

The Endless Meta Spiral

An RPG poem by Martin Bull Gudmundsen

Take your seats around the table. One of the players keeps these rules in front of him or her. I call this player "M.", for reasons known only to myself.

- You'll need a stop-watch or something else to keep time.
- The first five rounds take two minutes each. You're all playing yourselves. The setting is wherever you are right now.
- The game begins with M. saying: "We're sitting down to play this game. It's two minutes ago."
- Play yourselves as you were two minutes ago. After two minutes, M. says: "We're sitting down to play this game. It's two minutes ago."
- Repeat this. But at the end of round five, M. doesn't say the usual line. Instead, he or she shouts:

"OH NO! WE'RE CAUGHT IN AN ENDLESS META SPIRAL!"

You now have five minutes to get out.

- Each of you gets a special ability (see below). Interpret them any way you want.
- Make it up as you go along. Don't question each other's contributions. There are no rules except this: None of you can be killed or in any other way become incapacitated.
- If you manage to break free from the spiral in five minutes, you've won. If not, you can never again be sure that you are yourselves, not your own stories about yourselves, or your stories about your own stories about yourselves, etc etc.
- (Of course, if you want to, you can simply say, "we break out of the spiral," and be done with it. But that is boring.)

Special abilities

(1. is M., 2 is the player to the right of M., and so on.)

1. You can make your enemies appear on short notice.
2. You have a gigantic male member that can be used to bludgeon people with.
3. You can become invisible.
4. Your voice is so lovely, when you sing, birds and small animals come to your aid.
5. You wield the power of Love.