The Chronicles of Bobby Bobberson: Twice Dead, Twice Reborn.

The first time I died, I was on a mission. Not for treasure or fame, but to kill a pack of “wolfwares” , terrifying creatures that had been terrorizing the villagers at the edge of a forest so vast, so ancient, that its name has slipped from my memory. I should know the name. I’ve fought in enough places to recall them all, but this forest? It’s like it doesn’t want to be remembered.

The trees stretched endlessly, thick and oppressive, blotting out the sun. We had been hired to eliminate the wolfwares, whose bat-like wings, goat horns, and ravenous wolfish maws made them more of a nightmare than mere beasts. No one else dared enter that forsaken wood, so it fell to us, my party of misfit adventurers.

We found them, or they found us. They came from the darkness of the canopy above, their screeching cries slicing through the eerie silence. One moment we were tracking their trail, and the next, we were fighting for our lives. I remember swinging my sword, striking one of the creatures across its leathery wing, but it barely slowed. They swarmed us. I can still feel the tearing of their claws, the pressure of their jaws sinking into my skin.

The pain was blinding. I fell, covered in blood, and the last thing I remember was the taste of dirt and the faint howl of those cursed creatures. And then… nothing. Darkness. The abyss stretched out before me, an endless void, silent and cold. But death? Death wasn’t my fate. Not yet. Something pulled me back, some force I didn’t understand. Suddenly, I was awake again, lying in a bed in the resurrection room back in town.

I didn’t die that day, but I’d been close enough to taste it.

My second death was supposed to be straightforward. We had been sent to eliminate a notorious band of murderers who had been causing chaos in the border towns. The job was clear: find them, kill them, and make sure they never harmed another soul. We tracked them for days, weaving through dense forests and hostile terrain. When we finally cornered them, it felt like the end of a long, hard journey.

It wasn’t.

We thought we had the upper hand, ambushing them in their hideout. The fight was brutal but fast, too fast. They weren’t the killers we thought they were. Just when we believed we’d succeeded, they woke up!

Before I could react, they struck. Blades flashed in the dim light, and I felt the cold bite of steel as one of their swords found my side. The ground rushed up to meet me, and everything went black. My blood soaked the earth as I lay there, dying once more. There was no time for heroic last words, no moment of clarity. Just a sharp, cold death.

And then… the void. Again. The familiar cold of the abyss wrapped around me, and for a second time, I felt the weight of death. But once again, something pulled me back. My eyes flicked open, and I gasped for breath, clutching the spot of the wound that had killed me just moments before.

Twice now, I had crossed into the abyss. Twice, I had been yanked back from the brink. And now, as I walk this world with two lives stolen from death, I wonder how long my luck will last. How many more times can Bobby Bobberson cheat the void before it claims him for good?