

Bob and the Button of Death

You know that Death Box with a Button thing that was half-popular as an ethical question, a while back? Basically, it's the entire "Here's a box, it has a button, press the button, you get a million dollars, but a random stranger dies" thing that you get when you don't make philosophy majors go out and join adventuring parties. Because **any** competent murderhobo knows dang well that the real answer is "Break the box *now*, before whatever screwed up magic that's building up inside of it goes critical all over the landscape."

Well... we got that Box. 'We' in the generic sense: basically, some idiot demon from the Bad Place put it together, promptly lost it, and now the Box out in the wild. The problem is, while the Box works (it's only giving out a thousand bucks a shot, one to a customer) it's always using the *same* random stranger.

Let's call this guy 'Bob.' Bob's life has been a living (heh) Hell for the last month or so: at random intervals, he suddenly gets a shooting pain in his heart and conks over, dead. About a minute later, he comes back to life. The first few times, he went to the hospital - well, somebody took

him to the hospital - but by now he doesn't bother. What are they going to do? Give him an aspirin?

All of which would be bad enough, from a demonic point of view - suffice it to say that there are really good reasons why people don't see actual supernatural activity going off all the time - but there's a wrinkle. You see, it turns out that dying, then coming back to life like this, is quite the **experience**. It really brings your perspective to a whole new **level**. You start to acquire an understanding of the various **points** of life, the universe, and everything. In Bob's case: every time he dies, he comes back to life with somewhat more power than before. He's also coming back to life angrier and angrier, and can you blame him?

It's only a matter of time before Bob acquires a supernatural ability or power set that will allow him to figure out what's happening to him - and by then, he'll have the power to *do* something about it, too. Which is why your party has been called in by a slightly sulfur-smelling ugly dude in a trenchcoat. Your new client would very much like you to go find the Box, please. So that the curse can be ended before the client is.

...And why would you do that? Well, because Bob is also going to go look for all the people who pushed the button.

...And why do you care? Well, by now nobody actually knows that the Box is a Bob-killer; they just know that it's a one-time magic ATM. They're not actually **murderers**; they're just committing unknowing manslaughter.

And if some of the party is still wavering, consider this: this box is apparently both a cash-dispenser **and** gives out experience points! If Bob doesn't want to be the lucky recipient of such largess, perhaps a player-character could volunteer to take on the burden...

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