Simple Quest Script

Quest Title: Spotlight

Trigger: Perfumed Letter

Type: Talk Quest, Timed Quest

Condition: Elanor met Rolf once already

Objective: Travel to either (1) the library to speak with Etel or to (2) the stables to meet Rolf.

Summary: The player is invited to a private dance class with ETEL. It takes place at night, at the same time the player is supposed to deliver the stolen goods to the stable where ROLF is waiting. The player must decide between Etel and Rolf. Has the player/Elanor fallen for Etel's charm already?

Two outcomes:

1. The player goes to the dance class, ignoring their duties and Rolf.

   UNLOCKS: Fluttering Wings

   Next: Disobedience

2. The Player goes to the drop-off where Rolf is waiting for them.

   UNLOCKS: Obedient Daughter

   Next: Broken Wings

Starting Lines and Dialogue:

[OPENING THE LETTER]

The Narrator: *As your eyes follow the delicate curves of each word, a familiar sweet scent rises from the soft paper. You feel it caress your face… It is calling to you.*

[WHILE WALKING DOWN THE CORRIDOR]

The Crack: *Now, now, what will it be? Even you cannot be in two places at once.*

//if turned towards the library

The Crack: *Leaving the old goat to his own devices? Someone's growing up. Is it excitment or shame that rushes through your veins right now? I suppose we will find out.*

//if turned towards the stables

The Crack: *I suppose some things never change. But if you're doing the right thing, tell me, why is your heart beating so hard, like hammers behind your breasts?*

- At the library:

[UPON ENTERING THE LIBRARY]

Etel: My, my. Aren't you an eager one… Hmm. Loud, too. And here I thought you wouldn't show.

FLUTTERING WINGS STARTS

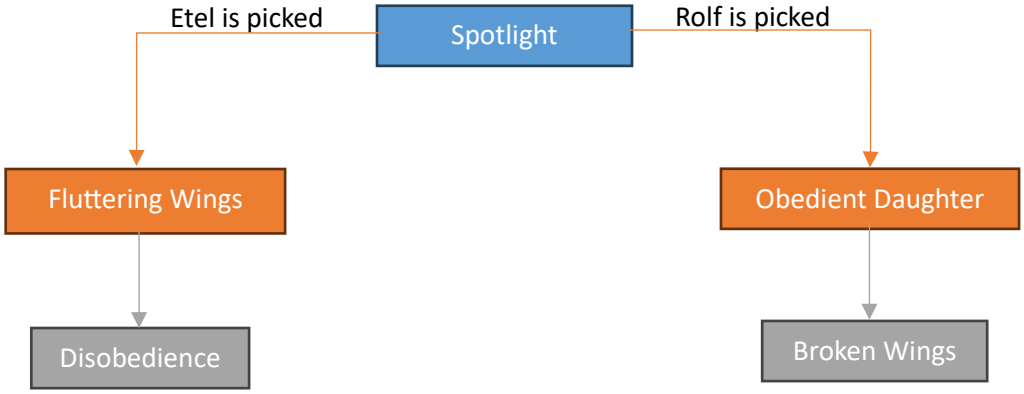
- At the stables:

  [UPON ENTERING THE STABLES]

Rolf: Dear girl, you are late. Let us begin swiftly.

OBEDIENT DAUGHTER STARTS

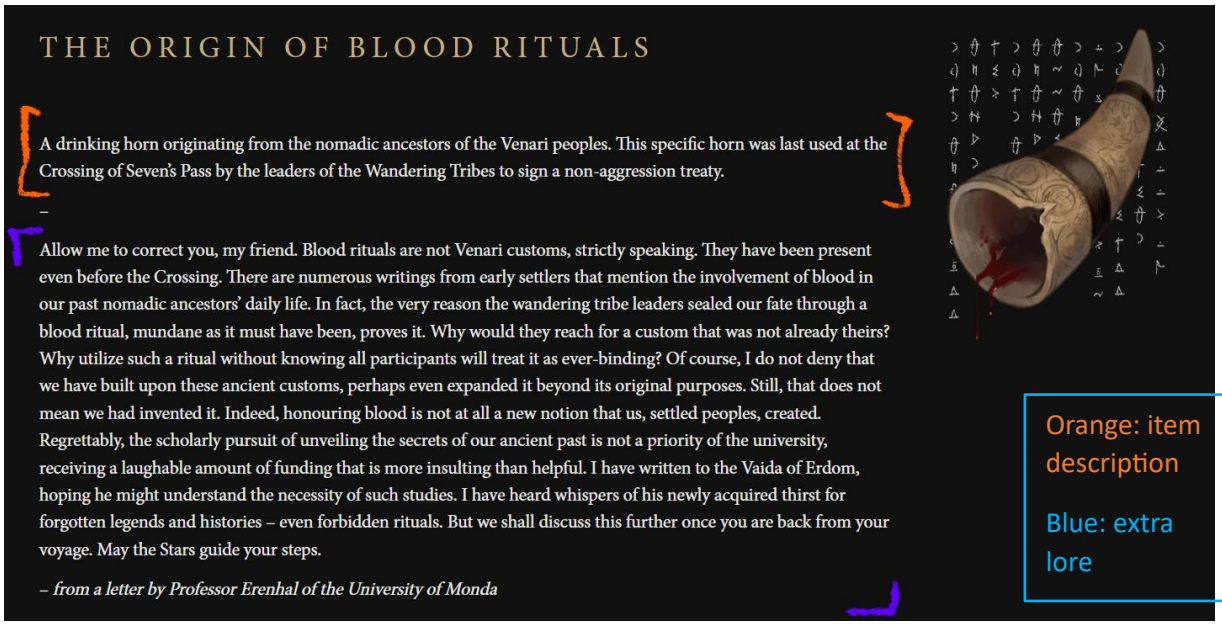
Note: While AGENCY is given to the player and they can decide whether they wish to meet with Etel or Rolf, this quest shows that Elanor has DOUBTS no matter which path is taken. By this point of the story, Elanor wishes she could be in two places at once. Her priorities are already clearly shifting.



Item Descriptions

Art by the wonderful Marina Fernandes and Azra Krajinovic





Item Name: Esmel's Pillow

Silk pillow with rich embroidery used by the followers of Esmel to communicate with their chosen deity.

The most sensitive scions are believed to be able to guide their souls to the realm of Death during deep slumber, even without the help of the Golden Dreamer. An act the Fellowship of Esmel greatly disapproves of.

The pillow has been criticized for its luxurious appearance and called "utter peacockery only ever known in Pava" by some followers.

"The Golden Dreamer himself would disapprove of such an extravagant display."

Item Name: Tihamell's Darksword

A two-handed sword, slightly curved, with a black blade adorned by tiny white crystals. It seems to be the exact replica of the weapon Tihamell the Wise wielded during the fabled Violet Night Tournament. A single dried sweet fate is wrapped around its glass hilt, the same colour as the flower the Ashen Knight gifted Koobor after winning the final round of combat.

Item Name: Painting of Promised Love

The famous painting of "Promised Love", depicting the Guardian of Death, Muula, and the Champion of Life, Vordell. Their doomed love has been the topic of many heated discussions among scholars and priests alike. While their love is cherished by the Erdi, many still debate the necessity of it.

"Believing that the violation of Balance itself is a key component for creation is a dangerous thought. Accepting this as the ultimate truth threatens the very foundation upon which the Trinity of Erdom is built."

Item Name: Golden Life Essence

A drop of Vordell's golden vitality caged in a bottle. While not directly harvested from the Goddess of Life herself, it still shines bright and true, setting the soul of the worthy aflame

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Item Name: Erdi Hunting Pelisse

The hunting pelisse is to be worn over one shoulder, hanging loose. Favoured by the Erdi aristocracy, it is a mandatory wear during Great Hunts as well as duels.

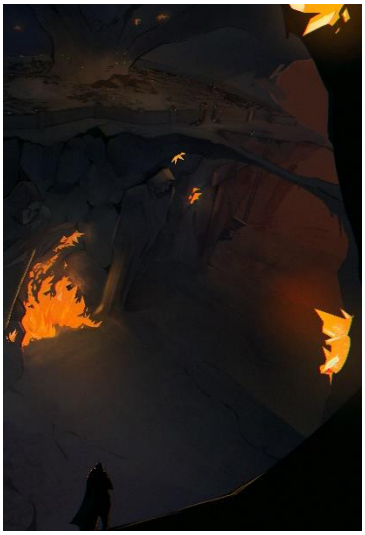
"A hunting pelisse that falls in the dirt shall not be worn again."

Short Descriptions for Venari Realms

Art by the amazing Azra Krajonivoc and Marina Fernandes



Murva is a rich yet divided realm. While the Murvi Civil War brought an era of peace, the tension between the Highlands and the Underearth is palpable in the very air, heavier than Stone itself. This realm is dominated by a reluctant yet necessary co-existence.



Murva is often referred to as 'The Empire of None'. Despite its geographical location and resources, the Murvi leadership was never able to deliver on expansionist plans due to the instability of the Depths. These underground horrors are barely contained by the Order of the Den.



During a widespread revolutionary wave that shook the Krumi Empire, a group of scientists was tasked with harnessing raw energy directly from the source to forge new weapons, resulting in the catastrophic events now known as Greed's Grave. Today, Krumland is a hazardous wasteland.



As the Lehelian saying goes, “The sky is as vast as knowledge itself”. Many believe the phrase originates from early scholars who visited a secluded area where “the Sky met the Earth” and were struck by the sheer presence of the cosmos. They named this wonder the Field of Stars.

Lore Excerpts

-- *Excerpt from “’Unlikely Heroes: The Origin of the Guilds’s Ambiguous Public Standing in Contemporary Venar” written by Elek Hombor published in In Defence of the Guilds and Other Essays edited by Professor Roderik Moor, University of Monda*

People so often take the efforts of the guilds for granted. The labour of those brave fighters that dedicate their entire lives for the service of others, bound by the vow that is ever present in every action. Yet, despite such noble aspirations, not all feel the presence of a guild member comforting. Indeed, the task of keeping the balance between us and the Wilds is rather complex and often demands sacrifice. It is undeniably true that the scale does not always tip our way which many might find difficult to accept – we are only humans, after all.

Let it be stated that I do not fault those who have had unfortunate dealings with a guild and, consequently, developed a negative opinion on the system as a whole. Strong emotions generated by personal experience can easily topple over the most convicted believers. I, too, was of a similar mind in my youth – an admission I do not make lightly.

It is no secret that I had lost a dear friend to a possession. The incident ended with a member of the Rookery killing an Urge within the very body of him, cleansing him only through death. The long and gruesome procedure was necessary to make sure the harmful creature was truly and fully vanished from existence. Any heroic attempt at saving my friend's life would have likely resulted in more harm than good; a risk that the mester assigned to the case was unwilling to take. His reasoning was pragmatic, devoid of emotions: the possession was in its late stages which decreased the chances of a successful removal without exposing nearby areas to high levels of energy, contaminating the area further, opening the doors for more harmful creatures and mutations. No, it had to be done within the safe confinements of an already dying body – according to him. Hearing my friend being spoken of in such a cold manner, being reduced to a flesh prison, set my heart ablaze with anger and disgust

I wish not to dwell on this story any more than necessary; those interested in this case through the eyes of someone who was personally involved can read it in its entirety in my book: *The Hauntings of the Cerulean Isles.* Since then, however, I have come to a change of heart. I was lucky to have worked with several guilds as my hair grew greyer and greyer, including the Rookery. I have got to know their teachings and struggles, their fears and sources of joy, and I felt a desire bloom in the very depth of my soul – a desire to come to their aid as they come to ours.

We have inhabited a beautiful yet unruly land. A land that wishes not to be tamed nor shackled by humans for their whims and convenience. Have we forgotten what happens when we abuse the very earth we walk on? When we refuse to hear its cries? The horrors unleashed by Greed's Grave? The horrors that are still present even after all these centuries? The very first guild was born in the aftermath of a series of catastrophes that we, humans, have caused. A guild of need. Even today, the First Seekers risk their lives to make sure the terrors of that cursed island remain checked and contained, far away from our children. Every day, they face the possibility that their expedition beyond the Rapture might be their last, with their unmoving bodies twisted and abused for all eternity in that hazardous land.

The dangers of the Wilds do not end there. They lurk everywhere, knock on any door, poor or rich. And when our hopes are all but broken and gone and all our prayers are met with silence, who do we ask for help? Where do we go for guidance and aid? One can, of course, bargain with reality and exhaust every possibility before coming to the right conclusion that it is time to look for the nearest guild. Will the resolution, as they come to your aid, be everything you have hoped for? Unlikely. But there will be a tomorrow.

-- Recorded confession of an unnamed Santilli firstborn, found among the open records in the Ishpanery of Dawnfell

I am not a good person. I have fled and I have lied. Ah, by the Sun! I have done all that I could! I swear this by the sweet light of Essolang.

Yes. I have done my best. I swear, I swear.

It wasn't enough. Nothing ever was. But how was I to make sense of it all? My scarred and burnt body wrapped in silk, reaching for a weapon… or sometimes a goblet. Gold turning red, servants marching from room to room – my eyes, bleak and hollow, follow their rugged steps… but all I see is the marching of velvet bodies through mud and blood, dimming the light in the eyes of others. And I march and I march and I march.

I was trained to protect, to always guard, to never question and never bend. Oh, I know this, trust me. Yet, I hesitated when my hands gripped the hilt, bleeding, for I was to strike with no aim – no aim at all. The will of this body had been lost long ago. Ah, Essolang, look at it; this body of mine is now only waiting.

I saw the Light before my brother, I did. And I know, oh don't I know, I will lose its grace way before him as well. He will rule, safe and sound, upon the ghosts of my bones, and I will look up at him with a smile, for I know it was not his fault. It was not his fault that I was cursed not to be born second – or born at all.

Excerpt from The Grand Erdi Sport

Scheming behind thin curtains, doors left ajar, sharp glances in a crowd, temptation on poisonous lips – the Hunt refers to the everyday social and class politics of Erdom. It is both endorsed by Erdi culture and frowned upon by the general public. While it is often seen as a form of sport to pass time, one shall ignore this deadly game at their own peril: the Hunt is a dangerous weapon forged in the ambitions and greed of the aristocracy that cowardly hides behind ambiguity. Indeed, the Hunt is but a sword: once unsheathed, it is always used.

The Grand Sport is a series of social events among the Erdi nobility. During hunting season, nobles band together to enjoy the thrill of the hunt which is, rather often, more about forming new alliances and exchanging secret information while feasting lavishly. It is here where the aristocracy truly lets their claws out, sinking their teeth into others houses in broad daylight Everyone is on the hunt during these events with no shame marking their actions. While these hunts are not mandatory for all nobles, they are the quickest way to climb the social ladder. The most famous Grand Hunt is organized by House Erdom. The only noble that has never been to a royal Grand Hunt yet managed to become Grand Arkos is Etel Botold.

Excerpt from *Brief Introduction to Santilla*

Initial worldbuilding document created for internal usage

Santilla, also known as the Urat of Santilla or the Free South, is similar to a unitary state*, with a strong central government. It is ruled by the Ura who is also the head of religious/cultural practices, gaining the title High Elder. It is believed that the Ura is chosen by Essolang, the Great Sun. The Ura, with the counsel of the fourteen Elders, oversee the Santilli Peninsula.

*(*Terms such as unitary state, economy, etc. are only used in documents shared between the dev team as these are way too modern terms to be used by Venari scholars.)*

The Free South is subdivided administratively into smaller territories called provinces. Each province is ruled by the Provincial Administrator who is directly appointed by the Ura.

An Elder either oversees a number of smaller settlements and villages or is tasked with the governance of a town or a city. The High Elder's seat is in Paron, the only major city in Santilla.

While an Ura is a life-long commitment, it is not hereditary. Uras are chosen through the Trials of the Great Sun, a long and often extremely painful series of trials that candidates are subjected to. The Trials have three different stages; the last one standing wins the Santilli throne. It lasts for around fifteen to sixteen months. During this time period, the Right Hand of the previous Ura serves as a temporary leader, the Regent of Santilla, and oversees the Trials of the Great Sun.

The Council of Elders choose fourteen candidates (each Elder picks their own Chosen). Anyone can become a candidate if they have witnessed at least twenty summers. Becoming a chosen candidate, however, is a long process and they must meet several criteria. The future candidate must be a devoted member of any of the ishpaneries their Elder oversees. First, they must present their case to an ishpan (cleric of Essolang) in the form of a hearing with several witnesses present. If they are deemed worthy, the ishpan writes a recommendation letter which they must deliver to the designated Elder. The Elder then chooses their favourite candidate who is sent to the temporary Regent of Santilla. The Regent has the right to dismiss the picked candidate and ask for someone else. While it is uncommon, an Elder can refuse by presenting their Chosen to the other Elders – if the Chosen receives at least eight positive votes, the Regent must let the Chosen participate.

A fifteenth candidacy may be given to the previous Ura's secondborn child if applicable under the mentorship of the Regent.

The First Trial of Peace: The Chosens gain access to the Sanctuary of Lora *(note: this will be a temple carved into the mountain, similar to Madonna della Corona Sanctuary)* where they must find inner peace and seek knowledge in the Grand Library, located deep within the sanctuary. The Grand Library of Lora is home to many secrets and forgotten atrocities; it is off limits to visit outside of the trial. Each candidate must spend a full moon cycle within the walls of the sanctuary without ever laying eyes on Essolang directly.

The Second Trial of Justice: Those that come out of the Sanctuary of Lora with sound mind and body are sent to Mount Foll, an active volcano. This time period must be used for reflection and attuning in their assigned huts. (Food and water are provided by the Elders.) The candidates are not forbidden from direct contact but physical violence is not permitted and no weapons are allowed due to the sacred nature of the volcano. This trial lasts for half a moon cycle.

The Third Trial of Strength: The remaining candidates must dress in all black and stand tall under the scorching sun. They must not move from their designated space, must not bend their knees, and cannot receive water nor food during this time period. The last one that remains standing is chosen by Essolang and is elected as the new Ura.