

Angel Faith Jones – a teenage goth with a sullen expression

So this is it? You're dead? Christ, this is such a pain. The last thing you remember is sitting down to see that stupid show your dear parental unit dragged you and your little sib Taylor along to. Some sort of dumb high-concept musical. And the people in the theatre were such jerks, too. Pulling you aside to search your tiny little bag, and then letting actors and technical staff with big bundles by without a problem. Fascists.

And now here you are in the afterlife. One thing's for sure: now that you're dead, you are absolutely *not* going to heaven. Heaven?! What the ... hell? ... is there to do in heaven? You just sit around on a cloud all day playing a harp, hanging out with a bunch of boring goody-two-shoes types; LAME. You want to go to hell; all your favorite musicians are there, the most hard-core artists, Nietzsche and the greatest thinkers *and* the adults all say your friends are gonna go there too. Plus you can finally get away from your annoying family. Hell is where it's at.

Goals

- Go to Hell.
- Make sure only cool people who understand you also head to Hell.

Start in the Desert (Room B)