

# The Afterlife

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp... that hissing fire would not have killed me and I would not have ended up in the afterlife. Well at least there's sunlight here not just the dreary grey clouds of Ohio. Oh and I almost forgot, I get to fight big scaly monsters to prevent them from escaping to the world of the living people.

Today started out pretty normal, I got out of bed, had an all you can eat buffet (yes, read it and weep), gathered my ammunition and started feeding my fighting complexion. But then the lord of the afterlife called me into his throne room. At first I thought he had acknowledged my request to get my own personal throne room but it was much much worse. He has chosen me (the most useless fighter of all) to join in a mission to infiltrate the slimy land of the underworld, farewell to my life **again**.