

Progress Text

You're just too tired to continue, so you stop by the Vampire's house even though you haven't killed the Crusaders yet. However, you quickly realize the stupidity of this decision when you catch the Vampire leaning over your neck.

"Uh," you say, jumping to your feet, "gotta go!"

Completion Text

You carry the blood of the pure Crusaders to the Vampire in (xx) bottles, placing them in a wine rack in the frigid cellar. The Vampire opens one of the bottles and sniffs it as if it were a fine vintage of wine.

"That's nice," he says. "Will you join me?"

"No, thank you," you say.

"Well, come upstairs with me. I'll teach you a few things while I have my dinner."

You follow, wondering why the thought of watching the Vampire drink a bottle of blood isn't making you gag.

Quest 3 – Seer's Hut – "The Cards" (Master in all Death Magic Skills for killing an Archangel stack)

Proposal Text

The home is empty. You're just about to leave, but you walk by a table and spot a deck of cards that didn't used to be there. Before your eyes, the cards shuffled themselves and fly from the deck as if someone were giving you a tarot reading.

You sit across from the cards and watch.

The first card is a glorious angel.

The second card is a bloody sword.

The third card is a gleaming feather.

And the final card is a tower.

"If I must," you say, standing.

To gain the Mastery of Death Magic, you must first kill Archangels.

Progress Text

The cards don't move, no matter how long you sit at the table. You'll have to come back when you have the feathers of the Archangels.

Completion Text

You place the feathers of the Archangels on the table and sit down. Even though the day is still young, you feel as though you've been marching for a week straight without sleep. It feels good to rest for a moment.

And then the cards begin to shuffle themselves. From the bottom of the deck floats a single card depicting a human skull with gleaming red eyes. The eyes seem to glow with a power of their own, and as you stare at them you feel drawn to another place.

Quest 4 – Quest Guard – “The Guardian” (Must be Master in all Death Magic Skills)

Proposal Text

Standing in front of the doors to this bleak tower is a knight in blackened armor. His metal-gloved hands rest on a greatsword. You're still twenty feet from the dark knight when you feel a chill bite deeply beneath your skin. You don't know how you know, but that unearthly cold is emanating from the guardian.

“Are you worthy?” a deep, muffled voice bellows from within the knight's demonic helm. “Only a Master of Death may pass. The unworthy will die!”

Progress Text

The unholy guardian's words still haunt you.

“Only a Master of Death may pass. The unworthy will die!”

Knowing that you will be deemed unworthy, you turn back.

Completion Text

You try to swallow the lump in your throat and approach the dark knight, but as you get near he steps aside and the doors open on their own.

“The Scholar awaits, Master!” says the knight.

Quest 5 – Seer’s Hut – “The Scholar” (Grandmaster in all Death Magic Skills for killing Grumthor and Oepelam)

Proposal Text

You find a pale little girl no older than eight sitting on the ground playing with the skulls of a cat and mouse. When she looks up at you with her white eyes, you almost flee.

“I’m looking for the Scholar,” you say.

“I am the Scholar.”

As impossible as that possibility seems, you believe her.

“I have...”

“...Come to learn all the secrets of Death. Yes, I know, and I think you are almost ready to hear them too.”

“Yes, I am!”

The Scholar holds up the mouse skull and asks you, “Tell me, little mouse, who is the cat that chases you?”

For a moment, you’re not sure what she means, but then understanding dawns on you.

“My cat is the elemental mages,” you say.

“Yes,” she smiles, “their names are Grumthor and Oepelam. Kill these nasty cats and bring me their skulls so that I can play with them. Then you will know everything!”

Progress Text

You search all around but the Scholar is nowhere to be found.

Completion Text

You set the heads of Grumthor and Oepelam to either side of the little girl known as the Scholar. She looks at their terrible visages and smiles sweetly.

“Aren’t my new cats beautiful?”

“Yes.”

Absently, the Scholar strokes Oepelam’s long hair as if it were a pet.

"What can you teach me, Scholar?" you ask. Suddenly, as if you sensed trouble around the corner, you want to get away from this little girl.

"You already have the knowledge you seek. You only have to look inward, search for the power you had the moment you took the lives of those monks. Feel the pleasure you must have felt when you drained the blood of those Crusaders, or when you tore the feathers from the Archangels. Look into the dead eyes of Grumthor and Oepelam here – you will find your secrets there!"

Artifacts

Creatures

Enemy Ship (with a token crew of Earth and Water Elementals)

I spotted the lone ship moored far off shore, but there wasn't any sign of life. Its sails were folded and tied and there wasn't a flag to identify the ship. We sailed closer and I called to them maybe a dozen times. No response.

No man remains a captain for long if he isn't the suspicious sort. An empty ship, packed up all neatly and moored properly, had numerous reasons to be suspect. Using the command words Genevieve had taught me, I ordered our Water Elemental protectors to join me, and then I told my first mate to bring the Stormwatcher next to the abandoned ship.

We threw planks across and boarded the ship so quickly that we actually startled the Earth and Water Elementals who were waiting to ambush us.

Events

Placed Event 1 ()

Placed Event 2 ()

Placed Event 3 ()

Event 1 (Starting Event)

We argued the morning before Genevieve disappeared. She stepped up on deck, immediately noticed the Stormwatcher was sailing in the wrong direction, and stormed into my cabin.

"Where are you going?" she shouted. I saw that dangerous, distant inhumanness in her eyes again.

"Home."

I had been waiting for this confrontation ever since I ordered my first mate to alter course.

"I can't let you do it, Genevieve," I said.

"Let me do what?"

Slowly, I stood. I felt uncomfortable with her looming over me. At least this way, if her temper got the best of her I would die on my feet.

"I've followed you through all these islands, and every step of the way I have seen these different forms of magic change you just a little. I fear what you might become when you start delving into Death Magic. You know what kind of blight the Necromancers were on our old world. Is that what you want to become?"

Genevieve hand came up quicker than the eye can see and slapped my cheek with enough force to knock me back into my chair and bring tears to my eyes.

"Wake up, you fool!" she screamed. "Unity magic is all about balance. I have already mastered Life Magic. With that power, I can negate any of the effects Death Magic has on its caster!" she explained, but I could barely hear. My ears were ringing from her blow.

Where did she get such strength? And that speed? Could my suspicions be true? I had thought them only a paranoid fantasy of mine, but I wasn't so sure anymore.

"I am the captain of this ship," I said softly, calmly. "The Stormwatcher will take you to that island over my dead body. Are you willing to go that far for you blaster magic?"

Genevieve made me wait a long time for the answer. For a moment, I thought she was considering it, and then she turned to leave.

"I'm doing this out of friendship, Genevieve," I called to her. She did not reply.

That night, when everyone but a single sailor in the crow's nest was asleep, Genevieve came onto deck again. She walked to the stern, stared up into the sky, and cast a spell. A moment later, several Griffins swooped down out of the sky and circled above her. One of them took a swipe at the sailor in the crow's nest when he raised his horn to his lips. Then another one of the creatures landed on the deck and Genevieve climbed onto its back.

She soared up and circled the Stormwatcher once before she flew up to face the terrified sailor at the top of the ship.

"Tell Captain Pherlon that his debt to me is paid in full," she said. "He may return home!"

Then she was gone.

Event 2 (After the Enemy Ship is defeated)

After the Earth and Water Elemental guards were destroyed, the crew of the mystery ship came into the open, immediately surrendering. I walked among the men, studying their frightened faces and their naked backs. More than half had fresh, angry whelps where they had recently been whipped. The others had scars from similar wounds.

"Which one of you is the first mate?" I asked.

A dark-skinned man with intelligent eyes stepped forward.

"Who is the captain of this vessel?"

"That would be our master, Oepelam," said the first mate.

Oepelam - the Water Mage who tried to get me to abandon Genevieve to the tidal way. I should have figured.

"Where is you master now?" I asked.

"Ashore with the Earth Mage, Grumthor. They've gone to kill some woman."

My stomach tightened at this news. I saw Genevieve defeat the Fire Mage, Hurus, but could she defeat two Wizards of equal power? She was outnumbered and she was unaware that the two men were so close. I had to help.

But first I addressed the nervous sailors standing before me.

"You're all free men now," I said loudly. Some cheered. Others didn't believe me.

"I am Pherlon, Captain of the Stormwatcher. I am a fair captain - feel free to ask my own crew. Since this ship flies no flag, nor has any visible name, it is my right to claim it as lost at sea. It's my property now, and I dub it 'Genevieve's Folly'! You are welcome to stay on as my crew, but Pherlon will own no slave so you are all freemen now!"

This time, the entire crew cheered and whistled.

"Now, get this ship in proper condition. I expect it to be perfect by the time I return," I ordered.

"Uh, sir?" said the first mate of Genevieve's Folly. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going ashore. If I don't return, then I will Genevieve's Folly to the crews of my two ships, but the Stormwatcher I will to my family."

I returned to the Stormwatcher to collect my things. Somehow, I had to find Genevieve and warn her about the two Mages that were hunting her. I didn't relish the idea of walking upon that dead land, but somewhere along the way I have grown fond of that woman.

Event 3 (after completing Quest 5 and winning the map)

When Genevieve came to me, she was thin and pale. She could barely walk, and when I took her in my arms her skin was cold. Something else was missing as well – that blank inhumanness that I have seen in her eyes. For the first time, she was afraid.

"I need your help, Pherlon," she pleaded.

"You have it! We've got to get you off this island," I said.

She nodded. Her quest was over, but what did it cost her? There was one feature of Unity Magic that Genevieve never thought about. No one person was ever meant to know all its secrets. It is too much for the human soul to handle.

"Come, Genevieve," I said, helping her up to her horse, "you'll feel much better when we're back on the Stormwatcher."

But would she ever be the same?

Hero Bios

Genevieve Seymour (Order/Enchanter)

Genevieve is a woman driven by her ambition, which is why she keeps herself emotionally distant from others. She has few friends, if any, but she has never needed them. She was raised in a brothel, about as poor as anyone can be, but survived her harsh childhood thanks to her resourcefulness.

Pherlon (Order/Enchanter)

He has had an uneventful life with the exception of a couple pirate raids, but even then he wasn't directly involved in the action. He fell in love once, married, and fell out of love. He has been rich, poor, rich, and poor again. Hence, Pherlon has developed an endless store of patience and a practical outlook toward life.

