place and started to chase her. That was the precaution if prisoners escaped.

Lily sprinted down the suspended path, the chains following her, occasionally whipping her and leaving a streak of blood where the cut had been.

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When the chains touched her skin, it burned as a slash appeared, but that was not all: they seemed to be draining her of her essence. The chains rarely caught her, but every time they did, a gash appeared and her ghost self seemed to lose colour and fade a little. After a minute or two, she came back to what she used to be that Melati had showed her in the mirror, but still-the metal rings worried her as much as the horde of demons chasing after her did.



After about an hour at running at top speed away from the bloodthirsty horde of demons chasing after her, she finally lost them by turning abruptly, doubling back and when she approached a crossroads, sprinting ahead so as to confuse the monsters.

She stopped. The wide path she was treading on led on to a rocky dark grey cave, which at the entrance had a blue portal that looked very much like the one she had come in. There was another option; jump off the road down into a delicate-looking piece of wood (probably enchanted to stop it from dissolving), floating in the lava.

Choice 1: *Lily goes into the cave.*

Choice 2: *Lily jumps off the path.*

Lily decided that she could wait. She could maybe bribe the demons and maybe kill them. Lily thought her plan had too many maybes.

Lily's ribbons of thought swirled around her head. She shook out all the negative ones. Lily concentrated on how she was going to find the Afterlife Stone. In stories, the main characters always wanted something, and in this case she wanted the Afterlife Stone.

But then again, she reminded herself, when they want something, they have to face harrowing trials to get it. Great.

Lily let her sight wander around the whole place. She did this for about twenty minutes until she got bored; she freed herself and found some arts-and-crafts wire and thick ropes in a heap and fiddled and twisted until a most absurd sight came to her: two red winged demons wearing the most absurd of clothes ever. The first was wearing a horribly bright yellow tie, with diagonal leaf-green stripes, with a red woman's skirt, like a loincloth. The second wore a tie and loincloth, too, except the tie was red striped with yellow and the loincloth was green, like they were supposed to be twins in colour.

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“We are your torturers!” the demon wearing the yellow tie said brightly. “I’m Evanesstrrxcvvos, and this is Cantoniscaropisnplnoc! Why are you not hanging?”

“Sorry, what?” asked Lily politely, thinking that surely she had heard her torturers wrong.

“Ah, yes, humans don’t have enough tongues to pronounce our names,” the red-tied demon smiled, showing Lily a mouth full of yucky yellow teeth, rotting gums and one hundred small tongues, which was a sight Lily could have done without.

“That’s Evan and Canton to you,” grinned Evan, “now it is time for torture!”

“Oh, no, you’re simply terrifying!” Lily screamed, trying to act scared and squash down the bubbly laughter that was worming its way up her throat. “Please, oh please, could you let me go?”

The monsters’ excited expressions turned stony.

“Why?” asked Evans suspiciously.

“Because she wants to escape, you dolt!” yelled Canton scoldingly, and as quick as water spilling, he grabbed hold of Lily and whipped out a knife, pressing it into Lily’s throat threateningly.

[Continue](#)

“You can still die, you know,” Canton whispered, with an insane smile, and held her there. “How I would love to rip into your flesh and devour you. I love the softness of girl skin-”

“Me too!” piped up Evan.

“-and your screams, but sadly, I have to torture you for three years to let you ripen, and then I will get the pleasure of the taste...”

“I need to go to the bathroom!” Lily screamed suddenly, knowing it was a lame excuse, but the only chance she had.

Canton stiffened. “You do know that I am only letting you go because the last time... pee in my mouth as soon as I was about to have a taste of blood... urine ruined the taste completely...”

“That means yes!” Evan explained childishly, “because he likes to speak really advanced! That the biggest word I know!”

Lily half wanted to laugh at Evan’s speech, but she knew she would have seconds to time this attack perfectly, but first bribe them.

“How about you let me go instead?” Lily suggested, giving the murderous demon a pretty smile, forgetting entirely about the bathroom plan.

[Continue](#)

“No.” Canton conjured the backpack from her back into the air, and jeered at her, making the bag of supplies float just above her reach, and she tried floating upwards but her toes were somewhat glued to the ground.

Last straw-Lily jumped suddenly, and it worked; she grabbed the backpack and drew out a sharp ruler-length dagger in a black leather scabbard and black leather hilt with a silver blade, and stabbed them both.

Evan frowned. “Why yummy meal go bye-bye?” were his last words as he and his brother disintegrated.

Before she went, Lily checked her backpack. It was so light it might’ve been empty. It contained a water bottle, a banana, a peanut butter and jam sandwich in a ziplock plastic bag, a medical kit, two boxes of matches, a metal mug without a handle and another ziplock plastic bag with evenly chopped sticks. Lily took out a blue sleeping bag case and the bag shrank.

Lily bolted off, occasionally turning sharply or doubling back to see whether the demons were following, forgetting she had killed them. They weren’t, luckily.

She swerved into a cave where she might’ve slept, but turned around, which probably saved her life. It was a hideous monster.

Choice 1: *It is a chimaera.*

Choice 2: *It is a hydra.*



Lily stepped into the cave with a hollow, clicking sound, and it echoed around the cave. Lily began walking briskly, she wanted to get the creepy jujubes out of her system, and stopped after ten minutes, then found the cleanest space against the wall and put on her jacket.

Before, outside, it had been scorching hot, and she had taken off her jacket and placed it in her bag, and tied up her light brown hair with a white ribbon she had kept in her jacket's pocket.

Lily curled up in her sleeping bag, and slept uneasily, terrifying nightmares hacking into her sleep, until finally, in the last three hours of night, she had a dreamless slumber.

Lily rubbed her eyes and blinked. The cave was shifting before her eyes. The walls moved, and suddenly the whizzing feeling inside Lily's stomach exploded yet again. The walls started shifting so fast that they were nothing but a grey blur. While they did this, Lily quickly packed up her essentials, keeping one eye on the walls while she did so.

Lily had the unmistakable feeling that the walls, at first chance when she wasn't looking, were going to swallow her up, engulfing her in a mix of cement, drowning and trapping her in a gooey mess, herself fighting hopelessly for the sticky substance to let go...

[Continue](#)

Lily finished packing in her drink bottle. It seemed to be ever filling, giving Lily a thing not to worry about: dehydration.

Lily looked up nervously. The path ahead had split into three: a crossroads. From the left path, a faint scuttling sound emitted, and Lily thought she heard a low, creepy, beckoning hiss.

From the middle crossroad, a crackling noise had hummed a nice, soft, tune, but the overpowering choice of the musical pathway seemed so tempting that it might've been a trap, but might've not.

The last one on the right was silent, like a graveyard in the dead of night. It seemed just wrong, but normal, but Lily had a feeling danger lied ahead.

Which one should she choose? Lily sat there for a moment, the rose and made closer to the crossroad, about to make her daunting decision.



Choice 1: Lily chooses right.

Choice 2: Lily chooses left.

Choice 3: Lily chooses middle.

After a long time trying to decide on the harrowing choice, Lily decided to take her chances and jump off the cliff like a lunatic. The wood looked so fragile that it might break as soon as Lily as so much touched it, and jumping off the floating path at terminal velocity...

There was an upside, though. Lily thought she had spotted a diamond vial with a piece of golden stone inside. It might have been the Afterlife Stone, and if she just took a leap of faith, she might have all her troubles over.

Lily took a deep breath and, closing her eyes tightly, she leapt into the air, directly above the floating piece of wood. As soon as she landed on on it, a painful cold trickling sensation shot up her leg, its temperature turning white-hot.



Lily peeked out through her eyes. Her right leg burned, and Lily guessed that she had landed unstably. Lily flexed her leg, and she screamed. What should she do? Lily thought she might've broken it, as the pain was excruciating.

Should she take her chances with the potion she had snatched from the throne room, or should she just wrap it up with the bandages in her first aid kit?

Choice 1: Lily takes her chances with the potion.

Choice 2: Lily bandages it.

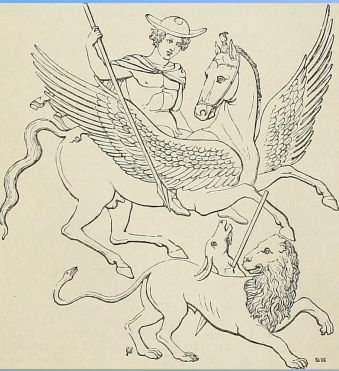
Lily gasped. The monster prowled, snarling at her for awhile, until its legs tensed while it got ready to pounce, glaring at her.

Lily knew what it was. Before she had died, and she had been in grade seven, she was studying about greek myths, and this happened to be one of the most deadliest monsters ever: a chimaera. It had the body and head of a lion, a venomous rattlesnake for a tail and a goat's neck and head stuck to its back, which, by the way, could also breathe fire. Oh, and did she mention that the lion head could breathe out toxic fumes?

The lion head's chest pulled in; it was getting ready to poison her. The goat head breathed fire at her, and she dodged it, but unfortunately the jet of flames hit her belongings instead, which was extremely sad; if she ever survived this terrifying encounter, she would have to survive without them.

The lion's head breathed out the venomous air, and Lily was caught by surprise. She collapsed, and the snake tail whipped around to bite her, and the sharp silver fangs sunk deep into her flesh.

Searing pain worked through her system like shards of glass, and Lily's sprawled body was smoking, disintegrating, and the pain was excruciating, it made her want to scream, but instead Lily took a last dying breath and...



THE END

Lily closed her eyes and clamped her mouth shut so she wouldn't be tempted to scream.

Lily slowly opened her eyes and focused on anywhere except the monster; on the floor, but she could see the four clawed feet, with scaly reptilian skin; the roof, she could see its nine snaky heads; the middle, its huge body.

It was a hydra. Its grey skin-frill around its necks heaved side to side, shuddering at odd times. It snarled, and Lily knew that instant that it was either going to kill her, bring her back to its nest if it had one, or take her back to the demons for torture-time. Not great options.

It hissed and lunged. Lily did the natural thing. She screamed a blood-curdling shriek and tried to scramble backwards, then hit her head on the wall. She crumpled, and nothing was left in her head for a moment, her mind blissfully wiped clean, until she came to her senses and tried to decide what to do.



[Choice 1: Lily throws a hunk of metal at the hydra.](#)

[Choice 2: Lily tries to escape.](#)



Lily wanted to go... right. The walls, which had been churning like her stomach a minute ago were now completely and totally still. Silence.

Lily took a deep breath and began walking briskly towards the right path, closing her eyes as she passed through the doorway.

She was in a small stone room like a dungeon. The door closed behind her and melted into the walls. The walls were made of black obsidian carved in compound shapes of oval, with grey cement to seal the gaps. In the middle of the room, a small black cylindrical pedestal held a tiny silver plate with a transparent glass dome over it. Inside it was a gold rock, which Lily thought with a sudden pang of excitement was the... was the Afterlife stone.



Lily struggled forward. Her black leggings were ripped and her limbs cut. She touched the cold face of glass and pulled upward, then weakly dropped it, and it shattered against the hard floor.

Lily extended an index finger to touch it, she grasped it with longing and finality; a familiar feeling of churning in her stomach awoke.

Lily was down the mountain, her clothes were untouched and her injuries were healed. She no longer felt exhausted but new and energetic. She was back to living.

Lily journeyed down the left path. She kept stopping unwillingly, and kept shuddering, like something in this hollow cove she was crawling through and dragging her luggage behind was making her feel terrified, like she wasn't already.

Then she arrived at the end, and froze in paralyzed fear.

A cove full of poisonous spiders and snakes and scorpions. Hissing. Scuttling. That was what it stood for.

A horde of creepy crawlies held her down and started biting her, all at once. They were joined by the snakes.

Excruciating pain sliced, white-hot, through her brain as it shut down. She was dying, and she knew it. She must've been able to die when she left her torture, maybe because she was only immortal in that zone...

Lily screamed as ten pairs of fangs kept biting her. Her vision was foggy, and it faded into black, and she screamed one last time, thinking that her skeleton would lie in this deadly chamber for ever...



THE END

“God-help-me,” muttered Lily subconsciously as she struggled through the bushes, vines and shrubs of the middle path she had chosen. She tried to blame anybody but herself for deciding on this; the person who invented the quote ‘when three paths, choose the middle’ thing, which was supposed to be lucky.

The god's sword



Then she knew her luck (after dying, getting cut and chased by chains and trying to survive and run from her torture) was just going to kill her by playing with her like marbles, so meanly and badly that she was beginning to think she was cursed.

In front of her was Melati and another male immortal she didn't know the name of.

“Carton and Evan warned me,” Melati smiled serenely, and with this other god they both raised a weapon—Melati a dagger, and the other a spear—and a hundred tendrils of blindingly flashing power electrified her with violent, searing pain. Then, together, as Lily screamed in agony, the both impaled her with their weapons, so they crossed through her body, and savage agony overtook her as the last thing she saw was blood streaming out of her lifeless, dead, body, even though she couldn't die, and she took a last final, fatal breath as she was crushed in Death's painful jaws...

Melati's dagger



THE END

Lily decided that she could take her chances with diamond vial of purple potion. She drank it, and it did not do anything of help.

Lily frowned with disappointment. She had been hoping that it would have made the Afterlife Stone magically appear, repair her broken leg, or something to turn her luck around. Then it happened.

Out of nowhere, underneath where she was sitting, a white sticky substance melted out of nowhere. As it erupted with lots of small explosions and bubbles, Lily let her mixed-up feelings have relief by screaming.

Once she was done screeching her lungs out, she realised she was sitting on an elegant grey... a grey winged horse. A pegasus.

Lily gazed intently while in a trance of wonder into the horses electric blue eyes. With a painful effort, she hoisted herself onto the winged horse, who had apparently decided it would have liked a stretch.

Lily was disappointed that no Afterlife Stone was on the raft, but her moment of dismay was explicitly ruined by the rush of joy she felt when the pegasus took off.

As she was flying over the rocky landscape, she spotted a glittery gold stone and told the pegasus to swoop. She touched the stone,

and suddenly she was alive. in her house.

THE END



Lily decided she couldn't take her chances with the potion, since it could've been like the chains, drain her ghost spirit until she was... non-existent. Nothing. Less than air.

Anyway, Lily tried to avoid being below the phase of death before lunchtime. She wondered what her family would be having for lunch right now; her twelve year old brother spilling his vegetable soup and noodles, their mother yelling, her dad failing to try and disappear. “

“Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious,” Lily muttered, as she secured the loose bandage end with duct tape and tried to think of something to else to say other than, “SCREAM!!!” She did this sometimes, muttering long words instead of ‘OMG!’ or ‘Oh, crud’.

Lily finally strapped it into a satisfactory cast and yelled in her disappointment. The Afterlife Stone had been on the piece of wood next to Lily's one, about a metre away. She could have made the distance easily, but with her broken leg, there was no guarantee she could make it, and plus, she wasn't about to endure the excruciating pain.

Lily, with much screaming and wincing, tried to stand up, and finally, after a mighty heave and a minute of screaming, she managed to balance herself on one leg by leaning slightly to the left.

[Continue](#)

It wasn't tilting or wobbling dangerously at all, which was lucky, otherwise Lily would have gotten killed long ago. Then she died because of one innocent spiral of rock attached to the lava-flooded cliff.

Lily had been floating along the current of the lava, and directly in the path the wooden platform was floating in was a grey stalagmite. Lily hadn't noticed this because she was too busy trying to swat the demons, who had noticed a human spirit wandering out of place. Fiery whips and staffs armed the demons, and Lily had swatted one getting particularly close to her face, only to realise that an itching, slicing neat line of red had appeared on her palm.

Then Lily tumbled over the edge of the lava, as the boat hit the stalagmite she had not turned to look at, and fell down the waterfall of lava. The stalagmite had been a fork in the road, and straight after it had passed, a lavafall had rushed.

Lily fell into the pool of water below, and burning hot pain erupted in her body, and her flesh burned away until she was skeleton, and her vision went black.

THE END

Lily drew her dagger. The hydra heads snapped at her when she tried to approach, so she considered throwing her dagger like a javelin. Silly idea. Then she'd be without a weapon. She carefully sheathed the dagger back in its scabbard and slowly shifted her hand towards a wad of metal as large as a tennis ball. She crept her fingers along without averting her gaze and stared into the hydra's green eyes.

Then, as Lily clutched the chunk of silver in her hand, she reluctantly threw with all her might, aiming for the one of the hydra's head.

Her aim did not disappoint her.

The problem was that the hydra struck. Lily drew her dagger and slashed along the hydra's toothy snout. It hissed and snapped the back of her pale green shirt, and bit her right arm.

Lily screamed and pressed her back into the wall.



Choice 1: Lily cowers in fear.

Choice 2: Lily pretends to give up.

Lily decided escaping was her best chance. The hydra might get mad and kill her if she threw the ball-sized chunk of metal at it. Plus, she could (probably) stall.

“So, Mr-or Mrs-Hydra,” Lily muttered, trying shake ribbons of thoughts of how this could fail and how she could painfully die. “I’m am just going to-bye!”

That had gone pretty quick. Lily sprinted past the hydra’s thick body, and dodged two heads that had lunged and weaved around another, and was feeling pretty good about herself until six other heads grabbed hold of her and bit her. She was already dying. The world went black.



THE END

Lily was scared out of her wits.

She thought she knew scary, but going through heaven was dectuple times as mortifying.

She had experienced a broken leg in grade five. In grade seven she had had a tarantula crawling in her lunchbox. Grade nine was worms all over her during gardening and pruning.

But this situation was driving her absolutely-to-the-limit-scary and insane. She covered in fear and buried her face in her hands, sitting in a tuck position and trying not to scream.

The hydra snapped up her leggings (thankfully, they didn't come off) and with one of its other heads, slammed into her and knocked her out cold. The backpack and sleeping bag slung over her shoulder dropped, and her dagger drooped in her hand.

The hydra exited the cave while Lily slumbered amongst uneasy dreams, and when she woke up...



Return

Choice 1: Lily is taken to the hydra nest.

Choice 2: Lily is taken back to the torture zone.

The hydra advanced. Blinking, she stood up and calmly walked past the hydra and exited the cave. This took about ten seconds, and once she reached the exit, she bolted off, the hydra following in close pursue.

She annoyingly kept turning and almost head-butted off a cliff into the lava below, like the place was trying to kill her purposely. It was probably doing that. It was extremely fortunate that she was about a kilometre ahead of the hydra.

Maybe the hydra heads are arguing about chasing or eating some meat they found, Lily thought giddily. She kept on running, muttering nonsense and stumbled, tired, through the dark.

Suddenly the dim red glow was extinguished. Lily tripped. A blinding white flash blinded her. She tripped on a hard glowing rock. Lily picked it up and walked two steps forward.

The terrifying face of the hydra was illuminated, and Lily felt the swirling feeling, and with a shock she realised it was the Afterlife Stone, and clutched it tightly to her chest. As the hydra struck, she teleported.

She was back at the bottom of the mountain.

THE END

Lily blinked blearily, until her cloudy sight came into proper focus. She automatically panicked, like most people would do.

Stop it, she scolded herself. Survival steps.

Number one: check your surroundings. Lily scanned the place where she was in. Her hair was in a rat's nest, and sticky, probably because of the sticky tree sap, twigs, branches and hay piled and shaped into a bowl hurriedly. Lump of grey things. Lily assumed they were rocks.

Number two: supplies. Lily dug around in the tangled, messy nest and finally found her dagger. She spotted... nothing except that. Her supplies must've fallen off her back...

Then the lump of grey scaly rock things moved and shifted, and a baby hydra, with the nine mutilated dragon/snake heads and all, yawned, to show a mouth full of saliva and yellow pointed teeth.

Lily averted her eyes. One of the heads snapped at her experimentally. Lily didn't have the heart to kill it, but still raised her dagger for protection.

She slowly untangled herself from the untidy nest and yelped when she stepped through a small animal's rib cage while stepping gently out of the nest.

[Continue](#)

Lily jogged along, for her feet were numb and tired. She was exhausted, she had been running for maybe five hours since she'd come to heaven, and that had been the ultimate test of her endurance.

How she would love to sleep, find a safe place to rest, for she was asleep on her feet, and worn out, her last strength ebbing away...

She could continue and force her drained body to slump along, or she could rest and fire up...



Choice 1: *Lily rests.*

Choice 2: *Lily continues.*

Lily woke up dangling from her ankles.

“Why, hello,” Canton, her former torturer, smiled, “ It looks like we-”

“He means me!” Evan said excitedly.

“-are going to have quite a lovely early dinner.”

“But-”

Pain shot through her body at white-hot speed starting from her throat, which Canton and Evan had sunk their fangs into. Her sight bleared as she endured the pain and...

THE END

Lily settled down in a underground cave. It seemed that there were limitless caves in heaven.

She closed her eyes and slept. Her dreams were unpleasant. She tossed and turned. Her heart was beating fast.

Lily's dream was about the Afterlife Stone. It was on a white stone pillar with swirl designs, encrusted with small emeralds. The emeralds studs glistened in the harsh pale blue light, and as Lily reached out to take it, the pillar and the Stone disappeared and resurrected again a few metres away, and it continued like this for five times.

Finally, Lily was so exhausted she crumbled to dust, and a sudden cool breeze blew her away.

Lily woke up. The Afterlife Stone was on the exact same pillar. Lily hesitated. Would she crumble to dust the way she did in the dream?

Lily touched the Stone tentatively. A second later, she was back at the bottom of the mountain she had been trekking, and Lily couldn't believe her luck.

She skipped on the way to home, using her phone to order a taxi (which she had found in her coat pocket), feeling considerably light headed.

Lily struggled on, trying not to drain herself too much. She had already pushed herself to the limit, and if she forced herself to run again she would probably fall asleep right there, right where she was.

She passed a volcano of black spiky jets of rock and fiery lava spewing out of it (she reminded herself to stay well away and try not to die), a big cave with odd fluttering sounds in it, and she thought she saw a whiz of black and dark purple.

Maybe she could stop to rest... but she just couldn't. Nothing could make her rest. If she stopped in a cave, she might get devoured in her sleep. She might not get the Afterlife Stone.

Then her body went into automatic sleep mode. She crumpled to the floor, right there, and she had been sneaking stealthily through a snake nest that covered several miles.

All the snakes did not wake up, though one snake did. It slithered over other serpent bodies and moved towards Lily. She was fast asleep, so she didn't move except for her chest heaving, but the snake apparently thought she was something else other than a snake or rocks and hay, so it bit her.

Lily woke up, but she knew she was already half dead from exhaustion, and the snake's bite on top of that was enough to kill her.

Lily knew she should've rested. It seemed so obvious now that she was dying from a mixture of weariness and venom.

A shudder ran through her body, and her eyes seemed to dim, the colour leaching out, leaving a dappled grey image. Her breath came out as a wheeze, and she blamed herself for not calling a rest earlier.

She closed her eyes, knowing it was hopeless, and drifted into a endless sleep.



THE END

YOU DIED

**THANK YOU FOR READING!
TRY AGAIN?**

The End

Thank you for reading!

Try again?