

# **Tutorial Area Lore**

This will be all memories, journals, etc. that are found in the Tutorial Area.

## **Unknown Journal #1**

We've managed to cross the waters undiscovered. A few guards patrolled the West Walls, but we were able to remove them without raising a signal.

---

At sundown, we'll start ascending the wall. Provisions should be waiting for us at the top.

- J.

## **Unknown Journal #2**

We've been hunkered here for the past few days as [Z](#) and her spies prep the West Wall.

They've rigged the trap doors ahead so we can open them from below.

---

Tonight, we make our move.

There are heavier patrols around, but with all the fighting at the bridge, there should be no time for reinforcements.

- J.

## **Unknown Journal #3**

The [Divining Bell Cables](#) needed to pass the interior ramparts were waiting for us, just like [Z](#) promised.

...But our scouts underestimated how much we'd need. We're short a few hundred feet.

---

...Looks like we'll have to get creative.

- J.

## **Unknown Journal #4**

...Looks like I've underestimated [Z's](#) charisma again.

---

Below me I can see all the misfits that have joined our ranks.  
When did so many Rebels join? From here, it seems like an endless sea.

---

...This was supposed to be a suicide mission meant only for a few.

---

She's unknowingly rallied these souls to a lost cause, and my sins keep growing...

- J.

### **J's Memory**

...There weren't supposed to be so many. It was only going to be a small group of us, sacrificed to pay for the Kingdom's stability...

---

...I whispered just a few words to a few ears. A warning to the Kingdom of the incoming rebellion. We were supposed to walk into a trap and be stopped.

---

...But he never planned to stop us.  
He wanted this war to happen...

All I've done is given him time to prepare...

---

...Z...I'm sorry... I was just trying to save you.

...Win or lose, there is no redemption on my horizon.

### **Unknown Journal #5**

(Most of the pages have been torn from the book. Only a solitary note remains.)

I wish I was a better person. I'm sorry.

-J.

### **Unknown Journal #6**

This is it. The end of th Elaine.

Below us there's a [Trick Wall which can only be opened with magic](#).

[Z](#) said it should lead us straight to the Estuaries...

---

...Tonight we live and die with the crimes I've committed.

- J.

### **Eupraxia's Notes (1)**

(This document is newer than the rest.

It seems to track the number of survivors successfully ferried from the Kerguelen Plateau to Castle Hamson.

---

There are hundreds of names. [Z](#) has been using her power over the [Shift](#) to create shortcuts for Rebels throughout the Citadel. Almost everyone was saved.)

---

(Scribbled at the bottom of the page, a small note reads: “Lethargic, appetite’s changed, and she gets bouts of morning sickness. Could [Z](#) be...”

...The last portion of the note seems to have been torn off.)

### **Eupraxia’s Notes (2)**

(A list displays the names of hundreds of Citadel-born soldiers who’ve switched sides and joined the Rebels. Each convert is assigned a tracker - a true-blooded Rebel whose job it was to keep tabs on them.

Written at the top of the sheet is the name [Jonah \(J\)](#).  
Next to that is the name of his tracker, [Gregory](#).)

### **Eupraxia’s Notes (3)**

(There’s a document tracking the behavior of all individuals considered at high risk of double-crossing the Rebellion.

[J](#)’s name appears on it, with a note beside it mentioned a contingency plan: ‘Rebel Road’.)

### **Eupraxia’s Notes (4)**

(A massive schedule shows when and where Rebel soldiers are to meet up with [Z](#) inside Citadel Agatha.

It seems like they were using [Z](#)’s power over the [Shift](#) to place Rebel soldiers all throughout the Citadel.)

### **Eupraxia’s Notes (5)**

(This outlines all protocols and actions to implement in the case that [Estuary Lamech](#) discovers the Rebel army and attempts to stop them.

---

A diagram shows the placement of thousands of tons of explosives all across Axis Mundi, ready to be ignited after [Lamech](#) crosses, in an attempt to stand him on the other side.

The Rebel Road network is a network of wooden walkways running across the treetops throughout the Kerguelen Forest. It allows Rebels to cross through the lands unnoticed, and can be served as an elevated position from which archers can ambush [Estuary Lamech](#).

---

The [Narrow Praxis](#) specialized training program has been given the go-ahead, in order to train archers for this contingency.)

## **Eupraxia's Notes (6)**

(The 'Ceremony of Return' plan lays strewn out on the table. Fake documents and false names fill every corner. Months of work were placed into creating this intricate facade; a necessary precaution against betrayal.)

## **Jonah's Memory**

I was never an ally to them. They never trusted me.

They called me a knight, but I know I was just a pawn.

## **Citadel Agarth Lore**

This will be all dialogue from Journals and Memories found while playing in Citadel Agarth.

### **1 - Citadel Agarth Journal (Z)**

(The letter is old, but carefully preserved.)

J! The rumors are true!

The [Golden Doors](#) are real, and I found them!

The doors will only open when all the [Estuaries](#) have gathered together.

I know it sounds crazy, but I have a plan to save everyone. But I can't do it myself. I need your help, and some people I can trust.

- Z

### **2 - Citadel Agarth Journal (Z)**

The [Black Roots](#) keep growing...

They're everywhere now. The guards continuously cut them down, but they keep growing back.

I swear the land is reacting to our pain.

The more people we lose, the thicker the [Black Roots](#) seem to grow...

Sorry I've been missing our meetings at the [Golden Doors](#).

The [Estuaries](#) demand the impossible.

They raise our work hours and they tax us incessantly, and when people complain they are arrested.

So many friends are gone. J, you have no idea what it's like over here...

The Kingdom has become a powder keg, just waiting to explode, and it's our job to light it.

This is a once-in-a-lifetime chance, **J**!  
We can do something! We can save everyone!

- Z.

### **3 - Citadel Agarth Journal (Z)**

I've been gathering more and more people, **J**.  
People like us. People who are sick of living down here.

There's an **Heirloom** in the Citadel that grants people amazing powers.  
Powers that let you dash through the air, just like you're flying!

I've been sneaking in recruits to obtain this power, but only a few are strong enough to survive the **Heirloom's** challenge.

If you helped train them, there could be so many more, **J**! You could be the difference!

Something big is happening.

The people have had enough, and their anger is spilling onto the stress.  
A war is brewing, I just hope you're with us when it happens.

- Z.

### **4 - Citadel Agarth Journal (Z)**

Every day our numbers grow larger, **J**. Word of a rebellion is spreading among the people.

One of our new recruits is a soldier.  
Said he trained under you...  
That you were the best.

He told me that all battles are fought on two fronts: A physical one, and an emotional one.

And how knowledge could be the deciding faction in a fight.

There's another Heirloom in the Citadel.  
I spoke with it, and it claims to offer the Power of Empathy...

...It also said my butt's smelly so I've been avoiding it ever since.

I never thought that power was worth the risk...but after hearing what the recruit said...

- Z.

### **5 - Citadel Agarthia Memory (Lamech's Memory)**

How many years has it been since we first came down here?

...Fifty years?

...A hundred??

...A THOUSAND??? My patience is at its end!

These scholars, they jump from one fancy to the next, like they're the belle of the ball!  
Just singing and dancing, and never finishing anything they've started!

They have taken our gifts of life, and have abused it.

This...lackadaisical behavior must be brought to an end.  
They must be punished.

Only through pain and we drive discovery.  
I've brought this up before, but the others never agree with me - they never do.  
I'll bring it up once more at the next meeting, but this time it will be different. I can feel it.

...Everyone's patience has a limit, and something tells me the thirtieth time will be the charm!

### **6 - Citadel Agarthia Memory (Lamech's Memory)**

I am an Estuary!  
Hand-chosen by our King

We are the pinnacle of royalty, and by the King's decree all others stand below us.

Yet here I sit, rotting in the halls after my fellow Estuaries banished me from the table!

ME!! OF ALL PEOPLE!!! FROM THE TABLE!

ME!!!!!! FROM TABLE!!!

ME!!!

If I think we should kill some of the scholars, then I should be given my allotted hour to explain why!  
It's not my fault the others don't spend their full hour speaking their mind!

And who cares if "I've brought up the same argument for the last thirty meetings"?

I AM AN ESTUARY. I can bring it up as many times as I want!

They think they can throw me out, like I am somehow lesser?

WELL, NO!

I am not below them, they are below me!

Every day they putter away at their civic duties like natty little *nyeh-nyeh-nyeh* rats.

They read their stupid little *flip-flip-flip* books.  
They train their weak little *hurp-a-durp* soldiers.  
And they grow their ugly little...eggplants.

...I don't know what sound an eggplant makes.

But I am above those mundanities!  
My role is too important to be hindered by so-called "duties".

I am the bastion that guards the **Gates!!!**

The last - **nay only** - required line of defense against any would-be attackers!

...This peace places them in a dull stupor.  
They need me. One day this peace will end, and when that day comes, I will show them who is truly superior.

**7 - Citadel Agatha Memory (Lamech's Memory)**

OOOOOOH! My hands won't stop shaking!

My skin is full of prickles, and my heart is (*bump-bump*) bumping!

OOOOOOH! I feel alive again!

A man - nay - a rat!

Nay - a **man-rat**, came crawling to me the other day with information.

In return for an official pardon and some trifling gifts, he revealed everything he knew about a secret rebellion.

He has given me everything I need to know. Letters, transcripts, memos, and more!

I cannot comprehend how something this big slipped past our spies, but none of that matters.  
All that matters is a war is coming, and I'm the only Estuary that knows of it!

My chance to show my worth has finally arrived!

I must stay calm and read these documents carefully. No one else can know of this.

...I will NOT let anyone take my glory away.

### **8 - Citadel Agarthia Memory (Lamech's Memory)**

The Rebels' plan is cunning...

First, they will strike us at the gates. But this is a diversion to draw the guards.

The true battle will happen at the [Ceremony of Return](#). They have dug a secret tunnel from the west that leads directly to the Ceremony grounds.

I always knew the Ceremony was a dangerous event. It is why I took every precaution to keep its date a secret.  
The only ones who know when it occurs is me and my fellow [Estuaries](#).

For this rabble to discover when the Ceremony happens is impossible...

...Unless there is a traitor among us.

Every move I make from now on must be planned out meticulously.  
I must retreat to my abode to contemplate on this.

[In the Tower of Lights I've hidden a secret door against the far wall between the fifth and sixth lantern.](#)

I shall retreat to it for now.

### **????? (Lamech's Sanctuary)**

(Scribbles, lines and question marks cover the page. Nothing intelligible.)

### **Lamech's Memory (Lamech's Sanctuary)**

The Ceremony of Return draws near, and I have yet to act on this rebellion.



If I invaded the village, I could crush them before it even started... But that would only be a temporary solution.

And attacking now would reveal my hand.

I can stop the rebellion, but I will never discover which of the [Estuaries](#) are on their side.

—

There's only one solution to this conundrum.

I shall let the Ceremony continue as planned.

During the chaos, the traitor will reveal himself to me. I know it.

—

I have a secret set of guards ready to double the security of the gates at the last possible moment. The peasants will be decimated on the bridge.

As for the Rebels that ambush us during the Ceremony?

I will take care of that.

No tricks. No treachery. I will show the people the true difference between a serf and a Lord.

I will cut them down, one-by-one, and forever crush their morale.

—

This is the only solution.

Let them come.

### **Lamech's Memory (Prime 1)**

(A torn banner of a foreign kingdom flutters in the wind, buried amongst the corpses and the crows. In the distance, Lamech stands tall on a mountain of bodies - a monument to his success.

Soldiers - tattered and wounded - raise their blades to the sky as they shout his name across the valley.)

### **Lamech's Memory (Prime 2)**

I knew...I always knew.

—

I ignored the reports and made false truths in my head...

I fooled myself into believing the rebellion would be smaller than it truly was.

I could have quashed the Rebels in their homes, destroyed whatever vestige of hope they had!

—

...But I didn't.

...This war never needed to happen. I kept this knowledge to myself, knowing the cost.

—

In truth, I wanted to die gloriously. One final hurrah to end my chapter.

I wanted to be free of this eternal prison, guarding a tree that will never sprout.

—

...But there was no death for me, and no glory. And now, there is no one left to fight.

### **Lamech's Memory (Prime 3)**

(The doors to [Lamech's throne](#) burst open as a wave of rebels surge into the room.  
For every one that falls to his blade, another two replace them.

The fighting lasts for hours, and then for days. Eventually there are no more foes to fight, and Lamech stands tall on a pile of bodies.)

---

(The room is silent.)

## **Axis Mundi Lore**

This will be all dialogue from Journals and Memories found while playing in Axis Mundi.

### **1 - Axis Mundi Journal (J)**

It's worse than I imagined...

The shops, the houses...the fallout of war is all that dwells in them now.

We don't have enough hands to cart supplies.

Most of the soldiers are so exhausted from dredging the lake, they can barely stand.

I know I'm pushing them past their limits, but there's no time for rest.

If the lake becomes poisoned...

Well, that would be the final nail in our coffin.

### **2 - Axis Mundi Journal (J)**

We have finished dredging the lake and nearly all the bodies have been removed.

As per the [Estuaries'](#) orders, the bodies are being stored in a Gatehouse by the entrance to the [Kerguelen Plateau](#). They'll remain there for 'processing'.

[Estuary Naamah](#) is in charge of the burials, but things are moving too slowly.

She demands each body be painstakingly prepared, so it can properly fertilize the earth.

But the bodies keep mounting, and I fear we'll soon run out of space...

My gut tells me something's off, and it's not just the rot.

### **3 - Axis Mundi Journal (J)**

It's over...

Food shipments, aid for the villagers, everything.

Although the Bridge succumbed to the Shift, we persevered.

But now the Gatehouse has been overrun by beasts...

I should have trusted my instincts. I could feel something was coming.

The stench of rotting bodies must have attracted the beasts, but I did not believe they could sneak past our defenses.

The Stygian Beasts are massive - unlike anything I've seen - but they are not marine creatures.

They stand on two feet - almost humanoid in stature.

They were too large for me to handle alone, and I could not marshall the soldiers to fight.

Perhaps if I were as persuasive as [Z](#) things would be different...

My only recourse was to seal the gate and trap the beasts inside.

Unfortunately, this also blocked the only supply route into the village.

I must inform the Estuaries - we need more soldiers to fend off the wretched monsters!

...Alas, I fear the villagers are on their own now.

### **4 - Axis Mundi Journal (J)**

I had the same dream last night...

...Witnessing a village abandoned as we sealed the Stygian Beasts in the Gatehouse.

That dream will continue to haunt me until I understand why the [Estuaries](#) decided to quarantine the region instead of fight.

I knew it wasn't due to concern for my safety.

Thus, the knot in my stomach continues to twist as my mind reels with questions...

How did those beasts slip past our defenses?

And why was no one alerted until it was too late?

...And why were there so few guard in the Gatehouse that night?

From the beginning I was against storing the bodies in that Gatehouse. The frigidness of the nearby [Kerguelen Plateau](#) would have preserved the bodies far better.

Regardless, I know something is wrong, and it's about time I stopped ignoring it.

I'll [find a way into the Gatehouse Observation Room](#). The guard keeps record of the night's events.

[There's a hidden back entrance into the Observation Room that is revealed in the lights.](#)

...Perhaps I'll find my answers there.

**SIGN (At start of Axis Mundi)**

## AGARTHA GATEHOUSE

1. Do not leave the queue or you will be arrested.
2. Do not remove the armband or you will be arrested.
3. Do not speak to the Estuaries or you will be arrested.
4. Return before nightfall or you will be arrested.

**J (Agartha Gatehouse)**

Attention: Gregory

The bridge has fallen to the Shift, just like everything else.

---

And it's sections of the bridge constantly switching places, the Estuaries have deemed it too dangerous to ship supplies to the outlying villages.

The people won't make it to the next harvest if we don't help.

---

Therefore I want you to make a call for volunteers.

We shall lead the shipments ourselves if we must.

But in order to cross, [you will need an Heirloom contained in the Gatehouse Tower.](#)  
[The entrance is directly above the gates to the Citadel.](#)

---

The entrance has caved in, but perhaps you can find another way in from the floors above.

And remember to keep this quiet. The Estuaries won't approve of this...

---

Sometimes I wonder if they want the people to starve...

But that is not the issue here.

Perhaps by doing this, we can begin to atone for our past.

### **Gregory - Memory (Agartha Gatehouse Tower - 1)**

Stairwell's collapsed... No way to get up there now.

These wretched Black Roots were probably the cause. Must have wormed their way into the cracks.

### **Gregory - Journal (Agartha Gatehouse Tower - 2)**

J,

The last cave-in buried the Heirloom.

The good news is that the Heirloom is still intact. Those things are sturdy.

---

We've been trying to dig it out, but the Tower's barely in one piece.

If it moves too much, I fear the whole Tower will collapse. If that happens, we'll bury the only entrance into Agartha.

There's nothing else we can do, we have to leave it be. Sorry J.

### **SIGN (Before Resonant Platform)**

## **LOOTERS BE WARNED**

As decreed by [Estuary Irad](#), all gold and jewelry found in [Axis Mundi](#) is property of the Treasury.

All looting is strictly **PROHIBITED**.

(You will gain an additional [20%](#) gold bonus while in [Axis Mundi](#).)

### **Gregory's Memory (Near Resonant Platform)**

These temporary [Resonant Platforms](#) we've made are a fool's errand.

There are not enough volunteers with [Echo's Heirloom](#) to make the crossing, and every person we lose is a sacrifice we can't afford.

---

The [Estuaries](#) are right... There's no saving the villagers.

?????([Pizza Mundi 1](#))

## **SPECIALTY ORDER PIZZA RECIPES**

---

### **Lamech's Meat and Mushroom Pizza**

Tomato Sauce (heavy)

Mozzarella cheese

Sliced mushrooms (thin)

Crushed red pepper flakes

Green peppers

Pepperoni

Sausage (light)

---

### **Enoch's Pineapple Pizza**

Tomato sauce (light)

Mozzarella cheese (double)

Pineapples

Ham

Pepperoni

??????(Pizza Mundi 2)

### **Naamah's Green Pizza**

Tomato sauce (very light)

Goat cheese

Spinach

Basil

Oregano

Cherry tomatoes

Arugula

Olive oil

---

### **Irad's Pepperoni Pizza**

Tomato sauce (heavy)

Mozzaralla cheese (regular)

Pepperoni (double)

Cheddar cheese (Place on crust. Perforate for easy tearing.)

---

(On the last page there are instructions on how to repair and convert wicker plates into targets.)

### **SIGN (Kerguelen Gatehouse)**

## **KERGUELEN GATEHOUSE**

1. Please keep all metals off the soil.
2. Please do not cut any branches while walking through the undergrowth.
3. Please do not disturb the wildlife.

??????? (Memory in Kerguelen Gatehouse Tower)

The [Black Roots](#) won't stop growing!!!

...They're going to CRUSH ME!!!

---

Why did I leave my weapon by the door?  
That was careless of me - I need to find help!

I can jump out the window...  
...Perhaps the bodies will soften my fall.

---

Wait... What's happening to the bodies? Are they squirming?

It's the roots! The roots are infesting the bodies somehow!

...Oh no...

---

Something's coming...

### **Mehujael's Memory (Prime 1)**

(Slowly lifted into position by massive cranes and pulleys, the armada's flagship vessel, the [Preserver of Life](#), floats precariously above a massive black pit.

Atop the quarterdeck, [Estuary Mehujael](#) looks proudly upon his crew as they prepare the ship for its descent into the [Stygian Waters](#)).

---

(Above the masts, Whitestone chains groan as they slowly begin to lower the ship.

The noise is deafening, and the reverberations threaten to tear the ship in half, but [Mehujael's](#) crew remain stoic. He promised the ship would hold, and his words are their trust.)

### **Mehujael's Memory (Prime 2)**

(In the dark, the once pristine desk of the Preserver of Life are awash in the black and blood of monstrous Void Beasts. Their numbers seem endless as more and more of them emerge from the Stygian Waters.

Visible only through the flash of cannon fire, a giant tentacle from the Stygian Kraken crashes down onto the wooden desk, sending Mehujael and his crewmen flying through the air.

For a moment he is weightless, then he feels the icy sting of the Stygian Waters).

---

(Delay to the touch, the [Stygian Waters](#) threaten to drag him further under as every drop pulls on his soul.

In the distance, First Mate [Byarith](#) barks orders at his men, and ropes are hurled into the waters in an effort to save those flung overboard.

Struggling against the waves and flotsam, [Mehujael](#) grasps one of the ropes, then looks back at his flailing men.)

---

(He knows the ropes won't help. The sailors are too far out, and too weak from the touch of the [Stygian Waters](#) to save themselves.

One after another, the silhouettes of his men sink under the waves.)

---

(With one last prayer spoken before taking a breath, [Mehujael](#) releases his rope and dives into the brackish waters to save those he can.)

### **Mehujael's Memory (Prime 3)**

(The Sun from the Tower shines brightly upon the shipyard in the [Kerguelen Plateau](#), as the [Preserver of Life](#) is slowly dismantled.

It has been many years since a [Void Beast](#) has emerged from the waters, and the materials within these ships are better used elsewhere.

Under [Naamah's](#) guidance, the ship's hull and nails will build new homes, and its sails, new clothing.)

---

(In the offices above, [Estuary Mehujael](#) accepts the offer to take ownership of the [Nibiru Deep Mines](#). Though hardly a glamorous position, it was the only way to keep his crew together.

After his proposal is approved, he offers his crew the choice to stay above and continue their lives in the sun, but none will abandon their captain.)

---

(As centuries pass, the [Nibiru Deep Mines](#) transform into their own bustling world.

Separated from the other [Estuaries](#), a new underground culture flourishes; a society built upon equality and respect.)

### **Mehujael's Memory (Prime 4)**

(Shouting and commotion fill the tunnel as a small stream of [Stygian Water](#) trickles down the passageways.



[Mehujael](#) barely has time to think before the trickle becomes a torrent.)

---

(He quickly guides his people towards the Atlantis Spire, a massive ventilation shaft that travels to the top of the mine. The other exits are flooded - there's no other way to escape...

The vent is narrow and dark as night, but his people have no recourse but to scale its walls. Those that lose their strength fall to the rising waters. Mehujael carries as many exhausted men as he can on his back, but not everyone can be saved.)

---

After climbing for an eternity, he finally breaches the surface. Half a dozen people cling to his back, and he barely manages to pull himself up before giving in to exhaustion.

A storm rages on the surface, obscuring his vision. The wind beaks just long enough to see that [Nibiru Deep](#) is no more.

The water has risen to such a level that the land surrounding the mine is now completely flooded. Only the very tip of the [Atlantis Vent](#) is still visible.)

---

(With little strength remaining and no concern for what's to come, [Mehujael](#) produces a knife...)

'Take from me a piece of my flesh. Become my child and survive this night.'

### **Mehujael's Memory (Prime 5)**

(The memory is split and largely incoherent. A thousand different images and emotions assault your mind.

You see people swimming across the [Stygian Waters](#), towards the glowing light of the [Sun Tower](#).

You see the relief in their eyes for having made the journey, but feel an undercurrent of fear. Becoming an [Estuary](#) of an [Estuary](#) is sacrilege, and there will be repercussions.

An unspoken pact of silence is the common thread unified a hundred different voices, spread across a hundred different lives.)

---

(The memories are a jumble as their hosts wander aimlessly. But eventually they all coalesce upon [Axis Mundi](#).

The [Children of Mehujael](#) are together once more, hiding the shadowed recesses of buildings populating the bridge.

The unnerving silence is broken by the sound of a single horn. It's low groan emanates from [Citadel Agarthia](#). With a single nod, the [Children of Mehujael](#) gather their weapons. They emerge from the shadows, and begin their assault on the Citadel.)

## **Kerguelen Plateau Lore**

This will be all dialogue from Journals and Memories found while playing in Kerguelen Plateau

## **1 - Kerguelen Plateau Journal (J)**

(The letter is old and has been carefully wrapped in leather to protect it from the cold.)

Dear [Z](#),

You must be more careful. Talk of the rebellion is spreading.

Some [Estuaries](#) may be deaf to such whispers, but those in the Study hear everything.

As a result, we were ordered to cast the Heirloom of Zephyr into the Stygian Waters to prevent rebels such as yourself from reaching it...

...But all is not lost!

A recent [Shift](#) churned up the riverbed, and the heirloom has resurfaced a slight way off the [Far Shores](#).

I know how important that [Heirloom](#) is to you, so I've tethered a [Resonant Rope](#) to it [just below the waterline](#). You should be able to reach it from the shore.

I can't protect you forever, so good luck and stay low.

## **2 - Kerguelen Plateau Journal (J)**

You have a gift, Z.

Stop wasting your talents trying to help everyone you meet.  
You could be working in the Citadel and making a change from the inside.

You don't have to suffer like this.

If you fight, you'll die. Trust me, there's no winning this war...

You have no idea how powerful [Lamech](#) is.  
It would take a hundred soldiers plus a miracle to stop him...

...Forgive me. I don't know why I'm writing this...

I love you [Z](#), but you must be open to compromise. I hope you don't hate me for what I'm asking.

Yours,  
- J.

### 3 - Kerguelen Plateau Journal (J)

My soldiers are good people, [Z](#)...

They're just scared.

They've spent their whole life training so they could provide for their familiars.

Not everyone can throw it all away.

...

When the time comes, I'll do my best to pull the guards away from the fight.

But I can't move them all. There WILL be fighting on the bridge.

...And casualties will be unavoidable.

I can help train any Rebels you've gathered.

Give them a fighting chance...

But I'll only do this under certain conditions.

1. I will not fight. I'll train the villagers but I cannot turn my sword against my own men.

2. If we lose, you must disband the Rebels. No one leaves a war unscathed, but the [Estuaries](#) WILL look kindly on a clean surrender. I can ensure it, if it comes down to that.

And finally...

3. You don't join the fight either.

You are no use to the Rebels dead, and this way I can be sure you're safe. Remember, all great Generals die from old age.

This may not be what you wanted, but those are my conditions.

I hope you find this arrangement...acceptable.

- J.

### 4 - Kerguelen Plateau Journal (J)

Dear [Z](#),

I know it must have been hard, but thank you for agreeing.

When do I start?

## **5 - Kerguelen Plateau Memory (Naamah's Memory)**

Only **Father** believed in me.

If not for him, my brothers would have sacrificed me years ago.

No farms, no mills, no hunting. Everything must stay in its natural state. We took care of the land, then the land cared for us.

The yields were kept small and the forest remained untamed.  
And due to my wisdom and efforts, my garden has blossomed.

In this land of death, I have birthed a cornucopia of life.

- Do not till the earth, for it will drain the soil
- Do not pen the animals lest sickness spread among the livestock.
- Do not cut the young bought, for their growth enriches the land.
  
- Tend to the forest as I tend to my own children.
- Take only that which is needed.
- Harvest only that which is dead or dying.
- Always cull the poison. Always.

## **6 - Kerguelen Plateau Memory (Naamah's Memory)**

...My success has become my undoing. My brothers have blamed me for the rebellion and wash their hands of all responsibility!

**Lamech** commands the guards and **Enoch** supervises the spies, yet the failure to discover the Rebels falls on me?

They seek to provoke me.

Their soldiers trample the undergrowth, they cut down the trees, and they dig ditches to dispose the bodies.

Everything I have done, they seek to undo out of jealousy and spite.

They left me no choice. Now I must oversee the burials.

They offer no support, and mock my 'traditions.' They pressure me to lower my standards, but I shall not!

- Remove the broken metal, lest it pollute the soil.
- Clean out the wounds, lest sickness spreads through the people.
- Mourn the bodies of the young, for they bore no children.

- Tend to my children as I tend to my forest.
- Pass down all trinkets, for sentiment is needed.
- Honor those who are dead and dying.
- Pray for the poisoned. Pray.

...But the bodies won't stop coming.

### **7 - Kerguelen Plateau Memory (Naamah's Memory)**

It has been a hundred days since the monsters arrived on the Bridge, and the gates were closed.

For one hundred days we have carried out our duties.

We have nursed the wounded.

And rationed our food.

One hundred days have passed, and now the [Eternal Summer](#) has faded.

The [Ashen Snow](#) continues to fall, but instead of nourishing the soil it suffocates the land.

The earth is cold, and the Forest bows under the weight.

If supplies don't arrive soon, all the villagers will perish...

And without them, my forest, and centuries of care stewardship, will be gone.

### **8 - Kerguelen Plateau Memory (Naamah's Memory)**

- Tend to the forest, as I tend to my own children.
- Take only that which is needed.
- Harvest only that which is dead or dying.
- Always cull the poison. Always.

...I cannot go on...

I must escape the noise.

Tonight, I shall steal away from the village.

And [find a nook high above the cliff's edge](#).

There I can contemplate in peace.

### **9 - Kerguelen Plateau Memory (Naamah's Memory)**

The [Conservatory](#) is my home now. The villagers want nothing to do with it.

To waste such a space is an insult to all we have sacrificed.

I will make it beautiful.

Two lilies, for those who have fallen and for those who will fall...

I shall give my children a final celebration and a final meal...

The forest must come first, and sacrifices must be made. To take from the land would undo everything we have worked for...

...One day they will understand...

### **Naamah's Memory (At Kerguelen Plateau entrance alcove)**

The gates look strangely beautiful at night...

---

I know the villagers hate me for what I did...

But I had no choice.

The land has gone cold, and my brothers refuse to send aid.

The weak, the old, the wretched... I gave them all a merciful end.

---

The villagers still believe the gates will open one day, but I know they will not.

...Yet every night as I stare down at those iron bars...

...I'm afraid they just might.

### **Eupraxia's Memory (Outside of Naamah's Conservatory)**

She won't see anybody.

She hasn't left the Conservatory in months...

You should stop wasting your time...

[Estuary Naamah](#) won't open the door, unless you have an offering.

---

She demands [two Lily of the Valley](#) blossoms, but they are not easy to find.

She has harvested most of them already.

Good luck in your search.

### **??????? (In Rebel hideout below Heirloom Statue - Journal 1)**

(A drawing of the entire Kingdom is strewn across the table. Arrows and markings dot the landscape in a codified manner you cannot decipher.)

### ??????? (In Rebel hideout below Heirloom Statue - Journal 2)

(A copy station has been erected, with dozens of duplicate maps of the Kingdom drawn out in various states of completion.)

### Naamah's Memory (Prime 1)

(Autumn leaves dance in the sky as a young Naamah opens her eyes. She wipes the metallic taste of blood from her mouth.

...The ambush had gone terribly wrong.)

---

(She glances about and finds her older sister, Miriam, lying unconscious nearby, her leg clearly broken.

As she reaches out to her ailing sibling, she suddenly feels cold metal clamp down around her throat. She grasps at the gauntlet as Estuary Lamech effortlessly lifts her off the ground to face him.

With a desperate cry, Naamah swings her sickle, only to feel it shatter against his chest plate - the farmer's blade useless against the unyielding royal armor.)

---

(Even as she struggles to breathe, she thinks about how he had ransacked their farm, destroyed their home and ruined their lives.

She and her sister had spent their days seeking vengeance, but their hatred meant nothing to him.

She stares deep into his eyes but sees only apathy. A ghostly blue sword materializes in his free hand, and she braces herself for the end.)

---

‘LAMECH, STOP!’

(A voice rings out from behind her, and the grip on her neck suddenly releases. Devoid of strength, she crumbles backwards into the dirt.

She feels the sting of a rock strike the back of her head, then darkness envelopes her.)

### Naamah's Memory (Prime 2)

(Naamah awakes with a throbbing headache, and finds herself lying on a cot inside a giant makeship tent. Around her lies dozens of wounded soldiers, tended by a handful of docks and nurses.

She turns to see Miriam sleeping on a cot nearby, her leg wrapped in a makeshift splint. The throbbing in her head subsides.)

---

‘You’re finally awake. I see they’ve taken good care of you and your sister.’

(The voice was the same one she heard earlier. It comes from a man in a gold-laced cloak, emblazoned with a white and black tree - the signal of the invading army.)

He grabs an empty chair and neatly places it by her bedside before settling down.)

---

‘My name is [Enoch](#) and I was hoping you could tell me about this...’

(He pauses and fishes an apple out of his pocket... an apple she had grown.)

‘Nothing grows where armies have fought.

The corpses stain the soil, and the metals poison the water.’

‘To grow food on that kind of land takes talent. To grow the amount you have, takes a miracle...’

(His compliment sparks a sense of satisfaction she can’t repress. And she hates herself for it.)

---

(He waves a hand gesturing towards the other soldiers in the ward.)

‘The war may claim the lives of thousands of soldiers. But starvation will claim the lives of millions of innocents.’

‘I understand your distaste for politics, but the reality is people starve - kings don’t. So will you help us help the people?’

(He hesitates before tossing the apple back to her. He smiles when she catches it.)

### **Naamah’s Memory (Prime 3)**

([Naamah](#) stands up to stretch, and looks over her reclaimed land with pride.

The topsoil - once scorched and poisoned from countless battles - is now a verdant green.)

---

(Over the years, people have begun calling her [Naamah of the Harvest](#);

She who brings feast from famine.

She and her growing retinue have worked ceaselessly following the wake of the King’s armies. They refilled the land, buried the dead, and cared for survivors from both sides of the battlefield.

Wherever she went, the fighting stopped.)

---

(The King’s armies conquered lands, but it was [Naamah’s](#) army that united them.)

### **Naamah’s Memory (Prime 4)**

(Trumpets blare and streamers color the skies as a procession of bards and jugglers parade through the streets.

At the center of all their revelry is a giant raised palanquin wrought with vines and flowers. Carried by seven men and seven women, it gives every onlooker a clear view of [Estuary Naamah](#) sitting upon its dais.)



---

(Tonight's ceremony would be forever celebrated as a historically momentous event. The King has appointed the first female [Estuary](#) into his fold.

They are scarcely halfway through the procession but the palanquin is already covered in [Lilies of the Valley](#), thrown by the adoring crows.

She remembers placing these flowers on the graves of the fallen, but now they have become her symbol, and she is determined to honor it.)

---

([Naamah](#) pushes aside her veil and waves to the crowds, then feels an empty ache in her heart, for she knows Miriam would not be amongst them.

By swearing fealty to the King and becoming an Estuary, [Naamah](#) has cemented her identity as a traitor in her sister's eyes.

[Miriam](#) wished for a free world. [Naamah](#) simply wished for a better one. She wonders if they would ever speak to each other again.)

### **Naamah's Memory (Prime 5)**

(At home under the canopy of the [Kerguelen Forests](#), [Estuary Naamah](#) pores over weekly cultivation reports sent to her by [Stygian Study](#) scholars.

She can feel the land and trusts it, but the scholars do not leave anything up to 'intuition'. Every foot of land is tirelessly graded and monitored by [Estuary Enoch](#) to ensure the forests flourish. Yet beneath the pages of measurements and predictions, she finds markings that are out of place: A small smiley face encircled by hearts.

Intuition tells her this bit of silliness is meant for her eyes alone, and a smile graces her lips.)

---

(The baby kicks, and she reflexively puts her hand on her stomach. She glances around nervously, but thankfully she is alone.

Extending the bloodline is an obligation every [Estuary](#) has to their King. Many children, many souls.

But of all those children, only the father had been an Estuary. Her child however, would be the product of two [Estuaries](#).

And she knows what the consequences would be if it were discovered.)

### **Naamah's Memory (Prime 6)**

'Please take care of her.'

---

([Naamah](#) reads the note one last time before sealing it inside the envelope and placing it beside her baby. The envelope is plain. Only a simple drawing of a heart with 'To M' writing inside to adorn it. The only thing.

It isn't much, but it is all she could muster.

She kisses her child one last time, then places the crib of knotted branches down in front of the farm house door.)

---

(From a distance [Naamah](#) watches as the door opens, and her sister [Miriam](#) answers the cries of a mewling baby.)

## **Stygian Study Lore**

This will be all dialogue from Journals and Memories found while playing in Stygian Study.

### **1 - Stygian Study Journal (Enoch's Notes)**

#### **AN ANALYTICAL BREAKDOWN OF PAINT AND THEIR DIFFERING DRYING SPEEDS BASED UPON THEIR APPLICATION ON UNIQUE SURFACES AND ROOM TEMPERATURES**

#### **VOLUME I OF X**

...That title should keep most prying eyes at bay.

These are the personal journal entries of Estuary Enoch. If you are not me, then your actions are considered a capital crime.

If you are me...then please, continue reading.

It has been nearly one thousand years since we were first sent down here to tend the garden, but the Tree has yet to bear fruit.

Each year, during the Ceremony of Return, my siblings and I congregate and open the garden gates in hopes of finding a bug. But every time we are met only with disappointment.

According to historical documents the tree should have borne fruit decades ago, yet it remains barren. I doubt our toil will be rewarded, but [Estuary Irad](#) does not share my cynicism.

He is loyal to a fault and will do anything for his King, even if it means damning us for eternity.

Unless I can prove to him no fruit will ever grow, we shall be stuck here for another thousand years.

### **2 - Stygian Study Journal (Enoch's Notes)**

...A horrible tragedy has befallen us. The [Nibiru Deep Mines](#) have flooded with the poisonous [Stygian Waters](#). Thousands of miners have perished, including our brother, [Estuary Mehujael](#).

The [Nibiru Deep Mines](#) have been sealed, and a hundred days of mourning has been enacted. All mining operations must be moved to the upper Pishon Lake bed...

Siphoning the waters of Pishon Lake into the Gihon Reservoir may be costly, but it is a small price to pay to honor the fallen.

(The entry continues, detailing the logistics of draining Lake Pishon into the central reservoir.)

### **3 - Stygian Study Journal (Enoch's Notes)**

Converting mining operations to Pishon Dry Lake has been met with additional complications. The [Black Roots](#) have aggressively spread through the camp, and have even made their way into the Citadel.

Monsters have also begun to make their way into the Citadel, which is causing development to grind to a halt. Every miner now requires a guard to escort them through the halls, but we need production to continue.

It looks like I'll have to divert my energies away from the Tree's fruit and focus on this annoyance for the time being...

### **4 - Stygian Study Journal (Enoch's Notes)**

The [Ophiocordyceps Unilateralis](#) is a type of fungus that attacks insects, and infects the host's brain with spores. The spores take over the insect's neural functions, and when the insect dies the fungus bursts out from the carcass, spreading more spores onto the bodies of unwitting hosts.

The [Black Roots](#) act in a similar manner, with the roots being the fungus, and the monsters that accompany them as their spores. If this analogy is apt, it would stand to reason that these monsters exist to infect more host bodies.

Is that why they're attacking us? But why have they only become aggressive now?

I can't help but feel this is connected to the Nibiru Deep Mines flooding...

### **5 - Stygian Study Journal (Enoch's Notes)**

There is only one way the Tree will grow...But I cannot tell the others.

We must leave this place now, or live for another eternity in this subterranean wasteland.

I cannot reason with [Estuary Irad](#). He would rather kill us all than return to his King empty-handed.

I need to present him with an ultimatum he cannot refuse.

## 6 - Stygian Study Journal (Enoch's Notes)

The rebellion war poisoned the land, which in turn created this infestation. And now the infestation threatens to destroy the Kingdom.

The cycle is vicious.

The lightning storms are also getting closer, but we lack the manpower to build the windmills to disperse the [Ash Clouds](#).

My private sanctuary is now mired within those clouds; the bridgeway torn apart by the electrical winds.

The Ancients and their philosophies were right, we ARE all connected, and not just in this world, but all worlds. And it is the Stygian that binds us together.

If someone is reading this, come seek me out. I would like to chat. My soul is bound to a bridge on the Eastern parapet.

That bridge is still standing, though it exists not in this world.

[USE your will to pull the bridge into existence...](#)

## Enoch's Memory (Prime 1)

([Enoch](#) crumples the despicable letter in his hand.

He was being reprimanded for not spreading his seed?! Absolutely preposterous!

He saw the letter for the charade it was:

A formalized attempt to perpetuate a thoroughly detestable and toxic tradition.

And he for one refused to acknowledge its legitimacy.)

---

(He understood that one of an Estuary's primary duties was to keep the Legacy growing.

But the Kingdom of Genesis had grown such that its population now rivaled that of the surface.

This tradition now only served to satisfy an Estuary's carnal appetites and their desire to subjugate.)

---

(He had made clear his disdain for their practice numerous times already, but his remonstrations fell on deaf ears.

Let the others carry on with their 'traditions'.

...One true partner was more than enough for him.)

## Enoch's Memory (Prime 2)

([Enoch's](#) makeshift observatory hands precariously off the Eastern ramparts of the Stygian Study.

He instructs his assistant, [High Scholar Murrur](#), to open the windows while he carefully adjusts the lens of his telescope, taking in the breadth of the [Kingdom of Genesis](#).

The lens slowly pans across the spires of [Citadel Agartha](#), beyond the burning bridges of [Axis Mundi](#), and lands on the gatehouse leading to the [Kerguelen Plateau](#).

Within that gatehouse lies the giant Void Beast. And at its entrance stands [Estuary Lamech](#).)

---

(After the rebellion, Lamech had locked himself into his chambers and refused visitors.

It was many months before Enoch could coax him outside, and many more before he could convince the legendary Spellsword to confront the Void Beast.

But as he watches his brother stand before the giant doors, Enoch knows these effects are for naught, for despite all the fury and bravado, Lamech is a soldier.

...And slaying the Void Beast is in direct violation of Irad's orders.)

---

(As Lamech turns to leave, Enoch feels a wave of despair overtake him and he loses his strength.

High Scholar Murmur tries to steady his master, but Enoch crumples to the floor.

The gravity of the situation is suffocating, and now he is left with no choice:

In order to save Naamah and the villagers...Irad has to die.)

### **Enoch's Memory (Prime 3)**

( A piece of Black Root finally falls to the floor, and [Enoch](#) slumps down next to it in exhaustion.

His fingertips - now black and gnarled - hum with resonant pain as the poison seeps through his body.)

---

(Despair settles over him as his mind goes over his recent failures:

...He failed to evacuate Naamah and the villagers before the gates were sealed.

...He failed to cure the Dragon, and stop the eternal winter.

...He failed to convince Lamech to stand against Irad's orders.

...

...All he succeeded in doing was poison himself and High Scholar Murmur...)

---

(But it was all due to this malignant growth wearing its way through the Kingdom!

Despair gives way to anger, and Enoch grabs his knife off the floor. He hacks away mercilessly at the Black Root, and with each strike his anger grows.

His attacks become more and more vicious until all that is left is an impossibly knotted core.

He stabs at it until the tip of his blade breaks.)

---

(With his anger redoubled, Enoch grabs at the knot with his gnarled hand, wishing to tear it out in frustration...

...But as his fingers make contact, he is shocked as they make no purchase. They, instead slide effortlessly within.

...In an instant, he feels his whole body drift away, and a white light explodes in his head...)

---

(Enoch finds himself floating in space, free from the confines of his body.

He does not know how he knows this, but he is now a part of the Black Root, and can sense all it can sense.

The roots stretch on for millions of miles, across countless other worlds and places of existence.

He realizes the knot he struck was only a single point in the network of roots that exist in his world.)

---

(Gone is the Study, as new places of experience open up within his mind.

In one world it seems the dead roam freely across the land, and flying metal cubes swam the night sky.

In another, a battle rages on the dot of a massive armored tortoise as explosive weaponry fires out from its metallic shell...)

---

(Enoch tries to reach out with his mind and grasp any artifacts he can find, if only to convince himself it is real.

...He reaches for a strangely shaped drill here, a black metal hammer there...

Everything he touches vanishes from sight. Somehow he knows they are being pulled into his world, like a faded memory forces back into clarity and through sheet recollection.)

---

(And despite the sensory overload, he can still sense the Black Roots pulling at him...

It is a pull that absorbs the souls of the dead and dying, and brings them back to a glowing white tree at the center of it all.)

---

(Countless different worlds, each with their own Stygian manifestation, feeding their own tree.

Some trees are saplings, while others are so large their branches wrap around the moon.

Yet despite each tree being different from the next, Enoch knows they are one and the same.)

---

(He wants to stay and learn more...

...To experience more...

...but he can feel the Tree rejecting his body...)

## **Enoch's Memory (Prime 5)**

(As Enoch awakens, he is horrified to find the Black Root enveloping most of his body.

He knows he cannot save himself, but he needs time to recreate the poison, for it is the only thing powerful enough to stop Irad.

...But he can feel the strength draining from his body and his limbs harden like wood.

He needs to find a surrogate to transfer his consciousness into before the roots overtake him...)

---

...

(The life of a Mimic Chest is providing more trying than anticipated.

Transferring his soul into this new vessel bought him precious time, but without proper limbs, he is forced to use his former body as a puppet to perform the actual work needed.

He also realizes it would be impossible for him to infect Irad with the poison once he has concocted it.

...That duty would have to fall to someone else.)

---

(There is no time to find a trustworthy candidate. He can feel the Black Root pulling at his mind. Soon he will be gone, and the rest would be left up to fate.

Enoch scuttles into his makeshift observatory with his wooden puppet in tow. Behind him, the bridge that once connected his chambers to the Study's ramparts is now gone, displaced into another place of existence... It is the last precaution necessary to safeguard the poison.

He hopes the clues he left behind would be enough to find a worthy successor...)

---

(Enoch tries peering through his telescope one last time, but the [Ash Clouds](#) have become so dense that Naamah's domain can no longer be seen...

With a heavy heart, he summons his wooden body to his work desk, and wills it to put pen to paper...)

---

...

"...Come to read my memories have you?

Don't be shy. I knew this day would come..."

## **Sun Tower Lore**

This will be all dialogue from Journals and Memories found while playing in the Sun Tower.

## **1 - Sun Tower Journal (Irad's Notes)**

### **Journal Entry #1 15 Days Since the Rebellion**

I have not been sleeping recently.

This sudden bout of [insomnia](#) won't seem to end.

[Estuary Enoch](#) took notice of my ailment and referred me to [Philosopher Nous](#), a so-called specialist.

I expected him to offer a tincture to help me sleep, but all that kook did was give me this journal.

**'Ailments of the mind come from the mind.'**

Outrageous! [Nous](#) believes my [insomnia](#) is subconsciously self-inflicted...

But he came at my brother's behest, so I must continue to fill in this journal, if only to humour this 'specialist' for now.

## **2 - Sun Tower Journal (Irad's Notes)**

### **Journal Entry #2 18 Days Since the Rebellion**

**'A fool is the man with nothing to learn.'**

[Philosopher Nous](#) insists I continue this 'journal therapy'.

I admit he is knowledgeable, but his diagnosis is built off false assumptions.

He believes the mind of an [Estuary](#) is comparable to that of a commoner.

That is the flaw in his reasoning.

We are not the same class of creature. The pressures that would bring him to his knees would not so much as cause me to sweat.

He does not understand how much work it takes to rule a kingdom. My subconscious is pure, and my mind is sharp.

Despite eight sleepless days, I am still more astute than he'll ever be.



### 3 - Sun Tower Journal (Irad's Notes)

## Journal Entry #3 25 Days Since the Rebellion

I will admit, I have grown fond of transcribing my thoughts into this journal. There's something deeply satisfying about reflecting upon your own genius.

But today, my journal serves another purpose.

[Leto](#), my personal Page, has fallen ill. So for today, I shall be my own assistant.

It will be challenging, for it has been 15 days since I last slept, and keeping track of my daily tasks has become...difficult.

### TO DO:

#### (0600 to 0700) Power up the sun.

- Need to speak to [Estuary Enoch](#) about the worsening [Ash Clouds](#).
- The clouds are so thick, the sunlight can barely pierce through them.

#### (0700-1300) Trawling the [Gihon Reservoir](#).

- We need to be thorough. We cannot allow anything to contaminate our water source.

#### (1300-1400) Lunch.

- I'm thinking pizza.

#### (1400-1700) Assemble a scouting party for the [Pishon Dry Lake](#) excursion.

- [Estuary Tubal](#) fled to the mines and sealed them off when the rebellion started (does he think the war is still going?). I will personally find him and drag him out.

It has been 15 days since I last slept (did I say that already?), and I am still working.

[Tubal's](#) dereliction of duty will not go unpunished.

### 4 - Sun Tower Journal (Irad's Notes)

## Journal Entry #9 37 Days Since the Rebellion

My head has been fuzzy all day, but I am relieved to finally exit the mines.

After five days of searching, there is no sign of [Estuary Tubal](#). I think it is safe to presume that he has perished.

Perhaps he succumbed to the [Black Root](#), or was swept away by the [Stygian Waters](#).

...Either way, he is no longer my concern.

His death warrants more ceremony, but I do not have time for such banalities. There are more pressing matters at hand, and I am having growing trouble keeping track.

I have already missed multiple appointments with Philosopher Nous due to this miasma of the mind. I've also had my personal Page issue constant reminders of my daily tasks.

TO DO LIST:

- Restart [Tubal's](#) automatons.
- The Dragon has fallen ill and is causing the [Ash Cloud](#) epidemic. We will need to find a way to nurse it back to health.
- Install more of [Tubal's](#) SAWS to combat the Black Root in the caves.
- Install SAWS in the Tower? They work quite well.
- Lunch. Pizza.

## 5 - Sun Tower Journal (Irad's Notes)

### Journal Entry #35 60 Days Since the Rebellion

It has been weeks since I last slept. The insomnia is taking its toll.  
Spoke to Nous about it. Having trouble writing anything other than lists.  
Before I left he tasked me with one last exercise.

**'In your own words, tell me what it means to be an [Estuary](#).'**

...So tired...Even with a prompt, I am having trouble thinking what to write...

### What is an Estuary?

An [Estuary](#) is a soldier, chosen by our blessed Father - the [Immortal King](#) - to enact His will.

All souls belong to our King.  
And we give our lives gladly to extend His own.

An [Estuary](#) partakes of the King's flesh, becoming eternally bound to His will.

To serve Him is to serve ourselves.

To become an [Estuary](#) is to have the highest honor, for it is given only to the deserving.

And I am most deserving...

I have earned my place thrice over.

Once as His General, for conquering the world above.

Again as His Miracle, for capturing the Dragon.

And once more as a Leader, for ruling the Kingdom of Genesis.

So **Nous**, you asked me 'What is an **Estuary**?'

This is my answer:

I am an **Estuary**.

## **6 - Sun Tower Journal (Irad's Notes)**

### **Journal Entry #120 145 Days Since the Rebellion**

Looked for stairs. Needed way down.

Hard to climb down Tower. Maybe stay up here.

Need to keep watch. Rebels could attack. Sun's so bright.

Talked with **Nous** today. He doesn't make sense anymore.

He gave me another test. Feels like I've been doing these all day.

Don't mind. Kind of fun.

## **Sharpness of Mind Test**

**What is 12x12**

120.

**Split this word - Apple**

Peal, Leap, Pap, Pep, Pal, Peal.

**Where do you reside?**

Tower

**What is 100/11**

11.

**Where does the Bell reside?**

Garden.

### **Split this word - Return**

Turn, Urn, Tre, Nute, Tern, Rune, Run.

### **What is 510 + 620**

50, 51, 60, 20, 206, 015206, 620, 100, 102.

### **Where does the REAL Bell reside?**

Top of Tower.

### **7 - Sun Tower Journal (Irad's Notes)**

How did they know where the Bell was?

Its true location was known only to me - A secret I would have taken to my grave.

Did a [Memory](#) leak out? Nay, that's impossible. I suppressed them long ago...

Either way, the [Bell of Return](#) has been rung, and the King will soon arrive.

The noise was deafening. The reverberations were so loud, they crumbled the top of the Sun Tower. But it was the wake-up call I needed - I have never felt more cognizant than I do today!

I intercepted the soldier that rang the Bell, but was unable to stop him.

He was very skilled...almost as good as [Lamech](#).

He managed a few strikes on me before he fled, but they will heal quickly enough.

His escape doesn't matter. By ringing that Bell, he has condemned us all.

When the King arrives, He will see the Kingdom in ruin, the Tree barren, and rebels running rampant through the halls of the Citadel.

he will not look kindly on our failures. I doubt any of us will be spared.

But perhaps this unrelenting pressure was what I needed all along! The malaise from my [insomnia](#) is gone - flushed out by this floor of adrenaline.

And in its place, an epiphany! But I must be careful. This journal is the only thing keeping my Memories from leaking out.

I need somewhere safe to ponder this...

My old room at the [base of the Sun Tower](#) should do. [The entrance has been boarded up, but there's a Trick Wall to the right of the void lift](#) that I can enter.

### **Irad's Memory (Prime 1)**

(Atop a grassy knoll, [Estuary Irad](#) peers down upon his army's encampment below.

In the clear moonlight, the massive silhouette of [Dragon Ladon](#) towers over the makeshift tents. Hundreds of thick iron chains anchor it to the ground and scrape against its scapes as it sleeps. Reverberations from each of its breaths can be felt throughout the camp.)

---

(The beast's capture was the final task before he could descend down into the Stygian with his brothers and sisters.

Soon they would begin fostering the Tree of Life - a plan decades in the making.

But for Irad, today's victory was in name alone.)

---

(Twenty thousand Dragon Lancers flew under his banner today. Less than half returned.

[Ladon](#) proved to be a far greater adversary than anticipated, and the cost in life was devastating.)

### **Irad's Memory (Prime 2)**

(In the waning firelight of his chambers, [Estuary Irad](#) reaches into a hidden recess in his oak wood desk, and withdraws two small chests.

The chests, each no larger than a perfume box, are both ornately engraved with a white tree and a golden sun. Identical in every metric, even down to their seeming imperfections.

[Irad](#) pulls up a chair and gestures to his valet, [Messenger Jabal](#), to sit down.)

---

'These chests are the [Blackseed Twins](#) - an experiment by the Old Scholars. They are built from the same material that crafted [Hestia's Reliquary](#).'

([Irad](#) opens the boxes, revealing identical red velvet interiors. He takes a pen off his table and carefully places it in one of the boxes.)

---

'When the night hits its zenith...'

[Irad](#) pauses to the sound of bells rhythmically chiming in the distance.

'...what is placed in one box, is revealed in the other.'

(As he withdraws the pen from the other box, a look of astonishment crosses [Jabal's](#) face.)

---

'With these devices I can maintain communication with our King.'

([Irad](#) hands one of the [Blackseed Boxes](#) to [Jabal](#).)

---

'Keep the box safe, and keep it secret.

Though we are at peace now, war will come again.

But if the King knows I can be reached, that eventuality will be vastly expedited.  
Our people deserve a reprieve.’

‘Only when war becomes inevitable shall you give this to the King. Until then, I will be waiting.’

(Jabal nods as he cradles the box to his chest as if a newborn babe.)

### **Irad’s Memory (Prime 3)**

(For 500 years the Blackseed Box remained empty, and for 500 years there was peace.

In that time Irad had turned the barren wilderness of the Stygian into a thriving Kingdom worthy of the highest praise.

But this tranquility was interrupted the night he received his first message from the box.)

---

(Soon, the Blackseed Box surged with plans, schematics, and requests for his expertise.  
And for years Irad dutifully maintained a secret military correspondence.

He provided tactics and strategies remotely, satisfied with the knowledge that each victory on the surface would expand his already illustrious record.)

---

(As Irad pores over the latest war plans, a smudged marking in the corner of a document catches his eye.

A signature, hastily scrubbed out but still legible, reading ‘Estuary Jabal, the Supreme Strategist.’)

---

(Irad could feel dark rage filling his body. Estuary Jabal, this so-called ‘Supreme Strategist’ had betrayed him!

One missed signature, one unscrubbed lie, was all it took for Jabal’s treachery to be revealed.

The Blackseed Box had never reached his King’s hand. Instead, his messenger had been stealing his notes and taking credit for his victories...)

### **Irad’s Memory (Prime 4)**

(When Irad confronted Jabal, he expected to be served hastily built lies and supplication...

But instead, Jabal insolently presented Irad with an ultimatum.)

---

*‘In war, there is only victory and death.  
Those are your words Irad.*

*The next great conflict is upon us. You will continue to serve your King from the shadows, or you can choose to abandon His men, and let them burn in the fires of battle, knowing you could have prevented it.*

*This is no bluff. They will be the ones to suffer should you choose to betray your King.’*

---

(The color drains from his face, for he knows his fate has been sealed.

...There is no future for him.

Even if he leads the surface armies to victory, the King would never know.

With his reputation stolen and the Tree yet ingrown, the King would have him executed for his failures, and likely replaced by this treacherous opportunist!)

---

(From atop his spire, [Irad](#) looks down upon the prosperous Kingdom he has built. This is more than just a land of peace and stability - it has an army 200,000 men strong...and growing.

[Jabal](#) wanted to take everything from him and push him to ruin.

...But [Irad](#) would not be subjugated. He would destroy anyone who tried.)

---

‘Let the world above burn in the fires of war.’

[Irad](#) crushes the [Blackseed Box](#) into splinters.

‘A new one will be ready to take its place.’

### **Irad's Memory (Prime 5)**

([Estuary Irad](#) smiles as he pores over the reports once more. Over the past decade, the population for the Kingdom of Genesis had exploded, and the size of his army had more than tripled.

Citadel Agatha, which was once a well-fortified city, was now a towering fortress - a monument to his will.)

---

(Irad was almost ready for war.

His prior correspondence with the surface had provided him with invaluable information about the King's army: its production capabilities, spread, growth, even its petty rivalries between generals.

Not only was he strategically prepared to mount an assault, but he was confident the King's army would slowly fall apart without his expertise.)

---

([Estuary Irad](#) frowned over another report. He had taken an aggressive stance on conscription, and the morale of the populace was suffering. But he knew it would pay off soon.

Short-term discontent was a worthwhile trade for certain victory.

Just a few more years, and the true battle would begin...)

### **Irad's Memory (Prime 6)**

(Flames of chaos flicker in [Irad's](#) eyes as he views the destruction from his tower.

As the Rebels continue their assault on Citadel Agatha, he finds it difficult to follow their movements.

Ever since the rebellion erupted, his sleep had been stolen by the voices pounding within his skull.)

---

*(‘My Kingdom is burning...  
...my army is dying...*

*...I just needed more time...  
How did it all fall apart?’)*

---

(At the very start of the siege, the Rebels had gained the advantage by sealing the entrance to the Tower, and trapping [Irad](#) and his men inside.

These were not the tactics of simple farmers. The attack was well planned, and expertly executed.)

---

*(‘...I caused this...  
Increased recruitment over the years...  
Minimal supervision, too little oversight...*

*Not enough loyalty built amongst the soldiers... ’)*

---

(Once the path was cleared, [Estuary Irad](#) directed his Dragon Lancers to strike at key Rebel camps with surgical precision.

But with every Rebel slain, two more appeared.

Their numbers seemed endless...)

---

*(‘I was too greedy...  
Raised the population too high...  
Too many people... too little food...*

*My dreams have turned to a nightmare... ’)*

---

(Suddenly [Irad](#) feels the ground shudder. In the distance, he hears a dull crack as the Axis Mundi Bridge buckles. [Irad](#) feels hope drain from his body as entire pathways fall into the reservoir below.

Blood and rage resound throughout the Kingdom, but it’s defeated by the voices in his mind.)

---

*(‘Nothing can stop the King from taking your head now... ’)*

### **Irad’s Memory (Prime 7)**

(In the rain-soaked rubble of Axis Mundi, [Irad](#) nervously paces its broken steps as his men carefully lower a massive gate.

Soon the Kerguelen Plateau will be cut off from the rest of the Kingdom, sealing all those inside.

[Naamah](#) was to blame for all of the failures down here. The Tree, the Rebellion, everything.



If Irad could convince his King of this, perhaps he could be spared.)

---

*( '...She is the Estuary of the Harvest...  
...yet the Tree won't grow...*

*The people loved her...  
...yet the Rebels rose under her watchful eye...*

*...Why should I be punished for her negligence? ... ')*

*( '...But you are their leader, not her... ')*

---

(Throughout the conflict with the Rebels, [Estuary Naamah](#) tended to the wounded on both sides.

In her eyes, it was an act of mercy...  
...but to [Irad](#) - and more importantly the King - it was an act of treason.)

---

*( '...The timing is perfect...*

*...The Void Beast's arrival coincides with Naamah's actions...  
...I can blame it all on her treachery. ')*

*( '... You betrayed your people above...  
...Now you betray your people below...*

*...Who will be left to shoulder your failures? ... ')*

---

([Irad's](#) migraine had become relentless. Every thought was now difficult, every waking moment a terrible pain.

He couldn't recall when he last slept. But no matter, for this turn in events may just be enough to exonerate him.)

---

*( '...No place for weakness in war...*

*...Only victory and death...  
...It is what I taught my soldiers... ')*

*( '...It is what you taught Jabal... ')*

---

(As [Irad](#) lays to rest, he knows the attempt is futile as the voices in his head continue to scream.)

## **Lore**

This will be all dialogue from Journals and Memories found while playing in

### **1 - Pishon Dry Lake Journal (Irad's Notes)**

(The page is torn on the edges. It seems to have fallen out of a book.)

## **Journal Entry #6 33 Days Since the Rebellion**

This storeroom will have to suffice as our base of operations for now. It is large, dry, and full of crates that are completely empty!

[Estuary Tubal](#) is a fool.

He has more than enough crates to move supplies all over the Kingdom, yet no supplies to ship!  
My men were all woefully under-equipped when the Rebels stuck.

This storage room is a testament to his incompetence!

I...forget myself.

It must be the air down here - it has an oppressive quality which leaves me in a foul mood.

Despite his failings, Tubal is still my brother, so I must do my best to find him.

I am confident we won't be down here for long. My men are disciplined and thorough.

I shall find my brother in short order.

### **2 - Pishon Dry Lake Journal (Irad's Notes)**

## **Journal Entry #7 34 Days Since the Rebellion**

We've wallowed in this filth for two days now, and there's still no sign of [Estuary Tubal](#).

[Pishon Dry Lake](#) is too large. There are no landmarks to orient my men, and the [Shifts](#) come far too frequently.

I've already lost over fifty men...

I shan't lose any more.

As distasteful as it is, if I have not found [Estuary Tubal](#) within the next 24 hours, I shall pronounce him dead, and withdraw my men.

Tomorrow, I'll summon [Estuary Enoch](#) down here to figure out how to gain control of the automatons. Our soldiers desperately need rearmament. I'll be damned if we leave ourselves exposed to another Rebel attack.

### **3 - Pishon Dry Lake Journal (Irad's Notes)**

## **Journal Entry #8 35 Days Since the Rebellion**

Never trust a man who keeps his hands hidden.

I stumbled upon some seemingly innocuous notes left by our esteemed [Estuary Tubal](#) today. The letters track the growth of fungi within the caves, and provides details on their properties.

I have known my brother for more than a thousand years, and he has never shown any interest in living things. Not people, nor animals, and especially not plants.

Our brother is keeping secrets from us, and I intend to root them out.

[Estuary Enoch](#) should be arriving soon to aid me, but I think it best to keep this information to myself for now.

### **4 - Pishon Dry Lake Journal (Enoch's Notes)**

## **ASH CLOUDS AS A NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY**

Before the dragon fell ill, it would fertilize the soil by precipitating nitrate rich [Dragon Ash](#) across the land.

Since the sickness though, the number of [Ash Clouds](#) have more than quadrupled.

In addition, the chemical composition of these clouds has changed. The ash is denser, and extremely conductive.

Like storm clouds they generate incredible amounts of electricity, but frequent discharges are tearing away the [Sun Tower](#).

It is, however, theoretically possible to pull the electricity from the clouds via grounding poles, which could prove to be a limitless source of energy!

A full reconstruction of the Citadel would be necessary to harness this power, which would take many years.

I shall start my experiments within the Study, and if all goes well, I will expand operations to the Citadel.

### **5 - Pishon Dry Lake Journal (Irad's Notes)**

## **AMIDST AN AUDIT: AUTOMATONS AND ABSENT ARMAMENTS**

The automatons have been re-activated, and after cutting away much of the Black Root infestation mining operations have started up again. Raw ore is being collected at an impressive rate.

...And that is exactly what I find troubling.

The speed in which we are gathering ore far exceeds what [Estuary Tubal](#) noted in his monthly reports.

With this amount of resources, [Tubal](#) could have made armaments for every man, woman, and child thrice over!

Yet all the storehouses are empty...

I do not know what [Estuary Tubal](#) was hiding, but I feel it may be the key to finding our dear brother.

## **6 - Pishon Dry Lake Journal (Irad's Notes)**

I have just discovered a document belonging to [Estuary Tubal](#) that may hold a clue to his whereabouts.

It's a schematic of this very storehouse.

At first glance, nothing seemed out of the ordinary...except for a small note that suggested the existence of an additional wing...

It appears to be located [EXACTLY where the Accessories are stored](#), but I've searched far and wide and have yet to find anything.

## **Tubal's Memory (Prime 1)**

(In a dimly lit cave, [Estuary Tubal](#) sits at his workbench, tightening the last leather strap on a mechanical gauntlet.

Satisfied with his work, he rises and crosses the room. Against the far wall, stacked from floor to ceiling, lie identical urns of a purplish hue.)

---

([Tubal](#) picks one at random, then slowly removes the lid, revealing a white mist inside.

He utters a low incantation, and a black mist escapes from his lips. The mist flows into the urn, mixing with the vapors within.)

---

(He quickly reseals the urn, then begins to rock it in his arms, cradling it as if a newborn.

The urn's purple hue slowly fades away like a sick pallor, first turning gray, then white, then finally becoming black as pitch.

Content with this mixture, [Tubal](#) turns back to his work table, and carefully slides the urn into the gauntlet's fitted hollow.)

---

(The urn suddenly cracks, and wisps of black smoke begin to seep out. Dark tendrils weave themselves into the gauntlet's internal clockwork.

Mechanical fingers bend and flex as the tendrils make themselves at home in their new host.

[Tubal](#) smiles to himself and closes his eyes. He takes a long, slow breath...

When he opens his eyes, he sees his own massive body, slumped on the bench in front of him. He can feel the coldness of the steel, sense every scratch on its surface. Each gear whirs into motion as he stretched his metal fingers wide...)

### **Tubal's Memory (Prime 2)**

([Estuary Tubal](#) turns the bottle of wine in his hand as he sits atop the parapets of Citadel Agatha, then decides against it.

The celebration would have to wait.

Tonight he needs all his faculties unburdened.

He watches the Sun Tower slowly fade to black as the artificial sun settles into its night cycle. Closing his eyes, [Tubal](#) slows his breathing and his body relaxes.)

---

(Below him, the surface of the reservoir begins to bubble as hundreds of gauntlet Ed automatons slowly emerge from the waters.

They rise up and soar past the Citadel spires, past the darkened Sun Tower and the glowing field of floating jellyfish, and up through the massive tunnel that leads through the ceiling of their subterranean kingdom.

The machines emerge onto the surface, and move silently across the true night sky for hours before coming upon a small encampment.)

---

(From the shadows, he watches as [Estuary Jabal](#) raises his glass and cheers his fellow men on the success of another hunt.

They are far too drunk and tired to notice the stars disappear as an army of hovering automatons blanket the night sky above.

In an instant, the night lights up with the blinding gleam of a hundred floating blades unsheathing in concert...)

### **Tubal's Memory (Prime 3)**

([Tubal](#) watches on in amusement as [Estuary Enoch](#) rushes through the garden gates. Every morning Enoch would spend hours around the Tree of Life, excitedly jotting down notes, and charting everything possible measurement.

In a single year, the Tree had grown more than it had in the past thousand - this excitement was more than justified.)

---

(But Enoch's fervor would amount to nothing, for [Tubal](#) alone knew the one thing that mattered: An [Estuary](#) had died.

He knew what he had to do to become King.)

#### **Tubal's Memory (Prime 4)**

(This was the year.

[Tubal](#) carefully checks his ledgers once more to make sure the numbers would not raise suspicion. He had successfully armed the Rebels via 'acceptable manufacturing losses,' and had been feeding them intel on the Kingdom's weaknesses for the better part of a decade.

A revolt was imminent. All he had to do was keep the odds in his favor...)

---

([Tubal](#) closes his eyes as his mind travels over to his legion of flying automatons in the Nibiru Deep vents.

He examines the early warning system that [Estuary Mehujael](#) created to protect his men in the event of a flood.)

---

([Tubal](#) works quickly, ordering a group of his automatons to silently cut the ropes to the warning bells, while the rest of his mechanical minions drill through the lakebed above.

Within minutes, a torrent of water comes crashing through the tunnels, and cries of confusion and panic arise. A smile spreads across [Tubal's](#) face as the screams are drowned out by the sound of rushing water.)

#### **Tubal's Memory (Prime 5)**

(From a hundred different viewpoints, [Tubal](#) watches the fighting unfold as his flying automatons navigate the chaos of the Kingdom.

He revels in the screams of rebels and soldiers clashing in the Citadel while his body lies peacefully in a chamber, deep within the [Pishon Dry Lake](#) mines.)

---

(No matter how explosive the fighting becomes, he knows he is safe, for he had taken precautions and sealed off the entrance to the mines before the fighting started.

Soon, once the fighting dies down, all that will be left is to emerge with his army of automatons and slay the remaining [Estuaries](#).)

---

(He feels a sharp, piercing pain in his chest, and is suddenly jolted back into his body.

He tried to open his eyes, but he cannot see anything. He struggles to move, but is completely restrained.

He realizes he is tied up and being dragged, gagged and blindfolded, through the tunnels of his domain.)

---

(His blindfold is removed to reveal six figures standing above him, dripping from the poisonous waters of the Stygian.

One of them is holding a dull metallic object. Tubal squints and realizes it was one of the warning bells he had cut.

These must be [Mehujael's](#) men, but how could that be? They must have swum through the flooded [Nibiru Deep](#) to reach him!)

---

'No one escapes this place. Not even an Estuary.'

(The bell is rung, and the figures slunk away from view.

The chime of the bell echoes throughout the massive chamber, and [Tubal](#) feels the ground tremble. He tries to scream out, but the gag chokes him.

Heirloom that transcends life and death itself. Those bound to it inherit the soul; aY, the fabled As the dragon rises and opens its jaws, Tubal shut his eyes and tries to will himself back to his automatons.

But all that meets him is darkness...)

## **Garden of Eden Lore**

This will be all dialogue from Jonah's Dialogue and Memories in the Garden of Eden.

### **Jonah (1)**

...Welcome to the [Garden of Eden](#), Traveler.

Our little slice of purgatory.

---

I've been following you closely on your journey. You are not the only one who can read memories with the power of [Aesop's Tome](#). And I've been reading yours...

After every hard-won battle against an Estuary, you left behind a fragment of your past. But every memory dropped was of a different life...

---

I now realize that you are the bearer of [Hestia's Reliquary](#), the fabled [Heirloom](#) that transcends life and death itself. Those bound to it inherit the soul and wisdom of every previous vessel.

And in your memories I saw the very first soul to ever be bound to it...  
That of the King's twin brother, [Abel](#).

---

Now I know why the King sent you to retrieve the Fruit.  
You are the last of his legacy, and the only one he trusts.

---

The Fruit is yours for the taking if you can defeat me, but know that I have already suffused it with the Black Root poison.

---

The poison won't kill the King, but it will weaken him greatly. The King must be stopped. Even now we can hear the war drums above, and it is clear his invasion will not end until he has claimed the entire world.

His very existence is perverse and unnatural. He retains his vitality by stealing the souls of the people and has interrupted the growth of the Tree of Life itself, all to feed his avarice.

---

He is not like you, [Abel](#). You save the lives of others, while he profits from their deaths.

So I ask you, [Abel](#), what will you do?

Will you give the poisoned Fruit to your King, or warn him of the truth?

---

Keep the answer to yourself. Words carry lies.

I will extract your memories in combat and determine the truth.

For King or Country, let this battle show me who you truly are!

## **Jonah (2)**

... We've been here before haven't we, Traveler?

This encounter, this conversation...

It's all so familiar...

---

... The longer I am by this tree, the more the fog lifts, and I can remember my past self.

Our story is being retold, over and over, but it seems this tree remains constant, everywhere, at all times.

---

And even though some force is changing the [Tapestry](#) of this world, we are still fated to repeat our past mistakes.

All of us, it seems, except you.

Perhaps it is your connection with [Hestia's Reliquary](#) that separates you from the [Threads](#) that bind the rest of us.

---

It is only now, at the very end, am I bestowed the clarity that you've had all along.

And because of that, I understand you are the only one that can make a difference. Only you can make our future brighter.

---

If we've battled before, we will battle again.

Come, show me how this story ends!



### **Jonah (3)**

Hello again, Traveler.

It is good to see you.

Is it fitting to call you 'Traveler', I wonder?

---

[Abel](#) may be the name given to you long ago, but that is not who you are anymore.

And although you are immortal, you are not like your brother, the King.

---

The King devours the souls of those who have passed as a means to extend his life-force. He learns nothing, and gives nothing in return.

You, on the other hand, have willingly bound yourself to [Hestia's Reliquary](#) and offered to share your knowledge and wisdom with all those who come after.

---

You may have lost your own identity, but you are truly the voice of the people. If there is anyone to place my faith in, it would be you.

But I cannot risk our future on faith alone.

---

Though you may have changed, Traveler, my duty has not.

Let us play our roles and see what fate has in store!

### **Jonah (4)**

We meet again, Traveler.

I have a confession. Before I became a Rebel soldier I was a General of the Citadel's army, and known as the 'Master of Swords'.

---

Even after secretly switching sides, I could not halt my duties to the Estuaries as it would raise questions. So I trained Citadel soldiers by day, and Rebel fighters by night.

Training your students to kill each other is a curse I'd never wish upon anyone...

---

...The pressure broke me, Traveler.

All I wanted was for the war to stop.

But in the end, I failed. I tried to do what I thought was right, but instead I betrayed them all...

---

Our entire Kingdom burned in the ensuing war.

So many souls lost, and I was to blame.

All hope was lost, but then you arrived...

---

Every time a new [Thread](#) is sewn and the story starts over, you triumph. The King falls, the Stygian waters rise, and the people of this realm escape to the surface.

And it ends with a promising future for the survivors...for Z...

---

You may be a source of hope for the others, Traveler, but my sins are set in stone.

I shall play my role for all eternity if it guarantees them a brighter tomorrow.  
Let us not keep Fate waiting any longer!

### **Jonah (5)**

Hello again, Traveler.

The Thread has reset, and the loop continues.

In your absence, I've taken the time to speak to [Charon](#).  
...He's not much of a conversationalist, but he is a good listener.

---

Did you know the Chthonic Gods are considered benevolent beings? They appear during grim times in human history to help us through.

All of the Gods you have met on your journey have aided you in some way. All except [Charon](#)...

---

[Geras](#) cleanses the traumas of our past, while [Elpis](#) paves the path for our future. Even the [Keres](#) siblings renew the souls they consume.

Yet [Charon](#) takes, and gives nothing in return. He may simply be the black sheep in the family, but I believe there is more to it than that.

---

For many, greed is the greatest sin. Humans will steal, cheat, lie, and kill for wealth. Kings and pharaohs bury themselves with their riches as people starve in the streets.

[Charon](#) takes that all away. He strips you of your greatest weakness before you embark on your divine journey.

---

Or perhaps these are the musings of an idealistic soldier, who is ready to meet his end.

Facing mortality makes philosophers of us all, Friend.  
Come, my blades have been waiting.

### **Jonah (6)**

Traveler, it's strange.

Recently I've found myself reminiscing more upon my childhood.

---

[Estuary Lamech](#) was my father.

That may be surprising, but he was the father to many. It was a mandate by the King that all Estuaries keep the lineage growing, although some followed it more than others.

---

To [Lamech](#) I was nothing, but being a child of an Estuary changes your life, Traveler.

The common folk called us 'Citadel-born'. Bound by blood to the Estuaries, we were never trusted, and suffered much disdain...

---

Growing up, we had nowhere to go, so most ended up as soldiers working for the Estuaries. And every time another one of us joined the ranks, the bias would grow and the pattern continued.

A truly vicious self-fulfilling prophecy.

---

I almost succumbed to that never-ending cycle myself, until I met [Z](#). She believed in me and gave me a purpose.

But I am not like Z. She fought for a better future.  
...I only fought for her.

---

My path has been set, Traveler, but yours changes with every [Thread](#).

Now let us continue this dance, and may your resolve never waver!

## **Jonah (7)**

Traveler, thank you for all the talks we've had.

These conversations have helped me gain a clearer perspective on my life.

---

Even though you completed your journey long ago, you continue to traverse new [Threads](#) to uncover the tragic past of our sordid Kingdom.

Your steadfast endeavor to bring to light our history is truly merit able, and has inspired me to do the same.

---

I've been taking the time to traverse the Citadel and resolve some unanswered questions, no matter how painful they may be.

One day I hope to fully understand everything that transpired, and honor the sacrifices of the people.

---

But another [Thread](#) has reached its end, and we shall battle once more.

Show me that you will always be the hero I believe you are!

## Jonah (8)

Everyone has a plan, Traveler.

Nobody is honest down here, not even me.

---

The Rebels wanted to do a surprise assault when the Estuaries gathered for the [Ceremony of Return](#). Cut off all the heads of the hydra at once, as it were.

It was a bold plan, but one I knew was never going to work. As the ‘Master of Swords’, and [Lamech’s](#) protégé, only I understood the Estuaries’ true strength. The Rebels would have been massacred.

---

So I revealed their plan to [Estuary Lamech](#). He was unposed to snuff it out before it began. Sacrifice a few people to save tens of thousands.

Instead, he wanted glory. He wanted war, so he let it happen...

---

By trying to do what I thought was right, I became what I hated most, a traitorous ‘Citadel-born’. And in the end I still failed to save anyone. Myself, the Rebels, and [Z](#).

...I gave up everything for nothing.

---

But in my recent quest to reveal the truth, I discovered life is full of schemers.

It turns out I was never more than a puppet, being manipulated by more strings than I could count.

---

The Rebels never fully trusted me - they had contingencies planned in the event of my betrayal. My actions never had an effect on the final outcome.

But in the end, none of that mattered. Even when the Rebels used my betrayal to ambush [Lamech](#) when he was alone, he still single-handedly cut them all down.

---

Knowing I simply played my part gives me no solace. I cannot forgive myself for my actions. But instead of condemning myself, perhaps I can work towards making amends.

Thank you, Traveler, for helping me come to terms with everything that has happened. It has been many, many Threads.

---

...Now, unsheathe your weapon, Traveler.

Let us not break tradition when we are so close to the end!

## Jonah (9+)

Take as many [Threads](#) as you need, Friend.

I am grateful for the company.

---

No matter how many journeys you take, I'll always be waiting, ready to test you.

Now raise your blade. Honor demands we give our all!

### **Jonah (After Defeat - Repeat Dialogue)**

Charon's boat lies just to the West, Traveler.

Take it and return home.

The King awaits you.

---

Traveler, thank you for putting the Estuaries to rest.

It could not have been done without you.

---

My journey ends here, Traveler.

I made my choices long ago.

It is time for me to accept the consequences.

### **Jonah (After Defeat - Discussing Charon and the Estuaries)**

I arranged for your passage in advance, Traveler.

Typically, [Charon](#) would never let someone cross the Stygian without paying their dues...But even gods have their vices.

---

...[Charon](#) always had an appetite for lost [Sacred Obols](#) that would wash ashore at times.

...The Estuaries would pay a generous sum to anyone who brought them one of these relics.

---

They hoarded them in anticipation of the [Great Return](#).

A token for every man, woman, and child to cross the Stygian Ocean when their King came down to release them from this purgatory.

No one would be left behind.

---

...Sometimes I forget the virtues the Estuaries held before it all collapsed.

Thank you for helping me remember the good in them.

## **Castle Hamson**

This will be all dialogue and memories from Cain in Castle Hamson.

### **Cain (Initial Dialogue)**

Brother, you have returned bearing gifts.

---

You have done what my Children could not, and brought the [Fruit of Life](#).  
Too far have I divided myself, but with this I shall become whole once more.

---

My Children failed to tend to the Garden, and in turn failed me.  
You have brought an end to their dissidence and will be rewarded.

---

In honor of your duties, Brother, you shall rule the [Kingdom of Genesis](#) in their stead.

Continue to tend to the Garden, Brother, and someday you too shall rule by my side.

---

...BROTHER...

---

...BETRAYER...

### **Cain (Upon Defeat)**

...BROTHER...

...I WILL NOT GO QUIETLY...

---

...MY BODY...

...RETURNS TO THE STYGIAN...

---

...BUT THE WATERS SHALL RISE...

...AND MY VENGEANCE SHALL BE SEVENFOLD...

### **Cain's Memory (1)**

(Cain tumbles through a boundless space as images of strange lands and foreign cultures assaults his mind's eye. From all directions, sensations, voices, and thoughts demand his attention.)

---

(He feels his consciousness being pulled into an in-between space, until all that stands before him is a giant glowing white tree. Its network of branches seem to divide infinitely and touch every soul in existence.)

---

(As he gazes downwards, he sees its roots form a black mirror of the tree itself, except its branches form a network a thousand times larger, snaking deep into the inky darkness. The roots burrow through the corpses of

the dead, absorbing all knowledge, sin, and virtue collected over a lifetime. He strains to take in the immensity of it all, but feels the substance of his body returning...)

---

(He blinks.

Suddenly he is standing in an ocean of white grass. In front of him stands the white tree, but all around him are warring soldiers bloodied from combat. They cease their assault and kneel in silent submission to him.)

---

(He looks to his left hand and sees the Fruit of Life - a single bite taken from its flesh. The fruit withers to ash before his eyes, leaving only a seed in his palm.

In his right hand, he holds the body of his brother - cold and lifeless...)

### **Cain's Memory (2)**

(Cain stands within a sacred hall, its walls emblazoned with the image of a white tree with black roots - the chosen symbol for his fledgling kingdom.

In front of him lies [Hestia's Reliquary](#) - a massive tomb, gilded on every side with the symbols of his kingdom. Atop the Reliquary, a bell rings.)

---

(An initiate steps forward, kneeling in front of the Reliquary as two priests sprinkles holy water atop his head, thus beginning the ritual.

The initiate pulls out a small dagger and bravely wraps his other hand around its blade. He winces, but holds his tongue, as he lets his blood fall upon the orange parchment.

‘Let your blood symbolize the sacrifice you make for the good of your kingdom.’)

---

(The priest holds a hand over the boy, ‘You are the first and only of your order, but know you will not be the last. May your wisdom and character guide all who come after.’

After giving his benediction, the priest removes the parchment, returning it to the safety of the Reliquary, while Cain bandages his new steward's wounded hand. He clasps the boy's hand between his own, then suddenly gives him a great hug.

Startled at first, the boy freezes, then awkwardly returns the gesture.

‘Arise, my brother, and know you are forever reborn.’)

### **Cain's Memory (3)**

(As the poison seeps deeper into his body, [Cain](#) feels black roots burst out of him and dig into the dirt and stones beneath.

He feels the pull of a thousand invisible strands as the Stygian desperately reaches out to take back what was stolen from it.)

---

(And as [Cain](#) feels his body turning to stone, he does not resist. He can feel himself slowly becoming a part of the castle's walls, and knows this is not the end.

He feels the souls of all who perished within its walls beckon him...)

---

(As his vision turns to stone and his mind darkens, [Cain](#) looks up once more towards his brother [Abel](#), before uttering his final curse.

Death holds no dominion over me.)

## **Docks**

This will be all dialogue from NPCs at the Docks (to include the Drift House).

### **Athos the Blacksmith - General Events**

Details on basic information for Athos the Blacksmith

#### **Introduction (after unlocking him in the Manor):**

Thanks for helpin' me build my [black-shoppe](#) Kid.

I ain't got a lot to my name, but I promise you, your investment into this here [black-smithery](#) will pay off.

I can't make much 'cause I ain't got any [blueprints](#), but if you and me work together?

Boy, we can make some unimaginable things!

And I mean that literally.

Gots me some of that [aphantasia](#). Can't see no pictures up in this noggin.

That's why I need those [blueprints](#).

So here's the deal. You get me [blueprints](#), and I'll charge you money to make them.

It's a win-win.

I win, 'cause I get free [blueprints](#), then I win again 'cause I get a customer.

Anyway, enough dilly-dally. Let me show you what I've got in the back.

#### **After finding an equipment upgrade:**

Woah Kid, looks like you found some [advanced blueprints](#)!

These are more than special, 'cause with this I can upgrade existing gear, making them better than I ever imagined! Literally!



*(Still gots me that [aphantasia](#).)*

Wanna hear a secret, Kid?

I heard if you wear items from the same set, you can unlock special [Unity Bonuses](#) that'll blow your mind.

And if you keep upgradin' your gear, those [Unity Bonuses](#) will keep gettin' better 'n better.

So what are you waitin' for, Kid? Let's get spendin'!

#### **After equipping a unity bonus:**

Lookin' snazzy, Kid!

You keep coordinatin' like that, and maybe you'll find that special someone!

And if you don't... well at least you'll still look great. It's more than just pride when keepin' unity with your clothing.

#### **Athos the Blacksmith - Special introduction (after unlocking him at the end of the game):**

Hey Kid, finally decided to make use of my wares?

Not sure what good it'll do you now, what with the monsters being defeated and all...

But I ain't gettin any younger, and gold's gold, and old's old.

So why don't you get to shoppin' before we all turn to dust?

Now, I can't make much 'cause I ain't got any [blueprints](#), but if you and me work together?

Boy, we can make some unimaginable things!

And I mean that literally.

Gots me some of that [aphantasia](#). Can't see no pictures up in this noggin.

That's why I need those [blueprints](#).

So here's the deal. You get me [blueprints](#), and I'll charge you money to make them.

It's a win-win.

I win, 'cause I get free [blueprints](#), then I win again 'cause I get a customer.

Anyway, enough dilly-dally. Let me show you what I've got in the back.

#### **Nunet the Enchantress - General Events**

Details on basic information for Nunet the Enchantress

#### **Introduction (after unlocking her in the Manor):**

Ooooh Ducky, thank you so much for this extravagant tent!

The Ka flowing through it is so overwhelming that it's making me **DIZZY**!

... Just kidding! I saw the price tag (*Talk about cheap*).

The only thing making me dizzy are the fumes from all the cleaning agents I had to use.

... Couldn't you get a girl anything better?

Whelp, beggars can't be choosers... So I've decided not to be poor anymore!

Now let's talk about Magic with a capital **M** (*for money*)!

Because let me tell you Ducky, enchantments are not cheap.

Find me some sweet **Runic Stones** and I can grant you powers you couldn't even dream of!

Like stealing the lifeforce from your enemies, or being slightly magnetic!

... And that's it. That's all I've got... until you find me those **Runic Stones** Ducky!

**After finding a rune upgrade:**

Oooh, Ducky, is that a duplicate **Runic Stone** you have there?

Well, aren't you in for a treat! Do you want to know what I can do with it?

If you were going to say 'stack them'...

... You'd be wrong!

... No, you were right. All I can do is stack them.

But that doesn't mean it's easy to do!

Stacking is little bit more... Expensive with a capital **E** (*for extremely*).

**Nunet the Enchantress - Special introduction (after unlocking her at the end of the game):**

Hello Ducky... It's a little late for asking a girl for her wares don't 'cha think?

While you were out doing your heroics, I missed out on all the fun!

And on all the money!

(*my gosh, the money!*)

Whelp, beggars can't be choosers... So I've decided not to be poor anymore!

Now let's talk about Magic with a capital **M** (*for money*)!

Because let me tell you Ducky, enchantments are not cheap.

Find me some sweet **Runic Stones** and I can grant you powers you couldn't even dream of!

Like stealing the lifeforce from your enemies, or being slightly magnetic!

... And that's it. That's all I've got... until you find me those [Runic Stones](#) Ducky!

### **Charon the Ferryman - Introduction**

.. One must pay the toll.

### **Lady Quinn the Dummy - Introduction**

H-h-hello! This is a nifty place you have here!

M-m-my name is Lady Quinn, and I'm excited to meet you!

I-I-I'm a [Living Dummy](#) and I knooooow everything about [Weapons](#) and stuff!

I love everything about them, so if you have any questions, j-j-just ask! I could talk your b-butt off about 'em!

And who knows? M-m-maybe you could learn a trick or t-two!

A-a-and s-s-sorry about the [st-st-stu-stutter](#).

It gets worse when I'm f-f-feeling... shy...

.....

... Ok. Well, nice t-t-talking to you!

### **Bonus Conversation with Lady Quinn - After hitting her enough to bring her hp to 0:**

... Stop that.

### **The Sage Totem (aka Totes the Sage Totem) - Introduction**

BEHOLD!

I AM THE [SAGE TOTEM](#) AND YOU ARE NOW BOUND TO ME.

ALL OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE WILL BE HOUSED WITHIN MY SPIRIT WOOD.

TO GAIN MASTERY IN ONE PROFESSION, IS TO GAIN ADVANTAGE IN ALL.  
WHAT WE SHARE IN KNOWLEDGE MAKES US STRONG.

... THAT IS ALL.

... WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?  
MY MONOLOGUE IS OVER.

... I AM BAD AT IDLE BANTER.

...

... MONDAYS, AM I RIGHT?

**When using his service:**

THIS IS THE KNOWLEDGE I HAVE RETAINED.

THIS IS YOUR WORTH AS A PERSON REDUCED TO A NUMBER.

**Atticus the Living Safe - Introduction**

Psssst... PSSSST!

Hey Friend-o, over here.

It's me, your buddy the [Living Safe](#).

You're here 'cause you want the stuff, right? Cause boy-o, I gots the stuff.

I'm talking tax loopholes, Friend-o. And oh buoy, I've got loops on loops on fruits on loops.

I'm an Accountant, and with a bit o' wizardy, I can take gold from even Death himself.

That's the secret to making money, Friend-o.

It's not about how much money you make, it's about how much you keep. And we're keepin' it alllll.

Or at least a small percentage of it.

**Noah the Architect - Introduction (after unlocking him in the Manor):**

Oooh, what do we have here?

Why hellooo Child! Have you come to speak to me? An olldd man?

It is good that you speak with your elders. We have a lot to wisdom to teach.

A lot of... storrrries to tell.

Now, now, where are my manners? I haven't introduced myself!

My name is Olldd Man, and my defining trait is being olldd!

And you... I shall call you Child, for your defining trait is that you have no past history.

But I can fix that. I can help you find that history you so desperately need.

See this drill? I can use it to lock the Kingdom down and prevent it from ever changing.

Now you can search corners never scoured, and battle monsters you've failed to conquer.

You can become a hero and tell your own stories!

Of course, if you use the drill there is an olldd man's finder fee.

Why aren't my services free, you ask? Because I am olldd man.

Not dummmmmmb man, or generous man.

**Noah the Architect - When talking to him while there is no world to lock:**

Child, I'd love to take your money, but my machine doesn't seem to be working.

Maybe there is no Kingdom to lock, or maybe I am toooo old and I don't know what I'm doing.

**Pizza Girl (aka Maria the Pizza Girl) - Introduction in Axis Mundi**

Hey there Stranger! Didn't think I'd meet anyone this far out, but I'm sure glad you showed up!

Name's Maria by the way.

I was heading to the Sun Tower when a [Shift](#) happened, and some monsters teleported right beside me! So I ran back here to my pizza shop, and decided to lay low until they left...

Or until someone got rid of them. Thanks for that, by the way.

Anyway, I can tell from your get-up that you're not from around here. Juuuuust a wild guess, but you're from above, right? Trying to open that giant gold door?

Don't worry, I won't pry. Just sayin' that maybe I can help.

If you ever get the chance, come meet me by one of the teleporters. Maybe we can work together.

Thanks again for the save, but I'd better be going.

I'd like to study the teleporters while I have the chance...

**\*(after talking to her again in the same spot)\***

Don't worry, I'm just catching my breath. The Tower teleporter is just above, so go on ahead and I'll meet you there!

I didn't go through two weeks of delivery-person training for nothing!

**Maria the Pizza Girl - after meeting her at a teleporter:**

Hey again, Stranger!

So you're interested in hearing my proposal? How exciting!

I was afraid you'd ghost me. Your lack of response and facial expressions makes you quite hard to read.

First, let me do a proper introduction:

Name's Maria - Pizza delivery girl by day, amateur geologist by night.

Don't let my job title fool you, delivering food isn't easy when everything keeps [Shifting](#).

One wrong step and you could end up being the toppings.

But I'm different. I can 'feel' the [Shift](#), and can tell when things have moved and where they'll end up...

And that's how you and I can work together!

See this portal? It's bound to other portals via [Currents](#).

Once a portal is activated you can keep going back to it, but if a [Shift](#) occurs, that connection is lost.

I've been studying these portals (and using them for deliveries) for a while now, so I've grown pretty attuned to the [Currents](#).

And if you give me enough resources, I think I can unlock these portals for you permanently!

What's in it for me you didn't ask? Well, if I can keep these portals open, then I can start helping others who are stuck because of them.

Not everyone can cross these treacherous regions on their own, so having these portals would be a literal lifesaver!

So whaddaya say? You get to traverse the world more easily, and I get to help people in need.

All it takes is 1750 gold.

**Maria the Pizza Girl - after meeting her back on the Docks:**

Heya Stranger, thanks again for saving me on the bridge.

Being cooped up in there for so long was making me go crazy.

We've been down here for so long, waiting for help to arrive, that I had given up hope.

Mannn... I know we're not out yet, but standing on these Docks, right here right now, is probably the happiest I've ever been.

... I'd love to chill here some more but I can't. There are still people in the Kingdom that need help.

The next time you go back to the Kingdom, we should share a boat. It'd make for some nice company.

**Geras the Caretaker - Introduction (after unlocking the Drift House by killing at least one boss):**

.... Mmmrr' wasn't sleepin'!

.....

... Oh, it's just you. Hello Traveler, glad you could finally make it.

Welcome to the [Drift House](#), our cozy little world between worlds.

Name's Geras, and I'm the Caretaker of Souls.

I believe you've already had the pleasure of meeting my brother [Charon](#)?

Tall, dark, not much of a talker? Well, please don't take any offense from his silent treatment. He's young and going through that rebellious phase.

Me on the other hand? I love to talk. Love it.

I'm all about understanding the human condition. Can't get enough of it.

I'm also a bit [narcoleptic](#), so before the sweet embrace of sleep takes me away, let's talk shop.

This is the [Drift House](#), home of the Cthonic Gods.

The house is an anchor - a point of land between our [Drifting Worlds](#).

It exists both nowhere and everywhere.

All of us Cthonic beings have our own duties to uphold.

Some ferry the dead, others tend to the souls. You get the deal.

It's a lot of work, but I love it.

And while we may be gods, we're not omnipotent.

Even gods occasionally need the help of mortals, you know?

And that's where you come in!

You help me, you help you.

If you're interested, then let's stop the chit-chat and get down to work!

### **Inside the Sysiphus scar:**

Welcome to [Erebus](#), the Astral Plane of the Collective Subconscious.

In this vast expanse, all the souls of both the living and the dead are connected to one another.

Out here our memories, our emotions, and our deeds are laid bare.

You see, no one exists within a vacuum. We all have an effect on one another.

I am the [Caretaker of the Souls of Erebus](#). I nurture virtuous emotions, while weeding out the negative ones.

But sometimes an event can occur - one so catastrophic - that the psychological trauma creates a [Scar](#) across the lands.

Left unresolved, these [Scars](#) will poison the minds of future generations.

The red memories you see in the world are called [Scars](#).

Bring them to me and I will help you cleanse them.

People tend to hide their darkest fears, which makes [Scars](#) difficult to find.

But I can hear their echoes, so speak to me and I will guide you to them.

These traumas... these [Scars](#), I cannot resolve alone.

I lack the ability to fully empathize with the struggles you mortals face every day.

And this is where you come in. I need the empathy of another mortal to help heal these lands.

Your compassion can mend the world.

The [Scars](#) you face on your journey ahead are treacherous. They will push your skills to the limit.

And in [Erebus](#), physical strength can only take you so far.

Your body will be constrained by your [Empathic Connection](#).

But if you can improve your connection by finding [Empathies](#), you can reduce, and maybe even remove, these limits.

Welcome to the top of the caldera, Traveler.

This mountain you have been climbing is my [Scar](#), and it continues to grow alongside my fear of failing to save the people.

Down here there has been so much pain and suffering.

So many Scars have grown wild, polluting the lands.

Our traumas will be passed down and corrupt countless generations to come.

These people deserve better.

So what do you say? Will you help me bring closure to the forlorn?

I know it's a tall task, but this is a tall mountain.

... Plus, if you do well enough, I'll even give you a trophy! Everyone loves trophies!

### **Scars found inside Sysiphus:**

#### **Geras' Memory 1:**

Will the Traveler be strong enough to conquer a Scar?

It has been a long while since I've worked with a mortal... and the last time did not turn out well.

But I must have faith. I have seen the Traveler triumph over many obstacles...

However, the corruption caused by a Scar is a different kind of beast...

#### **Geras' Memory 2:**

Scars can be hard to find...

... But I mustn't let my negative thoughts start spiraling.



If they have found one, they can find the others!

... Traveler, if you can hear this, I believe in you.  
You will find the Scars!

### **The Keres - Introduction (after unlocking the Drift House by killing at least one boss):**

Hello Traveller, and welcome to the Soul Shop.

Welcome to the Attic!

My name is Keres, and the rambunctious one over here is my little sister... also called Keres.

I'm the real Keres!

Our locations may not be ideal but I assure you our wares are of the highest caliber.  
What we offer is meant only for the erudite and most discerning of customers.

No window shopping!

If you wish to peruse our catalogue, then please note we only trade in souls.

No ore, no aether, and especially none of that mundane gold our brother loves so much.

Estuary souls taste the spiciest!

In exchange for souls we'll offer you the most powerful gift of all... the power of **Potential**!

You'll still need to put in some elbow grease to make yourself shine, but as they say,

'Power without perseverance is no power at all'.

No one says that!

### **Elpis the Bearer of Hope- Introduction (after unlocking her by killing all the bosses):**

Many greetings, Traveler.

I am Elpis, the Bearer of Hope, and I have been *dying* to meet you.

*(Just joking, I can't die.)*

I have been following your journey through the **Great Tapestry of the Moirai**.

It is a tapestry that annotates the entirety of human history. Every soul is a new **Thread**, and every death, a pattern ended.

... But you are special, Traveler.

Your **Thread** is like none I have seen before.

Like an **Estuary**, your **Thread** is one which binds many.

The **Estuaries** pull others into themselves, forming a **Knot** that desecrates the **Great Tapestry**.

You, on the other hand, form a **Weave**.

Souls interlinked harmoniously, forming a pattern within a pattern.

The Gods think humanity is doomed. Millennia of war and turmoil has extinguished all hope.  
But you and your beautiful **Weave** have the potential to rekindle that flame.

Despair and hope are two sides of the same coin.  
One cannot exist without the other.

The more difficult your journey becomes, the greater the hope you will bring to those around you.  
The changes you have made down here are but a drop of your true potential.

Together we can make this world a lot better, by making it a little worse.

So what say you, Traveler?  
Shall we prove the Gods wrong?

**Dialogs after changing threads:**

Sayonara Traveler, and have a safe trip.

... And remember to stick the landing when you arrive.

---

Arrivederci Traveler, and be careful of that last step.

... It's a doozy.

---

Bon voyage Traveler, I am certain we will meet again soon.

... Don't forget to flip!

---

Au revoir Traveler. I shall greet you on the other side.

... Try not to throw up on your way there.

**Athos the Blacksmith - Normal relationship events:**

Ain't nothing quite like the smell of a forge in full bellow, Kid.

The coal, the melted iron, the sweat... smells like memories.

... It also smells a little toxic, if I'm gonna be honest.

---

I've been a blacksmith all my life, Kid. Knew it'd be my passion the moment I first picked up a hammer.

Some people feel bad for me, wonderin' how I could spend my whole life doing the same thing over and over.

Truth is, I'm one of the lucky ones.

So many people out there spend their whole life looking for purpose and never findin' it.

... Just always lookin', and never commitin'...

Kid, what I'm tryin' to say is... you buying somethin' or what?

---

Hey Kid, you headin' out?

Well, be-forge you leave don't forge-t to buy something.

Like that? Bit o' blacksmith humour right there.

... Jokes aside, you should buy something.

---

D'you know what words and smithing have in common?

They get used, tempered, and rebuilt over the years, eventually becoming something new.

That armor you have? One day it will be scrapped, melted, and reforged.

Maybe a hundred years from now that sword'll be a really big spoon.

Words go through the same transformative process.

They absorb new meanings as they are used in common parlance, and often become something entirely different.

... I dunno why I'm acting like I knew this. I'm just spittin' out what the Totem told me.

---

Y'know, I'm not just a blacksmith.

I was trained in the crafting of large-scale items like armor, ploughs, and swords, but I learned the skills of a whitesmith too.

Rings, fine tools, and etchings.

Smithing isn't just a job to me. It's my blood. Everythin' I make, I put the utmost care into.

... So stop complainin' about my prices.

---

Been talkin' to that Enchantress friend o' yours. She's quite the talker.

Lovely as silver, but a talker.

Would be innerestin' to see if she could sit through one of the Architect's tales without sayin' a thing.

---

Fixed the Enchantress' crystal pole yesterday.  
Pretty easy. Tightened some nuts and bolts, finished in an hour.

Spent some time talkin' to her. Ain't so bad.

... By the way, the hinges on the pole were loose â€™cause someone's been kickin' at it.

... Wouldn't mind if you kept it up.  
Be helpful to know I did a good job repairin' it.

---

Kid, I'm lookin' for some advice. That Enchantress friend of yours?  
Asked if I'd be interested in joinin' her for dinner.

What should I wear? Alls I got is this apron.

... You think that's ok?

... Maybe I should go shirtless?  
Forgot how hard this is.

---

Life's funny, ain't it Kid?  
The past ain't been kind to me, so I came down here to start again.

Wanted to give myself some time to be alone.

But that Enchantress is quite the lady. Been a long time since I've felt this way.  
Maybe being alone ain't what I need right now.

And she's one heck of a cook! Never had such exotic food before.  
That Ful she made was somethin' else.

... But to be honest, her Ham-borg-er was my favourite.

---

Hey Kid, looks like you're heading out again huh?  
Well, be careful out there.

I've takin' a liking to you, so try and make it back y'hear?

---

If you're tired of makin' a living by dyin', I'm always on the lookout for an apprentice.

You're small, got tiny arms, and you're clumsy as heck, but you've got a good head on your shoulders.

Never been happier than when I'm learnin'.

---

You know, one of my goals in life was to earn the title of Mastersmith.

It's a title given to those who've shown mastery in all forms of smithing:  
Blacksmithing, whitesmithing, and leatherworks.

... Still think that last one shoulda been called cowsmithing.

To be a real master, you hafta forge from memory, without the help of blueprints.

Never could pass the final test 'cause of my [Aphantasia](#).

I'm an old man, but even I think some customs are dated.

No self-respectin' blacksmith would ever start workin' without a trusty blueprint beside 'em.

---

I may not be considered a mastersmith, but those weapons o' yours were made with love and care.

There are many steps to makin' a blade, but the most important one is forging a strong core.

If the blade is too hard, it'll shatter the moment you swing it.

If the blade is too soft, it'll deform itself on the first thing it strikes.

Remember, good blades bend, bad ones break.

---

Y'ever speak to that safe in the buoy? I'm interested to know what it's made of.

It spends all day sittin' in the water, but it ain't rustin'.

Wonderin' if I can take a chip of it.

---

Hey Kid, y'know any good recipes?

The Enchantress has been cooking for me all this time.

Feel like I should return the favour, but I don't know how to cook.

I've also got no kitchen, so whatever recipe you have, it's gotta work in a forge that blasts at 1600 degrees.

---

I wonder how old the Architect is?  
I'm hittin' 100, but he looks like he's over 10,000.

---

Still window shoppin' Kid?

Can't make items if I don't have customers, is all I'm sayin'.

---

Been lettin' that Pizza Girl sleep in the forge.  
I have a spare room in the back that's well ventilated.

Still gets dusty though.

It's been good. Doesn't make a lotta noise, and she helps clean up the place.

... Think she's been sneakin' about and usin' my forge to cook pizzas though.

I'd complain, but I do like pizza.

---

Still goin' out there Kid?

Well, I'm still lookin' for an apprentice, is all I'm sayin'.

---

Hey Kid, you could use some meat on you.

You should come over for dinner some time.  
Nunet makes a delicious stew, and I can make some really, really burnt meat.

---

Hey Kid, I made Nunet a steel pillow. Tell me what ya think.

I tried to make it as soft as possible, but it's still really, really hard.

... Honestly, you could probably use it as a weapon if you were in a pinch.

---

That pillow I made for Nunet was a terrible idea. Hurt her back tryin' to sleep on it.

She likes soft things but I'm a blacksmith. Everythin' I make is gonna be hard.  
If I really wanna make her somethin' I can't just resort to what's comfortable for me, y'know? I need to do better.

Seriously, a metal pillow... What was I thinking?

---

Those wooden beams behind me have been wigglin'.

I've reinforced the base, so you can tell Quinn up there she can go back to her shenanigans again.

---

Hey Kid, keep up the good work, y'hear?

I thought I was alright livin' out my life down here, but I've got the itch to take the Mastersmith trial again.

Nunet has been helpin' me with my [Aphantasia](#).

Just little things. She's been tryin' to help me 'exercise my imagination'.

Not sure if it's workin', but just knowin' someone's in my corner makes me feel like givin' it another shot.

---

Hey Kid, ever peek under Charon's cloak?

It's pitch black underneath, but I once caught a glimpse of his weapon.

Looked like a glowing white scythe. It looked ethereal, like somethin' made from another world.

... Would love to get my hands on whatever it's made from.

---

Hey Kid, sorry if I'm a bit slow today.

Fingers are in a bit of a mess.

I took up knitting, and it's twisted up my fingers somethin' awful.

Never thought something so soft could be so hard. And painful!

---

Had to take a break from knitting. It's exhaustin' work.

Been tryin' to make the Enchantress a proper pillow, since the steel one wasn't a great idea.

So far all I've been able to make is this tiny doily, and it's taken me days...

... this pillow'll take centuries.

---

I gave up on the pillow, too hard for me.

Instead, I made some glass beads and sewed them into Nunet's blanket.  
She has trouble sleepin' sometimes, but calms right down with a tight hug.

Made this weighted blanket to help her when I'm not around.

---

There's somethin' special about this place Kid.  
Didn't expect anythin' when I settled here, but I'm glad I did.

---

Hey Kid, I was tryin' to keep this a secret but I planned on proposin' to Nunet.  
I was quietly makin' a ring, but it's hard to hide somethin' from someone who's right beside you...

... I say I 'planned' on proposin' cause she didn't give me the chance.  
She said yes 'fore I even popped the question...

Sorry Kid, seems like I got some smoke in my eye.

---

Got no set time for the weddin'. Thinkin' we'll do it when we all get out of here.

That means you too, y'hear? Don't go screwin' around too much, Kid.

... You'll mess up our seatin' arrangements.

---

Time's crazy down here, Kid.  
It can't have been long, but sometimes it feels like ages since I first landed at these docks.

... Wonder if I'm fallin' behind in the world of blacksmithin'.

---

Hey Kid. You keep bein' good y'hear?

---

Hey Kid, I just wanna say thanks for listenin' to me ramble on all these days.

I've grown a lot down here... And even though everythin' good in my life started here, I can't wait to leave.

... I've got some of these [Soul Stones](#) that I've had layin' around for who knows how long.  
Always planned to forge them into somethin', but I could never get myself to melt 'em down.



I know you're tryin' your hardest Kid, but take it from me, everyone needs a helpin' hand.

These stones? I ain't ever gonna use them, and you're not doin' so great out there, sooooo...

... Look, all I'm tryin' to say is good luck Kid, we're rootin' for you.

### **Nunet the Enchantress - Normal relationship events:**

Hello Ducky, glad to see you again.

Don't be surprised that I know it's you, we can all tell. Same you, different body.

Live long enough and you'll start seeing past the shell too.

---

Ducky! Please, come and share some Koshary Tea with me.

Morning tea is one of the greatest traditions ever made, and you should never skip it.

I like mine with LOTS of sugar and LOTS of mint.

... Like, a lot.

... It's probably more sugar than tea.

---

Ducky, care for some Lamb Fattah?

It's lamb and garlic, and rice, and tomatoes, and everything delicious!

It's one of my favourite dishes, so don't be bashful when asking for seconds.

... Seriously, feel free. I made too much because I keep forgetting how small I am.

---

Ducky, those Runes are just a taste. If **you** want the goooood stuff, you have to give **me** the goooood stuff.

By good stuff for me, I'm talking about [Red Aether](#)...

... It will help me live forever!

And good stuff for you, I mean stacking Runes.

... Stacking Runes is more complicated than you think.

---

Have you ever wondered, Ducky? The Docks are so close to the water, yet everything up here is dry.

... Whatever is below isn't water, it just really looks like water.

And don't even think about taking a dip. That water's poisonous, Ducky.  
It's heavy too. I have tossed a few things in there and they all sink.

... I wonder why the Living Safe can stay in it?

---

I made the Totem some Kofta, but I guess it doesn't eat.

... It's so strange because the Living Safe eats it just fine.

... Anyways, want some leftover Kofta?

---

You hungry, Ducky?

I made some Om Ali for you. It is best hot so you should eat it now.

... It's one of my favourite desserts, so if you don't like it, I'll take it back.

---

Ducky, that man beside me interests me.  
He repaired my lamp post, and I wish to thank him.

Do you know if he likes... how do you say... good food?

I am thinking of inviting him over for some Ful, but I don't want to scare him away if his palate is too boorish.

Perhaps I should cook him something more familiar?  
Maybe I'll make that dish you commoners all seem to love.

What is it called again? ... A ham-borg-er?

---

Nice to see you, Ducky!  
I had dinner with the giant blacksmith yesterday and I wanted to talk to someone about it!

At first, it did not start off great.  
He showed up smelling of soot and wearing his blacksmith apron...

Plus, I was still cooking, so I had my apron on too!  
*I can't believe we had matching outfits...*

But the dinner went better than expected!  
He's quite the conversationalist!

Blacksmithing and Rune crafting have a lot in common.

Yes, we do different things, but the fundamentals are similar and we share the same passion for our trade.

It was refreshing being able to talk to someone about things like this.

A man with drive is quite appealing!

... Plus, he was pretty handsome in that apron.

---

Hi Ducky!

I had a terrible dream that the Sage Totem was lying to me about not needing to eat, because he just didn't like my cooking...

Sooooo I made some Kofta and offered it to Quinn today.

... Well, long story short, she doesn't eat either...

... Anyways, want some Kofta?

---

Ducky, you sleeping well? Your eyes look like hollow holes leading into the abyss.

I used to have a terrible time sleeping too.

Some days I'd be more tired waking up than before I went to bed.

Turns out I had [Sleep Apnea](#), and was not breathing properly during my beauty rest.

I never did have a growth spurt, and I'm certain it's because the [Apnea](#) stunted my growth!

The proof is in the puddin', pudding.

So fix your sleeping habits now or be forever short like me!

---

Still having trouble sleeping, Ducky?

Well let me reveal to you the beauty of PILLOWS!

A comfortable body leads to a comfortable mind, and a good pillow will change your life.

They've changed mine, and I'm never looking back *(to a life of bad pillows)*.

---

Most people think that pillows are just for resting, but I use them for everything!

I use them for sleeping, for propping, for sitting, for decor...

... I even use a flat pillow for running!

Sometimes when I sit still for too long my legs begin to feel restless.  
That's when I run on my pillows!

It's great for when you need to exercise, but don't actually want to go anywhere...

---

Duckkky! You interested in more pillow talk?  
Welllll, I also use a special pillow to help with my Apnea.  
I've tried hundreds of pillows, and I have one that is my favourite.

It's shaped like a wedge and I use it to raise my neck and upper back.  
But lying in one position every night is no good, and every so often I have to switch it up.

So even though I have a hundred pillows, you can't have any of them.

---

Have you ever spoken to the Pizza Lady, Ducky?  
She is a *fascinating* character, and her soul glows brightly too.  
There's something very special about her, and I do not mean her pizza.

I think she is someone you can trust.

She is very charismatic for a pizza delivery person!

---

OoOOoooOOOooh...

Hi Ducky.

Do not expect me to get up today.  
I tried sleeping on a metal pillow yesterday and my neck is killing me.

I hate to disappoint that giant man, but I think I will stick with my countless other pillows.

---

Do you know why I call you 'Ducky'?  
It is because of that glow around you. You exude an energy that makes you look round and fuzzy, like a baby chick.

Also because you're cute and tiny!

---

Hi Ducky, I made some Baba Ganoush and pita for your boat trip.  
It is a delicious snack to have while you are on your long journey.

I made extra so you could give some to Charon as well.  
He looks like he could use a nice meal.

---

Sorry, I am not up for much chit-chat today, Ducky.  
My legs were restless last night, and I was going crazy.

I was jogging on my pillow all night, but it did not help.  
I shall try and take a nap later today.

By later I mean right after you leave. It's not like I have THAT many customers...

---

Hey Ducky, my poor little giant's hands have been hurting.  
I made some Orzo soup to comfort him, but I made too much.

He is so big that sometimes it's hard to know how much I should make, so I have plenty left over.  
Take it with you on the boat.

You can share it with your pizza girlfriend and your boatman boyfriend.

It's chicken, it's soup, it's pasta. It's delicious.  
Trust me, you three will love it.

---

Ooooooh Ducky, my darling giant is sooo nice!  
He took one of my blankets, and sewed some glass beads into it.

He calls it a weighted blanket and I just adore it.  
It has really helped me on the nights I get restless.

... He's so thoughtful. Like a giant ducky.

---

Ooooh Ducky, it is a lovely day!  
That weighted blanket has done wonders for my sleep!

It was too heavy in the beginning but Athos removed a few beads until we found the perfect weight, and now I love it.  
He's such a gentle giant!

---

Have you heard the news, Ducky? I'm getting married!  
Athos was making a ring for me and was surprised I knew what it meant.

Isn't that silly, Ducky?

He thought wedding rings were a custom from his land, but it came from us originally.

Imagine, taking someone else's traditions and believing them to be your own...

... How adorable.

---

Ducky, Athos and I would like to invite you to our wedding!

He wanted to be the one to ask, but I won the game of rock-paper-scissors.

Did you know he tried to teach me the rules to rock-paper-scissors? Isn't that silly?

He thought the game was a custom from his land, but...

... Well, maybe they also made it up.

Rock-paper-scissors isn't exactly hard to come up with.

---

Did you know that the ring is a symbol for eternal life and love?

My baba told me that. But he also said it meant the sun and the moon, so maybe he's just making it up as he goes.

I just like how they look!

---

You know Ducky, even though these waters are so poisonous, I think the mist is doing wonders for my skin.

---

Good day, Ducky!

I made some more food for your cute little trio with Maria and Charon.

It's Athos' favourite, ham-borg-er.

---

I just want to say that I love you everyday, Ducky.

No matter who you are, I know it's you!

---

Ducky! One of my guests gave me an early wedding present!

... I know I wasn't supposed to open it, but I couldn't wait!

Anyhoo, the gift was a bunch of [Soul Stones](#) but I don't know what I'm supposed to do with them.

Soooo, as a 'thank you' for helping me and the giant get together, I'd like to formally re-gift these stones to you!  
You're welcome!

### **Charon the Ferryman - Normal relationship events**

... You have returned.

---

... Cheater of Death, welcome.

---

... Welcome again, Traveler.

---

... Two shall travel together?

---

... A trip for two once more?

---

... Travelers, no more vomiting on my boat.

---

... Your persistence is meritable Travelers.

---

... The seas are rocky this morn.

... No barfing.

---

... No trips to farther shores.

... Only straight paths.

---

... Once more you journey together?

---

... Orzo soup.

... Thank you

---

... My thanks to the Enchantress.

---

... I shall see you on the Docks again.

---

... Traveler, I acknowledge you.

---

... The Blacksmith shows interest in my blade, but it is not for him.

---

... She has never paid.

... Tell her I will accept pizza.

---

... Same shores, Travelers?

---

... More pizza Travelers?

---

... Your journey begins again?

---

... Thank you for all the food Traveller.

... This is the food of the Keres. May it help you on your journey.

### **Lady Quinn the Dummy - Normal relationship events**

Mmmmm... I like it up here.

Y'know, if it wasn't for all the m-m-monsters, and the danger, and the m-m-monsters, these Docks would be pretty nice.

... Plus, I'm getting a nice wood tan.

---

A star floated close by me the other day.

It was translucent and had these long t-t-tendrils, and it was beautiful.

Or, at least I think it was beautiful...

... Come to think of it, I don't think that was a star.

... Either way, I didn't get a good look. It was scary so I c-climbed down and hid.

---



... I don't eat food, but I like how it looks.

He mastered the s-sword, the axe, the spear, and so m-m-many more cool things.  
He's my hero! I bet he's a great guy!

[illegible]

My favourite days are Sundays.

... S-s-s-sundays.

I-I-I-I said I'm nooooooooooooooooooooooot.

... He said ok and then left.

I don't know what that was.

I sometimes wonder why I like weapons so much.  
I don't like the f-f-fighting...

*(And I d-d-don't like people hurting each other.)*

I think I just l-like the elegance of it all.  
The simplicity of a tool meant for a single purpose.

The devotion of the people who learn to wield it.

... And the A-A-A-AWESOME COMBOS.

---

Estuary Lamech w-was the f-f-first Spellsword y'know that?

Before him, knights just swung swords and mages just swang spells.

After he took over, he made e-e-everyone be interdisciplinary.

He thought it was important that everyone understood a bit of e-everything. Now? The knights can swing swords AND cast spells.

And the m-mages?

... Well, they still just cast spells.

Mages have really weak arms.

---

S-s-some people are such sticklers over t-t-terminology.

Falchion, swords, estocs, sabers.

Sure they're 'different', but not enough to make a f-f-fuss I say.

L-l-l-et more people love weapons! Bother them with the details later!

Don't push down the people who are just getting into the hobby.

Details are for the hardcore fans!

---

I-I've been talking to Maria a lot recently.

She's r-r-really nice.

I'm glad you found her!

Also, she tries to hide it, but she knows a lot about weapons!

... S-s-she's cool.

---

Heya.

M-M-Maria asked m-me how my date with the Sage Totem went.

... I didn't know we even went on a d-d-date!

He's very n-n-nice, but he's somehow more awkward than I am...

*(... Never thought I'd say that...)*

... Perhaps I'll ask him out again properly (A s-second first date?)  
(I've never asked someone out before... This is scary.)

---

The second date was quite a s-success!  
The Enchantress was l-l-lovely and made us a meal.

Neither of us eat, but the food looked d-d-delicious.  
(I gave the leftovers to Maria.)

Sage Totem is very smart. W-w-we spoke about far off lands and their cultures.

He's so knowledgeable, and he makes everything sound so exciting!

Plus, he told me all about the different weapons and f-f-fighting styles in other cultures!

---

... Sorry, you caught me off guard.  
M-m-my head's been in the clouds recently.

... I've been hanging out with S-sage Totem and my days have all been a tizzy.

---

I called Sage Totem 'Totes' the other day and he asked what that was.  
He's never had a nickname before so he was pretty confused.

After I told him w-what it was, he ended up really liking it!

... Although maybe he liked it a little too much.

... He started repeating it non-stop.

---

The A-a-architect comes up here sometimes and tells me stories.

His stories are weird and looong.

... Also, there's no fighting in them! Everyone's too clever!

---

Hello Friend! Notice something different?

I'll give you time to guess!

.....

Oh wait, you can't tell if I don't talk.

My stutter's gone!

Well, not really. I've just been working to s-s-stutter less. Oops!

---

Thinking longer and putting more effort into speaking helps my stutter.

I have to be especially careful with sounds that jumble me up, like  
L, T, F, S, D... You g-g-get the picture.

*(Oops, and G.)*

Totes has been secretly teaching me through all this!

It's great, because apparently he's a trained linguist AND a [polyglot](#).

... What's a polyglot?

I f-f-forgot.

---

Ever notice how you can talk before the words have had time to form in your head?

We're so quick with our tongue because of how natural speech is to us.

To work on my stutter, I practice [mindful speaking](#).

I try to have the next sentence ready in my head before I start talking.

I'm a little slower, but now I find the things I say are more purposeful.

Even if you don't have a stutter, I highly recommend trying it out.

It's quite enjoyable and it's led to better conversations.

The only time I struggle to [mindfully speak](#) is when I'm too emotional, or when I talk about w-weapons...

... Uh-oh, j-j-just thinking about w-weapons is getting me e-e-excited!

---

Know who my two favourite [Estuaries](#) are?

If I had to choose, it'd be [Lamech](#) and [Irak](#).

[Estuary Lamech](#) is s-s-strong and forceful. He trained all of the soldiers and mastered many combat techniques.

[Estuary Irad](#), on the other hand, is a brilliant strategist.

He was the King's second-in-command and the General to all of the royal armies.

... I wish they made action figures of them.

---

I've been talking with Totes a lot, and he's convinced me to travel the world with him after we leave here.

I like it here on the Docks, y'know?

Just relaxing and letting the world come to me.

But he showed me how much I've been missing.

L-l-life out there sounds e-e-exciting, and I don't wanna miss it!

---

Bonjourno Friend! It's a lovely day!

Totem's been teaching me how to say hello in different languages.

This one was the italicized version of hello.

---

Did you know [Estuary Irad](#) was known as the 'Great General'?

H-h-he's in all the books!

But that also makes me feel bad. Everyone praises the strategies, but what about the soldiers?

The soldiers trained by [Estuary Lamech](#) are the only reason [Irad's](#) strategies worked in the first place!

... I think the fame shoulda been split f-f-fifty-f-fifty.

---

Atticus the Living Safe said I should invest my money with him.

... I don't have any money.

Can I have some money?

---

I read a book out loud every night to help with my stutter.

If I stutter over a sentence, I read that sentence again, but a little slower.

The more I read, the faster I get.

Sometimes I feel like I'm slipping backwards which is annoying, but at least I still get to read.

... Totes is usually by my side while I read, which is really nice too.

---

Totes spent the n-night up here with me again.  
It was really nice...

Thanks again for helping us m-meet, Friend.  
The days are much more interesting when he's around.

---

Hi Friend! You're looking good today!

Here for some practice?

---

Hi again Friend! I was rooting through my stuff yesterday looking for a cook book for Nunet, when I stumbled upon these amazing [Soul Stones](#).

... I thought I gave them all to her (*as a gift*), but I guess I missed a bunch behind the couch...

Ummm... Would you like the rest?

### **The Sage Totem (aka Totes the Sage Totem) - Normal relationship events:**

I AM A FOUNT OF KNOWLEDGE. I HAVE SEEN THE COMINGS AND GOINGS OF HUNDREDS OF CIVILIZATIONS.

MY KNOWLEDGE LASTS ETERNAL, AND MY EGO KNOWS NO BOUNDS.

I SEE A NEW COMMUNITY IS GROWING UPON THESE DOCKS.

I SHALL ENJOY COVERTLY INTEGRATING MYSELF INTO THIS SOCIETY.

---

MORTAL, I SHALL ENJOY MY TIME DOWN HERE ON THE DOCKS.

IT IS A HUB OF COMMERCE WITH NEW PEOPLE TO STUDY AND NEW CULTURES TO APPROPRIATE.

---

BONJOUR MORTAL!

I HAVE DISCERNED THAT THIS IS THE FANCY WAY OF SAYING HELLO IN YOUR WORLD.

BUONGIORNO IS THE ITALICIZED WAY OF SAYING HELLO.

---

FIX UND FERTIG SEIN, MORTAL!

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS SAYING?  
IT MEANS TO BE FIXED AND FINISHED.

I BELIEVE IT IS SAID BY THOSE WHO HAVE AUGMENTED THEIR BODIES WITH SUPERIOR  
TECHNOLOGY...

... YES... THAT IS THE ONLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS SAYING.

... THIS SAYING PLEASES ME.

---

GONG HEI FAT CHOY, MORTAL!

I HEARD OTHERS SAYING THAT MANY YEARS AGO AND I HAVE PROCESSED IT INTO MY  
ETERNAL MIND BANK.

IT MEANS HAPPY NEW YEAR, MORTAL.  
IT IS SAID BY THOSE WHO WISH TO ANTHROPOMORPHIZE THE ORBITAL TRAJECTORY OF THIS  
PLANET.

... YOU MORTALS AND YOUR ANTHROPOMORPHIZATIONS...

---

WOOAAA OOOAAA OOOAAA OOOAAA OOO!

MORTAL, THAT WAS A GREETING FROM MY SACRED LANGUAGE OF THE SPIRIT WOODS.

NO... THAT WAS JUST A LIE.

MY NATIVE LANGUAGE IS ENGLISH...

I AM AN AMALGAMATION OF OTHERS AND I LACK A SENSE OF SELF.

...

... MONDAYS, AM I RIGHT?

---

... WHO AM I?

WHAT IS LIFE, AND WHAT IS MY PURPOSE?

WAS I CREATED OR HAVE I ALWAYS EXISTED?

.....

PONDERING ON THIS IS DIFFICULT...  
I AM A PERFECT BEING, AND HOW I CAME INTO EXISTENCE MATTERS NOT.

YES... THAT FEELS BETTER.

I CAN FEEL MY DISASSOCIATION BEING BURIED ALREADY.

---

*(MY NAME IS SAGE TOTEM.)*

*(... IS THAT MY NAME OR IS THAT MY STATION?)*

... OH, HELLO MORTAL, I DID NOT SEE YOU THERE.  
HA. HA. HA. IGNORE WHAT I WAS SAYING.

... I WAS WRITING A JOKE.

THE PUNCH LINE... EVADES ME AT THE MOMENT.

... UNLESS METAPHYSICAL HORROR IS FUNNY.

---

MORTAL, DO YOU KNOW THE NAME OF THAT BEING WHO SITS ATOP THE DOCKS?

SHE EMANATES POWER AND AUTHORITY.

SHE IS OF INTEREST TO ME, AND I MUST MAKE MY ACQUAINTANCE.

---

MORTAL, I HEARD THAT THE LADY QUINN LIKES SUNDAYS.  
I TOO ENJOY SUNDAYS. HOW SHOULD I SHOW HER THAT WE BEINGS OF GREATER ESTEEM  
HAVE SIMILAR TASTES?

....

... SUNDAYS, AM I RIGHT?

---

MORTAL, I WENT ON A 'DATE' WITH THE LADY QUINN.  
THE DATE WENT PERFECTLY AND WAS COMPLETED IN LESS THAN 10 SECONDS.

I BELIEVE IT IS A WORLD RECORD.



I IMPRESS MYSELF ONCE AGAIN.

---

MORTAL, I HAVE SPOKEN TO THE LADY QUINN.  
SHE DID NOT ACKNOWLEDGE OUR DATE.

EVEN A BEING AS ASTUTE AS HER WAS UNABLE TO NOTICE THE SPEED OF MY DATING.

I MUST REASSESS MY DATING SPEED. PERHAPS TIME DILATION IS IN ORDER.

---

ZUTTO HITORIBOCCHI, MORTAL.

IT MEANS TO BE ALONE ALL THE TIME.

IT IS A POWERFUL SAYING THAT PERFECTLY ENCAPSULATES MY FUTURE.

... ZUTTO... HITORIBOCCHI.

---

MORTAL, I HAVE FOUND A BEING WHO MAY BE AS OLD AS ME.

I SHALL SEEK HIS KNOWLEDGE TO SUPPLEMENT MY OWN.

PERHAPS IN HIS ETERNAL AGE I SHALL BETTER UNDERSTAND THE LADY QUINN.

---

MORTAL, THE RENOWNED LADY QUINN HAS AGREED TO HAVE A MEAL WITH ME.

THIS IS EXCITING TIMES.

MORTAL, NEITHER OF US EAT.

... WHAT DO I DO NOW?

....

... LUNCHESES, AM I RIGHT?

---

LADY QUINN ACKNOWLEDGED THAT WE DATED.

THE DATE WAS A SUCCESS.

LIFE IS A SUCCESS.

WE ALSO SUCCEEDED IN FEEDING A HOMELESS GIRL WITH OUR LEFTOVERS.

CHARITY SUCCESS.

---

GOD NATT!

IT MEANS GOOD NIGHT, MORTAL.

AS A SAYING IT IS WORTHLESS DOWN HERE WHERE THE SUN SHINES ETERNAL.

---

*\*(changes name to Totes the Sage Totem)\**

MORTAL. LADY QUINN HAS BESTOWED UPON ME THE MOST HOLY OF NAMES.

I AM NOW KNOWN AS 'TOTES'.  
THIS IS MY NEW FOREVER NAME.

YOUR REVERENCE OF ME MAY NOW CONTINUE.

---

MORTAL, THE EXALTED LADY QUINN HAS SHOWN ME THE ERROR OF MY WAYS.

MY OBSESSION WITH MY PAST WAS A FLAW IN MY THINKING.  
THE PAST DOES NOT DICTATE WHO I AM NOW.

IT MATTERS NOT HOW I CAME TO BE, OR WHAT I WAS MEANT TO BECOME.

I AM TOTES, FOREVER NOW AND FOREVER AFTER.

---

I AM GLAD I CHOSE TO GRACE THESE DOCKS WITH MY PRESENCE, MORTAL.

IT HAS PROVEN TO BE MOST INSIGHTFUL.

---

MORTAL, I HAVE EXAMINED MY NAME OF TOTES, AND HAVE DISCOVERED THE WORD HAS NO ETYMOLOGICAL ORIGIN.

I AM COMPLETELY UNIQUE. NONE BEFORE ME HAVE HAD A NAME LIKE 'TOTES', AND NONE SHALL AFTER.

IT IS THE PERFECT NAME.

---

DO YOU LIKE THIS PIN THE BLACKSMITH MADE FOR ME?  
IT IS IN THE SHAPE OF A KILLING DEVICE.

IT IS MY BELIEF THAT THE MOST ESTEEMED LADY QUINN WILL APPRECIATE KILLING  
DEVICES THAT ARE MADE TO BE TINY AND CUTE.

---

HOW WAS YOUR DAY, GIRLFRIEND?

IT IS THE SAYING OF ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER WHEN THEY WISH TO TALK ABOUT  
THEMSELVES. OR SO I HAVE HEARD.

ARE YOU A WOMAN, MORTAL?  
I CANNOT TELL, AND I DO NOT CARE.

---

MORTAL, I AM HELPING THE ESTEEMED LADY QUINN WITH HER STUTTER.

SHE IS ALREADY PERFECT, SO ANY CHANGES SHE MAKES TO WHO SHE IS CAN ONLY CREATE  
IMPERFECTIONS.

... I AM CONFLICTED.

---

MORTAL, IF LADY QUINN STUTTERS, DO NOT BERATE HER.  
INSTEAD, PRAISE HER WHEN SHE DOES NOT.

**POSITIVE REINFORCEMENT** ENCOURAGES PEOPLE TO IMPROVE THEMSELVES.  
**PUNISHMENT** MAKES PEOPLE AVOID THOSE SCENARIOS.

... IF LADY QUINN BECOMES A MUTE, I SHALL BLAME YOU, MORTAL.

---

THE NAME 'LADY QUINN' ALSO HAS NO ETYMOLOGICAL CONNECTION TO ANY WORD  
BEFORE IT.

BUT HER NAME CLOSELY RESEMBLES THAT OF A QUILL, A DEVICE ONE USES TO WRITE AND  
CREATE NEW WORDS.

SHE WHO IS NAMED AFTER THAT WHICH CREATES.  
AND THEN IN TURN, CREATES MY IDENTITY.

CAN LIFE TRULY BE SO POETIC, MORTAL?

... OR AM I JUST STRETCHING IT?

POETRY. IT ELUDES ME.

---

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT AND THE DAY IS GOOD, MORTAL.

---

MORTAL.

THESE **SOUL STONES** ARE YOURS AS A REWARD FOR HELPING ME PROGRESS MY  
RELATIONSHIP WITH LADY QUINN.

I GAVE THESE TO HER AS PART OF THE WOOING PROCESS, AND THEN SHE GAVE THEM TO  
NUNET AS PART OF THE BRIDESMAID PROCESS...

I NOW GIVE THESE TO YOU AS PART OF THE FRIENDSHIP PROCESS.

PLEASE SHOW YOUR GRATITUDE BY ACCEPTING THE GIFT AND THEN LEAVING.

I DO NOT KNOW THE PROPER SOCIAL ETIQUETTE AFTER REWARDING SOMEONE, AND SMALL  
TALK STILL ELUDES ME...

...

... MONDAYS, AM I RIGHT?

---

**Atticus the Living Safe - Normal relationship events:**

PSSST!

Friend-o, down here. It's me, the Living Safe!

... Didn't realize I was alive, did ya? That's cool, I can be pretty quiet at times.

Just wonderin' how all your *investments* are doing.

They doing good? You makin' a nice return?

Ha haaaaaa... I LIVE for this stuff, Friend-o!

Nothing like seeing numbers go up, am I right?

Some people are thrill-seekers, others find joy in charity.

But me? Show me a number increasing and DING DING DING!

I'm there, Friend-o... I am there!

---

PSSST!

Hey Friend-o, can I give you some advice?

Don't worry too much about how much you've got in savings right now. We're in a bull market. You need to spend money to make money.

Upgrade that manor o' yours. INVEST IN YOU BEFORE YOU INVEST IN ME.  
Sounds crazy, right? But I'm telling you buoy, this is how you make money!

---

Hey Friend-o, I was thinking of changing buoys. This one's feelin' a little old-fashioned.  
Kinda clashes with my decor, don't you think?

Doesn't scream classy.

I'm thinking something with stars or gold coins emblazoned on it.

Maybe some diamonds, or crowns...

Y'know what?

The more I talk about it, the more I like this buoy.

---

I wasn't always all about investments, Friend-o.  
I used to be a dad, and an okay one at that.

I remember how wrinkly my kid was when he was born.  
I always thought babies were cute and smooth, and malleable.

... My kid looked like a raisin that was dried out in the sun.

---

Y'know that Lady Quinn? She helps you out, gives tips and tricks, and she never gets paid.  
She may not need money now, but she'll need it someday.

... She won't ask though, so I've been squirrelin' some away for her from the side investments I make from you.

So make more money yeah? You're helpin' out a lot more people than you know.

---

Used to tell my kid stories when he was growin' up.  
Problem is my dad never read any to me, so I had to make 'em up on the spot.

I jumped between made-up stories and ones I heard from others.

I ain't no writer so the stories I created were terrible, but I think my son always preferred them over those proper ones.

Maybe it's because he knew they came from me...

Or maybe he just had bad taste in stories, I dunno. I enjoyed makin' 'em up though.

---

I wanted to make more money for the family, so I left to work at a bank.  
The banking life? It got to me Friend-o, it got me goood.

Loved marking those ledgers in black and seeing numbers go up-up-up!

I got addicted. I spent years there.  
Lost focus of my family.

But money is just a means to an end, Friend-o. It blinded me.  
Just look at me! I turned myself into a safe because I loved money so much!

I mean...  
I still enjoy bein' a safe, but even I would say this was a little overboard.

Nyarf! That was a buoy joke.

But seriously, I really do like bein' a safe!

---

I don't know how long I stayed at the bank, but when I finally returned home my wife had gotten old and my child had become a man.

I couldn't face them, y'know? Too much shame.

But I knew I needed to make it up to them. I went back to the city, and quit my job. I even joined a support group.  
The allure was too much for me, Friend-o. I knew I needed help.

... Lemme tell you, joining a group where your problem is that you make too much money isn't a good look!

---

They don't call that old man an Architect because of his bad story tellin', you know?

... Or because of that weird drill of his.

He actually invented the [Prefabricated Room](#).

It's the standardization of a room shape, all the way down to wall heights, door placements, and even plumbing!

Heck, that manor you're building? It's almost entirely composed of variants of his Prefabricated Rooms.

He originally designed it to help build housing quickly for the poor.

If you always knew the size and shapes of your rooms, you could get the necessary building materials made in bulk, and train everyone on how to build their own attachments in a breeze.

He knew that the more people who used the Prefabricated Room design the more powerful it becomes, so he proposed his ideas to the King.

Well, the King saw the benefits of these Prefabricated Rooms, and immediately made it the standard for future buildings.

Turns out it was the right choice, seeing how the [Shift](#) emerged.

So If you ever wondered why so many rooms have similar shapes and sizes, you have the Architect to thank.

He coulda kept all those ideas to himself and built his own housing market empire, but he gave it all away for free.

... That level of philanthropy just boggles my mind.

---

I took too long to sell all of my assets back in the capitol.

By the time I had returned, my wife had passed away, and my son had left the village.

I managed to find him, living the traveler's life. Jumping from town to town, and doing the odd job here and there.

I kept track of him from afar, to see how he was doin', y'know?

Wanted to see him become successful like his old man!

Well, he didn't. He flopped at almost every job he had.

I secretly gave him money - hid some extra cash in his belongings every now and then.

But the weirdest thing, he kept giving it away. Drove me crazy!

In the financial world we'd call that... a depreciating market cap?

Oh buoy, I'm forgettin' all the lingo!

---

I couldn't leave my son alone, y'know? He was gettin' old.

So I spent the rest of the money I had to buy enough Red Aether for my son to live a hundred more lifetimes.

I stashed it in a place I knew he'd find.  
He shares my blood, he has greatness in him.

... He just needed a bit more time to make it on his own.

---

Hey Friend-o, you feelin' wealthy? 'Cause you're lookin' wealthy!

... Are you wealthy? I can't really tell.

---

When I gave all the [Red Aether](#) to my son, I promised myself that this was gonna be my last handout.

And if there's one thing I stick to, it's my promises.  
That's why my clients can always trust me with their gold, Friend-o.

... Well, he handed all that [Red Aether](#) away too.

---

Y'know Friend-o, I always thought my son was talentless.  
Kind of a disappointment, y'know? Couldn't make money and couldn't hold a job.

I just wanted him to be successful in life and become rich like his old man. But I was just coverin' up for my own mistakes.  
I shoulda never left my family.

Money's a drug, Friend-o, you can never have enough.

---

Y'know, my son eventually found something he was good at.  
Turns out he had a knack for architecture.

It's ironic. The things he did well he never charged money for.

I love my son, Friend-o. He's kind and generous, and being close to him made me a better person.  
I've taken some life lessons from him, and switched over to helping the poor and financially ignorant (like yourself).

It finally feels like I'm doin' something with my life.

---

... Mmmrguh?

Sorry Friend-o, musta fallen asleep in the sun. How can I help you?



---

When we get out of here, I'm gonna tell my son who I am.

I was stupid to not say anything back then, and I'm more stupid for not sayin' anything now.

... Thanks for listening to me this whole time, Friend-o.  
Havin' an ear to speak to really helped.

---

Friend-o, how can I help you today?

---

Hey Friend-o, did you know my business has been booming because of you? It's true!

It was tough gettin' new clients down here.  
I guess speaking to the living embodiment of one's financial failures makes people nervous.

Even if it's hanging out innocuously in a life preserver!

But these chit-chats you 'n me have? Friend-o, that's an ice breaker!

People see you talkin', people see me talkin', and eventually everyone's talkin'.

Anyways, didn't feel right to not give you a cut of my success, so here you go. I'm giving you some [Soul Stones](#) that I've collected over the years.

Just be wise with how you spend them, Friend-o...  
... In the eyes of the right buyer, it's more valuable than gold...

.....

... The right buyer are those kids in the Drift House, by the way.  
I don't know why I was being so vague about it.

### **Noah the Architect - Normal relationship events:**

Child, have you come to hear my stories?  
I used to be a bard y'know? A teller of stories, both fables and truths.

And I was famous! Known all across the lands as  
'He Who Tells the Worst Stories'.

Now, I may have been bad, but I was famous!

---

Child, let me tell you about the Tale of the Clever Fox.

Long ago, there was a fox. It was a clever fox.  
There was also a farmer. He was a clever farmer.

The clever fox kept sneaking into the clever farmer's barn and eating all his clever chickens.

See, the chickens were also clever. Not clever enough to avoid being eaten mind you, and also not clever enough to be relevant to the story.

Anyways, one day the clever farmer had enough and decided to set up a clever trap to catch the clever fox.

He placed the clever chickens in his clever house, and hid in the clever barn himself to catch the clever fox.

That night, the clever fox sloooowly entered the clever barn, where he met the clever farmer.  
Since there were no clever chickens to eat, the clever fox ate the clever farmer instead.

The End.

The moral of the story is that just because you say something's clever, does not make it clever.

... Also, I've said the word 'clever' so many times, I've forgotten what it means.

---

A good story never changes. This Kingdom does not have a good story.  
You should fix that, Child.

---

Child, have you heard the story of the Turtle and the Hare?

Once upon a time there was a turtle and a hare.

The turtle was called Jiminy Cricket.  
And the hare was called Jiminy Turtle.

Jiminy Cricket the turtle was sloooooow. And oooooold.

... Sooo oooooold.

On the other hand, Jiminy Turtle the hare was also oooooold. And sloooow.

... So very oooooold.

One day, Cricket the turtle and Turtle the hare went outside. They never met each other because they were both so slloooow and oooold.

They also didn't live near one another.

Eventually Cricket the turtle died of oooooold age.

A few years later Turtle the hare also died of oooooold age.

The End.

The moral of this story is that age kills all.

.... I don't have long in this world.

---

One thing I've learned in my many years of life, Child, is that there is luck and there is talent.  
And if you can pick only one, always pick luck.

---

Child, have you ever had pizza?

It is delicious!

Maria gave me a slice so I had to return the favour. I regaled her with one of my stories, and now she avoooooids me!

---

I had taken many jobs in my day, Child.  
I've been a waiter, a bard, an innkeeper, a bookkeeper, a beekeeper, a keykeeper and many more keepers.

I've had sooooo many jobs because I'm baaaad at everything I do.

I would have died old and poor, but one day I was fishing when I caught a treasure chest!

It was full of [Red Aether](#)! To the brim I say!

I only took a few, and I haven't aged a day since!

I always believed luck should be shared, Child. So I began travelling the world, giving away all the [Red Aether](#) I had found.

I gave it all away long ago, but if I still had some left I'd have gladly given it to you.

Fortune should be shared, and it looks like you need all the luck you can get.

... Actually, now that I think about it, I've stumbled onto many treasure chests in my life.

I really am quite lucky!

I even found this drill in a ditch!

---

Gooooood day Child. Don't you wish eeeveryday was like this?  
Because I could do that for you!

No wait, I can't.  
I don't lock down the weather.

... At least not yet!

Oh wait, I forgot that the weather never changes down here.

Nevermind!

---

Child, let me tell you the Tale of the Clever Elephant.

Long ago, there was an elephant. It was a clever elephant.  
There was also a circus trainer. He was a clever circus trainer.

The clever elephant kept sneaking into the clever circus trainer's tent and eating all his clever peanuts.

These were very clever peanuts.

One day, the clever circus trainer had enough.  
He placed the clever peanuts in his clever house, and hid in the clever tent himself to catch the clever elephant.

That night, the clever elephant entered the clever tent and was caught by the clever circus trainer.  
So the clever elephant ate the clever circus trainer instead.

The End.

The moral of the story is that sometimes all you need to do is change the setting and you have a brand new storrry.

... One day I shall tell you another tale, Child. The Tale of the Clever Monkey.

... The new setting is quite exciting!

---

Have you spoken to the Living Safe, ChilliId?  
He's been helping me with my gold.

I'm terrible with money and he helps me from becoming poooooor.

What a nice safe.

---

Child, have I ever told you the Story of the Tiny Mouse?

Once upon a time there was a tiny mouse. One day he came upon a lion who was trapped in a net. The lion asked the mouse to help free him, but the mouse was afraid the lion would eat him.

The lion promised not to eat the mouse, so the mouse began gnawing at the net. When the lion was almost free he lunged at the mouse and ate the poor thing.

But the mouse never finished gnawing the rope so the lion was still trapped in the net. The lion remained stuck in the net for many days until one day, another larger mouse came up to him.

The lion asked the larger mouse to help gnaw the ropes so he could get out, but instead the mouse ate the lion.

The moral of this story is eat or be eaten.  
That, and nobody likes a jerk.

Everyone feels bad for the first mouse that gets eaten, but rejoice when the lion gets his just desserts.

... One day, you'll be eaten.

Make sure people aren't cheering when that happens.

---

Not many stories left, Child.  
Toooooold you I was a bad storyteller.

---

Child, let me tell you the Tale of the Clever Monkey.

Long ago, there was a monkey. It was a clever monkey.  
There was also a circus trainer. He was a clever circus trainer.

The clever monkey kept sneaking into the clever circus trainer's tent and eating all his clever bananas.

These were very clever peanuts. Er, I mean bananas.

One day, the clever circus trainer had enough.  
He placed the clever bananas in his clever house, and hid in the clever tent himself to catch the clever monkey.

That night, the clever monkey entered the clever tent and then the clever circus trainer ate the monkey.

The End.

The moral of the story is that if you keep doing the same trick, eventually you'll get caught.

... Also, I forgot how the story ended.

---

When I was a bard, nobody liked my stories.

My tales were always sliiiightly different from the stories told before.

My audience felt like they were being cheated.

I tried to give them something new, but they wanted to hear stories of yore.

There's a warmth to repetition, Child. A comfort in the familiar.

But venturing into the unknown is what brings progress!

There's beauty in personality, Chiillld.

When you find your own personality, you'll understand how important it is.

---

Child, I just noticed my drill has a screen in it...

I don't think this contraption came from this woooooorld.

---

Athos fixed my glasses, Child.

I did not know he was a glassblower as well.

Like me, he has gathered many different skills over the years.

... Unlike me, he is good at those skills.

---

When I was a child, my father told me stories too.

He was too laaaazy to buy the books, so he recited them from memory.

The details changed, the plots changed, and sometimes even the morals changed.

And that is what makes the Oral Tradition so beautiful, Child.

The stories change as we do.

Stories on paper are set in stone. They are a time capsule, only showing people for who they were back then and not who they are now.

... And that's the moral of this story.

The only 'you' that matters is the 'you' right now.

The Ennnnnnnnd.

.....

... Why aren't you leaving?

---

No more stories from me, Child.

The well has run dry... for now.

In other words, maybe more stories later.

---

Gooood day Child.

The days are long, the nights are non-existent, and we shall live forever!

---

Child, along my journey I've collected many unique rocks and minerals.

These rocks here? They're called [Soul Stones](#) and they're what adventures are made of!

I've had my adventures, but you can still have yours.

Please take them and share with me the stories you find.

That way, I can take them and make them my owwwwwwwwwwwwwn.

### **Maria the Pizza Girl - Normal relationship events:**

Heya Stranger! Thanks again for letting me ride the boat with you.

I enjoy the company and I'm pretty sure you enjoy the free pizza!

---

Somedays I really miss the smell and feel of the forest.

The Docks are beautiful but there's nothing quite like waking up to the smell of dew.

[Estuary Naamah](#) could be remarkably cruel, but she was really good at her job.

She tended to the forest and it grew under her care.

It sounds lame, right? But down here, doing something like that takes more than just hard work.

... I don't think anyone else could have done what she did.

.....

... Know what else I miss? Pizza.

And I just had some like, 20 minutes ago!

---

Did you know I used to be a farmer? Just like everyone else in the Kingdom.  
Technically our titles were "Gardeners", but we never called ourselves that.

We tended the lands and grew crops in a natural setting.  
No tilling, no pens, no fields.

That was [Estuary Naamah's](#) rules. Leave the land in a better spot than when we arrived.

I try to take that rule to heart when interacting with people too.  
If we all worked to help each other, the world would be a much better place.

Maybe that's why I like delivering pizza so much.

Everyone likes pizza!

---

I've got a good feeling about today, Stranger.  
You're looking like you're full of vigour, I'm looking like I'm full of pizza, and the weather's... lookin' like it always does.

---

I still remember when I decided to quit being a farmer.  
I specialized in foraging, and I was one of the fastest in the whole Kingdom.

I always seemed to know when a [Shift](#) would happen, and where it'd take you.  
So I'd always forage in places where I knew the [Shift](#) would bring me close to Axis Mundi.

Cutting your travel time in half makes fulfilling quotas prettttty easy.

I always took this intuition for granted.  
There were always other foragers around me, so I assumed everyone else had this ability as well.

Well, it turns out they don't. They were all just following me.

Rumors spread that if anyone spoke to me about it, then I would lose my ability. So I was left in the dark for years.

... I only found out when someone got hurt. He broke the taboo, and asked if I could [Shift](#) them to the Citadel...



... Silly, isn't it? All these misconceptions kept building on top of one another.

If someone just spoke up, I wouldn't have taken my gift for granted, and I could have helped so many more people.

That's when I stopped being a farmer.

I took my savings, and went to apply at the Stygian Study.

If I could understand how my intuition worked, then maybe I could teach others too.

... Know what's ironic? The moment I discovered that I had this ability, I left the village.

In the end, nobody could use my talents anymore, so I guess the rumor ended up being true after all!

... Don't let that ruin the moral of the story though.

---

Thanks for listening to my story back then, Stranger.

You know, if you're down here long enough, you stop really seeing faces and start recognizing people's souls. Everyone down here can do it. Probably an effect of being by the Stygian for so long.

Your soul is special. It glows like a thousand small lights.

ALMOST like an [Estuary's](#)... but different.

It has a 'nicer' glow to it...

You're like a tree covered in fireflies, but y'know... Not made of bugs.

---

Hey again, Stranger. You going out to the Kingdom soon?

Try to take better care of yourself, yeah?

The trips back on my own can get pretty lonely.

... And honestly, the morbidity of it all is kinda disturbing.

---

Hey Stranger... Sorry for throwing up on you the last time we went out to sea.

Somedays even just looking at the sea gets me sick.

I've sailed on boats all my life so I don't know why it happens, but it sucks.

If I'm feeling sick again, I'll uhhh... try to turn my head faster.

*(sorry again.)*

---

Never expected to be down here this long, did you?

Don't rush yourself. I'm still finding refugees every day and ferrying them across these [Stygian Waters](#).

Many people have waited their entire life to be rescued, but I can see it in their eyes.

They're gonna miss this place...

... Even at its worst, there's still a lot to love down here.

---

Heya Stranger!

Did you know I only snagged my pizza delivery job after deciding to become a geologist at the [Stygian Study](#)?

It was supposed to be short-term, but it ended up being my dream job.

The pay was bad, but everything else about it was perfect!

I could schedule my own hours and the location was smack dab in the centre of [Axis Mundi](#).

I delivered pizza by day, and at night I went to the [Citadel](#) to study geology.

I apprenticed under some of the best minds in the Kingdom.

I guess I had a zeal for geology because it was always easy to find a tutor willing to offer a helping hand.

... That or it was because I gave out free pizzas!

---

I really like the folks you've got around here, Stranger. They're good people.

I don't have a penny to my name (Charon takes all of that), but they've all been taking care of me down here.

Your Enchantress friend is extra nice too.

She may seem haughty at first, but she's been cooking for me almost every day.

A person can only eat so much pizza, y'know?

---

Did you know that pizza is one of the cheapest foods to make in the world?

All it takes is dough, tomatoes, and cheese.

It's so simple and everyone loves it!

When we first came down here [Estuary Naamah](#) heavily rationed everything, but tomatoes and wheat are easy to grow.

We've always had ample amounts of those ingredients, so pizza just naturally became a staple.

Before my time cheese was still a rarity, so most people just ate tomato pizzas.

I've never tried it, but apparently it's delicious!

---

Heya Stranger, do you think I could open an account with the Living Safe too?

Sometimes I find a coin here and there. Seems like a waste to just give it to Charon.

Although, maybe I should just keep giving him whatever I find... It does kinda feel like I'm taking advantage of his generosity.

---

You're a good person, Stranger.

We've met so many times, and each time that glow within you gets stronger.

I'm starting to get an inkling what that glow's all about. It gives me hope.

... It's nice to look at hope sometimes.

---

Hey Stranger, do you think you could ask the Sage Totem to stop shouting all the time?

I like him and all, but he needs to control his levels!

---

Studying geology became a passion of mine, but delivering pizza was always my true love.

You know who orders pizza? Everyone.

From the weak and homeless, to the most powerful of Estuaries, everyone gets a hankerin' for pizza.

[Lamech](#) liked meat pizzas with mushrooms, and [Enoch](#) liked pineapples on his.

[Naamah](#) was always vegetarian, and [Irad's](#) was a simple cheese and pepperoni.

[Tubal](#) didn't have a favourite. He switched it up a lot.

Point is, we're all the same. We all just wanna be happy.

I feel like if everyone respected that, so many problems in life would just go away.

---

The Blacksmith made me a new belt the other day.

He saw how frayed my last one was, and he just gave it to me as a present.

I like it a lot! It's very shiny.

---

Heya Buddy, sorry if I'm a little slow. I'm feeling pooped today.

I don't know why, but my energy levels have been all sorts of whack recently.

Maybe I'm not eating enough pizza...

---

Do you know how hard it is to deliver pizza in a place that keeps [Shifting](#)?  
On the really rough days I used to wonder if it was all worth it.

But after every delivery I made, I learned something new about myself.  
I kept getting better and better at tracking customers down, like I was strengthening my sixth sense.

That's when I stopped complaining about the [Shifts](#), and started looking forward to them. If there was more to them than just the underlying randomness, then maybe I could predict what would happen next.

After months of deliveries, I began to notice something. I was always looking for a pattern, when I should have been looking for *rules*.

You see, there's no pattern to pizza toppings. I add them willy-nilly, but I don't throw all the pepperoni onto one slice. Likewise, the castle never had all the toilets end up in one wing.

That's what led me to discover the [Currents](#).

[Currents](#) are the underlying slipstreams that connect those massive teleporters you use to jump from location to location.

I learned how to keep them synced, even after a [Shift](#) happened.  
If I had more time, I wonder if I could figure out the [Shift](#) entirely?

---

Heya Buddy, you ever sit back and try to narrate your life back to yourself?

I like to do that sometimes, see what my life would look like in broad strokes if someone wrote a book about me.

Every time I do it, all I can think of is how stupid a story it'd be.  
If I read it, I'd be all like 'Did she pay someone to write this? It's so stupid'.

... It'd probably be a perfect tale for the Architect...

---

Maria's not a bad name, right?  
For the longest time I couldn't stand it.

There's a tradition in my family where the eldest son and the eldest daughter are given names similar to their parents.

My grandmother was Mariannah, who named my mother Miriam, who named me Maria.

I had so many arguments with my parents about this.  
I hated traditions of any kind.

Traditions can be dangerous.  
They're a guise that allows archaic rules to flourish.

... I was pretty contrarian.

I love my parents so I'd never change my name.  
But I promised myself I'd break this tradition when I had my own child.

But now? I dunno.  
After spending so much time on these Docks, I see how beautiful traditions can be.

Perhaps this was something I was being too overzealous about...

... Plus, thinking up names is tough!

---

Hiya Buddy, I was just thinking about my time on that bridge again.  
When I was stuck in that pizza place for days on end, I really thought it was the worst time of my life.

But now I'm glad it happened. If I hadn't gotten stuck there, then who knows if we would have met?

---

We riding again, Buddy?

---

Hey Buddy, I just wanna say thanks for helpin' me out all this time.

On our last trip, one of the farmers we helped bring back actually gave me some of these [Soul Stones](#) as a thank you.

I tried giving them back, but she wouldn't take no for an answer.  
I can't do much with them, but I think you could!

So, from her to me to you, thanks for everything, Buddy!

I was actually gonna give them to Nunet as a wedding gift, but Quinn beat me to it...

... Hope she's ok with her wedding gift being a surprise pizza.

# Heirlooms

This will be all dialogue from the Heirlooms.

## Aesop of the Tome

### **Before taking the challenge:**

Boy oh boy, look what we have here. Another soul has come to roost.  
You seekin' my power, right?

Well let me tell you somethin' Kidd-o... I see ALL.

Beyond lies, beyond ego, beyond time.  
I see the apex of emotions, where truth is laid bare.

And y'know what I see when I look at you? I see a scared little soul, with snot comin' out yer nose, and poop comin' out yer butt.

Kidd-o, if you're this ugly on the outside, then what's it look like on the insi...

... Huh... 'nteresting...

How many people you got in there, Kidd-o?

Well I don't know what game you're playin', but I won't stop you from taking my challenge.

... This might be fun.

A word of advice, Kidd-o? I have the Power of Empathy. Use it to pass the trials.

Listen to those who have fallen before you. Learn from their failures and maybe, JUST MAYBE, you'll have a fightin' chance.

After declining the challenge once:

... Hello again, Kidd-o. You wiped your butt yet?

Memories inside the challenge:

Demetrius' Memory:

Lost again. Every path I've taken has been wrong!

Alright Demetrius, calm down... Remember the lesson your Elders taught you.  
He who gives you only two choices, always hides a third.

Babrius' Memory:

Been down here for hours. Not sure what to do.

Obstacles are just hidden opportunities.

What did the Elders mean? Could I use these spinning chains to my advantage?

I'm too scared to try...

Avianus' Memory 1:

There's a Nightmare ahead.

The Elders said they are powerful nihilistic thoughts that have grown and festered.

Violence begets violence.

If I attack or cast a spell anywhere nearby it will wake up and retaliate.

Stay calm, and they won't attack.

Avianus' Memory 2:

One can accomplish with kindness what one cannot by force.

... If I can reach the Nightmare ahead of me, perhaps I can calm it down.

After completing the challenge:

Ha haaa! Congrats Kidd-o! You proved that you can listen and learn. That'll take you far.

Remember, people may lie but emotions always tell the truth.

... Oh, and one more thing, Kidd-o. Sometimes it pays to find an Emotional Connection with your enemy.

\*I\* know who you'll be tusslin' with... You should know too.

Enough chatter for today.

Come on, Kidd-o. Receive my Power of Empathy and let's take this show on the road!

Heirlooms - Ananke of the Shawl



Before taking the challenge:

... Oh? Who has't stumbled into my abode?

Sweet Child, has't thou lost thine way?

I am Ananke of the Shawl.

I am an Heirloom - an item of immeasurable power - and I can grant my strength to those deemed worthy.

Those who seek me are hardened, powerful warriors...

But dear Child, thou'est art soft and pudgy.

... Very pudgy.

Inside me lies the Power of Momentum.

Conquer my challenge and my power thou shall claim.

But I warn thee, Child, the dangers art real, and the consequences severe.



After declining the challenge once:

... Pudgy Child, has't thou changed thine mind?

Thou art ready to challenge me and claim my Powers of Momentum?

After completing the challenge:

... Congratulations, sweet Child, thou'est proven thineself worthy.

Now come and claim thine inheritance - the Power of Momentum - and let our souls bind together!

Heirlooms - Echo of the Resonance



Before taking the challenge:

Heeeeeey Buddy!

You wanna take my challenge, right? ... Right???

C'mon, you've gotta take the challenge man. I've been stuck up here for sooo long, like, you have no idea.

Just try it once. What's the worst that can happen?

It's sooooo easy!

Buddy. Listen. If you win, I promise you, my Power of Resonance will totally be worth it - full stop, no joke. You have no idea how worth it this is. So c'mon, let's get going!

After declining the challenge once:

Buddy! I knew you'd come back!

Wanna take on the challenge?

After completing the challenge:

Oh yeah Buddy, you did it!

Thanks for getting me out of there!

Now let's start kicking stuff and have ourselves a party!

Trying to take the challenge without first having Ananke's Shawl:

Heeeeeeeey Buddy!

You wanna take my challenge, right? ... Right???

Well you can't!

Sorry Buddy, I'm the Power of Resonance, and I'm kind of a two-person act.

Come back after you've spoken to my sister, Ananke. She's got the Power of Momentum.

But don't keep me waiting!

(\*after talking to the Heirloom again\*)

Buddy, buddy, buddy.

I told you, you have to speak to my sister first. I can't help you unless you have the Power of Momentum.  
Heirlooms - Aether of the Wind



Before taking the challenge:

Hark.....

... I see...

... the Others...

You have done this... before...

I am Aether... I hold the Power of Zephyr.

... That is all...

After declining the challenge once:

Welcome...

...

After completing the challenge:

... That was... Cool.

Heirlooms - Pallas of the Void



Before taking the challenge:

... (The Heirloom is silent.)

After declining the challenge once:

... (The Heirloom remains silent.)

After completing the challenge:

.... Wh-wha? Oh, hello there. Sorry, you caught me napping.

So!

You've come for my Power of the Void, have you?  
Well, let me tell you, it won't be easy.

Oh...  
... You already got it?

...  
....  
... Ta daaa...

Trying to take the challenge without having Echo's Boots first:

(There's a note pinned to the base of the statue.)

'Don't wake her up if nothing's happening. Pallas is an Amplifying Heirloom.

If you can't get in, it's because you don't have Echo's Resonance.

Speak to the guards by the bridge if you haven't received Echo's power yet. They know where he is.'

- High Scholar Murmur

### **Nameless Knight**



In Aesop's Tome heirloom room, after completing the challenge:

... Another bearer of Aesop's Tome?

A word of caution, Traveler.

Be mindful what you learn.

The truth can be misleading.

(after talking to him again)

People change, memories don't.

At the golden gate, after entering the Castle with a new heir:

So... You're next in line to sign the contract?

Everything in the name of duty, I presume.  
Never stopped to think of what you might be losing...

Well if you're looking for the treasure, you'll have to find the King's children first.  
Can't get through those doors otherwise.

I've tried...

(after talking to him again)

I know who you are, even if you don't.

... Let's see how far the apple falls from the tree.

At the top of the Tower of Light

Welcome Traveler.  
Not many people know of this spot; not many should.

Everyone deserves a place to be themselves.

Even an Estuary.

(after talking to him again)

... Imagine having to hide, just to open up.

In Citadel Agarth's throne room, after defeating Lamech

Thank you for putting Estuary Lamech to rest.

Regardless of what he's done, he deserved a warrior's death.

(after talking to him again)

He fought for his people.

Didn't matter if they were right or wrong.

In Axis Mundi, next to Pizza Mundi

.....

In Axis Mundi's throne room, after defeating the Void Beasts

... I'm well past my prime.

I would never have stood a chance against those beasts.

..... You have my thanks.

(after talking to him again)

It has been a long winter for those inside.

In the Kerguelen Plateau, in the Far Shores room

Welcome to the Far Shores, Traveler.

It's been a while since I've been here.

..... Despite its history, the view is quite nice.

(after talking to him again)

Ever tried skipping rocks?

There's something calming in its simplicity.

In Kerguelen Plateau's throne room, after defeating Naamah

Never could accept Naamah as an Estuary.

She was one of the good ones...

It's easy to make exceptions after condemning a group...

... Took me a long time to realize that everyone's an exception.

(after talking to him again)

Sometimes good people are forced to do bad things.



In Stygian Study's throne room, after defeating Enoch

His head was always in the clouds... Trying to solve problems that didn't need to be solved.  
If he had just looked down a little sooner, things might have been different.

(after talking to him again)

The root takes us all.  
Some quicker than others.

In the Sun Tower, in Irad's journal room

You might not be stronger than the Estuaries, but you have something they don't.

Another chance...

(after talking to him again)

You have the choice to learn from your mistakes.  
Don't take it for granted.

In Sun Tower's throne room, after defeating Irad

The sun is up...

Thank you for that.

(after talking to him again)

... Don't mind me.

At Pishon Dry Lake's entrance, before defeating Irad

Heading down into the deep below?  
Be careful, over-confidence can be lethal.

Even Estuaries won't venture any further without a Sun Lantern.

Not many of those Lanterns are left...  
And the ones remaining lost their ember long ago.

If you restore the sun I can reignite the ember.

... We'll talk more then.



(after talking to him again)

Even Estuaries won't go down into the Pishon Dry Lake without a Sun Lantern.

... And you're no Estuary.

At Pishon Dry Lake's entrance, after defeating Irad

Traveler, before you continue I offer a gift.

You'll need it for where you're going.

It's called a Sun Lantern. It is an heirloom that will help light your way.

It lost its charge a few years back.

But after you restored the sun, it lit up again.

(after talking to him again)

Take care of that Sun Lantern.

It's the last of its kind.

The others were lost in the Nibiru Flood.

---

(last conversation as of 0.6.0)

(total number of events for Nameless Knight: 13)

### **Ladon the Dragon**



When meeting the Dragon for the first time, in Pishon Dry Lake's throne room (before removing both chains):

CHILD... A THOUSAND GREETINGS TO YOU...

TOO MANY CYCLES HAS IT BEEN

SINCE ONE HAS DARED VENTURE DOWN HERE...

THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE SOUGHT THE ONE NAMED TUBAL...

WHY DO YOU SEEK THIS VILE MAN?  
HE IS NOT WORTHY OF YOUR REMEMBRANCE.

CURIOUS...  
ESTUARY, YOU ARE NOT...

... NOR MORTAL ENTIRELY...

... YOUR ALLEGIANCE EVADES ME...

WHOM DO YOU SERVE?

NO MATTER, THE COVENANT IS THE SAME:

FREE ME FROM THESE SHACKLES...  
AND I SHALL REVEAL TUBAL'S LOCATION.

When talking to the Dragon while both chains remain:

TWO CHAINS BIND ME.  
ONE OF BODY AND ONE OF SPIRIT.

FREE ME AND THE DRAGON'S VOW I WILL HONOR.

When talking to the Dragon while one chain remains:

CHILD... ONE CHAIN REMAINS...

FREE ME AND TUBAL'S LOCATION SHALL BE REVEALED.

After removing both chains:

CHILD, YOU HAVE HONOR...

TUBAL, THE ONE YOU SEEK, LIES WITHIN ME...

MANY CYCLES AGO, THE NOISE ABOVE GREW LOUD...  
I AWOKE TO FIND HIM HERE, BOUND BY OTHER MEN, PRESENTED AS A SACRIFICE.

I ACCEPTED THIS OFFERING...

... BUT TUBAL WOULD NOT SUBMIT.  
HE CONTINUES TO LIVE, POISONING ME FROM WITHIN.

CONFRONT HIM IF YOU WISH...

BUT HE IS TUBAL NO LONGER.

HIS MIND WAS CONSUMED LONG AGO...

... THOUGH NOT BY ME.

After defeating Tubal:

TOO MANY CYCLES HAVE I LAIN RESTLESS.

YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME GREAT COMFORT....

MY GRATITUDE IS GIVEN.

MY ENERGY ELUDES ME...

I MUST REST...

When meeting the Dragon for the first time, in Pishon Dry Lake's throne room (after removing both chains):

CHILD... YOU FREED ME.  
A BLESSING GIVEN FROM A STRANGER NOT MET...

AN HONOR A THOUSAND THANKS COULD NOT RECIPROCATE...

A GIFT I RETURN INSTEAD.  
OTHERS, LIKE YOURSELF, SOUGHT TUBAL'S LOCATION.

FIND HIM, THEY COULD NOT, FOR WITHIN ME HE RESIDES.

CONSUMED... BUT NOT SUBMITTING.  
... HE CONTINUES TO LIVE, POISONING ME FROM WITHIN.

CONFRONT HIM IF YOU WISH...

BUT HE IS TUBAL NO LONGER.

LONG AGO, HIS MIND WAS CONSUMED...

... THOUGH NOT BY ME.

After having defeated Tubal, coming back to the Dragon with a different character (in the same thread):

A THOUSAND CYCLES HAVE PASSED...

SINCE I WAS TAKEN FROM THE LANDS ABOVE...

THE FOUL ESTUARY IRAD AND HIS LANCERS ATTACKED...  
AT THE END OF MY LONG REST...

WHEN I WAS AT MY WEAKEST.

NO HONOR IN THEIR WAYS... TRICKERY IS ALL THEY KNOW....

---

WE DRAGONS DO NOT AGE.  
OUR BODIES GROW...  
AS LARGE AS THE LAND ALLOWS...

THESE WALLS HAVE RESTRAINED ME.

YET HAVE BEEN MY HOME FOR AN ETERNITY.

TAKE CARE...

NOT TO IMPRISON YOURSELF.

---

MY DRAGON'S BREATH IS GONE.

TRAPPED SOMEWHERE DEEP WITHIN.

EVERY NIGHT I LABOUR TO BREATHE...

AND EVERY NIGHT I GROW COLDER.

---

MEHUJAEL WAS ONCE MY KEEPER.  
AN ESTUARY BELOVED BY YOUR PEOPLE.

THOUGH AN ENEMY IN PRINCIPLE...

HIS DEATH BROUGHT ME GREAT SORROW.

---

THE ONES WHO BETRAYED TUBAL...

MUCH LIKE YOU, BUT ALSO DIFFERENT.

THEIR SCENT WAS UNIQUE...

AND THEIR TRUST, I HONORED...

THEIR DEED DONE, TO THE STYGIAN THEY RETURNED.

MORTALS, THEY WERE NOT...

SO ESTUARIES, THEY MAY HAVE BEEN...

THOUGH LIKE NONE I HAVE SMELLED BEFORE.

---

CHILD...

YOU HAVE MY GRACE FOR LENDING YOUR EAR.

A GIFT FOR THE TIME I HAVE TAKEN...

AND FOR THE TIME YOU SHALL RECEIVE.

---

(last conversation as of 0.6 - rewards 500 souls)

(total number of events for the Dragon: 6)

---

(message when trying to talk to a sleeping Dragon the first time)

The dragon is asleep

(when trying to talk to a sleeping Dragon the following times)

\*your character pets the dragon\*

### **BONUS! Original Rogue Legacy Journals**

The original game journals - all the lore given by that first game. Note: The original Knight is named Johannes. Could he be related to Jonah? Also, the four bosses (Khidr, Alexander, Ponce De Leon, and Herodotus) are references to the Fountain of Youth - adventures and scholars that searched for or ruminated on it.

#### **Entry #1**

Treason! An assassin has wounded my father, the king!

To bring order back to the kingdom, he has sent my siblings and I on a quest to save him. Together, we will venture into the cursed woods, and enter Castle Hamson.

This cursed castle has stood on the edge of the woods since time immemorial, but rumors say that within it dwells an item which will cure any ailment.

Tonight I will get a headstart over my brothers and sisters, and set forth on my quest while they lay asleep. To fail this quest would be an embarrassment to my name.

## **Entry #2**

Although I am the eldest child, I am not my father's favorite. I have always known he planned to leave me with nothing.

But if I find the cure, everything will change.

The victor will earn nothing less than the throne upon his passing!

Upon my ascension, my wife and my children shall move back into the royal quarters. Back to the royal city, where we once again will be treated with the respect we deserve!

No longer will we stand for the gossip and petty slander of my cousins. The other dukes shall bow as we pass!

But I am getting ahead of myself.

I must keep my priorities clear: Conquer the castle. Find the cure. Collect my reward.

## **Entry #3**

I have paid my dues, and entered the castle proper. That devil Charon has taken all that I own as payment.

He has even pilfered my private coffers! I have left my wife and children with nothing.

He says it's the price for any and all who hazard the depths of the castle. He says it is fair.

It is fair because of all who have entered, none have returned. But I will change that.

I will be victorious! There is no greater swordsman than I, even amongst my siblings.

## **Entry #4**

Everything about this castle is off. I can't seem to keep track of my headings, and there is no sun or stars to guide me.

I find myself backtracking constantly, and I must painstakingly map out my progress lest I go in circles.

The maps I have pilfered off the corpses of other adventurers are breathtakingly inaccurate. It is almost as if they were describing a different castle altogether!

Perhaps this place does something to the mind...

Or are the stones truly shifting beneath my feet?

## **Entry #5**

I cannot exit through the front gate, but that is of little concern. I am committed to my cause and will not back out!

So far none of the maps I've found coincide with my own.

Yet upon comparing them as a whole, I believe I have unearthed a slight pattern. It seems that the forest is always to the right; the tower above...

And below? Well, hopefully I won't have to find out.

## **Entry #6**

I have never liked the dark. I prefer to meet my enemies on an open field in plain sight.

But now I find myself braving these darkened gallows with one gauntlet outstretched, the other by my hilt. I can never tell what horror lies beyond each corner.

I am the greatest swordsman in all the lands, yet even I am having trouble keeping these demons at bay.

My siblings should be grateful that I rushed ahead of them. For them it was a blessing in disguise. They would not have the fortitude to survive these halls.

### **Entry #7**

It is still night. Past every window stares back the same melancholic moon, but I swear I have been here for at least a whole waking day.

It must be the adrenaline. I have never felt so powerful, yet simultaneously challenged. It is exhilarating to charge through these rooms, cutting down enemy after enemy.

In some ways the foes in this castle feel tailored to me. Training me, guiding me, watching me.

This may sound crazy, but if this castle can somehow sense those within it, I fear it may hold malicious intent as well. If my assumptions are correct, the design of these halls could all be a ploy, culling me down further into a trap.

I must stay alert.

### **Entry #8**

From the number of dead adventurers I have passed in these halls, I have come to the following conclusions:

1: Many did not take enough provisions with them. I assume many died of hunger. I myself am running low and will have to find more supplies.

2: Many are missing clothes, which explains the pant-wearing zombies.

3: No one has made it as far as I, since I haven't passed any corpses in over an hour.

### **Entry #9**

The door to the throne room is driving me mad! Beyond it lies the king's salvation, and my reward, but it stands silent in the middle of the castle foyer, taunting me.

I've tried pushing it, kicking it, yelling "Open Sesame," but nothing works.

There are icons emblazoned into the doors, and one of them looks like a beast I avoided deeper in the castle.

Perhaps there is some sort of correlation?

### **Entry #10**

The emblems on the castle door are a clue! I slew the giant beast that matched one of the icons, and I sensed something shift behind the throne room doors.

As if in a dream, I could see an emblem on the door glowing in my mind's eye.

A truly out of body experience.

At least I know I'm on the right track. But I must hasten my pace, for the king could succumb to his injuries at any moment...

But first I must rest. Tomorrow, I enter the Forest.

### **Entry #11**

This forest is unlike anything I've ever seen before. It is both serene and terrifying. I stand on lush grass, but beside me yawns open a chasm so wide and deep, it threatens to swallow me whole.

I still have not heard a response from the rock I tossed in earlier. A single misstep, and my descent would be eternal. It is truly a horrifying thought.

An eternity of darkness is more frightening than any beast I have fought thus far. If I fell, what would kill me first? The hunger, or myself?

On a side note, I am now using the forest fissure as my own personal lavatory. I wonder if I am pooping into another dimension...

### **Entry #12**

I have found a solution to my hunger problem. The forest holds an endless bounty of delicious mushrooms. And within these mushrooms lie chicken legs! Also gold coins, and vials of sparkling water... I broke open a tree trunk earlier, and a bag of money fell out.

Sometimes I feel like I have gone insane.

... Plus, what is up with the moon? It's HUGE!

### **Entry #13**

I slew the beast of the forest, and I have felt the throne room weaken once more.

So far my assumptions have proven correct. Each wing of the castle houses its own guardian beast. Was this designed as a test of will? If so, then I cannot fail, for the further I venture, the more bold I become!

Tomorrow I scour the tower. I am on a roll.

### **Entry #14**

I have been methodically clearing the demons in these rooms in my quest to slay the next guardian, but I am losing track of time... and other things...

As I entered the tower, I felt time stand still. Or perhaps that is the vertigo talking? I was never keen on heights... or was I?

I am finding it increasingly difficult to remember my past...

### **Entry #15**

I remember being a famous adventurer. My martial prowess surpassed all of my brothers. That, I am sure of. While they spent their days buried in their bookish studies, I was out killing brigands and monsters.

I always wondered why my father favoured them over me? Isn't it always the opposite in fairy tales?

Fortune favors the bold. Not the insipid intellectual... Or something like that.

Man, I would love to see my brothers try to out-think my sword in their face!

### **Entry #16**

What if years have passed since I first entered these walls? It is true that I am becoming more proficient in clearing monsters, but it feels like an age has passed.

I have even forgotten what my own kin look like.

What if they think I have failed? What if one of my brothers has beaten me to the cure?

...And what if I mistook them for a monster.

### **Entry #17**

I must be going insane. I stumbled across a carnival inside this castle. Complete with a sad clown and everything.

He's sort of an ass. But I guess you can't be picky with your friends in a place like this.

I'm getting hungry again. Good thing I topped up on chicken legs. I found these in a chandelier.

This castle... Sometimes I wonder if it's all just a big joke



### **Entry #18**

I have bested the beast of the tower, and once again I could feel the throne room give up some of its power. The rush I feel from this victory is intoxicating! Never have I felt so confident, so powerful, so... at home. Just a little further and I will be able to earn my reward. I'm so close! I will make my father proud!

### **Entry #19**

I have been standing outside the dungeon gate for longer than I care to admit. My courage has finally been sapped, for I have spied the monsters below, and they make my previous struggles laughable in comparison. I must steel myself. I must focus. There is so little light down there, I fear that I may lose myself.

### **Entry #20**

I thought I knew what darkness was, but here in the dungeon, the darkness has a voice. It calls to me through grates, and around corners. It taunts me. The darkness is so thick, it is almost tangible, and the beasts here have made it their home. They move swiftly through the corridors, and are more terrifying than anything I've fought before. I must be prudent and choose my battles carefully. Being confrontational now may cost me my life.

### **Entry #21**

I have done it! I have defeated the dungeon's master! All that remains is to enter the throne room. After this, the king will honor me for my valor and acknowledge me as rightful successor to the throne! Not my faceless siblings!

### **Entry #22**

I sit here making my final preparations. All that lays between me and the lord of this castle is the golden doors. There is a nervousness in my body that I cannot quell. Is it fear, or fearcitement? All I know is that my journey is finally reaching an end. I have almost forgotten why I entered this castle in the first place, but I remember now. I have bested my siblings, I will save the king, and leave this castle a greater man than when I entered. My family will get the honor they so rightfully deserve. Now, I enter the throne room.

### **Entry #23**

I never knew what treasure lay in this castle. I knew only that it would cure the king. Who could have suspected it would be the fountain of youth? I expected a monster to greet me at the dias; a foe of unimaginable strength. I imagined it would take all my strength to best him. But when I entered the castle and saw my father - the king - sitting atop the dias with goblet in hand, I knew all was lost. He would never die... ...and I would never be heir. There are no words to express what I feel.

## Entry #24

.....  
....

## Entry #25

Today marks the rest of eternity.

I never knew what treasure lay in this castle. Just that it would cure the king of his illness.

... Who would have known it would have been the fountain of youth? A myth, which grants one eternal life.

As I look down on the body of the king I realize that it is inevitable: children will always answer for their father's sins.

I entered this castle a swordsman, a savior...

But all I have left is a rogue's legacy.

I can feel your anger, but know it was not I who sent your family to ruin.

The moment the king set foot within this castle, the royal coffers were emptied by Charon. My family - all families - had lost all hope for a better life.

And in my mind's eye, I foresaw only desperation and poverty ravage the country. There was nothing for me to go back to.

To my children, and my children's children, here I sit, impassive, immortal, and await thee.