It’s you’re first day of high school. The rest of your life could be defined by the next four years. You see fellow students talking, kind looking teachers walking around, and a mysterious glowing coming from behind the door to the faculty lounge. What do you want to do?

* Make friends
* Introduce yourself to teachers
* Investigate the glowing.

You slowly open the door to the teacher’s lounge and peer inside. You are shocked to see several strange humanoid creatures with greyish skin, wearing stranger harnesses with a circular pad on the front, standing around a green glowing orb making strange noises to each other. You run telling everyone and anyone. Most people ignore, or don’t believe you, but one young upstart local reporter decides to trust you. Together you reveal the truth about what was going on at the school, and reveal that the creatures you saw were actually aliens planning on world domination, using your school as testing ground. There are a few months of fighting and panic, but the aliens eventually flee Earth, never to return. You and the reporter become internationally famous as the duo who save the world. The next two years are spent on talk shows, signing movie and book deals, and generally living it up as a hero. However, a few more years pass and after a while people become less and less impressed when you remind them of who you are, and all that money you had didn’t seem to last as long as you thought it would. You’re now an adult with no job, no education, no practical life skills, and a huge sense of entitlement. You spend a good chunk of your life trying to relive your glory days, but in the end you just fade into the background.

Its summer break, and you don’t really have anything to do. School went well, you’re academic and social life are pretty good. You’re looking out the window on to a fresh summer morning when you see an oddly shaped object fall from the sky and land just a little bit outside of town. What do you do?

* Go to hang out with your friends.
* Get ahead on summer projects.
* Look for a summer job.
* Investigate the mysterious object.

You make your way to the spot where you assume the object landed. You assume this because there is a large crowed huddled around a massive crater which you distinctly don’t remember being there before. You push your way to the front to see what’s in the crater, and see a line of people leading up to the center where you see a burly looking man attempting to pull something out of the ground. The man falls over curses and goes off to join the crowd of spectators. Now that the man has let go you see that the object appears to be an odd looking battle axe with stranger markings on it. You ask around and apparently people having been trying to pull the hammer out of the ground all day, but obviously no one has been able to do it. You decide to give it a try and hop in line, and after a few hours of waiting it’s your turn. You walk off to the axe, you hear a few of the more muscular failures snicker, wrap both hands around the handle of the axe, shut your eyes tight, and pull. At first nothing happens, but then you feel the axe give in the dirt and you stagger back holding it triumphantly above your head, you’re surprised to find it hardly weighs anything. At first everyone is silent, and then people rush in from all directions to try and steal your axe. Instinctively you swing it around at them, not close enough to hit anyone just to make a point, but from the blade of the axe forms a gust of wind. It tosses people to the side, and causes the crowd to fall over like domino pieces. You look at the axe and an unfamiliar voice calls to you, you look around wildly not finding the source, but then suddenly you realize, it’s coming from the axe. It says “I am yours now. You have been chosen by me to be the new god of the wind, and you may do with this power as you wish.” You stand there for a moment, the mass of people strewn around you looking confused and angry, you ignore them and look at your axe, and then you just smile. For the first few years you decide to be a superhero. You fight crime and injustice, trying to protect those who can’t protect themselves, but after a while you grow tired of dealing with the same problems every day. You also begin to notice that you don’t seem to have aged since you first picked up the axe, and you come to the conclusion that you are now immortal. As the centuries pass you go through many phases, you save the world from demons and other worldly disasters, religions are formed around you, you become leader of the earth, and of every other planet you set your eyes on. You shift between benevolence and tyranny on a whim. You see thousands of generations come and go and to you they mean nothing. In the end, when there is no life left in all of the universe, you stand in the crater where it all started, hating existence.

It’s your birthday! You wanted something more low-key this year, but you’re still getting cake and presents. You’re friends and family have offered to take you out separately, overall it’s a pretty successful birthday. The only thing you’re uncertain of is the mysterious phone call you’re receiving that the caller ID lists as, “The Professor.” What do you do?

* Start writing than you cards.
* Go to hang out with your friends.
* Go to hang out with your family.
* Answer the phone.

Hesitantly you pick up the phone, and put it up to your hear. “Hello?” you ask. “Hello!” replies familiar voice. You are taken aback when realize it is one of your teachers from the previous year, Professor Spruce. You don’t know how the professor got you’re number, but you don’t really mind. Professor Yew has always been very nice to you, and you got along well. The professor wishes you a happy birthday and you begin to talk for a bit. The professor asks if you wouldn’t mind meeting at their lab to discuss something with you, and you agree. You show up, you are welcomed warmly and handed a package and a small capsule. Spruce explains that he would like you to deliver that package to a college who is doing research in the woods, Spruce is unable to make the journey having been injured in a skiing accident, and you are the only one who can be trusted with this delivery. When you ask about the capsule, the professor explains it’s for emergencies, and you are promptly ushered out to deliver the package. You eventually find the research outpost in the woods, but something isn’t quite right, everything has been turned over or broken, and in the middle of it all you see an injured old man whom you belie to be Spruce’s friend. You rush over to see if you can help when three figures, two similarly dressed adults and an odd cat, come out of the woods and demand you hand over the package. You freeze, but remember the capsule in your pocket. You hope for the best, pull it out and push the button in the side, instantly and small creature emerges from the capsule, not small enough to have actually fit in it though. It looks at you, and instinctively you point at the three people approaching you. It looks at them and suddenly a flash of lighting erupts form the animal and electrifies them and sending all three flying off. You go to the injured man and with his last breath tells you of the research he and Spruce have been doing into genetic engineering, explaining the creature in from the capsule. He also says that his assailants are part of a gang which masquerades as a biotech company, preforming inhuman genetic experimentation, and how the research in the parcel you were meant to deliver is all they need to perfect the process. When he finally fades, you decide it is up to you now to take down the gang, and prevent anymore death. For the next few months you move around the world taking down hidden labs and gang leaders, collecting more and more of these poor genetically altered creatures and sending them to Spruce for safe keeping. You eventually hunt down and defeat the leader of the whole operation, bring justice to all who have been hurt by his actions. You want to return to your normal life, but it’s hard. After what you’ve seen and done, nothing can be normal again. You find it hard to make social bonds, and decide you’re just going to be a recluse for the rest of your life.

Well high school was fun, you got a lot out of it, but now it’s time to think about collage. It’s best to get in applications early for better chances, and there’s nothing that can stop you, except for that irritating pecking sound by the kitchen window.

* Work on you applications today.
* Finish you first choice application today.
* See if any of you friends are around.
* Go to investigate the pecking.

You go to the window and find an owl with a letter in its, beak. You open the window to get a better look, but it flies off leaving the letter behind. You open and read it and discover that you have been chosen to go to a school to learn to become a sorcery and master the arcane arts, you wouldn’t believe it unless a strange looking old man, who had claimed to be associated with the school mentioned in the letter, hadn’t appeared at your house the following mooring, preforming some truly remarkable and downright magical things. Your parents take some convincing, but you manage to peruse them the benefits of having a wizard in the family. From there the next six years of your life are spent studding and practicing magic in fantastical world beyond anything you can imagine. For many years after graduating you are content with your new magical life; however, you do become more and more self-conscious over how little you know of world affairs, and how easily you are confused by new scientific theories and political events. You also find it difficult to keep steady employment as the magical job market is fairly limited, and you don’t have any higher level of education credentials other that your high school diploma. You never need any life essentials as magic can supply them, but creating luxury goods is not within your power. What’s more, all the magical creatures that once astounded you are now becoming all too regular and irritating, and you’re generally discontent with your whole situation. Your last thought is, “Damn that owl.”

You’ve made it to a collage you’re happy with, in the major you wanted. You know it won’t be easy, but you’re willing to put in the work. But before any of that happens, you’re going to a party. It’s a pretty good party too, lots of people to talk to, plenty of age appropriate substances to enjoy. Suddenly a door flies open and behind it the bio-chem major, whose party this is, stands holding a glass filled with a mysterious bubbling fluid. He challenges anyone in the room to drink his concoction. What do you do?

* Continue to talk to people at the party.
* Leave the party, it’s been a long night.
* Accept the challenge and chug the whole glass!

At first nothing happens, the mysterious fluid didn’t taste great, but apart from a tingling sensation in your throat you don’t feel much different. You remember holding the glass in triumph, the whole room cheering, and then blackness. You wake up in a puddle of what you hope is sweat with the party host standing over you looking very worried. It seems you have been exposed to some highly experimental substances that were meant form a thesis paper on creating indestructible surface protectors. You feel odd, but noting too out of the ordinary, but are surprised to find many bent pieces of silver wear around your body. It is revealed that after you blacked out, and you fell onto and broke a granite counter tile without sustaining any visible injury. People had been jabbing at your body all night with sharp objects to watch them break, and it was concluded that you are virtually indestructible, as far as granite and forks are concerned at any rate. You test this theory further until you are satisfied with your abilities and decided the only reasonable course of action is to become a super hero. The first times were pretty stressful, but you eventually get into a groove. People around start to talk about an invincible vigilante who is cleaning up the streets. Word spreads and you suddenly become the topic of national discussion, and in this digital age it wasn’t long before people caught you on video and figured out who you were. At first all the attention was pretty cool, but it came with a lot of pressure to always be doing the right thing, and set a good example for your fans. And with the reveal of your identity, lots of the collateral damage you caused in the early days comes back to bight you in the ass. Plus the many attempts on your life either out of revenge, curiosity, or the potential for experimentation, get pretty tiring after a while. Eventually you retire from being a superhero and people begin to get over you go back to leading

You’re in the library alone, you’ve been up for hours cramming for your last final. It’s for a core class that you haven’t been doing great in, and if you can’t pass this test you’ll have to take it again next year. You know it is important that you pass, but you’re so tired and bored, and there are still about a dozen chapters left to review. You don’t know if it’s you mind playing tricks on you, but you start to hear a faint whispering noise from somewhere in the library, odd given you haven’t seen another person for a few hours. What do you do?

* Keep studying, the future you will appreciate it.
* Call it a night, you know the gist of it, and you’ll be no good sleep deprived.
* Take a short break and come back to it, this is important.
* Investigate the source of the whispering.

You can’t stand it anymore. You need to find who or what is making that noise. You get up and move in the direction you think it’s coming from. After a few minutes of walking around the maze like book shelves you are brought to a single very out of place looking book alone a shelf. You pick up the book and believe it to be some kind of journal due to its tattered cover, and pages that seem to have been stuffed in by hand. You open to the first page of the book, and then suddenly and book begins to glow. A humming sound that keeps increasing in volume is emitted from it, and a ferocious wind picks up flipping and ripping the pages of the book. The light gets brighter and brighter until you can see anything, you cover your eyes to protect them from the burring light, and then without any warning the light is gone. As is the humming, the wind, the book, and the library. All that you can see when you uncover your eyes is a clear blue sky, and spacious beautiful meadow, and a small town at the base of a mountain. You are so tired from studying, and confused by what you see you promptly pass out. You awake with a start as you head is jerked into a wooden crate. You gather your surroundings and are terrified to find that you are not in the library, but in fact the back of a horse draw wagon much nearer to the mountain town you saw earlier, it wasn’t a dream. You see a young woman is driving the cart, and when she notices your up she begins to talk and laugh about how she found you. You ask her many questions, most of which confuse her, but she reals enough for you to know that something has gone terribly wrong in your life, and you think that book is to blame. You ask if anyone around might know anything about what happened to you and you are pointed in the direction of the local wise man. The wise man says he might be able to help, for a price, and from there you are sent off on a series errands and jobs of varying danger and triviality. For years you wander searching for clues as to your situation, all the while garnering a reputation as a hero adventurer blazing a trail across the land on quests of great daring. You begin to lose track of how long you’ve been in this world which is why you don’t realize you seem to be aging slower. In fact centuries pass and you almost entirely forget about your life back in our world. You have accumulated great piles of treasure, grand titles, and never run out of adventure or time, until a fateful encounter with a dark wizard sends you back to the library where it all started. You look around you, you can’t tell but things are the exact same as when you first left, including you. No time has passed at all for this world, and only the faintest memories tell you that you once lived here though you have almost no recollection of it. You pick up the journal and open it, hoping to start the process anew, but nothing happens. You stand there in the library and begin to cry as you remember that you have a test in the morning, although on what you have no idea.

It’s spring break, your last spring break before graduation. You’ve trying to have one crazy bash before you have to start your life as a contributing member of society in a few months’ time. You back at the hotel to get some sun screen before you go back to the beach when a very attractive young woman approaches you. She offers you an afternoon you’ll never forget. You’ve seen her around school so you don’t think she’s into anything dangerous, but you don’t really know her. What do you do?

* Get your sun screen and go back to the beach.
* Try to engage her in though provoking conversation.
* Leave, but direct a friend to her room.
* Take her up on the offer.

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* Get your sun screen and go back to the beach.
* Try to engage them in though provoking conversation.
* Leave, but direct a friend to they’re room.
* Take *them* up on the offer?

True to her/his/they’re word, it was an afternoon you never forgot. In fact, that was a turning point for you. The day you spent with her/him/them sparked something in you that you never knew existed before. A desire, a passion, a lust. From that day forth you devote yourself entirely to sex. You travel the world learning from other cultures and mastering new techniques. You eventually invent a few new styles of your own and with time are looked to as an all new love guru. Your reputation leads thousands to seek your counsel and training, and you gladly accept all of them. You sexual appetitive only grows and you begin to attempt more and more previously unheard of or imagined practices. Nothing it too far for you, everything this world has to offer exists to further your pleasure. This attitude leads to your undoing. Your constant need to out due your previous conquests breads a stagnation in your life where you find it impossible to enjoy the company of others in any fashion or position. In one last attempt to reclaim the passion you once felt, you do something so deprived and inconceivable that you are immediate incarcerated and several new health codes are written up in your name. You spend the rest of your life wondering how it got so out of control, and almost always unsatisfied.

Well, you graduated. Congratulations. You’ve had your ups and your downs, but after years of mostly diligent work, you’ve got your diploma and you’re ready to go off and make your place in the world. Obviously you’ll need a job, and you haven’t heard anything back from the first wave of applications you sent out. You did receive a letter in the mail advertising fabulous prizes to be won on new game show, it’s looking for contestants and could potentially earn you enough money to support yourself until you can find a job. What do you do?

* Send out even more applications and get ready to move on short notice.
* Go back home to life with your parents, try to find a local job for now.
* Wait to hear back from your first choice companies, those are the places you really want to work.
* Go to try out for the game show.

You go to try out for the game show, you don’t really know what you were expecting, only that it would probably involve some sort of test or performance before a panel of judges who decided who makes it on or not. So you are very surprised when the whole process turns out to be giving your information to a board looking stage hand with a clipboard. You are told when next to return and where to go. You leave a little bit confused, but happy with how things turned out. When you next show up you are assured into a dressing room where you are put into a ridiculous outfit which you consider far too revealing, and then you get pushed out onto the stage. A gate slams shut behind you, and as your eyes adjust to the light of the studio you notice you are in an enclosed space with walls about ten feet high, with a sand floor, it’s a coliseum, and there are throngs of cheering people packed in all around the walls. A voice announces you and another name that you can quite make out, and you look around to see a man standing opposite to you in the arena staring intently at you. He isn’t very intimidating, although it’s obvious he’s trying to be, and he is in a similarly ridiculous outfit. The voice yells “FIGHT!” very clearly, the cowed goes even wilder, and the man charges at you. You react instinctively, side stepping the man and extending out your leg to trip him. You look around in scared confusion, “Is this what the show is, some sort of gladiator fight?” You don’t have too much to think it over when the man is up and on you. You elbow him in the stomach, and as he recoils you punch him in the nose with an oddly satisfying crunch. He topples over, and fails to get up for a few seconds. After he stops trying the voice announces you to be the winner of the fight, again the crowd goes wild. You are lead off stage to clean yourself and let the next fight commence. You didn’t you’d be fighting on the show, and you certainly didn’t expect to enjoy fighting that man so much. You decide to come back again tomorrow, and this is how it starts. You continue to fight every day on the show, winning some losing others, but never enough to get disqualified. You start taking up martial arts on your free time, and continue to work your way up the pool of contestants. You’re doing really well, you’re a crowd favorite, you even have a catch phrase…