

Soldiers, fall in! Don't speak and read your character sheets. You won't find *Names*, you're just a *Code*. You're unknown soldiers, not yet discharged. Now shut up and stand by for orders!

- Get down on your stomach and close your eyes. As soon as I tell you to move, open your eyes and begin crawling. From now on, I want you silent and focused. Start with the army crawl!
- When I point to one of you, that soldier collapses and begins reliving his death without a sound. The others are free to try and rescue him, but it's all in vain.
- I'll keep pointing until no one is left alive.

Welcome to the Afterlife, where physical movement is the centre of your experience as Fallen soldiers. Now shut up and stand by for orders! We're playing a game. They used to call it Hot Cockles a couple centuries ago. But that sounds stupid, so we'll call it like the Italians do. We're playing Slap the Soldier.

- You! Yes, you. You're it for this round. Bend an arm behind your back and show the palm of your hand, so someone else can slap it. Cover your eyes with the other, so you can't see who hits you.
- Once someone has slapped you on the hand- and don't be violent, for goodness' sake- everyone waits with their finger raised. You'll guess who hit you and point at them.
- If you guess right, that person becomes it for the next round. If you guess wrong, you're it again.

Welcome to the Afterlife, where hazing games are alive and well. You were good soldiers and better friends in life, I assure you, but now you're just shadows of yourselves. Military stereotypes without a war to fight, waiting for peace that's never coming. Now shut up and stand by for orders!

- Soldiers, line up! You! Yes, you. I'm promoting you to Sergeant: You choose where to go and what pace to keep. The rest of you, follow his lead.
- Every time I say: «Over!», the last in line moves to the head and assumes the rank of Sergeant.
- When I get tired of watching you march, I'll say: «Out!», and you'll stop where you are.

Welcome to the Afterlife. From now on you're no longer required to follow my orders. I'm back to just being your radio operator, keeping the line open between you and your Relatives. But this is an all-dead company and I'm still alive. I know getting you to listen won't always be easy.

We're ready to begin. Here's what you need to keep in mind during the game:

- Your goal is to get as many *Mementos* and attached *Signals* as you can.
- Your *Codes* are on the *Signals* too: Those with the same *Code* as yours are your *Attuned Signals*.
- All *Signals* help you rise through the ranks of the Fallen, but what you are actually after are *Attuned Signals*, because you will only be able to read the memories inside those. Only the first soldier to get four *Attuned Signals* (or the first two, if you get them at the same time in a trade) is getting his identity back.

- Each *Signal* is a memory, tied to a *Memento*, written in a Relative's voice and concerning the Fallen it's *Attuned* to. So "I remember this toy used to make you smile" means that the Relative recalls the Fallen smiling.
- During the first *Reception*, you'll just be shadows in the Afterlife, waiting for me to open a channel. You can only whisper, as if you were afraid of being heard by the enemy.
- Each *Transmission* opens with me telling you a war story about one member of my former company. Our former company. You'll listen to me without interrupting.
- At the end of the story you might ask a few questions, but the spell is broken as soon as I show you the *Memento*. Your frustration and longing are simply too hard to ignore.
- You're all desperate to get the *Memento* for yourselves. You can't tear it from me or fight for it: You can only get me to give it to you by telling the best story. Draw from the *Memento*, the war tales you've heard, the *Signals* you've already read. I can't see you and you don't know who you are, so there is no truth or lie in your stories, only your will to prove you're still human and my ability to find any logic in the things you tell me.
- When you get a *Memento*, you check the *Code* on the *Signal*: If it's *Attuned*, you can read it in silence and whisper a *Message* back to me to expand on its story. Otherwise, you keep the *Signal* without reading it and give the *Memento* back to me.
- During subsequent *Reception* phases, you'll be able to trade *Unattuned Signals*. Raise the *Signals* you own above your head and check who has the most: The winner is promoted to Sergeant. In case of a tie: Whoever got a *Signal* last, wins.
- The Sergeant gets to offer a trade by holding up a single *Unattuned Signal*: Everyone else who has an *Unattuned Signal* can offer one in exchange.
- If someone offers a *Signal* with the Sergeant's *Code* on it, he can make the trade (in case he has multiple options, he gets to choose his favourite) and regain a piece of humanity by quietly reading the memory it holds. You'll celebrate with a moment of camaraderie: He points to whomever he thinks was the protagonist of the latest war story (himself included) and the company can spend time re-enacting it together, until I come back.
- If the Sergeant has no viable trade, he must find a scapegoat for his frustration. He chooses who will be it for a round of Slap the Soldier. If the victim correctly guesses who hit him, the humiliation ends and you'll wait for me in glum silence; if the victim is wrong, he'll have to give the Sergeant one of his *Attuned Signals*, so that the whole company can read the contents and mock him before giving it back. If the victim is wrong and has no *Attuned Signals* to mock, he'll suffer another round of Slap the Soldier.
- When one of you manages to get a hold of four *Attuned Signals* we'll get an *Epilogue*. His *Name* will echo for one last time and you will all be able to finally rest in peace.

