

AFAB? MORE LIKE BEEN STABBED

a solo microlarp by Ennis Rook Bashe

This game is based on my experiences coping with period-related dysphoria as a nonbinary AFAB person, but anyone- no matter their gender identity or whether or not they have a uterus- can feel free to play.

To play this game, you will need a deck of cards, a device to play music, and somewhere comfortable to lie down. (If you don't have a deck of cards, you can roll a d4, with each suit corresponding to a number.)

STEP 1:

As you lay around feeling like shit and possibly bleeding, imagine that you are feeling like shit and bleeding because you have been stabbed. Draw a card to find out your circumstances and a song you should listen to.

WORDS: Formerly a gentry sort of elegance and good means, you were twisted by some foul arcane purpose to slaughter the innocent, and killed at last by the person whose life you were determined to spare at all costs. You bleed out on the rocky moors, silver sword in hand, your killer cradling your head in their lap.

Listen to "Lady Isobel and the Elf Knight" by Lisa Theriot.

(How did they defeat you?)

WANDS: It is the year Ye Olden Times, and you are a dashing highwayman/highwayperson who stole from the rich and tossed bags of clanking, gleaming gold coins to the village poor. However, in your latest daring escapade, you were ambushed by the tyrant lord and his forces. Your robber band of true companions has just come upon you where you lay propped against a tree, agonized by your impending death but still in bravely jovial spirits to the last.

Listen to “By the Sword” by Emilie Autumn, or half of “The Highwayman” by Loreena Mckennit.

(Have you made plans in the event of your death, or did you think yourself invincible?)

CUPS: You were the guard of someone important who inspired hope- maybe a queen who could speak to unicorns, maybe the head senator of the last anticapitalist moon. When a perilous ambush descended, someone needed to guard that person’s escape route, and you resolved to make that duty yours. Sacrificing your life was worth it. Now you lie sprawled in the narrow corridor, alone except for the bodies of your enemies and the gleaming device you’ll use to record your last message.

Listen to “Wolves of the Revolution” by The Arcadian Wild.

(When did you realize you cared so deeply for the one you guarded?)

PENTACLES: You are a fearless officer in an interplanetary freedom force; crisp jacket drenched with blood, your laser gun long drained of power. The counterrevolutionaries overrun your position hours ago, and you can’t get in contact with any comrades. Now the three moons are setting. Although your communication device barely works, you’ve managed to connect with someone back home; a family member or old friend.

Listen to “Meet Me There” by Harrison Storm.

(During this war, what’s been your greatest regret?)

Step 2:

As the song plays, think about your life- this character’s life- so far.

What are you proudest of?

What do you wish you’d had time to accomplish?

Who will you miss most?

What advice do you want to give?

Gather your strength. Take some deep breaths. Focus, if you'd like, on how that is absolutely a stab wound in your lower guts.

Step 3:

When the song ends, give your final speech/say your final words/record that last message. The act exhausts you completely. Die as quietly or as dramatically as you want.

Optionally, envision your character's grand funeral, quiet solemn burial, or long-delayed memorial statue.

Another option is to continue lying there and take a nap.