Cameron - a drably-dressed young person

You had your whole life ahead of you. At least, that might have been what some people would have said. You had just graduated college, and you were off to a bright, shining, successful future.

Right?

Except you must have missed a step somewhere. Despite the inspiring tales of architectural design from your professor, Francis Frehry, your major in architecture did exactly nothing in helping you find a job. Instead, you ended up taking a job as waitstaff at some local chain restaurant. Your career prospects had reached a dead end. Meanwhile, you started to lose contact with the friends you had made in college, as they went off to have the successful opportunities that you lacked in distant cities. You started to spend your weekends alone in your studio apartment, browsing the Internet, which gradually started bringing you less and less joy. When your remaining friends did invite you to do things with them, you declined, because it all seemed so pointless. Eventually they stopped inviting you altogether.

And then, in the midst of all the mediocrity, disaster struck. Your mom, who was the only person who had always believed in you and cared about you, was killed in a car accident. Your nights started to consist of you lying in bed and crying.

You had felt hopeless before, but it was so much worse now. Eventually, you started getting tired of smiling fake smiles (which were so hard to fake now that you had forgotten how to smile for real) at work. Your manager reprimanded you for your terrible customer service, and after that, you just didn't show up again.

What was the point of it, when all you got was a bit of meaningless money that only let you continue with the same futureless path you were on? You stopped going outside, spending your days on your computer, trying to find some sort of Internet post that would make you laugh, even though you had long since forgotten what laughing felt like. And eventually, you wondered what the point of that was. In fact, what was the point of even living?

You had never considered suicide before, but it really didn't seem so bad to you right now. Living was such an effort. And who would care if you died? Not your dead mom, not your dad who never loved you, and not your friends who no longer bothered to talk to you. No one cared about you, so you were under no obligation to keep on living.

You went to a nearby theatre, where you planned to climb on the roof and jump to your death. But you don't remember actually plummeting to the ground... Not because someone tried to stop you though. You were going up the stairs to the roof and someone in all black pushed past you, running down the stairs. It jarred you, and you paused to regain your resolve. And then you remember things around you falling, and the choking smell of smoke…

Anyway, it seems as though you did die, but now you're in some sort of afterlife. This wasn't what you wanted. Being dead certainly hasn't made you any less lonely or made you feel any less empty inside. After finally resolving yourself to committing suicide, you feel almost robbed knowing not only that you died before you could commit suicide, but that dying didn't even end things! It's doubtful you'll find your mom here, and even more doubtful that you'll find anything else to make your "life" worth anything. If even one person gave a shit about what happened to you, you might reconsider things, but that won't happen. But perhaps there is still

some sort of more permanent solution to be found. Maybe you can find a way for it all to truly end…

Goals:

- Find someone who cares about you.
- Find some sort of a purpose.
- Failing either of those, find a permanent death, or possibly figure out what afterlife your mom would have ended up in, and join her.

Start in the Swamp (Room C)