

*(Speaking to Death)*

You were very clever. I had no idea it was you, and yes, I was quite scared.

*(pause)*

In truth, I'd forgotten all about that agreement I made with you, all those years ago. I was just seven years old, wasn't I? The day my father died. I was looking at his shrine, when the shadows started to move. And then there you were, standing before me. You told me I had a role to play. That I could be like my father- helping everyone but himself, or that I could live a long life, helping you. I could be kind- or cunning.

*(pause)*

Afterwards, I thought I had imagined the whole thing.

My father was executed, and my mother, aunts, and uncles died in a work camp shortly after. All because my father was using his power as an official to help others escape- we all suffered for his treasonous choices.

*(She has Death trapped)*

I drugged everything- but yes, most of it was in the wine.

*(sneering)*

You can never be too careful with the roads being the way they are, these days. You know how it is. It is a big, scary world, and I'm just an old, feeble woman- Be quiet! I made it through this life by my own cunning, my own strength and will to survive! It had nothing to do with you.

I'd like to renegotiate the terms of our deal. Give me twenty-five more years.