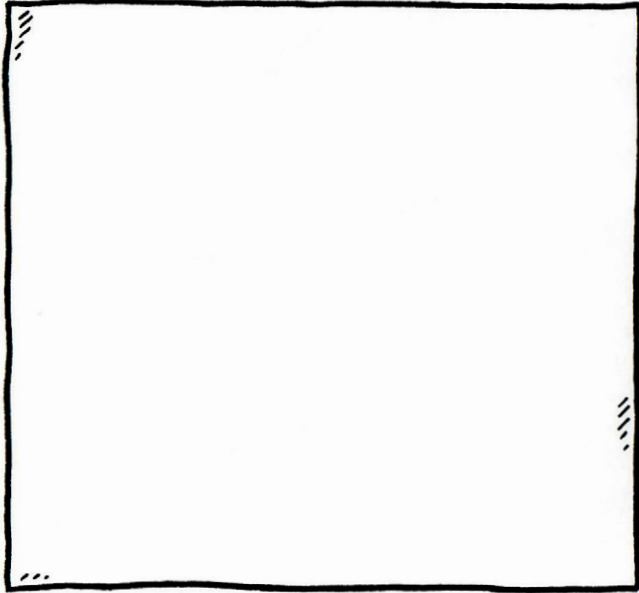


## THE SOUL OF THE PARTY



*Name:* \_\_\_\_\_

*You are* \_\_\_\_\_

*but* \_\_\_\_\_

*You feel an Affinity with* \_\_\_\_\_

*because* \_\_\_\_\_

*You feel Enmity towards* \_\_\_\_\_

*because* \_\_\_\_\_

You are in Hell because you just wanted to have a good time. You always believed that God wanted people to enjoy themselves in their limited time on Earth. But apparently not.

Whoops. Your bad.

When you visit a house, you will ask questions with regard to its party potential. Is there a pool? How many bedrooms are there for, well, you know? Can you do keg-stands on the back porch? You will come across as very shallow, and relish in it.

At some point, you will likely flirt with numerous other Recently deceased, because... Well, they're there, and you're there. Any gender, any persuasion. It's all part of the fun.

When you get irritated with another Recently deceased, just chill the Hell out, drop your hands to your sides, and start telling the other poor soul to chill the Hell out too. This doesn't have to get out of hand, y'know?

At the *Estate auction*, you are most likely to trade shards of your soul for the party space. You don't quite know what you're getting yourself into, and you are probably in way over your head. You think there will be a fair auction.