

[OPT-IN FOR THE AVALON RPG]

Backstory:

“Once upon a time... ugh, I’m *not* doing that again.” A silence precedes the stranger before you. They clear their throat and speak. Their voice is not gruff, but calming and smooth. There is a slight European twinge to it. You can’t help but enjoy the sound it provides.

“Though the world of AVALON tends to be regarded as ‘false’ or ‘objectively wrong,’ it should not be treated as such. It is *inherently* real. Many have asked how I would know such a thing. I give no answers. You... are one of many people I have told AVALON’s backstory. It is one of reality and split factions. Do not be worried about its presence. This is but one version—encapsulated and isolated by moments in time, split and dissected by the careful woes and willing errors of previous leaders. I will not name names, yet the King seems to aggravate me in every reality I peer into. AVALON is a place of instability. One of many tales told over and over, with slight variation, tweaks each time, formed by strange persons of interest, and catastrophic events reconfigured and redesigned for viewing pleasure. In *this* variation of AVALON, *you* happen to be this person of interest. There are many others like you that you will come in contact with on your journey. Whether or not you would like them to affect your ending, happy or not... is up to you.” Stepping to the side, the figure with lavender hair and a rather formal outfit—a sweeping brown trench coat and modest heels—picks something up. She hands it to you.

“I have no proper story to tell this time. You get to pick your fate. So... what would *you* like to be? Though, I suppose I owe you, at least, an explanation on the factions—were you to pick one for yourself. The Magi of AVALON happen to specialize in magic considered to be considered of

divine descent. That is, **healing magic**—capable of varying amounts of restoration, depending on your skill. Along with that, comes **purification magic.** This entails fairly simple things—the cleansing of water, the cleaning of clothes, et cetera, et cetera. You will know when the situation requires it, and when you are strong enough to use it. Though, I must warn you... purifying something too volatile may result in your **death.** Use that power wisely. You will have to hone it. Last, but not least for this faction—AVALON Magi utilize **light magic** as a sort of aversion against corrupted beings. It's essentially fire to gasoline when used against beings with a **blight aptitude.** Which means, those morally or physically corrupted *will* feel that pain. The issue is, recognizing those that are *morally* corrupt, in this world? It's much more difficult than you would realize. Be wary." Something in you considers the class... **AVALON Mage. Healing magic, purification magic, light magic.** Interesting.

"Next... **Salem Witches.** Truly an enigma. It's very strange to think about—even I haven't a clue about how they arrived in AVALON. Though they're bestowed the derogatory title of being a '**Witch,**' they aren't naturally corrupt. They just happen to have a strange set of abilities and **aptitude** to irregular forms of magic, whether by birthright, or **attunement,** like your case. It's very rare to run into those with the ability to **attune** like you. There may only be a few hundred in this AVALON capable of it. Salem Witches hold within them an innate strength in **corrosion magic,** meaning that they hold within them—given proper training—the ability to wither away substances with a simple spell cast. The value of their magic, as any other form of magic, increases with skill built, and **aptitude** gain. As if to complement their **corrosion magic,** they also have a tendency to lean toward **fire magic.** I found it very strange to see the mix of **poison** and **burning.** I find it very

likely that the combination weakens both variables, but provides better use cases in specific situations. More specifically, being a Salem Witch puts you at odds with the AVALON Magi, and vice-versa. They seem to be not very inclined to accept each other. In my honest opinion..." The Lavender Woman pauses in front of you, turned away, seemingly deep in thought.

"That makes them both brutes. I trust you to bring change if you would like to pledge allegiance to either faction. Oh, and Salem Witches can produce **magic shields** using the **Bastion** spell too, if that's of any importance to you." You're slightly intrigued by the "villainous" background of the Witches—**corrosion, fire, and shield magic**... Turning back toward you, the Lavender Woman continues.

"Of course, nobody likes picking sides in this day and age, and people need to make a living, so... there are also those that people see as traitors to the Roundtable. More specifically, the poorly-named Fanatics. They were simply, how do I put this, not very *invested* in standard, mythic table talk. So, as any normal person would do, they broke off, forming legions, albeit small, of Knights off the coast. Be careful referring to them as Fanatics—they may assume you're on the side of the Magi or Witches, and therefore try to... cut your life short? Brutalize you? No, let me be blunt... they will kill you. So, it's better to refer to them as simply **Lost Knights**, or just mercenaries. They're the typical case of guns-for-hire, so of course they'll do nearly any quest and go on any adventure with the promise of payment. Obviously... this excludes quests directly involving AVALON Palace loyalists. Their skill set isn't too unique, unlike the Magi and Witches—however, they do utilize the skills they do have to their advantage. They can **fortify constructs**, like defenses or even armour, as well as weapons. They can also repair the constructs of

others, though I doubt that will be of much importance to you. They usually hold your typical items, a shield, a sword, and have a much higher **aptitude** for athleticism than any other person. So much so, in fact, it makes up for their objective lack of **aptitude** toward **magic**. That doesn't mean they *can't* learn spells, however. It's just a bit more... difficult. The strength that comes with may be able to **dispel magic by brute force**. Then, there's one more option, for those allergic to **conflict**."

You take the space between the Lavender Woman's words to tally your options.

- The AVALON Mage, so-called "divine" Magi that use healing, purification, and light magic...
- The Salem Witch, falsely accused constructs that utilize corrosion, fire, and shield magic...
- And the Lost Knights, PTSD-ridden defectors of the Roundtable that have inhuman athleticism, smithing, and the ability to fortify any construct—given the right skill.

However, the Lavender Woman did mention one more class, didn't she?

"The Freelancers. Wanderers with some strange innate ability to pick up any skill or form of magic. The difference is, it takes them a much longer time than usual, with a horrifying amount of difficulty. The strength that the highest-ranked among them have is enough to rival the King, yet... they choose not to. They are pacifists. If you attempt blazing a war-ridden path through AVALON while being part of their faction, it's quite likely they will hunt you down and end your life before you get the chance to step foot outside AVALON's main gate. You will live a life of peace with them... and your party, should you join one. But, if you do wish to rebel against the king..." The Lavender Woman pauses again.

“Be my guest. In this life, at least... his life isn’t one worth living. Not anymore.” Walking away, Lavender pauses, as if she had forgotten something.

“And one last thing... most refer to me as the ‘Lavender Woman’ based solely on my hair. That is not my title. You may refer to me as ‘Archivist L.’ There are others, hence the initial after my title. Whether you meet them or not? That is entirely up to you.” As Archivist L takes her leave, you see her body start to shape and reform. For some reason, the last shape you see appears to be a dove. It feels as if your eyes are being forced shut, and your eyelids close... as you start to dream again.