

次最後

Crocodile Dies Again

BASEMENT LEVEL

Keiko Kurumizawa wakes up, and finds herself in a hospital bed. Countless tubes and wires connect her to the machines in the room.

“So this is how the ^{シーン}scenario ends.

^{ネクストウエイブ}Written up from the open voice notes I suppose. I don't know where I am. A place like this feels like the other ^{ゲーム}side of the universe, where they lock you away in the deepest levels.

That said, I feel fairly at home. ^{Not a place you want to be.} ☒

Why? There's nothing they can do to me. ^{三百}I'm so far beyond that now. I'm not like Kamui.

Here I lie in a warm bed in the deepest level of those who want to know what I am. But they never will. Not even I know.

^{観測者}Who, or what I am.

A long time ago I was someone else. No, that isn't it. On the human level, you can't be someone you're not. Not ever. I'm always me. These sick bastards don't live on the human level. Roles playing roles playing roles. I'm the final frontier of humanity.

Names don't mean shit.

Names and faces.



I've had more than a few names
and faces over the years. I'm
always moving towards

ケイコ

the authentic self.

The pursuit of my own truth.

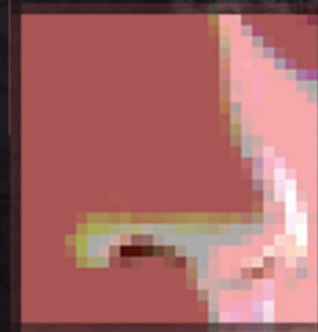
花と太陽と雨と

Change of role, change of name, change of face.

If its done on their terms,
its like being stamped マスプロ
out of a fucking mold.

事件 事件

I've seen it over and over again.



My way out.

Eyes wide open,

天

I can't help but smile when I think about it.

ジャック

Locked up. Plugged in. Where am I?

I'm barely here. I'd like to see them try to tie me up in
one of their systems again. I'm laughing so hard I'm crying.



My blood boils.

Focusing on the room now. Take a deep breath of air. It tastes like night air. It is night. It tastes like Japanese air. Am I really back here?

東京

The capital ward. It's been a while.

The proliferation of Eagle Wards hurts me for more

than a few reasons. They stink like death,

not just human death, but death of that certain essence in the world.

圧縮率

It's lonely here on the outside.

Even so, I have reason to keep on existing.

That hope that one day I will embody

人間
of singular quality,

my fullest being of authentic truth,

and that it might carry on to the next phase.

3000

現実貫通する女

I feel a presence on the other side, maybe someone who

Maybe it would be nice. can understand what I am.

I don't care what I am. I only know I will

ゲーム
assert my existence in this world
even if it means everyone else has to drown.

I take a breath of air again. I'm on the 27th floor.

神々

The air is completely still.
There isn't a sun or moon in the sky.

I want to hold her in my arms again.

I'm all alone.

Someone bursts in the door,
a shadow emerges into the room.

パリ
That woman in black.

A demon six feet tall.

Suddenly all the air is sucked out of the room.
Windows shatter, a violent wind cascades from
the hallway. I'm standing on the bed.

Kuro lady stares me down motionlessly.
All these tubes and wires glowing hot.

Machines erupt open and smoke.
The edge
where my skin meets the world around me,
that one insurmountable gap, becomes closed.

I cross. Blood flows.

The room fills with torrential waves of a sickly bright pink.

ミクモ
Monkey man is nowhere to be seen.

I don't die again today.”

The woman speaks.

“Time Ring Howls”

最後。「james cooper」