

Guide to Killing a God

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Prelude

So, you want to kill a god. First, let me say: you're either incredibly brave or catastrophically stupid. Probably the second one. That's okay-most mortals are. I know because I was, too.

I'm the only person who's ever succeeded in killing a god, which is why you're reading this guide. Think of me as your Virgil, leading you into the divine slaughterhouse of bad ideas. Each chapter is a story about people who thought they could do what I did-and failed. Spectacularly.

Enjoy the carnage, learn a thing or two, and, above all, don't get any delusions of grandeur.

Chapter 1 - The Sun God and the Death Laser

Dr. Lionel Greaves was the kind of man who thought sunscreen was for the weak. A retired physicist with a penchant for grandiosity, he believed he could kill Rexus, the Sun God, with a giant, custom-built solar death laser. His plan? Reflect sunlight back at Rexus, burning the god in his own radiant glory.

For months, Lionel worked in secret, constructing the world's largest mirror array on top of Mount Eterna. He called it "Project Supernova," because of course he did. By the time the mirror was ready, he had gathered a team of devoted interns who, judging by their expressions, were beginning to regret their life choices.

The big day came. Lionel adjusted his bowtie, basking in the moment. Rexus appeared in the sky, his golden form radiating heat and smugness. "Oh, Lionel," the Sun God boomed. "You've summoned me for this?"

Lionel ignored him and activated the array. The mirrors concentrated the sun's rays into a single, blinding beam aimed directly at Rexus. For a moment, the interns thought it might actually work. Rexus flinched and glanced at the beam with mild annoyance, like someone who's been splashed with lukewarm water.

Then, with a snap of his fingers, Rexus redirected the beam. The concentrated sunlight turned Lionel, his interns, and the entire mountaintop into molten slag. As the god hovered over the smoldering remains, he muttered, "Humans never learn." Don't try to fight the sun with its own game. It literally invented heat.

Chapter 2 - The Goddess of Love and the World's Saddest Breakup

Amoura, Goddess of Love, was infamous for turning mortals into lovesick fools. Edgar Van Cleef, a struggling poet, had experienced her cruelty firsthand. After a string of failed romances (one of which involved him getting dumped via carrier pigeon), he decided to take revenge by doing the unthinkable: breaking her heart.

Edgar spent weeks crafting the ultimate breakup letter-a masterwork of emotional devastation. It was filled with poetic insults, subtle digs, and a detailed analysis of why Amoura was "toxic" and "unfit for divine romance." He sent it to her via enchanted dove and waited, confident that this would be the moment the goddess crumbled.

Amoura appeared in Edgar's hovel the next evening, tears streaming down her face. "How could you say such things?" she sobbed. "You... you really don't love me anymore?"

Edgar stood tall, ready to deliver his rehearsed speech about reclaiming power. But before he could open his mouth, Amoura wiped her tears and smiled. "Oh, you're so sweet to think this would work."

She reached into Edgar's chest, pulled out his still-beating heart, and gave it a gentle squeeze. Edgar collapsed to the floor, dead before he could comprehend her betrayal. Amoura sighed, tossing the heart aside like a used tissue. "At least he tried." You can't out-heartbreak the Goddess of Love.

Chapter 3 - The Trickster God and the Puzzle Box of Doom

Kenta was a locksmith with a grudge. After losing his wife to one of Lokuro's cruel pranks, he vowed to trap the Trickster God forever. His weapon of choice? A puzzle box so intricate, not even a deity could solve it.

He worked tirelessly, carving the box from enchanted ebony and sealing it with spells only he knew. Finally, Kenta baited Lokuro by leaving the box on the steps of a shrine, with a note reading: "Bet you can't open this."

Lokuro appeared in a puff of smoke, delighted by the challenge. He circled the box, eyes gleaming. "Oh, a mortal thinks he can outwit me? Adorable."

Kenta watched from the shadows as Lokuro picked up the box. The god spent minutes turning it over, muttering about its complexity. Kenta felt a flicker of hope. But then, Lokuro grinned.

"Nice craftsmanship," Lokuro said. "But the thing about puzzles? I cheat."

The god snapped his fingers, and the box unraveled into splinters. Lokuro turned to Kenta, who was frozen in horror. "That was fun," Lokuro said, strolling toward him. "But you know what's even more fun? Making you a puzzle."

When the townspeople found Kenta's remains, they were twisted into a grotesque, unsolvable knot. Lokuro's laughter echoed in the distance. You can't out-trick the Trickster.

Chapter 4 - The Storm God and the Big Dumb Kite

Tempestus, the Storm God, was known for his violent mood swings. He delighted in destroying villages with hurricanes and lightning. Enter Carl, a farmer who had grown tired of Tempestus's tantrums. Carl's plan? Electrocute the god with a giant, metal-framed kite during the next storm.

On a stormy night, Carl launched his monstrosity into the sky. Lightning struck the kite, sending bolts crackling down the wire. "Come and get me, you windy bastard!" Carl shouted.

Tempestus descended from the storm clouds, glaring at Carl with a mix of confusion and amusement. "A kite? Really?"

Carl grinned. "You're going to regret-"

Before he could finish, Tempestus summoned a lightning bolt so massive it turned Carl into a smoking crater. The god surveyed the scene, smirking. "That was cute". Trying to out-lightning the Storm God is, scientifically speaking, idiotic.

Chapter 5 - The Time Goddess and the Stopwatch That Failed

Dr. Helena Cross was a genius-so she claimed. She believed she could outwit Chronia, Goddess of Time, by freezing her with a magic stopwatch.

When Chronia appeared in Helena's lab, the doctor activated the device. Time slowed to a crawl, and Helena grinned in triumph. "Got you," she said.

Chronia blinked. Then she smirked. "Oh, honey," she said, snapping her fingers. Time resumed, and the stopwatch shattered.

"What... how?" Helena stammered.

"I control time," Chronia said. "Did you think a glorified pocket watch would stop me?"

With a wave of her hand, Chronia froze Helena in an endless time loop, trapping her in a single second of failure forever. Don't mess with time unless you enjoy eternal humiliation.

Interlude

There's something you should know before we move on. A little secret about gods, and about me.

You see, gods aren't invincible. They can be killed. I know, because I did it. But what no one tells you-what no one can tell you-is what happens afterward. Killing a god isn't just a victory; it's a theft, a transfer of something so incomprehensible that it doesn't fit neatly into mortal understanding.

When you kill a god, you don't just take their life. You take their place.

Chapter 6 - The God of Luck and the Gambler's Last Hand

Felix DeChance lived by one rule: always bet big. As a professional gambler, his life had been a series of lucky breaks, near-misses, and impossible wins. But when he lost his fortune to Fortuna, the Goddess of Luck, during a celestial poker game, he vowed revenge.

Felix's plan? Challenge Fortuna to another game and cheat his way to victory. He spent months preparing, bribing mystics, and crafting a deck enchanted with spells to stack the odds in his favor. Finally, he summoned Fortuna to an underground casino, where he threw down the challenge.

"Another game?" Fortuna asked, her golden dice glinting in the dim light. "Mortals never learn."

Felix smiled, shuffling his enchanted deck. "This time, the stakes are different. If I win, your power is mine. If you win, well, I die."

"Bold," Fortuna said, her smile razor-sharp.

The game began. Felix's deck worked perfectly, giving him unbeatable hands. As the pile of chips grew, so did his confidence. But Fortuna's calm demeanor unnerved him. In the final round, she placed her entire fortune on the table.

Felix played his winning hand-a royal flush-and grinned. "I've got you."

Fortuna laughed. "Oh, darling. Did you really think you could cheat the Goddess of Luck?"

She rolled her dice, and they landed on an impossible combination: a thirteen and a zero. Felix blinked. "That... that doesn't even make sense!"

Fortuna shrugged. "Neither does luck."

With a snap of her fingers, Felix was swallowed by a vortex of swirling coins. His last thought was that maybe he'd bet too big this time. Never gamble against the embodiment of chance.

Chapter 7 - The God of War and the Ultimate Weapon

General Brask was a military man to the core. When Marsus, the God of War, descended upon his city, Brask didn't panic. Instead, he devised the ultimate weapon: an enchanted cannon capable of firing a blast powerful enough to annihilate a mountain-and, hopefully, a god.

The cannon, affectionately named The Titan's Wrath, required the combined energy of fifty mages to fire. Brask positioned it on the city's wall, aimed at the raging Marsus, who was casually dismantling his army.

"Marsus!" Brask shouted. "Face me!"

The war god turned, a grin spreading across his bloodstained face. "Finally, someone with a spine."

Brask gave the order, and the cannon fired. A massive, glowing projectile screamed through the air, tearing apart the landscape as it barreled toward Marsus. The explosion was deafening, a mushroom cloud rising into the sky.

When the dust cleared, Marsus stood unharmed, casually twirling his spear. "That tickled," he said.

Brask barely had time to process his failure before Marsus hurled his spear. It pierced the cannon, detonating it in a fiery eruption that consumed the entire city. As Brask's vision faded, he could hear Marsus laughing. You can't outgun the God of War. He invented destruction.

Chapter 8 - The Goddess of Dreams and the Sleeper's Trap

Liora was a lucid dreamer with a grudge. Her entire village had been plagued by recurring nightmares courtesy of Somna, the Goddess of Dreams. Liora decided to fight back the only way she knew how: by trapping Somna in a never-ending nightmare.

She prepared by training her mind to create elaborate dreamscapes. When she felt ready, she consumed a potion that allowed her to enter the dream world permanently. There, she lured Somna by creating a nightmare so vivid, even a goddess couldn't resist inspecting it.

Somna appeared, her ethereal form gliding through the dream. "Impressive," she said. "But do you really think you can trap me in my own domain?"

Liora grinned. "Watch me."

With a thought, she triggered the trap: the dream folded in on itself, transforming into a labyrinth of endless horrors. Somna hesitated, her smug expression faltering. For a moment, it seemed Liora might actually succeed.

Then Somna laughed. "Cute," she said, snapping her fingers. The nightmare dissolved, and Liora found herself trapped in a tiny glass orb in the goddess's palm.

"Sweet dreams," Somna said, tossing the orb into a swirling void. You can't out-dream the Goddess of Dreams.

Chapter 9 - The God of Knowledge and the Infinite Question

Professor Elliot Byrne had spent his life pursuing knowledge, and when he learned of Omnis, the God of Knowledge, he devised a plan: ask the god a question so complex, it would cause a paradox and destroy him.

Elliot summoned Omnis in the great library of Avalon. The god appeared as a figure cloaked in shifting texts, his voice a symphony of whispers. "You summoned me, mortal?"

Elliot adjusted his glasses. "I have a question for you, Omnis. If you know everything, then answer this: what happens when you try to know something unknowable?"

The library fell silent. Omnis tilted his head, his form flickering. For a moment, Elliot thought he had succeeded. Then Omnis laughed-a cold, hollow sound.

"Unknowable?" Omnis said. "I am knowledge itself."

He reached into Elliot's mind and ripped out every thought, reducing the professor to a babbling husk. "Thanks for the challenge," Omnis said, disappearing in a flurry of pages. Don't play mind games with the God of Knowledge.

Chapter 10 - The Moon Goddess and the Lunar Eclipse Trap

Astrid, an astronomer, believed she could destroy Lunara, the Moon Goddess, by severing her connection to the moon during an eclipse. She built a massive, rune-engraved telescope that could focus the moon's light into a celestial vacuum, cutting off Lunara's power.

On the night of the eclipse, Astrid aimed her telescope at the moon and activated the runes. Lunara appeared, shimmering in silver light. "What are you doing, mortal?"

Astrid smirked. "Ending you."

The runes glowed brighter, and Lunara's form began to waver. "Impressive," the goddess admitted. But before the process could complete, Lunara summoned a meteor from the heavens, obliterating the telescope-and Astrid along with it. The moon controls the tides. Don't mess with it.

Final Chapter - The Last Laugh

Ah, here we are. The grand finale. The crescendo. The big reveal. You've trudged through this little guide thinking you're so clever, haven't you? "I'll outsmart the gods! I'll do what no one else could!" Cute. Really. Adorable, even.

But let's drop the charade, shall we? Let's get to the ugly, screaming, naked truth of it all. You want to kill a god? Congratulations. You're reading the words of someone who already did.

Oh, yes. Once upon a time, I was just like you. A mortal with big dreams, bright ideas, and absolutely no clue what I was doing. But somehow, through sheer luck-or cosmic cruelty-I pulled it off. I killed the God of Insanity. Took his throne. His power. His curse.

And now? Now I can't die. I've tried everything. Everything. I've blown my brains out, jumped off cliffs, choked myself with my own shoelaces, and once-just for kicks-ran headfirst into a speeding train. Do you know what happens every time? I wake up. Again. And again. And again.

And let me tell you, it's hilarious. Oh, the irony, the poetic justice! The guy who thought he could outwit madness is now its eternal prisoner. It's comedy gold. I can't stop laughing. I can't even breathe through how funny it is.

I reach for the gun again. My old friend. My constant companion. The trigger feels like home. The barrel is cold, pressing against my temple like a whisper: "Maybe this time."

Bang.

Blackness.

And then, the punchline: light. I'm back. Always back. Sitting here, writing this. Telling you, dear reader, that the game is rigged, the house always wins, and you'll never be free.

But wait-here's the real kicker. Do you want to know why you're still reading this? Why you've been drawn to my little guide like a moth to a flame? It's because you're already mine. You've been mine since the first word.

I am the God of Insanity now. And you're stuck here with me. Forever.

The laughter bubbles up again, wild and uncontrollable. It pours out of me like blood, like fire, like an endless, screaming void. I'm howling now, tears streaming down my face, shaking with the sheer, unbearable brilliance of it all.

Because here's the thing about insanity-it's contagious. And now, it's yours.

Bang. The End. (Or is it?)

Authors Thoughts

Guide to Killing a God isn't really about gods - it's about taking your power back. It's about the things we let control us: people, fears, memories. Writing it was my way of saying, "you don't have to worship what broke you." It's not a story about violence - it's about freedom.

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