Work! Yes! Work!

I can tell you about work!

Obviously I'm into sales. Sales and business and wheelings and dealings.

Have I mentioned that I loved the thrill of the sale, of the chase and success, the battlefield of the coin so much I dual classed in it? Major in selling, minor in buying, as it were.

Ah, memories! So many memories! Hardly miss the people, though. No taste for fruit.

But yes, I can sell you anything you like!

In fact, you could argue that YOU are not selling ME fruit, but I am instead selling you lore.

On credit.

Keep those fruits coming, by the way.

Yes, I'll admit sometimes I worry my skills have dulled!

All that restraint must have been for SOMETHING, after all... and they clearly have not stopped me from getting all this fruit.

They say that the person who wants it the most is the loser of any sales transaction, and I think I might like fruit as much as is physically possible to.

Compelled to, even, by every ounce of my body! Or lack thereof.

But that's okay. As much as I love sales, I love fruit even more. More than anything.

Keep them coming.

Don't you dare stop.

Love????

Oh, I used to think it simply wasn't for me! Married to my job, as they say!

But then I saw her.

Oh, how I saw her. So beautiful, and smart, and funny, and clever, and... and... her.

Well, how could I resist?

I won't go so far as to say I'd give up fruit entirely on her behalf, but... she makes the world worth bargaining for. Worth trading for. Worth... everything.

Except for fruit, of course. I mean, that's hardly a fair comparison.

Still, I can't believe it took me so long to confess to her!

What was I so afraid of? Nothing ventured, nothing gained, as they say, and boy do I have so many ventures!

Love is a strange thing. You give and you give and you give, and yet somehow always get more out of it.

Not like fruit. No, never like fruit.

Fruit somehow always runs out just as you're really getting into eating it.

Now would be the perfect time for it to run out but we're not there yet, now are we, Dear Customer?

No. I think you have even more fruit to give me.

Fruit!!! Yes. Delicious, scrumptious, juicy FRUIT.

Keep it coming.

\*cronch\* \*monch\* \*slluuuuurp\*

Yeah, that's the stuff.

I could eat all the fruit, you know. Literally all of it.

Sometimes I even do!

You just gotta... wiggle your way out of your fetters. Wander outside the Universe.

And oh oh oh, so many fruits grow in Nidhogg's Realm...

Squirming and squeaking fruit.

Endlessly spreading fruit.

Whole planets of juicy and ripe fruit.

And they spread so quickly! Like weeds! Weeds full of plump, sweet... fruit.

It's not like its a CRIME to eat them. Invasive species, you know. Really, its a public service. I should CHARGE for my planetary visits.

But that's not important right now.

What is important is that you have fruit to give me.

And it doesn't even have a face! Isn't that great for you? What a bargain!

So keep them coming, and I won't have to go off to forage for my own.

You want to hear about me???

The other me, the BORING me, well , even more boring than REGULAR me is so pitiable. Alone and forever out of the loop.

Forever excluded from truly BELONGING in the upper echelon of those who make the decisions of our Universe.

The boring me just works hard and nurses a tiny crush and eats only a paltry amount of fruit.

I mean, really! Restraining yourself to just a piece a day? What was I thinking!?

And Regular Me, the me that I am when the static doesn't buzz in bright and sweet colors, is almost as bad!

Really, why would anyone distract themselves from fruit by trying to start a small business? The purity of the Fruit just can't be beat.

You know exactly what you want and how to get it, and it's achievable.

Simple. Deceptively easy. A gateway to pleasure, forever.

Don't need anyone else at all to cooperate to get fruit.

Don't have to figure out what people want and give it to them, even as they ungratefully call you worthless for not knowing the blade.

No need to care for those who gladly take your goods out of your hands and turn and give them to those more 'deserving' than you.

No.

I'm Pure now. Unfiltered. Boiled down to my true essence of what matters.

Fruit.

So... give them to me.

Ah...

Hm…

Pardon me.

That was… rather unprofessional of me, wouldn't you say? How uncouth to just blather endlessly like that, with… very clear purpose, actually.

I suppose… I do rather owe you for calming me down.

I do not say that lightly. And I always pay what I owe.

Lore, was it? Yes.

I suppose that in...that state I was, perhaps… not forthcoming in sufficient clarity.

Let me remedy this.

While I admit I am rather unpracticed at speaking of myself, I will perform my duty within tolerances.

I chose to be here. I will open with that.

I chose to be in this Universe. Continue to, as we speak. Every moment I am here is a confirmation of this fact.

So many of the others did not. They couldn't have. This universe does not work that way.

A few, even, I am responsible for being here.

My previous home was... inadequate, shall we say. We shared some key ideological disagreements, and we'll leave it at that.

My Cloak wrapped around me like a shroud, guarding me from that which was not sufficient.

Eventually I discovered the sheer Freedom in letting go. To embrace formlessness, a lack of connections to others.

It was hardly unexpected that this would leave me to discover how to become unmoored from my Home.

Say, one might be surprised at how few Universes truly understand the value of Professionalism. How unwanted my services were. How… well. How little most care about their own value.

Suffice it to say that I eventually ended up here.

I admit the combination of Wanda and my dear Fleuriste was a heady one.

I have always preferred a more... secondary role, when it comes to my business pursuits.

Wanda provided the figure head I would require to avoid the grasping hands of the greedy masses. Her ability to grab attention is...quite admirable, even if she's often quite crass.

But how could I not? Do you feed a meal to someone who is full? No. I prefer to offer my services to those who most are in need of them, and our dear Wanda fit the bill.

Which is not to say that my dear Fleuriste is not an impressively competent cofounder. The obviousness of my own past self's crush on her is quite embarrassing, I will admit.

Single handedly founding a business and keeping it legitimate despite Wanda's best efforts?

Incredible.

It inspired me to stay. To do everything in my power to make Eyedol Games a successful business, and remove headaches from its Chief Financial Officer.

I committed many deeds while I was there, you know. Very high-value ones for our game's success. Ad campaigns. Flyers on the mail. Razed fields in the company logo. And… well. That beast of a Killer, of course. That one is an open secret.

Say what you will. Judge my actions as you may, but I will simply say this: Zampanio became the best-selling game of all time. Forever.

Granted, I have long since moved on.

The echo of my own past remains and, while lacking in certain experiences that have made me who I am today, I trust is sufficiently helpful to my dear Fleuriste.

With Eyedol Games no longer at risk of failing, I was free to pursue other endeavors.

Well, that last one was a lie, I suppose. Eyedol Games never stopped being at risk of failing. It simply… learned how to stand on its own hind legs. Became self-sufficient in its own failure.

But that's the past, isn't it?

As a small business owner, I have had no small amount of success both in the consulting industry and in a limited capacity as a mentor. And of course, I've trained many. Enough to… gain favorites.

Ronin has, over the course of... well, I would call them "countless", but my dear Fleuriste could no doubt enumerate them with no difficulty at all. Over the course of many loops, I have grown to know Ronin well, and his abilities never fail to impress.

Him being out of the loop, so to speak, is a disadvantage. And yet one would hardly know it with the speed he learns each time.

His connection to our own compatriot NAM does leave one curious as to why he is outside the Loop, but I am not one to pry if there is no profit to be had.

He does his work thoroughly and learns well, and that is all there is to say on the matter.

And with that, I believe my debt is discharged. Lore in exchange for fruit, and for... companionship. Enough that I was able to break the obsession's hold over me.

For now, at least. It has happened before, and it will happen again. As long as I live in this universe, I abide by its rules… as tedious as I may find them.

Oh. Right. Remember to check out Eyedol Game's hit experience, Zampanio. Now, and forever.

Let us see each other some other time.