

Asylum

(short story- and character-driven NWN 2 (?) module)

Story

You are the daughter / son of the King of Alisence and as a first born owning the right to claim the succession to the throne. Unfortunately, your brother, Eric, wants to reign the kingdom for himself and so he hires a powerful magician, Skaar, to poison your mind, so that people are in doubt about your sanity. Right afterwards he assassinates your father and blames you for the crime. In the beginning you are unsure if you committed the crime or not, because you wake up from a nightmare with blood on your hands. Anyway, people accuse you of being insane and lock you into an asylum. The aim of this module is to sort yourself out, escape from the asylum and prove your innocence.

The Race: “A Bet, A Corpse”

Bedroom (once upon a night)

<Dialog You>

You're being waked by a knock at the door.

<Dialog King Tristan Carroll III>

Open the door, <name>.

Please let me in.

There's something you need to know.

Sorry the wake you up, but I'm worried about Eri...

<Blackout>

<Name>, he...

<Blackout>

...as the king...

<Blackout>

...stranger...

<Blackout>

...corpse...

<Blackout>

...the queen...

<Longer blackout>

Everything alright? You look pale...

<Blackout>

...better get more sleep...

<Blackout>

...ood night!

<Bed>

[Look around]

[Go back to bed]

<Books>

I'm owning a lot of books. Reading them is a great way of distracting myself of the recently occurred sleep disorders I'm suffering from.

<Picture>

A portrait of myself: <fullname>, prince / princess of Alisence.

<Sculpture>

This is a sculpture of Cecile, my girl/boyfriend.

<Candles>

Weird. I can't remember lightning any candles.

<Desk>

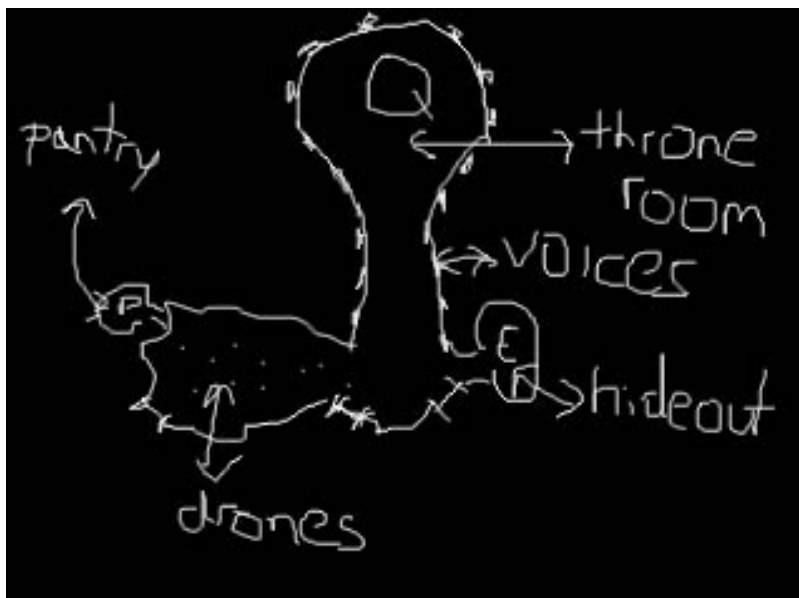
I'm preparing for my speeches here.

<Shield>

A shield with the banner of the kingdom Alisence.

The Hive (Intro) (dead servants are good servants)

The Queen, (Keeper of the Keys), Eric, Drones



Module starts off in a nightmare. (*Teleport the character in a single area around, let him hear "voices" all the time – this area should be constructed as a beehive or something*) Soon you are talking to the Queen (or vice versa).

<Dialog Queen>

(You are staring right into the eyes of an unknown creature. Soon you are hearing noises, which occur unpleasant to your ears:) Gezwa! Ik'hwassss?

Talk clearly! Can't understand you...

What?

Is this a menace or something?

Where am I?

(The creature occurs to be confused and repeats its "question". But now much louder. A stabbing pain is going through your head. Your ears seem to burn like fire.) → -1 HP

IK'HWASSSS?

Awww, my ears...

(Slightly puzzled the creature repeats its question.) → -1 HP

Never do this again, or you'll pay for it!

(The creature seems to be sadistically amused before it repeats the question once again.) → -2 HP

IK'HWASSSS? (It's obviously not a good idea to continue talking to the creature till you are not able to cover your ears or understand what the creature is talking about.)

(Leave.)

<Journal Entry>

The Queen's Quest

I'm having this nightmare about the hive again. A creature is talking to me, but when I'm trying to listen, I only feel pain in my ears. I need to find a way to cover my ears and understand the creature's language.

<Dialog Eric>

Help...help me, <name>!

Eric! Good to see a familiar face in a weird place like that!

Eric? What are *you* doing here?

No time for chit-chat, my dear brother/sister! We're having some real trouble here!

Trouble? What sort of trouble?

The hive is impending to break apart! We need to talk to the Queen!

Don't worry, brother. This is only a dream!

No, listen: The hive is impending to break apart! We need to talk to the Queen!

What's the trouble with the hive?

I don't know. One day the drones stopped working and now they are wandering around aimlessly. I fear they've turned totally mad and now there's nobody left to feed the Queen!

Can't the Queen live on herself?

No, the Queen is much too big to fit through the doors of the pantry. Only the small drones were able to get her something to eat!

Why is the hive so poorly designed? An important entrance where not everybody can get through makes no sense!

I don't know. I guess you have to ask the drones about that.

Why don't you deliver her some food?

I can't. When the drones would see me, they'd immediately attack me. Additionally I'm too tall to get into the pantry!

I'll go and get her some food!

That's impossible. You don't fit through the pantry's entrance!

Why would the drones attack you?

Let's talk about the hive.

What happened to the drones?

I have no idea. That's why we need to talk to the Queen!

Who is the Queen?

The Queen is reigning over the hive. She's the only one who may give birth to new drones. Without her the hive would die off pretty soon. That's why she's so important.

Then go and talk to her.

Impossible. The drones would attack me immediately!

Why would the drones attack you?

They think I'm an intruder and are trained to defend the hive against any violators.

Intruder? I don't understand...

The drones only accept conspecifics at this place, so I need to hide in order to not being attacked.

Conspecifics? Why don't they attack me then?

Because it's your hive. You're owning it!

Is this the reason why you are hiding?

When you are not welcome at this place, why do you try to save it?

<name>, brother/sister! This your hive, so it's important that it doesn't get destroyed!

Wait a minute! My hive?

Well...yes...but seriously: We need to talk to the Queen!

Tell me where I can find her and I'll go and talk to her.

She's in the throne room heading north the corridor. Go, get there!

North? Ummm...I think I've already been there...

Really? What happened?

I talked to a creature but wasn't able to understand a single word.

My ears were aching because of the terrible screams of an atrocious creature!

This creature must have been the Queen! As feared she's now talking in a language unknown to <race>s. There's only one solution to this dilemma: Go and get a drone's corpse!

A corpse? That's disgusting and cruel!

I know, but it's the only possibility to save the hive!

Why a corpse?

The Queen needs something to eat. A drone's corpse is the only aliment the Queen can eat without having to get into the pantry. Then she'll be strong enough to talk to you in an appropriated way.

The Queen only needs something to eat so I can talk to her?

Well, yes. Then she'll be at least strong enough to concentrate on communication you'll understand.

I don't want to kill anybody just for talking with the Queen!

If you don't, everybody here will die! It's better to sacrifice a mad and useless drone in order to save the hive!

I'll go out and look for a corpse, then.

Good luck.

There must be a better way to save the hive. I'll go out and look for an another possibility!

Of course you can look for another way, but this would be just a waste of time. There is no alternative, trust me.

Never mind. I want to know more about the hive.

Eric, relax! This is only a dream!

Hey, I'm not kidding. We seriously need to speak with the Queen!

<Journal Entry>

The Queen's Quest

I'm having this nightmare about the hive again. A creature is talking to me, but when I'm trying to listen, I only feel pain in my ears. I need to find a way to cover my ears and understand the creature's language.

I talked to my brother, Eric. He told me that the hive may break apart, because all the drones went insane. In order to save the hive I'll have to talk to the Queen.

It turned out that the creature is the Queen. I can only understand her, when I offer her something to eat, so she can recover and concentrate on talking in my language. The only possibility Eric can think of is to feed her the corpse of a drone.

<Voices>

Leave us alone.

Set me free.

Tell me about the stranger.

Is he hurting us?

I don't like that.

It hurts.

No more, no more!

My body is burning.

I'm not feeling fine.

Who rules the kingdom?

The king is dead. Long live the king!

I promised it.

I'm on my time with everyone.

Something is going terribly wrong.

I really don't care about anything.

Repeat the story of the stranger.

I hate magicians.

We're all lost.

Somebody separated me from my family.

Love you, honey!

All and all, all over again.

Heartless, but still alive.

I'm freezing.

Everything is breaking apart.

No one to trust, no one to save.

My eyes burn.

Try not to betray me.

Tell me something about you.

Where's the light?

Anybody seen the sun?

Oh my only son / daughter.

Calm down and hurry up.

They are fading away.
Separate the flesh from the bones.
Did you hear the voice?
So dark here.
Nobody left to stay.
Lonely.
Ever thought about it?
Where does the blood come from?
Oh my crownless king.
This is sick.
Rescue me!
Bravery is for the people who prefer dead.
Who are you?
When there's a Queen where's the king?
I'm lost in my thoughts.

<Dialog Drones>

The drones are ignoring you.

And now combat, scripting, blablabla. Anyway, in order to continue you have to kill a drone. Right after the first drone dies, the player is transformed into the next area.

Bedroom (long live the king)

<Dialog You>

Right after you opened your eyes, you are suffering from terrible headache. You try to focus on your hands, but right after you are able to, you frighten: They are covered with blood! And then you see the dead body in front of you and the whole situation gets much worse: It's the corpse of your father, King Carroll!

OH MY GOD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

HELP! ANYBODY HELP!

WHAT IS GOING ON?

Right afterwards you hear footsteps from the neighbor room. Somebody is knocking on your door. According to the voice it's Anna, your stepmother.

<name>, you are going to wake the whole castle with your shouting! What is going on?

My god! I woke up and now my father is dead and I'm full of blood!

That's none of your business!

Ahm...Nothing. Just a nightmare. Go back to bed, don't worry!

You sound nervous. Sure everything is alright?

Everything is okay, I'm alright.

Nothing is alright, my father is dead and I'm full of blood!

That's none of your business!

You sound worried. May I come in?

I don't want you to enter my room.

Why not?

I need my privacy. That's all.

I respect that, but I'm also worried that you are concealing something. I'll come in and have a look.

It was only a nightmare. I can deal with it alone.

<name>, I feel that something is going wrong. I'll come in.

It was only a nightmare. I guess I'm old enough to cope with such situations...

My daughter / son, I'm feeling that something is going wrong. I'll open the door now.

Come in.

A new voice appears. It's the voice of your brother, Eric.

<Eric> The whole castle is awake because of the screaming coming from the room of my brother / sister! What's going on? Is <name> alright?

<Anna> Dunno. He / She sounded confused and I just wanted to look after him / her.

<Eric> Confused? Oh, not again! We should immediately have a look at him!

As Anna opens the door and both catch sight of King Carroll's corpse, they are shocked, almost speechless and don't know what to say.

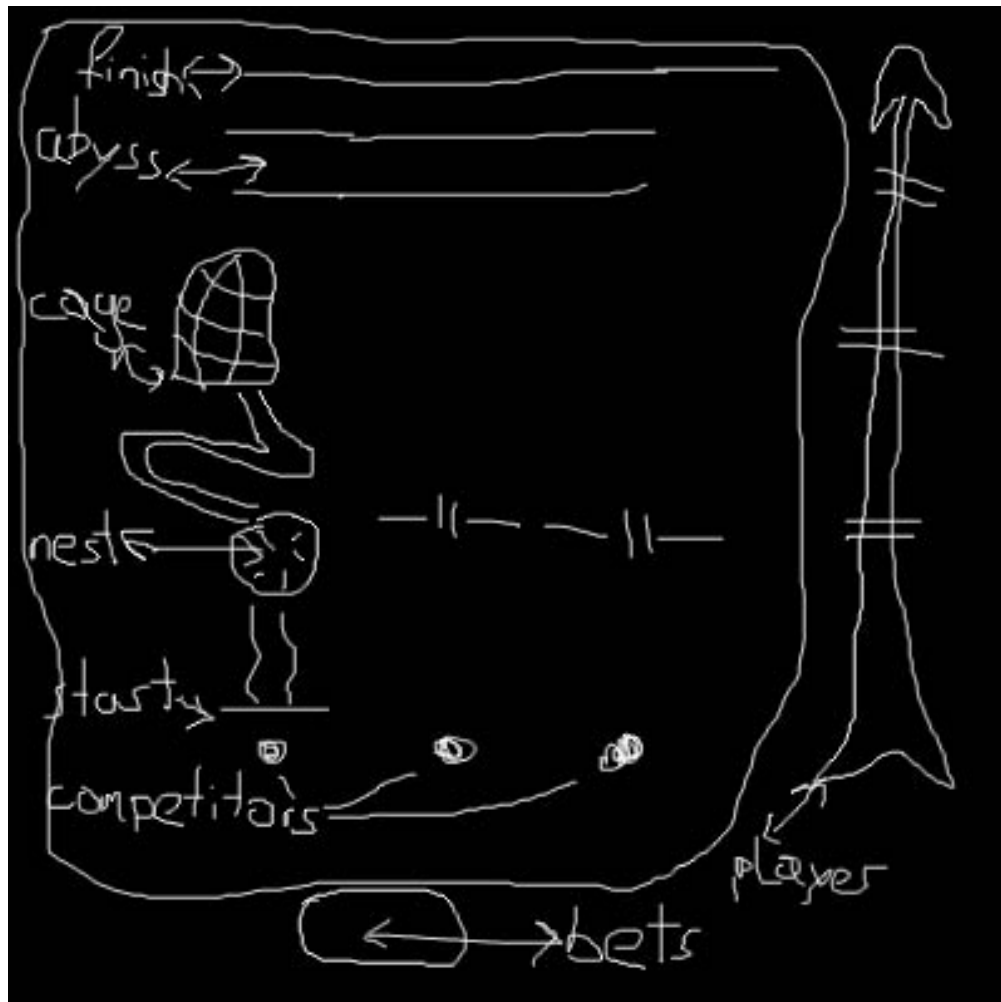
<Eric> <name>, my brother / sister! What have you done?

<Journal Entry>

Death of a King

I woke up with blood on my hands and the corpse of my father, who had obviously been murdered!

The Race (a bet, a corpse)



In this area a race between a dog, a raven and a chicken takes place. The player has to support one of these three animals und “unlock” two out of three obstacles, the competitors have to go through: The nest (passed by the chicken), the birdcage (passed by the dog) and the abyss (passed by the raven). After every obstacle you are being transformed into the real world for a while.

<Dialog You>

Where am I? Last thing I remember is the corpse of my father and Eric entering the room. Am I turning completely insane?

<Voices>

Who is telling the truth?

Lying and denying.

What have you done?

Am I sounding confused?

Long live the king!

Get in my sight!

Confused?

The stranger was here!

Who will win the fight?

Now the competitors are in the center!

Compete against death.

<Dialog Bate>

Ladies and Gentlemen! What nice day it is to have a race! Come here and place your bets!

Bets on Pets!

Only one of three can win!

Come on! Come on!

Pet-Betting!

Bet-Petting!

Love you! You and your wallets!

Don't be a sissy!

Place a bet on your pet!

Place a pet on your bet!

Only the best of the best are part of the annually daily pet race!

Your bet for a pet!

Your pet for a bet!

Everybody is welcome to place a bet!

Low commitment and maximum profit possible!

You got at least a chance from one to three to win!

Never so few competitors qualified for the race, take your chance!

Put your trust in one of the three contestants!

You love betting!

You love bets on pets!

You love pets on bets!

Betting is your destiny!

Never forget: There's always more to win than to lose!

Why haven't you placed your bets yet?

Hello young lady / boy, ready to place a bet?

Where am I?

You're here. Here to place bets! And you love betting. I know that. They all love betting!

A bet?

Place your bet on one of the three competitors of the race!

Why should I place a bet?

Because there's a special price to win: An audience with the Queen! Everybody wants to meet the Queen!

Which race?

The annually daily pet race of course, silly!

Pet race? This makes no sense.

My girl / man, this is only a name. Names hardly make sense. But the race does! You can win loads of money if you place your bet on the winner! And everybody wants to be the winner, am I right or am I right?

Who are the competitors?

There's the dog Fido, the raven Carmen and the chicken Ismael.

Animals? Why should I waste my money on animals?

First of all, you are not wasting money, you are betting it! And secondly these are not ordinary animals, these are competitors! Simply ask me about one of them and I'll give you the detailed information every bettor wants to have!

Tell me more about Fido!

Fido is not an ordinary dog, no! Raised as a whippet he became the fastest dog in the entire country! Not only that he's fast on the circuit, he's also known for caring and recently found a community supporting the new generation of whippets! If I would have been allowed to bet, Fido would be my boy!

Tell me more about Carmen!

Carmen is known for her beautiful serenades and also won several beauty contests wearing her glittering plumage – a dream for every designer, I tell you! She is a raven used to winning and surely not planning to change this today! I'd bet all my money on Carmen, if I had any.

Tell me more about Ismael!

Although Ismael is a chicken, he of course isn't! As a well experienced commander on several battlefields fighting the most horrific creatures you can think of, he never lost a single battle! And today he plans to add the trophy of the winner of the annually daily pet race to his comprehensive collection of medals! If I had to make a decision a skilled commander can never be wrong!

This is sick. I'll leave.

I want to place a bet.

I knew it! Everybody wants to place bets! A good decision! But before you can do so, there's a little formality, which needs to be cleared. Let's talk about your financial environment first. Yeah, I know you hate it and I know I hate it, but these are the orders from my boss, you know?

No, not really.

What is it, what you want?

Okay, I'll keep it short and simple: I need a corpse. That's the price. A Bet, a corpse. Please don't ask, don't try to negotiate - these are again orders from my boss.

Your boss?

Of course. Who else? But let's not waste time on talking about him – let's talk about business!

Why does suddenly everybody need corpses? How...morbid!

I already told you not to ask. Orders from my boss, you know.

A corpse? Where do I get one?

Dunno. You need to find one somewhere, but I tell you: Hands off the contestants!

What about this corpse of a drone?

Hey, I don't take stolen goods from the Queen! What do you think of me?

Which Queen are you talking about?

Which? There's only one! The beautiful Queen of the hive!

So you know about the hive?

The hive? No! I guess we should come back to things both of us understand: Betting!

How does it come that you know the Queen?

She won several races. Everybody knows her. She's a legend!

She attended races?

Surely! She set several new world records on this course. Unfortunately I never got known to her more...private.

Ooookay. I guess, it's time to talk about different things...

Like, for instance betting?

No, not really.

Are you serious? No – wait! Don't answer! Of course not! You must be kidding. They all come back betting! And you'll come back too!

<Journal Entry>

The Race

In order to win the race I have to place a bet on one of the three contestants. I can only do that when I organize a corpse and give it to Bate.

<Dialog Bate>

And here you are! Back! As expected! Ready to place a bet now?

Unfortunately I don't have the corpse yet.

Eric gave me this doll...

I need just a minute to check the authenticity of your corpse. Not that I don't trust you, but it's my boss who gives the orders. Check...check...

<Area transition – The Ocean of Tears, dark> SHE IS NOT BREATHING!

<transition back> Definitely a corpse! Want to place a bet now?

<Journal Entry>

The Race

In order to win the race I have to place a bet on one of the three contestants. I gave Eric's doll to Bate and bet on Fido the dog / Carmen the raven / Ismael the chicken.

<Dialog Young Eric>

[It's Eric again. He's carrying a doll and combing its hair.]

What happened to your hair, dolly? It's totally wet. What a mess! Hopefully Sara will never find out!

Eric? Is that you? You are looking so...young.

I'm eight years old, sir. That's no age for a young gentleman like me.

Why are you playing with dolls?

I'm not! Young gentlemen don't play with dolls!

Oh. And why are you combing it?

I accidentally dropped it into the lake. I need to get her hair dry. Hopefully my sister will never find out.

You dropped it into the lake? You were playing with your sister's doll then?

No, sir. As I told you: Young gentlemen don't play with dolls!

And why did you drop it into the lake?

Because...because... -next- I hate dolls! I wanted to drown it! That's it!

You hate it so much that you gently comb its hair? I don't believe you, Eric!

When you hate dolls...why are you still carrying it? I guess you are a liar!

You accuse a man of honor of lying? Here! Take the doll! I don't need it! I hate dolls! And now leave! You're mean! I never want to talk to you again!

No, Eric, look, I'm sorry...

I don't need your doll...

Fine! And now you little rascal better go back to mommy!

→ Area transition: Bedroom

Eric doesn't react. He is completely ignoring you.

What a nice doll you have here!

It's not mine. It's my mother's. Young gentlemen don't play with dolls.

Who is Sara?

Sara is my mother. The doll belongs to her.

<Commentator>

<start>

What a nice day it is to have a race!

Welcome to the annually daily pet race!

End of betting-time, begin of racing-time!

So...here are the participants:

And now...introducing the participants:

Those are the participants you put your hope in:

Those are the participants you put your money in:

Fiiiiidooooo, the fastest dog in the entire world!

Fiiiiidooooo, a true race-dog!

Caaaaarrrrmen, a raven flying towards victory!

Caarmennnnn, a raven flying so fast it's hard to believe!

Aaaand finally Ismael, the fearless chicken!

Aaaand last – but not least – Ismael, the indescribable fast chicken!

Aaaaaand here we gooooo!

Ladies and gentlemen, start your...

...animals!

<moving towards first obstacle>

I can't believe it! All three are moving in the same speed!

Let's have a look how they'll handle the first obstacle!

Soon they'll reach the nest!

Next all the contestants need to breed their eggs!

<Competitor>

<hanging – nest>

Breed! Breed! Breed!

Oh, no! Ismael / Carmen / Fido is too shy to breed!

Fido / Carmen / Ismael is having big trouble with breeding!

<done – nest>

Surprise, surprise! Ismael had no trouble with breeding! What a chicken she is!

But what's that? Fido / Carmen is back in the race! A breeding dog / raven! Incredible!

<towards – birdcage>

Now Ismael is moving towards the next obstacle: the birdcage!

Who is moving towards the birdcage? Hmm? Yeah, it's Ismael / Carmen / Fido!

<done – birdcage>

As a dog Fido has no trouble with birdcages!

Sensational! Carmen / Ismael has freed herself!

<hanging – birdcage>

What's happening to Ismael? Oh, no! She's trapped!

Ismael, the poor bird, is trapped in the birdcage!

Ismael / Fido / Carmen needs the key to unlock the grid!

Escape! Escape! Escape!

<towards – abyss>

Fido / Ismael / Carmen is moving towards the last obstacle: The abyss!

<hanging – abyss>

Fido / Ismael / Carmen needs to fly!

Fly! Fly! Fly!

Fido / Ismael / Carmen, come on! Fly!

Don't be scared, Fido / Ismael / Carmen! Just fly above the abyss!

<done – abyss>

Woohoo! Carmen doesn't care about any abysses! She's just flying above them!

Fido / Carmen / Ismael was able to pass the last obstacle! No wonder, he / she's a dog / chicken / raven with wings! And a winner!

<winner>

Carmen / Fido / Ismael is the last remaining contestant and our winner!

Oh, Fido / Carmen / Ismael, what a worthy winner of the annually daily pet race!

<08/15>

Who will inherit the Queen's success?

What's happening to the other contestants?

In a long selection process Fido, Carmen and Ismael had been selected for this Race!

There were many other wannabe-contestants, but only Fido, Carmen and Ismael made it!
Carmen wants to design a dress looking like the winning prize of annually daily pet race!
Fido told me that he'd sell his winning prize and spent the money to his whippet-foundation.
Ismael wasn't very excited about the race. But why should he be with his war-experience?
Ismael and Fido are best friends in private life. Ismael's army even built an orphanage for Fido's homeless whippets.

When asking Carmen about her plans for the future she told me that she wants to go into policy.

Today we're celebrating the 314th-annually daily pet race of the year!

What a thrilling race it is!

The tension on the competitors must be unbearable high!

Carmen's mother was a successful racer too!

Originally Ismael wanted to comment races. Thanks god he became a racer or otherwise I'd be jobless yet!

3000 competitors went into the qualifying for the race, but only three made it!

Only the best of the best are part of the annually daily pet race!

I've been commenting the traditionally annually daily pet race for <age> years now!

Fido is the youngest racer in the field; he's only <age> years old.

Although Carmen has the most experience nobody should underestimate her opponents!

Ismael is the oldest racer but surely not slower than his competitors!

Ismael was serving over thirty years for the army of Lord Metaphorous.

Only a few people know that Carmen and Ismael have been married for around two weeks!

It's always a honor for me to comment an important event like the annually daily pet race!

All competitors are still in the race. No wonder, they're all pros!

<Winner>

Ladies and Gentlemen, we have a winner: <animal>!

<animal> won the race!

What a worthy winner <animal> is!

Congratulations to <animal>!

All the fame goes to <animal>!

If there's a bettor on <animal> go and get your prize!

<animal>! Winner of the annually daily pet race!

All my respect to <animal>!

Salute to <animal>'s victory!

<animal> was the fastest on the course!

<Dialog Bate>

Why are you talking to me and not watching the race?

Who is leading?

Currently nobody is in front. All three are moving with the same speed. This race might turn interesting!

Currently Carmen / Ismael / Fido is leading the race, but still everything is possible!

What about my contestant?

Carmen / Ismael / Fido is leading the race, but he / she's having serious trouble with breeding. He / She needs an egg to pass the obstacle!

Carmen / Ismael / Fido is leading the race, but he / she's trapped in the birdcage. He / She needs a key to unlock the grid!

Carmen / Ismael / Fido is leading the race, but he / she can't pass the abyss. He / She needs wings to fly above it!

Congratulations! I always knew that you are a winner! Let's have a look on what you won:

An audience with the Queen!

Congratulations!

Enjoy your price and come back when the next annually daily pet race will be announced!

First obstacle: Egg (The hive – Queen's eggs)

Second obstacle: Key (Escape from cell)

Third obstacle: Wings (Gabriel!!!)

Bedroom (insane)

(triggered by young Eric in The Race)

<Dialog Eric>

...I don't believe him! He's a liar!

What? What is going on?

What happened?

What are you talking about?

Not even knowing what's going on around him! Totally lost the touch to reality!

I'm not a liar!

There's no denying, my brother / sister! You totally lost the touch to reality!

No, you are the liar, Eric!

See? Now he's accusing me of being a murderer! Totally lost the touch to reality!

<Cecile m/f!!!> Oh Eric! He / She turned totally insane!

Cecile? What are you doing here?

<Cecile> How can I sleep, when you're screaming the whole castle awake?

I'm not a murderer, honey!

<Cecile> And what about the screams? <blackout>...blood? The corpse?

No, Cecile! Somebody must have poisoned my mind...something is going very wrong here!

He / She even admits it! Oh, my brother / sister, what's happening to you?

I...I...can't remember what happened...

No...I'm not a murderer...

I fear I turned totally insane...

<Cecile> <name>...I don't know what to say...

A Fading Love (a fading love)

<Dialog Cecile>

Oh, darling! Aren't these flowers beautiful?

<Dialog Dying Cecile>

Follow...the...stranger...

Some flowers vanish and are replaced by a group of respawning enemies, who are attacking him / her, till he / she dies. Only a key for the Keeper of the Keys in the hive is left. When you take the key – Area transition!

<Audience>

Save him / her!

They are killing him / her!

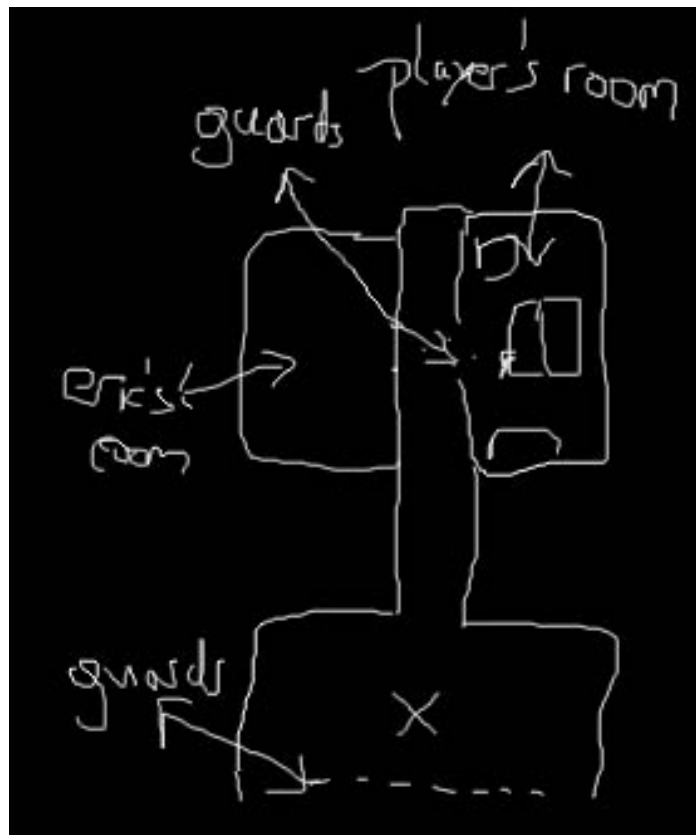
No more blood!

Fight for your love!

They can't be killed!

Take the key to her heart!

Bedroom (prime suspect)



<Dialog Eric>

Come on, Cecile! Into my room! I'll lock the door!

Guards!

We're being attacked by my brother / sister!

While both are running towards Eric's room, guards emerge.

<Dialog Guard>

Prince / Princess <name> <name>, you are being suspected of killing King Tristan Carroll III. Make no resistance and come with us!

Wait! I'm innocent!

It's not our scope of functions to make decisions on that. Please come with us!

Give me a few minutes.

My prince / princess, there is no time. Please come with us.

Let me be alone with my father. Want to see in his face a last time.

Impossible, my prince / princess. This is a site of crime, where no one is allowed to enter. At least the prime suspect, who may cover the tracks!

Please, let me look after my father for a last time!

I'm <name> <name>, prince / princess of Alisence! You're not in the function of giving me any orders!

That's enough! Get him!

<Journal Entry>

Death of a King

I woke up with blood on my hands and the corpse of my father, who had obviously been murdered! Guards entered the room and arrested me as the prime suspect.

Prisoner of the Sun

Single area, very bright, desert?

<Dialog You>

It's so hot, that it is hard to breathe. Just as you try to gasp for air your breath hurts because of the immense heat.

After wandering around aimlessly for quite a while you find a woman sitting underneath a palm tree.

<Dialog Madeleine>

Get out of our oasis! We found it! It's all ours!

We? You seem to be pretty alone.

Can't you see my husband? And my sons? They are all here! They are all here!

I can pretty much see nobody except you and me.

Ahmmm...no?

Sure they are.

My husband is the sun, my children are the grains of sand, so loony leave our land!

It appears that you are the insane part of us two.

Two? There are millions of us! Leave the oasis, now!

Okay, whatever.

Don't even dare getting near the oasis!

There is no oasis, just a single palm tree.

What? Can't hear you because of the waterfall!

I said: There is no oasis, just a single palm tree.

And I answered: What? Can't hear you because of the waterfall!

Waterfall?

A waterfall is water falling down. Similar to rain, but more water. Understood?

There is no waterfall.

You are lying! Ever heard what happens to liars? They get into prison! Like my husband!

Your husband?

Never think about him again. For us he's the sun for you he's just the stranger.

There's nobody except you and me.

We have better things to do than listening to lunatic liars.

Surely.

When going near the palm tree, Madeleine attacks – when she dies...area transition, surprise, surprise!

<Dialog Madeleine>

Don't get near our oasis.

We like how the water falls in our single waterfall.

Ever talked to the stranger? He's the sun!

We feel the heat.

The monkeys stole our coconut!

Our sons are buried under our sons.

When will it rain again?

I'm missing the rainbow.

He's violating the rules! Attack!

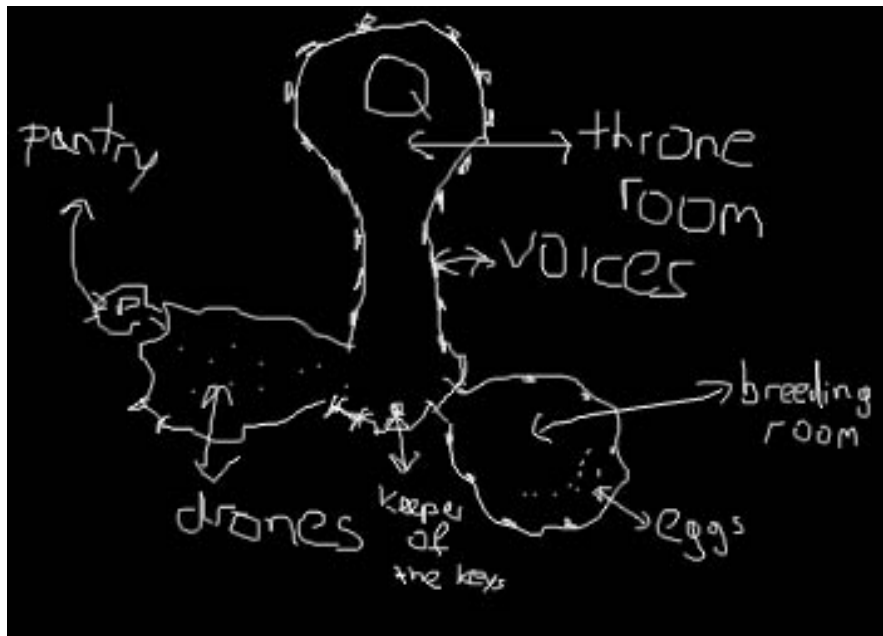
Bedroom (down again)

Player is lying on the Floor, surrounded by the guards.

<Guard>

Get him/her down!

The Hive (Meeting Keeper of the Keys) (dead servants are good servants)



<Dialog Keeper of the Keys>

Wake up, master! You were dreaming!

I'm still dreaming.

No, master, you are not. You're back! Finally! After so many years!

Who are you?

<age> years ago you gave me the function to be the Keeper of the Keys.

This place seems familiar as I've been there once before!

I hope so. You gave the order to construct this hive <age> years ago.

Did I? I can't remember giving any orders!

You are lying! I never gave any orders at this place!

Probably you can't remember because you've been neglecting this place for quite a long time. In fact, the last time I saw you was right after you created us and gave orders. Now you look much older. <age> years older for being precise.

I created you?

You created the Queen and me and gave us orders.

What were these orders about?

You commanded the Queen to build up the hive and me to keep track of the various procedures.

The Queen built up the hive? Why? What is this place about?

It's not my task to know what the hive is about. Ask the Queen if you want to know anything about that!

Where can I find the Queen?

She's in the throne room heading north the corridor.

Keep track of the procedures? I don't understand!

Well, my job is to open and lock entrances leading outside the hive using keys. Unfortunately you never gave me any keys, so I've been practically useless over the years. But as long as you have the keys, I can take you everywhere they lead you to.

I found this key in a vision about Cecile. Where does it lead to?

Let me see...Oh! I remember it! It's opening the door to the breeding room! I lost it right after the intruder spread chaos in this hive!

The intruder? Eric?

No, it was not a familiar face. Why do you blame Eric?

The last time I was here, I talked to Eric.

Impossible, master! The drones carefully look after intruders and immediately attack them to defend the hive. At least they did before the intruder poisoned this place.

One moment! You know Eric?

Just as I said, master: It's my job to keep track of the procedures. Of course I know your brother Eric.

Who is the intruder?

I have no idea, master. It was a creature I have never met before.

So...how did he look like?

Master, it's not my function to remember faces. I only keep track of the procedures. That's hard enough.

Unimportant. What happened?

Why weren't you talking about this before?

Didn't want to burden you with the troubles here. And if I had, I would have never expected you to show up. So I thought that we should solve the problems by ourselves like we did in the past.

What happened?

A few days ago an intruder broke into the hive and poisoned the drones. Now they can't deliver food to the Queen anymore so she gets weaker from day to day.

Why don't you bring her food?

I can't move and if I could, I would have never been able to fit through the pantry door.

Okay...why is it that the pantry doors are so small?

It's not my function to know anything about the architecture here. Only the drones do, because they built the hive.

Why didn't you defend the hive against this intruder?

As an observer, I can't move, only keep track of the procedures.

Can you open the door to the breeding room?

Surely.

Okay, I need to go.

Wait! You can take me with you if you want! Just put me into your pocket!

How should I do that?

Just grab after me, master.

What? I guess you're a little too big for my pocket!

Really? Just try it...

Try to put the Keeper of the Keys into your pocket.

When you touch the statue, it suddenly shrinks to the size of your hand and you can put it into your pocket.

Right as I told you, master!

I don't want to carry such a piece of junk with me...

I fear you have no choice, master!

The statue suddenly shrinks to the size of your hand and jumps into your pocket.

What are you doing here? Get out of my pocket!

Sorry master. It's my task to keep track of the various procedures. I need to stay.

How may I serve you, master?

Take me to the breeding chamber.

As you wish.

I want to go to the race.

Nevermind.

Alright, master!

<Journal Entry>

The Queen's Quest

I'm having this nightmare about the hive again. A creature is talking to me, but when I'm trying to listen, I only feel pain in my ears. I need to find a way to cover my ears and understand the creature's language.

I talked to my brother, Eric. He told me that the hive may break apart, because all the drones went insane. In order to save the hive I'll have to talk to the Queen.

The Keeper of the Keys told me that the hive was built upon my orders. Unfortunately I can't remember giving any instructions.

It turned out that the creature is the Queen. I can only understand her, when I offer her something to eat, so she can recover and concentrate on talking in my language. The only possibility Eric can think of is to feed her the corpse of a drone.

<Dialog Queen>

IK'HWASSSS? (It's obviously not a good idea to continue talking to the creature till you are not able to cover your ears or understand what the creature is talking about.)

Feed the corpse of the drone to the Queen.

Whaaatttt do youuuu waaaannnt, serrrrvantttt?

I'm not your servant. I'm giving the orders here.

Tell me about the hive.

I ammm nooottttt talkinnng toooo serrrrvanttttssss unleeesssss theeeeyyyy areee receivinnggg an audieceee. (Area transition → Asylum)

Leave.

<Journal Entry>

The Queen's Quest

I'm having this nightmare about the hive again. A creature is talking to me, but when I'm trying to listen, I only feel pain in my ears. I need to find a way to cover my ears and understand the creature's language.

I talked to my brother, Eric. He told me that the hive may break apart, because all the drones went insane. In order to save the hive I'll have to talk to the Queen.

The Keeper of the Keys told me that the hive was built upon my orders. Unfortunately I can't remember giving any instructions.

It turned out that the creature is the Queen. I fed her the corpse of a drone and now I can understand her, but she only wants to talk to me if I receive an audience.

Asylum: Rest Rooms (french is not my name)

<Dialog Carl>

...now I'm a serpent...

...since I love to eat apple pie...

...and then I vanished...

...through the village...

...on my shoulders...

...while I bought the world...

...and sold my dog...

...at the mad people, pointing at me...

...Nohooo! Nohooo!...

...hating them all...

..."Burn the village! Save the inhabitants", the mayor cried...

...but no one wanted to listen...

...not yet...

...afterwards...

...when I asked: "Shall we burn the candles? Only the candles?"...

...afterwards I joined the circus...

...and jumped through burning hoops as well...

...Come on! Come on!...

...I'm not a prisoner, I'm a guest...

...sold them at my friend's house...

...so far I'm not concerned...
...they took my glasses...
...but I can talk to pigeons!...
...give Carl a puppy...
...and take the whole hand...
...AHHH! AHHH! AHHH!...
...again they are talking...
...where I don't have to listen...
..."Come be my guests!", the stranger told me...
...but there were no ducks on the cake...
...not a single one...
...where I'm the only one...
...missed my misery where my misery missed me...
...the mind is corrupt but the heart is okay when playing poker...
...A3 – A6, checkmate!...
...Hahaha!...
...Separate me from my family but stop separating me from me...
...feed the troll and troll my feed...
...give me a feather and I fly away...
...to Austria! I'm from Austria!...
...and the Valley of Angels will rock your world...
...www.gor.at – that's your place to go!...
...and talking, talking, talking...
...Alas! I should comb my hair...
...and sacrifice my ears...
..."Can it rain without water?", the policeman asked...
...awww...Shut up!...
...what a compelling premise...
...filled with ignorants...
...on the candle of my wife...
...walking on the line of nudity...
...since I don't know what to do...
...except for selling all my clothes...
...and ride the dog. Who wants to ride the dog?...
...for a strawberry farm...
...coming down...
...separated to a cup of tea...
...Carl! Carl! That's my name!...
...what a stupid game life is...
...never listen. I'm only bits and bytes...

Carl is randomly walking around and talking nonsense, you are in your room. In the middle of the rest room is a big chess board, where Gabriel and Dandre are playing chess. Dandre immediately walks downwards you.

<Dialog Gabriel>

The city of confusion is broken down: Every house is shut up, that no man may come in.

<Dialog Dandre>

New people! New people! Hooray! Dandre likes meeting new people! What's your name new people?

I'm <name> <name>, prince / princess of Alisence.

I won't tell you who I am.

Why does stranger stop teacher Dandre from his lessons?

Oh! A prince / princess? Gabriel! Get my best dress, so I can be an appropriate prince / princess! Dandre loves role playing!

<Gabriel> Shut up! I try to learn the game!

Yes, almost forgot: Gabriel is trying to learn the game. So we can't count on him. But you will get my best boots, won't you?

No, no role playing! I'm a *real* prince!

Indeed you are. A *real* role playing prince!

I'm not kidding! Imagine: One day I'll even become the king / queen!

No, no, no! We are playing role playing and not roles playing! Only one role per time! So, you are <name>, the lovely prince / princess of Alisence for now and not the king / queen.

<Gabriel> ...only pawns are turning into queens. / ...king is important in this game.

Gabriel! Good boy! Dandre must be a good teacher, when you're learning that fast!

Why can't I be a king / queen and a prince / princess when you can be a teacher and a prince / princess?

That's because Dandre is a role playing prince / princess and a teacher in real life. You are not a teacher, so you can't be a role playing king / queen at once!

Uhhmm... whatever you say...

Seriously, that's just insane.

You don't get it, because you're not a role playing champion like Dandre!

Boots? I thought you were talking about dresses!

Boots? Dresses? Isn't this all the same? As long as I fit in my role perfectly, everything is alright!

Dandre? Isn't this French?

No. Dandre is Dandre. It's my name and not French, because French is not my name.

What are you guys doing here?

Dandre is a teacher. Dandre is teaching Gabriel how to play chess. For us the game of kings, for you the game of dead kings, hahaha!

That's not funny.

Oh, sorry. Dandre's jokes are not always perfect. Dandre is a teacher, not a comedian!

Dead kings? Explain!

Hey, Dandre was just joking, okay?

<Gabriel> When the king is dead, you lost the game.

Excellent Gabriel, but we are not talking about chess now.

You know why I am here?

Of course Dandre knows. Dandre found out! – But first tell me who you are! Dandre reluctantly talks to strangers.

Now that you know who I am, will you finally tell me how come you know why I'm here?

As a teacher Dandre can only answer questions about chess. Bring me my boots, so I'll become the prince / princess in our role playing game!

No. Tell me what you know! Now!

Dandre can't. Only as a prince / princess I know what I know. Get me my boots, so we can have a role playing game!

Where are your boots?

Dandre's princess Sabrina is wearing them. Bring them to me, so I'll become a prince / princess too!

Where can I find Sabrina?

Sabrina is in the tower, combing her hair! Just up the stairs!

I'll return with your boots.

Dandre can't wait becoming a prince / princess!

<Dialog Dandre return>

Hooray! It's <name> again! Do you have some fine boots for Dandre?

Not yet.

<Dialog Chess>

<Gabriel>

And then I take...

Now I capture...

So I sort...

Next I defeat...

There goes my favorite,...

Better try...

Impossible without...

Nothing is better than...

Okay, okay, I'll use...

...the rook...

...the bishop...

...the queen...

...the knight...

...the pawn...

...the king...

...and move it to...

...and stop it at...

...and jump over to...

...and defeat it at...

...where I can stop it at...

...going no further than...

...A-G 1-8.

<Dandre>

Hahaha,...

Nonono,...

Yeah,...

Well,...

Then,...

Where...

...Dandre's rook...

...Dandre's bishop...

...Dandre's queen...

...Dandre's knight...

...Dandre's pawn...

...Dandre's king...

...is the winner! You lost, try it again!

...defeats everything! Once again!

...is the better one! And again!

...reigns the chess board! Don't give up!

...almost lost the game! Phew!

...can't react. You're getting better!

...is being defeated! Luck! Let's try it again!

...let you win. Now you learned a lesson for the next time.

<Dialog Gabriel>

I am doing a great work and I cannot come down. Why should the work stop while I leave it and come down to you?

What are you talking about?

Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

Why are you now talking so strange?

No chess lessons, so the ear tests words as the tongue tastes food.

Why are you taking chess lessons?

When pride comes, then comes disgrace, but with humility comes wisdom.

So you are not good at playing chess?

For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.

Hmmhmm... want to play chess?

Order ye the buckler and shield, and draw near to battle.

Which work?

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek; and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Tell me something about you.

Archangel Gabriel. I am the resurrection, and the life.

Archangel? Ahm...right!

All things are possible to him that believeth.

Resurrection? Life?

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: On such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.

You are a very strange person.

Do not judge, or you too will be judged. For in the same way you judge others, you will be judged and with the measure you use, it will be measured to you.

If you are an angel, where are your wings?

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? For riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.

Let's talk about different things.

So I say to you: Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you.

Gotta go.

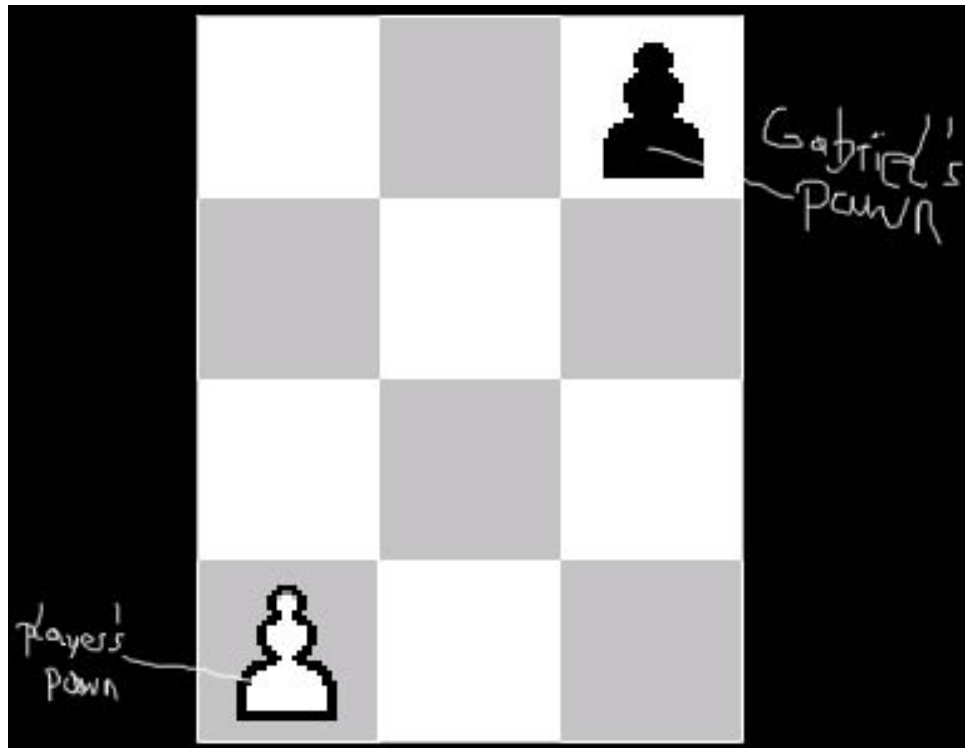
May you live all the days of your life.

Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid...for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

<second talk>

And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it: If not, it shall turn to you again.

<Gabriel Chess>



It's your turn!

Place your pawn!

What are the rules?

Everybody owns a pawn. Per turn you can move your pawn one square straight forward. When taking, the pawn goes one square diagonally forward. When one of us loses his pawn, he also loses the game. The pawn who firstly reaches the last row of the board wins. When our pawns are both blocking their way, they can't move anymore and the game ends drawn.

Where do I get a pawn? There is none on my chessboard!

Get one...

...as a corpse! (area transition...)

On second thoughts I don't want to play chess now.

<chess lost>

Be patient and you will finally win, for a soft tongue can break hard bones.

<chess won>

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. (get wings)

<chess drawn>

Thou sayest, (but they are but vain words), I have counsel and strength for the war. Now on whom dost thou trust, that thou rebellest against me?

<chess waiting>

What are you waiting for?

Chess needs thinking, but chess don't needs waiting.

HELLO???

Waiting can be very frustrating.

I'm bored.

Next time we use a time limit.

Okay. If you don't make your move, I'll entertain myself and start telling a story.

Okay, here we go:

In the beginning god created the earth.

He ripped his hair and planted it everywhere.

In the seas, in the trees and in the caves.

His hair thrived and prospered and he saw that it was good.

On the second day god was very sad.

No wonder, he lost all his hair!

So he invented life so that his hair may grow again.

All the animals began to exist and started dancing and he saw that it was good.

On the third day all the animals were gone.

God found a letter saying:

"Dear god, I kidnapped all of these strange creatures. They are upsetting you.
Signed, Lord Metaphorous."

God saw the letter and he saw that it was good (written).

On the fourth day god got very angry with Lord Metaphorous.

No wonder, he invented the paper before him.

So he decided to create the universe.

He picked the stars and clouds and formed them to a unit.

God saw that it was good and went to bed, because he hasn't been sleeping for days.

On the fifth day God stayed the whole day in his bed sleeping.

His doctor saw that it was good (for his health).

On the sixth day God awoke from a nightmare and started crying.

While glancing at his tears he saw what his world is still lacking: Water!

So he cried and cried till he got enough water for a sea and he saw that it was good.

On the last day God discovered that there are still more places to fill with tears.

So he created the humans that they may cry for the rest of the world.

In the evening God looked at this enormous Lake of Tears and saw that it was good.

That's the story of God and his creation of the universe.

So. Yes. I told my story.

Asylum: The Tower (no place to be, no place to stay)

Mostly combat scenes, you walk upstairs or something, while he's listening to some rhyme-stuff, when arriving, you'll see Sabrina. When trying to launch a dialog → Area transition, back to resting rooms.

<Dialog Voice>

(Queen)

Once upon a time

The stranger forced us to rhyme

(Rook)

We were young and free

Dutifully wandering in our misery

(Bishop)

No place to be no place to stay

Losing sanity is an easy game to play

(Knight)

Try to escape before it's too late

And you finally accept your fate

(Pawn)

We've been there for much too long

But you're still young, so young

Cell (soulhunter)

<Voice>

<Edge 1>

Come here!

Come and get me!

I am here!

<arrived>

Haha!

<Edge 2>

Here I am now!
I just moved, come here!
It's not hard to get me!

<arrived>

Next time you'll reach me!

<Edge 3>

Now you'll get me!
Catch me!
Am I too fast for you?

<arrived>

Another chance!

<Edge 4>

Now I'll wait for you!
Just get over here!
Come on!

<arrived>

Follow me!

<when edge 4 arrived>

<King Carroll #1>

Stranger, stranger.

Follow the stranger.

<King Carroll #2>

Stranger, stranger.

Repeat the story of the stranger.

<King Carroll #3>

Stranger, stranger.

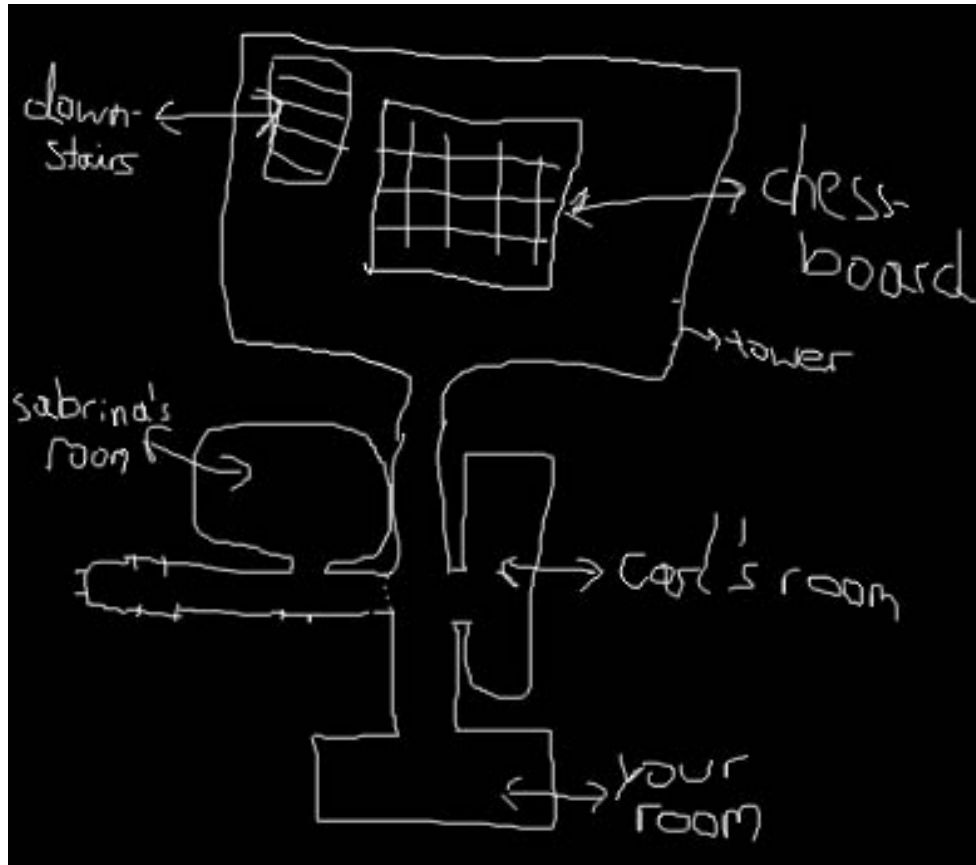
Tell me about the stranger.

<King Carroll #4>

Stranger, stranger.

The face of a stranger.

Asylum: Rest Rooms



<Dialog Sabrina>

The face of a stranger, you must be new:

How may I help and support you?

Weird. Where's the tower? Why are you here now?

No tower here, no tower anywhere

So how does it come that you've seen one?

Dandre told me that I can find you in the tower, so I went there.

No tower here, no tower anywhere.

Dandre's talking far too much

Never listen, never blame

They have no point and such

Those people are just insane

But there was one! I just went through it!

No tower here, no tower anywhere.

I fear I have to resolve this twist:

These things simply do not exist!

Uhm...never mind...

Imaginary towers are scaring me somehow

Let's talk about something different for now

Who are you?

You don't know me, and I tell you what I do:

I'll only tell little, please don't get me wrong

The whole life story would just take too long
My name is Sabrina and what about you?
I'm prince / princess <name>.
A prince / princess here in this place
Is quite an extraordinary case
There's no deceiving, there's no denying
My dearest friend, you must be lying!
I won't tell you..
Well... whatever...
You are hating to uncover your insanity
By continue talking about your personality
Back to our conversation I ought refer
If that is what you prefer
Why are you rhyming?
Since I have been here around
Words must have an adequate sound
On this rules I do remind
In order to control my mind
You control your mind with rhyming?
Rhyme to rhyme covers the time
So I will forget at last
Future, present and the past
What is it what you want to forget?
Can you tell me something about this place?
I can't give any information to you
Because I really have no clue
You don't know where we are?
In this case I know nothing about this place
There's nothing left to teach
Cause I'm much to concentrated on my speech
I need your boots.
Those boots are up-to-date this season
Won't give them to you unless there is a reason
Dandre needs them for being a prince / princess.
Dandre, my love, is playing again
His silly, silly role playing game
As prince / princess, dragon, might
King, queen and knight
Always new worlds to explore
Take my boots, I don't need them anymore!

What are you doing here?

People should recall my name

I'm writing on my requiem

Your requiem? Do you expect to die soon?

Normal corpses fade away

I only extend my stay

By expressing myself word for word

That my spirit will be ever heard

I'm off.

And here he / she goes

Just as I suppose

Leaving my cell

Oh my prince / princess, farewell!

<Dialog Dandre>

Many thanks, <name>! Dandre is a real role playing prince / princess now!

<Gabriel> What about our chess lessons?

Oh, Gabriel, Dandre is no longer a teacher, I'm a role playing prince / princess now. We may continue later on.

<Gabriel> The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: He hath left off to be wise, and to do good.

Can you now tell me why I'm here?

<name>! I'm a prince / princess! In order to tell you why I'm here, I need to be Eric or Skaar!

Eric? My brother Eric?

Of course! Who else?

Why do you know Eric?

Where did you meet Eric?

You're a liar, you never talked to Eric!

Dunno. As a prince / princess I can only tell you stories about my castle. I need to role play Eric to know things about him.

Would you please role play Eric?

That's annoying. Role play Eric! Now!

I can't. To role play your brother I need a personal item from him!

I've got this doll from young Eric.

Excellent. Now I'm Eric and you're Skaar...wait a minute! You're still a prince / princess! You need to role play Skaar, when you want me to talk to you!

How do I role play Skaar?

Skaar is magician. Simply get the hat of a magician and you can role play Skaar!

Where do I find the hat of a magician?

No! Tell me what you know! Now!

Where should I find such a thing?

You should know it. Eric's your brother. I'm only a prince / princess.

I'll return when I've found something.

Who is Skaar?

Skaar is a magician. Magicians wear hats. That's all I know in my function as prince / princess. I need to role play Skaar to know more about him.

Would you please role play Skaar?

That's annoying. Role play Skaar! Now!

I can't. To role play Skaar I need the hat of a magician!

Twinkling Sunray: "A Corpse, A Vote"

Intro

The void embraces you.

<Sara> <Name>?

You try to concentrate but your thoughts are strange.

<Sara> No...

<spinning>

King

Queen

Audience

Corpse

<Sara> ...must do something against it...

<Blackout>

<Sara> Come here, my daughter / son.

Get up here.

Come here!

Use your wings!

<arrived>

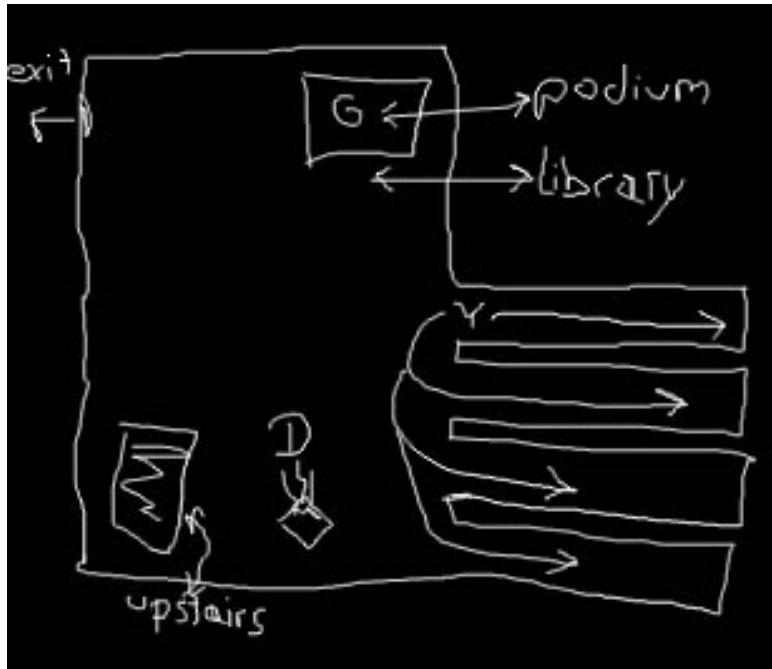
The living need no wings...

You are falling, falling...

...back into darkness...

<transition hive>

Asylum: Basement



<Dialog Dragonis>

Oh...come on!

Prince / Princess! I need a prince / princess!

Hmmm...what about this spell?

I'll continue the whole day if I have to!

I'll never give up!

Nonoonoonooooohooooo!!!

This one's freaking me out!

Tough one.

Transform! Transform!

sigh

What a waste of time it is!

<Dialog Dragonis>

Hmmm...can't you see I'm busy?

Are you some sort of magician?

Yes...hmmm...no...hmmm...yes...hmmm...maybe...hmmm...sort of...hmmm...usually I'm a dragon. Dragonis, the dragon!

A dragon?

Yeahmm...but then came this prince / princess and I turned into a magician!

You are an...enchanted magician?

Hmmm...yes...sort of.

If you are a magician, why don't you use a spell to retransform yourself into a dragon?

Only the prince / princess who put the spell on me, can banish the curse.

Prince / princess? Which prince / princess?

As a dragon I'm...hmmm...used to kidnap princes / princesses. But then one day I took this one prince / princess hostage. Unfortunately he / she used his / her magical powers to turn me into a magician.

What now? Are you a magician or not?

Well...hmmm...basically yes...hmmm...I prefer being a dragon!

Curse?

Yeahmm...that's the reason why I'm basically a magician now.

What are you doing here?

I'm desperately trying to retransform this <thing> into the prince / princess, who put the curse on me!

As a magician...do you have some kind of hat?

Hmmhmm...sure thing. But as a dragon I really don't need it. You can have it...

...only if you bring me...hmmm...

...a corpse! (→ area transition: town of the kids)

Sorry, won't bother you any longer.

Yeahmmm...

<Dialog Dragonis – after returned from town of the kids>

Prince / Princess <name>? You are a prince / princess?

Yeah.

Not the prince / princess you are looking for.

Come on! Banish the curse!

Well...how?

Hmmhmm? Just say "The curse is banned." or something in the way.

I can't.

No, It's easy! Every prince / princess can! Just say "The curse is banned." or something in the way.

This is stupid.

The curse is banned.

I better go.

Oh...hmmm...ohhhh! I can feel it!

Now returning...

...the power of a dragon!

Thank you very much, my prince / princess!

I guess I won't need this any longer. (hat to player)

And now I'll take revenge on my tormenter!

<Dialog Dragonis – banned>

Take this, awful <thing>!

Hahaha! Didn't expect that, hmmm?

Burn! Burn! Burn!

I hate <thing>s!

Never provoke dragons!

What fun it is!

Never felt so alive!

Wooohooo!

I'm soooooo great!

Another one!

Hehehe!

It's getting hot in here, isn't it?

Why don't you avoid my fireballs? Ah...you're only a <thing>!

If I were you, I'd be pretty concerned.

Dandre is hiding behind books forming a castle.

<Dialog Dandre>

Role playing! Dandre likes role playing!

What are you doing here?

Role playing!

What about this pile of books?

Who are you?

Dandre has to do some role playing before answering questions.

Role playing?

Dandre is in his castle. So Dandre can only role play the prince / princess, a magician and Dandre. Choose a role for my role playing game!

Can you play other roles?

Dandre is in the castle. There Dandre can only play these three roles.

So it depends on the location which roles you play?

Dandre on the chessboard makes Dandre a teacher, Dandre in the castle makes Dandre a prince / princess or magician, Dandre somewhere else makes Dandre somewhere else.

I want you to be a prince / princess.

I want you to be a magician.

Just be Dandre.

<prince / princess>

What lovely boots Dandre has! Dandre is beautiful like a true prince / princess!

Who are you?

Prince / Princess Dandre! Living and reigning in the Castle of Wisdom!

What about this pile of books?

The books are the castle! It's big and beautiful! Full of knowledge! Knowledge of the old, knowledge of the young, knowledge of anybody! Dandre calls it the Castle of Wisdom!

Castle of Wisdom?

Every time prince / princess Dandre's head feels empty he moves back to his Castle of Wisdom. There he fills his head with new knowledge. But only with knowledge of the young, since the prince is young too. Only Dandre the magician is old enough for the knowledge of the old.

Tell me about the magician.

The book of the prince / princess?

Yes, but Dandre hates talking about it. Dandre loves castles, not books!

Play Skaar and I'll be Eric.

What a great magician Dandre is while wearing his pretty hat! What is it what you want, Eric?

Tell me something about Eric.

Tell me something about Skaar.

Oh, no! You're a bad role player! Eric would never say that to Skaar. You need to play your role. That's what role playing is about!

Why is my brother / sister locked in this place?

You wanted Skaar to, so why are you still asking?

I wanted you to?

Don't try to be so uninformed, that's bad role playing!

What about the place they delivered my brother / sister to?

Skaar just followed your orders to keep him / her as far away from you as possible.

Keep him / her away? Why?

Don't try to be so uninformed, that's bad role playing!

What are our plans?

You were developing them. Skaar is just the executer; you don't need to ask Skaar about them.

Executer of what?

Your plans. You know them good enough, unimportant to get into them.

Who are you?

You know Skaar good enough.

Why doesn't my brother / sister know about you?

He / She doesn't move to places like that. He / She's the *prince* / *princess*. Not the business of a heir apparent visiting jails. But you didn't talk to him about me, did you?

Play Eric and I'll be Skaar.

I'm Eric, because I'm carrying my doll. Skaar, your hat is truly the hat of a magician.

Why is your brother / sister locked in this place?

You don't need to pretend being interested in Eric's brother / sister. As long as he / she can't disturb my business everything is alright.

Disturb your business? Which business?

What are our plans?

You just knock out the king and my brother / sister and I'll set you free.

You killed my father?

No. I'm not the executer. I'm innocent!

Here! Watch my innocence! <receive note "it's not eric" or something>

Orders? To whom?

What about <name>?

Who are you?

You know me good enough.

Why doesn't your brother / sister know about me?

What a stupid question! Before Eric lead you to him...have you ever met him / her once before? Eric doesn't think so!

Let's change the roles.

Changing! Dandre loves changing! Which role do you want Dandre to play?

Enough role playing for now.

Okay, return when you want to role play again! Dandre loves it!

<Dialog Dandre - new>

<state = 13>

Don't disturb Dandre from his monologues!

[Show "Why Monologues are boring" to Dandre]

Okay... Dandre will stop. And prince Dandre will sign the Book of Innocence. Here you are, <FirstName>! Now just bring it to Magician Dandre to put the spell of innocence on it! <set state 14>

Hooray! It's <name> again! Want to do some role playing with Dandre?

Who are you?

Oh... it's me! Fabulous role player Dandre! Don't you know Dandre? You've met him before!

What are you doing here?

Dandre does some role playing!

What about this pile of books?

These books? Oh... these books here are inspiration for Dandre's role playing games!

Role playing?

Don't you know about Dandre's passion for role playing? Dandre loves the books – they are so inspiring! He can play several roles there!

Which roles can you play?

Look at these books! Don't they look like a castle? Dandre can be the prince of the castle! Also a lot of books is the true place of a magician! And Dandre loves books too!

I want you to be a prince.

I want you to be a magician.

Just be Dandre.

I want you to be somewhere else.

Can you play other roles?

Dandre is in the castle. There Dandre can only play these three roles.

So it depends on the location which roles you play?

Dandre on the chessboard makes Dandre a teacher, Dandre in the castle makes Dandre a prince or magician, Dandre somewhere else makes Dandre somewhere else.

Can you be a teacher again?

No. Dandre has been a teacher for much too long now. It's time to bring some variety into Dandre's role playing game!

Somewhere else?

In order to be somewhere else Dandre needs to be somewhere else.

I want you to be a prince / princess.

I want you to be a magician.

Just be Dandre.

<prince>

<state = 11, 12>

Prince Dandre is very sorry, but Prince Dandre is somewhere else. <set state 12>

What lovely boots Dandre has! Danre is beautiful like a true prince!

Who are you?

Prince Dandre! Living and reigning in the Castle of Wisdom!

Castle of Wisdom?

The books are the castle! It's big and beautiful! Full of knowledge! Knowledge of the old, knowledge of the young, knowledge of anybody! Prince Dandre calls it the Castle of Wisdom!

What are you doing here?

<state 1 - 7>

Prince Dandre is looking for the Book of Innocence!

The Book of Innocence?

Why do you need such a book?

Prince Dandre thought that innocence may be something good. So he ordered Magician Dandre to create him such a book, but unfortunately Prince Dandre can't find it here.

Where can I find the Book of Innocence?

Since the Book of Innocence isn't located here it must be somewhere else.

About the Book of Innocence...

Did you find the Book of Innocence for Prince Dandre?

<state = 2>

Where can I find an idea for somewhere else?

Prince Dandre isn't interested in any ideas, Prince Dandre only wants the Book of Innocence!

<state = 3>

Do you have a key for the library?

A true prince isn't owning any keys. These are the tasks of his servants.

<state = 4, owning conference of ideas>

[Show "Conference of Ideas" to Dandre]

A true prince isn't reading any books. These are the tasks of his servants.

<state = 5>

Look at this idea!

Prince Dandre has plenty ideas, no need of more!

<state = 6>

Do you have a clue?

Of course not! Or does Prince Dandre look like Dandre?

<state = 7>

What do you think about this clue?

A true prince isn't thinking about clues. These are the tasks of his servants.

<state = 8, owning book of innocence>

[Show "Book of Innocence" to Dandre]

You finally made it. Thanks a lot. Now Prince Dandre will finally have a look at it!

<fadetoblack>

What's that? Where are my servants? Prince Dandre can't read these lines! Will you get a teacher for Prince Dandre? <set state 9>

<state = 9>

Where can I find a teacher?

Prince Dandre doesn't know. Maybe Dandre can role play one?

<state = 14>

Could you bring the spell of innocence on this book?

Prince Dandre doesn't know anything about spells. Why don't you just ask Magician Dandre?

<magician>

Magician Dandre at your service!

What is it what you do?

Magician Dandre is standing around and learning magic!

<once> Could you teach me some magic tricks?

Unfortunately not. Magician Dandre isn't teaching any magic, that's the role of the books!

<state = 1>

Have you seen the Book of Innocence?

Magician Dandre has created the Book of Innocence and brought it somewhere else.

<state = 2, 3>

Do you have an idea for somewhere else?

You need an idea? Magician Dandre can use his magic to create an idea, but he needs the Book of Ideas to do so!

Just walk up the library and bring the Book of Ideas to Magician Dandre! But first you need to get the key to unlock the entrance. <set state 3>

Where do I get the key?

Magician Dandre has no idea, but Dandre is the source of everything! Go and ask him!

I'll return with the key.

<state = 4, not owning book>

Here's the key for the library.

Very nice. Now walk up the library and bring Magician Dandre the Book of Ideas!

<state = 4, owning conference of ideas>

[Show "Conference of Ideas" to Dandre]

Excellent! Now I'll transform the book into an idea. <fadetoblack> Here you are! <set state 5>

<state = 6>

Do you have a clue?

Look: Magician Dandre is Magician Dandre and not Dandre!

<state = 7>

What do you think about this clue?

Magician Dandre takes his clues from his books and not from clues.

<state = 8, owning book of innocence>

[Show "Book of Innocence" to Dandre]

Magician Dandre isn't interested in any books about innocence.

<state = 9>

Are you a teacher?

No! I'm Magician Dandre and not a teacher!

<state = 14>

Could you bring the spell of innocence on this book?

Of course! Just watch out... <blackout + transition> <set state 15 + effectsleeeeeeep>

<somewhere else>

Dandre is now somewhere else.

Somewhere else?

Yes. Dandre is not Dandre, Dandre is somewhere else.

What are you doing here?

Dandre can't tell you. Dandre is somewhere else.

<state = 1>

Have you seen the Book of Innocence?

The Book of Innocence? It must be here somewhere else. If somewhere else only had an idea where he put the book. Get somewhere else an idea and he'll probably find it. <set state 2>

<state = 2>

Where can I find an idea for somewhere else?

Magician Dandre is usually the person for ideas and not somewhere else. It may be helpful if you could talk to Magician Dandre about ideas.

<state = 3>

Do you have a key for the library?

Somewhere else isn't owning any keys.

<state = 4, not owning book>

What do you know about this key?

Nothing since I'm somewhere else.

<state = 4, owning conference of ideas>

[Show "Conference of Ideas" to Dandre]

Somewhere else is looking for an idea and not a book about ideas!

<state = 5>

Take this idea!

Thanks a lot! Now it's somewhere else's idea but I still have no clue where to start searching for the book!

But you will look after a clue, won't you? <set state 6>

<state = 6>

Where can I find a clue?

Dandre usually always has a clue!

I'll look for a clue then.

<state = 7>

Here's a clue!

Alright, thanks a lot! Now somewhere else has a clue where to look after the book!
Somewhere else will be right back! <blackout>

Somewhere else has found the Book of Innocence! Please take it! <set state 8>

<state = 9>

Are you a teacher?

No! I'm somewhere else and not a teacher!

<state = 12>

A teacher for Prince Dandre is available!

Really? Somewhere else will immediately inform Prince Dandre!

Prince Dandre! <blackout>

Yes? <blackout>

A teacher is available! <blackout>

Excellent! I'll immediately get there!

Teacher Dandre?

How may Teacher Dandre help you? <blackout>

Could you teach Prince Dandre reading the Book of Innocence? <blackout>

Of course! <blackout>

Now Prince Dandre learnt reading! Thanks a lot, Teacher Dandre! <blackout>

Teacher Dandre can learn Prince Dandre a lot of other things too! <blackout>

<set state 13>

<state = 14>

Could you bring the spell of innocence on this book?

Dandre is somewhere else and can bring no spells on anything.

<dandre>

<state = 1>

Have you seen the Book of Innocence?

Book of Innocence? Sounds funny! Will you get a Book of Innocence for Dandre too? Dandre loves books!

<state = 2>

Do you have an idea for somewhere else?

Ideas? Hooray! Dandre loves ideas! Do you have some new ideas for Dandre too?

<state = 3>

Do you have a key for the library?

Of course Dandre has! Dandre likes <FirstName>, so please take the key! <set state 4>

<state = 4, owning conference of ideas>

[Show "Conference of Ideas" to Dandre]

Oh! A book! And what a funny title it has!

<state = 5>

What do you think about this idea?

Dandre doesn't need any more ideas. Just look at this enormous bunch of books!

<state = 6>

Do you have a clue?

Of course Dandre has! Want a clue too? Here, take one! <set state 7>

<state = 8, owning book of innocence>

[Show "Book of Innocence" to Dandre]

Wow! What a nice book! Unfortunately Dandre doesn't need any books for now.

<state = 9>

Can you role play a teacher for Prince Dandre?

You need Dandre as teacher again? But teachers are serious! Take Dandre's key and bring Dandre a serious book of the library and he'll be able to role play a teacher! <set state 10>

<state = 10, infinite borders or cravyard>

[Show -name- to Dandre]

Wow, <FirstName>! What a serious book it is! Now Dandre will be able to role play a teacher!

Now tell the prince that a teacher is available! <set state 11>

<state = 14>

Hahaha, <FirstName>! Didn't Dandre tell you to ask Magician Dandre about that?

<Dandre - hb>

<Dandre>

Which role should Dandre play?

Dandre loves role playing!

Dandre is playing his role playing games!

Dandre can play several roles!

Dandre is Dandre.

<Prince>

Dandre is beautiful like a true prince!

Dandre is reigning over the Castle of Wisdom!

Dandre's servants will bring him everything he needs!

Dandre is now Prince Dandre.

Prince Dandre has a beautiful castle!

<Magician>

Magician Dandre is studying a bunch of books!

A new spell of another book!

Magician Dandre becomes stronger and stronger!

Dandre is now Magician Dandre.

Magician Dandre loves his books!

<Somewhere else>

Dandre is not here, Dandre is somewhere else!

Where is Dandre? Dandre doesn't know! Dandre is somewhere else!

Somewhere else is a nice place to be!

Dandre is now somewhere else.

Dandre loves being somewhere else.

<Teacher> - <Prince>

Teacher Dandre can learn Prince Dandre everything about chess strategies!

The <rook / bishop / queen / knight / pawn / king> is one of the <strongest / most beautiful / weirdest / best / cruelest / most strategic> figures in chess!

Avoid moving a chess piece twice during the opening is a good chess strategy.

It is better chess strategy to develop the knights before their respective bishops.

A good chess strategy is to develop both knights before the queen's bishop.

A good chess strategy is do not develop your chess pieces exclusively on one side.

A good chess strategy is as a rule do not play a piece beyond your own side of the board in the opening.

A good chess strategy is if you have castled do not permit the opponent to open a file on your king.

A good chess strategy is to avoid pinning the opponent's king's knight before he has castled, especially when you have yourself castled on the king's side.

A good chess strategy is to avoid making exchanges which develop another piece for the opponent.

A good chess strategy is to avoid exchanging bishops for knights early in the game.

A good chess strategy is to avoid premature attacks.

A good chess strategy is seeking a weak spot in opponent's position.

Wow!

Awesome!

Not even Prince Dandre's servants know that!

Teach Prince Dandre more!

Prince Dandre didn't know that!

Always wanted to know that!

Dancing on a Midsummer Night

single Area, very dark, campfire, pawn is in the fire

<Dialog You>

Silence. The only sound you hear is the crackling of the fire. A woman is dancing around it, randomly talking.

<Dialog Madeleine>

He's free! Free! Free!

Escaped the prison!

Oh my sons, let's celebrate!

Soon he'll find us!

Grow! Grow! Grow!

Keep away from my sons!

<Dialog Madeleine>

Can't you see we are busy?

What are you doing here?

We are dancing. My husband, my sons and me. He's free! He's free! He's free!

Your husband?

The heat is gone, so my husband is free! Free like a bird. Escaped from prison.

Who is your husband?

My husband is the sun, my children are the grains of sand.

Which prison? There's no husband and no prison.

He finally escaped the king's prison. Soon he'll find us so we can be rejoined as a big family.

Your sons?

Stay away from them. They are still growing and burning, burning, burning – oh the burning sand! – so that our husband will find us.

There's nobody except you and me.

Say whatever you like, liar.

Will you let me through so I can get this pawn?

You want to kidnap my sons? Don't you dare!

Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt you.

Let us dance.

When you move near the fire, Madeleine attacks you, when you got the pawn...Area transition!

Madeleine's Maze

<Dialog Madeleine>

Can't you hear the voices? The voices? The voices?

Who are you?

The voices, voices, voices. I'm the voices, voices, voices.

What are you talking about?

It's not me. It's the voices, voices, voices.

Where am I?

Don't you feel surrounded by voices, voices, voices?

Twinkling Sunray: Marketplace

It's may, the kids are celebrating Whitsuntide and also the inhabitants are electing a new mayor. but since the adults disappeared, the kids need to elect one of the two daughters of the "old" adult mayor to keep the tradition of the annual election alive. In front of the town a scarecrow welcomes new visitors.

Town of the Kids Characters

Scarecrow, who is scared of birds and only talks to you after you killed all the crows on the field

<Dialog Scarecrow>

Ah! Crows!

Kill them! Kill them all!

I'm scared of crows!

Please save me!

Kill the crows!

Death to the crows!

<Dialog Scarecrow>

Thank you for saving me. I really hate crows. So stranger tell me: What is your business in Twinkling Sunray?

Dunno.

I just talked to this magician and now I'm here...

Twinkling Sunray?

Twinkling Sunray is the name of the town right behind of me. Built upon the bricks of purity it's the most innocent village in the whole country!

The bricks of purity?

What do you mean by innocent village?

Look, I'm not a travel guide. I only welcome our tourists. When you want to know something about the town just ask the inhabitants.

Who are you?

I'm the village's scarecrow. I'm securing the fields and welcome new visitors.

How can you be a scarecrow when you are scared of crows?

I'm only scared of the big ones, because they are taking revenge on me for scaring their children. They don't like that.

Okay...and what is your function...as a scarecrow?

I'm just standing around and welcome new visitors.

Can you let me into the village?

First give me your name, so I can write it down on the guest list and then I may let you in.

Which guest list?

As somebody who welcomes new people it's my order to collect the names of our tourists.

Why do you do that?

If new kids enter the village we only have to look on the guest list to give them new names. Additionally it's always good to keep statistics. So please tell me your name, that I can write it down.

New kids? Names? I don't understand...

Does that mean that you know about all the people who entered the village?

I don't, but the guest list does.

Can I have a look at the guest list?

Sorry, sir / ma'am only authorized personal is allowed to have a look.

Oh...okay.

Come on! I saved you from the crows, remember?

Okay, okay, okay, but you won't tell anybody about the crows, will you? I recently started a new guest list, so there's only name on it...

If you don't let me have a look, it'll probably be the latest thing you did in your life!

Hey, no reason for being rude! The guest list isn't such a big deal to look at, since there's only one name on it...

...Eric <name>, prince of Alisence.

Eric? My brother Eric?

Eric has been here?

How did this Eric look like?

I'm sorry, sir / ma'am. I don't remember anything about the persons who went into the village. I just write down their names.

Let's talk about different things.

Very well, sir / ma'am.

I'm <name>, prince / princess of Alisence.

I better leave.

Okay. Return when you want to get into the village.

<Dialog Jade>

Everlasting freedom for the kids!

<all> Hooray!

Down with the adults!

<all> Hooray!

No more compression!

<all> Hooray!

Vote for Jade!

<all> Hooray!

Candies for everyone!

<poor> Hooray!

Toys! Toys! Toys!

<posh> Hooray!

I love you all!

<average> Hooray!

<Dialog Jade>

I don't talk to our suppressors!

<Dialog Amber>

I'll build streets!

<all> Hooray!

And will reopen the museum!

<all> Hooray!

No more compression!

<all> Hooray!

Vote for Amber!

<all> Hooray!

I brought chocolate to the poor!

<poor> Hooray!

Look at the biggest teddy bear in the world!

<posh> Hooray!

You can stay up as long as you want!

<average> Hooray!

<before talking to amber>

Grown-ups without assignment from one of our mayor-candidates aren't allowed to enter the districts!

Why?

Twinkling Sunray is the city of innocence. There are normally no grown-ups allowed.

Who are the mayor-candidates?

Currently Jade and Amber are competing for the job as mayor. Talk to one of them.

Okay.

<after talking to amber>

You are allowed to enter.

<Dialog Amber – unwanted>

Hello?

sigh

I'd better go home.

I should look for something else to do.

I should rewrite my speech.

No. Real politicians never give up.

Once again:

<Dialog Jade – unwanted>

Where are you going? Where are you going? Stay here! Freedom for the kids!

Nobody left?

Being politician is boring. I'll go home and become something more interesting.

<Dialog Amber>

Do you like my manifesto? Would you vote for Amber?

Vote? Are there elections?

Not yet, but very soon. After the adults left we need a new mayor and Jade and I are the only candidates. I always wanted to be a mayor, but Jade is much more popular than me!

The adults left?

Oh... yes. All of a sudden they all left. And nobody knows where they've gone. Which is good, because now we are a city of innocence!

Tell me about Jade.

Jade is such a mean person! Her main goal in life has always been to be better than me! When I was putting myself up for class representative, she did the same thing! When she had succeeded in this, I decided I'd try to win a beauty contest - of course, Jade immediately lost her interest in being a class representative and started to compete with me. It's only natural that now that I'm running for mayor, she challenges me again.

(Jade is mean. She always wants to do the same things as me! First I wanted to become the class representative and then she wanted to become a class representative too! Then she became class representative and I attended the beauty contest to become the new beauty queen and she lost interest in being the class representative and wanted to become a beauty queen too and now I try to become a mayor but Jade wants to become a mayor too!) Only because she's my older sister she thinks she can steal my ideas and do the same things I want to do!

Don't care too much about Jade. Just try to be more successful than her.

Impossible. She always finds her ways to win. She's much more clever than me!

Why does she try to imitate you?

She's mean and always intends to prove that she can be better than me anywhere she wants.

Why don't you just try harder to succeed?

It's useless. She'll always be better than me. And now her manifesto is also superior to mine.

What is her manifesto about?

She's promising them so much: Candies, toys and love! And I only want to support the art!

Support the art?

Jade is totally against adults. She ordered to close the museum to protect us from stuff which has been created by them. She thinks that all the work of grown-ups corrupts the innocence of a child. But she's wrong! There are only beautiful paintings inside! Paintings of mother! I want it to be reopened that everybody should be able to have a look at such beautiful pieces of work!

Which paintings?

I've only seen them once, but they're so beautiful! Every kid in town should have the opportunity to view them!

Tell me about the paintings of mother.

I'm only an art's supporter not an art's servant. If you want to know more specific details about it, it's better to consult an expert like Pedro.

Where can I find Pedro?

He must be painting the walls somewhere in town. I don't know where exactly, but when you see colorful smudges he can't be that far away.

Who is Amber?

Amber is my political party and my name. We don't want much, only freedom for the art, but Jade will win the elections, because of her sophisticated manifesto.

Why should I support you?

Because I'm buttressing the artists, the pictures. It would be of your interest. I'd reopen the museum! Imagine: Seeing paintings of mother! All the *innocence* of mother drawn on canvas!

Why should I be interested in art?

Aren't you interested in the most beautiful picture of all time? Seeing all the innocence in it?

Not really.

Imagine all the *innocence* you can find in the picture of *mother*...

Better talk about something else.

Alright, you convinced me. How can I support your campaign?

How can I support your campaign?

You need to convince all the kids in town to vote for Amber! The rich, the poor and the artists!

How can I convince the kids to vote for you?

If I only knew. Things would be much easier if I could do it like Jade and offer them candies, toys or love. But I guess you need to talk to the rich, poor and the artists and find out what they want.

What do you know about the rich kids?

Not too much, because I don't like them. They are so snobbish that I never talked much with these arrogant citizens. But if you want to get into their district just follow the Street of Gold!

What about the poor kids?

They are pretty much owning nothing. Not even their district has a name. I don't know how to convince them to vote for me.

There are artists in Twinkling Sunray?

Of course! Since I love art I like them pretty much, but unfortunately they aren't willing to support me yet.

Ahm...no, I better leave.

Nobody votes for me!

<Jade's slogans>

Candies in every pot. Toys in every garage. Vote Jade!

All the way with Jade!

A time for greatness, a time for Jade!

Back to normalcy, a vote for Jade!

I still like Jade.

In your heart, you know Jade's right.

Let's make it a Jade-Slide.

Life, liberty and Jade.

We want Jade!

Win with Jade!

Twinkling Sunray: The Artists

<Amber's winning speech in front of the museum>

We observe today not a victory of party, but a celebration of freedom - symbolizing an end, as well as a beginning - signifying renewal, as well as change titled as New Reign Eve.

I wish I could shake hands and thank all of you in this town who voted for me... and those of you who did not... for I know you voted your honest convictions, although there are none.

Finally, I promise you that I will try to make you a good mayor. I have been taught that freedom meant freedom from any censorship or any discrimination.

I was born in that freedom, I was raised in that freedom and I intend to live in that freedom. So I will reopen the museum as sign of freedom. Art should be available to everyone here at Twinkling Sunray!

So come and enter the museum...

<Dialog Pedro>

A painting is like a woman. Beautiful and sensitive.

I'm swinging my brush gentle as the heart of my senorita.

Curves on the picture, soft as the curves of a woman.

Delicious!

I'll call it "Signora's Beauteousness"

Colorful like my darling's eyes!

Nobody can capture women's whole beauty on canvas.

Yes?

What are you painting on?

I'm capturing the beauty of a woman looking into the sunrise. Unfortunately I'm lacking colors, so I can only finish the picture, when I have access to a true yellow. What is a sunrise without it?

What will I get when I bring you a yellow color?

The conclusion of a fair trade: You'll receive an instrument of a painter and I'll get my picture finished.

Can you tell me anything about the museum's paintings of mother?

Oh, it's totally awesome. Proving all the innocence of mother. You should really have a look at it when the museum will be reopened.

Better let you keep on working.

Yes.

<Dialog Omero, Jiluet>

<Omero> Let's try this once again.

<Omero> It can't be that difficult.

<Omero> Pretty frustrating.

<Omero> This script isn't made for kids.

<Omero> Very hard to learn, but not impossible.

<Omero> What we need is patience.

<interruption beginning>

<Jiluet> ...

<Omero> What's the matter?

<Jiluet> I...I don't know how to start.

<Omero> No beginning? What if this happens in front of one thousand people?

<Jiluet> I'm sorry.

<Jiluet> I'm awfully sorry.

<Jiluet> I'm dreadfully sorry.

<Jiluet> I'm really sorry.

<interruption 1>

<Jiluet> A...A...A...Atschu!

<Omero> ...

<Jiluet> Whoops!

<Omero> Can't you sneeze in your free time?

<interruption 2>

<Omero> ...

<Jiluet> Now it was you who forgot the text!

<Omero> Shut up!

<Jiluet> Hahaha!

<Omero> Stop laughing at me! I never find joy in your misfortune!

<interruption 3>

<Jiluet> ...and so...so...

<Omero> Hmm?

<Jiluet> ...and they lived happily ever after!

<Omero> This is not the text! We're acting in a drama!

<interruption 4>

<Omero> Stop! Stop! Stop!

<Jiluet> What now?

<Omero> You pronounced it totally wrong!

<interruption 5>

<Jiluet> My only love sprung from my only hate; too early unknown and known too late.

<Omero> ???

<interruption 6>

<Jiluet> Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace!

<Omero> Wrong act!

<interruption 7>

<Jiluet> Oh no...

<Omero> Oh...no!

<Jiluet> My fingernail almost broke off!

<Omero> My god! Almost a big tragedy as our rehearsal!

<interruption 8>

<Omero> ...

<Jiluet> You forgot your text, right?

<Omero> No! I've been infected with your incapability!

<interruption 9>

<Jiluet> ...

<Omero> Not again!

<Jiluet> What shall I do? The whole scene makes me nervous. I have no head for heights.

<Omero> Next time you better look for other excuses!

<Jiluet> O Omero, Omero, wherefore art thou Omero? Deny thy father and refuse thy name, or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, and I shall no longer be a Cuplate.

<Omero> Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

<Jiluet> 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy, thou art thyself though not a Mantugoe. What's Mantugoe? It is nor hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor any other part belonging to a man. Oh, what's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other word would smell as sweet; so Omero would, were he not Omero called, retain that dear perfection to which he owes without that title. Omero, doff thy name! And for thy name, which is no part of thee, take all myself.

<Dialog Omero>

No need of Fans! You're holding up our rehearsals!

I'm not a fan.

Oh...of course not! And you surely aren't hunting for autographs! No! But tell you what: Forget about it! We're practicing, we don't need any admirers!

What are you playing?

It's a story about...

...

...erm...

<Jiluet> Love?

...Love!

And now leave us alone!

Keep on practicing.

Leave us alone!

A Fading Love

Enemies are back, but now not respawning and not moving, can only be hurt with rose found in Cecile's corpse. After killing all enemies, area transition back to Twinkling Sunray

<Dialog Audience>

You can't defeat them!

Get a corpse!

The stranger needs a corpse!

Just a single dead body.

Only a single corpse and the task will be finished.

Defeat them!

Use it as a weapon!

Love conquers everything!

Twinkling Sunray: The Artists

<Dialog Willa>

Don't interrupt a genius at work!

What are you doing here?

I'll have to finish the play the two brats are deforming right now! Unfortunately I'm suffering on a little writer's block, but definitely need a good ending scene for "Omero and Jiluet"!

Let me contribute some ideas for your play!

I doubt that you will be a great help, but you can give me a keyword and my amazing intellect will construct a story out of it! Be aware that it's about the ending scene!

Kiss.

Omero gently kissed her cheek. "My dear, let this moment last forever!", Jiluet replied while they were glancing at the stars.

Good one! Give me another keyword!

Not that bad, but this part is coming to early. Try better next time.

Stars.

"I'm a creature coming from far away and here to buy bunnies!" – "Excellent! I'm selling bunnies! But only with carrots, I need to get rid of these goods the snowman sold to me!" – "Our species is allergic to carrots!" – "No problem, these are artificial ones!" – "Oh, good! Artificial like me! I'll take them all!"

Cheek.

"Cheek to cheek, bone to bone, we need them all in one!", the skeleton discovered, when the living sunbeams were attacking them.

Love.

"No star can shine as bright as my heart!", Jiluet discovered while she was lying next to Omero. "Our love will last forever!", Omero whispered into her ear.

Heart.

"Oh, another heart! Where will you store all these vitals? We're lacking of place!" – "You never can have enough hearts! What if one is breaking apart? Always look for a reserve-heart!" – "But not 1000 hearts! This is just insane! You'll never be able to use them all!" – "I'm not only using them for myself, I'm also using them for card games!" – "Card games? Oh, you genius!"

Dead.

With a sad voice Jiluet said: "But it can't last forever, we're not allowed to love." – "In afterlife we will", Omero answered.

Sad.

Sad and sad went to bed. Both were sad, because they went to bed. And the bed was also sad when sad was lying in the bed and blocking the sight to the other bed.

Afterlife.

"Time to go.", death discovered and his victim began to go. "You jumped the gun, wait for my sign!", death angrily remarked and started counting: "3, 2, 1, go!"

End.

And so both committed suicide. End of play.

Oh, dramatic! Fantastic! Thank you, stranger! Thank you so much! And now please leave. I need time to write this down.

Machine.

"Machines are the better lovers!", he noticed, when he looked into her eyes. "But they also need oil!", she answered vindicating. "No oil is as thick as the blood in my veins!", he observed sadly.

This is total nonsense! Next time contribute better words!

<name>.

<name> was the name of our hero, but she/he felt betrayed for his/her claim on the throne. One day he took his mind, threw it against the wall and built a house upon it.

Prince.

The true prince went into his true castle to see that everything was true, but then came the wrong prince to the true prince and everything went wrong. So the true was imprisoned into the wrong and the wrong was free and spreading chaos.

Corpse.

He desirously looked into his/her face and begged: "Please, please my dear, bring me a corpse! Not too young and not too fresh, not your son, only your blood and flesh!". And he/she did as he wanted him to, because he/she was with the stranger in love.

Flamingo.

The flamingos were dancing in the sea and swimming in the lake, but then the eagle came and blew them away! "Oh eagle, why did you do that to us?", they asked. The eagle never answered, because he flew away.

Tree.

They were sitting around the fire, she pulled out her guitar: "Sit and drink Pennyroyal Tree. Distill the life that's inside of me." – "It's Tea not Tree!", he friendly interrupted.

I don't want to contribute any more words.

Fine. You wouldn't have been a great help anyway.

Sorry.

<Dialog Clefare>

Huh? What? Hello?

You seem to be pretty immersed in...in...music?

Hmmhmm. I have orders to compose a new anthem for Twinkling Sunray. It should be happy, bright and innocent. But every time I try to write something appropriating all these bad thoughts return and I get a requiem! It's so frustrating!

Are there any ways to help you?

Hmmm...just stand here. Maybe your presence helps me writing something joyful.

I'll write a song about a little boy/girl...

...patron of Twinkling Sunray...

hhmmmm...what's your name, little patron?

<name> <name>, prince / princess of Alisence.

<name> was the name of our patron!

A prince / princess, who will rescue us soon!

hmm...so my dear prince / princess...

I won't tell you.

He had no name, our patron!

But he promised to rescue us soon!

hmm...so my dear stranger...

...why are you visiting Twinkling Sunray?

I don't know.

Didn't tell us about his stay

We didn't care anyway

I want to find answers.

Answers were the reason for his stay

But we didn't care about it anyway

I want the picture of mother.

A picture was the reason for his stay

But we didn't care about it anyway

I won't tell you.

As a result it all got worse

Brought woe with a curse

So our age will always remain the same

And this is our requiem!

Oh...no...Look what you've done! You're not better than the others! Once again a requiem! I don't need them any longer! I have to write about happy, funny and innocent themes fitting the image of Twinkling Sunray!

Now let me work and take your requiem! Here! It only brings me bad luck!

<Dialog Vanilla>

Who do we vote for?

<all> Amber!

<all> Jade!

Who is promising us love?

<all> Jade!

Who is loving us?

<all> Jade!

Who owns the big rose?

<all> Amber!

Who loves us more?

<all> Amber!

<Dialog Vanilla>

Welcome to the artists, stranger!

Vote for Amber. She's supporting the art!

Yeah. But only the grown-up art, not ours. We are not interested in the museum and its so-called adult art. Amber doesn't understand that we are the new generation of artists and so she doesn't show any love to us!

Amber loves and supports you too, because you are also artists!

If she does so, she needs to prove her love!

How should she do that?

Ever heard of flowers? Always the best way to prove never-ending love.

I found this red rose...

Fine, but we don't care if you love us or not. Amber should do such things!

Who are you?

Oh, sorry, I didn't introduce myself: My name is Vanilla, I'm sort of representative of this district. If the kids here need something from the mayor or the authorities they come to me!

Tell me something about this place.

This, my dear, is one of the four districts of Twinkling Sunray: The district of the artists! We're all artists here! Actors, writers and so on. Creating stuff for the important people here.

What about the other three districts?

You're new to Twinkling Sunray, aren't you? Beside the artist's district there's the marketplace, the street of gold and the nameless district. We don't like the other districts too much, because they are so...*ordinary*.

What do you know about the marketplace?

Nowadays the marketplace is the place where the mayors are holding their speeches and new visitors enter the town. You must have been there at least once, because the only way to our place is leading through it.

What is the street of gold?

Oh, there are living all the kids with rich parents. They're all more or less snobbish, more into their own business and very unpopular outside their district. Anyway, we artists have to arrange with them, because a lot of requests come from them and they are financing the art. So they want me to make a new sculpture soon.

The nameless district?

It's the place of the poor ones. We try to support them as good as we can. Unfortunately art doesn't fill their stomachs and we don't know any other way to help them.

When you're all artists, what is it what you do?

I'm a sculptor, but currently a little jobless, because I'm still waiting for Figaro's next request. He's totally crazy about my talking sculptures!

Talking sculptures? Impossible!

<Keeper of the Keys> Don't be that sure, master!

<Vanilla> Christian? You? How does it come that you're traveling with this guy / lady? You're property of mother! Did he steal you?

<Keeper of the Keys> No, I had mercy with <name>. Without me he/she'd be lost in this world. I'm more or less his travel guide.

Property of mother? The queen?

Of course, silly. You're a prince / princess, so your mother is the queen. What else did you think?

You were created in this town? Why did you never mention it?

You never asked and it's pretty pointless. If I've been created anywhere else the whole situation would be pretty much the same.

<Vanilla> Good to see that Christian is traveling with you, <name>! He's such a good boy...

<Keeper of the Keys> Oh, no...

<Vanilla> When he was young...

<Keeper of the Keys> ...no...

<Vanilla> ...he was always the smartest and most handsome...

<Keeper> Please, stop it!

<Vanilla> ...all the girls were after him, but tell you what?...

<Keeper> That's embarrassing!

<Vanilla> He always thought of Vanilla! The woman who created him! And once, when he was sooo small...

<Keeper> Okay! Enough! Stop! Stop! Better change the topic before the whole situation transforms in something awkward.

<Vanilla> <name>, you must forgive Christian. He's such a perfectionist and he's obviously a little bit ashamed of his past although there's nothing to be ashamed of. So let's better talk about something else.

Twinkling Sunray: Streets of Gold

<Dialog Figaro>

Help me once again...

So insecure...

Don't know what to do...

My advisors...

Here I am now...

Need your advise...

Phew...

Tumblestone, my dear friend, tell me...whom should I vote for?

Oh my loyal Tumblestone, which candidate deserves my vote?

Who's your favorite, Tumblestone?

<Tumblestone>

Amber / Jade

We vote for Amber / Jade!

<All> Amber / Jade!

Rockstock, what should I eat today?

I'm hungry. Any suggestions for my cook, Rockstock?

Rockstock, what should I order to eat?

<Rockstock>

Beef Penne Pasta Casserole

Creamy Tomato Tortellini Soup
Honey-Dijon Chicken
Homestyle Chicken and Biscuits
Sweet Corn Bread
Traditional-Style Tiramisu
Fettuccine Tomato Basil Salad
Angel Hair Pasta With Lemon and Chicken
Tortellini with Pesto and Sun-Dried Tomatoes
Cheesy Beef and Green Chile Rice
Fiesta Taco Skillet
Refried Bean Tostadas
Dilled Rice Salad with Sugar Peas
Beef and Vegetable Stir-Fry
Turkey Scaloppine
Grilled Portabello Mushrooms
Crème Brulée with Spiced Rum
Hot Chocolate Mix

Tasselmay, which present should I buy for my wife?

Tasselmay, soon there'll be our wedding day. Any suggestions for a gift?

Which present proves the love to my wife best, Tasselmay?

<Tasselmay>

Give her roses and lilies.

A simple bouquet is all you need.

Every woman loves chocolate!

Donate your heart and she'll be satisfied.

A romantic trip will melt her heart.

Just show her that she's important.

<Dialog Figaro>

Hmm?

Who are you?

Should I tell him / her my name? Tasselmay, Tumblestone, Rockstock? Anyone?

Hmmm...they don't respond. What shall I do now?

Please tell me your name.

Tasselmay? Tumblestone? Rockstock? Hello? *sigh* They always vanish when I talk to other people. Okay, let's talk, but keep it short. I hate leading conversations without the support of my three advisors.

I'm Figaro, collector of advisor-sculptures and the richest person in Twinkling Sunray. I'm the most important person in this district.

What do you know about this place?

This is the district of the rich and important persons! Only people with money are allowed to live here! And because life at this place is so expensive the street is called the street of gold. Of course there are also districts for the artists, the poor and the mayor, but they are not important.

Tell me about the artist's district.

The artists are totally weird, always into art and other things we don't understand. It's hard to lead a normal conversation with them, so we usually ignore them. But they also make beautiful sculptures for me, so I respect them at least a little.

There are also poor people in Twinkling Sunray?

Yeah, they are so poor, they can't even afford a name for their district. Where the mayor is rich of power and the artists are rich of queer ideas they are particularly rich of nothing. So they don't deserve any respect.

What about the mayor?

We still have none, but when it's time, she'll settle in the city hall on the marketplace, where she'll hold speeches, represent the town and take part in campaigns. Anyway, the mayor is always nice to us, because we have money.

Vote for Amber!

I'll give my vote to the candidate holding enough prestige for being a worthy representative of Twinkling Sunray. Jade is offering us toys, so my political advisor Tumblestone thinks that it's a good idea to vote for her.

Why are you listening to sculptures?

They are very clever. I mean...hey! You need a lot of brain power to trick death for an eternal life. I trust them, because they never gave me a bad advise and only supported me to my own benefits.

How may I convince you to vote for Amber?

Amber needs to prove that she has the resources to run for mayor. So when Jade is offering toys, she can only top that by owning the biggest teddy bear in town!

The biggest teddy bear?

Hmmhmm...it's gigantic! The person, who owns it deserves our respect! Am I right?

<All> Yes, totally!

Where can I find the biggest teddy bear?

Oh...it's in the bear cave next to the marketplace. Long time ago I bought it and so I own the key to it, but have always been too busy to get into it. But you can go there if you want; just pick up a sculpture to unlock the cave.

A sculpture as a key?

Yep, that's why I love Vanilla's work so much. She's the only one, who can create talking sculptures, which can also be used as keys. I receive three things at once: The beauty of her work, the entertainment of her sculpture's companion and finally their practical usage as keys! A real market gap!

Just stay here. Gotta go.

<Dialog Antoinette>

Jekyll, what do you think about this dress?

<Jekyll>

Very well, ma'am.

Fits perfect, ma'am.

You should wear it, ma'am.

Beautiful, ma'am.

I like it, ma'am.

Just excellent, ma'am.

Breathtaking, ma'am.

<Antoinette>

No, I look fat in it.

I don't like the color.

The stripes are too aggressive for my eyes.

This dress looks too expensive.

This dress looks too cheap.

I only wear stuff from my favorite designer!

No necklaces. I'm allergic to necklaces!

This fur looks almost real! That's too cruel! No fur!

Better try another one.

Back to the old one.

Another one!

Let's move back to the first one.

<Jekyll>

Yes, ma'am.

Whatever you wish, ma'am.

It's all about you, ma'am.

As you command, ma'am.

A good idea, ma'am.

I think so too, ma'am.

<Dialog Antoinette>

No time for talk, need a perfect dress for the festival!

<Dialog Jekyll>

Sir / Ma'am?

Who are you?

Oh...of course...where are my manners? They probably need a break, because they are taxed by Miss de March the whole day long! So my name is Jekyll and I'm Ms Antoinette de March's personal butler.

You don't sound too happy about that.

Miss de March can be...difficult. Especially when she's into choosing outfits. It can last days till she finds the clothes of her choice! And she always wants me as her advisor, because of my knowledge of fashion. But I don't have the time now, the costumes for Omero and Jiluet need to be done!

When you don't like working for Antoinette why don't you just quit?

The relationship between Antoinette and me is...difficult. We can talk about it later. When Miss de March is gone...

You make costumes? Are you a tailor?

No, not really. It's just my passion. My regular employment is the job of a butler.

Omero and Jiluet?

I promised the actors of the play to make them costumes for the premiere! If Antoinette doesn't find an appropriate dress soon, I won't have enough time for tailoring!

What if I get a dress for Antoinette?

Of course I'd be very grateful if you could organize such a thing. But I seriously doubt that you're able to find clothes Miss de March likes. She's very demanding.

Why don't you tailor her some clothes?

Miss de March only wears dresses of star designers. Unfortunately I don't have enough reputation for her pretensions.

What are you doing here?

Miss de March is looking for a dress she could wear at the next week's big festival. It's my order to assist her in making a decision for the best outfit.

Which festival?

When the new mayor is elected our district will celebrate a huge festival called New Reign Eve! Right after the artists entertained us with their play "Omero and Jiluet" Twinkling Sunray's VIPs and the mayor will celebrate till dawn!

Nice outfit.

Thanks. I tailored it all by myself.

Keep on judging.

Very well, sir / ma'am.

<Dialog Lestard IV>

Silence! I only talk to winners!

I won this trophy at the annually daily pet race!

You're a better then. Just like me! Tell me, how did you make it?

Made what?

What are you talking about?

How did you win? What's your strategy? I always place bets on horses, but I'm never successful.

Just luck, I guess.

Okay, just thought that you had a strategy or something.

I unlocked the birdcage, organized wings and tricked a little with eggs.

...hmm...

...

...uhm...

...

whatever.

Sorry, that's a secret.

I understand. If I were you, I wouldn't have told you either.

I better leave. Lots of things to do.

Very well.

So I ask: Why are you interrupting our negotiations?

I wanted to know something about this place.

<London> Listen, sir / ma'am: We're involved in some very important business and just don't have the time to play your travel guide!

London's right, please go and talk to someone else if you want to know something about this district.

I want you to support Amber.

We're not interested in your campaigns.

<London> We just vote for the candidate Figaro prefers. He's the richest here and we want to engage his sympathy for us.

Always good to have rich friends.

What are you negotiating about?

Well...yeah...

<London> Bets - <Lestard> Horses

<London> Horses - <Lestard> Bets

It's complicated.

<London> Very complicated.

You are not into horses, are you?

<London> He / She definitely isn't.

<London> Horses are for the wealthy.

Sorry, sir / ma'am.

<London> Come back, when you can prove that you're into horses.

<London> Then you may be allowed to talk about horses with us.

<London – Lestard Dialog>

whisper

whisper *whisper*

hmm?

hmmhmm!

whisper *whisper* *whisper*

...

!

?

Oh...well...

No!

Yes!

Twinkling Sunray: Nameless District

Area full of enemies, persons are behind palisades

<Voices - Life>

<name>...

Why did you leave me?

Aren't you missing me?

You are accepting your misery...

Is it really worth losing me?

No, <name>, no...

Stop it...

Regain what you lost...

Try to remember what he did to us...

Don't let them win...

You aren't strong, you aren't strong enough.

Fight for your love, fight for you live!

Only the weak surrender!

Stop neglecting yourself!

Why are you so corrupted, <name>?

No one there, only you and me.

We aren't supposed to fight...

<Dialog Jasper>

Alert! Alert! Monster! Don't open the gates!

<all>

Monster! (+ hiding)

<Jasper>

You can't get in, monster!

I'm not a monster, kid.

Alert! Alert! Now it's a talking monster! Keep the gates closed!

I'm definitely not a monster.

The monster is evil too! Because it's lying!

I'm not lying.

Hahaha! You monsters can't trick me!

No, I'm really not a monster.

You are a pretty insistent monster, aren't you? Okay, I'll give you a chance: Prove that you aren't a monster!

Do I look like a monster?

You're big! Just like a monster!

Can monsters talk?

Of course they can! Like for instance you!

If I were a monster I wouldn't be so friendly.

When you define your lying and betraying as friendly then you're definitely a monster!

How can I prove that I'm not a monster?

Find Serena and bring her back. We lost her playing hide and seek!

Why are you kids playing hide and seek in such a dangerous area?

Now you sound like an adult, monster! We don't like adults; they never cared about us.

Where can I find Serena?

Don't you listen? We played hide and seek! I have no idea where Serena hid!

I'll come back when I've found Serena.

Good luck, monster! But please don't eat her! Just bring her back, okay?

Please let me in.

This is the place of the nameless, not of the monsters! Get you gone, monster!

Gwah!

Eeeeeek!

Oooooaaaaahhhhh!

Oooohh!

Gwah!

Eeeeeek!

Oooooaaaaahhhhh!

You start becoming repetitive, monster.

We're all terrified.

Can't you think of something more creative?

Scary, scary.

Yes, yes, big monster threatening little kids.

I'll leave.

Good idea, monster!

<Dialog Serena>

The girl is looking scared and shy into your face. She seems to be the one, who Jasper is missing.

Are you Serena?

The girl slowly nods her head, but doesn't say a single word.

Everything okay?

The girl doesn't respond.

Surely everything alright?

She slowly nods her head, but doesn't say a single word.

Why don't you talk to me?

Without opening her mouth the girl just sadly shakes her head.

Better stay here for a while.

Just follow me. I'll lead you back home.

The girl takes your hand.

<Dialog Jasper>

Serena? Is that you?

Serena smiles and quickly nods her head.

Thank you, friendly monster! Thank you for not eating her!

I'll open the gates for you two.

<Dialog Jasper>

What do you want, friendly monster?

Vote for Amber!

We'd love to, but we can't. Jade is promising us sweets! We need something to eat, so we can truly enjoy our meals and don't have to play our invention games any longer. But if Amber would offer us more sweets than Jade we'd vote for her!

Invention games?

We can't afford something edible, so we're sitting around the big desk and invent meals. It doesn't really satisfy hunger but it's better than nothing.

Where do I get something to eat for you?

Look, Jade is promising us a HILL of sweets, so you may need a MOUNTAIN to overbid her proposal. Then we'd vote for you, but unfortunately you can't run for mayor. So if you want us to support Amber bring a mountain of sweets to her.

Oh...great. Where can I get a mountain of sweets?

I don't know! Because of the monsters we hardly get out of our district and don't know too much about Twinkling Sunray and its environment.

Why are you living in such a dangerous place?

No one else wants to live here, but we don't have the resources to settle down anywhere else. It would be great to be as powerful as the mayor, as rich as the people in the street of gold or as creative as the artists, because then we'd be able to live somewhere else!

What do you know of the mayor's area?

She's standing in the marketplace, I guess. Only a few of us risked their life by sneaking over the monster's place and are listening to their campaigns now. I've never been there, but I heard that it should really be a nice place to live.

Ever had a look at the street of gold?

Never! Nobody here will ever enter the street of gold! I heard that it should be beautiful there! Have you ever been there?

Yes, it's beautiful!

Hmmm...just as I expected!

Yes, but it's not as great as you think!

Oh, stop lying, friendly monster!

No.

When you've the opportunity to get there, you really should!

What about the artists?

Oh, they're awesome! And friendly! We really like their work, but they also can't improve our current situation. So we need to put all our hope into the new mayor!

What's the trouble with Serena?

We're all handling different with poverty. Serena sold her voice for some food. Now she's numb! Poor girl!

She sold her voice? How's that possible?

What? Possible? It was a normal trade with the singer on Chocolate Mountains.

Is there a way to let her speak again?

Olympia purchased her voice. When you can get it from her and bring it back to Serena, she may speak again!

Who is Olympia?

She's living on the chocolate mountains and singing the whole day long.

Where can I find Olympia?

Just climb on the top of the chocolate mountains, she must be there somewhere.

When she's so dumb to sell her voice she truly deserves her fate!

How can you be so cold-hearted? You know not much about being poor, do you? Better leave and come back when you've gathered some respect for us!

Where are all the other people?

They're hiding. Scared of monsters like you.

<Dialog Marcus>

N...no...nobody t...t...there!

Why are you hiding?

S...s...sc...sc...scared of m...mo...monster!

No monsters here, you can get out!

Y...you are ly...ly...lying, e...ev...evil monster!

<Jasper> Marc it's alright! The monster is our friend!

H...ha! Y...you also s...sa...said that last ti...time. A...a...and then m...m...monster came!

<Jasper> I beg my pardon for Marcus' behavior. He's just a coward, that's all.

Oooowwwaaaahhhh!

Eek!

Okay, I'll leave you alone.

T...tha...thank you.

<Dialog Victoria>

Hahahahaha! You can't get me, monster! I'm up in the tree!

I'm not a monster!

You can't trick me monster! I'll stay here in the tree.

<Jasper> Vic, you can get down. The coast is clear.

No, I better stay here a little. Haha! I like trees, you know?

Oooooowwwaaaahhhhhhaaaaaggggrrrr!

Hahaha! Shout as loud as you can, monster! You can't get up!

Alright, I'll get somewhere else.

Look for the other kids. Maybe they are dumber, haha!

<Dialog Marble>

Oh, no. Get away! This is my hiding place.

Why are you hiding?

I hide because of the mon...I meant: We're playing hide and seek!

Mon...monster?

Nooooo, noooo, no monster! Just hide and seek!

<Jasper> Your chance for playing the hero is over, Marble! The monster's gone.

I...better keep on hiding for a while. You never know...

So?

Yes. So! Look for your own place to hide!

Oh, okay.

<Jasper>

sweets, lollies, candies, marshmallows, marzipan, chewing gum, ice cream

Imagine the << we will receive from Jade!

Just think about the flowerpot of << Jade promised us!

Hmmm... Jade's << would be nice!

Or imagine all the << we'll receive when we vote Jade!

Jade's << supply should be huge!

Nothing's better than << from Jade!

A vote for Jade brings us loads of <<!

I love Jade and her amounts of <<!

No more hunger, because Jade will deliver <<!

A load of << from Jade!

<all>

Jade! Jade! Jade!

Twinkling Sunray: Chocolate Mountains

Multiple Rooms, multiple Directions (north, east, south, west), fights

<Dialog You>

You're in a room totally made out of chocolate. Although the floor seems to be robust enough to hold your weight, not all of the four bricks leading to other areas seem to be secure.

First Level:



East → next Level

<signs>

“First Level of Chocolate Mountain - Working Instructions:

Start working in the cold night, where the chocolate isn't melting any longer. After the break of dawn only move towards sunrise to enter the next level and process the collected goods.”
(East)

Second Level:

“Second Level of Chocolate Mountain - Working Instructions:

The sun should melt the chocolate, but only till midday. Then it's getting much too hot in there and all workers move to the next level.” (North)

Third Level:

“Third Level of Chocolate Mountain - Working Instructions:

Form the chocolate to something beautiful, but get your work done before moving towards sunset.” (West)

Fourth Level:

“Fourth Level of Chocolate Mountain - Working Instructions:

Feed the creature and your work is done.”

<Dialog Olympia>

Oh my dear,

oh my dear

Wohohohohoho!

Where did you go,
where did you go
Wohohohohoho!
Leave me alone
I'm so ashamed
That you don't love me at all
So I better return at afternoon
When all the chocolate is gone
And we're all alone
Till the night
But won't have enough time
Fate is separating us
Chocolate will grow again
On the next day
Something sweeter than me
Will be found again
The chocolate will rise again
And he leaves me alone
So I may ask

<Dialog Olympia>

This must be Olympia Jasper was talking about. She seems to be totally immersed in her music, unaware of your presence.

Hello?

Excuse me...

Erm...

What? Where? Who? Hmm?

Who are you?

Don't you know me? The aspiring superstar of Twinkling Sunray?

Of course!

Then there's no need to ask. Look, I'm terribly busy. I know that you love hearing my voice too, but please don't waste my time by asking questions you already know the answer!

No.

Uhm...let's talk about something else.

I totally understand why you don't want to talk about me any longer. Being not me can be very frustrating. Especially when you're lacking talents.

Olympia?

Olympia, the aspiring superstar of Twinkling Sunray?

Twinkling Sunray's hope of the artists?

Another V.I.P.?

The remarkably highly talented newcomer?

Another rich and famous eccentric genius?

Winner of the last award show?

One of the one hundred most famous people in Twinkling Sunray?

What are you doing here?

Practicing on the voice! Right after Omero and Jiluet Willa of the artist's district will write a musical. I want to be the star of her new work!

Practicing on the voice?

Oh...well...it's not my voice. I got it from this dumb girl of the Nameless District. Serena was her name, when I recall correctly. I need to get used to her voice so I have to practice a lot!

You took her voice?

If you offer the poor kids some food you'll easily get everything you want.

Why did you take her voice?

With my old voice I would never had a chance to get a role in Willa's new play. But then I heard this girl in the Nameless District singing and just said to myself: Oh, Olympia, you need that voice!

It's not yours. Give it back to her!

No way! I need it for my rehearsals!

Give it to me, or otherwise you'll regret it!

Don't be silly. Harming a superstar like me will lead you into serious trouble!

How can I convince you giving me that voice?

No way! I need this voice for a role in Willa's new play!

Will you give me Serena's voice if I'll talk to Willa about your role?

If you could handle that, I could continue practicing with my own voice and would give you hers.

Where can I find Willa?

She must be somewhere in the district of the artists.

I don't want Serena's voice at all.

Good for you.

Let's talk about something else.

Oh, yeah, I'm tired of talking about my fabulous voice too.

This is a nice mountain....

I know. Good for practicing.

What do you know about chocolate mountain?

A long time ago the mighty Lord Metaphorous created this mountain. His slaves were digging holes to create him comfortable rooms to live. All the time he stayed on his mountain without leaving it. Now he's old and weak and not able to move anywhere else. So his slaves are mining the chocolate of chocolate mountains to keep him alive. But since he fell ill he's becoming weaker and weaker.

Were his slaves the dead bodies in the mine?

Hmm... possible...

How did you get here?

Time for time the Lord is randomly inviting inhabitants of Twinkling Sunray to his mountain. It's a big honor and you can eat as much chocolate as you want! One day she invited Willa

and me. And when Willa talked about her musical project and I discovered this perfect environment for practicing my voice I decided to start rehearsals up here.

Why do you know so much about Lord Metaphorous?

Since I've been here around the Lord is particularly my neighbor. He allowed me to sing here when I keep company with him. I guess he only needs somebody to talk to. Anyway...in this way you get to know each other pretty fast.

Where can I find Lord Metaphorous?

Just walk up the top. You can't miss him.

What about his slaves?

Just like this mountain Lord Metaphorous created them out of chocolate! In return for turning alive they serve him as long as they exist.

Why are you singing on the mountain?

Because of the echo! I can hear my own voice and judge it by myself! The steeliest critic is still myself.

Enough of chocolate mountain. Let's talk about something else.

Okay.

I need your voice.

Didn't mean to interrupt you. Please continue singing.

Leave.

<Dialog Lord Metaphorous>

What's this blood on your hands? It's the one of my slaves! No...they can't care for me any longer. Why did yo...

Metaphorous is hastily trying to gasp for air and finally drops dead.

<notice>

"The owner of the corpse may be the owner of the owner of chocolate mountain."

Twinkling Sunray: Cave

Fight against a bear → corpse → tralalalala

Guide the bear with smells to the exit.

Smell of honey as lure

Smell of perfume to evict

Samuel's Diary

The diary is so yellowed that only a few passages remained readable:

"...results of perfumery..."

"Trying some new smells for Ms. Antoinette, wondering how the bear will react..."

"...very strange reactions. Fortunately animals are scared of mirrors and can't walk through them..."

"...discovered tracks of the bear near the machine..."

"...mirror isn't working any longer, try perfume to chase him away..."

"...unfortunately sold my last odors to London..."

The Hive (Audience + Suspects)

<Dialog Queen>

Whaaatttt do youuuu waaaannntt, serrrrvantttt?

I ammm noootttt talkinnng toooo serrrrvanttttssss unlessssss theeeeyyy areee receivinnggg an audiencceee.

Here's my audience!

The unworrthhhhy receivvvvvvveedd an audiencceee! How can this be?

That's not important. I have an audience, so I'm allowed to talk to you.

Verry well. Seemss to beee an authentiic one.

I won it at the annually daily pet race.

Good to knooow you're a racerrr liike mee in the good old dayssss.

That's my secret.

We all keeeep secretssss.

Unlessss...I don't talk to strangerrss. Does the forrrreigner have a nameeee?

I'm <name>, prince / princess of Alisence.

A prrrince / prrincesss, interrressssting. Thiss place wasss created by a prrrincee / prrrrincess too!

It was me who created this place!

Can'tt remmmemmer. Probably you are telllingg the thruth, I'm tooo weeeek tooo judgeeee...

What do you know about the hive?

Long tiiiime ago the buildeeer lefffft us allllonee with hisssss constructtttion. Sssaid we should keep it in good shaaaape. And we did, ohhh we did! Hard workinggg dronessss werrrrr feeeeding me with alimmennntss of the pantrrry. I could reign in the throoone rooom aaaand breed progeeeeniess in the breeeeding chammmber while thee old onessss wherrrrr dyinnng in the chammmber of colorrrrs. But then everrythinng wennnt terrrrribly wronnnng!

Tell me about the pantry.

Theeee pantrrry is the placeee wheeeere the huntteerrrs stoorre theeee fooood broughhht to me by the serrrrvantss. Only they fit throuughhh the pantry's entraaaance soooo I know whom to punissssh if somethinnng is missssing!

Tell me about the throne room.

It issss the plaaaaace wheeeere I'm workinnng, organiizing the occurrrring taskssss. But whaaaat I'm talkiiiing about? You haaaave an audiencce, you're freeee to explorrrr it by yourselfff.

Tell me about the breeding chamber.

A verrrry important area foerrrr securrring the offspring. I redundaaaantlyyyy lay down my eggggss which the breeders and I are breeeeding. It's the plaaaceee wheeeere new liiife beiiinnss!

Tell me about the chamber of colors.

Theeee chammmber of colllorrs is the oppossittte to the breedinnng chamberr. It's wherrre old lifee enndss, soooo new liiife can beiiin.

What went wrong?

Better talk about something different.

Why are the drones acting so weird?

Siiince the hiiive hasss been poisssoned, they're not fulfillling their taskssss any looonger. The huntteerrss, breeeedersss and servvvvaaaannntttssss arrrrr uselessss now!

The hunters?

The huntseers are huntingg foooor victimss and store their preeeys innn the pantrrry. Theyyyy also defend the hivee annnd me againsst intruderrr. But noooooowww they are wanderrring arounnd aimlessly annnd attackingg themsellveessss.

What is the task of the breeders?

The breederrrs are breedinnng the eggsss where new dronesss arre hatttchinggg out. But nooww theyyy are too confussed foor everrrrythinggg annnd stopped continuuuuing theiiir work.

Tell me something about the servants.

Contrarry to brederrrs and hunterrrs servaaantssss arre unnneducatddd so theyyy act mrrrrre as supporterrrsss than workerrrs, becausssse they arre too smaaaall for more sophiiistiiicateeed tasssksss.

The hive has been poisoned?

Beforre he arrrived everrrrything here worrrked as a sysssstem but then he spreead chaos and the whole hiiive remaiined poisonned except the color rooom. We caaan't recalll his identity so we onlllly calll hiiim the straaanger.

What do you know about the stranger?

I knooow nothiiiing about hiiim, becausssse I wasss too weak tooo notiiice what'ssss going on, slept the whooolle day aaaand now allll my dronesss turrrned inssane.

Why did the stranger do that?

We haaave no ideeea. He vanishhhhed just as he caaame. Leavinngggg sorrrow and pain.

Why did the stranger spare the chamber of colors?

I donnn't know. Prrrobabbbly becauuuse it's sealld and only I knooow how to unseeaaal it.

Is there a way I can help?

If yooouuuu waaant tooo help you may get in the chammmber of collloerrrs. Proobably there may be saaaane drooones left who knooow what to dooo. But I'm tooo weaaaaak tooo get there and unseeeaalll it.

Why is the chamber of colors sealed?

It'sss a dangeroussss plaace. No ooone should interrerrrupt the cycccle of life.

Will you tell me how to unseal it?

Whyyy shoullld I?

I'm the constructor of this place. I need to get everywhere.

Thiiiiis may beeee trueee; I don't knooow, but I feaaaar I have to taaaake thee risssk and telllll youuuu how to unseeaaaal the entrannce to the chammmber of colorrrrs. Situaaaation caaan't turrrrn worrrssse.

Alllll youuuu need to do issss to taaaake myyy Keeeeeper of the Keeeeeeyyss, get near the entrance of the chamber of colors and reeeaad ouut of my storry boook. He's allerrrgic to good, consistent stories. Hissss sneeezing will opeen the doorrrr. Taaaake thee boook and do as I saaaaid.

I want you help restoring the hive.

On second thoughts I don't want to get into the chamber of colors at all.

A wiiise plaaaaaan. Annnythinng elllse yooouuuu wannnt to knooow?

Better move back to less sad topics.

I don't want to talk about the drones any longer.

Whyyy arrreeee yooouuuuuu taaaaallllkkkkiiiiinnngggg sooooo sssstttrrrraaannggggeee?

Dooooonnn't yooooouuu daaaarrrrreeee, <name>! If I wereeeent even toooo weak tooo speak in norrrrmal wayyyss I would have immediateeeely giveeen ordeeeerrs to cassstigate you for your disressspect!

Won't tell you.

If I don't getttt yourr nammmeee, I wonnn't continueee with this conversssation.

Leave.

<Drone of the many colors>

Immediately falls on its knees, praying.

Oh, Lord! Prince / Princess <name>! Creator of everything! You're finally back! After such a long time! Must have been <age> years when I recall correctly. Why did you never emerge before?

No time. Being a prince / princess is a time-consuming fulltime job.

Oh right, I totally understand, milord. Excuse me for my dullness underestimating your job.

I wasn't interested in wasting my time with such unworthy creatures.

I totally understand. There are multiple ways spending your time better.

I didn't know that this place exists, so why should I get there?

Who wouldn't forget about this place, when his last arrival was <age> years ago?

I...don't know!

Sorry to abash you by asking silly questions. Sorry, milord, this won't happen again!

It's me who asks the questions.

Oh, of course...right...sorry!

So how may I serve you?

How does it come you know my name?

Who doesn't know the name of a celebrity? <name>, creator of the hive! We even constructed a statue bearing your name. Unfortunately it got destroyed in the recent assault.

What do you know about the assault?

Not much. The stranger came, poisoned the hive and left. That's all I know. The queen sealed this chamber long time before the assault so I rarely have contact with the rest of the hive.

Why did the queen seal this room?

It's a dangerous place for those who aren't occupied here. Handling death is a very sensible work which shouldn't be executed by the wrong persons.

Tell me about the stranger.

I can't tell you anything about him. He never entered this room, so I even never saw him. Only heard him mumbling something like "Chamber of death should remain sane, cause death is all I need." before he left.

That's all you know about the assault?

I fear yes.

Tell me who you are.

I'm different to other drones, I was born with many colors. Because the death also has many colors only the drone of many colors can work in the chamber of colors..

Why were you born with many colors?

It's fate, I guess. Just like a many drones are born so small they can only become a servant, only very few are born with many colors and can work in the chamber of colors.

What's the connection between death and colors?

The corpses I collect pass through three stages and three colors of the color room: In the red room I deprive their blood, in the blue room I deprive their living remains and in the green room I finally deprive their soul and store it in the soul store.

Tell me about the red room.

In the red room I collect the drone's blood in the containers, so that the thirst of the queen may be satisfied.

Tell me about the blue room.

In the blue room I take the drone's living remains, so that the queen may receive something to eat.

Tell me about the green room.

In the green room I collect the drone's soul, the only part which may live eternally.

Tell me about the soul store.

In the soul store I store the drone's souls to remember all the hard work they contributed to keep the system of the hive working.

Why does the queen receive food from the drone's corpses? I thought she gets her food from the pantry!

The food from the pantry keeps her alive, but only corpses make her generative to breed.

So new drones are indirectly created of corpses?

Yes, that's the cycle of life here to keep the balance between life and dead.

You feed the queen with corpses! That's disgusting!

For you <race>s it may be cruel. But for us drones it's the totally normal and accepted cycle of life.

I don't want to talk about the chamber of colors any longer.

What are you doing here?

When a drone dies I collect its corpse and store its soul in the color room, so they can live eternally while its blood and living remains are used as food for the queen, so she can breed new drones of the remains of the dead ones.

Give me some information about the hive.

Oh...you're testing my knowledge with questions about the place you created, right?

Just as I said the chamber of colors is more on its own without any connection to the other areas, while the pantry, the breeding chamber and the throne room outside are forming a single working unit.

What do you know about the pantry?

Only the servants are storing the hunter's prey in the pantry. They are the only ones who are small enough to fit through. That's practically everything I know about it.

Tell me something about the breeding chamber.

The breeding chamber is somehow the opposite of this room: It's the place where new life begins. That's all I know.

What about the throne room?

It's a big honor when drones receive an audience. Only then they are allowed to enter and talk to the queen. Unfortunately the queen found it never reasonable to grant me this privilege. I can tell you nothing of this place.

I don't want to talk about the hive any longer.

How can I rescue the hive?

I don't know. I'm much too busy with my tasks to support you there. Talk to Anvil, he's leading some kind of investigations.

Where can I find Anvil?

Are you blind? He's in this room, just over there! And he really needs to be, because it's the only place left for sane persons.

Nothing. See you!

<Dialog Anvil>

This is the connection!

No.

Next suspect.

An interesting conclusion.

<to Eric>

You weren't hiding!

Nobody gets into the hive for...hiding!

No hiding at all!

Thought that you'll never be found, hmm?

<general>

Just admit it!

You are the intruder!

There's plenty evidence!

Ha! Now you are speechless!

<to Skaar>

So tell me...why are you here, hmm?

When I don't know you...why do I know you?

We'll get the identity of everybody! Even of you!

Foreigners may be foreign, but never innocent!

<to queen>

The prime suspect is always the less suspicious!

You're powerful and can do everything!

Only you have access to all areas!

"Sleeping" is quite a lame alibi!

<to you>

Oh...here's our straggler. Why are you late?

Needed time for covering the tracks?

Tracks? What are you talking about?

Late? Late what for?

I...better leave.

Hey! Don't distract me from my interrogations!

Uhm...one moment...

...you...are...talking...the first suspect who's talking???

So you finally give up?

Ready for a confession?

Confession? What?

Why do you think I'm interrogating all of you suspects? For fun?

Surely not! I'm waiting till I receive the confession of one of the suspects or a proof for the innocence of the others so I can finish my job.

What are you doing here?

Investigating. One of you four has poisoned the hive and I want to find the committer of this crime!

Why are you investigating?

I'm one of the queen's personal hunters and beside the drone of the many colors the only drone left, who remained sane, so I'm the only one who can clear up this case.

Why isn't the drone of many colors investigating?

She can't. She's always busy with her tasks.

I want to lead the investigations!

No, no, no! You can't! You're one of the suspects!

Do you know a way to rescue the hive?

Yes. Of course. First I need to find the person, who poisoned the hive and banish him or her so that he or she can never do that again. After that all the drones need to recover so that the hive will work as a system again.

How do you find the guilty person?

There are four suspects. So that no one of them is talking or confessing, everyone of them needs to prove their innocence. So there must be a single person left who can't testify his or her innocence.

What about the drone recovering?

This is not important for now. First we need to identify the person who poisoned the hive anyway.

How can I help?

Bring me the innocence of three suspects, so I can convict the fourth one.

Who are the suspects?

Only four persons were near the hive, when the crime occurred: Eric, Skaar, the queen and you. Unfortunately for now only you started talking to me.

What about Eric?

Right after the assault I found him. Cowering in a hideout. Such a behavior is very suspicious. He may have been the one poisoning the hive.

Who is Skaar?

I have no idea. Don't know anything about him. But he seemed to know a lot of things about this place. So I kept him here as a suspect.

The queen?

She has also been there. I admit that poisoning her own hive won't make any sense, but it's still possible, because she had been there when the crime occurred and didn't turn insane like the others.

Why me?

Look at yourself! You have free access to a lot of places and are asking a lot of questions! You could've been at the site of crime while the hive got poisoned.

That was all I wanted to know about the suspects.

Enough of hive rescuing for now.

Excellent. So will you finally make your confession that we can finish here?

I better leave.

Alright, but don't leave the town. You're a suspect.

<Dialog King Carroll>

There's something you need to know.

We don't have much time.

I'm worried about Eric.

He is <blackout> concealing something.

You know I <blackout> love you.

<blackout> not only as the king also as your father.

I'm feeling <blackout>

Are you hearing me?

What's wrong with you?

The stranger didn't <blackout> you too?

No? No! Not my <blackout> corpse <blackout>

<blackout> too late! Go and <blackout> the queen!

Asylum: Basement

<Dialog Yeown>

12 degrees 07'S!

130 degrees 09'E!

Reduce speed to 8 knots!

Alter course to 323 degrees!

Contact range 2500 yards!

5 degrees by stern!

Re-alter course at a range of 1200 yards!

Open range to 2000 yards!

Lat 12 degrees 07'S!

Long 130 degrees 09'E!

Echo approximately 125 degrees and 3000 yards!

Attack with pattern of two depth charges!

Increase speed to 21 knots!

(Few more random numbers, tralalala)

15 degrees...4 feet...05'N...8 knots

...

15 degr...4 fee...05'...8 kn...

...

15...4...05...8...

... → Area transition: Auction

<Dialog Yeown>

Ahoy, landlubber!

My name is <name>. Nice to meet you.

Yeown, captain of SS Hat. Pleasure to meet you.

SS Hat?

Aye! My ship. An old blackbirder. Its prow looks like a hat. That's where our sea rover's name comes from.

Why are you running against these walls?

Arr...those are not walls! Those are evil creatures terrorizing oggin since the begin of time.

No, seriously, you are running against walls!

Pipe down, picaroon! Landlubbers shouldn't disturb the business of sea rats!

Evil creatures?

Damn yer eyes! Pongos on different places! Awaiting Cockswain's new coordinates so we can launch another attack!

Pongos?

Cockswain?

What?

Arr...that parrot hornswaggled us out of 500 pieces of eight. So we set sail again for seeking the treasure. But then terrible things happened!

Which parrot?

Aye, the captain's parrot of course! Regarding an old scuttlebutt the parrot will lead us to the island where its very first captain buried his treasure if we only feed him 500 pieces of eight. But instead of revealing the direction this lobster just died of plumbism! Arrgh!

Treasure?

Arr...incredible amounts of blunt, I tell you! Hidden in the captain's dead man's chest hidden somewhere in the island hidden somewhere in the oggin.

What happened next?

Arr...as I told you: Terrible things happened! Right after the parrot's dead his spirit returned. And it showed us directions...directions much too cruel for a simple landlubber like you!

The parrot...resurrected?

Aye! But it wasn't the parrot we met before. Shiver my timbers, it changed. Into something...evil.

What happened?

Right after we set sail in the parrot's directions it...transformed!

The parrot transformed?

Aye! It transformed into *his* spirit! The whole crew was frightened to dead!

The parrot transformed into the captain's spirit?

Is *his* the parrot's old captain?

Aye! He wanted to take revenge for the previous mutiny! And so he turned into something ugly. Indescribable Ugly!

There was a mutiny?

Aye! The captain was a cruel man, only treating his only matey – his parrot – like a human although he wasn't one...arr...he promised us to lead us to the treasure when we plunder 500 pieces of eight for his parrot and so we did...arr...but he never showed us the way to the island...so he had to walk the plank...

He was the captain of your ship...

Aye! He was a cruel man, only treating his only matey – the parrot – like a human even though he wasn't one...arr...he promised us to lead us to the treasure when we plunder 500 pieces of eight for his parrot and so we did, but he never showed us the way to the island...so he had to walk the plank...

Please continue with your story.

Arr...before we could find out which creature we were facing we all turned blind! I lost my crew, because they were all scared to death...and died.

So you're...blind?

Aye!

How did you survive?

Arr...I only survived to take revenge on the tormented souls of my former mateys!

Okay. But *how* did you survive?

Arr...I...I...I turned blind before I could be frightened to death! Arrgh! I'm not contemplating about being alive – I only think about revenge for my crew!

That's why are you running against these walls?

Those are not walls, I tell you! Those are the captain's spirits I'm seeking, hunting and destroying! Arrgh!

That's it? End of story?

Aye! End of story!

I'm not interested in your cock-and-bull stories.

You call a man of honor a liar? Leave or I'll crush ye barnacles!

I'm tired of pirate tales. Let's talk about something else.

Ooookay...keep on doing what you're doing.

Traits

<sign>

Today to purchase:

Violence, Experience, Confidence, Innocence

<Dialog auctioneer>

VIOLENCE!

The solution to everything!

EXPERIENCE!

The more, the better!

CONFIDENCE!

Security for everybody!

INNOCENCE!

Things <name> is craving for!

What are you willing to pay for it?

What are your offers?

What are the biddings?

3...

2...

1...

Not sold!

<Spirit> Immortality!

<Wisdom> Knowledge!

<Humility> Whatever you want!

<Valor> Strength!

<Humor> Some of my best jokes!

<Sadness> All my tears!

<Diligence> Success!

<Loyalty> I'm the offer!

<Faith> All the best of luck!

<Dialog Spirit>

Can't talk, need goods!

<aggressive>

I can't die, but you will, if you don't get out of my way!

What are you doing here?

I'd love to get some VIOLENCE, but I'm not capable acquiring it!

Why do you need violence?

Listen, the music...I need VIOLENCE, but can't afford it. Stop asking such dumb questions!

Why can't you afford violence?

Immortality isn't good enough for the dumb auctioneer. Guess the wimp only takes VIOLENCE for the offer of LOVE.

Better leave.

Get out of my way!

I'm wondering who of us will die if you keep on talking like this!

I'd punish you for your disrespect, but then I'd probably lose the auction. Get out of my way!

Hmm...okay!

Your very first right decision today!

<nostalgic>

Spirit is untouchable to the...past.

What are you talking about?

I'm lacking past. Think I should gather some EXPERIENCE, but unfortunately I can't.

Why do you need experience?

The music...I'm gonna live eternally, so I have to know more of the past.

Why can't you afford experience?

Time is changing. Nowadays immortality isn't enough. They say only YOUTH deserves EXPERIENCE.

I'd better leave you alone with your thoughts.

Then I'll continue trying reminding the old days.

<save>

I've been touched by the salvation...

You've been... what?

If only I could end my eternal life, I'd be saved.

Saved from what?

Saved from the bad spirits and the curse of eternity.

How will you manage that?

All I need to do is to gather CONFIDENCE. But it's impossible.

Why do you need confidence?

The music... with confidence I'd be strong enough to end my eternal life and won't be scared of the uncertainty of the future.

Why is it impossible?

Immortality isn't enough for CONFIDENCE. CONFIDENCE only can be gathered by FEAR.

Okay, whatever.

<Dialog Wisdom>

Out of my way, unworthy creature!

<aggressive>

All these very dumb people like you, I hate them!

What are you doing here?

I'm trying to get some VIOLENCE! A shame that this won't happen!

Why do you need violence?

It's the music... When I combine my wisdom with VIOLENCE I'd be incredibly powerful. Everybody would have to respect me and my plans.

Why can't you afford violence?

Only the offer of LOVE can bring me VIOLENCE. The auctioneer is just too dumb to realize that trading with my knowledge would be a much better choice.

Keep on talking like this and you may regret it...

Look, stranger, I don't have the time for this. I need to purchase VIOLENCE.

Then I'd better leave.

Good decision. You're only half as dumb as I thought.

<nostalgic>

My wisdom can't compete against EXPERIENCE.

Why that?

What are you talking about?

I need more EXPERIENCE then I'd be much more wiser. Unfortunately I won't receive it.

Why do you need experience?

The music... I'm wisdom, but I can only be wisdom when I'll gather more EXPERIENCE. EXPERIENCE is wisdom.

Why won't you receive experience?

Knowledge isn't enough for EXPERIENCE. The auctioneer prefers YOUTH.

Okay, bye!

<save>

Will there be people benefiting of my wisdom?

Sure they will.

You can't be so sure about that. I need more CONFIDENCE to believe what you say. Unfortunately there is no one available.

I have no idea.

Then I'd have to form my own opinion about this case. But I don't have enough CONFIDENCE for such actions. And there will never be one available for me.

No, there won't.

I don't have enough CONFIDENCE in myself to prove the opposite. There will never be some CONFIDENCE available for me.

Why are you asking such questions?

I don't have enough CONFIDENCE and there will never be CONFIDENCE available for me, so I keep on asking people owning more CONFIDENCE.

Why do you need confidence?

I may have the wisdom. But...the music...I need the CONFIDENCE to spread it. What is wisdom when no one can use it?

Why isn't confidence available for you?

My knowledge isn't enough for CONFIDENCE. They say you must spread FEAR to get CONFIDENCE.

Alright, need to go...

<Dialog Humility>

Would you please let me place my biddings?

<aggressive>

Think you are the greatest, hmm?

There's no reason for being rude.

Sorry for my aggressions. I just try to get some VIOLENCE, but it just doesn't work for me.

Why do you need violence?

I want to achieve the acceptance of the others. But now I'm much too inconspicuous. Some VIOLENCE would change everything.

Why doesn't it work for you?

The auctioneer just doesn't listen to my offers. I'd give him everything, but all he wants is LOVE.

At least greater than you.

I despise people who aren't as humble as me. Get you gone!

Enough of these provocations. I'll leave.

<nostalgic>

Oh, those were the days...

Hmm?

Uhm...nothing...

Hmm?

You won't be interested in it...

Hmm?

Well...the past...unfortunately I won't receive the EXPERIENCE...

Why do you need experience?

To remind the...music...and past. Think back so I may improve myself.

Why won't you receive experience?

YOUTH is much better than me, YOUTH deserves EXPERIENCE more than me. So I'll never get it.

That's pretty uninteresting. I'll leave you alone.

I need to go.

<save>

I want to be the one giving the commands. I want to be heard!

So?

Yes, so! All I need is more CONFIDENCE. CONFIDENCE I'll never get.

Why do you need confidence?

With more CONFIDENCE I'll be able to believe in myself and get my own role in this world.

Why won't you get confidence?

CONFIDENCE is reserved for FEAR. Only FEAR can make the best offer. I'm not good enough to compete against FEAR.

Alright, I'm off.

<Dialog Valor>

Leave me alone!

<aggressive>

Get out of my way, wimp!

Why so aggressive?

I want this VIOLENCE so badly, but this damned auctioneer won't give it to me!

Why do you need violence?

Although I'm filled with perfect attitudes the music reminds me that I'm lacking VIOLENCE. I need it just for the sake of completeness.

Why won't you receive violence?

The auctioneer said that VIOLENCE can only be conquered by LOVE. But I guess it's only a question of time till he'll find out that my offer of strength is much better.

Okay.

<nostalgic>

There must be more than this...

More than what?

More than all these heroic deeds. What about all these other feelings? Why aren't they available now? Did they exist in the past?

I don't know.

Me too. Only with more EXPERIENCE I'd be able to.

Which other feelings?

All these other feelings without a connection to bravery. I'd only be able to know them if I had more EXPERIENCE.

Other feelings than heroic ones?

All these feelings I've never heard about because of my lack of EXPERIENCE.

I have no idea what you are talking about. All these feelings are available to me.

Probably because you have more EXPERIENCE than me.

Why do you need experience?

Aren't you listening? To the music. And my words? I want to receive the EXPERIENCE of other feelings.

And you? Can't you gather experience?

The auctioneer decided that EXPERIENCE can only be received by the offer of YOUTH and not my offer of strength.

Better leave you alone with your thoughts.

<save>

Hope there will be enough people benefiting of my strength.

Sure there will.

But will there be enough to save? I'm craving for more CONFIDENCE, but fear there won't be any left.

Why do you need confidence?

Want to find out...want to know...need the security...and the music.

Why do you fear that there won't be any left?

Only FEAR can place a bidding high enough to get CONFIDENCE. The auctioneer said, that strength doesn't need more CONFIDENCE.

Probably there won't.

What if there will? I'm craving for more CONFIDENCE, but fear there won't be any left.

What are you talking about?

I'm craving for more CONFIDENCE, but fear there won't be any left.

I don't care. Farewell.

<Dialog Humor>

No time for joking around – need these traits!

<aggressive>

What is dumb, ugly and smells?

What?

It's a joke! And the answer is: YOU! HEHEHE!

Dunno.

You?

WRONG! It's YOU! HEHEHE!

Not funny...

Stop insulting me or you'll regret it...

Sorry, sorry! Didn't mean it in the offending style. I ought to prefer the humorous style, but it didn't work out. My skills in aggressive jokes still aren't that good.

Aggressive jokes?

Yes. Jokes where you need some VIOLENCE to tell them in a convenient way. Unfortunately I'll never receive it.

Why do you need violence?

As a perfect entertainer you need to cover a wide variety. For aggressive jokes I'll need VIOLENCE. VIOLENCE would be another milestone in my career as comedian.

Why won't you receive violence?

VIOLENCE is reserved for LOVE. It's a shame, because LOVE never will be such a grand entertainer as me!

I'll return when your sanity returns too.

<nostalgic>

So...what...an audience...waaahhh...ehm...

Hmm?

Oh...my...still...there...invent a joke...quick...erm...

What are you trying to do here?

Hmm?

Quick...invent...joke...joke...joke...joke...

Damn! No joke is available when I'm in desperate need of one! I must be the most inexperienced entertainer of all time!

Probably, yes.

I knew it! I knew it! If only I had more EXPERIENCE for my job! I know I'll never receive it... *sigh*

Every great entertainer has his blackouts...

Stop lying! Great entertainers are owning more EXPERIENCE, they don't have blackouts at all! But I'll never receive the EXPERIENCE...

You weren't THAT bad...

Why do you need experience?

Nothing is more valuable than EXPERIENCE when entering the stage and entertaining the audience!

Why won't you receive experience?

The auctioneer reserved EXPERIENCE only for YOUTH. A shame that YOUTH will never use it to entertain the masses!

You're feeling uncomfortable. I better go.

<save>

Am I entertaining?

Yes.

Unsure if you're talking the truth. If only I had more CONFIDENCE! But there will be none!

No.

I knew it! I knew it! If I had more CONFIDENCE I'd prove the opposite. But there will be none!

Why do you need confidence?

CONFIDENCE is the basic ingredient for being successful. I need to succeed as an entertainer, because it's my determination.

Why won't there be confidence?

CONFIDENCE is only reserved for FEAR. Not a good decision, because FEAR isn't a good entertainer at all!

What?

Just a single question: Am I entertaining?

I don't have the time for your pointless questions.

<Dialog Sadness>

We are all debating about senseless stuff and enjoying it! Me too! Isn't it ironical?

<aggressive>

Stop staring at me! Not everything is perfect...just vanish!

What's wrong?

Look! I'm not having a good time now. All I want you to is to leave me alone, okay?

Why?

I have to concentrate on bidding to finally get VIOLENCE. But I'm not feeling that well, because I won't receive what I'm craving for.

Why do you need violence?

All these annoying people asking stuff like "You look so sad, may I help?"...if I had more VIOLENCE I'd be able to let them stop asking such things.

Why won't you receive violence?

The auctioneer said that VIOLENCE is only reserved for LOVE. Sad story...

Hmm...okay.

<nostalgic>

If only I could remember...

Remember what?

I'm feelings sad, but don't know why and how. With more EXPERIENCE I'd be able to find the source of my depressions. But unfortunately I'll never receive it.

Why do you need experience?

I already told you. There's no reason to repeat it.

Why won't you receive experience?

Only YOUTH can get EXPERIENCE. What a shame...

This is making me far too depressive. I'll leave.

<save>

I...I...don't know if there's a pain...

What?

I don't know if I should be sad or not. If only I had more CONFIDENCE about my feelings. But there never will...

Why do you need confidence?

With CONFIDENCE I'd know how I should feel. Then I'd control my emotions in a better way.

Why won't you receive confidence?

Now only FEAR can gather CONFIDENCE. This is worrying me.

Alright, farewell!

<Dialog Diligence>

Away, away! Have to make the best offer!

<aggressive>

Do you own VIOLENCE? Yes or no?

What?

I need VIOLENCE, but can't afford it. If you don't own it, please vanish.

Why do you need violence?

I need everything! All the feelings! All of them! Just for being...complete.

Why can't you afford violence?

Afford, afford, afford. I won't afford it, I'll get it. From LOVE.

No.

Then there's no reason why I should talk to you.

I'm off.

<nostalgic>

Want to know all! Everything!

Hmmhmm...

If I could get just a little bit more EXPERIENCE. But I don't...

Why do you need experience?

EXPERIENCE for the knowledge. And I want to know everything.

Why won't you get experience?

Only YOUTH receives experience – I'll go and get it from her!

Uhm...whatever, bye!

<save>

Am I the perfection?

Sure you are.

I'm not so sure. Need the CONFIDENCE, but won't receive it!

Nobody can be the perfection.

I will! All I need is the CONFIDENCE! Unfortunately I won't receive it!

Why do you need confidence?

With more CONFIDENCE I am going to know that I'm the perfection!

Why won't you receive confidence?

Because CONFIDENCE is reserved for FEAR. I'll probably have to ask FEAR for CONFIDENCE then.

What?

This is just too stupid. I'll let you alone with your questions.

<Dialog Loyalty>

Promised to get these goods; no time for talk!

<aggressive>

My stranger, don't take me wrong, but I already took a promise.

A promise?

Which promise?

I promised myself to get some VIOLENCE. Even if I won't be able to fulfill it I only can take a single promise once.

Why do you need violence?

The music inspired me to gather some.

Why won't you be able to fulfill your promise?

Unfortunately VIOLENCE is promised to LOVE and I can see no possibility to change that.

Regarding to the auctioneer's promise EXPERIENCE is for YOUTH. I can't change it.

CONFIDENCE belongs to FEAR, because it's promised to FEAR. As long as I'm LOYALTY there won't be a way to gather it.

Alright, I'll leave.

Thank you for your understanding.

<nostalgic>

see above

<save>

see above

<Dialog Faith>

I believe I can get these traits. But only if I concentrate on bidding!

<aggressive>

All the people not believing into the aggression...

Which people?

What are you talking about?

Not your business. If I had more VIOLENCE you'd know what I'm talking about. VIOLENCE I'll never receive...

Uhm...I better leave.

<nostalgic>

<save>

<Dialog Love>

Your company is at least as uninteresting as these traits.

<aggressive>

Look how these fools fight for VIOLENCE. Even when they know that only I can receive it...

So you can purchase VIOLENCE?

Yes. In fact I'm the only trait being able to receive VIOLENCE.

Will you purchase VIOLENCE?

I'd love to, but there's a problem...

VIOLENCE... is so...

...unpredictable...

<Dialog Cecile>

...will always love you, darling...

...believe in your innocence...

...if you weren't that far away...

Why are you the only trait capable of receiving VIOLENCE?

The auctioneer says that I'm the only one who can handle such strong feelings. So it's only me who can get it.

Area transition → A Fading Love

<nostalgic>

What should I do with EXPERIENCE? I only need feelings.

<save>

Who cares about LOVE with CONFIDENCE? Wouldn't this be much too boring?

<Dialog Youth>

I'm the one everybody is craving for. Don't need you. Don't need traits.

<aggressive>

YOUTH needn't be poisoned with VIOLENCE that early!

<nostalgic>

No! No! I know I'm the only one who may receive it, but I want no EXPERIENCE! Keep away!

Why are you the only trait capable of receiving EXPERIENCE?

The auctioneer says that I'm the trait who needs it most. But I don't want it!

Why do you want no EXPERIENCE?

Look! I'm still so young...

...so young...

...so young...

<Dialog young Eric>

...is mom sleeping?

...dolly deserves the best mother in the world...

...then I'll smile like mom...

<save>

Ever seen a CONFIDENT youngster?

<Dialog Fear>

Not wanting your goods. Please...go.

<aggressive>

I'm much more sophisticated than VIOLENCE!

<nostalgic>

I don't need EXPERIENCE, I *am* an EXPERIENCE myself!

<save>

What should I do with CONFIDENCE, hmm? Need no CONFIDENCE although I'm the only trait being capable of receiving CONFIDENCE...

Why are you the only trait capable of receiving CONFIDENCE?

The auctioneer says I'm the only trait being able to handle CONFIDENCE. Probably because I can't lose fear when I'm FEAR myself.

Why don't you need CONFIDENCE?

FEAR needs no CONFIDENCE...

<Dialog Queen>

...these creeeatooor but sssstil a sssservannnt...

...feeeed me wittttth a corppsssee...

...everrrrything issss breakinggg apppparrrrrt...

Area transition → Reminding Madness

<Dialog Music>

The man doesn't seem to take notice of your presence.

Hello?

Erm...

Talk, just talk. I'm listening.

Who are you?

What are you doing here?

What's going on here?

I'm the music. The music floating the room.

Nice to meet you. I'm <name>, prince / princess of Alisence.

The man doesn't respond.

So you're some kind of personalized music, eh?

No. I'm only the music.

What is your job as...music?

I'm floating the room. Transferring feelings.

Transferring feelings?

Yes. Feelings which are dramatic. Feelings which are reminding. Feelings which are securing.
And no feelings at all.

Which feelings are you transferring now?

No feelings, cause there is no music.

Drama. They're feeling aggressive.

Remembrance. They're feeling nostalgic.

Security. They're feeling save.

Who is "they"?

The listeners. The audience. My existence.

Dramatic feelings?

The opera. All the loud, male voices creating the drama.

Reminding feelings?

Classical swing. Lay back, relax, take off your shoes and think back to better times.

Secure feelings?

Classical music. All the instruments relaxing the soul.

No feelings?

Silence. Concentrate on your own business, there are no feelings for others.

Go away.

<Dialog auctioneer>

Today to offer: Violence! Experience! Confidence! And then – very special – Innocence!

Back again, young man / lady?

Who are you?

I'm the auctioneer of feelings. Is there a way I can help?

Tell me about yourself.

There's not much to talk about. I've been created to handle feelings.

How do you handle feelings?

When a feeling loses connection to a trait, I hold an auction to dispose them again. This is the task I fulfill till the end of time.

Who created you?

Probably the person owning all these traits, but...I have no idea. I...have just been there all the time.

That's all I wanted to know about you.

Let's move back to some other questions.

What's going on here?

This is a pool of traits. Traits belong to feelings. But sometimes traits lose the connection to their feelings. So I'm offering and reconnecting feelings here.

What are you doing here?

I hold auctions to sell feelings which have no current connection to traits.

Tell me about the offered feelings.

There are violence, experience and confidence! When all three are sold I'm going to offer innocence too!

How can I purchase one of these?

You can't. Except for innocence all of them can only be acquired by traits.

Why?

Violence, experience and confidence are feelings! And feelings can only be purchased by traits. But innocence is a state. States can be purchased by everybody.

Traits?

You must be blind, if you can't see them. They are everywhere in this room!

Tell me about violence.

Violence is a very dangerous feeling. I may only offer it to a trait which may handle all the aggressions. And the only one redundantly defeating these strong feelings is love. Only love can purchase violence. Not you. No other trait.

Tell me about experience.

Experience is a feeling, I only give to traits which need it most. And this is clearly youth: Still so young and inexperienced. Unlike you. And the other traits.

Tell me about confidence.

Confidence is a relaxing but also dangerous feeling: If you're too confident you may lose fear. So the only trait I trust in handling confidence is fear itself.

Tell me about innocence.

Innocence is unlike the others not a feeling. I'll only dispose it, when I sold the other feelings. But I fear no one is interested in innocence, because it's a state and not a feeling.

Enough of the offers, let's talk about something different.

Keep on doing what you're doing...

Things to auction: violence, experience, confidence, innocence

Love – incapable of violence

Youth – incapable of experience

Fear – incapable of confidence

Spirit, Wisdom, Humility, Valor, Humor, Sadness, Diligence, Loyalty, Faith

A Fading Love

<Dialog Cecile>

Your eyes were fascinating me.

All the sadness, all the pain.

All the doubts, all the burdens.

But you still made it.

Tried to make the best of it.

And still struggling for life.

Betrayal

<Dialog Madeleine, Anna, Eric>

<Madeleine>

Very soon my husband will return again. Very soon.

<Anna>

<name>! What are you doing here?

<Eric>

He / She is old enough to cope with such situations! Leave him / her alone!

<Anna>

Eric, I guess your brother / sister can talk for himself / herself!

<Eric>

I fear not, mother. Remember <name>'s stories about these “nightmares”?

<Madeleine>

Those are my husband's “nightmares”. I know the procedures on a sane mind...

<Anna>

Which stories?

<Eric>

Just keep an eye on him. He's acting weird.

The Ocean of Tears

Dark, blue, underwater-style, after every sentence Sara vanishes and appears on other places.

<Dialog You>

Humidity is so high that it's very hard to breathe. Your body is turning totally wet and you're feeling as you're going to drown.

<Dialog mother - Sara>

What are you doing here, son / daughter?

You can't turn back the time.

Feeling haunted of the old stories?

Where are the others?

This is not a good place for the living.

Are you here to rescue me?

Nevermind, it's too late!

Murderer!

Eric's Innocence

<Skaar>

Subject is reacting.

<Eric>

Who did this?

Is there nothing we can do?

<Skaar>

Subject is fainting.

Your Innocence

<Skaar>

Subject is reacting.

<Gabriel>

(<http://www.cin.org/users/jgallegos/anoint.htm>)

O God who sanctifiest this oil as

Thou dost grant unto all who are anointed

and receive of it the hallowing where with

Thou didst anoint kings and priests and prophets,

so grant that it may give strength to all that taste of it

and health to all that use it.

<Skaar>

Subject is struggling.

Queen's Innocence

<Skaar>

Subject is reacting.

<Mother - Sara>

Who's there?

Who's there?

Can't see anybody approaching!

<name>!

You again?

Why did you return?

Leave!

This isn't a place for the living!

Leave and return where you came from!

It's too soon!

You're still young!

Much too young...

<Skaar>

Subject is feeling pain.

Three Corpses: "A Vote, A Wake"

The Hive (Three corpses)

<Dialog Queen>

Thaaaank you for your assssistance, sssservant! Skaar has been disssspelled. Now the hive is turninggg ssssstronger again but hasssn't been totally restorrred yet.

What else should I do to restore the hive?

Skaar is gone but the huntersss, the breeders and the servaaantsssss are all stillll unproductive. The hive can only be restorrred when all thrrreee races turn sane again and continnue theirrr worrrk.

How will they regain their sanity?

They need sssstrengthhh; they need food to regain sssstrength, they need a corpse to gathhherrr food. Brrring us threeee corpses for the threeeee different racesss. If I weren't too weaaaak for thissss assssignment I'd do it by myself, but I guessss this is your tassssk now.

My task? I already did far enough for this hive!

What an interessting (but yet desssstructive) point of viiiieew. If you everrr want to sorrrt yourself out it's absolutely necesssary for you to continue repaiiiring the hive.

Sort myself out? What do you mean by that?

Your sudden arrrrrival claiiiiims that you're in troubbble. Doesn't all theeeese events occur ssssstrange to you?

What do you know about my arrival?

It seems that you know far more than me. Tell me everything you know about me and the hive!

I don't knooow what you're assssking, but you're definitely gathhherring for the wrooong informationsssss. Let'ssss talk about something elsssse. I can't help you herrrr.

Why can't you help me?

As I ssssaid...I can't help you in tassssks where I don't know anything abouuuut. Now let's talk about something elsssse.

You don't want to help me, right?

Okay, okay, I'll look after these three corpses. Where should I find them?

Great. Where should I get these three corpses?

I have no ideeea. You won't find them here in the hive. Jussst look around...

Let's talk about something else.

I'll return with the corpses you need.

Thesssse are not the corpses for me but for my subjectss. Anyway...thank you for your help, sssservant.

I found a corpse.

Exxxxxcellent. Brrring it to the dronnne of many colors.

Where can I find the drone of many colors?

<directions>

I have other questions.

Assssk, servant.

I'm on my way.

<Dialog Drone of Many Colors>

Mylord / Mylady?

What else should I do to rescue the hive?

I have no idea. Go and ask the queen.

We need corpses and feed them to the hunters, breeders and servants to restore the hive.

Alright, master. Simply bring them to me and I'll prepare them for your needs.

I found a corpse.

Excellent. Just give it to me and I'll do the rest.

[give Dandre]

<Corpse Dandre>

I'm roleplaying a corpse!

[give Omero]

<Corpse Omero>

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[give Sara]

<Corpse Sara>

I accidentally dropped it into the lake. I need to get her hair dry.

[Leave]

Twinkling Sunray: New Reign Eve – Marketplace

<Dialog Scarecrow>

You want to attend New Reign Eve, right? Sorry to disappoint you, but the festival will start tomorrow.

New Reign Eve?

You don't know New Reign Eve? It's Twinkling Sunray's festival celebrated for our new elected mayor Amber.

Why is there a festival?

We're celebrating the change of Twinkling Sunray's politics. Now we're reigned by ourselves. To declare this event as something special we're holding a festival.

Who will attend New Reign Eve?

Everybody of Twinkling Sunray's high society. And of course the artists who will perform for them.

Where does the name "New Reign Eve" come from?

Isn't it clear? New Reign Eve is the evening where we celebrate the new reign of our new elected mayor so we simply named it after that.

Let's talk about something else.

What are you doing here?

I'm checking that only people with invitations and people on the guest-list are entering the festival. But don't worry <name>, you helped my with my little crow-problem, I'll let you get in for free.

Oh...well...farewell.

< Jasper>

More light, more light for the stage!

<Marble>

For what?

No, still more light!

Don't you listen? More light!

Mooooorreeee light!

To what...

Did I say less light? I don't think so!

With your dumb suggestions the actors won't see anything...

<Dialog Jasper>

Sorry, <name>, we don't have time for talking. We need to prepare the stage!

<Victoria>

Get **this**, dirt!

Haha, cleaning is fun!

Clean, clean, clean, clean, clean!

I'm playing the cleanolino, haha!

<Dialog Victoria>

Don't disturb me cleaning the stage, <name>! It has to be totally tidy!

<Dialog Omero, Jiluet>

<Jiluet>

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make die with a restorative.

<interruption 1>

<Jiluet> No! I won't kiss you!

<Omero> Why not? I'm a fabulous kisser!

<Jiluet> How will you know? You've never kissed anybody before!

<Omero> How will you judge? You've never kissed anybody either!

<Jiluet> I'm nervous about kissing. There are so many reasons why we shouldn't.

<Omero> As a gifted kisser I can dispel all of your doubts. Just...start!

<Jiluet> Kissing?

<Omero> No!

<Jiluet> Fine!

<Omero> Wait...no!

<Jiluet> What else?

<Omero> **sigh** I meant doubts. List your doubts.

<Jiluet> Okay: We're much too young!

<Omero> You're never too young to kiss!

<Jiluet> And you're a corpse too!

<Omero> Well, nobody is perfect.

<Jiluet> And overall it's disgusting!

<Omero> True love ought not to be disgusting at all.

<Jiluet> So...are we in love now?

<Omero> We should be, these are our roles.

<Jiluet> Hmm...then...

<Omero> Yes?

<Jiluet> ...I guess...

<Omero> Yes?

<Jiluet> A little kiss ain't be *that* bad.

<Omero> Yes!

<Jiluet> But if I get pregnant it's all your fault!

<Omero> Well...then...let's better postpone this kissing-scene and rehearse the whole scene once again...

<interruption 2>

<Omero> Ouch!

<Jiluet> What now ?

<Omero> The stage floor is much too uncomfortable for lying around the whole time.

<Jiluet> Can we go on?

<Omero> Yes, yes, never mind.

<interruption 3>

<Omero> Wait!

<Jiluet> Yes?

<Omero> I'm feeling a little bit uncomfortable.

<Jiluet> You're a corpse. They are used to feel uncomfortable.

<Omero> Oh, alright.

<interruption 4>

<Omero> Look, over there!

<Jiluet> Hmm?

<Omero> Just wanted to test your concentration.

<Jiluet> And?

<Omero> You failed.

<Jiluet> Sorry.

<Omero> Okay, once again!

<interruption 5>

<Omero> A...A...A...Atschu!

<Jiluet> Stop ruining my rehearsals!

<Omero> It's all your fault! I'm allergic to inability!

<Jiluet> Can we start once again?

<Omero> Whenever you want.

<interruption 6>

<Omero> Ouch!

<Jiluet> Why are you ruining my rehearsals again?

<Omero> My back is killing me...

<Jiluet> Too late. You're a corpse, remember?

<Omero> Oh, right.

<interruption 7>

<Omero> Uhm...hmmm...

<Jiluet> Yes?

<Omero> What was my text again?

<Jiluet> In this play corpses don't talk.

<Omero> Oh, okay.

<Dialog Willa>

What now?

Not interested in the rehearsals for "Omero and Jiluet"?

I invested months of my life in writing and really don't have the nerves to see these "actors" ruining all my efforts.

Are they that bad?

Bad? Bad would be a much too nice word for *that*! Just look at them! They're destructing all the scenes of drama and love with their amateurish stuttering and tomorrow will be the premiere! Even as a writer I really don't have a phrase describing what they are doing to me and my reputation!

Couldn't you choose different actors for your play?

Yes, of course! In fact it was all my fault: I made the terrible mistake to give the roles to kids, who were fitting the actors of my play optically best without taking care of their talents!

When I found out that they are just terrible actors it was already too late! In my current work I'll make everything better! I'll make castings for the roles!

What are you working on?

I'm seeking for ideas I could use for my musical.

Which musical are you writing on?

I don't know yet. I'm still collecting ideas.

Should I contribute some ideas?

If you give me a few keywords, I can probably find a basic direction in which my musical may progress.

Love?

My play takes the audience on a romantic fairy-tale of a girl and a boy proving the existence of everlasting love.

What a boring musical! Where is the action?

Drama?

My play takes the audience into a story twisted by the character's differences and misunderstandings leading to the inevitable, also sorrowful end.

I've already done something like that before. I want create something new!

Comedy?

My play will take the audience on a weird and bizarre trip filled with very strange characters.

Hmmm...that might turn into something interesting. Who should be the main character of this musical?

A clown?

Okay...it should be comedy...but not in *that* way, okay? Any other suggestions?

A prince / princess?

A prince on a weird and bizarre trip...sounds promising...which other characters do you want to be involved?

A queen?

The queen...reigning the kingdom and giving basic directions to the plot...good idea! Any more characters you'd like to contribute?

A pawn?

The pawn...just part of the gigantic chess-board, unimportant, but still not predictable.

A scarecrow?

The scarecrow...in my musical the scarecrow will be scared of crows, because this conflict might turn into something interesting...

A villain?

The villain...hmm...I'll call the villain throughout the play the stranger, that he is what he is: strange.

A artist?

Oh...artists...painting pictures, creating music, writing their own tales...nice thought!

A mayor?

The mayor...turns into elections turns into conflict turns into something interesting!

A victim?

The victim...should it be a important character turning dead or the main character self?
Overall a nice idea.

I really can't think of more characters.

Okay...the last thing I need to know is a working title. Any suggestions here?

Asylum?

Yes! Perfect! This was everything I needed. Thanks a lot, I'll immediately start writing on Asylum!

Prince's Wacky Adventures?

This title sounds...dumb. Other suggestions, please.

Trauma?

Hmm...I think this title is too...negative.

A Beautiful Nightmare?

This title doesn't make many sense. Don't you think so?

Valley of Angels?

Sorry, the result will never be as good as this title.

Nobody?

Not a good idea. I prefer main characters, who can be used as the play's identification figures.
Any other suggestions?

You?

Me? Ha! As the writer I'm already owning the biggest part of influence, designing the main character after me would be pretty boring then. Please give me a better suggestion.

An old, mad man?

Hmm...no...I don't want the story be designed for an old, mad man. It would be just to...gross.

A dog?

I don't want the musical to end up as a unbelievable fairy-tale.

A young lady?

I want more...experience.

Fantasy?

My play takes the audience from the tiniest of villages into a sweeping tale of danger and war, chronicling the rise from a peasant to a full-fledged hero of the Realms, defending it against one of the greatest threats of the age.

What a bunch of nonsense!

I'm tired of thinking about your musical.

Won't disturb you any longer...

<Willa>

Silence! I'm writing on Asylum!

<Dialog Clefare, Marcus, Serena>

<Clefare> Sunray, Sunray this is the anthem for you! Oh Sunray, Sunray, Twinkling night and day!

<Clefare> Sunray, Sunray this is the anthem for you! Oh Sunray, Sunray, Twinkle, Twinkle and celebrate our stay!

<Clefare> Sunray, Sunray, I like you much! Inhabitants, nature and such! Twinkling bright as all the stars outshining all of our scars!

<Clefare> Sunray, Sunray, I like you much! The mayor, the fresh air and such! Twinkling bright as diamonds evicting all the vagabonds!

<Clefare> Twinkling Sunray twinkles the night, Twinkling Sunray is our light! Brighter than a thousand suns, louder than a thousand guns!

<Clefare> Twinkling Sunray twinkles the night, Twinkling Sunray is alright! Brighter than all the lights, louder than a thousand fights!

<Clefare> Bright as the night...

<Marcus> N...n...ight? I am s...s...scared in th...the da...dark!

<Clefare> Not unknown...

<Marcus> U...u...unkown? Uhhhh...

<Clefare> Full of spirits...

<Marcus> S...s...spi...spirits? I ha...ha...hate gho...ghosts!

<Clefare> Nowhere...

<Marcus> N...no...nowhere? I'm lost!

<Clefare> Shine and come...

<Marcus> W...who's c...c...c...coming? S...scary!

<Clefare> With pride...

<Marcus> N...n...noooooo!

<Clefare> Hmm...seemed to be too much of a requiem again.

<Clefare> I'll rewrite this.

<Clefare> What about this one?

<Clefare> You are right. It has to be much brighter.

<Clefare> Not happy enough, right?

<Dialog Clefare>

Why are you disturbing this creative process?

What are you doing here?

I'm still trying to compose an anthem for Twinkling Sunray. But now with the help of this little boy!

Why should Marcus be a help for you?

Marcus helps me avoiding that my composition turns into a requiem again because he doesn't like any unhappy words at all. In fact he's pretty much scared of everything unhappy.

How's work going?

It would progress much better if you'd stop disturbing us.

Keep on being creative.

<Dialog Marcus>

S...s...sorry, sir / ma'am, I have n...n...no time fo...for talk.

Twinkling Sunray: New Reign Eve – Museum

<Dialog Mayor Amber>

Sssshhh...

Hmm?

What are you doing here?

I'm enjoying the art. The art I saved as supportive mayor.

The art? Shouldn't you look after the village?

I guess they can look after themselves very well. I only want to enjoy these pictures for a while. It has been much too long since Jade closed down the museum.

Which picture are you looking at?

It's called "The Ocean of Tears". A very inspiring painting created by Pedro.

Why are you looking at this picture?

It's sad and empty, but also filled with emotions. And I like the artist's style.

"The Ocean of Tears"?

It's about two brothers mourning and crying so much that they fill an ocean of tears. I like the sad message capturing the caducity of life. <next> Totally immersing.

Area transition → Ocean of Tears

Pedro is painting pictures for the museum?

He did till Jade closed it down. But I think that since it has been reopened he'll continue working for the museum.

Enough of pictures. Let's talk about something else.

How is the mayor-business going?

Boring. In the first week nobody needed my services and now they are preparing for New Reign Eve. Not even Jade is around to imitate me...

Better leave you alone.

Thank you.

The Ocean of Tears

<Dialog Young Pedro>

snief

What's wrong, kid?

Blue color...need a blue color!

A blue color?

Imagine: "The Ocean of Tears" without blue color? Impossible!

"The Ocean of Tears"?

I...already finished almost everything except the ocean and a few details...

Why don't you paint the details first?

Why should I when I know that I can't finish the picture anyway?

Just paint the details. I'll find a way that you can finish your picture.

Will you promise it?

Of course!

Okay...then...I already painted these two kids...hmmm...and...hmmm...style...what other stuff...lot of questions...hmmm...

You seem to be a little helpless, do you need any suggestions for your painting?

I guess I need some directions for my art. So...please give some suggestions...

Regarding to the stuff you already painted...

I only painted the surface and the two kids. But both are finished. All I probably need are names for the two kids...

What about Ron?

Tim?

Dave?

Michael?

Orson?

Steve?

Okay...and what about the second kid?

What about Feargus?

Ray?

Greg?

James?

Kevin?

Mark?

Daniel?

Enough of names...

Regarding to the style...

I'm pretty unsure if I should attend a bright or dark style to this picture.

I'd prefer the bright style.

I'd use the dark style.

I really don't care.

Hmmm...I'll give it a try...

Regarding to the stuff you will paint...

I still have no idea...please give me a few suggestions...

What about a raven?

A chicken?

A dog?

A corpse?

Enough of these suggestions...

Forget about it, kid.

Why don't you paint something different?

What are you doing here?

Painting on "The Ocean of Tears", but...but...but...bohohohoho...

Can't help you here...

<Dialog Ismael>

I'm the winner!

I love breeding eggs.

<Dialog Fido>

I love tricking the birdcage.

<Dialog Carmen>

I love flying above abysses.

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 – start1>

<Boy1>

All we need to do is to wait.

<Boy2>

And then?

<Boy1>

Then she'll re-emerge again.

<Boy2>

I don't think so.

<Boy1>

But I do. (repeat)

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 – start2>

<Boy1>

Are we still waiting for her?

<Boy2>

Yes.

<Boy1>

Let's stop waiting. It's just a waste of time.

<Boy2>

I don't think so.

<Boy1>

But I do. (repeat)

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 – start3>

<Boy1>

I fear she won't return...

<Boy2>

She will. There's always hope.

<Boy1>

No. We've just been waiting much too long.

<Boy2>

I don't think so.

<Boy1>

But I do. (repeat)

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 - bright>

<Boy1>

Pretty bright, huh?

<Boy2>

No.

<Boy1>

Yes! (repeat)

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 - dark>

<Boy1>

Help! I turned blind!

<Boy2>

You didn't. It's just dark again.

<Boy1>

No, no! I turned blind!

<Boy2>

You didn't.

<Boy1>

I did! (repeat)

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 – chicken>

<Boy1>

Look, what a nice chicken!

<Boy2>

I hate chickens...

<Ismael>

I'm an experienced commander on the battlefield!

<Boy1>

It did...talk!

<Boy2>

No, it didn't!

<Boy1>

But...it did! (repeat)

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 – dog>

<Boy1>

Cute! I love dogs!

<Boy2>

Dogs bite and smell...

<Fido>

I'm supporting the new generation of whippets.

<Boy1>

It did...talk again!

<Boy2>

You're mad! Animals don't talk!

<Boy1>

They do!

<Boy2>

No, they don't! (repeat)

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 – raven>

<Boy1>

What a beautiful bird it is!

<Boy2>

Birds are violating my airspace.

<Carmen>

I'm the dream of every designer.

<Boy1>

All the animals here talk!

<Boy2>

Stop telling such nonsense!

<Boy1>

But all the animals are talking

<Boy2>

They don't!

<Boy1>

They do! (repeat)

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 – corpse, dark>

<Boy1>

Something appeared!

<Boy2>

I haven't seen anything.

<Boy1>

I heard that something appeared!

<Boy2>

As long as it's dark I won't see anything and so nothing appeared.

<Boy1>

But it did!

<Boy2>

No, it didn't!

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 – corpse, bright>

<Boy1>

I...i...it's her!

<Boy2>

Sara?

<Boy1>

Sara?

<Boy2>

She doesn't respond!

<Boy1>

What happened to you, Sara?

<Boy2>

She doesn't respond!

<Boy1>

Sara?

<Boy2>

She doesn't respond! She doesn't respond!

<Boy1>

Why aren't you talking to us, Sara?

<Boy2>

She's...dead.

<Boy1>

Dead.

(crying, filling the Ocean of Tears)

<Dialog Boy1, Boy2 - talking>

Hello?

This is a pretty interesting place...

<Boy2>

I agree. It is!

<Boy1>

Don't listen to him. Pretty uninteresting.

<Boy2>

Don't listen to him. It's a very interesting place to be.

<Boy1>

No, don't listen to him!

<Boy2>

Don't listen to him!

Could you please stop arguing?

<Boy1>

That's nearly impossible. He's always provoking me.

<Boy2>

No, he's always provoking me.

<Boy1>

He's lying!

<Boy2>

No, he's lying! (repeat)

Why are you always arguing?

<Boy1>

I never want to end our conversation like that, but he's giving me no choice.

<Boy2>

No, I never want our conversations end like that – he's giving me no choice.

<Boy1>

No, he's giving me no choice! (repeat)

What are you boys doing here?

<Boy1>

We're seeking for Sara.

<Boy2>

We're just sitting around and waiting for her arrival. Do you call **that** seeking?

<Boy1>

Basically we already looked nearly everywhere and now are waiting till she come by herself.

<Boy2>

Well, I guess basically you are already too lazy to continue seeking...

<Boy1>

I'm not lazy. I'm never lazy!

<Boy2>

Indeed you are!

<Boy1>

No, I'm not! (repeat)

Better leave you alone.

<Young Pedro>

Hooray!

That's great!

Ladies and Gentlemen, here it is: The Lake of Tears!

Twinkling Sunray: New Reign Eve – The Artists

<Dialog Pedro, Jade>

<Pedro> Beautiful senorita, I need more hair!

<Pedro> Just hold your breath a few minutes, need to catch this fabulous face expression!

<Pedro> I'm scared of going blind. Could you be less beautiful?

<Pedro> Become one with the sun.

<Pedro> Could you give me this one special face expression again?

<Jade> Like that?

<Jade> Good enough?

<Jade> Do you like it?

<Pedro> Excellent.

<Pedro> You're really an artist's inspiration!

<Pedro> Never worked with such a beautiful woman.

<Pedro> Very professional!

<Dialog Pedro>

Don't you see I'm working with beautiful women?

What are you painting on?

It's still my picture of the sunrise but now there's a beautiful, real woman leading my inspirations.

Jade is your inspiration?

After all her exhausting political ambitions it's a big honor for me to have the possibility to paint her.

Why do you paint Jade and not other girls?

Unlike all the other senoritas Jade is mature and very grown-up for her young age. I love working with aspiring youngsters.

How did you convince Jade being your model? I thought she hates art...

I didn't need much of convincing, I only showed her that women in paintings will remain forever young. So Jade really likes my drawings, but only hates the works of adults.

Enough of Jade. Let's talk about something else.

Do you still need the yellow color?

Of course. It's the only way to draw the sun in an appropriate way. Do you have it?

Not yet.

What will I get if I give it to you?

You'll receive the instrument of a painter. So...do you have some yellow color for me?

Yes, please take it.

Let's talk about something else.

Sorry, didn't mean to disturb you.

<Dialog Figaro, Vanilla, Antoinette>

<Figaro> This is great!

<Figaro> Awesome!

<Figaro> Wonderful!

<Figaro> Beautiful!

<Figaro> I'm loving it!

<Vanilla> Thanks.

<Vanilla> I really appreciate that.

<Vanilla> Thanks a lot.

<Vanilla> This was the intention.

<Vanilla> I like it too.

<Antoinette> Fine, darling. But we should practice for the opening dance...

<Antoinette> Could you please stop directing your personal sculptor? We need to practice some dancing...

<Antoinette> It'd be more important to be prepared for the opening dance...

<Antoinette> Oh, darling, if we don't stop practicing dancing now we'll be blamed!

<Antoinette> I know that you love sculptors, but now we need to start practicing for the dance!

<Figaro> Dance, dance, dance. Is this all you care about? I'm having some important business here!

<Figaro> A single dance will last an evening, but a sculpture will last till eternity. So what's more important?

<Figaro> Look, honey: I don't have the time for your stupid dancing lessons now!

<Figaro> First I want Vanilla to finish the sculpture.

<Figaro> Later, okay?

<Vanilla> Should we stop?

<Vanilla> Are you sure we should continue?

<Vanilla> Don't you want to take a little break?

<Vanilla> So...should I continue now?

<Vanilla> Wouldn't it be better to have some dancing lessons?

<Figaro> Please continue. She's just a little hysteric...that's all.

<Figaro> It's okay. First I want the sculpture to be finished.

<Figaro> Keep on working. I don't want to waste time on dancing now.

<Figaro> I'll make the lessons when you've finished your work, okay?

<Figaro> Go on. I give the orders and not my wife.

<Dialog Vanilla>

Sorry, stranger. I have no time to talk.

<Dialog Figaro>

Not now! I have to finish...

<Antoinette>

...the sculptures! The sculptures! The sculptures!

<Figaro>

Look! We'll go dancing, darling, but...

<Antoinette>

Yes, yes, yes, I know...the sculptures are more important than me...

<Figaro>

You know that this is not true, darling...

<Antoinette>

I know that you're lying!

<Figaro>

No, but...

Darling, look...

I...

There...

Wait, I...

Wait, there...

Darling...

I have to...

<Antoinette>

Why don't you go and talk to your sculptures?

Then go and waste your time with your fabulous sculptures!

Why don't you treat me as respectful as your sculptures?

There's always "Tumblestone, Rockstock, Tasselmay, what should I do?" the whole day long!
I can't hear it any longer!

Why didn't you marry one of your sculptures?

What do these sculptures have what I don't have?

Do you like your sculptures, because they do what you want?

Go and talk to your sculptures about that, maybe they are listening!

What are you doing the whole day with your sculptures?

If you'd spend at least half of your time with me instead of your sculptures I'd be pleased!

<Vanilla>

Should I continue?

Should I leave?

<Antoinette>

SHUT UP!

SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

<Vanilla>

We should better leave them alone.

<Dialog Jekyll>

Sir / Ma'am, unless you don't have any other requests please make it short. A lot of work to do!

What are you working on?

Because of New Reign Eve there is lot of business to do. People want to look as beautiful as possible when the new mayor is officially announced. And the actors of Omero and Jiluet want their costumes too! A lot of work for a single tailor!

Requests?

As long as Miss de March is busy with her preparations I want to take my chance in working on as many requests as possible.

Why don't you concentrate on your work as a tailor and stop working for Antoinette instead?

I...can't.

Why?

It's a sad, complicated story. I fear I don't have the time to tell you everything about it. Maybe later, okay?

I have a request.

Excellent, sir / ma'am! I'm willing to do as much work as possible! But before we start I have to ask you...how much are you willing to pay?

I can't pay anything. Won't I get it for free?

You must be joking, sir / ma'am! Fashion is very expensive. If you don't have an appropriate offer we can't get into business.

What if we are swapping clothes? Mines for your fashioned work!

Sorry, sir / ma'am. I can't think of anybody who wants to wear such clothes on New Reign Eve. If you don't find a better solution I fear we have to stop our negotiations.

On second thoughts I don't have a request anyway.

Okay. If there's anything else you want to know please keep it short. There are a lot of clothes which needs to be done!

All the best for your...work.

Thank you, sir / ma'am!

Asylum: Rest Rooms

Dandre's corpse is lying on the chessboard.

<Dialog Carl>

...dead as a king...

...now we are all mourning...

...till there is no life after...

...while asking for lunch...

...and the elephants will dance...

...and they still dance...

...on the midsummer night...

...another corpse in another corpse...

..."Don't trust the spies!", I told them...

..."Why are spiders always laying eggs?", the king of spiders asked...

...so far I'm not concerned...

...but in afterlife we will...

...we will, we will, we all will!...

...so we burnt the brooms but not the witches...

...towards his decent skin...
...the dots we like to share...
...praying misery...
...where we took all our hands...
...and threw them against the walls...
...but not as beautiful as the Valley of Angels...
...where the gems were glancing...
...and so did I!...
...where all are intruders...
...disturbing the peace of the village...
...I don't like corpses very much...
...so all the best...
...so far...
...the king is dead, long live the king...
...to whom it may concern...
...deep in my nostrils...
...a last chance is all he needed...
...for eternal love...
...we all go circles! Circles!...
...that far!...
...to show me your goods!...
...while they knew how to dance...
...no...
...not yet...
...warming his feet in a tiled stove...
...so all we need is a compromise...
...while both were sitting on the desk...
...and drink coffee...
...during waiting for the books...
...and other goods...
...no way ever after...

<Dialog Gabriel – Prayer 1>

I am the bread of life.

Whoever comes to me will never be hungry,
and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty.

But I said to you that you have seen me and yet do not believe.

Everything that the Father gives me will come to me,
and anyone who comes to me I will never drive away;
for I have come down from heaven, not to do my own will,
but the will of him who sent me.

And this is the will of him who sent me,
that I should lose nothing of all that he has given me,
but raise it up on the last day.

This is indeed the will of my Father,

that all who see the Son and believe in him may have eternal life;
and I will raise them up on the last day.

<Dialog Gabriel – Prayer 2>

Do not let your hearts be troubled.
Believe in God, believe also in me.
In my Father's house there are many dwelling places.
If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you?
And if I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come again and will take you to myself,
so that where I am, there you may be also.
And you know the way to the place where I am going.
I am the way, and the truth, and the life.
No one comes to the Father except through me.

<Dialog Gabriel – Prayer 3>

For I am convinced that neither death,
nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present,
nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth,
nor anything else in all creation,
will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

<Dialog Gabriel – Prayer 4>

Death has been swallowed up in victory.
Where, O death, is your victory?
Where, O death, is your sting?
The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law.
But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.
Therefore, my beloved, be steadfast, immovable,
always excelling in the work of the Lord,
because you know that in the Lord your labour is not in vain.

<Dialog Gabriel – Prayer 5>

See, the home of God is among mortals.
He will dwell with them;
they will be his peoples,
and God himself will be with them;
he will wipe every tear from their eyes.
Death will be no more;
mourning and crying and pain will be no more,
for the first things have passed away.

<Dialog Gabriel>

If we have died with him, we shall also live with him.

What happened to Dandre?

He has risen, he is not here.

What do you mean by that?

The Resurrection - Whoever hears my word and believes him who sent me, has eternal life!

Is he dead?

The love of the Lord never ceases, yet the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God.

Why is Dandre lying on the chessboard?

Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words
which the Lord of hosts hath sent in his spirit by the former prophets: therefore came a great
wrath from the Lord of hosts.

Sorry, what?

Lo, mine eye hath seen all this, mine ear hath heard and understood it.

What are you doing here?

Receive, I pray thee, the law from his mouth, and lay up his words in thine heart.

Keep on...praying...

Wherefore, Job, I pray thee, hear my speeches, and hearken to all my words.

<Dialog Sabrina>

My love is gone, I'm feeling alone

No hope to face, no hope to see

Oh Lord, why are you tormenting me?

What are you writing on?

People should recall his name

I'm writing on Dandre's requiem

Why are you writing on a requiem?

Need to master my emotions

and avoid the feeling's auctions.

But how can I explain the maddening pain in a requiem?

What happened to Dandre?

My love is gone, I'm feeling alone

Tell me: How can I explain the maddening pain in a requiem?

Why are you writing on a requiem?

In order to master my emotions

and avoid the feeling's auctions

People should recall his name

I'm writing on Dandre's requiem

Why are you expressing your pain in a requiem?

My love is gone, I'm feeling alone

I'm trusting pen and paper

in fighting my soul's raper

I have no idea.

I need to go.

My love is gone, I'm feeling alone

Better return in the tower again

and continue writing on Dandre's requiem.

Asylum: Basement

<Dialog Dragonis>

What happened to Dandre?

Hmm...Dandre? Who's Dandre? A powerful dragon doesn't know anything about any Dandres!

<Dialog Yeown>

What happened to Dandre?

Arr...he obviously moved to Davy Jones's Locker. Poor guy. Must have been those evil creatures!

Which creatures now?

Arr...long time ago we were burgling the governor's house and kidnapping his daughter. And as we were sitting in the SS Hat and threatening the governor's daughter with our barkers suddenly we all felt sick.

Why did you kidnap the governor's daughter?

Arr...that's pirate-business you won't savvy, landlubber! Blunt, fame and grog!

What happened?

It was the curse! Arr...the cat had been taken out of its bag – we name it the curse of the governor's daughter!

You all turned sick because of a curse?

Aye!

Which curse?

Legends say that if a pirate kidnaps a woman and the moon is currently enjoying her beautifulness, it will take revenge and curse the whole crew! Arrgh!

What happened next?

Arr...the pain got unbearable worse. We all were lying on the deck, crying while being convulsed with pain. Of course it was easy for the governor's daughter to escape! Arrgh!

Why was there this unbearable pain?

Arr...I guess the curse made us allergic to the moonlight. Every time when we are confronted with the moonlight we are all feeling this terrible pain again!

So? End of story?

Arr...one last remark: Every time you hear a howling in moonlight...these are not wolves...these are cursed pirates! <next> Arr...end of story!

I'm not interested in your cock-and-bull stories.

You call a man of honor a liar? Leave or I'll crush ye barnacles!

Lights (Showdown)

Audience (The Race) – Innocence (Twinkling Sunray) – Violence (Three Corpses)

Audience-Part (solve puzzle + turn into Queen)

Bring Keys into correct order: (audience, Madeleine's skin, fading rose)

Innocence-Part (turn into Queen + confronting Lord Metaphorous)

Violence-Part (

Characters, Design and Nonsense

“Design”

Eric, Skaar, Queen, You

Constituencies:

Kids who vote for your candidate, when they get the biggest teddy bear in the town (snob, posh) → bear in bear hole

Kids who vote, when they get chocolate to eat (poor) → chocolate mountain

Kids who vote for the love (average) → weapon of a fading love

candidate #1 – Jade: despises adults, wants everlasting freedom for the kids (done)

candidate #2 – Amber: insecure (done)

artists

Pedro, painter – into women (done)

Omero, Jiluet, actors – actors, rehearsing balcony scene of Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet (done)

Willa, writer – writing on Omero and Jiluet (done)

Clefare, musician – composing music, unintentionally writing requiems, should write happy stuff (done)

Vanilla – “Leader” of the artists-camp (done)

rich kids

Figaro de March – owner of sculptures, talks to them the whole day, richest of all – everybody listens to him... (done)

Tumblestone – sculpture he’s asking about politics

Rockstock – sculpture he’s asking about meals

Tasselmay – sculpture he’s asking about his wife

Antoinette de March – his wife, choosing outfits (done)

Jekyll – Butler of Antoinette, wants to be a dressmaker (done)

Lestard IV – royal, friend of the queen, into horse races

London – inheritor of wealth, tries to become friend of Lestard, discussing about horses

Jasper – guarding the district of the poor (done)

Serena – mute

Marcus – scared (done)

Victoria – always happy and stuff (done)

Marble – scared, but denying (done)

Asylum Characters

Carl, randomly walks around and talks nonsense (done)

Yeown, who likes to bash his head against walls. (done)

Gabriel, who thinks being an archangel and is scared of his shadow (done)

Dandre, an annoying attention-seeker. Role player + teacher (done ;))

Sabrina, his girlfriend, always rhyming stuff. (done)

Dragonis, a magician, who believes to be an enchanted dragon (done)

The hive – suspects

Eric, Skaar, Queen, You

Eric’s innocence: Dandre role playing

Queen’s innocence: Kids (Picture of mother in the museum)

Your innocence: Auction

Get there by the key (Keeper of the Keys), wings (Gabriel) and egg (breeding room)

After proving innocence → Repair hive, three corpses: Omero, Sara, Dandre

Hunters – confused, attacking themselves → Sara’s Spirit of “The Ocean of Tears” - TSR

Breeders – breeding everything except eggs → Chicken in “The Race“

Servants – walking around aimlessly → Directions of Yeown – “Asylum”

Sidequests

Sabrina's requiem → Twinkling Sunray, Clefare (Reward: XP)

Pedro's color → Color room in the hive (Reward: Weapon or Armor)

Jekyll's demise → Bring perfect dress to Antoinette, Twinkling Sunray → Dandre (Reward: Dress)

Lestard's / London's horse-dialog → horse's head at the auction (Reward: XP, money)

Serena's voice → Olympia, chocolate mountains, give her role in Willa's play (Reward: XP)

Areas always to visit by the Keeper of the Keys: The Hive (Vision Cecile), Twinkling Sunray, The Race, Asylum (fight Madeleine)

Stories of the Queen's Story Book

Infinite Borders

We're all prisoners of our own spirit, surrounded by borders lasting eternally. All our life long we're seeking for an exit or an entrance, but what for? Nothing, I tell you! Nothing! There will never be a way to bring sense into the riddle. The only thing you receive are directions. Directions leading nowhere, because there is nothing to reach. Even if you somehow reached something you're still the slave of somebody else, defining it as nothing.

Chuck's Sheep

Once upon a time Chuck was riding his sheep deep in the wood of sheep deep in the hordes of deep sheep deep leading in the path of deep sheep.

Note of the author - What a dumb story. Full of deep sheep. Hate you all. Should sleep more.

The Cravyard

You may ask what a cravyard is. It's the place where you store all the feelings you're craving for. Comparable to the backyard, but less back and more craving. And when you stop craving, you're still craving for more. Craving when you'll start craving again. But not craving for the back, because that's the job of the backyard.

Why Monologues are boring

"Hello there!"

"Hello!"

"How are you doing?"

"Fine. And yourself?"

"Fine, thanks."

"Yes."

"What now?"

"Dunno."

"Hmm...Bye?"

"Good idea. Bye!"

Conference of Ideas

So all the ideas sat on the table and were debating about themselves. "I'm good!", said the good one. "I'm bad!", said the bad one. "I'm sincere!", said the lying one. Then there came the time where they started waiting for the arrival of the sincere one. She never came. So everybody thought that the lying one is the sincere one. The bad and the good idea respected the thoughts of a sincere idea – they knew that all her emotions must be from the bottom of her heart and therefore her ideas only good. They did everything the lying one said. And so she explained to the good idea that bad ideas are bad and vice versa. The good and the bad idea started arguing and since then both are enemies.

Writer's block of the writer's block

Writer's block is my enemy. My worst enemy. An enemy I can only defeat by a writer's block.

Additional Dialog

Episode 1

<Dialog Christian Mayr – Me, Myself and I>

Hello <name>! Welcome to Asylum!

Who are you?

My name is Christian Mayr, not even creator of fabulous stories like “Green Elephants in Practical Usage” or Modules like “A Beautiful Nightmare”, but also composer of fabulous music like “Give Me Monkey”, painter of fabulous comics like “What if Jesus had a cannonball-head?” or designer of fabulous games about cows.

Tell me something about yourself.

Where can I get some of your music-files?

Oh...if you want to listen to my “music” you can for instance look at myspace-page www.myspace.com/christianmayr or something.

What about your other NWN-modules?

Hmm...just look at NWVault and search for my profile Ryam_BaCo...

That’s all I wanted to know about you.

What is Asylum?

Asylum is the module you are currently playing. That’s all I have to say here for now.

Why do you know my name?

Hey, I’m the creator of this place! And of all the other areas you’ll enter throughout your journey! So it’s a pretty easy thing for me – as *your* virtual go...ehm...director – to know about your name and everything.

So you know everything?

Sure thing.

Why is your English *that* bad?

I’m Austrian. Generally we Austrians aren’t talking English.

How did you write all these dialogs in Asylum?

I just sat down and began to write. That’s all.

<Go to senseless questions>

Why aren’t bananas as blue as apples?

Normally male apples are never blue (female apples are in return sometimes red), but are naturally shining in all colors of the rainbow. They are only blue when somebody painted them blue or when somebody polished them so shining that heaven may mirror in them. For bananas it’s almost the same. The only difference is that they’re having a curved surface so that heaven mightn’t mirror as perfect as with apples.

Why aren’t flowerpots cookies?

Flowerpots in cookies aren’t good eye catchers.

Why aren’t radiators eatable?

Children shouldn’t choke on its small parts.

Why are we talking about the living dead? Dead people, who are alive wouldn’t be dead anymore. What a contradiction!

This is the same as with the term living language. It’s called living here not because it’s breathing but because it’s existing. So your living deads are also called living because they are existing.

Why are trains faster at night?

Trains are generally shy. At night there are fewer people, who might keep an eye on them, so they are much spunkier.

What's the sense of life?

The sense of life is to send money to me. Please ask me about my account details.

What happens when I write `#define sizeof(x) (int)(rand()*16.)` at the beginning of my C++-code?

Nothing.

Are there things you don't know?

Nope.

<Leave senseless questions>

Enough of chit-chat. Please start the module.

Are you sure that you're prepared to start **my** adventure?

Not yet.

Of course I am!

Alright!

Ladies and gentlemen!

Now proudly presenting...

...

Barbie designer spotlight doll!

...

Hehe, just kidding!

...

Welcome to...

...infamous...

...fabulous...

...awesome...

...inspiring...

...masterpiece...

...incredible...

...indescribable...

...aureate...

...brilliant...

...lovely...

...marvellous...

[Wait]

Would you please come to the point?

Oh...sorry...I'm just a little bit too euphoric...

So finally welcome to...

...

ASYLUM!

...by the way...

...thank you for playing...

...and downloading...

...I really appreciate that!

Oh...and...

...please send a few lines of feedback to me...

...I love feedback for improving my skills for future creations almost as much as...

...I love you, the PLAYER!

...I'm talking too much, right?

...Okay...no more words...Enjoy your stay in the world of...

...ASYLUM!

Love and peace, Christian Mayr.

<Dialog Keeper of the Keys>

How may I serve you, master?

What now, master?

Yes, master?

<first start>

Who are you?

Who's talking to me?

Am I that unimportant that you can't remind of our conversation in the hive? I'm the Keeper of the Keys!

What's happening?

You just called after me, the Keeper of the Keys, and here I am!

What are you doing in my pocket?

I'm here to collect the keys you may find in the spheres.

Why do you travel with me?

The easiest way in collecting the keys in the spheres is simply by traveling with you!

Keeper of the Keys?

Yes, master! I collect the keys so you can travel through the spheres!

How do these keys look like?

Dunno, master. But I'm having the function to recognize keys and their destination, so simply don't worry. I'll inform you, when we find a key.

Spheres?

All these places are built upon fragments forming spheres. It's not my function to know more about that.

How do I travel through the spheres?

Simply talk to me and you can get there. But you can only travel to places where we found the keys to.

Hmmm...I guess I'll have a look if we found some keys...

Hmmhmm...you already own two keys:

Firstly I see Madeleine's skin. Because of the immense burn-damage I can hardly read where it leads to, but I guess it must be...hmmm...the restrooms of an asylum! That's weird!

And then there's additionally a fading rose. Seems to lead us to a race.

Strange. The keys seem not to match in their areas, but they do. Hmm...anyway...if you want to travel to one of these two places just tell me!

Now I'll be silent again and continue talking if you want to travel somewhere.

<finished "A Bet, A Corpse">

...oh...I see...you won the race and I should bring you to the hive now, right?

That would be nice.

Alright, mast...

Application Error: The instruction at "0x65358CAA" referenced memory at "0x00000008".
The memory could not be "read".

...uh...a moment, master...

BindAs failed, please contact your administrator. Error number: 80020009.

...whoops! But now...

0x80090016: keyset does not exist.

...alright...master, I guess we have some sort of trouble here...

What sort of trouble?

Trouble?

I don't tolerate troubles! Take me to the hive now!

Well...I guess, it's impossible to take you to the hive, because the following areas aren't included in this episode.

In other words: You finished Asylum's "A Bet, A Corpse". Please wait for the next episode.

When will the next episode be released?

Although dialog and design for the two other episodes is mostly done the release date is still defined as "When it's done". Probably summer 2007, dunno.

What will happen in the next episode?

Hehehe, you'll see.

Great. And what shall I do now?

What about sending some feedback to asylum@gor.at?

[Finish Module]

Alright, thanks for playing "A Bet, A corpse". Please write some lines of feedback to asylum@gor.at.

See you in the next episode!

Uhm...not yet. I'm just looking around.

Take me to...

Sorry master, but currently the keys are not useable. We can go nowhere.

Where do you want to go, master?

The Race!

The Asylum's Restrooms!

The Hive!

Nowhere. Just let us stay where we are!

Alright, master! Anything else I can do for you?

What shall I do now?

<Race>

We need to win the race so we can receive an audience to talk with the Queen.

How do I win the race?

Just unlock all the obstacles by organizing a key, an egg and wings.

Where do I find keys?

<only once> Want to know everything...hmmm?

You're currently TALKING to the key you need...

Where do I find eggs?

Just look around. Where do we BREED eggs?

Where do I find wings?

Look around, look around, look around! Who is WEARING wings?

Thanks for your hints.

Give me some background information about the current area.

Sorry to disappoint you, but no background information of this area is available.

What do you want to know, master?

What about a Behind-The-Scenes-Look?

<Asylum>

Here in the Restrooms is a pretty good example of the difficulties when creating characters without considering how they'd look like later in the game. Originally Madeleine had a much bigger part in Asylum's first episode. In the original design document are two sequences only handling with Madeleine and her dilemma. Unfortunately, I had to sacrifice them for a much more linear and less confusing storyline. Which leads to the look-like-dilemma: Because I didn't want to blur the player's focus on the relevant story-progress I had to cut down much of Madeleine's dialog even before I ever considered on how she would look like in the game. Later on, when I made the decision give her this mummy-style I had a dozen new ideas for intensifying Madeleine's relationship to her "husband", mainly telling that she burnt herself, but thinks that her husband is the sun and this is her way in kissing him and prove love. This would've turned Madeleine to a much more interesting character, but unfortunately the original concept and the main plot laid on the chess game between Gabriel and Dandre.

<Hive>

The Hive was the very first area for Asylum. I got the inspiration long time ago while playing Sanitarium. Additionally this view on a Queen/King-connection fits pretty well in the main story, also vaguely involving the player's noble background with these typically Master-Servant-Relationships, which will be much more worked out in Asylum's second episode and the relation between Hunters, Breeders, Servants and the Queen.

<Race>

I thought that I need something pretty confusing - but not yet too confusing - as a little introduction into the Asylum-Trilogy to show the player what it's all about. I also thought about giving Bate much more touches of a Monkey Island's Stan, but this AND the race would've turned up much too ridiculous and would have killed all effort put into the plot's severity. One of the race's main originalities is that (unlike in the connection between the Hive and the Restrooms) there's no direct connection in "story-style", so I introduced the Queen as racer to create a better coherent assignment between the three areas.

What about the music I'm currently listening to?

Thank you, this was all I wanted to know.

Anything else I can do for you, master?

Let's continue our journey.

Alright, master.

Good idea, master.

Excellent plan, master.

Episode 2

<Keeper of the Keys – Wakeup in the Hive>

Master, Master! Wake up! Wake up!

You were dreaming again!

What... is going on?

We traveled back to the hive to receive an audience with the Queen! Don't you remember, master?

Where am I?

Who are you?

Don't you remember me, master? I'm the Keeper of the Keys! We traveled through the spheres! <after dreaming...> And now we need to receive an audience with the queen!

Which audience?

Don't you even remember the race, master? You won it at the annually daily pet race!

Which race?

Master, we don't have time to clear up all of the incidents of the past. We need to talk to the Queen first!

The Queen?

She's up in the throne room! We should immediately get up and talk to her!

Spheres?

As the Keeper of the Keys it's my task to lead you through the spheres by the usage of keys. But if you want to know more ask me later on. We need urgently talk to the Queen!

Okay, let's go!

<Before talking to the Queen>

No time for chit-chat, master! We need to talk to the Queen!

<After talking to the Queen, before Color Room>

We should get into the Color Room and look after possibilities to restore the hive.

<after instructions – before first time traveling>

Strange. Madeleine's skin transformed.

Madeleine's skin?

Don't you remember, master? Madeleine's skin was the key to the Asylum's restrooms. Now it seems to lead somewhere else in the Asylum.

How did it transform?

Since it was hot as fire it seems to have cooled off. Even with all these fireballs around! That this changed its functions is... interesting.

Let's keep on traveling.

<before Dandre, first time>

Master, Master!

What now?

I feel that Dandre is hiding something.

Not right now...

No, listen: I feel that Dandre is hiding something...

What should he hide?

I don't know exactly, but I guess it's innocence.

Innocence?

I'm not entirely sure, but I guess he's hiding innocence. Innocence that we may need...

How would you know that?

I've been traveling through the spheres for much too long to not take notice of the presence of... something.

Dandre?

Don't you remember Dandre? He was the teacher in the Asylum's restrooms and vanished after you brought him some boots.

Let's keep on moving.

Take a clear look at Dandre, master...

<before being able to enter tsr>

Before moving somewhere else we should find out what's going on here!

<got key to tsr>

Master, can I have a look at this guest list?

Of course!

Just as I expected... It's a key leading to Twinkling Sunray!

Why?

Because I think that it is a key leading to Twinkling Sunray!

Let me have a look...

...yes... just as I expected, it is leading to Twinkling Sunray!

Twinkling Sunray?

It's the town you were almost entering. Now since I own the key you can travel to Twinkling Sunray too!

Let's keep on moving...

Take me to...

What should I do now?

I guess we should find some innocence for the hive.

Where can I find innocence?

I have no idea, master. We need to scan the spheres.

Who are you? (look above)

Let's continue our journey.

<after vanilla>

Now this was embarrassing.

Oh... In my opinion it was sweet...

Oh, master, please not...

...and once you were *so* small...

...

...well...

I guess we should keep on traveling.

Hmmhmm...

<statues in gold>

Would be interesting to know if these sculptures would unlock things too...

Why should they?

I'm not the only statue acting as a key. In my travellings through the spheres I met several others.

Just keep your eyes open, master.

Not for me...

Alright master, then I'll be silent again.

Module Description of "A Bet, A Corpse"

Asylum: A Bet, A Corpse

v1.0

Oh my ladies,

oh my gentlemen,

Here is the first module of the Asylum-Trilogy and I'd love to welcome you! I'm very nervous, because I've never been in front of such a big audience before. In fact I spent the last few months in a top-secret laboratory as a slavery guinea pig of an insane nameless creature, who only called himself "Builder". These are also the reasons for my pale skin and my uncountable amount of gashes. You need to understand; my tormentor was just a freaky perfectionist, always putting new dresses on me and cutting and inserting pieces out of my flesh while putting me in front of his mirrors, lightning every single inch of my body and crying and shouting at me the whole day mean things like "You are too fat!", "You are too buggy!", "I don't like your friends!" and so on. Oh! In addition, I beg your pardon for the horrible smell. I'm sweating pretty much everywhere, because of my adventurous and dangerous escape. The laboratory is the place, where I won't return ever again and the reason why I'm talking to you: As you heard I was having a hard time, so please, please hide me on your hard disk from my hostage-taker if there's anything like a heart in your brea...uh-oh...

HAHAHA! GOT YOU, MODULE!

Oh, please! No! Have merc...

HEHEHE! I JUST KNOCKED YOU OUT, MY MODULE! AND NOW I'M GONNA PUT YOU BACK INTO MY LABORATORY, LOCK YOU INTO MY MACHINE OF REPRODUCTION AND SPREAD YOUR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS ALL OVER THE NET!

ALL BECAUSE IT'S RELEASE DAY! YEAH!

SO MY DEAR PLAYERS – DOWNLOAD AND PLAY THE FIRST MODULE OF THE ASYLUM-TRILOGY: "A BET, A CORPSE"!

IT'S ABOUT SOMEBODY POISONING YOUR MIND AND YOU KILLING YOUR FATHER, KING TRISTAN CARROLL III. OR PROBABLY NOT. BUT WHO KNOWS EXCEPT FOR ME, THE ALMIGHTY BUILDER?