

While our peers back on Earth were doing their A-levels, we were trapped here. The world of Die taught us different lessons.

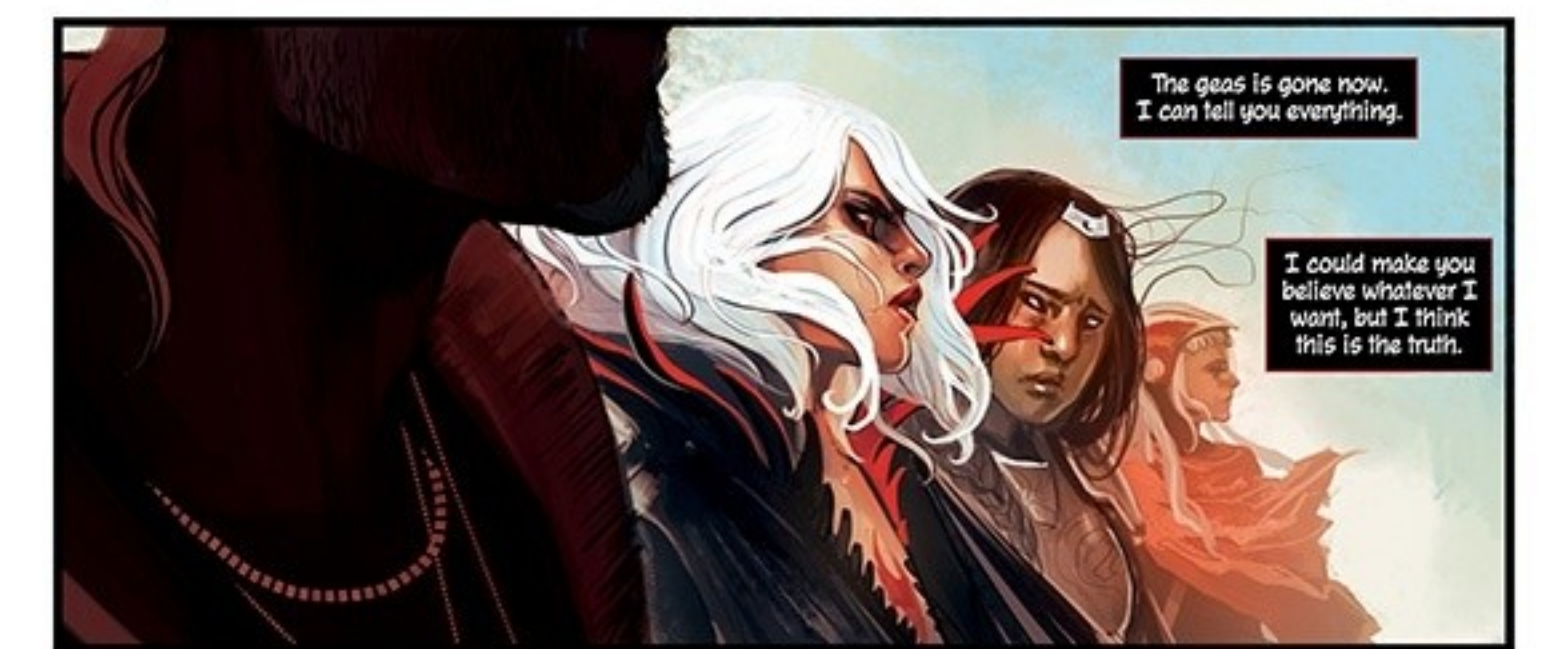
I was the Dictator.
I learned how to tell stories.

Sol has been here for nearly thirty years.

Well?
Don't just stare.

Your move, players.

I can't imagine what he's learned since we left him behind.



The gas is gone now.
I can tell you everything.

I could make you believe whatever I want, but I think this is the truth.

The Grandmaster told us how to escape. If we all wished together, we'd go home. Simple.

The only thing stopping us was *him*, bending the rules. He'd let us go if we became his prophets, spreading the word about this place. We were *never* going to do *that*.

Instead, we stormed his fortress and took him down. I made the gears so we *couldn't* tell and we started the "*there's no place like home*".

We had nearly gone by the time the Grandmaster got up.



His hand on Sol's shoulder.


There was nothing we could have done.



Seconds later, we were on a road near Nottingham, and Angela was screaming about her missing arm.

It took a minute for us to realise that wasn't the only thing missing.






Everyone waits for me to speak. We've been here five minutes, and already we're resuming our roles.

Ash the Dictator does the talking. What else is she good for?

Sol...I know you're angry.


I--



Angry? I'm not angry. I'm *sorry*.


It took me so long to bring you back.

Wrong move. His smile just tells me how lost he is.




This isn't a conversation. This is the sort of monologue you run in your head with lovers you'll never speak to again.

This is what happens when thoughts curdle.



It took me so long to finally kill the Grandmaster. He wanted my die, to connect the two worlds...

We were right about the geas, Ash. The more people who knew, the more people would be dragged here. His plans for them were *monstrous*.



But we've won! He's dead. We can play!

Fantasy is ours, now and forever.

Sol...I'm 43. My impossible fantasy is being able to pay off my mortgage or have my mum stop signing whenever kids turn up in conversation.

At the wildest, it's to write *The Book*. At the wildest.

Sol, my fantasy was not being the kid I was then. And now I'm *not*.

This...is such a bad time. Rupert is going to keep the kids if I disappear for even a few days. They'll be missing me and...

If you'll let us go, I'll come back and...play? But just not *now*.

It's good to see Angela try, but she's not me...

...and Sol's not even listening. He's a railroading NPC, giving us a briefing we can't skip.

Your dreams will kindle, Neo. You'll remember.

I have wrought such wonderful things for you...

So much! From Angria to Glass Town, all has been prepared for your coming. The Dreaming Lands! Eternal Prussia! Oh, I must contain myself. You must wait. Such dungeons and delights!

And sorrows... Look what I've done to the realm of One! When we were first here it was all light and joy. Now, we're fading into the sepia desert of age.

See, I even have a theme...

You can never go home.