Writing Samples from

A DAY OUT

By Kevin H

IN-WORLD BOOKS / NOTES:

****NOTE* The author will be listed as: In Game Author i.e game character who wrote it then the real person who wrote it. CHARACTER = CK NEWT | REAL PERSON = KEVIN H***

MOST IF NOT ALL NOTES / BOOKS WERE WRITTEN TO BE EASILY CONSUMED / HOOK THE READER / DELIVER IMPORTANT INFO!

Codex Infernum Volume 1

Written By Unknown (Kevin H)

The Fall of Limbo

When mankind was cast out of Eden, their souls became lost between Heaven and Earth. In His mercy, the Creator shaped a vast realm — Limbo — where mortal souls might wander in peace, untouched by divine or corrupted hands.

But Lucifer, bitter from his fall, saw potential in this untouched world. He and his followers, The Fallen, tore open the veil and began to draw strength from the wandering souls — feeding upon the very spark of creation itself.

The Angels descended to stop them, but their war defiled the realm. What was once calm and endless became fire and ruin. Their divine battle scarred Limbo beyond repair… until it reflected the hatred and pride of those who fought upon it.

And so, Limbo was no more. Hell was born.

The Sealing of the Gates

To end the Holy War, the Creator descended once more. He sealed the realm away, dividing it by Six Great Gates — each one bound to a depth of torment and sin. Hell would become a prison for The Fallen and a mirror of all that had been corrupted.

Thus it was decreed: those who walked in sin would now descend here, to dwell among the ruins of the war they mirrored in life. The righteous would ascend to the Light, but the wicked would find rest only in flame.

Lucifer vanished in the aftermath. Some whisper the Almighty forged a Seventh Gate, hidden even from the angels — a tomb meant to bind the Morning Star for eternity.

Codex Infernum Volume 2

Written by Unknown (Kevin H)

The Law of the Seals:

Each of the Six Gates is bound by Six Seals. Should all six be broken, that Gate shall open and its horrors unleashed upon all realms.

Each Seal can only be undone through trials — tests meant for those born of mortal blood, carrying the spark of divine creation. Few understand their nature, for to complete a trial is to break a Seal. But what is broken may be mended.

A soul bound to a Gate — by fate, sin, or sacrifice — can restore its Seals. Yet the act demands everything: life, essence, and eternal rest.

Thus the balance holds:

Hell remains closed, until the foolish or the desperate seek to open it once more.

JOURNAL FROM HELL

**A series of journal Pages players could find scattered throughout HELL. Was used to tell a little story from the perceptive of a soul damned to Hell.*

Fragment from the Pit #1

Written by Unknown (Kevin H)

This place… it's not punishment. It's what's left when punishment loses meaning.
There's no mercy here. No lessons. No forgiveness. Just endless slaughter. The weak are torn apart, the strong don't last long enough to matter. Every inch of this wasteland reeks of rot, blood, and desperation.

You can't rest. You can't hide. You can't even die right. When you do, you wake up screaming inside a slick, pulsing sack of flesh — reborn into another cycle of agony. I've clawed my way out of those things more times than I can remember. Each time, I swear I'll just lay there… let it swallow me whole. But it never does. It spits me back out. This place won't let you stop suffering.

There's no sky. Just a ceiling of smoke and screams. The ground's alive — sometimes it breathes, sometimes it weeps. Sometimes it whispers your name.

Everyone you meet here is feral. Hollow. Eyes like open graves. We tear at each other for scraps that don't exist. The killing stopped meaning anything ages ago.

Fragment from the Pit #2

Written by Unknown (Kevin H)

I thought I found peace. Just a moment's rest upon the cliffside… the kind of place that almost makes you believe this place could forget you. What a fool I was… I don't remember much after that — just the sound of wings, something heavy slamming into my skull… then nothing… Just blackness…When I woke, the world was upside down. My head pounding, my vision blurred… and I realized I was being carried. A demon — one of those winged bastards — had me by the legs, dangling me like a carcass…

It didn't speak. Didn't screech. Just flew. I could feel the air grow hotter, the stench of brimstone thick in my throat. Then, it started to descend. Slow at first… then faster. I saw the rivers of lava below, boiling, bubbling — and I knew what it wanted… It didn't drop me. It dunked me… Like a vulture dipping prey into fire.
The pain… I can't describe it. I can still hear the hiss of my flesh. I remember the heat — the unbearable heat from the waist up — before I passed out again… Only to awaken back inside one of those suffocating sacs… doomed to repeat the cycle of torment all over again.

Fragment from the Pit #3

Written by Unknown (Kevin H)

I found a group today… if you can even call them people anymore. A savage bunch — wild eyes, cracked skin, their laughter sounding more like growls. But they offered something no one else here does… protection.

Their leader — some beast of a man, muscles torn and scarred — said I could stay, if I proved myself useful. Their idea of “useful” was simple: bring them someone. Anyone...

I found a soul hiding in a cave not far from the cliffs… quiet, trembling, just trying to survive like the rest of us. I led the group there. Told myself it was for survival — that it was them or me.

When we arrived, they turned on both of us. Held me down as they tore into the other one. I can still hear the screams — the sound of bones cracking, skin tearing, teeth gnashing. Their blood splattered across my face… warm… thick… and all I could do was watch...

Then they started to eat him — right there, still breathing. Ripping pieces off like animals. The smell… the sound… I wanted to scream, but I couldn’t...

They killed me next. Maybe they thought it was mercy. Maybe they were just hungry…

Fragment from the Pit #4

Written by Unknown (Kevin H)

I woke up again… and the same thought keeps crawling through my skull: maybe that’s the point. Maybe Hell isn’t just a punishment for what we once did — maybe it’s punishment for what we’ll keep doing...

Not long after, that group met their end. A storm of winged demons ripped them apart from above. I watched from the rocks as flesh and bone fell like rain. Their screams cut through the air — sharp, raw — and I surprised myself by feeling pleasure at the sound… I wanted to join them. I wanted to tear and tear until there was nothing left of that miserable group... But I held back. For now.

When the sky went quiet and only ash drifted, I crept down. I wanted to return the favor, after all. The leader was alive — barely. Arms and legs shredded, breathing through blood and broken teeth. He stared at me with half a mouth and begged, gurgling, for release. He asked for it. I gave it. But not clean. Not quick. I tore into him while he choked and begged. I ripped out his eyes with my hands, bit and tore at his throat until the noise stopped. I devoured him right there on the scorched dirt — hot blood on my lips, bone splinters under my teeth…

When it was done I didn't know what I was anymore... There was a calm after, like a small, terrible hunger was filled. I should have been sick with guilt. Instead — a part of me, the part still alive in this place, wanted more... Wanted them to suffer longer…

If this is punishment, it works. If it's who we always were, then God help what's left of us…

Fragment from the Pit #5

Written by Unknown (Kevin H)

I've killed more... Devoured even more... The taste of blood pulls at me like a memory I can't forget. It's all I can think about now… But I think I understand it now — or maybe I'm just fooling myself. This place respects strength. Only the strong get to survive... Weakness gets picked apart, again and again... That's the law here… But every time I take another life, there's a part of me that thins. Something slides away… I feel it slipping — my name, my face, the things that made me someone. I'm scared I'm turning into something else... Something worse…

They whisper of a way out. Not out of Hell — out of being human. If you suffer long enough, they say, you can lose your flesh and be reborn as one of the winged things: a demon that flies, that feeds, that feels no guilt. Free from memory. Free from the endless hunger and the weight of what you've done…
Free…

Sometimes the thought comforts me, though… Other times, it terrifies me... Should I give in? Become one of them and never remember this pain — or stay human and drown in torment forever?
I don't know which is worse… I only know the hunger never stops.