

# The Main Character

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TRIGGER WARNINGS: TRUMP, VIOLENCE, HORROR BEYOND YOUR COMPREHENSION, FAMILY DRAMA, AND JUICE WRDL

"Hilarious, but even more so its depressing"-George Washington's False Mother

## Level Two

I married my wife in the year 1644. On this very beach, we called it the flower beach. Sounds very sappy, there aren't any flowers anymore. Half of it is washed away by the rising seas, probably of my tears, I don't know why it would be rising otherwise. And the other half has been overridden with shops, corporate greed and some guy shouting about how Biden and Trump and actually the same person, but Trump is just wearing a skin mask that looks like Biden. He also blames Biden for all problems, and claims that Trump will return. It's 2025, nothing the man says makes sense.

"Hey you, preacher. I'm gonna call Trump to disprove you." So I called trump, and handed the phone over to the rambling prophet.

He grabs the phone and yaps with Trump before breaking the phone and claiming it was "A.I". I don't know what that is, but it's certainly not someone I know. He must be some prophet, who knows something I don't. I shrug and decide that I should stop listening to Juice WRDL and actually deal with the main character before they try and court my daughter, or my ex wife.

But then that line about "shadows in my room, and I can't take back the love I gave you" starts playing and I just can't take my hello kitty earbuds out. The beach is filled with people who gasp as I walk on water, i'm trying to adjust the earbuds as the tide rises. I didn't even try to walk on water, it just rose on my feet, and I'm trying to memorize "Lucid Dreams". But I am bad at songs. People start to pray near me and weird stuff like scream in fear. I shrug again and decide to keep listening to this song and just assemble my team of villains.

I float into the sky at mach 100. I use all my godly powers to make sure the hello kitty earbuds stay in my ear and I can hear the song. I fly to the US of A. I find Detroit, walking through the streets. Some guy is mugging some girl, but a bunch of Good Samaritans stop the bad guy. I see some people giving out plenty of food and no more crimes. Although I see many, many police cars.

I found the house I'm looking for. Eminem walks out, sees me, and he daps me up. He has a beard, finally starting to gray. You know what he looks like, don't make me describe him.

"Nice to see you again Erik. What the f\*#& you doing in Detroit man?"

"I'm assembling a team-" Dramatic cutoff where me and Eminem walk away from the building as it explodes.

We fist bump. He looks at my hello kitty earbuds.

"Man what are you doing... those earbuds man... are you okay?" The master of words notices my sadness.

"I'm fine. I'm just going through intense emotional turmoil. Trump called me the other day..."

"What the f&s\$ does Trump have to do with anything?" Eminem asks plainly.

"He told me about a dangerous man, the main character. He is leveling up fast. He will soon be too powerful for Trump or the government to handle, that's why I'm here to find you. As the most powerful human on earth other than me I need your help... he's going to try and date my daughter... Please, I need your help." I plead.

"I'm only level 99... but I'll give it my all!"

"Level 99 is something beyond an "only" Em, that is literally right before you can be considered immortal. To be born with such raw power... in this world people are born lucky, unlucky, or even lucky to be born. If you were born at level 100, you would live forever until you are slain. Most people don't even know what levels are."

"Oh... so you're saying my powers can actually help?" Eminem asks, he knows he is powerful, he just didn't think he was THAT powerful, or maybe it was just insecurities.

"That's what I mean, I'm assembling a team-" I am cut off as the rhythm starts.

"That's what you mean? You're assembling a team! This is just like a dream. Time for me to start to gleam, like I'm Eminem supreme!" He raps.

"Please, save it for the main character."

Eminem gives me a look, and I look away. I decide we need to find the next member of our team.

“Let’s go to Japan.” I say.

“Why?”

“Because the Samurai.”

“Why? Because the Samurai! We’re going to fly so we don’t die. This battle will not end in a tie. Even if the main character rolls those dice-“ I cut his freestyle, I know he’s just stress rapping, his usual skill is gone under the stress.

“Please, let’s just go.”

“Fine... just tell me what have you been listening to?”

“Lucid dreams.”

“That’s rough. Who broke your heart?” Eminem jokes.

“My ex-wife.” I say, his face turns to horror.

“No... she didn’t... but you’re so.... so....” He’s going to say “obsessed” isn’t he.

My brain glares at my friend, but I know his criticism is valid.

“But you’re so... wholesome. You had the best relationship I’ve ever seen. You and her were married for what... 300 years?” Eminem says, suspending the words I thought he would say.

“379 years, 46 days, 5 hours, 4 minutes and 2 seconds.” I say.

“That’s rough buddy...”

“This isn’t Avatar.”

“I don’t understand... Was that some sort of reference?” Eminem asks confused.

“I don’t have the power to answer your dumb questions.”

Eminem rips the earbuds out of my ear's and stomps on them.

“Enough of your whining nonsense, you're a god, your daughter is about to get seduced by some “hero”. Get yourself together. Enough listening to Juice WRLD!”

“Very well...” Guess I'm done with that song.