

"Are you God?" That is the first question you ask of this strange being after finding yourself in this strange place. You do not know how you got here.

They laugh in response. It echoes, but you do not know how; you see no walls.

"Humans have called me many things," they say, "Including 'god'."

"Is this the afterlife?" you ask because you still do not know where 'this place' is.

"No," they say, "You are not dead."

"Then where are we?"

They go quiet for a moment, and the silence makes you feel as if you have said something wrong. As if you have tread somewhere you do not belong. And then the silence is gone. The feeling is not.

The being continues, their voice sharp yet soft. They say, "There used to be more of us. Before humans made the Book."

You wonder, briefly, how this answers your question, but something bids you to play along. "...what happened to them?" you ask.

The being looks at you—you are not sure how you know that, though you are certain it is true—and they meet your eyes for the first time. Their gaze is heavier than anything you have ever carried.

"They are all dead," they say, "You stand now on a land made of corpses."

"I am the last god," they say, "And you, the last human."