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**--Chapter 3: Trials--**

VOICE:

“Hush, baby, hush. Rest your head on your pillow, little one. You'll be home with amah soon. I've missed you, my child.”

*Kian is stirring in and out of consciousness, hearing his mother's voice.*

VOICE:

“I've missed you here in the deep, in the dark, in the cold. Come to me, my sweet little Kian. Come—home.”

SHEPHERD:

“How is he, Na'ane? Will he live?”

NA'ANE:

“Your magic brought him back from the darkness, my magic helped him stay, but the fight is his alone now. He must choose to live.”

*The voices start to blend together.*

NA'ANE:

“Hush, Kian, hush. Rest your head on the pillow. You will soon be home. In the deep, in the dark, in the--”

LIKHO:

“Why do we keep him alive? He's the enemy. Let the fever eat him up.”

SHEPHERD:

“No, Likho. We brought him here for a reason. We need him. Alive.”

APRIL:

“You freed me, Kian Alvane. Don't blame yourself for my death. This is what I wanted. To be free. To be reborn.”

LIKHO:

“When I do kill you, you will feel every twist of my blade as your life drains away. Your pain and shame and dishonour will serve as my vengeance. And I will be there to witness your soul departing for the nether realms, for the shadow in that deep, dark, cold water. They can only protect you for so long, Apostle. In the end, you will have to face your sins, and you will pay for them.”

KIAN'S MOTHER:

“Sleep, my child. Sleep and never wake up. We're waiting for you, all of us. We're waiting in the deep, in the dark. Join us here. There's nothing for you out there. You belong here with amah, in the deep, dark, cold. Forever and ever.”

NA'ANE:

“I must go. He'll wake soon. Make sure he drinks water and eats. He will recover. The only wounds I cannot heal are on the inside. He must heal those himself.”

APRIL:

“Wake up, Kian. Wake up! WAKE—UP!”

*Kian sits up. He is on a bed in a stone room with a nice ancient mural on the wall. His chains are gone, and there are bandages wrapped around his arm and his abdomen.*

KIAN:

“Where in Shadow's name am I?”

FEMALE REBEL:

“I don't know why we didn't just kill him when we had the chance. After all, he's our enemy. He murdered Raven.”

MALE REBEL:

“I hear he defected. The Apostle's one of us now.”

FEMALE REBEL:

“Yeah, I'll believe that when I see it.”

MALE REBEL:

“Shit. He's here. What if he heard what we--”

FEMALE REBEL:

“Shhhh! They're waiting for you out in the main hall.”

*Talk to: Rebel (male)*

REBEL:

“I'm glad to see you up and about. Most gambled on the fever taking you. I won quite a few iron pieces, to be honest.”

*Talk to: Rebel (male)*

REBEL:

“Shepherd is waiting for you in the main hall.”

*Talk to: Rebel (female)*

REBEL:

“Is it true that Captain Bachim sacrificed his life to free you from Friar's Keep? He was a good man, I hope it was worth it...”

*Talk to: Rebel (female)*

REBEL:

“How do we know we can trust you? You're still Azadi. Nothing will ever change that.”

*Kian enters the center of the Enclave and approaches a Samare woman and a Dolmari man.*

LIKHO:

“The traitor is back on your feet. Praise the Balance.”

SHEPHERD:

“How are your wounds?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Fine\*: *There's still pain, but I won't admit to weakness in front of these strangers.*

KIAN:

“My wounds are fine. What is this place?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Pain\*: *My wounds are not fully healed. They have dressed them and seen to me while I've been feverish. They must know I'm still weak. It has to be a test.*

KIAN:

“I'm in some pain, but my wounds are healing. What is this place?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Questions\*: *I won't answer their questions until I know who they are and what they want with me.*

KIAN:

“What is this place?”

*(conversation progresses)*

LIKHO:

“Hoping to run back to your masters with the information, and buy your life back?”

SHEPHERD:

“Likho. You are in the Enclave, the ancient library of the Sentinel Order of the Balance in Marcuria. It serves as our base of operations.”

KIAN:

“'Our'?”

LIKHO:

“The resistance, Alvane. Those who have come together to fight the Azadi. Magicals, like her and me.”

KIAN:

“I remember...”

DIALOUGE CHOICES:

*If Kian stabbed the Captain in Chapter 2:*

The Captain: *...the Captain. I murdered him. His blood is on my hands.*

KIAN:

“The Captain?”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Kian did not stab the Captain in Chapter 2:*

The Captain: *...the Captain. He used my sword to run himself through. It's his blood on my hands.*

KIAN:

“The Captain?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Portal: *...the portal. Blood magic. The Shadow has cursed me. The Goddess will not touch me again. I will never walk the slopes of the First Mountain.*

KIAN:

“The portal... You used blood magic to bring me here!”

LIKHO:

“You care more about your afterlife than you do about the man who saved your life? You're truly unworthy of his sacrifice.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SHEPHERD:

“Balsay Bachim laid down his life for yours, Kian.”

KIAN:

“Why?”

LIKHO:

“Believe me, I've asked the same question. Why? Why lose a great man like Bachim over you. A butcher. An Apostle. A fucking Azadi.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Azadi: *He insults my people. They have committed crimes, yes, but the responsibility lies with our leaders, not with every Azadi.*

KIAN:

“We are not all the same, Dolmari.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Likho: *This creature. This...man. I have seen many Dolmari in my life, but there's something familiar about this one.*

KIAN:

“Do I know you?”

*(conversation progresses)*

LIKHO:

“Perhaps. But then my people all look the same to you, do they not? We're livestock.”

KIAN:

“I've turned my back on my people.”

LIKHO:

“So you're also a traitor, Kian Alvane. We'll add it to your list of crimes.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Attack: *I will not let anyone, least of all a Dolmari, speak to me in this way.*

KIAN:

“What did you say?”

LIKHO:

“You are a traitor. You have the blood of countless magicals on your hands, and it will never wash off.”

KIAN:

“What's to stop me from shedding your blood as well?”

LIKHO:

“I'd like to see you try, gh'azi.”

SHEPHERD:

“No one's trying anything. Likho! Stand down. Kian, please understand the sacrifices that were made in order to bring you here.”

KIAN:

“I didn't ask for those sacrifices.”

SHEPHERD:

“And yet they were made. Kian...”

*(conversation progresses)*

Submit: *My life was already taken from me. Why make all those sacrifices for a traitor and an enemy?*

KIAN:

“Why am I here?”

*(conversation progresses)*

SHEPHERD:

“We chose you. We sent Captain Bachim to his death in exchange for your life. We need you.”

KIAN:

“As a symbol.”

SHEPHERD:

“But also so much more. We need strength. We need leadership. We need hope. Our numbers are dwindling. Most Northlanders have come to terms with the Azadi occupation. Humans are turning their backs on the resistance and a blind eye to the genocide of magicals. We need someone to give us hope. So that we can fight back, and win.”

LIKHO:

“You're a tool, Apostle. A blunt weapon. Nothing more.”

SHEPHERD:

“We need your help, Kian. Will you join us?”

KIAN:

“Do I have a choice?”

SHEPHERD:

“There is always choice. And for every choice, there are consequences.”

KIAN:

“You can't let me leave. If I refuse, you will kill me.”

LIKHO:

“We might kill you anyway. Just give me a reason.”

SHEPHERD:

“We have sacrificed so much to bring you here. This is your chance for a new beginning, Kian. A new life. For the redemption I know you seek.”

CHOICE:

Join: *I can never be one of them...but what choice is there? I have no nation, no faith, no mission. What does it matter that their resistance is not mine? And by fighting my people, I might save my people.*

KIAN:

“What would you have me do?”

SHEPHERD:

“You will go into the city tonight, with Likho and Enu. They will give you instructions. And they will keep an eye on you. To—To make sure. To help, if needed.”

LIKHO:

“I'll be watching from the shadows, Apostle. A poison arrow pointing straight to your chest.”

SHEPHERD:

“You know our cause is true. You know that your people are in the wrong. Do this, and begin your journey back to life.”

KIAN:

“I'm doing this for April, Ryan. She was the one who made me question myself, my mission. My faith.”

LIKHO:

“Fuck you, gh'azi. There is nothing you can do to repay that debt.”

SHEPHERD:

“April is dead, Kian. Do this instead for all those who still live. Do this for the soul of your people. Do this for yourself. The boat will be here soon to take you to Shady Quay in Oldtown. I will let you know when things are ready.”

LIKHO:

“After you're done with your mission, we'll meet up at Ulvic's tavern. And if you don't show, we'll hunt you down and skin you like a rabbit.”

KIAN:

“You may find I'm not a rabbit.”

LIKHO:

“Try me. Please.”

SHEPHERD:

“Likho! Enough.”

Reject: *Let them lock me up, throw away the key. Let them kill me. I will never be one of them.*

KIAN:

“Your resistance isn't mine.”

LIKHO:

“You're right. This is our fight, and you are the enemy.”

SHEPHERD:

“Are you certain of your decision, Kian? The Captain laid down his life so that--”

LIKHO:

“Leave it, Shepherd. He has no understanding of honour or sacrifice. Let me bleed him dry.”

SHEPHERD:

“We do not murder our prisoners. We're not them. Take him to his room and keep him under guard. I will visit him later.”

*Kian is in his cell. The door opens.*

SHEPHERD:

“You're a very stubborn man, Kian Alvane. Even my authority has its limits. If you continue to refuse our offer, I'm not sure I can convince the others to let you live. And what good will your death do? How will it repay your debts, put a stop to the wrongs your people are committing...bring April back to life? This is the coward's way out. The easy way out. I expected more from you. And, I'm sure, you expected more from yourself.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Choice\*: *It's just a cheap illusion of choice. I join them or I die. I live by their rules, or I don't live. At least death would be on my terms.*

KIAN:

“You've offered me no real choice, Shepherd.”

SHEPHERD:

“You've already embraced your death. But ask yourself, do you truly want to die? Of course there's a choice still. A real choice between right...and wrong.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Cowardice\*: *How is choosing death cowardice? To live on their terms is no choice.*

KIAN:

“Death is never easy.”

SHEPHERD:

“Of course it is. You know that. You already embraced your death once. The hard choice is to live, and face the consequences of that.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SHEPHERD:

“This door will remain open, for a while. If you choose to accept our offer, you're free to leave your cell. No one will stop you. But when that door closes again...it closes for good. And then I can do no more for you. You will live, and die, with the consequences of your inaction. The path has been cleared. The choice, Kian Alvane, is yours alone.”

*Shepherd closes the door. Kian thinks to himself.*

KIAN:

“From the moment this journey out of darkness began, I have been led, dragged, along a single path. The choices I did make... Do they matter? The Captain's life was forfeit, regardless of my role in his death. My escape was inevitable. My recovery in someone else's hands...Maybe I'm trying to swim against the tide. Fight an impossible fight. Maybe I need to just...let go. And follow the path that's been cleared for me.”

*Join the rebels or stay in your cell.*

*If Kian stays in the cell:*

*The door closes. The game ends.*

*If Kian leaves the cell, the door closes behind him.*

*Examine: Shepherd*

KIAN:

“This one leads the magical resistance. She's a Samare. I've never met their kind before.”

*Examine: Shepherd*

KIAN:

“She's a striking creature—woman. It's hard not to admire her beauty and poise.”

*Examine: Shepherd*

KIAN:

“Why do my people fear the magicals? We've warred against the Dolmari for years, but we have been in conflict with other humans as well. Our hatred makes little sense.”

*Examine: Shepherd*

KIAN:

“Shepherd. Leader of the resistance.”

*Talk to: Shepherd*

*If Kian did not join the rebels at first:*

SHEPHERD:

“You changed your mind.”

KIAN:

“You cleared a path. All I had to do was follow it.”

SHEPHERD:

“It was your choice. Can I trust you to stand by it?”

KIAN:

“Whatever the consequences.”

SHEPHERD:

“Good. Good.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SHEPHERD:

“You have recovered well, Kian. You wounds were strong.”

KIAN:

“You brought me back to life. I'm still not sure why, or what for.”

SHEPHERD:

“We would not have saved you if we did not believe in you.”

KIAN:

“The Dolmari does not agree.”

SHEPHERD:

“The Dolmari has a name. And Likho has his reasons. You may want to speak with him.”

KIAN:

“And what if he's right? What if I'm not the man you think I am?”

SHEPHERD:

“It doesn't matter, Kian. You have been born again. You can become the man you want to be. Not everyone gets a chance at redemption. To undo the damage they have done, and to shape their own future.”

KIAN:

“The Captain said the same thing, only with different words.”

SHEPHERD:

“Balsay is—He was a man who spoke his mind, and spoke freely. I never met anyone who cursed as colourfully as he did. It was truly a thing of beauty. But he too had a past that haunted him. He was a lot like you. With us, he was given a second chance. A rebirth. An opportunity for redemption, to atone for his sins. And he did.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Certainty: *For the time being, I can do more here than I can anywhere else.*

KIAN:

“I will try not to disappoint you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Uncertainty: *I'm caught between worlds, part of neither. I don't belong here. I don't belong anywhere.*

KIAN:

“I may disappoint you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SHEPHERD:

“I have faith.”

KIAN:

“Don't talk to me about faith, Shepherd.”

SHEPHERD:

“Faith is everything.”

KIAN:

“Faith can lead you astray.”

SHEPHERD:

“Blind faith...yes. But faith can also lead you back to life. We will help you open your eyes. Kian, would you share your story with me? I have heard only fragments, rumours. I'm certain there's more to it.”  
  
  
DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Recap: *She saved me, gave me a second chance at life. She has faith in me even when I've abandoned all hope. If anyone deserves the whole story, it's her.*

KIAN:

“Of course, Shepherd. Before all this, I was the Apostle. Back home, in Azadir, I was loved and feared. I laid waste to our enemies in the name of the Goddess. A little over a year ago, I was summoned by the Six, our Empresses. They commanded me to travel across the sea to the occupied territories of the Northlands. I was to find and kill the rebel leader known as the Scorpion. He had murdered many Trueborn, and he stood in the way of our mission. I had always been taught that magic was evil, an affront to the laws of nature and to the Goddess. I'd been told that the magical races were dangerous and immoral. But when I arrived here in the Northlands, and met the people of Marcuria...Magicals were not the simple monsters of my childhood tales. Magic wasn't simply a tool for evildoers. It was a lot more...complex. Then I met April Ryan, rebel leader. Of course, I didn't know it then. She was a stranger, our meeting accidental. But I know now that it was meant to happen. She was strong, and honourable, and good. She stood up to me, she questioned my beliefs, my faith, my mission...Her strength made me question...everything. But I still went after the Scorpion and the resistance. Blindly. On faith. I finally tracked down the Scorpion. April Ryan. Infidel. Terrorist. Leader of the resistance...Nothing made sense. But a choice had been made. The consequences were inevitable. My own people had me followed. My blind faith led them straight to her. To April. They killed her. Decimated the resistance. Sentenced me to death...For a year, I rotted away in Friar's Keep. I was already dead. A walking corpse. I had lost everything. I had given up. But now... Now I have the opportunity to redeem myself and my nation. To help rebuild the resistance. To avenge April Ryan. And to bring justice to those we—those I have hurt. For that I'm grateful.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Skip: *I want to put the past behind me. I remember it, that's enough for now. She means well, and I will hide nothing from her, but until I know the way forward, I'm not looking back.*

KIAN:

“No disrespect, Shepherd. I want to focus on the present. On the future. On doing whatever needs doing to help the resistance.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SHEPHERD:

“Of course. Thank you. When you've spoken with the others and are ready to leave, come see me again.”

*Talk to: Shepherd*

SHEPHERD:

“Preparations are still being made for this evening. You should use the opportunity to speak with the others and familiarise yourself with the Enclave.”

*Talk to: Shepherd*

SHEPHERD:

“We are still making preparations. You should use this time to get to know the others in the resistance.”

*Examine: Likho*

KIAN:

“That one doesn't much like me.”

*Examine: Likho*

KIAN:

“Likho, a Dolmari.”

LIKHO:

“So the Apostle has finally risen. A shame the fever didn't kill you. We'd all be better off. An even greater shame that a good man had to die for you to live.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Respond: *No matter the circumstances, I will never let anyone speak to me in that way!*

KIAN:

“Watch your tongue, Dolmari.”

LIKHO:

“Or what, Apostle? Will you murder me, my family, my entire race? Of course, you are Azadi. Genocide runs in your blood.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Ignore: *He hates me, but why wouldn't he? His people has caused mine suffering and death, and we have returned the favour twofold. We will always be enemies.*

KIAN:

“Leave me be, Dolmari.”

LIKHO:

“I will not, Apostle. You're Azadi. Sooner or later, I will spill your blood, just like you have spilled the blood of my people for generations.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Kian asked if he knew Likho:*

Familiar\*: *I'm certain again that I've seen this Dolmari before...*

KIAN:

“We have met before, Dolmari. I know it.”

LIKHO:

“We have. I wouldn't expect you to remember where. I'm sure it mattered little to you. Just one more blue face amongst the thousands you have murdered.”

*(conversation progresses)*

LIKHO:

“Like you, I'm from the west, from the great continent that we call Intiqua-aba, Land of the Setting Sun. The place your people called Mihanmir and then Azadir, as though through occupation you came to possess it.”

KIAN:

“You are of the Azad-Dolmari tribes.”

LIKHO:

“I am of the Dol-Intiqua, the Western Dolmari, first of my people. And yes, we have met before, Apostle Alvane.”

*If Kian did not ask Likho if he knew him earlier:*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Where?: *I don't think he's lying, but where could we have met? I didn't spend much time in the Northlands before being thrown in the Keep, and the only Dolmari I met in Azadir were condemned prisoners and those I fought in battle. None of them ever lived to see another day.*

KIAN:

“Where did we meet?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Unlikely: *He must be mistaken. I thought before that there was something familiar about him, but I've been trying to remember and... How could that be?*

KIAN:

“We don't know each other.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Walk away: *He's trying to taunt me. We have never met and he has no reason to hate me personally. He hates me for being Azadi. I have no love for the Dolmari either. They tried to wipe us out, before we returned the favour.*

KIAN:

“I've had enough of this.”

*(conversation progresses)*

LIKHO:

“You murdered my father in front of me. If it hadn't been for my mother holding me back, I would've torn your throat out, and then neither of us would be here today. We faced each other again, years afterwards, but I'm sure you have no memory of that either. After all, what's another filthy magical. You made me who I am today. And some day soon...I will unmake you. But I swore to Shepherd that I'd set my private grievances aside. For now. Unlike you, I keep my oaths. But if I ever suspect you plan to betray us, like you betrayed your own, I will not hesitate. I will kill you. And once this war is over, we'll settle our accounts. You will pay for my father's death, my mother's grief, and my people's suffering. Mark my words, butcher. Your days are counted.”

KIAN:

“Light of the Goddess...”

*Examine: Likho*

KIAN:

“Likho is a Dolmari from Azadir. We've been at war with his tribes for as long as anyone can remember.”

*Examine: Likho*

KIAN:

“I killed his father in front of him, when I was just a boy myself. I can't imagine what that did to him.”

*Examine: Likho*

KIAN:

“I lost my own father to a Dolmari, but that justifies nothing. He won't forgive me, and one day he will try to kill me.”

*Examine: Likho*

KIAN:

“The Dolmari, Likho.”

OLD REBEL:

“Our water tanks are running dangerously low, and I smell no rain on the wind. You need to go up to the rock tonight to fill the barrels. Take Anik with you, and Ina also. They've both been beggin' for a mission. She'll keep guard while the two of you hoist the barrels.”

OLD REBEL:

“I'm told our baskets are empty, save for that awful flat bread. Before breakfast wreaks havoc on morale, we'll need another crate of beer bread from Harold in Oldtown. Might you pick up biscuits and a few pastries, too? Preferably the ones with fermented sunberries. Nothin' better for an empty stomach in the mornin' than fermented sunberries. Gets the gears movin', that does.”

*Examine: Old rebel*

KIAN:

“He looks somewhat familiar. Have I seen him before?”

*Talk to: Old rebel*

OLD REBEL:

“Kian Alvane. Soldier, apostle, assassin. I expected someone taller.”

*If Kian did not join the resistance at first:*

OLD REBEL:

“Well, I'm glad to see ye stopped making such a fuss and done the right thing. We ain't got time for shilly-shallying namby-pambies. Too much to do, too few of us left. We need proper commitment. And I can see it in yer eyes. Aye, there's a fire there. You'll do just fine, I think.”

*(conversation progresses)*

OLD REBEL:

“Ach, never-you-mind! Welcome to the movement for the liberation of Marcuria and the Northlands. Welcome to the bloody resistance! How's your back, eh?”

KIAN:

“The herbs helped.”

OLD REBEL:

“Aye, she knows her stuff, our Zhidmari medic. And she was concerned for you. Sat with you until your fever passed, never left your side. I'd say she was sweet on you, but it wasn't even that. It was like she...Like she was paying back a debt? I'm the General, me. I run this place. You got a problem with logic-sticks, you come to me. Your bunk ain't soft enough or hard enough? The General's your man. Not happy with your rations? Call on the General. Maybe that stuff ain't as important as intercepting communiqués or assassinating Azadi but this place don't run itself either. Got any questions, soldier?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Met before?: *I have a feeling I've seen this man before. He wasn't wearing a uniform, and he wasn't a general. But his voice and his face...*

KIAN:

“Do I know you from somewhere?”

OLD REBEL:

“Well, I can't imagine you would, unless you're from around here, and you're clearly not. In my former life, I didn't have much contact with the Azadi outside of bars and card tables. And you don't look like you visit either of them very often. In my new life... I've been mostly stationed here at headquarters. We don't see a lot of Azadi visitors.”

KIAN:

“Perhaps in Marcuria...?”

OLD REBEL:

“No, I don't see how we would have met there. You must have me confused with someone else. Carry on, laddie! Oh, and make us proud, dammit!”

*(conversation ends)*

Logistics: *I know nothing of this place, where I'll be eating, sleeping... I'd think he's the right man to ask.*

KIAN:

“What can you tell me about life here?”

OLD REBEL:

“You have your bunk, your bread, your privy, Shepherd tells you what you need to do. Army life, sonny boy. There's not much more to it.”

KIAN:

“There's a room at my disposal?”

OLD REBEL:

“Well, it ain't really 'your' room, laddie. Only when you sleep, and when it's otherwise unoccupied. We operate on shifts, see, so when yer on assignment, someone else be usin' yer bed. Don't worry, we make sure someone shakes the fleas out of the sheets and empties the chamber pot. It's all sanitary. Unless there's anything else, you may carry on! Oh, and laddie? Make us proud now, ye hear me?”

*(conversation ends)*

No questions: *I'm sure I'll have time to learn more about the Enclave after tonight's mission.*

KIAN:

“No, Mir. Sir.”

OLD REBEL:

“Quite! Carry on! Oh, and laddie? Make us proud, dammit.”

*(conversation ends)*

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**Blind Bob**

**Theoretically Blind Bob was until recently a conman and beggar famous for using his theoretical blindness to earn coin to sate his thirst. Then, one day, something remarkable happened: After a chance encounter with Zoë Castillo on her first visit to Arcadia, he had an awakening.**

**One might say that his eyes were finally opened, and Blind Bob became Bob-who-can-see.**

**Bob began to realise that in his life he’d served no one but himself. Now that his home was under threat from a tyrannical occupant, he finally had an opportunity to repay his crime of negligence. And so he rose from the filth he slept in, stood straight and joined the rebel movement.**

**Now, Bob has shed his beggaring shell, he’s risen like the Phoenix from the ashes, he’s burned his stinky rags and donned the uniform of a Northlands soldier, blossoming into an honorary general of the resistance, a stunning strategist and glorious leader capable of instilling fire and venom in his fellow rebels…and a fierce commander of bog duty, laundry service and rations.**

**Once-Blind Bob has become, in a word, EPIC.**

*Examine: The General*

KIAN:

“Small of stature, big in spirit. That's the General.”

*Examine: The General*

KIAN:

“The General keeps this place running.”

*Examine: The General*

KIAN:

“I'm certain I've seen the General somewhere before...but I can't recall where or when.”

THE GENERAL:

“Now, the sheets reek of death, and I seen bloated blood bugs in the communal baths. It's unsanitary, is what that is! You'll gather the bed clothes tonight and boil them for at least a couple of hours. That ought to take care of the nasty little buggers. With any luck, tomorrow, everyone can get a decent night's sleep without being bitten half to death.”

THE GENERAL:

“Any word from the Tower yet on that imperial cloudship? I'd've expected a messenger raven by now. Well, keep an eye out and let me know the second you see one of the blighted buggers. If they got hold of our only eyes in the Tower...Well, what are you standin' there for? Carry on, soldier! There's plenty to do! Chop chop!”

*Examine: Rebel*

KIAN:

“The resistance. A year ago, I fought them. Today, I'm one of them.”

*Examine: Rebel*

KIAN:

“They're a scruffy lot, these rebels. How can they really expect to win against my people?”

*Examine: Rebel*

KIAN:

“Truth be told, they may not look like much, and they don't have the resources, but they won't give up until the Azadi are gone...or their resistance is dead.”

MALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“What are you planning? Are you planning on turning the Sentinel?”

FEMALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“Why would I be as obvious as turning the Sentinel? That's a fool's move.”

MALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“I don't know. You're a woman.”

FEMALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“Oh, shut your trap and play your Istrum.”

MALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“Don't pressure me. I need to think.”

FEMALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“Right, that's this game bugger, then. Just do what you normally do and push the pieces around until you lose.”

MALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“Quiet! I need quiet!”

ENU:

“I know exactly which move I'd be making now. What are you gonna do, Osaac? No, don't tell me, I think I know.”

*Examine: Board game*

KIAN:

“What are they playing? I don't recognise the game, but it looks fun.”

*Examine: Board game*

KIAN:

“I must learn to play this game. It's a good way to become part of the group.”

ENU:

“Ugh, this game would be over so quickly if I was in Elmeyer's seat. You are so dead, Osaak! Oh, sorry.”

FEMALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“Are you ready yet?”

MALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“Give me another minute. Don't rush me.”

FEMALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“'Rush me', he says. That's hilarious, that is.”

MALE REBEL AT TABLE:

“Hush!”

ENU:

“Whoever wins plays against me next, okay? Prepare to be beaten! By—by me, beaten by me.”

ENU:

“Come on, guys. Make a move already! This game is done anyway.”

*Examine: Young Zhid*

KIAN:

“A young Zhid. There were some in Azadir, but they were hunted like animals.”

*Talk to: Young Zhid*

ENU:

“Hello! Hi. So... New guy, huh?”

*If Kian did not join the resistance at first:*

ENU:

“I'm glad you changed your mind. The resistance needs more people. I do get the whole 'not wanting to jump right into it' thing. That's totally me. I can never make up my, uh, um, my mind. Either. Um. So.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ENU:

“I'm Enu! Actually, it's Enu-Mar Sand'ya, Twilight Child, Daughter of Te'a-Mar, and...And my father would kill me if he knew I used 'Enu' instead of my full name like a proper Zhid, but he's not around so, hey, I'm Enu. You're Kian!”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Respond: *I can't not speak with these...these people now that I'm supposed to be part of their resistance. The girl deserves a response.*

KIAN:

“I am.”

ENU:

“Great! Hello! Azadi, huh? That's...yeah, great. I've never been.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Stay silent: *I know I need to learn to speak with these people. With magicals. I just wish I didn't find her so...distasteful.*

ENU:

“Um. Uh. Okay, so...Azadi, huh? That's...nice. I've never been.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ENU:

“Is it nice? I hear it's nice. When they're not, you know, waging war and murdering magicals.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Move on: *Conquering, murdering... That's how she sees my people, my nation. As if the Zhid don't have blood on their hands, too. If she could see Azadir as I see it, she'd know there was so much more to it. But what's the point in trying to convince her?*

KIAN:

“What do you want?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Azadi: *This is all she knows of Azadir. Maybe that's not so surprising. These people only see the actions of a conquering army, led by criminals. It's my responsibility to ensure that our story is told in full.*

KIAN:

“You think that's all we do?”

ENU:

“Oh. No. Obviously there's, um, things I don't know. I just, uh, we don't get to socialise with Azadi very often. The ones I meet wear armour and carry swords and shout a lot. Also, they kill Zhid. So, uh, maybe I'm biased? Anyway, I, um...”

*(conversation progresses)*

ENU:

“I just wanted to, you know, present myself for you. Introduce myself! To you! Not present myself, that's just, that's...Not appropriate, Daughter of Te'a-Mar! Ugh. Sorry. I'm screwing this up, aren't I.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Discourage: *She's trying too hard...and not succeeding. I don't know why she bothers. It's not like we'll ever see eye to eye, or be friends.*

KIAN:

“I'm not sure why you're talking to me.”

ENU:

“Because—Well, because...Because we're working together, and I figured, hey Enu, should make an effort to get to know the new guy. Because that. And, oh, also! Because I've never really spoken with an Azadi before, not properly. And I want to. I want to learn about you and your people. Not just, you know, the angry, genocidal side. Usually my conversations with Azadi go, like, sorry, yes, I'm hairy and yellow, but I'm not carrying any weapons and I'm not a terrorist and please don't murder me. “Keep walking, filthy magical!” That sort of thing. This is better. You haven't said 'filthy magical' once, so that's good. I take that as a good sign.”

KIAN:

“I'm not like them.”

ENU:

“No! No, I know. But, you know, culture, upbringing, old prejudices...Take Likho, for example. He's not able to get past that whole I-really-hate-the-Azadi thing so easily.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Encourage: *She's trying her best. Despite her prejudices, despite how the Azadi—How we have treated her and her people, she's willing to give me a chance.*

KIAN:

“You're doing fine. It's an honour to meet you, Enu-Mar Sand'ya, Twilight Child, Daughter of Te'a-Mar.”

ENU:

“Oh! Wow. The same, Kian Alvane. Apostle. Of the Azadi. Son of... Uh.”

KIAN:

“It's just Kian now. You can call me Kian.”

ENU:

“Okay...K. Can I call you K?”

KIAN:

“You can call me Kian.”

ENU:

“Oh, yeah, yeah, that's much, much better. Kian. Welcome to the resistance, Kian! Sorry about Likho, he has issues.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Kian already talked to Likho:*

KIAN:

“We have a history, he and I.”

ENU:

“Oh. Uh, okay. History. Got it. Won't pry. I'm trying to cut back. On the prying.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Kian did not talk to Likho yet:*

KIAN:

“I will speak with him. In private.”

ENU:

“Oh. Okay. Private. Got it. Won't pry. I'm trying to cut back. On the prying.”

*(conversation progresses)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Continue talking: *I find myself warming to this one. She's not half as annoying as she first seemed. As for being a magical... It's something I must learn to deal with eventually. She's as good a place to start as any.*

KIAN:

“So what's your story, Daughter of--”

ENU:

“Oh, just Enu. No one calls me Daughter of blah blah here. And my story is totally unexciting. The opposite of exciting. Boring? Dull? Humdrum. That's the word! I'm a humdrum farm girl. Was. Was a farm girl. And, hey, now I'm a rebel, go figure. Never saw that one coming. Well, that's not entirely true. At least my parents don't totally disapprove. They'd be happier if I'd stayed put and out of trouble, married a boring Zhid farmer, had little boring farm Zhidlings...But they are proud of me. They believe in the cause. And they totally hate the Azadi. Sorry.”

KIAN:

“You have good reasons for hating us.”

ENU:

“Yeah, well... I'm not sure I can go back there, when this is all over. To the farm, I mean. I like fighting for something. I like having a purpose other than...farming. Being a loyal daughter. A Zhidling-breeder.”

KIAN:

“Clearly.”

ENU:

“I really wouldn't make a good Zhid wife. I'd be the worst.”

*(conversation progresses)*

End conversation: *She's not too bad, this one. I find myself warming to her...but enough's enough.*

KIAN:

“I must prepare for tonight's mission.”

ENU:

“Oh. Uh, yeah. Sure. Of course. I'm keeping you from that. The preparing. Which I should also do. Since, you know, also going...mission-ing. 'Mission-ing'?”

KIAN:

“We'll speak some other time, Daughter of—”

ENU:

“Enu. Just Enu. That whole Daughter of blah blah ting, I try to avoid it here. Makes me look like I'm putting on airs. That's not me. I'm a farm girl. Born and bred to be a farm wife, and breed little Zhidlings. But yeah, no, that's not happening. So it's just Enu. Enuway. Ha! Yeah, uh, preparations must be made. Now.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ENU:

“I'm sorry, this is way too much information. I was just going to say hello, and then, bleurgh. So. Um. Hello! And hey, good luck out there tonight! Well, I'm going to be with you, but anyway. There it is. Gah!”

*Examine: Enu*

KIAN:

“She has fire. And she's a brave and intelligent creature. Person.”

*Examine: Enu*

KIAN:

“I need to stop thinking of magicals as lesser beings. The ones I've met here are just as worthy of my respect and admiration as any human.”

*Examine: Enu*

KIAN:

“Enu. A Zhid, and member of the resistance.”

*Talk to: Enu*

ENU:

“I'm sure the others would love to say hello. I know Jakai's been dying to meet you. The general, too. And Likho—Well, not so much Likho.”

*Talk to: Enu*

ENU:

“After you've met everyone, Shepherd will tell you about our mission.”

*Talk to: Enu*

ENU:

“When Shepherd's briefed you, we'll meet Likho downstairs, in the caves. We're taking a boat into Oldtown. A tiny, tiny boat. That thing's a deathtrap, I'm telling you.”

*Examine: Well-dressed rebel*

KIAN:

“That one looks better dressed than most of the other rebels. He doesn't quite fit in.”

*Examine: Well-dressed rebel*

KIAN:

“I don't think that one has seen a lot of field combat.”

*Talk to: Well-dressed rebel*

JAKAI:

“Hoi, Alvane-dar. It's an honour seeing your eyes.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Proper address: *Dar is an honorific in Azadir, and hoi a common greeting. He must have had interactions with Azadi, or studied the language and culture.*

KIAN:

“Who taught you the proper Azadi form of address?”

JAKAI:

“Oh, I, um, I-I did business with your peop—With the Azadi, for several years.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Stay silent: *If he has something to say to me, he will say it.*

JAKAI:

“I, uh, I apologise if I didn't get the pronunciation right. I—I picked up some Azadi words and phrases over the years, doing business with your peop—With the Azadi.”

*(conversation progresses)*

JAKAI:

“Until my aunt's tavern was shut down and she was arrested. Until I learned what was really happening. You took part in that raid. At the Journeyman Inn? Benrime Salmin is my mother's sister. She raised me, after my mother died. I, uh, I-I took her surname. I'm Jakai. Jakai Salmin.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Explain: *I was following orders when I arrested his aunt, but that doesn't absolve me of responsibility.*

KIAN:

“Your aunt was harbouring rebels. I was under orders to arrest her. I'm sorry for what happened to her. Your aunt is a strong and honourable woman.”

JAKAI:

“Oh, I-I don't blame you, Dar. Neither does my aunt.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Move on: *I arrested his aunt, but apologising won't do anything to change that.*

JAKAI:

“Not that I blame you, Dar. And neither does my aunt.”

*(conversation progresses)*

JAKAI:

“In fact, it was her idea to break you out. She knows you'll be an asset to us.”

*If Kian killed the Warden in Chapter 2:*

JAKAI:

“Unfortunately, when the, uh, Warden of Friar's Keep was killed, the City Watch decided to make an example of her. Head for a head, like. To show what'll happen if we put up a fight. But I'm...I'm sure we'll find a way to save her. She's been around forever, survived worse than this. She can't just—She won't be executed. I just know it. We'll get her out of Cold Stone, by any means necessary, before it's too late. I, uh—I-I'm sorry for carrying on, Dar.”

CHOICE:

Confess: *Warden Murron got what he deserved, and I couldn't have known that my actions would lead to this. But I owe this man the truth.*

KIAN:

“The Warden's blood is on my hands.”

JAKAI:

“What do you mean?”

KIAN:

“I killed the Warden.”

JAKAI:

“You...? But they claimed—They said he was killed in the riot. My aunt's been sentenced to...to death. For a murder you committed? That's...He was a cruel man. A monster. He's caused so much pain. He betrayed his own people. You were right to kill him. He deserved to die. You couldn't have known what his death would lead to, Dar. You're not responsible for the consequences, whatever they may be.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Move on: *I committed an act of vengeance...but telling him the truth won't save his aunt's life. And faced with the same choice today, would I have done it differently?*

*(conversation progresses)*

KIAN:

“There's no need for Dar. Call me Kian.”

JAKAI:

“Kian. Okay. I'm Jakai. I'm sorry, I already said that.”

*(conversation progresses)*

JAKAI:

“You know, I only joined the resistance less than a year ago. Before that, I was a businessman, and my customers were mostly Azadi.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Encourage him: *He obviously wants to tell me his story. I should let him.*

JAKAI:

“It was good business. I...profited from the occupation. I made a lot of money. It shames me to admit it now, but I actually believed in the Azadi. What they were saying made sense. Even...Even the things they say about magicals. For a while, I blamed them for everything. I even went so far as to join the National Front for Faith and Family! Do you know who they are? Azadi collaborators. Anti-magical crusaders. Turncoats...I'm not proud of that.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Encourage him: *This story seems important to him. He needs to get this off his chest. I should let him continue.*

JAKAI:

“But then, when my aunt was detained and sentenced to five years in Cold Stone...It-it changed everything, opened my eyes. I realised it wasn't the magicals who were at fault. It was the Azadi. It was us. Those of us who didn't speak up or take action. Those of us who'd betrayed our own...”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Encourage him: *He really wants to get this off his chest. I understand. I'll let him finish his story.*

JAKAI:

“I sought out the resistance, and now here I am, with all these brave people, like...like Enu. She's great, isn't she? I'm really impressed with how she...uh, how she holds up. Boy, the Zhid are a really...striking people. So pretty. Anyway. That's my story.”

KIAN:

“It's...quite a story.”

JAKAI:

“Isn't it though? I'm glad to have you with us, Dar. It'll make a huge difference. You have my support!”

KIAN:

“I should be getting ready for tonight.”

JAKAI:

“Of course, Alvane-Dar. Kian. I'm sorry for going on and on. Good luck out there!”

*(conversation ends)*

Cut him off: *I think I've heard enough of his story. He's obviously looking for redemption. Why he thinks he'll find that with me, I have no idea...but I should not encourage him further.*

KIAN:

“I'm sorry, but I have to get ready for this evening's mission.”

JAKAI:

“Oh, of-of course. I'm sorry for going on and on. I'm just so happy to have you here with us. I hope we can work together soon. You have my support, Alvane- Dar! I mean, Kian. And good luck out there tonight!”

*(conversation ends)*

Cut him off: *He has a lot on his chest, but I don't have time for any more. Not now.*

KIAN:

“I'm sorry, but I have to get ready for this evening's mission.”

JAKAI:

“Oh, of-of course. I'm sorry for going on and on. I'm just so happy to have you here with us. I hope we can work together soon. You have my support, Alvane-Dar! I mean, Kian. And good luck out there tonight!”

*(conversation ends)*

Cut him off: *I don't have time to listen to his story now.*

KIAN:

“I have to get ready for this evening's mission.”

JAKAI:

“Oh, of-of course. I'm sorry for going on and on. I'm just so happy to have you here with us. I hope we can work together soon. You have my support, Alvane-Dar! I mean, Kian. And good luck out there tonight!”

*If Kian killed the Warden in Chapter 2:*

JAKAI:

“Kian... Before you go, there's one last thing. If...if you hear any word of my aunt. Of Benrime Salmin. If there's any way to get her out of Cold Stone before...Well, you know.”

KIAN:

“I will keep my eyes and ears open, Jakai. I promise.”

JAKAI:

“Thank you. She's all the family I have in this world. I don't want to lose her.”

*If Kian told Jakai he killed the Warden:*

JAKAI:

“I know I said it's not your fault. And I mean that. But... But she was sentenced to death because of what you did to the Warden.”

*(conversation progresses)*

JAKAI:

All I'm asking is for you to help, best as you can.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Jakai Salmin*

KIAN:

“Jakai, nephew to the innkeeper Benrime Salmin. She's a good woman. Him, I'm not so sure of yet.”

*Examine: Jakai Salmin*

KIAN:

“He's pleasant enough, but perhaps a bit ingratiating.”

*Examine: Jakai Salmin*

KIAN:

“What Jakai needs is some field experience, and scars. A warrior without scars is like a tree without fruit. Only good for firewood.”

*Talk to: Shepherd*

SHEPHERD:

“Are you ready, Kian?”

KIAN:

“I am.”

SHEPHERD:

“Good. Likho and Enu are joining you. They will tell you what you need to do tonight.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

One question: *How do they expect me to enter the city and not be recognised, even at night? If any Azadi sees me, they'll sound the alarm in an instant.*

KIAN:

“How do you expect me to walk around unseen? Any Azadi will recognise me in an instant.”

SHEPHERD:

“Of course. That's why our Zhidmari sorceress made this especially for you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

No questions: *I'm not yet sure what they expect me to do once I'm inside the city. I'm a wanted criminal, and if any Azadi sees me, he will sound the alarm. But I'm sure they have a plan.*

SHEPHERD:

“Before you go, there is one thing we need to do. You are a fugitive, and the Azadi are on the lookout. You will be recognised. Which is why our Zhidmari sorceress made this.”

*(conversation progresses)*

KIAN:

“Magic.”

SHEPHERD:

“There's no escaping it here. If you want to help us, I'm afraid you must drink it.”

KIAN:

“A Bakshevan masking potion?”

SHEPHERD:

“Not quite, but a good guess. A masking potion would last for less than an hour. This is an Irhadian Veil. It remains potent for days. It--”

KIAN:

“It makes all but the trained eye slide off you. Unless I speak to anyone, the guards won't even notice me. I'll be like a shadow to them. It's a very potent and very costly magic. Not easy to come by.”

SHEPHERD:

“You know your potions.”

KIAN:

“When I trained to become an Apostle, I was required to learn magic. Know your enemy...”

SHEPHERD:

“I'm sure that will serve you well. Drink it before you step ashore, and the Veil will conceal you. But be cautious still. Don't speak to any Azadi guards or sympathisers. Don't attract attention. And remember that those who know you intimately can always see through the Veil.”

*If Kian did not join the resistance at first:*

SHEPHERD:

“Kian... I need to know that you're committed to this before—Before I place my people at risk. Enu and Likho, they are precious to me.”

KIAN:

“I gave you my word.”

SHEPHERD:

“Good. I shall question your choice no longer.”

SHEPHERD:

“Likho and Enu are waiting for you down the stairs, in the hidden harbour. But you can't go into Marcuria looking like that. You'll need to get dressed. I've left some clothes on your bed. I trust they will fit you well.”

*Examine: Irhadian Veil (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Shepherd gave me this potion. It's an Irhadian veil, potent magic.”

*Examine: Irhadian Veil (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“If I remember my scrolls correctly, the veil makes most eyes slide off me. I can remain unseen...as long as I keep my head down.”

*Examine: Irhadian Veil (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“I believe the Irhadian Veil will not work on those who know me intimately, nor those versed in magic. I must remain cautious.”

*Use: Irhadian Veil (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Shepherd told to me wait until the mission begins.”

*Use: Irhadian Veil (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Now's not the time.”

*Talk to: Shepherd*

SHEPHERD:

“You'll stick out like a Samare in Sadir walking around half-naked. We left some clothes for you on your bed. Get dressed before heading down to the harbour.”

*If Kian goes downstairs before putting the clothes on:*

ENU:

“Oh, hey, um, are you planning on going dressed like, you know, that? Just checking, because... Well, I don't know if running around Marcuria half, uh, naked counts as being 'inconspicuous'. You know? They put out some clothes for you. Might be a good idea to get dressed before we leave, no?”

ENU:

“Still seeing a lot of, uh, naked man flesh there, Kian. Not complaining, but you may want to consider changing into something slightly less...fleshy.”

MALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“What do you think the Azadi are building, those machines, metal tubes everywhere?”

FEMALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“I hear it's some sort of weapon.”

MALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“A little bird told me it's a new form of indoor plumbing. Apparently you'll be able to just push a button to get rid of all your--”

FEMALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“Oh right, that must be it. We're risking our lives to learn more about Azadi plumbing. You absolute tit.”

*Examine: New clothes*

KIAN:

“They've left fresh clothes out for me. Question is, will they fit?”

*Use: New clothes*

FEMALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“If we keep losing people without winning any ground against the Azadi, I mean, what's the fucking point?”

MALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“Someone needs to fight.”

FEMALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“For how long? Until there are none of us left? Until everyone else has stopped caring?”

MALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“The magicals care.”

FEMALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“They'll be shipped out, all of them. Before we get around to actually doing anything. And then what's the point?”

MALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“I don't know. But we can't just give up. Right?”

FEMALE REBEL NEAR BEDROOM:

“Right.”

*Talk to: Shepherd*

SHEPHERD:

“Likho and Enu are waiting for you downstairs, in the caves. There is a cove with a small harbour. You'll be taking a boat to shore.”

*Talk to: Shepherd*

SHEPHERD:

“Don't keep Likho and Enu waiting, Kian. They are in the caves, by the water. It's not hard to find. Follow the scent of salt and sound of seawater.”

REBEL:

“Best of luck on your mission. You couldn't ask for better companions than Likho and Enu.”

ENU:

“Do you get seasick?”

KIAN:

“What?”

ENU:

“Oh, I just want to know if you're going to get all pukey on us, that's all.”

KIAN:

“I have been on a boat before.”

ENU:

“Good! Then I don't mind sitting next to you.”

LIKHO:

“We've wasted enough time. We need to leave. I'll tell you about the mission once we're on our way.”

ENU:

“After you, Kian.”

ENU:

“Go on. It probably won't sink.”

ENU:

“You first, Kian.”

ENU:

“It's okay, don't worry, I know it's a small boat, but we'll almost certainly be fine.”

*Use: Boat*

*Kian, Enu and Likho arrive in Shady Quay, the West Gate of Marcuria.*

LIKHO:

“We need to split up. There's much to do, and we don't want to arouse suspicion.”

ENU:

“Maybe some instructions first?”

LIKHO:

“As I said on the boat we were just on, minutes ago, Kian has three tasks. I'm hoping your memory is better than the Zhid's, Apostle.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

Destroy shipment: *Likho talked about a large shipment of weapons that must be destroyed.*

KIAN:

“There's a shipment that needs to be destroyed.”

LIKHO:

“We've been informed that crates with weapons have arrived from Azadir. Muskets, cannons, gunpowder...They'll move the shipment to the Tower barracks in the morning, but for now it sits just outside the South Gates. You need to destroy it. Preferably in a way that gets their attention. We want the Azadi off-balance, and spooked.”

ENU:

“Basically as much noise and fire as possible. Think big explosion.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Identify interloper: *There's a traitor in their midst. I need to identify this person before he, or she, can cause more harm.*

KIAN:

“I'll be looking for a turncoat in Oldtown.”

ENU:

“Right. Unfortunately, that's all we know. Someone in Oldtown's spying for the Azadi.”

LIKHO:

“He--”

ENU:

“Or she!”

LIKHO:

“--probably frequents the Magic Ghetto, but he...she must be human, or they could not be working with the Azadi.”

ENU:

“We also believe they attend National Front meetings. National Fronters are traitors, Azadi collaborators. Their leader, Onor Hileriss, holds regular secret meetings somewhere in the city. That's probably our best chance of identifying the traitor. Sneak into one of those meetings and identify our guy. Girl. Woman. Person?”

KIAN:

“I'll begin my investigations in the market.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

The Mole: *I'm supposed to visit someone called 'the Mole'. A codename. This powerful man runs the criminal underworld in Oldtown.*

KIAN:

“Where can I find this man they called 'the Mole'?”

ENU:

“Oh, it's not a--”

LIKHO:

“The Mole's burrow is right here in Shady Quay, Kian.”

ENU:

“Ah! Right! Yes, Kian. You will find the Mole close by. He is close by. This-this man who is called the Mole. Who is a human man. Obviously.”

LIKHO:

“Gods save us from Zhidlings and their lack of subtleties. The Mole operates an underground supply network out of the Magic Ghetto. We need food, medicine and arms. And so we need to maintain...good relations. Whatever the Mole asks of you, do it. Without questions.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Ready [available when all other choices have been selected]: *It's time to get started.*

KIAN:

“I'm ready.”

LIKHO:

“You're on your own now. Enu and I have other assignments tonight. Once you've identified the turncoat, I'll meet you in the magic market. It's not far from here. Follow this street into Oldtown.”

ENU:

“Afterwards, we'll meet up at the Cock and Puss--”

LIKHO:

“The Rooster and Kitten. It's a tavern, on Ayrede Avenue, right off the South Gate Market. Ulvic, the publican, is a friend of the resistance.”

ENU:

“I'm sure it's all very confusing right now, Kian, but there are maps everywhere. You can't get lost. Well, you can probably get lost. Are you going to get lost--”

KIAN:

“I'll find my way, Enu.”

ENU:

“Right. Good luck, big guy! Guys. Both of you!”

*Likho and Enu take off. Kian takes out the potion.*

KIAN:

“Goddess forgive me for this. Mm. That tastes...pretty good, to be honest. Unless I make myself noticed, or meet someone who knows me well, I'll remain veiled.”

*There are maps all around the city that say “MARCURIA” over them.*

*Examine: Map of Marcuria*

KIAN:

“A map of the southernmost parts of Marcuria.”

*Use: Map of Marcuria*

*The map shows The Bones, The Bench, City Green, The Journeyman's Inn, The Petrified Tree, Oldtown, Ayrede Avenue, South Gate, The Magic Ghetto, Shady Quay, Marcuria Harbor, The Magic Market, The Rooster and Kitten, The Salty Seaman, Cold Stone, and paths To Highhall, To Friar's Keep, and To Temple Square, and the White Tower.*

SHIFTY CHARACTER:

“The Mole's expecting you. You'll wait your turn in the back. Don't speak unless spoken to. And no funny business, alright?”

*Examine: Shifty character*

KIAN:

“He's not doing a very good job of being inconspicuous, but maybe that's the idea.”

*Examine: Shifty character*

KIAN:

“He's guarding that door. I'm guessing that's where I'll find the Mole.”

*Enter: Basement*

MAN:

“--merely an unfortunate side-effect, Madam Mole. I-I don't expect--”

MOLE:

“Unfortunate side-effect? Is lot more than “unfortunate side-effect.” Is mud-riddled catastrophe, is what is! Everyone in bar sleep! Everyone who drink wine close eyes and start snore. Not good for business!”

MAN:

“Well, yes, we put too much of the Poppystem into the mix. I blame the--”

MOLE:

“Don't care! Responsibility on you. You cause disaster, you fix disaster. Poppystem only to make wine more good. Give spice. Make more people buy wine. This? This make people not buy wine. This make people sleep, and not drink any more wine. Make people buy other wine. This is bad thing, not good thing. Bad, bad thing. So, you fix. How you will fix.”

MAN:

“Oh, well, see, that's the problem. We've-we've run out of Poppystem. It all, it, went into that one...shipment.”

MOLE:

“Earth save us from you lot...Without Poppystem, our wine just wine. Nothing extra. No...spice. Very well. You get Evensong from City Green. It grow there. Goat eat it. Goat love it. Goat get dizzy and fall over. Goat never know when enough is enough. Not same as Poppystem, Evensong, but will do for now. Make wine more special again.”

MAN:

“Thank you, madam, I'll--”

MOLE:

“Mix right amount next time. Not too little, or no spice, and not too big, or everyone go sleep. And if everyone sleep, you sleep. You sleep long sleep. Final sleep.”

MAN:

“Um...ah! Right! Gods. Yes. Yes, I—Thank you, milady. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.”

MOLE:

“What are you doing, Azadi? Hm? Come out of shadow, let me see you.”

*Examine: The Mole*

KIAN:

“Is that... Goddess, that's the Mole?”

*Examine: The Mole*

KIAN:

“This is not what I expected.”

*Examine: Guard*

KIAN:

“He keeps an eye on me at all times. The Mole's well protected.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Help: *She must know who I am and why I'm here.*

KIAN:

“We need your help.”

MOLE:

“You need something, I need something, everyone need something. Let me tell you how my operation work. You do something for me, I do something back. Is only way. Is never first. Never, never first. Because I am the Mole. So sing your song, let me know what you need, and then hear what I need. Come on, come on.”

KIAN:

“I'm asking for help to fight the Azadi. Wouldn't that count as doing for you?”

MOLE:

“But you are Azadi.”

KIAN:

“I am.”

MOLE:

“An Apostle.”

KIAN:

“I was.”

MOLE:

“Meh. I not like human. Azadi, they are worst of lot. How I know Azadi not playing me? How I know you not playing me?”

KIAN:

“Goddess save us all...”

*(conversation progresses)*

Resistance: *Maybe she wasn't informed of my visit. Maybe she has no idea I'm with the resistance and believes that I represent the Azadi.*

KIAN:

“Shepherd sent me. I'm--”

MOLE:

“Yes, yes, I know who you work for, Azadi. The Samare, the resistance. Old stone library with wet floor. Motley group of personality. Ripe with drama. Come on, do not waste my time, I don't have mud for brain. I need to know what you need so I can speak what I need. Is way of thing. Before I do favour, you do favour. This is how the Mole work. Never the first, always the second.”

KIAN:

“The resistance is already fighting the Azadi. Doesn't that count as doing you a favour?”

MOLE:

“But you are Azadi.”

KIAN:

“I am.”

MOLE:

“An Apostle.”

KIAN:

“I was.”

MOLE:

“Meh. I not like human. Azadi, they are worst of lot. How I know Azadi not playing me? How I know you not playing me?”

KIAN:

“Goddess save us all...”

*(conversation progresses)*

Azadi: *The creature clearly harbours a lot of animosity towards my people. Perhaps that's understandable, but if she only sees me as the enemy, it'll be impossible to come to terms.*

KIAN:

“I have a name.”

MOLE:

“Good for you. All things have name. Without name, we no thing. Me, I have name also. But no need to go throwing name around like acorn at Snapjaw. I have a name, it is there, we move on. Is why I name myself the Mole. Is enough. Serve function, easy to remember.”

KIAN:

“But that's not your true name, just like my name is not 'Azadi'.”

MOLE:

“Are you so weak you need 'true name' to remember who you are?”

KIAN:

“It's not about that. Names, titles... It's about tradition and respect.”

MOLE:

“Tradition. Respect. This from an Azadi! What is your important name and important title, then?”

*(conversation progresses)*

KIAN:

“I am Kian Alvane. I was the Apostle, but now I'm a rebel. I'm here to make my people leave the Northlands and return to Azadir, and for our so-called leaders to stand trial for their crimes.”

MOLE:

“I dunno. Smell like trap. But let us pretend you speak truth. What you want with the Mole?”

KIAN:

“I was told you could help us with weapons and supplies.”

MOLE:  
  
“Maybe the Mole can help with weapon, maybe she can not. But before this question answered, you help me with something. Scratch back.”

KIAN:

“Scratch--?”

MOLE:

“Is just saying. Not want your oversize hand all over back. Favour for me, favour for you in turn.”

KIAN:

“What do you need?”

MOLE:

“Need to intercept runner. Messenger who pass word between guard station in city? There is letter I need. You help Mole do this, Mole will consider your problem.”

KIAN:

“I can do that.”

MOLE:

“Good for you, Apostle-no-more.”

KIAN:

“One condition. This runner... You will not hurt him.”

MOLE:

“I will not? Why not?”

KIAN:

“They use young men for runners. Boys. They have fought no battles, killed no rebels...or magicals. They don't deserve to die.”

MOLE:

“They are still enemy.”

KIAN:

“I need your promise.”

MOLE:

“I promise, I promise, no one hurt your little runner. My man will mark place on map where runner pass. From there you find place to take message from runner with no guard watching. Remember. No one must see this. Very important, this. You take letter from runner, we get letter from you, everyone go separate way, everyone happy. When job done, talk to the Mole again. The Mole will be ready to talk bsuiness.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Leave: *There's much to do before the night is over.*

KIAN:

“I'll be on my way.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Magical: *I wonder what sort of magical this one is. I've heard soldiers returning from the northern forests talk about the mole-people who burrow into the mud.*

KIAN:

“What are you?”

MOLE:

“What I am, he ask! What I am... I am the Mole.”

KIAN:

“That's not the name of your species.”

MOLE:

“My 'species', he say. The Azadi, always so tactful, always so sensitive. In my tongue that name be Banda-banta. It mean 'tiny folk who sing to earth and shape it'. Or something like this. Is fancy way of saying we live in muck, know many song and dig deep tunnel. So we are mole. Deep-dweller. Digger. Mole with fancy name who speak and sing and also magic. Except Azadi come and put fire and smoke in Banda tunnel. And when Banda come out, Azadi slaughter. Every one of us. Man, woman, child. Infant. No mole spared. Except me. Except old woman. Left me for dead. I am last of 'species', Azadi. Last of people. Last of Banda-banta. Last of mole. I am the Mole. And now you go and you come back only when finished.”

*(conversation progresses)*

MOLE:

“Go. Shoo! Leave! You know door. Easy to find. Still open.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: The Mole*

MOLE:

“Is thing done? I hear nothing from men. Thing most likely not done.”

KIAN:

“You're right, it's not. I wanted to ask you something.”

MOLE:

“So ask, not waste time.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Assignment: *I can't remember her exact instructions.*

KIAN:

“What was it you wanted me to do again?”

MOLE:

“Is Azadi thick-skulled so intelligent thought can't get through, or perhaps too much grime in ear? Is same as before. Find runner. Trap runner in quiet place. Take letter. Give letter to my men. Then we speak of arming rebel with weapon. Clear? Is anything else?”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Resistance: *She's a magical, and she obviously harbours no love for my people...or for humanity in general. So why isn't she with the rebels?*

KIAN:

“Why haven't you joined the resistance?”

MOLE:

“The Shepherd ask same thing. “Why not join resistance?” How quickly they forget how they treat Banda before. How they look down on us, call us mole-man, mud-dweller, stub-snout and soil-monkey. The magical treat Banda much the same as human treat Banda. Like much underneath toe nail. Like filth. I have no love for resistance. I have no use for resistance. But resistance fight Azadi, fight human. So I sell you weapon and food and medicine. And I don't fight resistance. The enemy of my enemy is, well, not friend. But at least not enemy.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

The Mole: *Hard to believe that such a little thing can command dozens of men and such fear and respect.*

KIAN:

“I hear you run the Marcurian underworld.”

MOLE:

“You hear, you hear. Is where I belong, under world, in burrow. Is my natural habitat.”

KIAN:

“But there's more to it than that. You run a criminal empire.”

MOLE:

“Empire! Only human have empire. Only human be empress of empire. Me, I run business. Business in burrow, underground, under world.”

KIAN:

“It's an impressive feat for one so small.”

MOLE:

“Spoken like big human. Size not matter. Size irrelevant. Is strength elsewhere. In head. In heart. In mouth. Lucky me, the Mole is strong in head, in heart...and especially in mouth.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Azadi: *Whenever she mentions my people, there's hatred and resentment. What did they do to her?*

KIAN:

“The Azadi soldiers... They attacked your village?”

MOLE:

“In brightest day. They come and we scurry. Human never good sign. Human always trouble. But never like this. Never like this. We scurry into burrow and we close hatch and we sing softly to earth to make new tunnel, just in case, just in case. But Azadi soldier, they have scheme. They are clever. They cover every hole and they throw fire into burrow. Fire that make black smoke. Children, the old, the weak... Many suffocate. The rest, we are blind. We cry. We crawl upward. Out of burrow. The Azadi wait for us with club and sword and spear. They laugh while they murder. We try plead. They only laugh. I stumble. Sword snip my ear. Not hear so well in ear now. I knock head, fall into dreamless sleep. When I wake, my world gone. All because of Azadi. All because of your people.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Leave: *I should continue my assignment.*

KIAN:

“I must leave.”

MOLE:

“Good. Moon moving, night only has so many hour.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: The Mole*

MOLE:

“Soil embrace us...What it is this time? More question?”

*The guard hands Kian a map that says Marcuria Oldtown & the Bones that has “Mole's”, “Runner's Path” and “Checkpoint” labeled on it.*

*Examine: Mole's map (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“The Mole's map covers a small portion of the city, and marks where the Azadi messenger passes on his route. It also gives directions back to the Mole's burrow.”

*Examine: Mole's map (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It's a map of southern Marcuria, including Oldtown and the Bones.”

*Exit to Marcuria*

*Kian enters Oldtown.*

*Touch: Thief*

BIP:

“Hey. Hey! Let go! Help!”

KIAN:

“Help? You tried to steal my purse!”

BIP:  
  
“So? You're Azadi!”

KIAN:

“That's the worst excuse ever for stealing a purse. You could get your arm chopped off.”

BIP:

“So far so good.”

KIAN:

“Lucky for you, I'm not Azadi. Now scram.”

BIP:  
  
“How tall are you? You're really tall.”

KIAN:

“Leave me alone, boy.”

BIP:

“You're a lot taller than my dad. Are you sure you're not Azadi?”

KIAN:

“Yes!”

BIP:

“You look Azadi. Are you a soldier? Why aren't you in uniform? Are you secret police?”

KIAN:

“What? No! Run off, before I lose my patience with you.”

BIP:

“You sure look like one of them.”

KIAN:

“Oh, for the love of the Goddess...What's your name, boy?”

BIP:

“Bip.”

KIAN:

“Bip?”

BIP:

“Yeah, so?”

KIAN:

“You should be with your mother, Bip, not out on your own, thieving. Go home.”

BIP:

“Can't, ain't got one.”

KIAN:

“I'm sorry. You should still not--”

BIP:

“They're not dead or anything. My parents. They were just sent to Ge'en.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Truth\*: *Ge'en... That's where the magicals are sent. They don't come back from there, but the boy must know this already. He must have seen it happening to others.*

KIAN:

“To the prison colony?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Lie\*: *The boy probably has no idea what happens on Ge'en, and I shouldn't be the one to tell him.*

KIAN:

“What are they doing on Ge'en?”

*(conversation progresses)*

BIP:

“'Reeducation camp'. That's what my father said. They probably didn't listen very well in school when they were children. They'll be back. When they've been properly re-educated.”

KIAN:

“No one comes back from the islands. Not magicals.”

BIP:

“What do you mean?”

KIAN:

“I mean--”

BIP:

“Are you saying they're going to stay there forever?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Truth\*: *He's only a boy...but so was I when I became an orphan. No one protected me from the truth.*

KIAN:

“They are not coming back.”

BIP:

“But why? What will happen to them?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Lie\*: *They boy can't be more than ten. He doesn't need to know the truth just yet.*

KIAN:

“I'm sure they are coming back.”

BIP:

“You don't believe that.”

KIAN:

“I...do not.”

BIP:

“So why are you lying to me?”

KIAN:

“To protect you from the truth.”

BIP:

“I don't need to be protected! I can take care of myself.”

KIAN:

“I'm sure you can.”

BIP:

“So what's going to happen to them?”

*(conversation progresses)*

KIAN:

“You shouldn't think of such things. Do you have no family here?”

BIP:

“Not in Marcuria. They're all in the Southlands. What's going to happen to them?”

KIAN:

“They will be put to work. That's what the prison camps are for, to keep the magicals away from humans. To segregate them.”

BIP:

“Seg-er-gate?”

KIAN:

“To keep magicals apart from humans. Forever.”

BIP:

“You're lying.”

KIAN:

“I am not. Truly.”

BIP:

“You're one of them! Why are you here? Are you going to take me and send me to be segger...sergerate--”

KIAN:

“Segregated.”

BIP:

“--too?”

KIAN:

“I'm not one of them.”

BIP:

“Well, you sure look and sound like them!”

KIAN:

“I'm sorry about your parents. But I have...things I need to do.”

BIP:

“Are you with the resistance?”

KIAN:

“Resistance? Well, of course not, I'm--”

BIP:

“Because I overheard someone saying there's an Azadi in the resistance now. And if you're Azadi, and you're here, and you have “things to do”, that sounds an awful lot like you're with the resistance.”

KIAN:

“Keep your voice down, boy!”

BIP:

“Don't worry, everyone in Oldtown supports the resistance. Most everyone, anyway.”

KIAN:

“What do you mean by “most everyone”?”

BIP:

“I mean that there are some who don't support the resistance. Some who sneak off to National Front assemblies. Some who rat out rebels to the Azadi.”

KIAN:

“Do you know anyone like that?”

BIP:

“No...Well, I don't know their faces, but I know where there's a National Front assembly tonight.”

KIAN:

“Show me.”

BIP:  
  
“What?”

KIAN:

“Show me where.”

BIP:

“I get to go on a mission with you? That's... That's...So. Incredibly. Cool.”

KIAN:

“Calm down, boy. I just want you to tell me where it is.”

BIP:

“How well do you know the city?”

KIAN:

“Well, not...very.”

BIP:

“Right. So I'll show you. Too complicated to tell you.”

KIAN:

“It's not safe.”

BIP:

“For you? No. For me? I leave the ghetto all the time, when it's dark. I know where to go, where the guards are posted, their patrol routes, everything. I'm like a rogue, one with the shadows, the Veiled Avenger. I'm an assassin, a--”

KIAN:

“Just show me the way, and then you're coming straight back here.”

BIP:

“I'll just stay for a little while--”

KIAN:

“Straight back. Or I find someone else to take me.”

BIP:

“Good luck with that. But fine, I'll come straight back. Are you ready? Can we go now?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Go now: *There's no reason to delay this mission.*

Go later: *I should explore first, and maybe do some of my other tasks.*

KIAN:

“Will you wait for me here?”

BIP:

“Aww, man. But we are going, right? Tonight?”

KIAN:

“Soon.”

BIP:

“Fine, I'll wait.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Bip*

KIAN:

“The boy reminds me a lot of myself at that age. Orphaned, a street urchin, living hand to mouth... Eager to get into all kinds of trouble.”

*Examine: Bip*

KIAN:

“It's like looking into a mirror and a generation into the past. Except with a blue face.”

*Examine: Bip*

KIAN:

“The boy will need a better name when he grows up.”

*Examine: Magical*

KIAN:

“The magicals keep their heads high, despite the Azadi threat. It's a testament to their resilience.”

*Examine: Magical*

KIAN:

“It's hard to shake the feeling that it's wrong for magicals to be walking around freely. But I'll have to get used to it. I'm fighting for them now.”

*Examine: Magical*

KIAN:

“Magicals appear contained to Oldtown, even though they're still permitted to move through other parts of the city.”

*There are vendors around the market with the names “Petunia's Powerful Potions”, “Fireflowers & Sand-witches” with Fireflowers crossed out, and Oldtown Eats.*

*Examine: Vendor*

KIAN:

“There aren't a lot of stalls open here. Maybe because it's late, maybe business is slower these days... Or maybe the other vendors have been arrested.”

*Examine: Vendor*

KIAN:

“There are only a few vendors working tonight. And no one's dealing in magic. That's been banned, and anyone caught breaking the law ends up in Friar's Keep...or sent to the islands.”

*Examine: Vendor*

KIAN:

“I'll need to get closer to see what that vendor is selling.”

***Content added 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

***A woman named Eloisa Rosewood is standing at a stall that says Rosewood’s Apothecary.***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“I sell 100% natural products! Unlike the competition, I guarantee your hair will stay on and you won’t grow feathers on your back!”**

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“Tired of procuring a cure and then spending additional coin to procure another cure to cure the first cure? Save your money and time and come to Rosewood’s! I guarantee your first time is the charm!”**

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“Come to Rosewood’s Apothecary! I have concoctions to warm your soul and lift your spirits! Need to put some spice in your relationship? There’s a spice for that!”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“Good day! I deal in something everyone can appreciate: reliability. I do away with uncertainty, apply precision where others apply faith, and produce potions devoid of pesky, sorcerous side effects.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“I am quite possibly the only purveyor of scientifically tested potions in the Northlands. In a world as unpredictable as this, that’s no small feat, I assure you.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“The trouble with Arcadia, proper measurements are nearly impossible due to magic affecting the results. I’ve had to seek out and obtain measuring devices that are immune to thaumic influences.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“Oh, what I wouldn’t give to visit Stark! I’ve heard there are gleaming glass spires and that the sky is filled with flying carriages.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“Ever since I was a girl, I’ve dreamt of living in a place where one can be certain the sun will rise based on strict mathematical rules, a place where up is always up…and not sometimes sideways.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“We’ve been told Shifters are the only ones able to pass between worlds…but I’m not so sure.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“I mean, there was that Westhouse fellow, and I’ve heard rumours that someone has dreamed their way across the Divide. This means there are other ways, and I swear one day I’ll discover one of them.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“Yes, magic is chaotic and interferes with my work, but maintaining Balance in all things is absolutely necessary, whether you’re talking about potions, peoples or worlds.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“This suppression of an entire race is vastly illogical and it doesn’t make sense to me. Seems to me, no matter who’s in charge, there’s always bigotry.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“Being what passes for a scientist in an unscientific world has made me an outcast, too. So I’ve taken it on myself to trade with my fellow outcasts…even though the Azadi don’t consider what I do ‘magic’.”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“For all its obvious faults, this noisy, stinky, backwards corner of Marcuria is where I belong. Where I’m most needed. I should probably get my head examined. <laughs>”**

***Talk to: Eloisa Rosewood***

**ELOISA ROSEWOOD:**

**“May your life be blessed with wonder and the Balance protect you.”**

HERBALIST:

“I've got the non-magical medicines your body needs. Fully authorised and licensed, no sorcery!”

HERBALIST:

“Exotic oils, foreign herbs, soothing salves! Ointments!”

HERBALIST:

“My table's always open, day and night.”

*Examine: Herbalist*

KIAN:

“She sells herbs and potions, all of it non-magical. Or so she claims.”

*Examine: Herbalist*

KIAN:

“It can't be easy for alchymists, potion makers and herbalists to operate with the Azadi imposed restrictions against magic.”

HERBALIST:

“Oh, hello! I didn't see you. You're sort of...indistinct. Nothing magical, I'm sure. Just the light.”

HERBALIST:

“I sell herbs, ointments, oils and salves. All certified non-magical. Anything specific you're looking for?”

HERBALIST:

“No potions or spells, I'm afraid. There are laws against those sort of things now. Nothing magical allowed.”

HERBALIST:

“Of course, it's possible to place a...special order. If there's something special you're looking for. And by special, I mean, you know, special.”

*Talk to: Herbalist*

HERBALIST:

“I used to sell all sorts of magical merchandise, but those days are over, even here in Oldtown. That sort of thing can get you shipped out to the 're-education camps'.”

HERBALIST:

“Ah, next time, maybe.”

“Do come again!”

“Sorry you couldn't find what you were looking for.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Marcuria's foremost sand-witcher here, ready to perform sand-witching to your exact orders!”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Sand-witches! I've got tasty sand-witches!”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Cured Elgwan meat, pickled shrimp cheese, crispy bitter leaf, wrapped in a crunchy yeast bun!”

*Examine: Sand-witcher*

KIAN:

“She's a sand-witcher, practitioner of the ancient art of sand-witching, and also an alchymist. Retired.”

*Examine: Sand-witcher*

KIAN:

“In other words, she makes sand-witches. And fire-flowers, apparently. A strange combination of skills.”

*Talk to: Sand-witcher*

SAND-WITCHER:

“You look like the sort of man who'd appreciate a savoury sand-witch. Meat, veggies, spread. On flat-breads, yeast-buns or grain-rolls. Hot or cold, with a cup of soup or without. What'll it be?”

*Talk to: Sand-witcher:*

SAND-WITCHER:

“I'm not just the best sand-witcher in town. I'm also the only sand-witcher. They may be Foreign and Exotic, but take my word for it, sand-witches are here to stay!”

*Talk to: Sand-witcher*

SAND-WITCHER:

“I learned the ancient craft of sand-witching from a wise old sand-witcher. Unfortunately, he passed away. Choked on an over-boiled dung nut. But his craft lives on through me and my buttered breads.”

*Talk to: Sand-witcher*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Contrary to popular opinion, sand-witches contain no sand...nor, indeed, witches. Try getting this lot to understand that, though. Vulgarians.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Tell your friends!”

FOOD VENDOR:

“Something to tide you over for forty? Midnight snack? Early breakfast?”

FOOD VENDOR:

“Nibbles! Scrump! Tasty morsels!”

FOOD VENDOR:

“I've got eats from across the Northlands! From far away Azadir!”

*Examine: Food vendor*

KIAN:

“This one sells exotic snacks and nibbles.”

*Examine: Food vendor*

KIAN:

“I wouldn't mind a bite to eat. A mouthful. A morsel.”

FOOD VENDOR:

“Evening there. You hungry? How about a strip of smoked Elgwan meat? Goes well with a bottle of Tudd's Ale. To be honest, without the ale, the meat will just pass straight through.”

FOOD VENDOR:

“I have several sturdy cheeses for sale. They've survived many frigid winters and boiling summers, and they're none the worse for wear. I keep 'em in bed with me at night. Improves the taste, that does.”

FOOD VENDOR:

“I've got salted taters from Riverwood, soaked in saltwater brine and rat piss. The rat piss keeps it fresh. Nuthin' wrong with a bit of rat piss on your taters.”

*Talk to: Food vendor*

FOOD VENDOR:

“You don't look like my usual customers. You're a lot bigger than them. And you're sort of...indistinct. Balance be damned, I think I need glasses.”

FOOD VENDOR:

“Keep me in mind next time you're peckish, allright?”

“Tell your friends!”

“Are you sure you don't want a nice lump of picked cow's kidney? It's the perfect late night munch!”

WOMAN KIAN CAN BUMP INTO:

“What are you doing here? You're not from Oldtown. I'm not talking to you.”

WOMAN KIAN CAN BUMP INTO:

“You ought to be careful walking around Oldtown at night. People here don't like strangers much, especially human strangers.”

WOMAN KIAN CAN BUMP INTO:

“Balance! Are you a ghost? Where in Shadow's name did you come from all of a sudden?”

MAN KIAN CAN BUMP INTO:

“You do know that you're in the Magic Ghetto, right? It's just that you don't look like you're from the ghetto.”

MAN KIAN CAN BUMP INTO:

“Are you Azadi? You look like one of them, but I've never seen an Azadi out of uniform in Oldtown.”

MAN KIAN CAN BUMP INTO:

“Shadow's name, you came out of nowhere! You shouldn't be out here so late. They frown on that sort of thing.”

*If Kian told Bip to wait:*

*Talk to: Bip*

BIP:

“Are you ready? Can we go now?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Go now: *There's no reason to delay this mission.*

KIAN:

“Let's go.”

BIP:

“Finally! Follow me!”

*(conversation ends)*

Go later: *I'm not sure this is the right time for this mission.*

KIAN:

“Not yet. I'll come back.”

BIP:

“Again? Ugh, fine. But I'm not going to wait around all night!”

*(conversation ends)*

BIP:

“We need to leave the ghetto.”

KIAN:

“How will you get past the guards?”

BIP:

“I know a way. Meet me on the other side.”

KIAN:

“Wait...what?”

BIP:

“The other side!”

AZADI SOLDIER:

“Good evening, citizen.”

“Always be vigilant, citizen.”

“Watch your back in there. You can't trust the magicals.”

“Avoid the shadows. There may be magicals.”

“Go on through.”

“Go on, you may pass.”

“After my shift's over, I think I'll head down to that cheap tavern by the harbour. What's it called again? The Cock and Puss? No, no, no. The Rooster and Kitten, that's it.”

“Did you hear the one about the magical and the pregnant pig? No? It's hilarious. I think it starts with a magical in a pig's sty...or was it the other way around? Oh, forget it.”

“Next week, I get to leave Marcuria for the first time in months. Goddess, I cannot wait. I'm so sick of this shitstain of a city.”

“This truly is the dullest assignment.”

“Who's there?”

“If you're a ghost, just leave me be!”

*Examine: Azadi soldier*

KIAN:

“While my veil is active, they cannot recognise me. Not unless I want them to, or I act carelessly.”

*Examine: Azadi soldier*

KIAN:

“If I'm quiet, their eyes glide off me and I remain invisible to them. An Irhadian Veil can be very effective.”

*Examine: Azadi soldier*

KIAN:

“These men are getting tired of their posting here. We've been in Marcuria for a decade. Many of the foot soldiers don't see the point in staying, and wish to return to their families.”

BIP:

“See? Easy.”

KIAN:

“Goddess save us... You're playing with your life, boy.”

BIP:

“I don't need a Goddess to save me. I'm very good at climbing. How did you escape the Keep?”

KIAN:

“What? I-I didn't...How do you know about that?”

BIP:

“Oh, everyone knows the Apostle escaped the Keep on the night of his execution. There's even a puppet show about it.”

KIAN:

“Shadow take me... And why do you think I'm that Azadi?”

BIP:

“Mysterious Apostle guy escapes the Keep. Mysterious Azadi joins the resistance a few days later. I may only be ten years old, and I may have purple skin, but I'm nobody's fool.”

KIAN:

“Clearly. What else do you know about me?”

BIP:

“Not much. You were wounded by Azadi bullets. You almost died.”

*If Kian killed the Warden in Chapter 2:*

BIP:

“You kiled the Warden of Friar's Keep. People like that part in particular. He was a meanie.”

BIP:

“You're working with the resistance...Oh, and you betrayed your own people, of course. Everyone knows that.”

KIAN:

“Everyone? Goddess...”

BIP:

“What's your Goddess like?”

KIAN:

“What?”

BIP:

“You keep saying her name. Is she pretty? What's the colour of her hair? Is she brown like you or white like some of the other Azadi? I'm pretty sure she's not blue.”

KIAN:

“I have no idea what the colour of her hair is.”

BIP:

“How can you not know? This is important!”

KIAN:

“It is not.”

BIP:

“I know the colour of all of our gods' hair.”

KIAN:

“I'm sure you do.”

BIP:  
  
“Do you want to know?”

KIAN:

“I truly do not.”

BIP:

“There's Amada. Her hair is golden red. Then there's Bidlan, his hair is black and curly, like mine, but he's a light blue, like a proper Northern Dolmari.”

KIAN:

“Shadow take me.”

BIP:  
  
“Caire, she's also got dark hair, but with these purple streaks in it, real pretty. And her skin is darker than Amada and Bidlan, but she's not nearly as dark as me, of course. No gods have skin like mine, they're all way better.”

KIAN:

“There's a difference?”

BIP:

“Sure. Southern Dolmari, like my family, we're lower caste. We can't ever become gods. We'll always be servants and soldiers and labourers.”

KIAN:

“And that's only because of the colour of your skin?”

BIP:

“Uh-huh. Well. Not only, but mostly. Like, if I'd been born with lighter skin, my parents are still dark blue, so I wouldn't be able to get a good job. Not in the north, at least.”

KIAN:

“I didn't think the Dolmari treated their own in that manner.”

BIP:

“Other Dolmari are the worst. Well, after the Azadi, of course. Northlanders don't care about how I look, they only care about what I can do for them. That's better. I guess. Although I don't always understand if someone's going to be nice to me or not. At least the Azadi are easy to understand. They hate all of us. Doesn't matter if we're dark or light. It's all the same to them. Blue is blue.”

BIP:

“This is it. This is where they have their meetings and speeches and stuff.”

KIAN:

“Are you sure?”

BIP:

“Positive. Sometimes I listen in. They talk about magicals and about how we've ruined the world and taken everything from them. It makes me sad, listening to that. I didn't know magicals were so bad. No wonder humans hate us.”

KIAN:

“We don't—Look, boy... Bip. Those people are not good people. You have done nothing wrong. You can't help the way you look or the colour of your skin. How and where you've been born doesn't make you a bad person or less of a...person. It just makes you, you. It's what you do with your life that matters. Now, scram! Get out of here. Go back. And be careful.”

BIP:

“But--”

KIAN:

“You promised. No arguments.”

BIP:

“Fine. Fine!”

KIAN:  
  
“What?”

BIP:  
  
“A tip would be appreciated. In recognition of all my hard work.”

KIAN:

“You're really something. Here. Now run back, you little thief!”

*Examine: National Front guard*

KIAN:

“I'll need to find a way to get past that goon.”

*Talk to: National Front guard*

KIAN:

“Greetings, brother.”

GUARD:

“What? Who's there? Gods damn it! You gave me a right scare, mate. Where in the seven hells did you come from?”

KIAN:

“The shadows. Step aside, I'm late for the assembly.”

GUARD:

“Right, of course. Blood and land, brother!”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Force: *The important thing is not what I say, but how I say it. I must appear forceful and show that I belong at this assembly.*

KIAN:

“Stand aside and let me through.”

GUARD:

“I just need the pass phrase.”

KIAN:

“Come on, brother. You know me.”

GUARD:

“No, can't say as I do. And if you're not part of the family, you're not welcome here.”

*(conversation ends)*

Echo: *We'll keep this simple. The obvious answer to 'blood and land' is...*

KIAN:

“Blood and land.”

GUARD:

“Yeah, all right—Wait, that's my line! What's the pass phrase?”

KIAN:

“Blood...and--”

GUARD:

“You don't belong here! This is a private gathering.”

*(conversation ends)*

Abandon: *I'm not going to just keep guessing. Sooner or later, even this brainless fool will see through my veil and call on the guards.*

KIAN:

“My apologies, wrong backyard assembly.”

*(conversation ends)*

ANGRY WOMAN:

“You people oughta be ashamed of yourselves! How dare you put this muck on my door? Just cause I'm human don't mean I'm interested in your speciesist propaganda! I've lived next door to Dolmari most of my life, and they've never once done me or mine any harm. Here's what I think of your so-called 'humanist' rally. And your Onor Hileriss can go fuck himself. He's a traitor. You all are! When the Azadi finally pack up and leave, we'll remember what you've done, be sure of that.”

*Pick Up: Paper segment*

*Pick Up: Paper segment*

*Examine: Paper segment/Flyer*

KIAN:

“It's been torn into three pieces.”

*Use: Paper segment on Paper segment*

ANGRY WOMAN:

“It's disgusting what's going on in there. Them badmouthing magicals like they're the problem. The magicals have always lived here. It's the Azadi who've upset the balance of things.”

MAN:

“You oughta be more careful, speaking ill of the Azadi. The walls have ears.”

ANGRY WOMAN:

“Oh, what are they gonna do? Ship me off to one of their 're-education' camps? I'd like to see 'em try.”

MAN:

“They might throw you in Friar's Keep.”

ANGRY WOMAN:

“They wouldn't dare. They respect women, that lot. At least they have that going for 'em. Unlike those National Front traitors in there...Mark my word, the moment the Azadi leave, the resistance will hunt down every last one of 'em and string 'em up on the city walls!”

*Examine: Angry woman*

KIAN:

“Definitely not a supporter of the National Front, that one.”

*Examine: Angry woman*

KIAN:

“She dropped something.”

*Examine: Angry woman*

KIAN:

“She carries the last piece of the flyer with her.”

*Talk to: Angry woman*

KIAN:

“Excuse me.”

ANGRY WOMAN:

“Balance! Where did you come from, eh? I didn't even soon you... What do you want? I don't want no trouble.”

KIAN:

“That piece of paper you tore... Do you have the other half?”

ANGRY WOMAN:

“What piece of—The National Front flyer? Why? Who are you?”

KIAN:

“Someone who's on your side.”

ANGRY WOMAN:

“I dunno, you sound Azadi to me... What do you want that flier for?”

KIAN:

“Long story. I need it to find a traitor. A traitor to the rebel cause.”

ANGRY WOMAN:

“Oh. Right. Well, if it means getting back at the National Front filth, then by all means. Take it. And Balance bless you for standing up to those bastards.”

*Use: Flyer on Flyer*

*Examine: Flyer*

KIAN:

“It's a flyer for the National Front meeting.”

*The flyer says “Invitation” on the front. On the back, it says “The National Front for faith and family and your Humble Human Servant, Onor Hileriss (Esq.) (political candidate to the City Watch) invites you to a Private Gathering tonight in Gropeconte Court at Dusk (Precisely). Honour and Humanity Vote faith and family. Vote Onor Hileriss”.*

KIAN:

“'Honour and humanity'. It's the slogan used by the National Front. That must be the pass phrase I need to get into the meeting.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“There aren't a lot of people out at night, even though the streets appear to be safe.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“People still keep their heads down around Azadi military. They must fear the worst.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“It's a good thing the streets are as empty as they are. Makes my assignment easier.”

*Talk to: National Front guard*

KIAN:

“Step aside, brother.”

GUARD:

“Gods! You snuck up on me...Blood and land?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Humanity: *Blood, land, honour and humanity. That's what these people claim to care about. They cling to their slogans like drowning men cling to driftwood.*

KIAN:

“Honour and humanity!”

GUARD:

“Faith and family, brother. Go on through, mate, the meeting's already begun. If you haven't seen Mr. Hileriss speak before, you're in for a proper treat. That man is an example to us all.”

ONOR:

“Brothers. Sisters. Cousins! Brave, humble, human folk. Welcome to this meeting of the National Front for Faith and Family. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Thank you for coming here tonight. Thank you! Thank you for the generosity of your time! Thank you for braving these ill-lit, occult courts in your tireless search for Truth. Yes. Oh yes. Despite the selfless work of our benefactors, the enemy lurks out there, in the shadows. Look about. Look! Fear them, the enemy, for they are close! They are everywhere! I smell them! Do you not smell them? That foreign spice, magic! Filth! It warms my heart to see you standing before me, standing up for what's good and fair. Glory, cousins! Glory be upon ye, in the Light of the Goddess! Yes, yes! I spoke recently with our benefactors. I spoke to them about that immigrant, the magical. Yes, yes, yes. I spoke to them. I said “Listen to these humble brave folk, your cousins”. Humans brought to their knees by the magical. Driven to bankruptcy, to moral corruption. Simple, uncomplicated men and women led astray by the devilish, demonic magical, the necromancer. I said to them, I said “We need to make a stand! Now! Now! We need to rally! Behind our benefactors, behind our own!” And I said to them, I said, “What you need, what they need, what we need is someone to stand up and speak the human cause!” The true Marcurian! Someone not afraid of the magical and his foreign tongues. Yes, yes! You know me. You know me. You know I seek no fame, or fortune. I seek only truth. I seek the light. I seek justice for brave, humble human folk like you! Yes, yes, yes! I stand here before you as your servant. I stand here before you as your humble servant. Soon the city will elect a new council, a new leader, one that will take responsibility for the lawlessness that haunts these occult ill-lit lanes. Our benefactors do great work. They do brave work, important work! Illustrious work. But they can't be everywhere! They cannot protect all of you from your dark neighbors. And where the Azadi fall short, where their light doesn't reach, the City Watch can help! Take the paper dragons that fly above us as we speak. Yes, those blasphemous constructs that fly in the face of all decent, humble, hardworking human folk. Symbols of the magical, symbols of the-the Draic Kin. Phooey! Blasphemous betrayal of all of humanity! Phooey! Our benefactors, the Azadi, they cannot cut every line, arrest every traitorous child. They have more important things to do. This is the City Watch's responsibility! But what does the City Watch do? They stop good, honest, simple human folk from meeting out well-deserved justice! They stop us from punishing the magical, that immigrant, for his necromancy and illusionism! Why, only last night, a young cousin of ours was put in chains for laying righteous hands on a magical! A magical who'd cast a spell on our young cousin's sister! She'd fallen in with the magical, possessed with dark lust. An obscenity. And our cousin is thrown in the dungeon for doing what's right, what's just, what's moral! Yes! This is what the Watch does – punishes brave, simple human folk for doing what's right, for trying to save a young girl's soul from that demon, the magical immigrant! No, no, no! The City Watch needs leadership. Marcuria needs leadership! Someone who can stand up against the magical and say “This far and no further!” Someone who's willing to make sacrifices, to hammer in a few nails to build a home! The Watch is willing to hammer no nails to build no home. I blame their leader, that woman, with unnatural desires! And I blame her leaders, that boneless council, slaves to the immigrant, the magical! What can be done? There is only one solution: Change. Change. Yes. Yes! Vote faith and family! Vote blood, land, honour and humanity! Vote National Front and vote for your humble human servant – Yours Truly, Onor Hileriss! With my guidance and leadership, the magical, that subhuman immigrant, the dark necromancer and warlock, will be banished from our home! Our children will be safe to play once more, our womenfolk's virtue will be protected, and these ill-lit occult avenues will be lit by the light of the Goddess and crowned with sweet-smelling, homely herbs. Thank you, thank you all for coming. Thank you.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“I'm too far away to get a real sense of that person.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“Nothing in particular stands out.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“There's nothing unusual about that person.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“The hoods are probably to protect their identities. It never bodes well for a movement when its members are afraid to be seen.”

*Examine: Onor Hileriss*

KIAN:

“Onor Hileriss. He leads this 'National Front for Faith and Family'.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“His left arm keeps twitching. He appears to have some sort of muscular dysfunction.”

*Listen to: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“He must be wearing leather undergarments. They make an unpleasant creaking noise.”

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“His beard is speckled with something that looks like flour. Maybe a baker?”

*Listen to: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“His breathing is erratic, and shallow. He should visit a doctor.”

*Listen to: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“She's humming to herself. It's a tune I recognise. A sweet lullaby.”

*Smell: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“Goddess. That man has a...potent odor. He can't have changed his clothes or taken a bath in months.”

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

*Smell: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“She smells faintly of salted meats. Maybe she works in a butcher's shop.”

*Smell: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“He smells of lavender oil. Maybe he's a physician.”

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

*Listen to: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“He has an odd and annoying habit of constantly clicking his tongue.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“Her posture is odd. It's almost like she's tilting slightly to one side.”

*Smell: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“Her clothes smell strongly of tar and smoke. She must be a factory worker.”

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“It appears his skin has a strange pallor. He might suffer from Moon Waste.”

*Smell: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“He smells of rose water. It's rather pleasant, to be honest.”

*Smell: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“He reeks of tobacco. An Azadir variant, unless my nose deceives me. Hami used to smoke this.”

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“Her hands are rough, with scores of small cuts.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“His right hand has the mark of a heavy smoker. His fingers and nails are yellowed and cracked.”

*The meeting eventually ends.*

ONOR:

“Oh yeah, thank you for coming, thank you, thank you, thank you kindly, thank you. No, no, it’s important that we stand together hand in hand with our benefactors, yes. I speak regularly with the Azadi. I visit the tower often. I’ve even broken fast with our bastion of morality, Sami Rahmen. Now, no one says we have to abandon our gods. No, no no no no. No, the light of the Goddess is about acceptance, not disapproval. She smiles upon all good humans. Our common enemy is the filthy immigrant, the necromancer, the demon, the magical. That's what this is all about. It's about fighting the magical infestation. It's not about which gods we do or do not worship, no no no no no no. The Azadi are nothing if not open-minded. They'll never curtail your right to worship your gods of old. Of course, the-the goddess represents the truth and the light. She symbolises the fight against the magical, that sorcerer. To embrace her light is to embrace humanity itself. Thank you again for coming, thank you. May you walk in the light, cousins. And remember, vote Hileriss! Vote faith and family, vote National Front!”

LIKHO:

“Where have you been?”

*Examine: Likho*

KIAN:

“Always angry, but a good man to have by your side in a dangerous situation.”

*Examine: Likho*

KIAN:

“I trust Likho to not kill me, for as long as the resistance needs me. After that, he will turn on me. I'd better be ready.”

*Examine: Likho*

KIAN:

“I remember the day I killed his father, and I remember him. He was as old as me, just a boy. Afraid and angry.”

*Talk to: Likho*

LIKHO:

“Where have you been?”

KIAN:

“At a National Front meeting, identifying your turncoat.”

LIKHO:

“It takes a traitor to find a traitor. Think you can point him out for us?”

KIAN:

“I can.”

LIKHO:

“Go on, then. Before we lose him.”

*Talk to: Likho*

LIKHO:

“Go on, Kian. Show us the traitor. If you can.”

*Talk to: Likho*

LIKHO:

“It takes a traitor to find a traitor. Pick him out from the crowd.”

*Talk to: Likho*

LIKHO:

“If you can't even do this one task, Apostle, then what use are you?”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“That man... Was he at the National Front assembly?”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“He looks somewhat familiar. I'm putting him down as a suspect.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“I'm certain I've seen that man somewhere before.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“That beard... Where have I encountered that beard?”

*Smell: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“He smells of tobacco. I'm not familiar with the scent. It's probably a Northlands weed.”

*Examine: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“His skin appears red and blistered. Perhaps he's spent too much time in the sun.”

*Smell: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“He smells faintly of camphor, or like the pine forests to the north. Maybe lavender oil?”

*Listen to: Marcurian*

KIAN:

“His breathing is heavy and wet.”

*Accuse: Marcurian*

MARCURIAN:

“Ah! Easy, pal!”

“Who are you people? Where are you taking me? You got the wrong man!”

“What's happening? Help! Help!”

*Examine: Woman (underneath Stont Family Carpentry & Construction sign)*

KIAN:

“That might be Arn Stont's young widow.”

*Talk to: Woman (underneath Stont Carpentry sign)*

KIAN:

“Pardon me, mistress. I'm looking for the Stont widow.”

WOMAN:

“I'm Gerdi Stont. Who are you?”

KIAN:

“I...I knew your husband. He was a brave man.”

WOMAN:

“Knew him? How did you know him?”

KIAN:

“We met in Friar's Keep, mistress, on the night of his death.”

*If Kian killed Arn in Chapter 2:*

KIAN:

“He saved my life. In return, I granted him death.”

WOMAN:

“You granted—You killed my husband?”

KIAN:

“He was dying. They would have tortured him, had they found him alive. He asked me to visit you, to tell you that he...he loves you.”

WOMAN:

“Oh, don't talk to me of love! He helped you survive, you held my husband's life in your hands. And you killed him? You are despicable. Leave, before I call the city watch on you!”

*If Kian did not kill Arn in Chapter 2:*

KIAN:

“He saved my life. I'm sorry I could do nothing to save his.”

WOMAN:

“You saw him, that evening?”

KIAN:

“He asked me to visit you, to tell you that he...he loves you.”

WOMAN:

“And then you left him to be tortured to death by those bastards?”

KIAN:

“I...swore not to take an innocent life.”

WOMAN:

“They told me he begged for death. You could have granted him a clean and honourable journey to the nightside. But instead you just left him there. Don't talk to me about honour. You have none. Leave us be.”

*Examine: The Stont Widow*

KIAN:

“Arn Stont's widow. She wants nothing to do with me.”

*Examine: The Stont Widow*

KIAN:

“She hates me for her husband's death. I can't blame her.”

*Examine: The Journeyman Inn*

KIAN:

“The Journeyman Inn was closed down when we arrested the innkeeper, Benrime Salmin.”

*Examine: The Journeyman Inn*

KIAN:

“This place was used by the resistance. They now gather at the Rooster and Kitten down by the South Gate instead.”

*Examine: Metal pipes*

KIAN:

“The construction of the tube network appears to be picking up pace. There are wagonloads of metal pipes everywhere, and the labourers work into the night.”

*Examine: Metal pipes*

KIAN:

“The pipes are manufactured both locally and in Azadir, and they bring them in by the boatload. They must require thousands of them to cover the city.”

*Examine: Metal pipes*

KIAN:

“I'm sure we'll learn more about those tubes soon enough. Right now, we have other concerns.”

*Examine: Metal pipes*

KIAN:

“There are more steam machines than ever before. And we still have no idea what they're for. They're connected to the pipes, and they appear to be linked to the Tower...but why?”

*Examine: Metal pipes*

KIAN:

“Likho mentioned that there's a plan in place to learn more about the tubes and the machines, and to sabotage the network. But not today.”

*Examine: Metal pipes*

KIAN:

“They've brought in the very best engineers, builders and metal workers from Azadir to help create these machines and the tube network. We need to find out why.”

*Examine: Azadi messenger*

KIAN:

“A runner, passing messages between guard posts.”

*Examine: Azadi messenger*

KIAN:

“That's the boy I'm supposed to intercept.”

AZADI MESSENGER:

“Do you have any messages for me, Dar?”

AZADI SOLDIERS:

“There's this letter. It's important. Keep it safe and make it quick.”

AZADI MESSENGER:

“I'll see that it's delivered, Dar!”

AZADI MESSENGER:

“What do you want?”

“Can I help you with anything?”

“Are you following me?”

“Stop following me!”

“Look, I'm not into guys, alright?”

AZADI MESSENGER:

“Uh...let's see. Which way is it again? So hard to see anything in this light...Right, left. Left's right. Uh... Um...Ah. Left.”

*Examine: Street sign*

KIAN:

“The sign reads 'Urthrin's Ascent'.”

*Examine: Street sign*

KIAN:

“'Urthrin's Ascent'.”

*Pick Up: Street sign*

*Examine: Street sign*

KIAN:

“It says 'Watchers' Court'.”

*Examine: Street sign*

KIAN:

“'Watchers' Court'.”

*Pick Up: Street sign*

*Examine: Street sign (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It's the street sign I removed from the post.”

*Examine: Street sign (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It's the sign I pulled down.”

*Use: Street sign (Urthrin's Ascent) on Street sign (right)*

*Use: Street sign (Watcher's Court) on Street sign (left)*

AZADI MESSENGER:

“Let's see...Wait, wasn't it left, not right? Right don't sound right. But, eh, signs never lie. Right it is.”

*Kian follows the messenger into the secluded court.*

AZADI MESSENGER:

“This don't look right...”

*The messenger is suddenly struck with arrows.*

KIAN:

“Goddess!”

*Examine: Azadi messenger*

KIAN:

“Dead. Murdered. What for?”

*Examine: Azadi messenger*

KIAN:

“That poor boy...”

*Touch: Azadi messenger*

KIAN:

“What a terrible waste...The Mole will need to answer for this boy's death.”

*Examine: Letter (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“The dead runner's message. Sealed, with an Azadi mark. Probably destined for the Tower.”

*Examine: Letter (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“I hope this letter was worth a young man's life...”

*Examine: Letter (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It has an official Azadi seal. There's probably important information inside.”

*Open: Letter (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“I would have to break the seal. No, the Mole would know I'd opened it, and she might not be very happy about that. Our agreement may be forfeit.”

*Open: Letter (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“My mission was to give this to the Mole. Even though she broke her promise, I will not break mine.”

*Enter: Basement*

*Talk to: The Mole*

MOLE:

“The Azadi return to get proverbial back scratched.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Aggressive: *The Mole deceived me. She said the runner would be unharmed, and yet they killed him. I can see no reason for his murder other than vengeance, and cruelty. How can I trust someone like that? I can't let this lie pass, or I will appear weak.*

KIAN:

“You lied to me, Mole.”

MOLE:

“Just like Azadi lie to my people? Just like they say, come out little one, you will not be harmed...before they slaughter them all?”

KIAN:

“That boy did no harm to your people.”

MOLE:

“Banda children did not harm your people.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Cautious: *There's no need to antagonise the Mole. If I want her to give us weapons, I must play by her rules, no matter how deceptive she may be. And my mission was to get the weapons, not to spare a runner's life.*

KIAN:

“I thought we had an agreement.”

MOLE:

“There was agreement. I decided to change agreement.”

KIAN:

“Why?”

MOLE:

“Dead man can tell no secret.”

KIAN:

“A dead boy.”

MOLE:

“Who would be man. Make little difference when death come. It come regardless.”

KIAN:

“It matters to me. It matters to him.”

MOLE:

“As it matter to Banda mother watching Banda children murdered by Azadi.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Questioning: *He was just a boy, he'd harmed no one. Does she hate the Azadi so much that she's been completely blinded?*

KIAN:

“Why did you have the runner killed?”

MOLE:

“Good question. Why did Azadi see the need to kill Banda children? Because one day, they think, Banda children grow to be Banda women and men. And then they come for Azadi. Better make sure this never happen.”

*(conversation progresses)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Continue: *If she has something on her mind, I should let her speak.*

KIAN:

“One death cannot compensate for another.”

MOLE:

“This is true, Azadi. Retribution may be counterproductive. But your people must also be made to suffer for their crime. They need to see the consequence of their action. They need to feel pain. And that man...that boy... He was in wrong place at wrong time. Is safer this way, he cannot run back and tell on us. Or on you.”

KIAN:

“You talk about making my people suffer...but my people know nothing of what has transpired here in the Northlands. You can't lay this at the feet of all Azadi.”

MOLE:

“How do I make them see? How do I make them understand our loss? The Banda-banta are no more, because of Azadi. I can gnash teeth and sharpen claw for many moon...It will not change truth. Your people will never mourn mine. But if I take life, make mother suffer the loss of child, make friend miss friend, husband miss wife...Maybe then someone will think of mine? Maybe then someone will remember our loss?”

KIAN:

“I'm not sure that's how it works.”

MOLE:

“Perhaps not, Kian of the Azadi. But one can always hope.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Change subject: *We have no time for this. I know my people have committed atrocities. We're not the only ones. What's important now is to make sure this never happens again. And we need this one's help to win the war.*

KIAN:

“What about the rest of our agreement?”

*(conversation progresses)*

MOLE:

“I may not honour that part of arrangement, but I will honour most important part. Your resistance will get weapon. All the weapon I have to give. I still need some for my men. Sharpest sword, swiftest axe, strongest bow...But the rest go to your people. Not your people Azadi. Your people rebel movement. Otherwise, would be silly.”

KIAN:

“Of course. Thank you.”

MOLE:

“My men will be in touch with your women. And also men. Leave now, Azadi. Is dark and late, and I will sleep. Sleep and dream of happier day in burrow to the north, when laughter of children fill every tunnel. Dream of friend and of family, while I mourn them all.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Exit to Marcuria*

***Content added 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

***A plaque is next to the gate to the tower. It reads:***

***Benefactor’s Gate***

**Adam Sisemore + Alexander J Banks + Alexander Stasenko**

**Alexey Verkhorobin + Allen Farsneau + Dr. Greymould**

**Bettina Filius + Palindrome Bob + Benjamin Bonnet**

**Karlson + David Ahmanson + Baron Mortuai**

**Emmanuel Arandiga + Val & Eric O’Sullivan**

**Friederike + Gaël Depreeuw + Gal Shemesh**

**Gaute Tor Eide + Shoob + Glyph + Halil Ibrahim Yildirim**

**Hilde Hafnor + Scholar Inilien + Tom Lougee**

**The Vet surgeon + Joseph Bednarik + Joshua Moline**

**Karl Hörnell + Kian Lissenburg + Kimberly Pollock**

**Korovin Pavel Mikhaylovich + Kristian Risa + Matthew Francis**

**Niklas Herrlin + Trickster of Clexakru + Ole Morten Sørlie**

**Langdon Ulger + Peter Overgaard + Rolf Thomas Hansen**

**Thomas Merz + Tom Lougee + Tom-Erik Ovesen**

**Werner Enz + Jolly Bill the Swagman + Nicholas ‘Melveny’ Yakovlev**

*Examine: The Rooster & Kitten*

KIAN:

“The Rooster and Kitten. Ulvic, the barkeep, is friendly with the resistance.”

*Examine: The Rooster & Kitten*

KIAN:

“The Rooster and Kitten.”

*Enter: The Rooster & Kitten*

*Examine: Publican*

KIAN:

“That must be the publican. Ulvic, I think his name was.”

*Examine: Publican*

KIAN:

“The publican of the Rooster and...Kitten. That is the oddest name. Why not the Cock and—oh. Yes.”

*Examine: Publican*

KIAN:

“He's the proprietor of this establishment.”

*Talk to: Publican*

ULVIC:

“Welcome to the Rooster and Kitten, my good man. You may want to wait with your order until your friends arrive.”

*Talk to: Publican*

ULVIC:

“You may want to wait for the rest of your party before you order. I'm sure you're a busy man tonight.”

*Talk to: Publican*

ULVIC:

“Why don't you come by a bit later? After all, I'm sure you have much to do.”

*Talk to: Publican*

ULVIC:

“By Jaal's amputated left arm... You really are as dim as a dayfly. Your friends aren't here yet, come back later.”

*Examine: Marcurian patrons*

KIAN:

“Ulvic doesn't have the most sophisticated or upscale clientele. And I'm sure he's happy about that.”

*Examine: Marcurian patrons*

KIAN:

“At least they're not a raucous or unruly lot. Ulvic keeps them in check.”

*Examine: Marcurian patrons*

KIAN:

“There are mostly labourers and dockworkers in this bar. It's the perfect cover for the resistance.”

MARCURIAN PATRON (IN CORNER):

““What's the matter?” she says, “What's the matter, Michel?” What a laugh. Like I don't see a man with a bloody spear behind the curtain wearing Azadi boots and a helmet.”

MARCURIAN PATRON (IN CORNER):

“The Azadi. They come here, steal our women, take our jobs, eat our food, use our latrines and don't even bother lighting a candle after they're done! Barbarians.”

MARCURIAN PATRON (IN CORNER):

“Ulvic's a good man, even though he's a little too cozy with the magicals, and the Azadi. It's like he don't care about the poor blighted men and their misery.”

MARCURIAN PATRON (UPSTAIRS):

“I should be getting home. Just one more. One more for the road. A bit of Dull Mary courage to help me get started, and then I'll head home.”

MARCURIAN PATRON (UPSTAIRS):

“The witch and the vicker had six shots of liquor and presently went for a walk. Come on, said the clergy, a man has his urges, but the witch only wanted to talk!”

MARCURIAN PATRON (UPSTAIRS):

“Balance be cursed! Oh, I'm gonna be feeling this tomorrow. Might as well have a few more since I'm already well and surely fucked!”

*Talk to: Marcurian patron (upstairs)*

MARCURIAN PATRON:

“What do you want? Eh? No, really, what do you want?”

*Talk to: Marcurian Patron (upstairs)*

MARCURIAN PATRON:

“This seat's taken. Plenty of other seats available. No shortage of seating here, just not this one, mate.”

*Talk to: Marcurian Patron (upstairs)*

MARCURIAN PATRON:

“Are you picking for a fight? I'm ready when you are, son! I just have to finish this one glass first. Five minutes, tops!”

*Exit to Marcuria*

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

*Examine: Patrolling guard*

KIAN:

“He probably won't stray from his route.”

*Examine: Patrolling guard*

KIAN:

“My veil helps, but if I get too close he will certainly see something.”

*Examine: Patrolling guard*

KIAN:  
  
 “I need to stay out of his sight.”

*If Kian gets caught in the South Gate:*

AZADI GUARD:

“Hey! You!”

“Go on, get out of here!”

“What are you doing here?”

*Examine: Weapons shipment*

KIAN:

“This must be the shipment Likho spoke of. The crates and barrels are all marked with the Azadi seal.”

*Examine: Weapons shipment*

KIAN:

“Weapons, if Likho is correct. I'm supposed to find a way to destroy these. Noisily.”

*Examine: Weapons shipment*

KIAN:

“The rebels want to make a statement with this shipment of weapons. Enu suggested blowing it sky high. But how?”

*Examine: Black powder*

KIAN:

“There's black powder in this barrel. They use it for the muskets and cannons. It's a powerful explosive and propellant.”

*Examine: Black powder*

KIAN:

“Black powder, imported from Azadir.”

*Pick Up: Black powder*

KIAN:

“A handful should suffice.”

*Examine: Black powder (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Black powder. It's quite explosive, and is used in muskets and cannons to propel projectiles.”

*Examine: Black powder (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“This powder is made in Sadir by authorised alchymists. They're one of the few professions allowed to practice the black arts of magic.”

*Examine: Rope*

KIAN:

“It's a sturdy rope, probably soaked through with brine.”

*Pick Up: Rope*

*Examine: Rope (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“A coil of rope I took from the harbour. It smells of brine and it's soaked in seawater.”

*Examine: Rope (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“A rope is always useful.”

*Examine: Crate*

KIAN:

“According to the labeling on this crate, it contains flintlock parts.”

*Examine: Crate*

KIAN:

“Flintlock parts, for the muskets.”

*Pick Up: Crate*

KIAN:

“Flint pieces, for the flintlock muskets.”

*Examine: Flint piece (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It's a piece of flint used in assembling a flintlock musket.”

*Examine: Flint piece (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“A piece of polished Azadir flint.”

*Examine: Flint piece (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Combined with proper steel, this should create a fine spark.”

*Examine: Oil barrel*

KIAN:

“Leviathan oil. I believe they use this as lubricant for the tubes, and as an illuminant in street lamps.”

*Examine: Oil barrel*

KIAN:

“Whalers hunt the Leviathan for weeks and months before tiring them out. The mountain sized beasts can provide oil and meat to a village for an entire year. They even use the bones.”

*Smell: Oil barrel*

KIAN:

“Leviathan oil. They hunt the great beasts for this precious fluid. It's used as illuminant and for lubrication.”

*Use: Rope on Oil barrel*

KIAN:

“The rope's soaked through with oil. It should work as a burning fuse now.”

*Examine: Oiled rope (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Rope, soaked in Leviathan oil. It reeks. It's also very flammable, a perfect burning fuse.”

*Examine: Oiled rope (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Just what I need to make a burning fuse.”

*Examine: Steel nails*

KIAN:

“Steel nails. Imported from western Azadir, I reckon. They're used to mount the pipes around the city.”

*Pick Up: Steel nails*

KIAN:

“A nail, fresh from the steel mills. This might be of use to me.”

*Examine: Steel nail (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“They use these for putting up the pipes. The project must mean a lot to Sahya and Vamon, to import such expensive metal from Azadir.”

*Examine: Steel nail (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Steel. Combined with flint, this should create a good spark.”

*Examine: Steel nail (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“A steel nail. Good steel. This might even be Nirgali steel, the best there is. No expense spared...”

*Use: Black powder on Place item (in front of gunpowder)*

*Examine: Black powder*

KIAN:

“That should be enough black powder to ignite the barrels and blow the whole shipment to pieces.”

*Use: Oiled rope on Black powder*

*Use: Steel nail on Oily rope*

*Use: Flint piece on Oily rope*

*The shipment explodes.*

*Enter: The Rooster & Kitten*

*Talk to: Publican*

ULVIC:

“What can I get you, my good man?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Nothing: *I'm not here to drink. And I have no use for alcohol. It clouds the mind, confuses the heart, and taints the soul.*

KIAN:

“I do not drink.”

ULVIC:

“Well, you'll attract attention, standing there without a mug. Nobody trusts a man who has no taste for beer.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Water: *I have little faith in the quality of the water in this place. But I can at least hold a cup and pretend to be drinking stronger stuff.*

KIAN:

“I'll take a cup of water.”

ULVIC:

“Water? Why would you want to order that foul stuff? I'm afraid we serve no water here, Dar.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Wine: *Goddess knows I'm not a drinking man... What does one order to blend properly in with the patrons of this filthy hive?*

KIAN:

“A glass of iced wine, please.”

ULVIC:

“Iced...wine? Wine and ice? Are you trying to draw attention to yourself?”

*(conversation progresses)*

ULVIC:

“Here's your Merry Minstrum, Dar! Your friend, she's upstairs.”

KIAN:

“Friend?”

ULVIC:

“Yes. Your friend. She's been waiting. You don't want to keep a woman waiting for too long.”

*Talk to: Publican*

ULVIC:

“Another beer, Dar?”

KIAN:

“No, I'm--”

ULVIC:

“Your friend is still waiting. Up. Stairs.”

*Talk to: Publican*

ULVIC:

“Great Mo-jaal's tentacles... Are you still not upstairs? Your friend won't wait forever.”

*Talk to: Publican*

ULVIC:

“You're as dim as a dayfly, Dar. Up! Upstairs!”

*Talk to: Publican*

ULVIC:

“(Sighs)”

*Examine: Stranger*

KIAN:

“She must be this 'friend' Ulvic was referring to. She does appear to be waiting for someone.”

*Examine: Stranger*

KIAN:

“My 'friend', according to the barkeep. I don't know her face.”

ANNA:

“Finally, there you are! Sit.”

“Please. I saved you a seat. Sit down.”

“You look quite ridiculous, standing there.”

“The Mo'jaal be cursed... Take a seat, will you?”

“You're calling attention to us...”

“Fine. Don't sit. Just stand there like an idiot. Sooner of later, you'll tire, and then you'll just have to sit.”

*Sit*

ANNA:

“Smile. We're old friends, remember?”

KIAN:

“I don't remember that at all. Who are you?”

ANNA:

“I'll tell you who I'm not. I'm not with the resistance and I'm not Azadi.”

KIAN:

“If you're not with the resistance and you're not Azadi, who are you working for?”

ANNA:

“I'm working for me. And I can either make your life easier or a lot worse.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Threat?\*: *She claims to be my friend, and then she threatens me? Not the best way to begin a conversation.*

KIAN:

“I have no patience for threats.”

ANNA:

“Threats? Who's talking about threats? I'm just trying to get your attention.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Wrong man\*: *This must be a mistake. The publican was clearly confused. This woman is not looking for me.*

KIAN:

“I'm sorry, but you have the wrong man.”

ANNA:

“I would be a bit more careful, Apostle. If anyone here knew your name...”

*(conversation progresses)*

Curious\*: *Who in Shadow's name is this woman? If she is looking for me, I need to know why.*

KIAN:

“I will have your name.”

ANNA:

““You will have my name.” So forceful. So like a caged animal.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ANNA:

“You're a popular man, Kian Alvane. 'Apostle'. Everyone wants a piece of you. I hear there's even a bounty on your head.”

KIAN:

“I'm afraid you've left me at a disadvantage.”

ANNA:

“I'll even the battlefield. I have as many names as I have friends. And enemies. Some call me Anna.”

KIAN:

“What do you want from me, 'Anna'?”

ANNA:

“I like the emphasis. You're a clever boy. I want your assistance. But now right now. You're meeting someone. I'd hate to get in the way.”

KIAN:

“How did you--”

ANNA:

“I just wanted a chance to introduce myself. And now I have. So it's time to leave. Look me up some time? You can find me at this table most evenings. If not, Ulvic can pass a message. Big man behind the bar? Wears an apron with a cock—a rooster and a kitten on it? Can't miss him. Be seeing you. 'Friend.'”

KIAN:

“Wait. How did you see through my veil?”

ANNA:  
  
“What?”

KIAN:

“You shouldn't be able to recognise me on sight...unless you know me intimately.”

ANNA:

“I don't know what you're talking about. Be seeing you, Alvane.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Enu*

KIAN:

“I really like Enu. She's quick, smart, capable and funny. I don't think I quite understand her, but I do like her.”

*Examine: Enu*

KIAN:

“Enu's a great counterbalance to Likho, and I know he would do anything for her.”

*Examine: Enu*

KIAN:

“Enu, our Zhidling. She's a great asset to the resistance.”

*Talk to: Enu*

KIAN:

“Who was that?”

ENU:

“What? Who? Where?”

KIAN:

“That woman... Who was she?”

ENU:

“A mystery woman, huh? I dunno. I'm not a guy, I don't go looking at every woman who passes by. Likho?”

LIKHO:

“Hm?”

ENU:

“Did you see a mystery woman?”

LIKHO:

“No.”

ENU:

“You need to get out more.”

KIAN:  
  
“Is this place safe for the two of you?”

ENU:

“What? Oh, you mean this, the face, the fur...This is a safe place.”

KIAN:

“But...Azadi drink here.”

ENU:

“Ulvic keeps it all under control. Also, magicals are still allowed passage in the city, as long as they have valid passes and carry no weapons. Visibly.”

KIAN:

“You have passes?”

ENU:  
  
“Sure do. But it's--”

LIKHO:

“We shouldn't push our luck. It's time to go.”

ENU:

“Yeah, that. Come on, Kian. You passed Likho's test, you're okay. We'll head back to HQ.”

KIAN:

“Test?”

ENU:

“Oh! Uh, yeah. Uh. Um. Likho?”

LIKHO:

“I told you I would not trust you.”

KIAN:

“And now you do?”

LIKHO:

“No. I merely distrust you a little less. But you did well. I won't kill you. Yet.”

ENU:

“That's him being real friendly, you know. Hugs? No? Yeah, me neither, okay, we really need to go. Come on.”

*Exit to Marcuria*

ENU:

“So what did you mystery woman look like?”

KIAN:

“She had long, auburn hair and light, freckled skin. She dressed like a ranger.”

ENU:

“Of course she did. Your type, huh?”

KIAN:

“I don't really have a...a type.”

ENU:

“Really? Guy like you, I thought you'd be super choosy.”

KIAN:

“I'm not—Goddess. I've not had much time for...for women in my life.”

ENU:

“Leaping leapfurs, are you joking? How old are you? Look at you, you're gorgeous! How did that come out of my mouth?”

KIAN:

“Leaping...leapfurs?”

ENU:

“Nope. Just...nope. You do like women, though. Right?”

KIAN:

“Shadow take me...”

ENU:

“Not that there's anything wrong with, you know. In fact, I could have set you up with--”

LIKHO:

“That's quite enough, Enu.”

ENU:

“I don't know, this just happens, it's a sickness, I open my mouth and—Bleurgh. It's really disturbing!”

GUARD:

“Passes! What're you doing out so late?”

LIKHO:

“Drinking.”

ENU:

“Dancing!”

LIKHO:

“Just drinking.”

GUARD:

“Next time, go drinking inside the wall. We don't need your kind in our bars.”

ENU:

“No, you're absolutely right, you really, really don't, goodbye.”

LIKHO:

“Dancing?”

ENU:

“Right then and there, it felt like an appropriate answer.”

KIAN:

“Tell me again about this 'test'.”

LIKHO:

“I expected you to run straight to your mistresses, Alvane. You may be of use to us. For a while. I will still kill you. Nothing you can do can ever repay your debt to my family and people.”

ENU:

“Cheerful. Debt?”

LIKHO:

“Never you mind, Zhidling. This is between the Apostle and myself.”

ENU:

“Zhidling? Really? Really? You know I'm not actually a Zhidling, right, glumbum? I'm of age, and I've already been with several men--”

LIKHO:  
  
“That mouth thing again. Zhidling.”

ENU:

“Mmmbfmm. Fnks.”

KIAN:

“Where is everyone?”

ENU:

“In bed. I guess. It is late.”

LIKHO:

“He's right. It's never this empty. Something's wrong. We should hurry.”

*Suddenly, an Azadi soldier shoots an arrow towards Kian from a rooftop!*

*Catch: Arrow*

LIKHO:

“We need to keep moving! We don't know how many of them there are.”

*If Likho catches the arrow:*

KIAN:

“Thanks for catching that arrow, Likho.”

LIKHO:

“It was just pure reflex, Azadi.”

KIAN:

“Oh, that's poppycock. He is warming up to you, Kian.”

*If Kian catches the arrow:*

ENU:

“Good catch, Kian! That was a good catch, wasn't it, Likho?”

LIKHO:

“He survived. It was acceptable.”

ENU:

“He's totally warming up to you.”

LIKHO:

“Thank the gods of old our boat is still here.”

ENU:

“Ladies first. That means you guys, you guys were the ladies, it was a joke—fine I'll go first.”

LIKHO:

“I laughed. On the inside.”

ENU:

“You would have exploded. I don't think your body can handle laughter, Likho.”

*Likho, Enu and Kian return to the Enclave.*

SHEPHERD:

“I'm glad you're all back safely. How did it go?”

*If Likho caught the arrow:*

ENU:

“Kian was awesome. Oh, and Likho saved Kian's life. He could have let the arrow hit him, but he didn't. Progress!”

LIKHO:

“It was reflexes. I did not intend to save the Azadi.”

*If Kian caught the arrow:*

ENU:

“Kian was awesome! He even saved our lives.”

LIKHO:

“I would have caught the arrow.”

ENU:

“Yeah, I know, but Kian did, and it was awesome.”

SHEPHERD:

“Any news of the informer?”

LIKHO:

“Alvane did. We brought him here for questioning.”

SHEPHERD:  
  
“Was that wise? He knows our location now.”

LIKHO:

“That won't be a problem for long.”

SHEPHERD:

“Maybe not for you, Likho. But it is a problem for me. We don't just execute our prisoners once we're done with them. How did the rest of your mission go?”

LIKHO:  
  
“Alvane followed our instructions. He completed his tasks to our satisfaction. The end result was adequate.”

ENU:

“Hey, whoa, don't get all mushy on us now, Likho!”

SHEPHERD:

“I'm glad to see that the three of you can work together. While you wer away, we received some news. Bob-who-can-see?”

BOB WHO CAN SEE:

“Right you are, ma'am. As most of ye know, the First of the Six has been due to arrive in Marcuria for weeks now. Well, she's arrived. Their cloudship docked with the Tower not an hour ago. And...she en't alone.”

LIKHO:

“The First is the Azadi's highest authority, of course she won't travel alone.”

BOB WHO CAN SEE:

“Aye, there's that. But I'm not talking about bodyguards or handmaidens or the like, no. She's got some real interesting company. One General Hami, alongside a Mother Utana.”

KIAN:

“What did you see?”

BOB WHO CAN SEE:

“Hami, General. Utana, Mother. Do ye know them?”

KIAN:

“I do. They're with the First of the Six?”

BOB WHO CAN SEE:  
  
“So word has it.”

KIAN:

“How do you know this? Do you have eyes inside the Tower?”

BOB WHO CAN SEE:  
  
“Not inside, no. On the ground, here and there, close enough. Some tell secrets for money or to protect their own secrets. Some are sympathetic to the magicals. And some are unhappy with Sahya and her lapdog Vamon.”

KIAN:

“They run the city still.”

BOB WHO CAN SEE:

“Word is, they are...intimate.”

KIAN:

“A sister and a soldier. That's a capital crime.”

BOB WHO CAN SEE:

“Well, lad, with Sahya ruling the church and Vamon the sate here in Marcuria, there's not much anyone can do.”

KIAN:

“If anyone can, it will be General Hami and Mother Utana.”

SHEPHERD:

“You know them well, then.”

KIAN:

“You knew. You knew they were coming. And you knew my history with them. That's why you freed me from--”

LIKHO:

“Na'ane! Finally! What news from Myria?”

NA'ANE:

“Likho. Shepherd. The rebuilding progresses, and—Alvane. You are...on your feet again.”

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

*F Press to learn more about this character.*

*Na'ane is a Zhidmari Artisan who has been with the resistance for several years. She hails from Irhad, where she served the Rose Court. One year ago, Na'ane sold out the location of the rebel base in Myria – The Swamp City – to the Azadi Apostle Kian Alvane, in order to save shipments of food and medicine to magicals in Marcuria. As a result of this, the Azadi were able to locate and execute the rebel leader, April Ryan, and almost destroy the resistance. This also led to Kian's death sentence and imprisonment in Friar's Keep.*

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**Na’ane**

**Na’ane is a Zhidmari Artisan and long-time member of the resistance. She hails from Irhad, where she served the Rose Court.**

**One year ago, Na’ane betrayed the location of the rebel base in Myria - the swamp city – to the Azadi Apostle Kian Alvane. She did this save shipments of food and medicine to the magicals in Marcuria, as well as her own life.**

**As a consequence of her actions, many rebels perished. The Azadi were led straight to Myria, and to the rebel leader April Ryan. Because of Na’ane, April was killed and the resistance almost crushed.**

**Na’ane’s betrayal also led to Kian’s death sentence and imprisonment in Friar’s Keep.**

**Only Kian knows the truth of what Na’ane did, and he now holds her life in his hands.**

CHOICE:

Silence: *The traitor! What's that witch doing here? They must not know who she is and what she's done. If I tell them now, she's dead. I must confront her in private.*

NA'ANE:

“They're... They're all well. Rebuilding...Apologies, Shepherd, I'm tired from my travels. I would like to retire to my quarters.”

SHEPHERD:

“Of course. Let's speak tomorrow. That goes for all of us. The hour is late. We will reconvene after breakfast.”

*(scene progresses)*

Traitor: *The traitor! She betrayed the resistance to save herself, and now she's come back? Don't they know who she is and what she's done? I must tell them, before she flees.*

KIAN:

“This witch betrayed you all! She is responsible for the attack on the Swamp City. And for April Ryan's death.”

SHEPHERD:

“What?”

LIKHO:

“What are you talking about?”

KIAN:

“I arrested her. Last year. She betrayed you to save her own skin. She gave me the location of the Swamp City. And she lured April there. It is because of this...witch that April Ryan died.”

LIKHO:

“You're lying, Azadi!”

NA'ANE:

“He is not. Forgive me, Likho.”

*Likho pulls out a dagger.*

SHEPHERD:

“Likho, stop! Please, put your knife down. Do not harm her.”

LIKHO:

“Kian should be the one to kill her. He turned her, and he turned on her. Let him prove his allegiance now. Go on, Alvane. Do what you do best.”

CHOICE:

Let Likho kill her (or let the timer run out): *She betrayed her friends and allies. She deserves death...but it won't be by my hand. If Likho wants her dead, he must cut her throat on his own. I want no part in her murder, even if it makes me weak in his eyes.*

KIAN:

“Not by my hand, Likho.”

LIKHO:

“If not by yours, then by mine. Craven fool.”

*Likho slashes Na'ane's throat.*

SHEPHERD:

“Na'ane...”

ENU:

“Fuck. Oh, fuck! What have you done, Likho?”

LIKHO:

“What needed to be done. What we do to traitors.”

SHEPHERD:

“May the Great Herd embrace her spirit...Someone please bring Na'ane to her chambers. Wash her body. Wrap her in linen. I'll sit with her until first light, and then we...Then we bury her. Why, Likho? Why would you do such a thing?”

LIKHO:

“Because Kian would not. And because she is just as responsible as he is for April's death. It's her blood on my hands. If you have a problem with that, Shepherd, come see me.”

ENU:

“I just can't believe—Na'ane. We were friends! She braided my hair! And also, you know, all the other stuff. And, and, and...Likho? He frightens me, Shepherd. He has so much anger and hatred in him. I didn't even recognise him. I swear I'm never going to trust anyone ever again.”

SHEPHERD:

“That's not true, Enu.”

ENU:

“No, I know, you're right, I'm still going to trust everyone. But...Na'ane? And Likho? This really sucks.”

SHEPHERD:

“I... I think there's nothing more to discuss tonight.”

*(scene progresses)*

Spare her: *I can't kill her. And I can't let him kill her, even though that will shame him in front of the others. She betrayed her allies, but she had her reasons. I forced her into it, and she deserves my help now. Besides, her magic may be useful to the rebels. And she healed my wounds and saved my life.*

KIAN:

“She doesn't deserve the blade. She did it out of desperation. She thought she was doing the right thing.”

LIKHO:

“You're as treacherous as she is. And to think I was starting to trust you, Azadi. Well, if you're not going to kill her, then take her away. I don't want to see her. I won't be able to stay my blade.”

NA'ANE:

“I'm sorry, Likho--”

SHEPHERD:

“Put her in a cell. I will speak with her later. And Likho, you will not harm her. We need her. As for you, Kian...You did the right thing, the honourable thing...although I fear you have made even more of an enemy of Likho. He lost face tonight. He won't soon forget that. You should all get some sleep. It's been a long day. We will reconvene after breakfast tomorrow.”

*(scene progresses)*

Kill her: *I must do what he asks. I need his trust and confidence, the future of the resistance depends on it. This will prove my loyalty. And she is nothing but a treacherous witch. She'd sell us out again in an instant, given the opportunity.*

KIAN:

“Step aside, Likho. I said, step aside. I will end her life.”

LIKHO:

“Stay...stay your sword, Alvane. Give me a moment to think. I'm not so sure we should kill her.”

SHEPHERD:

“No, we should not. Please release her. Likho...Put her in a cell, under guard. I will speak with her later. You did the right thing, Likho. I'm proud of your restraint. As for you, Kian...”

LIKHO:

“He did what he was asked to do, Shepherd. And without him, the traitor would still be hidden among us. I respect your choice, Kian. Even if it was not the right decision.”

SHEPHERD:

“Very well. I think we've had enough excitement for one evening. Get some sleep, we will reconvene in the morning.”

*(scene progresses)*

*After the meeting, Kian approaches Shepherd.*

*If Na'ane is alive:*

KIAN:

“You knew they were coming. The General and the Mother. That's why you sent Captain Bachim to Friar's Keep. That's why you freed me.”

SHEPHERD:

“Kian...”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Likho killed Na'ane:*

KIAN:

“I should have done something. I should have intervened.”

SHEPHERD:

“We all should have. Likho is...There's so much anger and pain in him since April's passing.”

KIAN:

“Were they...?”

SHEPHERD:

“At some point. But it went deeper than that. When they parted, Likho continued to care for her in other ways. I believe for him the relationship was a way to get closer to her. He loved April with all his heart. Her death broke him. (Sighs) It's a tragedy. All of it. Did you want something, Kian?”

KIAN:

“I'm not sure if this is the right time, Shepherd...General Hami. And Mother Utana. You knew they were coming.”

*(conversation progresses)*

KIAN:

“Likho was right. You're using me. All those words about being a symbol, about being important to the resistance--”

SHEPHERD:

“Does the one exclude the other? You are a symbol. You are a warrior. And now you're a rebel. I knew they were coming, Utana and Hami. And I knew from our spies in Sadir that you were bound to them both. We saw an opportunity, and we sent Bachim to free you. You can see that we're desperate, Kian. Afraid, alone...Most humans have already given up, given in, become comfortable with this new world. With the Azadi. Many have forgotten about the magicals. Or...chosen to forget. They carry on with their lives, even if we can not. We few are all that remains of the resistance. If we lose...All is lost. Our lives, our hopes, our entire future. Lost to darkness. I will do anything to save my people. Make terrible sacrifices. Tell lies... Anything. Wouldn't you, Kian? So, yes, you are a tool. And you are a symbol. Our secret weapon. They key to our survival. It's been a long and tiring day, and there's still much I need to do. We can continue our conversation another day.”

*If Kian remained silent about Na'ane, gameplay resumes.*

*If Kian caught the correct turncoat:*

TRAITOR:

“I'm sorry, I'm s—I-I'm sorry, I had no choice, They forced me--”

LIKHO:

“Who did?”

TRAITOR:

“The Azadi. They threatened me and me family and me livelihood.”

LIKHO:

“That still doesn't explain why you were at the National Front meeting.”

TRAITOR:

“I had to keep up appearances. And it's where I'd meet with my man there? I'd report to him about what was going on in Oldtown. He'd ask me questions about certain people. Magicals. Suspected rebels. But I didn't tell him everything! I swear! I only did what I had to do to protect me family! Please, please believe me, I had no choice.”

*If Kian did not catch the turncoat:*

MAN:

“I've told you, I don't know what you're talking about. I'm not a collaborrator. I'm not a spy. Why won't you believe me?”

LIKHO:

“You were seen at the National Front meeting.”

MAN:

“That's not possible. I wasn't there. You must've gotten me mixed up with someone else. By the Balance, and the Gods of old, please, please believe me! I'm innocent!”

*Talk to: Na'ane*

NA'ANE:

“I've been expecting you. Why did you protect me in there? Why not tell them what I did and who I really am?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Time: *I only had a moment to decide. That's not enough time to weigh a person's life.*

KIAN:

“I couldn't decide on what to tell them.”

NA'ANE:

“You're still turning me in, then. Will you at least hear me out?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Traitor: *I have no intention of protecting her secrets, but her selfless actions granted me a second chance. At the very least, she deserves to be heard.*

KIAN:

“Because I wanted to give you a chance to tell your story.”

NA'ANE:

“Will you hear me out before making your decision?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Salvation: *It was her portal that helped me escape the Keep. She healed my wounds. She knew I might expose her, and yet...yet she saved my life.*

KIAN:

“Why did you save me?”

NA'ANE:

“Because you were sick. Because you needed me. Because without my help, you would have died.”

KIAN:

“Knowing I might tell everyone what you did...”

NA'ANE:

“That made no difference to me. The resistance needs you, so I did my part.”

KIAN:

“You're still a traitor.”

NA'ANE:

“I did betray the resistance. But before you decide what to do with me, will you hear me out?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Forgiveness: *I called her a traitor...but are we so different?*

KIAN:

“I know you had your reasons for doing what you did.”

NA'ANE:

“There's no excuse, but I did what I did because I believed it was the right thing to do. Will you at least hear me out before making your decision?”

*(conversation progresses)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Yes: *Everyone deserves to be heard. Maybe the others won't give her that opportunity.*

KIAN:

“Speak.”

NA'ANE:

“When I gave you the location of our base, and betrayed April...I thought I was sacrificing one person to save everyone else. But many died because of my actions. This has haunted me. I have questioned my motives. Did I sell her out to save the shipment of food and medicines? Without it, many would have suffered. The old, the sickly... The children. Or did I betray the resistance to save my own skin? I would have been executed by the Azadi. I truly don't know. Perhaps it was a little of both. Perhaps things are not so black and white. We can never truly know the consequences of our actions. If you keep my secret, I can continue to help. I am of real value to the resistance, despite my crimes. Turn me in, and more will suffer. But justice, for what it's worth, will be served. It's your choice to make, Alvane. Not mine.”

*(conversation progresses)*

No: *I will base my decision on what I know and what I think is right, not on her words.*

KIAN:

“Hold your tongue, witch.”

*(conversation progresses)*

NA'ANE:

“What is your decision? What will you do with me?”

CHOICE:

Tell everyone: *However she chooses to justify her betrayal, regardless of her important to the resistance, the others deserve to know. Her fate needs to be in their hands.*

KIAN:

“The others must know of your betrayal.”

NA'ANE:

“Very well. I understand. Will you allow me to make my own confession to Shepherd?”

KIAN:

“I will take you to her.”

NA'ANE:

“Thank you. And...I'm sorry for all the pain I have caused. I should have let you kill me. I should have been stronger. If I had, then maybe Likho wouldn't be in so much pain. April would be alive. And you would still be the Apostle.”

*(scene ends)*

Tell no one: *She's important to the resistance. Without her, they will be even weaker. I must protect her secret, whatever the consequences.*

KIAN:

“I'll be watching you.”

NA'ANE:

“I promise you won't regret your decision. I will live to repent my sins and serve the resistance. I'm in your debt, Alvane. Always and forever.”

KIAN:

“You saved my life. But I may still call on you one day to do something for me.”

NA'ANE:

“I'll be ready.”

*Sahya and Vamon are sitting in her office in the Tower.*

VAMON:

“The First is on her way.”

SAHYA:

“Has she mentioned...him?”

VAMON:

“I don't think so. You do know she's brought General Hami and that Mother with her?”

SAHYA:

“Utana. It means nothing. The General was due back in the Northlands.”

VAMON:

“What about the Mother?”

SAHYA:

“She's rumoured to be next in line for the Seat. She wants to be...involved.”

VAMON:  
  
“She was also the bleeding heart who practically raised Alvane. She sponsored his whole education.”

SAHYA:

“Light... She could be a problem. But what can we do?”

VAMON:

“We make sure none of them know Kian is alive and with the resistance.”

*The door opens.*

SAHYA:

“Mistress. Your presence here honours us.”

THE FIRST OF THE SIX:

“Sister Sahya. This is an impressive edifice. It appears your work here has borne fruit.”

SAHYA:

“We believe so, Mistress. We welcome you to Marcuria and the Northlands. Anything you need, you let me know. Mother. I'm pleased to see you as well. To have the both of you here is a great honour.”

MOTHER UTANA:

“Quite. The Seat wants to know how the mission goes, how the Northlanders are handling the transition, and how many of them have chosen to embrace the Light of the Goddess.”

SAHYA:

“We will speak of this, and much more. For now, we have prepared dinner for all of you. I hope you will join me.”

MOTHER UTANA:

“Right. Well, I am starving. The food on those Cloudships...”

VAMON:

“General. I did not expect to see you back so soon.”

HAMI:

“Neither did I. What's this I hear about Kian?”

THE FIRST OF THE SIX:

“Yes, what of the Apostle?”

SAHYA:

“It pains me to inform you that Alvane died in a riot. He was detained under pentalty of death until your visit, Mistress. Unfortunately, the rebels snuck their agents into the prison. They cut him down and burned his body.”

MOTHER UTANA:

“Goddess guide his immortal soul to the First Mountain...”

SAHYA:

“With every respect to you and your Seat, Mother, Alvane was a traitor. He betrayed the cause and he--”

MOTHER UTANA:

“May I remind you, Sister, that the Apostle was never relieved of his title, and should be addressed properly. And may I also remind you that without a proper trial and judgement by the First of the Six, his so-called 'treason' remains an accusation, and nothing more. Now that he's...no longer with us, we may never know the truth. But our people will not be told that the Apostle was a traitor.”

SAHYA:

“Mother.”

HAMI:

“How did you say he died, Commander?”

VAMON:

“Stabbed. During a riot. They burned his body, hopefully after he'd bled out. We weren't able to retake the prison until the next morning.”

HAMI:

“I will need to see the Keep for myself, Commander. And interview the guards and prisoners.”

VAMON:

“Certainly. I shall make arrangements for you to visit in a couple of days.”

HAMI:

“Don't bother, Vamon. I will go there tomorrow. You don't have to trouble yourself. I'm sure you have better things to do.”

VAMON:

“As you wish, Mir.”

THE FIRST OF THE SIX:

“How is the Engine progressing?”

SAHYA:

“The engineers are working day and night to connect the tubes. We expect to be able to switch it on according to schedule.”

THE FIRST OF THE SIX:

“Good. I have brought the final instructions from Sadir. The Architects will send any remaining modifications by Cloudship. And when the Prophet returns, he will inspect the Engine before we switch it on.”

SAHYA:

“Have you not spoken with him?”

THE FIRST OF THE SIX:

“Not for many months. But he will be here when our Goddess-given task is complete. Only he will know how to bring it to life and to interpret the messages from the Engine.”

SAHYA:

“Of course. Please, will the two of you accompany me to the dinner table? I'm sure the kitchen is worried the food will turn cold before we are seated. General. Commander.”

HAMI:

“Until tomorrow, Sister. Mother. My Lady. Vamon, if you'll dine with me in my quarters?”

VAMON:

“Of course, Mir.”

HAMI:

“Tell me again what happened at the Keep.”

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**The First of the Six**

**The Six are the child empresses of the Azadi Empire. They reside inside the Sixth Circle of Sadir, the capital of Azadir, from age 12 until adulthood, after which they become revered and sequestered Sisters of the Goddess.**

**The Six wield immense power, but one kept in check by others. They are under constant scrutiny and observation, rarely venturing outside the Six Circles of Sadir, and their reliance on the Council of advisors and ministers is absolute. Their rule is short: none of the Six have served longer than a decade.**

**The First is the most senior of the Six. She sent Kian Alvane on his fateful mission to hunt down the rebel leader, and she’s now journeyed to Marcuria to oversee the activation of the Engine that’s been under construction for almost a decade.**

**Mother Utana**

**Over thirty years ago, Mother Utana – then a young Sister, charged with running a small temple in a poor neighbourhood of Azadir – rescued a homeless and wounded Kian Alvane from the streets.**

**She took the boy in, fed him, nursed him back to health, gave him a bed and taught him the word of the Goddess. She became an important mother figure in Kian’s life as well as a guiding light in his spiritual awakening, and their relationship has always been strong – though they’ve not seen each other for several years.**

**Mother Utana is next in line to take over the highest spiritual position of the Azadi Empire, second only to the Six – a position said to hold even more power than that of the child empresses.**

**Hami**

**General Hami is the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in the Northlands, the highest ranking officer in the Coalition of the Willing.**

**Hami first took note of Kian Alvane when Kian was a teenager, fighting for his life on the streets of Sadir. An up-and-coming commander, Hami took the boy under his wing, trained him, and convinced him to become an army conscript.**

**As Apostle, Kian rose to equal his mentor in rank – but the two began to drift apart, divided by Kian’s increasing zealotry and religious devotion. Despite the growing distance between them, Hami still considers Kian an adopted son, and Kian respects Hami as both a friend, an officer…and surrogate father.**

**Unlike the majority of Azadi officers, General Hami was not born into Sadir nobility. He does not hail from one of the first families, and this is the only thing his enemies can fault him for – and the reason Hami has seen his authority challenged by the religious police and the increasing power of the Marcurian Emissary Sahya and her Commander Vamon.**

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**--Chapter 4: Dreaming--**

*Zoë finds herself surrounded by nothing by white.*

ZOË:

“H-hello?”

ABNAXUS:

“You were there. Ixul panax brekal. We met.”

*Examine: Abnaxus*

ZOË:

“Is that a...a man? It doesn't look human.”

*Examine: Abnaxus*

ZOË:

“What is that?”

*Talk to: Abnaxus*

ZOË:

“Have we...have we met before?”

ABNAXUS:

“We will. We are meeting now. Venari Abnaxus it al. I am Abnaxus of the Venar.”

ZOË:

“Oh. Uh. Hi. I'm Zoë of, um, the humans. Who's that?”

ABNAXUS:

“He will be Oular-pala. Chief of the Oular, those who remained, children of the purple mountains.”

ZOË:

“Okay. This is a dream...right?”

ABNAXUS:

“It was. You dreamed of things elsewhen, of Abnaxus-who-was and who will soon have passed beyond the veil and into the great forgetfulness. In the dream, I will speak of the time-that-has-flowed and the time-that-will-still-flow. But outside the dream, I will be sick.”

*Touch: Landscape*

ABNAXUS:

“I was like a petrified tree in the middle of a river. Frozen in this moment, while time parts around me.”

*Examine: Abnaxus*

ZOË:

“I think he said his name is Abnaxus.”

*Examine: Abnaxus*

ZOË:

“Is he human or something else? He does not look human. I don't think he's human.”

*Talk to: Abnaxus*

ZOË:

“So why am I having this dream?”

ABNAXUS:

“You were needed. Achil-axik nabe aj na achik-axik. The First Dreamer needs you.”

ZOË:

“The First...Dreamer.”

*Examine: Abnaxus*

ZOË:

“How did he get over there so quickly? There's some sort of doorway into the mountain.”

*Touch: Mountain*

ABNAXUS:

“This one is also sick. This one is dying. Lux kamel.”

ZOË:

“What does that mean?”

ABNAXUS:

“This one's name is Lux. This one is the First Dreamer. This one is like you, like your sister, like those who did dream and shaped reality.”

*Examine: Lux*

ZOË:

“I can't tell if it's a boy or a girl. But she, or he, is beautiful.”

*Examine: Lux*

ZOË:

“Lux. Light in Latin, but I have no idea if it's the same here.”

*Examine: Lux*

ZOË:

“The First Dreamer... That reminds me of something. Am I a Dreamer? No, that can't be it. Can it?”

*Touch: Lux*

ZOË:

“Another...Dreamer. Wait, that-that wasn't real. That was—That was just another dream.”

ABNAXUS:

“Yes. And also much more. We needed you to come. You came. You will come here to help Lux. Everything depends on this. Everything that was, is, and will be. If this one ends, everything ends. All of time.”

ZOË:

“Someone...someone else once told me the same thing. What does it mean?”

ABNAXUS:

“This one is the First Dreamer. This one dreams, and the dream is the universe. When the dream ends...”

ZOË:

“Wh-What's happening? Wh-Where are you going? Hey. Hey! Come back! Tell me what's going on!”

*Zoë sits up in her bed.*

*Monday, July 31, 2220*

*If Reza did not leave at the end of Chapter 2:*

REZA:

“Zoë? Zoë! Are you okay?”

ZOË:

“Yeah. I'm okay. I'm fine. I—I was just...dreaming.”

REZA:

“You were crying out in your sleep... Nightmare? Do you want to talk about it?”

ZOË:

“Yes it was. And, uh, no I don't. What time is it?”

REZA:

“Time for me to leave and for you to start getting ready for your doctor's appointment.”

ZOË:

“I want to sleep...”

REZA:

“Yeah, well, too bad. See you later?”

ZOË:

“Sure. I'll stop by the office when I'm done.”

REZA:

“Okay. Love you.”

*Relationship saved (for now)*

ZOË:

“Me too.”

*If Reza left at the end of Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“Jesus... That felt so real. Is that the time? Shit.”

*If Zoë didn't put on clothes yet:*

*Exit to Propast:*

ZOË:

“Much as I'd like to go out dressed in nothing but my knickers...I think I'll get dressed.”

*Use: Wardrobe*

*Exit to Propast*

EYE OFFICER:

“Citizen! Halt! Where are you going?”

ZOË:

“Why?”

EYE OFFICER:

“Answer the question or you will be detained.”

ZOË:

“I have an appointment.”

EYE OFFICER:

“The streets are unsafe. Return to your home or business to conduct your appointment remotely.”

ZOË:

“I'm seeing my doctor.”

EYE OFFICER:

“What is the name and business location of your doctor?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Comply\*: *They have no right to ask for that information, but if I resist they might put me on a watch list...or worse.*

*The EYE records everything!*

ZOË:

“Dr. Roman Zelenka. His office is in Seshadri Tower.”

EYE OFFICER:

“You are Zoë Maya Castillo, a resident of Sonnenschein Plaza Terraces by OCG.”

ZOË:

“Are you asking me a question?”

*(conversation ends)*

Resist\*: *As far as I know, the EYE has no right to interrogate me. Not unless they arrest me first.*

*The EYE never forgets!*

ZOË:

“I'm sorry, but that's private information. You're violating my civil rights. I can contact my lawyer right now if you--”

EYE OFFICER:

“Zoë Maya Castillo, resident of Sonnenschein Plaza Terraces by OCG. You have a prior record with the Syndicate.”

ZOË:

“Th-the charges were dropped. It was a misunderstanding.”

EYE OFFICER:

“I could detain you right now and bring you in for questioning.”

ZOË:

“Sure. And then you can deal with the fallout when I tell my story to the press. What you're doing is illegal.”

*(conversation progresses)*

EYE OFFICER:

“Stay off the streets, Ms. Castillo. It's for your own protection.”

ZOË:

“Sure it is.”

EYE OFFICER:

“Proceed.”

*(conversation ends)*

LOUD ANNOUNCEMENT:

“The EYE in the sky watches so you don't have to. Help us help you. Stay inside and comply with all EYE directives without delay.”

“The following is a security announcement: All EYE operatives are authorised to use deadly force. Avoid crowds. Stay safe. Stay inside. Stay connected to your Dreamachines.”

“Stay safe. Stay inside. Stay in touch to your Wati Dreamachines. The streets are dangerous. The streets are dangerous. Avoid the streets. Crowds are unsafe. Avoid crowds.”

“The EYE in the sky reminds you that loitering is strictly illegal in areas under EYE administration. Stay inside, stay connected, stay safe.”

“Citizens: All EYE personnel are positioned for your safety and security. Comply with all demands immediately. Do not resist. Do not question.”

“Citizens: Pay close attention to the following message. If you have no business outside, please return to your offices or homes. Your cooperation is appreciated.”

“Avoid threatening movements. Avoid unsavory company. Avoid any unathorised congregations. Demonstrations are a tool for terrorists. Avoid demonstrations.”

*Examine: Blockade*

ZOË:

“They're shutting down entire streets now.”

*Examine: Blockade*

ZOË:

“No way through there, at least not right now.”

EYE OPERATIVE NEAR BLOCKADE:  
  
“Stay off the streets. The streets are unsafe.”

“Return to your domiciles or stations.”

“Loitering is strictly forbidden in areas under EYE administration.”

“Stay safe, stay inside. Connect to Dreamtime from your place of work or residence.”

“This area is under EYE dominion. Please keep your head down and your eyes forward.”

“Continue to your destination. Do not procrastinate. Do not congregate.”

*WATI adbots are flying around with holograms circling around them that say “What dreams are made of”.*

WATI ADBOT:

“Why be outside when you can be inside enjoying an infinite selection of dreams tailored to your desires? WATI's new Dreamachine! Sweet dreaming.”

“Life is dreary and meaningless, but your dreams don't have to be. With the new WATI Dreamachine, you can make your innermost desires come to life.”

“The new Dreamachine by WATI opens up a world of entertainment. Talk to me now for more information.”

*Talk to: Adbot*

WATI ADBOT:

“Greetings, consumer! You are looking absolutely radiant today. May I have a minute of your time to tell you about the new WATI Dreamachine?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Dismiss: *Ugh. Annoying.*

ZOË:

“Go away, leave me alone and never come back.”

WATI ADBOT:

“Unable to comply with request. Please contact WATIcorp customer relations for a complete list of compatible interactions. Requests for sexual favours will be logged and reported to the appropriate authorities. WATIcorp Adbots do not 'talk dirty' or perform fellatio. WATIcorp Adbots will also not commit murder unless authorised to do so. Requests for a person, animal or bot to be assassinated will be logged and reported to the appropriate authorities.”

*(conversation ends)*

Polite refusal: *I don't have time to listen to this adbot right now.*

ZOË:

“Sorry, I'm in a rush.”

WATI ADBOT:

“Sweet dreams, consumer!”

*(conversation ends)*

Short pitch: *If it shuts this thing up, I'll ask for the three second pitch.*

ZOË:

“Okay, fine, but make it super brief.”

WATI ADBOT:

“Escape! With the new WATI Dreamachine, now with personalised dreams, giving you the experience you--”

ZOË:

“That's enough. I'll think about it.”

WATI ADBOT:

“Thank you for your time. And sweet dreams!”

*(conversation ends)*

Full pitch: *I wonder what will happen if I ask for the full sales pitch...*

ZOË:

“Yes, I do have a minute and I am interested in learning more about the Dreamachine. Please give me your whole pitch. Leave nothing out.”

*The adbot pulls down a large opaque holographic Dreamachine logo.*

WATI ADBOT:

“The New Dreamachine by WATI provides a safe and productive way to entertain yourself, alone or together with friends. WATI's official Dream Store offers a wide selection of designer created dreams, tailored to your every need and desire, including mature dreams for adult dreamers. The New Dreamachine also offers an easy way to create your own dreams, with premade templates and easy building blocks. And now, with version 3.0 of DreamOS, you can simply reveal your most intimate desires and a personalised dream will be created for you, instantly. The Dreamachine by WATI is your portal to a world of infinite entertainment and services. With the New Dreamachine, you will never have a reason to leave home again. Hungry? Thirsty? In need of immediate medical assistance? A simple subvocalised command opens a window to WATI's AI support, serving your every need. The New Dreamachine by WATI is all this and more. Order now by simply saying “I want to dream”, followed by your full name and citizen registration number. WATIcorp is not responsible for any personal injury or bodily harm that may occur to you or others in your household by staying connected to Dreamtime for prolonged periods of time. WATIcorp retains the right to share your dreams and innermost desires with selected partners.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Arrest*

ZOË:

“There's been more and more of these random arrests. They're really cracking down on protests.”

*Examine: Arrest*

ZOË:

“I shouldn't get involved.”

EYE OFFICER THAT ZOË BUMPS INTO:

“Move along. Nothing to see here.”

“You're disrupting traffic. Keep walking.”

NELA:

“Zozo! Over here.”

“Hey, Zoë!”

“Zozo!”

*Touch: Panel (Seshadri Tower before talking to Nela)*

ZOË:

“I can't just ignore Nela. I have some time before my session begins.”

*Talk to: Nela*

NELA:

“I wasn't sure you'd make it today, what with the panzer-pandu out in force. Say hello to our new robot overlords.”

ZOË:

“It was touch and go. Were you waiting for me?”

NELA:

“I don't do apologies.”

ZOË:

“Okay.”

*If Zoë chose the pork sausages in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“What happened to Karl?”

*Your choice of lunch had repercussions!*

NELA:

“Confiscated! After the Hand published their story about The Collective and grey market imports, the district refused to renew my license and I refused to move. So those cowardly mecha-cunts hauled Karl away.”

ZOË:

“Oh my God. Nela...I'm so, so sorry.”

NELA:

“Not your fault. The sausages gave your chorbo the shits, and he wrote a story about it. Mega- chungo, but fair shakes. Anyway, I will fight them, all the way to the top. The legal wheels are turning. But this isn't why I wanted to talk to you. Last week...”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë listened in on Nela's conversation in Chapter 2:*

NELA:

“When you bumped into me outside the Collective, I was confrontational. I didn't mean to be.”

ZOË:

“You don't do apologies, Nela.”

NELA:

“You're right, so shut up and accept it!”

ZOË:

“Accepted. So why were you confrontational?”

NELA:

“Paranoia, Zozo. I'm just on edge with this party business. No big deal.”

*If Zoë interrupted Nela's conversation in Chapter 2:*

NELA:

“You caught me by surprise. I shouldn't have reacted the way I did.”

ZOË:

“But you don't do apologies, Nela.”

NELA:

“I don't! So just shut up and accept it!”

ZOË:

“Accepted. What was going on?”

NELA:

“Nothing. Honestly. Party business.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Dig deeper: *Party business? She must mean the Marxists. I'm curious to know what's got her so on edge.*

ZOË:

“What's going on?”

NELA:

“(Sighs) Manifesto's starting to come apart at the seams. Too many conflicts of interests. Ribas is having a tough time keeping everyone in line. There's no consensus about strategy, about what to do to get people to open their eyes and see what's really going on in this city. Some want to keep doing what we have been doing. Peaceful protests, debate, passing out pamphlets...Others want to take more...radical action.”

ZOË:

“Like what?”

NELA:

“It's politics, Zozo. You know how it is. The hardest part is agreeing on a common agenda. I'm not sure it matters. We're last in the polls, and it'll take a miracle to change that. But anyway.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Drop it: *By 'party business' she probably means the Marxists. And it's really none of my business.*

ZOË:

“I understand, it's perfectly fine.”

*(conversation progresses)*

NELA:

“You were asking me about Hanna Roth...”

ZOË:

“I'm looking for her.”

NELA:

“Why?”

ZOË:

“Oh, it's complicated. Queenie... You know the babka on the boat down in the--”

NELA:

“Sure, everyone knows her.”

ZOË:

“Queenie asked me to look for Hanna, to find out if she's okay, or... Not okay, I guess.”

NELA:

“Why the hell would she be asking you?”

ZOË:

“Campaign business. I'm trying to get her to officially support Lea Uminska.”

NELA:

“Aha, it's all starting to make sense.”

ZOË:

“Do you know Hanna?”

NELA:

“She runs errands for merchants in Propast, does odd jobs for anyone willing to pay. She's helped me out a few times. Deliveries, mostly. And also—Well, that's how I know Hanna. But I don't know where she lives, I don't know who her friends are, I don't know how to get a hold of her.”

ZOË:

“So why--”

NELA:

“She runs a gang, all homeless girls. The Dragonflies. They operate out of the underground here in Propast. They do odd jobs, legit jobs, but also...odder jobs.”

ZOË:

“Like crime.”

NELA:

“Like crime, Zozo. Pick-pocketing, fencing, smuggling, selling unlicensed dreams... Drugs. Keep an eye out for the Dragonfly symbol, and a girl with short, pink hair and piercings. That'll be Hanna.”

ZOË:

“I appreciate it, Nela. I'm sorry about getting involved in your affairs last week.”

*If Zoë chose the cheese soup in Chapter 2:*

NELA:

“Don't worry about it. You still haven't tried the pork sausages. The last batch was a bit...iffy. There were complaints and also food poisoning. But I just received a new delivery and they smell much better this time around.”

ZOË:

“Right, uh, some other time, maybe?”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë chose the pork sausages in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“And good luck getting Karl back.”

NELA:

“We'll be back in business before you know it. They can't keep the people down! Time to go squeeze some government testicles until they release my food cart.”

*(conversation progresses)*

NELA:

“I hope you find Hanna.”

*Touch: Panel (Seshadri Tower)*

*If Reza did not leave at the end of Chapter 2:*

ROMAN:

“How are things between you and Reza?”

ZOË:

“They're okay. Just okay. Rocky.”

ROMAN:

“And how do you feel about that?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Good-ish: *Nothing's changed. I love Reza. We're having a tough time, but it's worth fighting for. Right?*

ZOË:

“I feel good. I feel fine. I try not to think too much about it?”

ROMAN:

“Listen to your own feelings. Be aware of them.”

ZOË:

“I will.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Not great: *Things are rougher than they were. It's not like we fight every day, but it's...tense. We're circling each other.*

ZOË:

“Honestly? I dunno.”

ROMAN:

“Take the time you need to understand your feelings.”

ZOË:

“I will.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Reza left at the end of Chapter 2:*

ROMAN:

“How do you feel about Reza and you splitting up?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Fine: *I haven't really allowed myself to wallow. I feel fine. I think. So far. If I start ruminating on it, I'll be a wreck, so better not.*

ZOË:

“Okay. I feel okay about it.”

ROMAN:

“That's good. Take your time. Don't rush into anything.”

ZOË:

“I won't.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Meh: *I've tried not to think about our breakup. I've kept busy and emotionally distant. So that's probably not a great sign.*

ZOË:

“Oh, you know. Up and down.”

ROMAN:

“That's understandable. It's a big change, a big decision. Don't rush anything.”

ZOË:

“I won't.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ROMAN:

“In our last session--”

ZOË:

“Last week.”

*If Zoë told Roman she wants to remember in Chapter 2:*

ROMAN:

“Last week. You said you want to remember...”

ZOË:

“Right.”

ROMAN:

“About what happened before the coma.”

ZOË:

“Yeah.”

ROMAN:

“Is that still the case?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Remember\*: *I haven't changed my mind. I need to go back before I can move forward. I want to remember.*

ZOË:

“Yep.”

ROMAN:

“Okay. Good.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Forget\*: *I've thought about it and...no, I don't want to spend any more time ruminating on the past. It's time to move on.*

ZOË:

“I've changed my mind.”

ROMAN:

“Oh?”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë told Roman she wants to forget in Chapter 2:*

ROMAN:

“Last week. In our session... You said you want to don't want to remember...”

ZOË:

“Yeah.”

ROMAN:

“You want to forget what happened to you before the coma.”

ZOË:

“Right.”

ROMAN:

“Do you still feel that way?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Forget\*: *Nothing has changed. I've spent enough time ruminating. It's time to move forward.*

ZOË:

“I do.”

ROMAN:

“I understand.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Remember\*: *I've been thinking about this a lot. I think I need to go back before I can move forward. I want to remember.*

ZOË:

“I've changed my mind.”

ROMAN:

“Good. Well, that's good. That's...”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë wants to remember now:*

ROMAN:

“I think it's right of you to focus on remembering. I believe it will help you...wake up.”

ZOË:

“Wake up? What do you mean? I am awake.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë wants to forget now:*

ROMAN:

“I don't usually do this, but I'm going to offer a suggestion.”

ZOË:

“Sounds ominous.”

ROMAN:

“No. No, I just—I think your fear of remembering holds you back.”

ZOË:

“I'm not afraid of my memories. I simply want to move on.”

ROMAN:

“Well, I'm concerned that your refusal to address your memory loss prevents you from truly...waking up.”

ZOË:

“Waking up? I-I am awake. What are you talking about?”

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“Wait, sorry, I-I'm getting a call.”

ROMAN:

“Do you need to take it?”

ZOË:

“It's—it's just Baruti...my campain manager. I'm-I'm sure it can wait. Sorry about that. Where were we? What did you mean by 'waking up'?”

ROMAN:

“Are you sleeping well?”

ZOË:

“Uh, no. Not really, no.”

ROMAN:

“And why is that?”

ZOË:

“I-I dream. A lot. They're very vivid dreams. Lucid. Not like...like normal dreams at all.”

ROMAN:

“Do you remember these dreams?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Share\*: *I think my dreams are important. If I talk about them, maybe Roman can help me figure them out.*

ZOË:

“Yeah. They're...They're almost always the same. There's a temple, in the clouds, surrounded by tall mountains. All misty and white. There's a strange, um, man who speaks in riddles. And...And an ape like creature. On a...a floating chair. I know. It's odd. It-It's crazy.”

ROMAN:

“What else?”

ZOË:

“There's a child. Or...I don't know. It looks like a child. She, or he, is very ill. If the child dies, the dream ends. We all vanish.”

ROMAN:

“All of us?”

ZOË:

“Everything. The-the universe. Reality. What does it mean?”

ROMAN:

“I'm...not sure. Do you think your dreams are related to your memory loss?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Related: *Crazy as that may seem, I feel they do. Maybe not literally, as in I've forgotten meeting a floating ape creature...but there's something there that's strangely familiar.*

ZOË:

“Yeah. Well. You know.”

ROMAN:

“They may be a signal that some memories are beginning to re-emerge.”

ZOË:

“You think so?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Uncertain: *It feels that way, but that's bonkers. I don't think I could've forgotten meeting a floating ape and a man creature speaking in riddles. Right? And, ugh, no, I can't tell Roman that.*

ZOË:

“No, I...I don't think so.”

ROMAN:

“You don't sound certain, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“They're just dreams.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Private\*: *I'm not sure I want to share my dreams with Roman. They feel important...but private. I'll figure them out on my own.*

ZOË:

“I-I don't remember the details.”

ROMAN:

“Didn't you just tell me they were lucid dreams?”

ZOË:

“I-I guess...yeah. But-But I don't remember any specific details. Only fragments. And-and they're gone as soon as I wake.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ROMAN:

“Dreams are never 'just dreams'. They can be mirrors reflecting our darkest fears and deepest desires. They can provide us with clues to who we are. They can...stir memories. But let's leave that for next week. Our time is up. Today was another step forward, Zoë. Regardless of what you do or do not remember. I want you to think about what I said. About working on your memories. About remembering. You really should write down your dreams, you know. It will help you remember.”

*If Zoë flirted with Roman in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“You should be there to write them down for me.”

ROMAN:

“I beg your pardon?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Flirt\*: *Go for broke, Zoë. What do you have to lose at this point? Your dignity? Well, yeah, yes, your dignity? Sure. But what else? Nothing, that's what.*

*The flirting continues!*

ZOË:

“Well, uh...I mean, not...right there, when I wake up, in bed. But...in a social setting? Over, you know, a beer. Glass of wine. Cocktails?”

ROMAN:

“I see. That sort of...setting.”

ZOË:

“Yup.”

ROMAN:

“Well, we should, uh, talk about that, but...but not during our, uh, d-during--”

ZOË:

“A session. Noted. In...my notebook. Good.”

ROMAN:

“Good, good, good. Good.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Retreat, retreat!\*: *That came out all wrong. I didn't mean to flirt. Again. Of course I didn't. Therapist, Zoë. Consider your reputation. Wait, what?*

*You are toying with Roman's feelings!*

ZOË:

“No, I-I mean...If we had a session right after. In your office. Post-dreaming. Then you could, you know, write them down. While they're... Fresh.”

ROMAN:

“Oh, right. Of course. Well.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“I should head out, leave you to your note-taking.”

ROMAN:

“Always taking notes. That's me. See you next week, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“Same time, same place. You betcha.”

*The mysterious man in the suit enters Roman's office.*

ROMAN:

“I thought we agreed you wouldn't show up at my office. I'm not comfortable with this. She just left, by the way. You probably passed her on the way in. She would've seen you.”

FALK:

“I'm a ghost, Dr. Zelenka. People don't see me unless I let them. What have you learned?”

*If Zoë told Dr. Zelenka she wants to remember:*

ROMAN:

“Well, she wants to remember.”

FALK:

“And will she?”

ROMAN:

“I don't know. Eventually. Probably.”

*If Zoë told Dr. Zelenka she wants to forget:*

ROMAN:

“She said she wants to forget. I think she's being honest, but...It haunts her, her memory loss. She won't be able to let it go.”

FALK:

“This means what?”

ROMAN:

“That she probably will. Remember. Eventually.”

*(conversation progresses)*

FALK:

“You know what to do if she does.”

ROMAN:

“You've made that very clear.”

FALK:

“What else would you like to tell me today?”

ROMAN:

“She's not sleeping well. It's her dreams. She used the words 'vivid' and 'lucid'.”

*If Zoë told Dr. Zelenka about her dreams:*

ROMAN:

“She told me about one recurring dream. I'm not sure what to make of it, but maybe your employer...Something about a temple in the clouds. Mountains. Riddles. Talking apes. If it wasn't for the fact that she detests Dreamachines, I'd say she's been using one. Oh, and she also said something about a sick child. “If the child dies, the dream ends. Everything ends.” Ms. Castillo has a vivid imagination. I doubt it means anything, but there you are.”

FALK:

“Your doubts, Dr. Zelenka, have been noted. In your...professional opinion, is she starting to remember?”

ROMAN:

“Not unless she did go to a temple in the clouds to meet talking apes.”

*If Zoë did not tell Roman about her dreams:*

ROMAN:

“Oh what, she wouldn't say. I get the feeling she's not being...forthcoming.”

FALK:

“She lies to you.”

ROMAN:

“More...omitting the truth?”

FALK:

“We pay you a great deal of money to make sure Ms. Castillo has no secrets.”

ROMAN:

“I'll-I'll push. Next time.”

FALK:

“In your...professional opinion, is she starting to remember?”

ROMAN:

“I don't think so. Not yet.”

FALK:

“That is all. Thank you, Doctor.”

ROMAN:

“How much longer will I need to do this?”

FALK:

“Without us, you would have nothing. Do you not want it to continue?”

ROMAN:

“Uh...I--”

FALK:

“Until she remembers. Until then.”

ROMAN:  
  
“And if that never happens? Then we terminate. Good day to you, Dr. Zelenka.”

*The man makes a call on his iris back in his office.*

FALK:

“I just paid the doctor a visit.”

*If Zoë told Roman she wants to remember:*

FALK:

“He tells me she has her mind set on remembering what occurred last year.”

*If Zoë told Roman she does not want to remember:*

FALK:

“He tells me she does not want to remember. Be he also claims she can't stop herself. The memories are assertive.”

FALK:

“Yes, Zelenka does believe she will remember, in time. There's another thing we just learned.”

FALK:

“She has vivid dreams. As you said she would.”

*If Zoë told Roman about her dreams:*

FALK:

“She spoke to him about it. The doctor mentioned a temple in the clouds, mythical creatures. Riddles. I'm sending you the recording. She described these dreams to him as particularly vivid. Almost like visions. Yes. Lucid dreaming, without a Dreamachine.”

*If Zoë did not tell Roman about her dreams:*

FALK:

“She would not tell the doctor anything about her dreams. She may be keeping secrets from him. If this is the case, he may be outlasting his usefulness.”

FALK:

“Sehr gut, Fräulein. I will contact you immediately if I hear anything else. I have ears in all places. The moment she remembers, we will know.”

*Zoë calls Baruti.*

ZOË:

“Sorry, I was with my therapist when you called earlier.”

BARUTI:

“Hey, sisi! No worries. Can we meet?”

ZOË:

“I'm not working today, so absolutely. Should I come by the campaign office?”

BARUTI:

“Let's meet somewhere else. I'm by the river, right next to the memorial fountain in Pristaviste.”

ZOË:

“Uh...uh, yeah? S-sure. When? Now?”

BARUTI:

“Whenever you're available. I'll be there.”

ZOË:

“Alright, see you soon.”

*Examine: Baruti*

ZOË:

“Baruti looks worried. Not like himself at all.”

*Talk to: Baruti*

BARUTI:

“Thanks for coming, sisi.”

ZOË:

“Of course. What's up?”

*If Zoë talked to Baruti about Konstantin Wolf in Chapter 2:*

BARUTI:

“Last week, when you asked me about Konstantin Wolf, I told you I was looking into Bokamba- Mercer's accounts.”

ZOË:

“I also remember telling you to be careful.”

BARUTI:

“I was. I am. It's just... I was hoping to find evidence of Wolf taking corporate payoffs.”

ZOË:

“And?”

*(conversation progresses)*

BARUTI:

“I found something. A...discrepancy, pointing to our campaign. To Unity. To Lea Uminska.”

ZOË:

“What sort of discrepancy?”

BARUTI:

“This is why I wanted to meet you. Outside. I don't know if they have the office under surveillance, if they're monitoring my Iris or my Wire access...”

ZOË:

“Seriously? What's going on?”

BARUTI:

“I don't know yet, but I need to find out. My contact at Bokama-Mercer came across transactions between the Syndicate and Unity. There's money being funneled into our campaign from places money shouldn't be coming from. Corporate money. It could be just a...a misunderstanding. There might be a good explanation for it. But it could also be...Serious. It could be serious. So I need to dig deeper. The trouble is, I don't know if they're watching me. I can't risk it. I wouldn't be asking if it wasn't important, sisi.”

ZOË:

“Look, if Lea Uminska is taking bribes, or worse...I want to know. So what is it you need me to do?”

BARUTI:

“Acccess Unity's servers and...download the data.”

ZOË:

“How exactly am I gonna do that? Just log in with my Iris and WireID?”

BARUTI:

“The EYE would be onto you in minutes, sisi. No, you'll need a rogue data sniffer and a government grade black mask protocol. And you'll need to use multiple accounts and access points to transfer all the data. Stay logged in for too long in one location, they could pin you down. Look, I completely understand if you say no. It is illegal, and it can get us both in a lot of trouble.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Accept mission: *I do have reservations, but I don't want to work for a crooked campaign. If something is going on, we need to find out.*

*(conversation progresses)*

Uncertainty: *I don't have all the information yet. Where did Baruti learn about this? Why was he digging into the campaign finances?*

ZOË:

“How did you come across this information?”

BARUTI:

“My contact at Bokama-Mercer has access to Syndicate datastreams. I asked him to keep an eye out for certain key words and names. It's a bit ironic in hindsight, but... I've been looking for any piece of dirt I could find on Konstantin Wolf and European Dawn. Last week, my contact got in touch. He'd found something odd. Large donations to a political non-profit in Europolis. I told him to put a trace on it. Yesterday, he messaged me again to tell me he was out. He'd discovered a link, but it wasn't what any of us expected. There were records of a series of encrypted transactions between the Syndicate and Unity...and Uminska. My contact was worried about the implications. He wanted nothing to do with it. Which is understandable. He did provide me with enough information to get started. Network addresses. Logins. If we can grab the data, I can analyse it, find the evidence I need to...to...to do whatever comes next. Hopefully evidence of no wrongdoing. Maybe someone's trying to falsely implicate Unity. It wouldn't be the first time. I can't believe Uminska would take corporate pay-offs. I mean... Not her. I trusted her. Completely.”

*(return to dialogue choices, Uncertainty is no longer available)*

Decline mission: *I understand why this is important, but I'm worried about the repercussions. I got in trouble the last time I tried to uncover a corporate conpsiracy. I don't want to end up in another Syndicate interrogation room.*

ZOË:

“I'm not sure I can help you, Baruti.”

BARUTI:

“I understand. I wouldn't ask you if it wasn't important, but I'm desperate, sisi.”

ZOË:

“Let me think about it. Okay?”

BARUTI:

“Of course. I'll be here.”

*(conversation ends)*

*If Zoë declined the mission:*

*Talk to: Baruti*

BARUTI:

“Have you had a chance to think about it? Will you help me get the data?”

*(return to dialogue choices, Decline mission is no longer available)*

ZOË:

“I'll do it. Where do I begin?”

BARUTI:

“Now, before you get started, you'll need a rogue data sniffer and a black mask protocol.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

BARUTI:

“You know Mira at the Pandemonium? They're located in the Bricks. She trades in grey market merchandise.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

BARUTI:

“You know just the right person for that.”

ZOË:

“Mira. Pandemonium.”

BARUTI:

“While you're...acquiring the data, I'll go to the office to join a remote campaign meeting. If they're somehow alerted to the intrusion, I'll have an alibi. We'll have time to pull out and cover our tracks.”

ZOË:

“Cover our tracks... Jesus. This is really happening.”

BARUTI:

“It's happening. I'll contact you later and let you know where to meet me.”

ZOË:

“I don't know how long it'll take, but I'll do my best.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Cryptocoin (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Baruti asked me to transfer the downloaded data to this cryptocoin.”

*Enter: The Hand That Feeds*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

*If Zoë talked to Sully about loneliness in Chapter 2:*

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“I couldn't be happier Sully's started seeing Ada. They're a perfect match. I think. And I'm always right about these things.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“Sully's definitely been happier since he met Ada. There's a marked difference. And he flirts less with me.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“I have to admit I miss being the target of Sully's affections...but this is better. He needed something real.”

*Talk to: Sully*

ZOË:

“Hey, Sully.”

*If Reza did not leave at the end of Chapter 2:*

SULLY:

“Zoë! You're a sight for tired old eyes on this infernal day.”

*If Reza left at the end of Chapter 2:*

*Your breakup with Reza has affected Sully*

SULLY:

“Zoë, please tell me you're here to reclaim your man. He's driving me up walls!”

ZOË:

“Sully...”

SULLY:

“I'm kidding. I'm kidding! He pines and fills my apartment with misery, but I understand. It's no walk in the park being married to a newsman.”

ZOË:

“We weren't exactly married.”

SULLY:

“I'm stepping in bok today, aren't I? Ach, no more tasteless jokes. I shall be as solemn as the moment requires.”

*If Zoë chose the pork sausages in Chapter 2:*

SULLY:

“I do hope you're not here with another delivery of sausages. I fear for Reza's life if he has to go through that ordeal again. The poor boy has the stomach of a newborn lamb.”

*Sausaquences!*

ZOË:

“There's no proof it was the pork sausages, Sully. Besides, you guys already got Nela's cart confiscated. No more organic meat for anyone.”

SULLY:

“It was in the public's best interest!”

ZOË:

“My friend's out of work and The Collective's out of business.”

SULLY:

“Would you rather they kept selling their contaminated meat? I'm truly sorry about your friend, but it was newsworthy.”

ZOË:

“I just feel really guilty, bringing it to your attention. Let's not talk about it now.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

*If Zoë talked to Sully about loneliness in Chapter 2:*

SULLY:

“Before I forget... I owe you my thanks, and an apology.”

ZOË:

“Good opening, keep going.”

*Matchmaking success!*

SULLY:

“Thank you for inviting me to dinner and for introducing me to Ada. Apologies for being a miserable göt. You were right, it was exactly what an old salak needed.”

ZOË:

“Can you say that last bit again?”

SULLY:

“You. Were. Right.”

ZOË:

“I hope you remember this moment, I definitely will. I'm really glad you're getting along with Ada. She's awesome. Reza says you've been spending a lot of time with her this weekend.”

SULLY:

“She's a revelation! I thought no woman could measure up to you, Zoë, but I may have to reconsider my position.”

ZOË:

“Gee, thanks. I'm glad...I guess?”

SULLY:

“So, dear, girl, is this a social call or a professional one?”

*If Zoë doesn't have the data yet:*

ZOË:

“Just saying hello. It's my day off and I was in the neighbourhood.”

SULLY:

“A social call! Those are my favourite calls. I'm glad you took the time to see me today. How are you, fistik?”

*If Reza did not leave at the end of Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“Yeah, good. Good. I'm-I'm good.”

SULLY:

“One more 'good' and you'll have me convinced.”

ZOË:

“Uh, I don't want to overdo it. But I really am...good.”

SULLY:

“No, I don't believe you at all.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Reza left at the end of Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“Well. You know. Things could be better, but I'm...I'm not sure this is the time or the place, Sully.”

SULLY:

“How about you and I grab two large beers tonight and commiserate?”

ZOË:

“Tonight’s not good. Maybe tomorrow? And make that beer extra, extra large?”

SULLY:

“Perfect.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SULLY:

“And how's work?”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Ada's gone this week so, yeah, quiet? I'm back in the lab tomorrow, though. There's science to be done.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Mira gave me the day off because...I don't actually know? She's probably up to something and wanted me out of her hair.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“How about you?”

SULLY:

“The world's falling apart around us and we're quite possibly facing an armed curfew in a few days, so I'm fantastic! You know, the more people stay inside, the more time they have on their hands, the more they need us to provide them with news. To tell the truth, I'd prefer slightly less drama and slightly fewer battle-suits in the street. But the cynical newsman in me rejoices.”

ZOË:

“I thought you were all cynical newsmen.”

SULLY:

“Age has a way of smoothing the sharp edges, my dear. But I am honestly concerned. I don't fully understand what's happening. The Syndicate's reasons are unclear, the government's gone into full communication lockdown... No one's talking. It's a dangerous mess. Elections do bring out the worst in people.”

ZOË:

“You think the EYE's increasing security because of the elections?”

SULLY:

“I...do not. Something else's afoot. They want the people to stay indoors. They want everyone logged into Dreamtime. They want no eyes on the streets. And this does worry me. Look, I have my worried face on.”

ZOË:

“It's a very worried face. Anyway. I'm off.”

SULLY:

“You're a breath of fresh air, fistik. Come by anytime!”

*(conversation ends)*

*If Reza did not leave at the end of Chapter 2:*

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“Things have been a bit rough. Reza and I need to sit down and talk about our relationship and I look forward to that about as much as I look forward to having my nails pulled but... Yeah.”

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“I do love the stubborn idiot. But... I'm also starting to realise it takes more to be a happy couple. And I'm not so sure we are.”

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“No matter what happens now, I hope we can still be good friends. I don't know what I'd do without Reza in my life.”

*Talk to: Reza*

ZOË:

“Hey there.”

*Relationship saved*

REZA:

“Hey. What are you up to?”

ZOË:

“Oh, this and that.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Reza left at the end of Chapter 2:*

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“It's been a week since Reza walked out the door. I really thought he'd come back. It's time we talked about what's next.”

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“I'm not angry. Not with him. I'm just sad that we ended up...here. Barely able to talk. After everything we've been through.”

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“He's changed a lot since the first time we dated. But, to be fair, so have I.”

*Talk to: Reza*

ZOË:

“Hey there.”

REZA:

“Oh, hey.”

ZOË:

“Busy?”

REZA:

“No. Well, I-I mean, uh, yes. Very. But no, not right now.”

ZOË:

“So is Sully going crazy yet having you in his space?”

REZA:

“Ha. Not yet.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

*If Zoë talked to Sully about loneliness in Chapter 2:*

*Matchmaking Get!*

REZA:

“He's been spending a lot of time with Ada.”

ZOË:

“I'm really happy they're getting along.”

REZA:

“At least someone is...”

ZOË:

“Reza--”

REZA:

“Stupid joke, never mind.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“How are things here? Any inside information on our burgeoning police state?”

REZA:

“I wish. Everyone wants answers. Why have the Syndicate sent in the big guns, why isn't the government saying anything... It's a mess.”

ZOË:

“One of those exo-suits got in my face this morning, asked me where I was going.”

*If Zoë complied with the EYE:*

ZOË:

“I thought about not answering...but I chickened out.”

REZA:

“Probably a good idea.”

ZOË:

“Call me a coward, but I didn't want to argue with someone carrying an assault rifle.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë resisted the EYE:*

ZOË:

“I refused to answer their stupid questions. Played the lawyer card, like you told me to.”

REZA:

“Good. Maybe. You do know they record everything?”

ZOË:

“Yeah, well, I'm proudly non-compliant.”

*(conversation progresses)*

REZA:

“We really thought the clampdown would be a temporary thing. A-a show of force. But...”

ZOË:

“I heard rumours about a curfew.”

REZA:

“It's possible. I mean, why else would they send in Robocop?”

ZOË:

“Robo...cop?”

REZA:

“The XO-suits. Outside of active war zones, I've never seen so many of them in one place. And we're in Propast, not Washington D.C. So, yeah, we're still trying to get to the bottom of it. But this thing goes deep.”

ZOË:

“If anyone can, it'll be you guys. So, uh...”

*If Reza did not leave at the end of Chapter 2:*

REZA:

“So...”

ZOË:

“Uh.”

REZA:

“What were you--”

ZOË:

“Did you--”

REZA:

“Oh. You go first.”

ZOË:

“No, go ahead.”

REZA:

“It was nothing. Really. What are you up to?”

ZOË:

“I'm doing a favour for Baruti. Some campaign...stuff. In fact, I should probably go and do that thing that I'm supposed to be doing.”

REZA:

“Okay. I should work. There's, uh, there's...stuff. To do. What about dinner?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Offer to cook\*: *I haven't made dinner in ages. There's a reason for that, of course. My dinners are of variable quality. But I need the practice.*

ZOË:

“It's my turn to cook.”

REZA:

“Uh, okay...”

ZOË:

“Oh, come on! Could you at least pretend to be happy about that?”

REZA:

“It's not... Zoë, it's not about your cooking.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Go out\*: *We usually get a takeaway. Maybe we should go out? Last time we did that was in Trieste. Feels like ages ago.*

ZOË:

“Want to go out for dinner?”

REZA:

“We can. Just as long as we go somewhere--”

ZOË:

“Inoffensive. Of course.”

REZA:

“You're putting words in my mouth.”

ZOË:

“Am I?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Get takeaway\*: *Last time we ate at home, Reza cooked, but I don't feel like cooking and I'm not going to ask him to make dinner.*

ZOË:

“Takeaway?”

REZA:

“Sure, but nothing--”

ZOË:

“Exotic. Oh, I know. We've been over this before.”

REZA:

“Come on, that's not fair.”

ZOË:

“Isn't it?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Reza cook\*: *Reza was the last to cook dinner, so it is my turn. But honestly, I'm sure he'd prefer eating his own food.*

ZOË:

“Would you mind making dinner?”

REZA:

“Are you sure? Last time I cooked, you complained about it.”

ZOË:

“I didn't complain. I said it'd be nice with more variety.”

REZA:

“Right. Because I'm boring.”

ZOË:

“That's not fair.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Reza left at the end of Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“We need to talk.”

REZA:

“We do.”

ZOË:

“I mean, it's been a week. We need to figure out where this is going.”

REZA:

“We do.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Um. Sooo--”

REZA:

“How about dinner?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

No: *Does he mean a date? We're not ready for that. It's only been a week, I need more time to think.*

ZOË:

“I'm not sure a date is the best--”

REZA:

“No! No, I meant, pick up some dinner and go back hom—back to the apartment. To talk. While-while we eat. Dinner.”

ZOË:

“Right. Yes. That sounds like a...plan.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Yes: *I'm going to assume he just means we eat together, while talking, in a totally non-datey way.*

ZOË:

“Sure. Just dinner.”

REZA:

“Maybe we can get some takeaway and go back hom—uh, back to the apartment. To talk. While eating. Dinner.”

ZOË:

“Good plan, Stan. I mean, yes.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“I'll just pick up something on my way home. Something...inoffensive.”

REZA:

“Oh, come on, is that really necessary? Can't you just...just leave it be?”

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“Sometimes I feel you're not particularly open to new things.”

*If Zoë got the cheese soup in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“I don't even get you anything different for lunch, because I don't know how you'll react. Like last week, when I brought you cheese soup. I chose the same thing you always get even when there was something new and interesting on the menu.”

REZA:

“Are you seriously blaming me for a choice you made?”

ZOË:

“I know what your reaction would've been. I got the soup because that's what you always have. If I'd picked the pork sausages--”

REZA:

“You didn't even give me the choice, Zoë. You chose for me...and you're upset about that? And this is not the first time. If you're so unhappy with who I am, then why--”

ZOË:

“Why what?”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë chose the pork sausages in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“I get you something new for lunch, you hate it.”

REZA:

“You're blaming me for getting sick?”

ZOË:

“How do you know it was the pork sausages? Maybe it was, I dunno, your risotto.”

REZA:

“Uh, I was vomiting all night, I don't think the risotto--”

ZOË:

“Whatever. I wanted you to challenge yourself. That was a terrible idea. We should just stick with the same old. And then maybe Nela would still be in business.”

REZA:

“Don't blame me for the fact that she bought illegal, contaminated organic meat and let her license expire.”

ZOË:

“You didn't have to write an article about it.”

REZA:

“And instead let a dodgy importer continue to sell dangeous food? Besides, this isn't even about that. This is about you forcing your choices on me.”

ZOË:

“Are you saying I'm controlling?”

REZA:

“No. But I think you need to consider that your choice may not be the only choice.”

*(conversation progresses)*

REZA:

“Oh, forget it. This is neither the time nor the place. We'll talk later.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Later. Look, I need to run. Message me, okay? We'll figure out dinner.”

REZA:

“Fine.”

*(conversation ends)*

***Content added 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“I apologize for being so test the other day. I was under a lot of pressure, but that’s over now. No longer working on that story, thank Manu. It was really getting to me.”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“I’m actually glad Sully shut it down. I mean…I mean, I was angry at first, but then—”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“I was getting nowhere. My sources went quiet, no one was talking. I’m not even sure there was anything there in the first place!”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“Whatever the Church of Voltec was doing, it was before the Collapse. Everyone involved is long gone, the world is a different place. Sleeping dogs, etcetera.”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“Now I’m helping Reza with his story, and it’s good. It’s good. He’s a good journalist. You’re lucky to have him. We’re lucky to have him. Honestly.”**

*Exit to Propast*

*Near the Pandemonium, Zoë spots a girl with a Dragonfly on her jacket about to pickpocket. Upon seeing Zoë, she runs away.*

ZOË:

“A Dragonfly! That girl must be one of Hanna's gang!”

*Talk to: Girl*

ZOË:

“Hey. Hey!”

*Talk to: Girl*

ZOË:

“Wait, I just want to talk to you!”

*She disappears into a hatch near one of the yellow towers.*

*Examine: Vent hatch*

ZOË:

“The girl used the hatch to go underground. There's a notch on the side...”

*Open: Vent hatch*

ZOË:

“It won't budge. There's a lock. I think I need the right tool to open this.”

*Open: Vent hatch*

ZOË:

“I'll need a tool to open this.”

*Examine: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“There's no steam coming out of this vent. Maybe Crowboy can give me a layout of all the towers in Propast.”

*Listen to: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“It's quiet. I don't hear anything. I should check the tourist map.”

*Touch: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“It's cool to the touch.”

*Talk to: Crowboy*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Ventilation towers: *It would really help to have an overview of all those ventilation towers or whatever they are.*

ZOË:

“Do you have a map of the vent towers in Propast?”

CROWBOY:

“Say what, doll?”

ZOË:

“You know, the stiped towers with steam coming out of them? They're all over the place.”

CROWBOY:

“Hold your horses, cowgirl, your request is being processed! Well, shucks, you're talking about the WPG!”

ZOË:

“The W-what-now?”

CROWBOY:

“The old Wireless Power Grid. W-P-G. They shut that down years ago. The towers are still up, but they're inactive.”

ZOË:

“So why's there smoke coming out of them?”

CROWBOY:

“Oh, the steam's no mystery. That's just a side effect of opening a hole into the old Propast underground. If I were you, I'd be more curious about the towers that don't have steam comin' out of 'em!”

ZOË:

“Okay. Can you send me a map of Propast with all the, uh, the WPG towers?”

CROWBOY:

“Open a connection to Crowboy, pardner. One tourist map of Propast coming right up!”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Vent map (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Crowboy's map of all the vent towers in Propast.”

*Examine: Vent map (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“The ones I need to keep an eye out for are the towers that don't have steam coming out of them.”

*An adbot is in front of the Pandemonium. Mira answers the buzzer.*

MIRA:

“Yeah?”

ADBOT:

“Oh hi there sir and or--”

MIRA:

“You have got to be fucking kidding me--”

ADBOT:

“How do you feel about your current insurance plan?”

MIRA:

“I've warned you time and again not to--”

ADBOT:  
  
“On a scale from zero to ten, how satisfied are you with your insurance premium?”

MIRA:

“Activate permiter defenses!”

ADBOT:

“You answered zero. I'm going to go ahead and offer you an incredibly good deal on workplace insurance for the low low low price of--”

MIRA:

“Activate defenses! Fry that madarchodding rust bucket!”

ADBOT:

“Thank you for accepting this very generous offer for a lifetime workplace insurance package. Please repeat your full name to digitally sign the agreement with Original Consumer Goods and to begin enjoying your new insurance.”

MIRA:

“Activate defenses now! Activate! Activate!”

ADBOT:

“Thank you for digitally signing your new lifetime insurance package. All sales are final and there are no refunds.”

MIRA:

“Power on! Fry the fucker! Activate!”

ADBOT:

“Thank you, sir and or madam, and have a wonderful afternoon!”

MIRA:

“Well, shitting shit.”

*Touch: Buzzer (Pandemonium)*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

MIRA:

“Gaand! What the fuck are you doing here today, petal? I give you the day off, I expect you to take the day off. It's not like me to be so fucking generous.”

ZOË:

“Nice to see you too Mira. Hello Wit!”

MIRA:

“Leave the halfwit alone, he's busy.”

ZOË:

“I'm sure he can speak for himself.”

MIRA:

“Is that supposed to be a joke, kutriya? No one fucks with Wit, besides me. Don't ever forget that.”

ZOË:

“What's up with your perimeter defense grid?”

MIRA:

“What's wrong with it is that it doesn't work and needs to be fucking fixed, that's what's wrong with it. Of course, I just sold our last maintenance bot and I won't have another one ready for a couple of days. I might have to call a contractor to hire one of my own bots back. Once again, the gods shit in my face. Now, get lost! I'm busy.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Didn't I just tell you to get lost? What do you want?”

ZOË:

“I need your help.”

MIRA:

“Come again? Did I just hear what I think I heard?”

ZOË:

“A favour. I need a favour.”

MIRA:

“That's what I thought I heard. This ought to be good.”

ZOË:

“I need to log into a server and download some data without getting--”

MIRA:

“Caught. Easy. Why?”

ZOË:

“I'd rather not tell you what I'm--”

MIRA:

“Pass.”

ZOË:

“I-I can't really say because--”

MIRA:

“Pass!”

ZOË:

“Seriously? You're not going to do me this one favour, after everything I've done for--”

MIRA:

“You mean the paid work you've done for me? Gaand, bhaichod! No. No, I'm not. Not unless you tell me why.”

ZOË:

“Ugh. Fine. My friend Baruti... The guy running the Uminska cam--”

MIRA:

“Uminska campaign. Your social democrat chodus. Yes, I know, get on with it.”

ZOË:

“Baruti has some...some suspicions. He asked me to log into their servers and download--”

MIRA:

“Data. Evidence. No problem. You need a sniffer and a cloak. One second. Done.”

ZOË:

“Done?”

MIRA:

“Try moving your fingers.”

ZOË:

“Moving my--”

MIRA:

“Just do it, kutriya! Good. No loss of motor function.”

ZOË:

“Motor...? What do you--”

MIRA:

“My software's integrated into your Iris HUD. Usual place. Look for the skull-and-crossbones. Use that to locate secure Wire singularities. You'll need to connect to multiple nodes to download all the data. Don't stay too long in one spot, or you might get caught. Oh, and don't expect it to work indoors. Too much interference. Come back after you've procured the data and I'll decrypt it for you.”

ZOË:

“And if I don't?”

MIRA:

“It's your data. Technically. I'm just offering to help. Of course, no one else can break the encryption, so there's that. You don't have a choice.”

ZOË:

“'No ulterior motives'.”

MIRA:

“None. Now scoot! I have work to do and you're distracting Wit, that retard can't focus with all your nattering.”

ZOË:

“Bitch.”

MIRA:

“I heard that.”

ZOË:

“Good.”

MIRA:

“I'll call you up as soon as you activate the sniffer, but you'll need to do that outside. Too much interference inside.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Gaand, bhaichod! What the fuck are you waiting for? Go!”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“If you're not leaving, you might as well grab a mop and start washing the floors.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

MIRA:

“Gaand! Shit! Our shitting defenses are down again! Shit, shit, shitting shit! And without any maintenance bots in inventory, I'm going to have to hire a contractor to fix the madarchodding chodu. Once again, the gods shit in my face! What do you want, kutriya? Wait, I know you. You're the chicken tikka I met by the river last week. I thought I told you to stop by?”

ZOË:

“I'm sorry, I-I didn't have time to--”

MIRA:

“What do you want? Come on, bhaichod, time's Yuan!”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“Mira isn't particularly personable, is she.”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“I'm sure she's friendlier once you get to know her. I'm sure the, uh, the bitchiness is just a front.”

*Examine: Wit*

ZOË:

“That must be Wit, Mira's partner. He programmed Kidbot's personality, so that immediately makes him a million times more likable than Mira.”

*Examine: Wit*

ZOË:

“Wit looks very focused. I guess he needs that focus to survive working with Mira. I wonder why he hasn't punched her stupid face yet.”

*Talk to: Mira*

ZOË:

“I'm, uh, looking to buy something grey--”

MIRA:

“Illegal. Grey market. Special import.”

ZOË:

“No. Well. Yes.”

MIRA:

“I'm the bitch you're looking for. What do you need?”

ZOË:

“Uh, I'm-I'm looking for... I need to log into a server and download some data without getting caught--”

MIRA:

“Getting caught? Easy. You do know this is a corporate crime, petal?”

ZOË:

“I-If you're not able to help me, then--”

MIRA:

“Chill, gadha. I'm perfectly willing to provide a sniffer and cloak, as long as you don't drag the corps to my door when they arrest you. I'll just deny everything anyway.”

ZOË:

“I won't. Tell anyone.”

MIRA:

“Stand still, petal.”

ZOË:

“What? Why?”

MIRA:

“Upgrading your Iris. I need admin access. Chop chop.”

ZOË:

“But, I—Hey, what are you doing?”

MIRA:

“Implanting hypnotic suggestions to have you assassinate Konstantin Wolf. What do you think I'm doing? Like I said, upgrading your Iris! Do you want the software or not?”

ZOË:

“Okay. Just don't--”

MIRA:

“Turn you into a drooling vegetable? I'll try my best, petal. There you go.”

ZOË:

“That's it?”

MIRA:

“Just try moving your fingers.”

ZOË:

“Moving my--”

MIRA:

“Gaand, bhaichod! It's a joke! You're fine. Although I would be happier if you could try wiggling your fingers for me.”

ZOË:

“Okay?”

MIRA:

“Good. There's been reports of a loss of motor function with this new firmware. I just wanted to make sure.”

ZOË:

“What?”

MIRA:

“You're fine, petal. No reason to freak out. The sniffer won't perform miracles. You'll need to do some legwork. But you look fit. Use it to locate secure Wire singularities. You'll need to connect to multiple nodes to download all the data. Don't stay too long in one spot, or you might get caught. Also, don't expect the sniffer to work indoors. Too much interference. You'll find the software in your Iris hud. Look for the skull and crossbones.”

ZOË:

“Crossbones?”

MIRA:

“I have a reputation to maintain, petal. Questions?”

ZOË:

“Oh, about a million.”

MIRA:

“Too bad, kutriya. Tech support is extra and you can't afford it. But I'll give you a ring once you're on your way to help you get started. Also, you'll need my help deciphering whatever it is you're downloading.”

ZOË:

“Maybe I'll do that--”

MIRA:

“I'm the only one who can decrypt the data after you've downloaded it, so it's not like you have a choice, petal. Now, scoot.”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“That woman is awful. Is that too strong a word? Nope. She's awful. But I need her help so pride, swallowed.”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“I'm glad I don't have to deal with Mira on a daily basis. I'd punch her in her stupid face.”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“Cold. Stone. Bitch.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Well? What are you waiting for?”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Gaand, bhaichoid. Do I need to kick you out of here?”

*Examine: Mira's tracker (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Mira's app. A cloak and tracker.”

*Examine: Mira's tracker (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Talk about inconspicuous app icon.”

*Examine: Mira's tracker*

ZOË:

“It'll run in my Iris once I activate it.”

*Use: Mira's tracker (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Mira said I need to be outdoors to activate it.”

*Use: Mira's tracker (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“It only works outside.”

*Exit to Propast*

*Use: Mira's tracker (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Iris, please activate Mira's cloak and turn on the data sniffer. Secret agent Zoë. I hate to admit it...but this is a bit exciting! Okay, Mira's calling.”

MIRA:

“I just got a ping from your Iris. Your vitals look normal, so I'm guessing my software didn't cause permanent neural damage. Yet.”

ZOË:

“Oh, for God's sake--”

MIRA:

“Here's what you need to know, petal. This is not a magic wand. You can't just wave it around and—Well. Actually, it is a magic wand. Once you activate it, it'll scan for hidden Wire singularities. The closer you are to a secure access point, the stronger the signal. You'll receive visual and aural indicators. Once you're close enough, you can establish a direct link, login and start downloading your data. Don't stay too long in one spot. Use multiple access points, or the Syndicate sniffers could track you down. All set?”

ZOË:

“Wait! I don't know if I can--”

MIRA:

“Come back when you have the data and I'll decrypt it for you. And remember, kutriya, if you get caught, we never fucking met.”

ZOË:

“(Sighs)”

*Examine: Queenie's barge (when using the tracker)*

ZOË:

“Wait, there's a hidden access point on Queenie's boat? That's odd. Who operates their own singularity? I can't use her singularity to download the data. I won't risk Queenie getting caught up in this.”

*Talk to: Girl*

GIRL:

“I'm afraid the Madame is not in at the moment. I will tell her you stopped by.”

*Examine: Artificial sun (when using the tracker)*

ZOË:

“There's a Wire access point inside OCG's artificial sun. Just like everyone's been saying.”

*Examine: Artificial sun*

ZOË:

“I guess this is the primary singularity in Propast.”

*Get data from: Artificial sun*

ZOË:

“All right. Let's do this. First account, logging in. Success! Downloading the first chunk of data. Shit. Cloak's giving me a warning. I need to log out. I got...thirty-seven percent? Yeah, okay. I'll need to find another access point and use the second account.”

*Examine: Mystery tower (active)*

ZOË:

“This one looks active, whatever that means.”

*Examine: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“There's steam coming out of it.”

*Listen to: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“There's a hum, like electrical circuitry. Or a fan.”

*Listen to: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“It's humming.”

*Touch: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“It's warm. Almost hot.”

*Touch: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“It must be very hot down there.”

*Examine: Vent hatch (in corner of Sonnenschein Plaza)*

ZOË:

“Something's stuck in the hatch...”

*Pick Up: Vent hatch*

*Examine: Yellow key head (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“It's a key to one of those hatches.”

*Examine: EYE headquarters (when using the tracker)*

ZOË:

“There's an access point up on that wall. I guess they installed it when the EYE took over the building. I can't use that access point. Not unless I really, really want to get caught.”

*Examine: Vent hatch (near EYE headquarters)*

*A girl with a Dragonfly jacket crawls out of the hole, dropping her key when she sees Zoë.*

ZOË:

“Oh!”

*Pick Up: Tool*

ZOË:

“That girl must have dropped this coming out of the hatch. It's some sort of tool.”

*Use: Vent hatch*

ZOË:

“It's completely stuck.”

*Examine: Blue key (in inventory)*

*The key says “Access key 034 Activated” on it.*

ZOË:

“The tool used to unlock and open the hatches.”

*Use: Key on Vent hatch (active)*

ZOË:

“There's hot steam coming out of this hatch. I don't think anyone lives here.”

*Use: Key on Vent hatch (active)*

ZOË:

“There's steam, so I don't think this hatch's in use.”

*Use: Key on Vent hatch (wrong color)*

ZOË:

“No, that doesn't fit the lock on this hatch.”

*Use: Key on Vent hatch (wrong color)*

ZOË:

“Nope. Doesn't fit.”

*Use: Blue key (in inventory)*

*Examine: Key handle (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“It's the handle used to twist and open those hatches.”

*Use: Blue key head with Key handle*

*Use: Blue key on Vent hatch (near Collapse memorial)*

EYE OPERATIVE:

“Cease and desist, citizen! You are about to commit an act of terrorism against government property. I've been authorised to use deadly force if you do not immediately cease and desist.”

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console versions, 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

***Examine: EYE operative***

**ZOË:**

**“I’m in plain sight of that guard. I need him to not see me or I’ll be arrested. Sent to a prison camp. Tortured. Murdered. Or, you know, fined.”**

*Talk to: EYE operative*

ZOË:

“There are major crimes being committed right around that corner. Honest.”

EYE OPERATIVE:

“I've been ordered to maintain this position. Move along.”

*Talk to: WATI adbot (in front of vent near Collapse memorial)*

Full pitch:

*Use: Blue key on Vent hatch*

*Open: Vent hatch*

*Zoë finds herself in a little concrete cell. Fort Hanna and Fuck the EYE are written on the wall.*

*Examine: Writing*

ZOË:

“'Fort Hanna'. Cute.”

*Examine: Dreamers*

ZOË:

“Dreamers. What's Hanna doing with all these Dreamachines?”

*Examine: Dreamers*

ZOË:

“They must be stolen goods. There's tens of thousands in merchandise here.”

*Examine: Mattress*

ZOË:

“That doesn't look comfortable. Poor girl, having to live like this.”

*Examine: Mattress*

ZOË:

“This is no way for a teenage girl to live.”

*Examine: Leftovers*

ZOË:

“Someone must have left in a hurry. Are those Nela's sausages? I hope Hanna didn't eat any.”

*Examine: Leftovers*

ZOË:

“A half-eaten meal.”

*Examine: Drawings*

ZOË:

“Wait. Are these drawings of...the mountains I saw in my dreams? And that creature. The, uh, the Oo-lar...How is that possible? How could Hanna know about my dreams?”

*Examine: Drawings*

ZOË:

“I've seen these images before. In my dreams, and—I recognise them.”

*Examine: Parts*

ZOË:

“Electronic parts. I don't recognise any of them.”

*Examine: Parts*

ZOË:

“This one looks like some sort of...detonator?”

*Examine: Parts*

ZOË:

“I wonder if this is what Nela was talking about. Odder jobs.”

*Examine: Photo*

ZOË:

“It's a picture of two girls.”

*Pick Up: Photo*

ZOË:

“That's the girl I saw earlier. And the other one...Is that Hanna? It must be. She matches Nela's description.”

*Examine: Photo (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Short, pink hair. That must be Hanna.”

*Examine: Photo (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“I think that's Hanna. But who's the other girl?”

*Abby + Hanna 4ever is written on the back.*

ZOË:

“'Abby and Hanna 4ever'. The pink haired girl is Hanna. That other girl must be Abby. They look like good friends.”

*Examine: Photo (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Hanna and your friend Abby.”

*Examine: Photo (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“They look happy.”

*Use: Exit*

*Examine: WATI logo (while using the tracker)*

ZOË:

“There's an access point embedded in the base of the WATI logo. Makes sense.”

*Get data from: WATI logo*

ZOË:

“Here we go again. Logging in. Downloading...and time to pull out. Eighty-one percent! Almost there. One more access point and I should have all the data.”

*Examine: Lab (while using the tracker)*

ZOË:

“There's a live access point inside. Weird. I haven't ever seen anyone use this lab.”

*Get data from: Lab*

ZOË:

“Last one. I'm getting paranoid about warning signals going off somewhere. Ninety-seven percent. Ninety-eight...That's it. That's all of it. Yay Zoë. Shit. It's encrypted, just like Mira said it would be. Well, I don't have a choice, I'll have to go back to see Mira.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“Welding. Well-ding! WELL-ding. Well-DING!”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Hey, uh, excuse me? I need to get inside.”

SHITBOT:

“Certainly, human.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Shitbot! Is that you?”

SHITBOT:

“Welding!”

ZOË:

“That's a yes. Didn't Mira sell you to a contractor?”

SHITBOT:

“The angry human hired me to do welding! Perimeter defenses need fixing. Fixing through wel--”

ZOË:

“Welding. Glad to see you're living the dream, Shitbot. But now, I really need to get inside.”

SHITBOT:

“Proceed, human female.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SHITBOT:

“Please be advised that approaching the door will activate perimeter defenses.”

ZOË:

“Oh. Uh.”

SHITBOT:

“You will experience momentary discomfort as eighty thousand volts are applied to your fleshy bits. Fortunately, the discomfort will be momentary as your neural pathways will quickly melt and your heart will explode.”

ZOË:

“Ah. So, um, when can I pass through without anything exploding or melting?”

SHITBOT:

“When I've finished welding, the human inside will be able to properly regulate perimeter defenses again.”

ZOË:

“Yeah, you know what? I think I'll come back later.”

SHITBOT:

“Good call, human.”

*Use: Blue key (in inventory)*

*Use: Yellow key head with Key handle*

*Use: Yellow key on Vent hatch (near Pandemonium)*

*Open: Vent hatch*

*Examine: Girl*

ZOË:

“That's the girl I saw on the street. She's completely lost in Dreamtime.”

*Examine: Girl*

ZOË:

“She's connected to a Dreamachine.”

*Talk to: Girl*

GIRL:

“What do you want? Go away, I'm dreaming.”

ZOË:

“Can you please disconnect from that thing and talk to me?”

GIRL:

“I don't know you. Leave me alone.”

ZOË:

“I need to get through to her somehow. It would help if I knew something about her relationship to Hanna.”

*Talk to: Girl*

GIRL:

“Get out of here! You're ruining my dream.”

*Use: Photo on Girl*

ZOË:

“You're friends with Hanna, right?”

GIRL:

“From the picture, it looks like you're good friends.”

GIRL:

“I don't know what you're talking about. Just go away.”

ZOË:

“Hanna's in trouble and I need your help finding her.”

*The girl ends her dream.*

GIRL:

“I don't know where she is. We're not friends anymore.”

ZOË:

“What happened?”

GIRL:

“She wanted me to stop using the Dreamachine. Says it's a sickness, that I'm addicted...We were best friends, more than that, but now...I haven't seen her in ages. The last time we spoke, she was upset, and...scared.”

ZOË:

“Why was she scared?”

GIRL:

“She didn't want to tell me. She just...She said she needed to disa-'disappear' for a while. She left her nest, found somewhere else to hide. I don't know where. I think she was afraid they'd get rid of her after she'd finished the job.”

ZOË:

“Who are 'they'?”

GIRL:

“I don't know! All right? I told you already, I haven't spoken to her since.”

ZOË:

“And you have no idea where I can find her? Maybe she mentioned something to you, somewhere she could be hiding.”

GIRL:

“No! I—There was another nest, at the end of the Bricks. She brought me there once. She called it her secret burrow. No one goes there. It uses a different key from all the other shelters. When she wasn't looking, I...I grabbed an extra key that was lying around. In case I ever needed to hide. Maybe that's where Hanna is? But I honestly don't know. Please, leave me alone--”

ZOË:

“Where's the key?”

GIRL:

“I don't fucking know! It's around here somewhere. I don't know... Can I go back to my dream now?”

ZOË:

“The Dreamachines, they're...dangerous. I think they're dangerous. You shouldn't be hooking up.”

GIRL:

“What else is there to do in this rat hole? Study for my law degree? Just fuck off back to your cushy upstairs life, and leave me alone.”

*Examine: Abby*

ZOË:

“Abby. She's totally addicted to Dreamtime.”

*Examine: Abby*

ZOË:

“I wish I could do something for her, but... She has to want help first.”

*Search: Box*

ZOË:

“Nothing in here.”

*Search: Box*

ZOË:

“Nada.”

*Search: Box*

*A pink key head is obtained.*

*Use: Exit*

*Use: Yellow key (in inventory)*

*Use: Pink key head on Key handle*

*Use: Pink key on Vent hatch (at end of Bricks)*

*Open: Vent hatch*

*Examine: Pipe*

*Hanna emerges wielding a knife. She is wearing a shirt that says Bingo = Chungo.*

HANNA:

“Get the fuck out of here!”

ZOË:

“Are you Hann—Woah, woah! Easy, easy, just-just put that knife down--”

HANNA:

“Who are you? What do you want?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Zoë: *The best thing to do right now is to stay calm and tell her my name.*

ZOË:

“My name's Zoë.”

HANNA:

“I don't know any Zoë.”

ZOË:

“Queenie sent me. She's worried about you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Queenie: *I should let her know why I'm here. I mean, she has no idea who I am.*

ZOË:

“Queenie sent me.”

HANNA:

“Queenie? Why?”

ZOË:

“She's worried about you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

HANNA:

“Tell her not to worry. Tell her I'm just peachy. Now, get out.”

*Examine: Hanna*

ZOË:

“I finally found Hanna. Now I just need her to talk to me.”

*Talk to: Hanna*

ZOË:

“I can't just tell Queenie you're 'peachy'. She'll ask questions. She wants to know if--”

HANNA:

“I'm fine. Really.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Fine?: *Abby said Hanna's scared, that she's on the run. I don't think she's fine at all.*

ZOË:

“If you're fine, why are you running?”

HANNA:

“Who said I'm running?”

ZOË:

“Abby did. She told me--”

*(conversation progresses)*

Fine: *I don't believe her. There must be another way to get through to Hanna.*

ZOË:

“Abby's also worried about you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

HANNA:

“Abby... So that's how you found me. She blabbed, that...that dupa. She's always been weak.”

ZOË:

“I didn't give her much choice. I had to find you. She won't tell anyone.”

HANNA:

“She's always trouble. And she's addicted, to the Dreamachine.”

ZOË:

“She really misses you.”

HANNA:

“She's not my responsibility! We're not... I'm not her girlfriend. Not—I'm not good for her. She's not safe around me. She'll get hurt.”

ZOË:

“Why? Who's after you?”

HANNA:  
  
“All these questions. Who are you again?”

ZOË:

“Zoë. Castillo.”

HANNA:

“Right. And how is any of this your business, Zoë Castillo? Who do you work for?”

ZOË:

“No one! Seriously, enough with the paranoia. Queenie wanted me to find you. She's concerned. That's the only reason I'm here. You could show some appreciation for the people in your life who do care.”

HANNA:

“In my experience, they usually want something in return.”

ZOË:

“You might be surprised. Don't underestimate people.”

HANNA:

“Don't overestimate people. (Sighs) Look, I—I did...stuff. A job. A dangerous job, for some very dangerous people. And now I have to watch my back.”

ZOË:

“Then let us help you.”

HANNA:

“You can't help me. Queenie can't help me. No one can. If they find me...You really don't know who you're dealing with, and there's no way to stop them. All right? So just leave me be.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Mr. London: *Could she be running from Mr. London? He controls the criminal underworld in Propast, he might be connected.*

ZOË:

“I've run into Mr. London myself. I know how scary he can--”

HANNA:

“Mr. London? Right. Sure. Scary. The people I'm hiding from are a lot worse than London.”

*(conversation progresses)*

The EYE: *Maybe she's running from the EYE? They must know about Hanna's gang, and they can't be very happy about it.*

ZOË:

“If you're on the run from the EYE, I'm sure we can find a way to--”

HANNA:

“The EYE? I've been running from the EYE for years, dupa. No, it's worse than that. These people control the EYE. They control everything.”

*(conversation progresses)*

HANNA:

“I'm done talking. Go back to Queenie, tell her not to worry about me.”

ZOË:

“I don't think that'll be enough to make her stop worrying.”

HANNA:

“(Sighs) Fine. One second. Give her this. Tell her I got your message, that you did your job, and that...Tell her that I'm working on it.”

ZOË:

“Those paintings...in your room. Did you paint them yourself--”

HANNA:

“You were in my nest?”

ZOË:

“I-I was looking for you.”

HANNA:

“That doesn't give you the right to break into my home, suka! Those are my drawings. Why?”

ZOË:

“I...recognise the images. From dreams. Look, I know this sounds crazy, and I can't explain it, but--”

HANNA:

“They're from dreams. My dreams. And no, I don't use a Dreamachine. I just have...weird dreams.”

ZOË:

“Why would we have the same dreams?”

HANNA:

“How do I know you're not lying? I don't know you, I don't know who you are. Just go away.”

ZOË:

“I just—Yeah, okay.”

*Examine: Hanna*

ZOË:

“Hanna wants me out of here.”

*Examine: Hanna*

ZOË:

“I think she's done talking to me.”

*Use: Exit*

HANNA:

“Wait. Wait!”

*Talk to: Hanna*

HANNA:

“Is it true? About your dreams?”

ZOË:

“I—I only remember the one dream. But there have been many others. I...have amnesia. But my memories are starting to come back. And your drawings...I've seen those images before. It can't be a coincidence.”

HANNA:

“No coincidence, no story...Zoë, right?”

ZOË:

“Zoë Castillo.”

HANNA:

“I'll think about what you said, Zoë Castillo. If I think you're telling the truth, I'll look you up. Now I really need you to leave. I have things I need to do. And you shouldn't be seen down here with me.”

*Talk to: Hanna*

HANNA:

“Please leave, before anyone sees you here.”

*Talk to: Hanna*

HANNA:

“It's not safe for you to stay here.”

*Talk to: Hanna*

HANNA:

“I'd like to be alone now. Please?”

*Examine: Dragonfly (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Hanna's dragonfly. I think she made this.”

*Examine: Dragonfly (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Hanna asked me to give this to Queenie. It probably means something to her.”

*Use: Exit*

*Talk to: Queenie's assistant*

QUEENIE'S ASSISTANT:

“The Madame is in. She's been expecting you.”

*Zoë steps on the boat.*

QUEENIE:

“At long last, the castle dweller returns.”

ZOË:

“I'm really sorry I took so long--”

QUEENIE:

“Tut tut. This is delicate work. Stand perfectly still. Fly, little one. You look tired, Ms. Castillo. Is everything all right?”

ZOË:

“I haven't slept so well.”

QUEENIE:

“No... And have you found what you were looking for?”

*If Zoë told Queenie she was searching for meaning in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“You mean, have I found purpose in my life yet? I guess I'm still looking for some sort of deeper meaning.”

QUEENIE:

“Don't expect it to strike you like a lightning bolt from a clear sky. Purpose and meaning are rarely revelations, but rather slow awakenings. And meaning is what you make of it. I find great joy and purpose in building my little creatures.”

*If Zoë told Queenie she was searching for reconciling in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“You mean, have I found the reconciliation I said I was looking for? I don't think I'm quite ready for that yet.”

QUEENIE:

“Don't expect it to happen by itself. You can only reconcile yourself with someone, or someone, if you commit yourself to it. And before you can even begin that process, you will need to forgive. Others. Yourself.”

*If Zoë told Queenie she was searching for belonging in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“You mean, do I feel like I belong yet? I'm still looking.”

QUEENIE:

“Don't expect to wake up one day and suddenly feel like you belong. You have to give it time and attention. It can be hard work. And the truth is, you may not be where you belong yet, either in body or spirit. But I believe you will find it, and yourself, eventually.”

*If Zoë told Queenie she's looking for remembering in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“You mean, do I remember anything yet?”

*If Zoë told Roman she still wants to remember:*

ZOË:

“Maybe. I'm not sure. I'm working on it.”

QUEENIE:

“Don't expect your memories to arrive all at once and neatly organised. Like all awakenings, it can be a slow and befuddling process. The important thing is to embrace every memory, and to push nothing aside.”

*If Zoë told Roman she wants to forget now:*

ZOË:

“I'm not so sure I want to remember. It seems easier to just forget and move on.”

*Your path was altered*

QUEENIE:

“To move on you may have to remember first. Painful as it may seem, until you've reconciled yourself with your past, with who you were and what happened to you, you will never be fully awake. Part of you will always be asleep. Adrift, and without purpose.”

*If Zoë told Queenie that she was searching for forgetting in Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“You mean, have I been able to put the past behind me and move forward?”

*If Zoë still wants to forget:*

ZOË:

“I'm trying. I really am.”

QUEENIE:

“To move on you may have to remember first. Painful as it may seem, until you've reconciled yourself with your past, with who you were and what happened to you, you will never be fully awake. Part of you will always be asleep. Adrift, and without purpose.”

*If Zoë wants to remember now:*

ZOË:

“I don't know if that's what I want to do. I think...I think I do need to remember, and be at peace with those memories.”

*Your path was altered*

QUEENIE:

“You're most likely right about that. Just don't expect your memories to arrive all at once, neatly organised. Like all awakenings, it can be a slow and bewildering process. The important thing is to embrace it all. Have an open mind about what you do remember.”

QUEENIE:

“So. Any news about our Hanna? I assume that's why you're here today.”

ZOË:

“She asked me to give you this. She says she's fine and that she's...she's 'working on it'.”

QUEENIE:

“How did she appear to you? Do you believe her when she says she's fine?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Fine\*: *There's no reason to worry Queenie. I'm not sure that will help Hanna...or convince Queenie to give the campaign her full support.*

ZOË:

“She seemed fine.”

QUEENIE:

“Good. That's good. I know Hanna's mixed up in...She's had a hard life, poor girl. I want to help her, but I can only do that if she lets me. At least she knows I care for her.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Not fine\*: *I don't want to worry Queenie, but Hanna did not sound fine. Maybe it'll hurt the campaign, but I don't think I should keep this from her.*

ZOË:

“Honestly, I don't think she's fine. She's scared. Her friend Abby told me she's been hiding. She's afraid of something. Someone.”

QUEENIE:

“She didn't say who?”

ZOË:

“Abby didn't know. And Hanna...wasn't very forthcoming.”

QUEENIE:

“She doesn't trust many people. She barely trusts me, and I have...Well. I hope I've given her enough reasons to trust me. But she's had a hard life, poor girl. I appreciate your honesty, Zoë.”

*(conversation progresses)*

QUEENIE:

“Thank you for tracking her down. Where is she now?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Tell her\*: *It can't hurt letting Queenie know where to find Hanna. Maybe she can help?*

ZOË:

“You know those yellow towers?”

QUEENIE:

“The so-called Wireless Power Grid.”

ZOË:

“What do you mean?”

QUEENIE:

“They were never part of the grid. Those towers were built for another purpose. What about them?”

ZOË:

“There are children living in the tunnels below. They call them 'nests'. Like you said yourself, it's a whole subterranean city. Hanna's hiding in one of those nests here in the Bricks, just past the stairs to the Plaza.”

QUEENIE:

“I'm glad you told me. I won't betray your trust and seek her out. I'm just happy to know she's close.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Towers: *The 'so-called' Wireless Power Grid?*

ZOË:

“What are those towers?”

QUEENIE:

“I honestly don't know. I do know they were never used for the Wireless Power Grid. They were built after they dismantled that system. I have my theories...but that's for another time.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Move on: *I'm sure she's busy, and I need to get going.*

ZOË:

“Thank you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Don't tell her\*: *I can probably trust Queenie, but I don't want to betray Hanna's trust.*

ZOË:

“I made a promise to Hanna...”

QUEENIE:

“I understand. I won't press the issue, even though I might be in a position to help her.”

*(conversation progresses)*

QUEENIE:

“You have gone above and beyond your duty, Zoë. You've shown that you care about our community. And while I'm still worried about Hanna, at least now I know she's alive. Very well. You asked for my support, and you have it. I will endorse your candidate. The Bricks stand behind Unity and Lea Uminska.”

CHOICE:

Accept the support: *Maybe Unity is involved in something illegal...but if I tell Queenie that, she'll probably withdraw her support, and that will damage our chances in Propast.*

ZOË:

“Thank you.”

QUEENIE:

“Your help means a lot to me. And I always stand by my promises. Now I have work to do. You can tell Mr. Maphane to come by to discuss my involvement. Good day, Ms. Castillo.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Warn Queenie: *Maybe Unity and Uminska are innocent...but I can't keep the truth from Queenie, regardless of how it affects our campaign.*

ZOË:

“I wish I could just accept your support, but...I can't. Not now.”

QUEENIE:

“Oh? And why is that?”

ZOË:

“Lea Uminska might be involved in something illegal, or at least unethical. We don't know for sure yet.”

QUEENIE:

“That is unfortunate. Even the possibility that your party could be mixed up in something...objectionable makes it impossible for me to lend my support to the campaign. I'm sorry, Ms. Castillo, but there's too much at stake. I do hope your investigations uncover no funny business, but I'm afraid this means I cannot support the social democrats. I hope you understand my position.”

ZOË:

“I do. And I'm really sorry.”

QUEENIE:

“So am I. If you ever need my help with anything else, I'm here. I owe you that. I'm afraid there's work to do, so I'll have to ask you to leave. Good day, Ms. Castillo.”

*(conversation progresses)*

QUEENIE:

“Oh. Before you go...”

ZOË:

“Yes?”

QUEENIE:

“You mentioned you weren't sleeping well. Do you dream?”

ZOË:

“Constantly.”

QUEENIE:

“Yes...Pay heed to your dreams, Ms. Castillo. Do not underestimate them. I remember the first time you visited, I told you you weren't...quite here. And you're not. Part of you is lost in dreaming. And part of you...Part of you is a dream. You're not all here. That worries me. I think, more than anything, you need to remember. And you need to wake up.”

ZOË:

“Wh—What do you mean by--”

QUEENIE:

“I don't know. Like I said, there is work to be done. But remember, I'm here, if you need me.”

*If Zoë talked to Shitbot:*

SHITBOT:

“Welding welding welding welding welding welding!”

ZOË:

“I guess he's finished the job. With any luck, he hasn't screwed up and I won't get fried when I ring Mira's doorbell.”

*Examine: Security system*

ZOË:

“I don't know if it's designed to kill, but I'm not going to risk it.”

*Examine: Security system*

ZOË:

“The security system is active. I'm not messing with that.”

*Use: Buzzer (Pandemonium)*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

MIRA:

“How did it go?”

ZOË:

“I got the data.”

MIRA:

“So you're not completely useless after all. That's a surprise. Come over here, I'll download and deccrypt it.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“One sec...”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

MIRA:

“No returns, kutriya. All sales are final.”

ZOË:

“That's not why I'm here.”

MIRA:

“Then what do you want?”

ZOË:

“You said you're the only one who can decrypt the data.”

MIRA:

“The firmware upgrade and sniffer were freebies, petal. But this I'll charge for.”

ZOË:

“How much?”

MIRA:

“Oh, I'm not looking for Yuan, petal. I'm looking for a helping hand.”

ZOË:

“To do what?”

MIRA:

“Haven't made up my mind yet. When I do, I'll give you a ring.”

ZOË:

“No thanks. I'll ask someone else instead.”

MIRA:

“Here's the thing, petal. You're running illegal firmware. One anonymous tip and the Syndicate will be drilling a hole in that pretty little head of yours. The choice is yours. I can decrypt the data for you, or you can walk out of here. Whatever you do, you'll still be hearing from me. One of these days.”

ZOË:

“You...bitch.”

MIRA:

“You got that right. Come over here, let's take a look at what you found.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Smart girl.”

ZOË:

“Just shut up and get on with it.”

MIRA:

“That's the spirit, kutriya. Stand still, this won't hurt a bit. There. Done.”

ZOË:

“That's it?”

MIRA:

“Told you it wouldn't hurt.”

MIRA:

“Basic encryption, standard Syndicate protocols. Let's take a look.”

ZOË:

“I don't really know what I'm looking at.”

MIRA:

“Financial transactions, petal. Big ones. From various shadow accounts into the party's campaign—Well, fuck me, what do we have here?”

ZOË:

“Unity's taking bribes?”

MIRA:

“Well, yes, obviously. These are just standard corporate shadow accounts. Won't be too hard to trace the transactions. No, I'm talking about the rest of it. There are detailed records of meetings between Uminska...and Konstantin Wolf. Arranged and attended by WATIcorp officials.”

ZOË:

“What?”

MIRA:  
  
“Jesus Christ. The madarchods have kept files on everything, like it's just business as usual. What a bunch of gaandus...And look at this! You know how there's been talk about regulating the Dreamachine?”

ZOË:

“Yeah, uh, Uminska's been an outspoken proponent for regulation and she--”

MIRA:

“According to this, if Unity wins, Uminska's going to give WATI a carte blanche to sell Dreamachines and operate Dream Emporiums in Europolis. WATIcorp will be able to provide government licensed Dreamtime access. To everyone. Everywhere. All the time. Unrestricted. So Uminska's not the messiah this city was hoping for after all. There goes my vote. To shit.”

ZOË:

“So...what-what are you saying, exactly?”

MIRA:

“I'm saying the bribes and kickbacks are only part of the story, petal. I'm saying Uminska is collaborating with both Konstantin Wolf and WATIcorp...and fuck knows who else. Whether it's for money or power or some other reason... Who knows? They can't both win the election.”

ZOË:

“In other words, it's bad.”

MIRA:

“Badder than bad, petal. This could be the biggest, baddest thing since the last time WATIcorp was in the news for trying to fuck us over.”

ZOË:

“I still don't understand what Uminska stands to gain from collaborating with Wolf and European Dawn.”

MIRA:

“I'm sure the answer's in there, somewhere. There's terabytes of this shit. We've only scratched the surface. But this is not my problem. It's yours. Take it.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Well, shit. What should I do?”

MIRA:

“Your data, your problem. I can't tell you what to do with it. But I can tell you what I would do. This belongs to the world. Keeping it secret benefits no one. If I were you, I'd publish it. Anonymously. Luckily for both of us, you're not me. Whatever you decide, you'll want to tread carefully. Heads will roll. Make sure one of them isn't yours. Also...don't bring the EYE to my doorstep. I'll deny everything and throw you to the wolves. No offense, kutriya.”

ZOË:

“None taken.”

MIRA:

“I've uploaded the decrypted data to your Iris. It's locked to your voice print. Go do whatever it is you're going to do. And leave me out of it.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“I'd be happier if you didn't stick around, in case the EYE come looking for you.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Kutriya, please. Fuck off?”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Remember I need you here bright and early. Unless you've been arrested. In that case, best of luck.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Shit. I don't know what to do. You're not gonna go selling it to the highest bidder, are you?”

MIRA:

“You obviously don't know me. I respect data. This is all yours, do with it what you please. But if I may offer a suggestion? That data belongs to the world. Keeping it secret benefits absolutely no one. If I were you, I'd publish it. Anonymously. And let the rest take care of itself.”

ZOË:

“I don't know...”

MIRA:

“Whatever you do, petal, you'll want to tread carefully. Heads will roll. Make sure one of them isn't yours. I'll make damn sure it's not mine. I've uploaded the data to your Iris, locked to your voice print. It's your problem now, kutriya. Time to leave. And please don't come back. Ever.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Are you still here? Gadha, you need to get going. I don't want you around in case the EYE come looking for you.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Please, kutriya. Get the fuck out. Now.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“If you don't leave, I'll have Wit toss you out on your pretty gaand.”

*Exit to Propast*

*Baruti calls Zoë.*

BARUTI:

“How are you getting on with... You know. Things?”

ZOË:

“Actually, I just finished. Where do you want to meet?”

BARUTI:

“The Kavarna on Sonnenchein Plaza? I needed some artificial stimulants to keep me going. Meet me there whenever you're ready.”

ZOË:

“Will do.”

*Decide where to take the data – to Baruti or to The Hand*

*Talk to: Baruti*

BARUTI:

“Hey, sisi! Thanks again for helping out. It means a lot to me. So. Tell me. Did you get it?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Doubts\*: *This data won't just change our lives, it's going to affect millions of people. Is it worth it? Maybe it'd be better to keep it to ourselves and trust that the truth will come out some other way.*

ZOË:

“Are you sure you want to open this Pandora's box?”

BARUTI:

“I need to know. If Uminska's involved...Better to find out now rather than later.”

ZOË:

“Maybe. Or maybe trust that there's a good explanation for...for the discrepancies. If not... The truth will come out eventually, right?”

BARUTI:

“If we already have the answer, it's our responsibility to act on it. Do you have the data or not?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Data\*: *I need to tell him what's on that stick. Regardless of what I do next, Baruti deserves to know.*

ZOË:

“I looked at the data. I know what it means.”

BARUTI:

“You do?”

ZOË:

“I had to have it decrypted. And...You were right, it's bad. Not only is Unity taking corporate money...they're colluding with Konstantin Wolf. And Uminska's personally involved. I'm sorry, I--”

BARUTI:

“Jesus, Zoë... Give me the data, I need to see this for myself.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Decision: *I need to make a decision. Either I hand Baruti the data or I give it to the Hand. I don't think there's a right answer. I just have to follow my gut.*

*(proceed to Choice)*

CHOICE:

Hand over data: *I'll let him take it from here. Whatever happens next is not up to me.*

ZOË:

“Here. This is it. All the data I downloaded.”

BARUTI:

“Strange. The future of Europolis, in my palm.”

ZOË:

“What will you do with it?”

BARUTI:

“I'm-I'm going to sort through all of it, and then I'll confront the party with whatever I find.”

ZOË:

“Are-are you sure that's wise?”

BARUTI:

“What's the alternative?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Public: *The alternative would be to give it to the Hand and let them tell the whole world.*

ZOË:

“What about taking it to the Hand?”

BARUTI:

“I've invested too much of myself to be just a whistleblower. At least until I've had a chance to speak with the party. With Uminska. Maybe there's an explanation. Maybe there's--”

ZOË:

“Baruti...”

BARUTI:

“How do you know, sisi? How do you know it's a simple as them being crooks?”

ZOË:

“It's never that simple, but it's very likely they're doing something illegal.”

BARUTI:

“I'm not willing to accept that without exploring the alternatives. I want to talk to Lea Uminska. I want her to tell me what's really going on.”

ZOË:

“Just... Be careful?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Private: *I should trust Baruti's judgment.*

ZOË:

“Do what you think is best.”

BARUTI:

“I appreciate your help and advice, Zoë. I-I-I just need to know the facts before I...”

ZOË:

“Just...please be careful.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Do not hand over data: *It can't be up to Baruti to decide what to do with it. This belongs to everyone.*

ZOË:

“I'm sorry, Baruti...”

BARUTI:

“'Sorry'? What do you mean?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Brutal truth\*: *I can't lie to him. He deserves to know why.*

ZOË:

“I can't give you the data. If this means what I think it means, you're too close to the campaign. To Uminska.”

BARUTI:

“I—I see.”

ZOË:

“I respect you and I care about you, Baruti. But...This is bigger than us. You're implicated by proxy, and so am I. It wouldn't feel right giving you the data.”

BARUTI:

“You're taking it to the Hand.”

ZOË:

“Yes.”

BARUTI:

“I wish you wouldn't. But I understand why you think that's the right thing to do. And...I respect your honesty. I need to go get going. There are preparations that need to...to... I-I need to prepare.”

ZOË:

“Baruti--”

BARUTI:

“It's been a pleasure working with you, Zoë. Honestly. I wish you the very best.”

*(conversation ends)*

Go easy\*: *I need to tell him the truth, but I can't let him know that I don't trust him with the data.*

ZOË:

“I—I'm worried what this could lead to.”

BARUTI:

“Let me be the judge of that.”

ZOË:

“I can't—do that. I can't let you take the data to the party, Baruti. I don't know what will happen to you.”

BARUTI:

“You're not responsible for my actions.”

ZOË:

“I've made up my mind.”

BARUTI:

“I see. I guess you'll be taking it to the Hand?”

ZOË:

“Yes. I mean, you'll be protected and everyone will know the truth--”

BARUTI:

“I understand. Perfectly. I should have known better than to ask for your help.”

ZOË:

“That's really not fair to--”

BARUTI:

“Fair? Don't talk to me about fair. This was my life, Zoë. And now it's not. I would've appreciated being part of the decision, but I guess you didn't trust me enough.”

*(conversation ends)*

Lie\*: *I can't tell him the truth, that I don't trust him to do the right thing.*

ZOË:

“I didn't get the data.”

BARUTI:

“Damn! Well, I knew it was a long shot and you did your best. Thanks for trying, sisi. It means the world to me to have you on my side. I'm sorry for taking up your time with this. But you know how important it was to me.”

ZOË:

“I know. I'm... I'm sorry too. I hope the truth comes out some other way.”

BARUTI:

“Let's hope so.”

*If Zoë gave the data to Baruti or lied to Baruti:*

BARUTI:

“One more thing. I think you should quit the campaign. Today. There's no reason for you to get mixed up in this any more than you already are.”

ZOË:

“Oh.”

CHOICE:

Quit campaign: *He's right. No good will come of me staying.*

ZOË:

“I'm so sorry.”

BARUTI:

“Don't be sorry. I'll backdate your resignation to last week, to avoid any...uncomfortable questions.”

ZOË:

“Please keep me updated? We're still friends. This doesn't change anything.”

BARUTI:

“Still friends, sisi.”

*(conversation ends)*

Stay on: *Maybe I should quit, but... Baruti's my friend.*

ZOË:

“As long as you're staying on, I'm not quitting.”

BARUTI:

“Are you sure?”

ZOË:

“Nah. But I'm staying on regardless.”

BARUTI:

“Makoya! And if I don't get a satisfactory answer from Uminska, I'll fire you and make sure everyone knows you were completely clueless.”

ZOË:

“Deal.”

BARUTI:

“Thanks again, Zoë. I'll keep you updated.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Sully*

ZOË:

“I have something for you.”

SULLY:

“Aha! A professional visit. Now I am intrigued!”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Doubts: *Oh shit shit shit shit I don't know what to do with the data. If I give it to Sully, I'll break Baruti's heart...and our friendship. But if I give it to Baruti, the truth could end up getting buried.*

ZOË:

“Let me ask you a completely hypothetical question.”

SULLY:

“Fire away.”

ZOË:

“Let's imagine for a moment that I have a friend.”

SULLY:

“You're stretching credulity here, Zoë, but carry on.”

ZOË:

“And this friend has...acquired some information. From another friend. Newsworthy information. But this other friend wants to keep it a secret.”

SULLY:

“You're asking me if this...friend of yours should share what she's learned with the world, or respect her friend's wish to keep it secret.”

ZOË:

“Something like that.”

SULLY:

“Ach, there's truly no right answer to that question. There are so many moving parts, I wouldn't know where to begin. Do what you think is right, Zoë. That's my only advice. So what is it that you may have for me? Come on, come on, don't leave me in such suspense!”

*(conversation progresses)*

Decision: *I honestly have no idea what to do, and there's no simple answer. I can't second guess the future. I just have to make a choice.*

*(proceed to Choice)*

CHOICE:

Hand over data: *This data is too valuable to give to Baruti. He'll take it to the party leadership, and then...who knows? Maybe they'll find a way to shut him up.*

ZOË:

“Records. Financial transactions. Documents linking Unity and Uminska to WATIcorp and Wolf.”

SULLY:

“I beg your pardon? Where in Manu's name did you find these documents?”

ZOË:

“Baruti tipped me off. He's had his suspicions and he asked me to find evidence.”

SULLY:

“And you brought it to me, to the Hand, instead of your--”

ZOË:

“It seemed like the right thing to do. That data, it's...It's all in there, all you need for a full expose.”

SULLY:

“Christ our Saviour on a bokking bicycle...”

ZOË:

“It's dangerous information, Sully.”

SULLY:

“Oh, we'll keep your name out of it. You-Yours and his. Be sure of that. Kaşar... And I was going to vote for Uminska! The Hand endorsed her, for crying out loud! Are you sure about this? About giving the data to us?”

ZOË:

“No. But I don't want anything more to do with it.”

SULLY:

“I'll put people on this right away. We'll need to verify every fact and triple-check with our own sources...”

ZOË:

“Will you ask Uminska or WATIcorp for a response?”

SULLY:

“Huh? Well. That depends. If there's a chance they could destroy the evidence or hide their trail, then...no. No, we won't. And this is why we must move fast! I need everyone to come in. I don't care if they're half a world away. Everyone!”

ZOË:

“Please keep me in the loop?”

SULLY:

“I promise. Now, please excuse me, Zoë...”

ZOË:

“Of course. Yeah. Okay. Go ahead.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Reza*

REZA:

“What was that about? Sully looks giddy. What did you tell him?”

ZOË:

“I found...something. Unity's been taking corporate payoffs. And they're colluding with Wolf and European Dawn.”

REZA:

“What?”

ZOË:

“Sully will fill you in on the details. I'm sure you're going to get quite busy.”

REZA:

“Jesus... Sounds like it. Are you okay?”

ZOË:

“Thumbs up. It's not my ass on the line. It's just...disappointing.”

*If Zoë already talked to Reza:*

ZOË:

“Anyway. See you later? We're still on for dinner?”

REZA:

“Sure. Worst case scenario, I come back to the office after.”

ZOË:

“Yeah, I'd prepare for a worst case scenario if I were you.”

*(conversation ends)*

*If Zoë hadn't yet talked to Reza:*

*If Reza did not leave at the end of Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“By the way, before I forget. Dinner plans?”

*(proceed to earlier dialogue choices about dinner)*

*If Reza left at the end of Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“Oh, before I forget...We need to talk.”

REZA:

“We do.”

ZOË:

“I mean, it's been a week. We need to figure out where this is going.”

REZA:

“We do.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Um. Sooo--”

REZA:

“How about dinner?”

*(proceed to earlier dialogue choice about dinner)*

*Talk to: Sully*

SULLY:

“Can we speak later, Zoë? I need to make sure we move fast on this, while the trail is still warm.”

*Talk to: Sully*

SULLY:

“We'll make sure everyone learns the truth. We're newsmen, and this is what we live for!”

*Talk to: Sully*

SULLY:

“You just handed us the story of the year, my dear!”

Do not hand over data: *What am I doing? I promised Baruti I'd help him get the data and now I'm handing the evidence off to the Hand? I can't do that to him.*

ZOË:

“Shit.”

SULLY:

“Shit? You have bok for me? Whose bok?”

ZOË:

“My shit. I mean, I have something. But I don't think I can give it to you.”

SULLY:

“Ah. Ha! You're forever a mystery to me, Ms. Castillo. Look, the ability to change your mind is a sign of strength. Most of the time. But, I trust you to know best and to make the right choice.”

ZOË:

“I'm sorry.”

SULLY:

“For what? For listening to your conscience? For having doubts? For being human? Trust yourself. Always.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Reza*

REZA:

“So what was that about? Looked like a serious conversation...”

ZOË:

“I wanted Sully's advice about something.”

REZA:

“Intriguing.”

ZOË:

“I promise I'll tell you later.”

*If Zoë already talked to Reza:*

ZOË:

“Anyway. See you later? We're still on for dinner?”

REZA:

“Sure. Worst case scenario, I come back to the office after.”

ZOË:

“Yeah, I'd prepare for a worst case scenario if I were you.”

*If Zoë hadn't yet talked to Reza:*

*If Reza did not leave at the end of Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“By the way, before I forget. Dinner plans?”

*(proceed to earlier dialogue choices about dinner)*

*If Reza left at the end of Chapter 2:*

ZOË:

“Oh, before I forget...We need to talk.”

REZA:

“We do.”

ZOË:

“I mean, it's been a week. We need to figure out where this is going.”

REZA:

“We do.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Um. Sooo--”

REZA:

“How about dinner?”

*(proceed to earlier dialogue choice about dinner)*

*If Zoë gave the data to the Hand:*

*Talk to: Baruti*

BARUTI:

“Is everything alright, sisi?”

ZOË:

“Sorry for taking so long, Baruti. I...”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Brutal truth\*: *The truth will come out and there's no reason to lie about it...except that our friendship will be over.*

ZOË:

“I took the data to the Hand. They're going to run a story on it.”

BARUTI:

“You did what?”

ZOË:

“It was the right thing to do. Not only is Unity taking corporate money, it looks like they're colluding with Konstantin Wolf. And...And Uminska is personally involved.”

BARUTI:

“Jesus... Zoë. Why did you go behind my back? Why not come to me first and include me in your decision? I thought we were friends.”

ZOË:

“We are friends--”

BARUTI:

“There's no need for you to stop by the campaign office again. I'll consider this your official resignation.”

ZOË:

“I'm so, so sorry. I don't—”

BARUTI:

“Goodbye, Zoë.”

*(conversation ends)*

Go easy\*: *I need to tell him what I did...but I can't tell him I didn't trust him with the data.*

ZOË:

“I couldn't let you take the data to the party. I didn't know what would happen to you and I... I couldn't be responsible.”

BARUTI:

“What are you saying?”

ZOË:

“I gave the data to the Hand. They're running the story. You'll be protected. We both will. And the world will learn what--”

BARUTI:

“I should've known better than to ask for your help. It's clear where your loyalties lie.”

ZOË:

“That's not fair, I--”

BARUTI:

“Fair? What's fair? The campaign was my life. Now it's not. This was not your choice to make, Zoë. I didn't need your protection.”

*(conversation ends)*

Lie\*: *I shouldn't tell him what I did. It won't make any difference, but it will ruin our friendship. Better to let him think it was an anonymous tip to the Hand.*

ZOË:

“I didn't get the data.”

BARUTI:

“Damn! Well, I knew it was a long shot and you did your best. Thanks for trying, sisi. It means the world to me to have you on my side. I'm sorry for taking up your time with this. But you know how important it was to me.”

ZOË:

“I know. I'm... I'm sorry too. I hope the truth comes out some other way.”

BARUTI:

“Let's hope so. One more thing. I think you should quit the campaign. Today. There's no reason for you to get mixed up in this any more than you already are.”

ZOË:

“Oh.”

*(proceed to above Choice regarding the campaign)*

*If Zoë hasn't talked to Reza yet:*

*Enter: Home*

ZOË:

“Oh shoot, I was supposed to visit Reza at work. I wanted to talk to him face to face.”

*Enter: Home*

ZOË:

“I need to visit Reza at the Hand before I head home.”

*Enter: Home*

*If Zoë gave the data to the Hand:*

REZA:

“I'm so sorry I'm late. You really threw us a curveball today.”

ZOË:

“Sounds like you disapprove.”

REZA:

“Not at all. I mean, it's great, it's huge, but... Well, I-I guess it confirms my fears.”

ZOË:

“Oh?”

REZA:

“About the election work.”

ZOË:

“Yeah, well. I guess you were right.”

REZA:

“You know it's not about that.”

ZOË:

“No. Of course not. Anyway, let's talk.”

REZA:

“Yes. Let's.”

*If Zoë gave the data to Baruti:*

REZA:

“Sorry I'm late. There's just a never-ending pile of stuff to do, especially with the--”

ZOË:

“Don't worry about it.”

REZA:

“Maybe let me finish?”

ZOË:

“I'm sorry. Go on.”

REZA:

“No, I just—I mean with the situation out there. It's like a warzone. Just...mad. That's it. That's all I was gonna say.”

ZOË:

“Okay. Sorry.”

REZA:

“We really need to talk, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Yeah, we do.”

****

**--Chapter 5: Anamnesis--**

*Ten days later*

*General Hami is in his room in the Azadi tower. Commander Vamon approaches.*

VAMON:

“General. You called for me.”

HAMI:

“Step inside, Vamon.”

VAMON:

“How do you find your quarters, General?”

HAMI:

“I find my quarters just fine, Commander. That's not why you were summoned. You see, something's been bothering me.”

VAMON:

“Mir?”

HAMI:

“I've spoken to your men at the Keep, and their story is the same as yours. There was a riot, instigated by the resistance. In the ensuing chaos, Apostle Alvane was killed. His body was, inconveniently, burned in the fire. It was a bloodbath, one that someone will have to answer for some day.”

VAMON:

“Certainly, General. I will see to it.”

HAMI:

“I'm sure you will. I also spoke with some of the surviving prisoners. Their story diverged significantly from yours.”

VAMON:

“That doesn't surprise me. They're a treacherous lot, looking for any excuse to spread discord.”

*If Kian did not kill the Warden in Chapter 2:*

HAMI:

“Maybe so. But before the riot broke out, the warden claims he was ordered to execute the Apostle. By you personally, Commander.”

VAMON:

“Lies. The infidel is trying to save his own skin.”

HAMI:

“Perhaps. But what reason would he have to lie? It doesn't absolve him of any responsibility in regards to the riot. He still awaits his trial at Cold Stone.”

*If Kian chose to be hanged in Chapter 2:*

HAMI:

“He tells me the noose had been made ready for Alvane to hang at first light.”

*If Kian chose to be beheaded in Chapter 2:*

HAMI:

“He tells me the executioner's sword had been sharpened to take Alvane's head at first light.”

HAMI:

“I'm not saying I trust the man. He's a cruel little person. But he appears to respect the chain of command.”

*If Kian killed the Warden in Chapter 2:*

HAMI:

“Maybe so. Maybe so. It is a shame the warden was murdered. He may have been able to provide some insight. You see, his men claim that before the riot broke out, the Apostle's execution was ordered. By you, personally.”

*If Kian chose to be hanged in Chapter 2:*

HAMI:

“They even say the noose was made ready for him to die at first light.”

*If Kian chose to be beheaded in Chapter 2:*

HAMI:

“They even say the executioner's sword had been sharpened in wait of first light.”

VAMON:

“If that's true, it was the warden's doing, not mine.”

HAMI:

“Perhaps. But why would they lie about that? I don't see how that serves them.”

VAMON:

“And what did the prisoners tell you?”

HAMI:

“That the riot was set in motion to free the Apostle, not murder him. And that it succeeded.”

VAMON:

“That's preposterous! Kian Alvane is ashes. He walks in Shadow, lost and afraid, far from the glory of the First Mountain and the Light of the Goddess.”

HAMI:

“So you tell me, Commander. And I'd hate to think you're lying to me, or omitting the truth. Your relationship with Alvane... There was animosity. You knew each other, when you were boys.”

VAMON:

“We had...run-ins. When we were both on the streets of Sadir. It wasn't uncommon.”

HAMI:

“But your rivalry was bloodier, went deeper, than boyish pranks.”

VAMON:  
  
“It was a long time ago. We were past that.”

HAMI:

“I want to believe you, Commander. Your position here is important to me, to the Six, to all of Azadir.”

VAMON:

“Have I not always served the Goddess and my people, Mir? Have I not proven myself to the Six and the Council? To the Seat? To you? Any suggestion that I'm less than faithful...It greatly offends me.”

HAMI:

“As it should, Vamon. I have no wish to discover you've been lying to me. I have no wish to see you placed in chains. I want to believe you. And, for now, I do. But I will continue investigating this matter. Because something about it is not right. Something about it bothers me. If you know something, I urge you to come to me as quickly as possible, before I learn you've kept the truth from me.”

VAMON:

“I have not. I walk in the Light, Mir. Everything I do I do for my nation and my people.”

HAMI:

“Very well. You may go.”

VAMON:

“May the Goddess protect you, General.”

HAMI:

“The Light shine upon us all, and illuminate our path...”

*Kian, Likho and Enu are in the Rooster and Kitten with Ulvic.*

PATRON:

“Night, Ulvic!”

LIKHO:

“What news do you have for us, Ulvic?”

ULVIC:

“Right, so a man comes into my bar this afternoon. Azadi soldier, off duty. Has a few beers, starts getting flushed and loose lipped...Man says there's talk of a raid, this very night, in the magic ghetto. And there's a list.”

KIAN:

“A list?”

ULVIC:

“The ones they're targeting. The ones they're bringing back out again.”

ENU:

“But why now? I mean, it's—it's not payback...is it?”

ULVIC:

“He did mention the weapons shipment that got blown sky high last week. Caused a fair bit of ruckus, that. Was the talk of this place for days. Seems some people enjoy a good explosion. Apparently, the commander of the Azadi special forces took it as a personal insult. Commander--”

KIAN:

“Vamon. He would take that personally.”

ULVIC:

“Also, man said, there's been more weapons and supplies being smuggled into the city, right under Azadi noses. They've caught a few shipments so they know people are arming themselves in the ghetto. That there's trouble brewing.”

LIKHO:

“The Mole's been more cooperative than usual. Whatever you did for, Kian, it appears to have been appreciated.”

ULVIC:

“So, the way I see it, the Azadi might want to make a decisive strike tonight, before they lose control of Oldtown.”

ENU:

“Well, they're not wrong. So we need to find out who's on this list, and we need to know when they're going to strike and from where, and we need to--”

LIKHO:

“Patience, Enu. One thing at a time. First we must learn if, when and where this raid is taking place. Then we must warn our friends...including the Mole. And then we must get our own people to safety, before the Azadi come.”

ENU:

“I have a few contacts I can poke. Likho?”

LIKHO:

“I'll start with our people in the ghetto. Kian, if you could pay the Mole a courtesy call.”

KIAN:

“That won't take long. Is there anything else I can do?”

LIKHO:

“I doubt it. Let's meet back here before mid-night.”

ENU:

“Will do. Good luck, the both of you.”

LIKHO:

“Watch your back.”

*Likho and Enu leave.*

*Examine: Ulvic the Ever-Thirsty*

KIAN:

“Ulvic is a good man. I enjoy his company. He's true to his word. I trust him with my life, and consider him a friend.”

*Examine: Ulvic the Ever-Thirsty*

KIAN:

“Ulvic's even got me drinking ale. Goddess forgive me...I like it.”

ULVIC:

“Kian, if I may have a word. In private. I have a message. From a common friend. She wishes to see you. Alone. As soon as possible. She told me she'd wait for you “where all of Oldtown lies below us”. Wherever that might be. She does like to speak in riddles, that one.”

KIAN:

“Thanks, Ulvic.”

ULVIC:

“And when you do see her, tell her it's time she paid her tab. She won't receive another drop of Merry Minstrum until she does!”

*Talk to: Ulvic the Ever-Thirsty*

ULVIC:

“I don't know what our friend means by “where all of Oldtown lies below” but I reckon you'll want to look for the highest spot in the Bones.”

*Talk to: Ulvic the Ever-Thirsty*

ULVIC:

“She might be talking about the Bench. That's the plateau that lies between Cold Stone and Ayrede Avenue, right above the Green. You can see the Tower and most of Oldtown from there.”

*Talk to: Ulvic the Ever-Thirsty*

ULVIC:

“I wouldn't dawdle if I were you. She's got a red hot fire burning inside her, that one.”

*Exit to Marcuria*

*Talk to: Anna*

ANNA:

“It's a nice view, isn't it? I've always found Marcuria beautiful, especially in summer. Of course, those metal tubes are a bit of an eyesore. And that Tower...Actually, the Tower I quite like.”

KIAN:

“Why did you want to meet me?”

ANNA:

“(Sighs) So impatient. You always were. I've been saving something for a rainy day. Someone, actually. And, well, no rain at the moment. But the forecast for tonight sounds grim.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Share: *It can't hurt to pool our resources and share information.*

KIAN:

“We've heard the same thing. Something's happening tonight. Possibly an Azadi raid on Oldtown.”

ANNA:

“That's what I've heard, too. But I don't know anything else. Yet. That's where you come in.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Someone?: *She knows something about tonight.*

KIAN:

“'Saving something for a rainy day'?”

*(conversation progresses)*

ANNA:

“There's an Azadi officer. High-ranking, a captain. He has a...an arrangement. With a young woman in Oldtown. A non-human.”

KIAN:

“He's fucking a magical?”

ANNA:

“Eloquent. But yeah. He's 'fucking a magical'. We both know what it would do to his career if anyone found out.”

KIAN:

“They'd strip him of his rank. He'd be arrested, tortured, most likely sentenced to death.”

ANNA:

“All for a little blue girl and some exotic sex. Your people are so predictable, Azadi. So easy to compromise. You know, the more things you forbid, the more sins there are to be tempted by. You're a nation of the repressed, a powder keg ready to...blow!”

KIAN:

“But how will this information help us?”

ANNA:

“Today is this officer's day with his young lady. She has a room near Shady Quay. Our horny captain never goes alone. The fool brings his uniformed knave to keep watch. Which is convenient, like a big arrow pointing to the right door. If you were to confront the captain in a compromising...position, there'd be no limit to what you could accomplish.”

KIAN:

“Why give me this information? You could have profited from it yourself.”

ANNA:

“I have no need for money or leverage. But I thought you could put this to good use, find out what's going down... Maybe stop it. Save some lives. Or take some.”

KIAN:

“I thought you didn't care about the resistance.”

ANNA:

“I never said that. I never said I did, either. But maybe I care for other...things.”

KIAN:

“Why did you bring me all the way up here to tell me this?”

ANNA:

“Because I don't trust...them. Or anyone. I've been burned in the past.”

KIAN:

“But why me?”

ANNA:

“Because you, Kian, I trust.”

CHOICE:

Pull away (or let the timer run out): *This isn't right.*

KIAN:

“Anna, wait!”

*(conversation ends)*

Kiss her: *I can't reject her.*

KIAN:

“Why did you—Anna.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Enter: Basement*

SHIFTY CHARACTER:

“What do you want?”

KIAN:

“I need to speak with the Mole.”

SHIFTY CHARACTER:

“She's not expecting you.”

KIAN:

“She'll want to hear what I have to say.”

SHIFTY CHARACTER:

“Fine. But keep your hands when I can see 'em.”

*Examine: The Mole*

KIAN:

“She's not at all what I expected...but, Goddess help me, I like her.”

*Examine: The Mole*

KIAN:

“I can understand why she's so feared and respected. She's tiny and old, but clever and spirited. She's a force of nature.”

*Talk to: The Mole*

MOLE:

“Azadi apostate not dead yet? I expect you be dead by now. If you live this long, you might even make it to my age. But I don't recommend it. When your bones ache each morning and you can barely hold your liquor anymore, you curse the gods for keeping you alive. You've come to warn Mole, then?”

KIAN:

“How did you know?”

MOLE:

“The Mole always know. Whispers travel on the wind and voices reverberates through the soil. There's word of raid happening. Of course, no one know for sure. The Azadi usually stay out of Oldtown. Afraid to cause ruckus, upset the order of things. Afraid of people rising up against them. Though times do change...Whether Azadi attack happen or not, Mole's prepared. Don't you worry about the Mole. Mole has burrows. Beside, it may be time to leave Marcuria altogether. Those infernal machines your people build make my fur stand on end. They crackle. They buzz. They are opposite of magic. Make Mole's head pound. Don't know what they're for and what'll happen when they're all done building 'em, but the Mole don't like it. Don't like it one bit. Something's coming, Kian of the rebels. I smell it. I feel it in my whiskers, in my aching bones. Something unnatural. Something mean. There's no room in Marcuria for magic or for magicals. Not anymore. No, whether Azadi attack is coming or not, it's time for the Mole to dig other burrows. Or perhaps return home to Birth Burrow. Find an old, familiar hole to sleep in. Sleep until this shadow has passed, or until...Until we're all of us dry bones beneath the soil. You may consider your warning delivered. This is the last you'll see of me. The last you see of the Banda, the burrowers, the little ones who sing to the soul. My people... All gone. You tell your Shepherd she's welcome to everything in my possession. All the weapons and food and medicine. All you need to keep fighting. Watch your hide, Kian of clan Alvane. These are dark times, and you're at the heart of it all. Well? Why are you still here? Go. Go!”

*Kian leaves.*

MOLE:

“May the soil be ever soft under your feet, Apostle. The fate of worlds falls on you now.”

*Examine: Azadi guard*

KIAN:

“He's guarding the door to that house. This must be where that Azadi officer meets his...his girl.”

*Examine: Azadi guard*

KIAN:

“I need to find a way to get him away from the door.”

*Examine: Azadi guard*

KIAN:

“I must distract that guard somehow.”

AZADI GUARD:

“There's official Azadi business going on here. You'll want to turn around and walk away.”

*Talk to: Bip*

BIP:

“Hey! Did you find that turncoat you were looking for?”

*If Kian caught the right man:*

KIAN:

“I did, thanks to you.”

BIP:

“Did you kill him?”

KIAN:

“I did not. He's in our custody.”

BIP:

“You should kill him. He's a traitor.”

KIAN:

“Well... Sometimes, even traitors deserve second chances.”

BIP:

“Really? Huh.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Kian caught the wrong man:*

KIAN:

“I did not, but it was my fault. I identified the wrong man.”

BIP:

“Oh. So our whole mission was a waste of time?”

KIAN:

“Certainly not. We'll get him eventually. And I got to see Onor Hileriss speak to his followers. That might be useful to us.”

BIP:

“Good!”

*(conversation progresses)*

BIP:

“Are you on another mission?”

KIAN:

“Perhaps. I'm sorry, boy, but I'm quite busy.”

BIP:

“Let me help!”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

What for?: *The boy might prove useful, but I don't know how yet.*

KIAN:

“I don't need help right now, but I'll let you know when I do.”

BIP:

“Sure. It's not like I have anything better to do.”

*(conversation ends)*

No help: *I won't put him in any more danger than absolutely necessary.*

KIAN:

“I don't need your help.”

BIP:

“Fine. I was busy anyway.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*Talk to: Sand-witcher*

SAND-WITCHER:

“What can I do for you, friend? Would you care for a tasty sand-witch?”

KIAN:

“Your sign says 'Sand-witches & Fire-flowers'.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Ah, yes. Used to be I made the best fire-flowers in Oldtown. Spectacular things that lit up the night sky! Sparklers and illuminations, crackers and fliers. But no more, I'm afraid. Alchemy, apparently, falls under the definition of 'magic' these days, and is therefore strictly forbidden. I can make you a savoury sand-witch, though. Guaranteed sand-and-witch free.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Sand-witch: *Even if I was hungry, those 'sand-witches' sound dubious. But if it helps divert her attention...*

KIAN:

“I'll have one of your sand-witches.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Brilliant! Step right over here, friend, to my sand-witching table.”

*(conversation ends)*

“Step right over here, friend, and we can get started.”

“I perform my sand-witching over here. Not there, but right here.”

“Come along now, the sand-witching is about to begin!”

Fire-flowers: *I've seen fireworks in the past. They're spectacular, and they make a lot of noise. A perfect diversion.*

KIAN:

“I'd like to buy one of your fire-flowers.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Can't help you with that, I'm afraid. The Azadi have banned the use of illuminations, crackers, sparklers and fliers. Any and all alchemy.”

KIAN:

“How about the ingredients? I would only need some of your powders and--”

SAND-WITCHER:

“My hands are tied, friend. Or at least they will be if I sell you any of my alchemic powders and potions. The orders are quite clear, there's to be no trade of any sort in magical items. In fact, I should probably clear away those cymicals later today... This place is flush with thieves and mendicants.”

*(conversation ends)*

Nothing: *I have things to attend to. I'll return later.*

KIAN:

“Thanks, but no.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Very well. Just remember that I serve the best sand-witches in town, and absolutely no fire- flowers whatsoever.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Sand-witcher*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Can I tempt you with a savoury sand-witch? I'm the best sand-witcher in all of Oldtown. Also the only sand-witcher in Oldtown.”

“Hello again, friend! Hungry? Peckish? Hankering for a savoury sand-witch?”

*(return to Dialogue Choices)*

*If Kian is getting a sand-witch:*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Now, will that be on fried flat-bread, steamed yeast-bun or a baked grain roll?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Um: *What was that again?*

KIAN:

“Steamed bum. Bun.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Yeasty bottom—Oh, I mean, bummed steam-yeast. Balance. Steamed yeast-bun, coming up.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Uh: *I really have no idea.*

KIAN:

“Flat fried-bread.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Bried frat-brd coming—I mean, flied bread-fed. Balance. Fried-flat bread it is.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Ah: *I'm quite sure this is unimportant.*

KIAN:

“Grained rake-boll?”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Raked rain-groll. Grain. Roll. Baked. Balance. Baked. Grain. Roll. That's it.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SAND-WITCHER:

“...and just a dash of this and a dash of that and some of this and a bit of that...You'd better be hungry, you'd better not be fed, the sand-witch maker's knife is cutting up your bread...Sunny side gets cheese and the other one gets meat, a sand-witch maker's craft is...uh...something, something...feet?”

SAND-WITCHER:

“How about some fermented moonseeds with that?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Yes: *Anything to keep her distracted.*

KIAN:

“Yes, please.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Splendid!”

*(conversation progresses)*

No: *That does not sound particularly appetizing.*

KIAN:

“No, thank you.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Suit yourself.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Would you like some crispy bitter-leaf?”

*(proceed to Yes/No dialogue choices, conversation progresses afterwards)*

SAND-WITCHER:

“A dash of pungent ox-seed topping, yes or no?”

*(proceed to Yes/No dialogue choices, conversation progresses afterwards)*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Right! Here we are, as ordered...mostly. I had to make a few alterations. Remember to chew well and don't swallow too soon. Also, if you feel any discomfort whatsoever, a spoonful of vinegar should do the trick. If not, please visit a physician post-haste.”

*(conversation ends)*

*The sand-witcher turns around to fetch any extra ingredients requested.*

*If Kian leaves:*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Hey, what are you doing? I told you to stand right there. Sand-witching is a delicate craft, I'll have you know.”

“Hey. Hey! What about your sand-witch? And this was turning into one of my best creations ever...”

*Pick Up: [Any of the fire-flower ingredients]*

SAND-WITCHER:

“What are you doing, friend? Are you...stealing from me? Surely, you're no thief. A tall, strapping fellow like yourself.”

*Pick Up: [Any of the fire-flower ingredients]*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Hey! Don't touch that! It's delicate alchemy, and you're likely to blow your hands off. If that happens, the Azadi will shut me down and lock me up!”

*Pick Up: [Any of the fire-flower ingredients]*

SAND-WATCHER:

“Careful with that, friend! Those powders are both dangerous and illegal. I should really pack all my chymicals away before something awful happens.”

*Talk to: Bip*

BIP:

“Have you changed your mind? Do you want my help now?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

*If Kian asked for a sand-witch and tried to take the fire-flower ingredients:*

Help: *He might actually turn out to be useful to me.*

KIAN:

“You want to help?”

BIP:

“Yeah!”

KIAN:

“Even if it's dangerous?”

BIP:

“What do you think?”

KIAN:

“Hm. What do you know about fireworks?”

BIP:

“You mean fire-flowers? I know everything! My father makes Bakshevan Candles for for the Festival of Turning every year.”

KIAN:

“Fine. Follow me.”

BIP:

“Yes!”

*(conversation ends)*

*Point: Bip towards Alchymic ingredients*

KIAN:

“Get the chymicals.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Hey. Hey! What do you think you're doing, you little thief?”

“No touching! That stuff's dangerous for children, you hear? Dangerous for everyone, to be honest. Get out of here!”

“Thief! Get away from there, you little bastard, or I'll call for the city watch!”

*Talk to: Sand-witcher*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Ah. You're back. Did you want your sand-witch or not?”

KIAN:

“I did. I do.”

*The sand-witcher proceeds to her sand-witching table.*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Now. Meat. Today, I have, uh, cured Elgwan, pickled saltwater Snapjaw and kitten carpaccio.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Elgwan: *We sometimes had boiled Elgwan in Friar's Keep. It tasted like footwear, and no matter how long or hard you chewed, the meat would never yield.*

KIAN:

“How's the Elgwan?”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Suspiciously tender. Thinly sliced, salted and cured for a minimum of eleven years. Melts in your mouth, it does. Eventually.”

KIAN:

“I'll likely regret it.”

SAND-WITCHER:

“As long as you don't swallow for at least seven minutes, you'll be perfectly fine.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Snapjaw: *One bite from a fully grown saltwater Snapjaw means a painful and prolonged death for the victim.*

KIAN:

“What are my chances with the pickeled Snapjaw?”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Fair to good! The brine dilutes the poison. Most experience few to no side-effects. Deaths are very rare. Mind you, the excessive salt might cause organ failure over time, but I've had no complaints so far.”

KIAN:

“How many have you sold?”

SAND-WITHER:

“This would be my first.”

KIAN:

“Goddess. Fine.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Kitten?: *Kitten?*

KIAN:

“Kitten?”

SAND-WITCHER:

“My apologies, that's Kit'eh carpaccio. A delicacy of the Rose Court. More of a...a doggie taste to it.”

KIAN:

“Doggie?”

SAND-WITCHER:

“Dohg'ee. It's a bird. Tastes like chyck-enh.”

KIAN:

“Ah. Yes. Then...that, please.”

*(conversation progresses)*

SAND-WITCHER:

“Parsley?”

*(proceed to Yes/No dialogue choices, conversation progresses afterwards)*

*If the sand-witcher is turned around:*

*Point: Bip towards Alchymic ingredients*

KIAN:

“Get the chymicals.”

*Bip takes the chymicals. The sand-witcher finishes the sand-witch.*

*Talk to: Sand-witcher*

SAND-WITCHER:

“So you've come back. Again. Should I even bother with your sand-witch?”

KIAN:

“Please.”

*The sand-witcher steps over to her sand-witching table.*

*Examine: Sand-witch (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“In Sadir, these things are called 'champions'. They're often sold outside temples, military barracks and schools.”

*Examine: Sand-witch (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Country folk in northern Azadir have another name for these 'sand-witches'. 'Ground-crawlers'. Goddess knows what that means...”

*Examine: Sand-witch (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“In western Azadir, they're named 'Leviathans', and they're sometimes big enough for a whole family to share. Afterwards, there's dancing.”

*Use: Sand-witch on Bip*

BIP:

“For me? What's in it? It's not fish-eggs, is it? I hate fish-eggs...This is good. This is great! What is this? I don't care, it's awesome. Thank you. I haven't been this full since the...the last time mum made me dinner.”

*Talk to: Bip*

BIP:

“How was that?”

KIAN:

“That was perfect. But remember, stealing is wrong.”

BIP:

“You told me to steal!”

KIAN:

“In this case it was justified. But don't steal. You'll lose a hand. Or your head.”

BIP:

“Here's the stuff.”

KIAN:

“You said your father taught you how to make fire-flowers?”

BIP:

“Well....sort of. He made Bakshevan Candles and I watched him make them, but he never let me do it myself. Said it might blow my fingers off or burn my eyes out. But I can give you instructions!”

KIAN:

“Fair enough. What do I do first?”

BIP:

“First, make the glowy-balls. I don't know exactly how to make the glowy-balls, but when my dad did it, the balls came out all...glowy.”

*Examine: Waxed paper tubing*

KIAN:

“This is the tube where all the alchymical ingredients go, in order to make a functioning Bakshevan Candle.”

*Examine: Waxed paper tubing*

KIAN:

“The tubing for the fire-flower.”

*Examine: Toad testes*

KIAN:

“Tiny toad testicles. A common alchymical ingredient here in the Northlands. I've read quite a lot about this.”

*Examine: Toad testes*

KIAN:

“Toad testes.”

*Examine: Crimson Crumb*

KIAN:

“Crimson crumb. Used for colouring things a deep red.”

*Examine: Crimson Crumb*

KIAN:

“Red colouring.”

*Examine: Irhadi Ash*

KIAN:

“This stuff is similar to our black powder, except it burns longer and slower. It's a potent explosive that can act as a propellant for both muskets and fire-flowers.”

*Examine: Irhadi Ash*

KIAN:

“I've never seen Irhadi Ash with my own eyes. They say it's more than thrice as potent as our black powder.”

*Examine: Essence of sun-worm*

KIAN:

“From what I can recall of my alchymistry, essence of sun-worm is produced by leaving the worms out in the syn until they blister and ferment, after which they're squashed and filtered into bottles.”

*Examine: Essence of sun-worm*

KIAN:

“Essence of sun-worm. Combined with certain organic materials, it can produce a strong glow.”

*Use: Essence of sun-worm on Toad testes*

BIP:

“Good. Now, you need to make fire-powder. Somehow. My father was never too clear on how that part's done. All I know is that it's powder that went fsssst when it was lit.”

*Examine: Glow-balls (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Toad testes infused with essence of sun-worm. If I'm not wrong, these will glow for hours.”

*Examine: Glow-balls (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Glowing toad testicles.”

*Use: Crimson crumb on Irhadi ash*

BIP:

“All that's left is to combine all the ingredients in a tube. That should be easy, right? You start with the fire-powder at the bottom.”

*Examine: Fire-flower powder (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Fire-flower powder. Irhadi ash with crimson crumb. The alchymical ingredients that makes red fire and propels the glow-balls out of the tube.”

*Use: Fire-flower powder on Waxed paper tubing*

BIP:

“And then the glowy-balls on top, until the tube is full.”

*Use: Glow-balls on Waxed paper tubing*

BIP:

“That looks...okay? I'm not sure how well it's going to work, but there's only one way to find out.”

*Examine: Fire-flower (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It's a working fire-flower. A Bakshevan Candle.”

*Examine: Fire-flower (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“Once this is lit, the fire-flower powder should propel the glowing testes out of the hole in the top to create colourful alchemy.”

*Examine: Fire-flower (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“This thing should be able to distract even the most focused guard.”

*Use: Fire-flower on Bip*

KIAN:

“Here you go, boy. Now, don't light this before I tell you to.”

BIP:

“Oh, man! I'll be careful, I promise. I can't wait to see how this one burns!”

*If Kian did not give Bip the fire-flower:*

*Point: Bip towards Azadi guard*

KIAN:

“Boy, try and distract that guard away from the door.”

BIP:

“You got it! I bet you can't catch me!”

AZADI GUARD:

“Scram, you little shit.”

*Point: Bip towards Azadi guard*

BIP:

“You're fat and slow and you stink!”

AZADI GUARD:

“I'm not warning you again.”

*Point: Bip towards Azadi guarding*

BIP:

“I hate the Azadi! What are you going to do about that?”

AZADI GUARD:

“Run along, or I'll poke you with my sword.”

*If Kian gave Bip the fire-flower:*

*Point: Bip towards Azadi guard*

KIAN:

“Use the fireworks to distract the guard away from that door.”

BIP:

“Yes yes! Hey. Hey! Check this out!”

AZADI GUARD:

“What—hey, what are you doing, child? That's magic! Magic's illegal! Stop! Come back here you little shit!”

*Use: Door*

*Kian enters the house and sees an Azadi soldier touching a young Dolmari girl.*

AZADI MAN:

“What in Shadow's name are you—Apostle? You're...dead!”

*Kian punches him unconscious.*

KIAN:

“He won't hurt you again, child. I promise. Leave. Do not come back.”

*Kian slaps the man awake. He is tied to a chair.*

AZADI MAN:

“Uh... My head's hurting. Why is my—What's happening? Who are you? Where's Ramin? Why am I tied to a--? Alvane. You're not dead. How in Shadow's name...I—I—I'll pay you! I'll make you wealthy. I'll get you a pardon from the Tower, and--”

KIAN:

“Shut your mouth. I need information.”

AZADI MAN:

“What do you mean by--”

KIAN:

“If you speak out of turn again, I'll cut off your dick and shove it down your throat. The raid tonight.”

AZADI MAN:

“I...don't know anything about a raid.”

CHOICE:

Torture: *He will lie. Unless I show him what happens when he does. Unless I cause him pain.*

AZADI MAN:

“Goddess...no. No!”

*Kian stabs his foot.*

KIAN:

“I was the Apostle. I brought pain to our enemies. In return, they confessed. And converted. Without fail. If I was trained to make the devout denounce their own gods, do you not think I can make a Goddessless child molester reveal his secrets?”

AZADI MAN:

“Please... Please. No more. I'll tell you...everything I know. There will be a raid on the magic ghetto tonight... Before sunup. Commander Vamon is leading the unit himself. They have a list. Magicals... Humans who've aided the resistance... Suspected collaborators. It's a long list. They're planning to round up most of the magicals, take them to the islands. Some...Some, they're just going to kill. Their families, their homes... They'll be burnt to the ground. It's retaliation. For what happened at the Keep. For the weapons shipment...Vamon wants everyone to know there will be consequences to the rebels' actions. That everyone will suffer because of the resistance.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Threaten: *I cannot justify torture. I'll have to convince him to talk to me, and trust that he reveals the truth.*

KIAN:

“You believe you have more to lose by speaking to me. You're wrong. You've been consorting with a magical. A Dolmari. A child! You know the punishment for even one of those crimes is execution. All three...They will make an example of you. They'll string you up in the Tower Square. They'll sever your genitals, gouge your eyes out, dip your feet in molten metal...They'll make you suffer unbearable agony. You will plead for death, and death will come...but slowly. Slowly. Tell me what you know, or the Tower will learn of your crimes.”

AZADI MAN:

“Th—There will be a raid. In...in the magic ghetto, before the sun rises tomorrow. I'm not part of it. I haven't been in the meetings, I don't know the details. But they plan to root out the rebels and collaborators hiding in Oldtown. Some, they'll exile to the islands. Others, they'll kill. As punishment for siding with the resistance, as a warning to others. That's all I know! I swear to it, on my mother's office.”

*(conversation progresses)*

KIAN:

*“Let's go over this again. Tell me everything you know.”*

AZADI MAN:

“Please...don't kill me. I won't tell anyone about this, about you. I can't! They'll...they'll execute me. I'll do anything. I'll spy for you. I'll feed you information from inside the Tower. Just...Just spare me. Please! For the love of the Goddess, I beg you.”

CHOICE:

Kill him: *He has much to lose if he reveals what happens here...but I can't risk it. And his crimes are too grave.*

KIAN:

“You deserve no mercy.”

AZADI MAN:

“No!”

KIAN:

“Shadow take your black soul.”

Spare him: *There's always a risk that he will reveal what happened her, but if I spare his life, he could be of value to us.*

KIAN:

“Betray me, and the Tower will know what you did. Even if they spare your life, I will find you, and I will make you pay.”

AZADI MAN:

“Yes. Yes! I swear, on the First Mountain! I won't speak a word of this. I'll-I'll give you all the information I come across. Everything.”

KIAN:

“You'll return to this place, every week, to meet an agent of ours. Your guard will believe you still visit your—your girl.”

AZADI MAN:

“Of...of course, Apostle. Thank you.”

KIAN:

“Shut up before I cut your tongue from your mouth. I'll release you now. But you'll stay here until your guard knocks on the door. We'll know the instant you break your oath.”

*Kian goes outside and sees Bip.*

KIAN:

“Where's the guard?”

BIP:

“He's in a mud cellar, stuck to his knees in Elgwan dung. He'll be busy for a while.”

KIAN:  
  
“You did good, Bip.”

BIP:

“What happened in there? Did you get what you needed?”

KIAN:

“I did. Listen, you can't stay here in Oldtown. The Azadi are coming.”

BIP:

“I'm not afraid of the Azadi.”

KIAN:

“Nevertheless, you need to leave. I'll bring you to the Enclave, and you'll be safe with--”

BIP:

“I'm not going anywhere. This is where I live. What if my parents come back? They'll be looking for me!”

KIAN:  
  
“You're not safe here. I'm sure your parents would be happier knowing you're with us.”

BIP:

“You just want to put me in an orphanage!”

KIAN:

“Wait—Shadow! Children...”

*Vamon enters Sahya's office.*

VAMON:

“The General is asking questions.”

SAHYA:

“I've heard. We must find Kian, before...”

VAMON:

“I'll make sure Hami's attentions are directed elsewhere. Tonight's raid on the magic ghetto will be a good start.”

SAHYA:

“What did he say?”

VAMON:

“The General tells me that my men are sticking to the story, but that some of the prisoners are spreading rumours. It's of little concern. They will not live to see another interview.”

SAHYA:

“And arouse more suspicion? Don't be a fool, Vamon.”

VAMON:

“Don't...ever call me a fool.”

SAHYA:

“Then try not to act like one. Who else did he speak with?”

*If Kian did not kill the Warden in Chapter 2:*

VAMON:

“The warden.”

SAHYA:

“The...what? I thought you were taking care of that problem!”

VAMON:

“You're the one who worries about arousing suspicion. I couldn't simply have him executed. There are laws.”

SAHYA:

“And now the General has a witness.”

VAMON:

“An infidel's testimony can never be used against Trueborn.”

SAHYA:

“But his words can fuel further investigations.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Kian killed the Warden in Chapter 2:*

VAMON:

“The warden's men.”

SAHYA:

“You didn't take care of them?”

VAMON:

“What would you have me do, assassinate every one of them?”

SAHYA:

“And now the General has witnesses.”

VAMON:

“Second hand, and infidels. They will never be allowed to testify against Trueborn.”

SAHYA:

“No, but their witness can fuel further investigations.”

VAMON:

“The General will soon have others matters to concern himself with. We're stepping up the deportations, and we're close to completing the machine. After that, Kian's death will be low on his list of priorities.”

SAHYA:

“And in the meantime, the General is pursuing leads.”

VAMON:

“Like I said, tonight's raid will distract him.”

SAHYA:

“How so?”

VAMON:

“Because it won't go well. The rebels will strike, many of his men will die, our forces will be on high alert, and, as Supreme Commander, it'll be Hami's job to clean up.”

SAHYA:

“He will blame you.”

VAMON:

“And I will take responsibility...and action. There will be little time for his investigations. By the time the situation is under control again, other matters will have taken precedence. We will keep the General's attentions elsewhere until our mission here is done. And then no one--”

SAHYA:

“No one will challenge us. I hope you're right.”

VAMON:

“I always am. Come here.”

SAHYA:

“This is not the time for--”

VAMON:

“I'm as hard as Nirgali steel. This is exactly the time.”

*Kian enters the Rooster and Kitten and sees Ulvic, Likho and Enu.*

KIAN:

“I apologize for being late, but I have important--”

LIKHO:

“Every minute wasted could mean lives lost. Enu, could you tell us what you've learned?”

ENU:

“Not a whole lot. No one's talking. There's not even a whisper of a raid. I'm starting to think Ulvic's loose lipped, drunken Azadi was merely a braggart. Also, 'merely a braggart'? I've been around you guys too long, I'm starting to speak like a sullen warrior.”

LIKHO:

“I went looking for our people in Oldtown. They're standing by for my word. I don't want to pull them out of the city until we know for sure what's happening. Let's hope for their sake Enu's right and there's no raid--”

KIAN:

“The raid is taking place, just before sunrise. We still have several hours.”

LIKHO:

“How did you--”

ENU:

“Hey, big blue, let him speak!”

KIAN:

“The plan is to arrest as many magicals as possible, along with rebel sympathizers. It's a show of strength. They want us to be scared.

LIKHO:

“Where did you get this information, Kian?”

KIAN:

“From a trusted source. I met her here before we--”

ENU:

“Mystery woman! I remember mystery woman. Well, I remember you talking about mystery woman. She's a friend of Ulvic's, right? We can definitely trust her.”

KIAN:

“She told me about an Azadi officer who... visits with an underage Dolmari girl. And she told me where to find him.”

ENU:

“He... he was with a child? That's—That's sick!”

LIKHO:

“And did you find him?”

KIAN:

“I did.”

*If Kian tortured the Azadi officer:*

KIAN:

“They'll be coming into the ghetto from the north and the east, and they'll have a ship blocking all traffic in and out of Shady Quay.”

KIAN:

“He told me that this will be their biggest raid on the ghetto so far. Given his rank and the precariousness of his situation, I believe him.”

*If Kian tortured the Azadi officer:*

LIKHO:

“How did you get him to reveal all that?”

KIAN:

“I did what I had to do to make him speak. He was in no state to tell lies.”

ENU:

“Did what you had to-- Wait, you tortured him? That's how you got the information? I'm-- We don't do that! Do we?”

LIKHO:

“I would've done the same.”

ENU:

“Colour me not surprised.”

LIKHO:

“It sounds like your intelligence is to be trusted, Kian. We'll prepare for the raid, and I'll tell our people to abandon Oldtown.”

*If Kian threatened the Azadi officer:*

ENU:

“How did you get him to talk?”

KIAN:

“When he understood his predicament, he was perfectly willing to spill his guts.”

LIKHO:

“I don't know...”

ENU:

“Seriously? I mean, I'd much rather trust Kian's source than mine.”

LIKHO:

“What if this source of yours is playing for you for a fool? What if it's bait, meant to draw us out and distract us?”

KIAN:

“No Azadi would commit a mortal crime in order to set a trap. His soul is damned to the Shadow for all eternity.”

ENU:

“I think we should--”

LIKHO:

“ Maybe your information is trustworthy, Kian, but I'm not willing to bet our position in Oldtown on it. We'll tell our people to be vigilant. If there is a raid, at least they'll be forewarned.”

KIAN:

“You're making a mistake.”

LIKHO:

“We'll know soon enough, Azadi.”

*If Kian killed the Azadi officer:*

ENU:

“Where's the officer now? Did you let him go?”

KIAN:

“I ended his life.”

ENU:

“You... what?”

KIAN:

“He'd molested a child. He deserved death. He will languish in Shadow for eternity.”

LIKHO:

“I would've done the same.”

ENU:

“I'm sure he deserved it, but... Won't they come looking for him? Also, it sounds like we lost an opportunity to have a valuable source inside the Tower!”

KIAN:

“I couldn't let him live after what he'd done to the girl.”

LIKHO:

“At least you see her as a girl, and not just a magical... You made the right choice. The honourable choice.”

ENU:

“Honourable? You think it's honourable to murder a man? You're both insane.”

*If Kian did not kill the Azadi officer:*

ENU:

“Where's the officer now?”

KIAN:

“I let him go. He might prove a valuable asset in the future.”

LIKHO:

“Will he not simply go straight to his masters?”

KIAN:

“I have information that would lead to his execution, should his commanders learn the truth. He'll keep his silence.”

LIKHO:

“But you let a child molester walk free. Was that because he's one of yours? And because the Dolmari girl is just another filthy magical? I won't soon forget this insult, Azadi.”

ENU:

“For what it's worth, Kian, I think you did the right thing. I mean, he deserves punishment for what he did to the girl, but to have a source inside the Tower... This could change everything.”

*If Kian tortured the Azadi officer:*

ENU:

“Well, at least now we know what's happening tonight. So much for my sources. We've been waiting for a chance to show the Azadi we're not running scared. We have... magic.”

LIKHO:

“Potent magic.”

ENU:

“Magic that goes boom, big time! And maybe--”

LIKHO:

“Maybe we can reduce their numbers. Blow a few of those dogs to their precious First Mountain.”

*If Kian killed the Azadi officer:*

ENU:

“Did you really have to torture him? I mean, sure, Likho doesn't trust information unless it's splattered with blood, and he's less likely to stick a knife in your neck now. And I'm glad we know what's happening tonight, but... Torture and murder? I mean... That's not right, Kian. That's all kinds of wrong.”

*If Kian did not kill the Azadi officer:*

ENU:

“I just wish you hadn't tortured him. Some things are just...not okay. But at least you let him live. That was definitely the right choice, even if Likho will never agree. Boy, he really doesn't like you, does he.”

*If Kian threatened the Azadi officer:*

LIKHO:

“It's time we headed back to the Enclave.”

*If Kian killed the Azadi officer:*

ENU:

“I wish you'd let him live. I mean, at least then we'd have a source in the Tower, if nothing else. But I guess you're on Likho's good side now. He may not trust information unless it's been bled out of someone but the man does enjoy a righteous murder. I'm just not so sure how I feel about it.”

*If Kian did not kill the Azadi officer:*

ENU:

“Don't worry, at least we have a potential spy in the Tower. The mission wasn't a complete wash. And don't mind Likho. He thinks that unless someone gets tortured, the information is worthless. That says more about him than it does about you, to be honest.”

*Vamon smiles as his soldiers raid Oldtown. They have magical residents kneeling on the ground as they torch the place. Some are being punched. Bip watches from a hidden area. The magicals are led out in a line.*

*If Kian tortured the Azadi officer:*

*The soldiers approach a box. It explodes, killing some of them.*

*Mother Utana sits in her room in the tower. Suddenly, a black bird appears in her window and caws at her.*

MOTHER UTANA:

“Who's there? You? How ever did you get here?”

*Thursday August 10th, 2220*

*Zoë keeps moving around in her restless sleep. She finally awakes on the couch in her underwear. She gazes at a box of things she still needs to unpack – pictures of Casablanca, books, candles – their Dreamachine. Curious, she takes it out and puts it on the table. She stares out the window at the ever-present rain, and then turns back.*

*Examine: Dreamachine*

ZOË:

“Things didn't go too well the last time I connected to a Dreamer.”

*Examine: Dreamachine*

ZOË:

“What is it doing to people's heads? I don't trust it, and I don't trust WATI.”

*Examine: Dreamachine*

ZOË:

“Sooner or later, though, I might have to go back in there.”

*Use: Dreamachine*

*Zoë turns the Dreamachine toward her and stares at it intently. Maybe soon, but not today.*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Mira, do you have a second?”

MIRA:

“Depends. Are you done? I need those bots to go out tomorrow.”

ZOË:

“Almost done. I was wondering if I could leave a teensy bit early today--”

MIRA:

“Be kind, rewind. 'Almost'?”

ZOË:

“Mostly. I'm mostly done.”

MIRA:

“In your experience, petal, what's my answer to a question like that?”

ZOË:

“One filled with expletives. But it's really important that I--”

MIRA:

“Of course it's fucking important. It's always important. It's never not important. You wouldn't be asking if it wasn't important, would you, kutriya. So what's so important that you feel it takes precedence over the work I pay you to do?”

*If Zoë gave the data to the Hand in Chapter 4:*

ZOË:

“I have an appointment with the editor of the Hand. They're doing a story and--”

MIRA:

“And he can't do this story without you? Even though he's a professional reporter, and you're a...a...What are you again?”

ZOË:

“You tell me. Most of the time I'm running errands. I should be programming.”

MIRA:

“'Should' is a big word. I should be making a million Yuan. I should not be forced to run my operations out of a maderchodding garage. And you should be grateful you have a job that pays a decent salary.”

ZOË:

“Decent?”

MIRA:

“A salary. Go on, get out of here, before I change my mind and make you work overtime.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë gave the data to Baruti in Chapter 4:*

ZOË:

“It's my friend Baruti. I haven't heard from him lately, and I'm...I'm worried about him.”

MIRA:

“And you can't just message the bhenchod like a normal person?”

ZOË:

“I have. I did. He hasn't responded. I wanted to stop by the campaign office to see if he's there.”

MIRA:

“You know, there are ways of tracking an Iris on the Wire...”

ZOË:

“I want to do this the legal way, Mira. For once. Please.”

MIRA:

“Suit yourself, chodu. You can abandon your responsibilities. But I will dock your pay.”

ZOË:

“I'd expect nothing less.”

*(conversation progresses)*

MIRA:

“Just be here extra early tomorrow, to...I don't know, what do you hate doing the most?”

ZOË:

“Sitting at my terminal learning more about neural programming. I really, really hate that.”

MIRA:

“Mopping floors! That's it. You'll come extra early to mop the fucking floors. All right?”

ZOË:

“Yes. Fine. Sure.”

*Exit to Propast*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ADA:

“Acidity levels? Good. Temperature? Perfect. You can disengage now, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“Yep, I'm out. How does it look?”

ADA:

“It looks solid. Integrity at one hundred percent and holding. I'm happy with our progress today. We may even be ready to seed a new batch of algae tomorrow. The data we gathered from that last batch made an enormous difference. I was impressed. And I'm not easily impressed. I have to tell you, Zoë. The university was very pleased with the results I presented, masha'Allah. In fact, they see great potential in...Are you all right? You seem distracted.”

ZOË:

“Oh. No. Sorry, Ada. I was listening. I'm just...Distracted. Yeah.”

*If Zoë gave the data to the Hand in Chapter 4:*

ZOË:

“The Hand's running a story tomorrow, and it's going to deeply affect a friend of mine.”

*If Zoë lied about the data to Baruti:*

ZOË:

“Worst part is, he doesn't even know yet. I didn't tell him the truth. And I've no idea how he's going to take it.”

ZOË:

“I'm supposed to meet Sully to confirm some of the last details in the story.”

*If Zoë talked to Sully about loneliness in Chapter 2:*

ADA:

“Yes, Sully told me. He didn't divulge any details, but he did mention that it had something to do with your volunteer work.”

ZOË:

“It does. It's going to make a big mess of things. Speaking of Sully, how-how are things between you and--”

ADA:

“You know I don't talk about my private life at work. Or socially. To anyone. Ever.”

ZOË:

“Of course. Sorry.”

ADA:

“But...things are good. Sully is a good man. It's good.”

ZOË:

“Okay. Good. I'm glad.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ADA:

“I understand why you're distracted. This must weigh heavily on you. We're almost done for the day. You can head to the Hand, and I'll clean up.”

ZOË:

“Thanks, Ada. I appreciate it.”

*(conversation ends)*

*If Zoë gave the data to Baruti in Chapter 4:*

ZOË:

“I'm worried about Baruti. I haven't heard from him in a while.”

*If Zoë quit the campaign:*

ADA:

“Didn't you quit the campaign?”

ZOË:

“Sure, but...it's strange that I haven't heard from him at all.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ADA:

“If you're so worried, maybe you should stop by and check up on him.”

ZOË:

“I should. I think I'll do that right now. Is that okay?”

ADA:

“We're almost done here.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë talked to Sully about loneliness in Chapter 2:*

ADA:

“Besides, Sully's picking me up soon.”

*Relationships have been affected*

ZOË:

“Oh, good. How are things between you and--”

ADA:

“You know I don't talk about my private life at work. Or socially. To anyone. Ever.”

ZOË:

“Of course. Sorry.”

ADA:

“But...things are good. Sully is a good man. It's good.”

ZOË:

“Okay. Good. I'm glad.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ADA:

“I'll start cleaning up. Go find your friend, put your mind at ease.”

ZOË:

“Thanks, Ada. I appreciate it.”

*(conversation ends)*

KIDBOT:

“Are you leaving already, Zoë?”

ZOË:

“Afraid so, kiddo. But I'm coming back tomorrow and then we're going on another fishing expedition.”

KIDBOT:

“Yay! I love fishies. Are we going to play another game?”

ZOË:

“Of course. That's half the fun. Think about which game you want to play, and I'll see you tomorrow, okay?”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative!”

*If Zoë gave the data to the Hand in Chapter 4:*

ADA:

“I'm sure everything will work out with the story, insha'Allah.”

*If Zoë gave the data to Baruti in Chapter 4:*

ADA:

“I'm sure your friend will be fine, insha'Allah.”

*Exit to Propast*

*Zoë tries calling Baruti.*

*If Zoë gave the data to the Hand in Chapter 4:*

*If Zoë told the brutal truth to Baruti in Chapter 4:*

BARUTI:

“Hello, Zoë. I'm, uh, not available right now but I wanted a chance to speak with you again. I've left the campaign and Europolis. I...I understand why you gave the data to the Hand, and I appreciate your honesty. I'm still very angry, but not with you. I hope we can stay friends. Message me. I'll call you back as soon as I can. In the meantime... Take care of yourself, sisi. I mean that.”

*If Zoë went easy on Baruti:*

BARUTI:

“I'm not available at the moment. For any questions pertaining to the Lea Uminska campaign, please contact the Unity party directly as I'm no longer employed by the campaign.”

*If Zoë lied to Baruti:*

BARUTI:

“Hey sisi! You're probably wondering why I haven't been around this week. I had to take a break and get away from the city. I've been thinking about the campaign, and... I don't think I can continue. There are too many unanswered questions. I'll contact you soon, sisi. In the meantime, please take care of yourself.”

*Examine: EYEops (near Hand That Feeds)*

ZOË:

“Oh man, this can't be good. I have a very, very bad feeling about this.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“What's Sully doing? Is he arguing with an EYE exosuit? Bad idea.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“Sully hates being outside. Something's going on.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“Sully looks very angry.”

SULLY:

“What do you mean you won't let me in? You will let me in! This is my office!”

EYE OFFICER:

“Step back, citizen, or I will be forced to shoot--”

SULLY:

“I will not step back, you...pislik! You'll have to shoot me where I stand before I so much as--”

ZOË:

“Sully? What's going on?”

SULLY:

“Christ on a trapeze, Zoë. You shouldn't be here!”

ZOË:

“We have an appointment...”

SULLY:

“Ach, kaşar! Of course. I'm such a salak, I should have messaged you as soon as I...Our offices were attacked last night by masked goons. They trashed everything. Our screens, our furniture...Everything. When I called in this morning, these...things show up. Battle-suits, Syndicate agents. They take our equipment away, interrogate my employees...And now they refuse to let me back into my own bokking office!”

ZOË:

“What? Why?”

SULLY:

“They claim we're under investigation. Us! We're the victims here!”

ZOË:

“So what about...”

SULLY:

“The story? We can't publish anything right now. They've confiscated our databanks and terminals, cut our Wire access. Even my Iris is displaying an error message. They've been exceptionally thorough. But the data is safe. Our research is safe. We've learned our lesson. We keep everything on offshore servers in Iceland. No amount of court orders, corporate threats or military action can get to that data. But, for the time being, that's also where it stays. If we try to access it remotely, they'll interrupt our connection. If we try to publish it, they'll stick us in the gulag.”

ZOË:

“Is that what this is all about?”

SULLY:

“What else could it be? We were this close to revealing a connection between the EYE clampdown, several of the political parties, and the WATI-controlled Syndicate...”

ZOË:

“So...what's going to happen?”

SULLY:

“Right now? Nothing. We sit tight, let them believe they've silenced us. And then we find a way to publish. Your man—Reza caught the first Vactrax north this morning, carrying three very expensive and very, very secure holomems. He'll retrieve our backups and then we'll take it from here.”

ZOË:

“Reza did what? He didn't tell me. How did he get out?”

SULLY:

“He got out by not telling anyone he was getting out. He disabled his Iris, used a disposable identity, got smuggled across the river in an empty container...He'll try and get in touch as soon as he's made it safely to Iceland. But he will need to be careful. You can bet your göt they're monitoring every channel of communication.”

ZOË:

“I guess he's not there yet... Shit, Sully. I feel responsible.”

SULLY:

“You just handed us the story of the year! The fact that they'll go to such lengths to silence us is a good thing! But you do need to watch your back, Zoë. There's ever chance WATIcorp's keeping an eye on you as well. The clampdown is their doing, behind the cover of the Syndicate. They want people off the streets and into Dreamtime...for whatever reasons.”

ZOË:

“Which is why they're buying political power.”

SULLY:

“Exactly. We have proof that both Unity and European Dawn are in their pockets. Whoever wins the election will be under WATI's thumb. It seems the only party that isn't being run by the corporations is Manifesto.”

ZOË:

“It's not like they're going to win the election.”

SULLY:

“If we're able to publish our story before the election, who knows? Never underestimate the collective anger of the masses.”

ZOË:

“I'm-I'm sorry, I'm getting a call.”

SULLY:

“Is it Reza?”

ZOË:

“No...Nela. Why would she be calling? One moment.”

NELA:

“Is this a bad time?”

ZOË:

“No, it's fine. What's up, Nela?”

NELA:

“I need to see you. Can we meet in the Shuk?”

ZOË:

“No problem. I'll be there in a minute.”

NELA:

“Thanks, Zozo.”

ZOË:

“I—I need to run. Can we talk later?”

SULLY:

“You bet. I'm going to do my best to make life difficult for these bastards, but I'll call you.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“I hope Sully doesn't get himself arrested.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“I don't think I've ever seen Sully this angry before.”

SULLY:

“My legal counsel is on her way, and then you'll learn the true meaning of pain! Once the world finds out you're trying to silence the press, you'll have more than a loud Turkish man to deal with! You and your exo-skeletal compatriots will live to regret this. Once I'm done with you, you'll be tied up in legal paperwork from now until the day you retire! You have heard of the Hand, right? You do know what we do to people who stand in the way of the free press? We steamroll them with the unvarnished truth!”

ZOË:

“Nela?”

NELA:

“Zozo. Thanks for coming.”

*Talk to: Nela*

ZOË:

“Are you okay?”

NELA:

“I just need a favour. I need you to hold onto this for me.”

ZOË:

“What is it?”

NELA:

“Something personal. Will you keep it safe?”

ZOË:

“Sure, sure, but why? What's going on?”

NELA:

“I don't want it to get lost, or...”

ZOË:

“Why would it? Nela, you're making me worried. Are you involved in something?”

NELA:

“Don't worry about it, Zozo. Just keep that safe for a little while. I'll get in touch soon. Thanks for coming so quickly. I have to run.”

ZOË:

“I really have to go.”

NELA:

“I really have to go. There's something I need to...to do. Bye, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“Something's going on. She looked freaked out. Maybe I should follow and make sure she's okay.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë gave the data to Baruti in Chapter 4:*

BARUTI:

“Zoë! I'm glad you got in touch. I miss you, sisi! Since I'm not answering, I must be indisposed, but I'll ring you back as soon as possible. There are...things I need to talk about. And you're the only one I can talk to.”

*Examine: Unity campaign headquarters*

ZOË:

“Our campaign office. It's a hole in the wall, but Baruti has made it a very presentable hole in the wall.”

*Enter: Unity campaign headquarters*

ZOË:

“Baruti? Are you here? It's—It's Zoë. I'm--”

*Zoë finds Baruti slumped over his desk with a bullet wound in his head. He pops up on her Iris.*

ZOË:

“Jesus...B—Baruti?”

BARUTI:

“This is an encrypted message. Where did we first meet?”

ZOË:

“I'm-I'm sorry?”

BARUTI:

“Where did we first meet?”

ZOË:

“Uh, we, uh, we got lunch from Nela's food cart and then we walked down to the Bricks while you interviewed me. We stopped at the--”

BARUTI:

“Hey sisi. I hope you're okay. I'm sorry for dragging you back into this mess, but...I need your help. Again. I've been through all the data now, and this goes much deeper than we could've imagined. It's about a lot more than bribes and payoffs. It all connects back to WATIcorp. To the Dreamachine. It's about giving WATI a carte blanche to...to take over. Everything. That's what the clampdown is all about, Zoë. WATIcorp controls the Syndicate. They want people off the streets, locked up at home. They want us to always be connected to Dreamachines. They want us hopelessly addicted to Dreamtime. In order to pull that off, they've bought everyone. The Alliance, European Dawn... Unity. Uminska. The only party that's not in their pockets at this point is Manifesto. And what can they accomplish? They're powerless. I didn't want to get you involved but... I desperately need your help. We need to expose this to the world. But first, I need to confront Lea Uminska. I need to look her in the eye and ask if she knew. I still can't believe she's involved. There must be some other explanation. I trusted her. If you receive this message, then...something probably went very wrong and I'm... I'm gone. Please take this recording and the data to the Hand, as soon as possible. I've left a copy of my findings somewhere safe. Remember where we ended up that first day? That's where you'll find it. Good luck, Zoë.”

*Zoë leaves the office and calls Reza.*

REZA:

“Hi, Zoë. I'm not available right now, but I'll message you or ring you back as soon as I can.”

ZOË:

“Please call me, Reza. It's urgent.”

NELA:

“Zozo? What's going on?”

ZOË:

“I'm sorry, Nela, but I really need your help. Can you come meet me?”

NELA:

“Actually, I was just about to call you and ask you a favour. Where are you?”

ZOË:

“Unity campaign headquarters. Please come right away.”

NELA:

“On my way, Zoë. Just stay where you are.”

ZOË:

“Okay.”

NELA:

“Zozo. What's the matter?”

ZOË:

“It's...It's Baruti...He's...He's dead. He's been shot. He's in there.”

NELA:

“What?”

ZOË:

“He left me a message. It went straight to my Iris. I think he—I think he knew that someone was going to...to...”

NELA:

“Wait here.”

NELA:

“We need to leave. Right now.”

ZOË:

“But shouldn't we call it in to--”

NELA:

“And end up in a Syndicate interrogation room? Bad idea, atze.”

ZOË:

“But we can't just leave him in there like that!”

NELA:

“Entspann, Zozo. Don't be stupid. You can't stay here. Find a public terminal, send an anonymous tip to EuroPolis. And then go home.”

ZOË:

“Okay...okay. Yeah, that makes sense.”

NELA:

“Look, I'm—I'm sorry, I have to run. There's...something I need to...Can you do me a favour? I was actually about to call you when you rang. I need you to keep this safe for me. Just for a little while.”

ZOË:

“What is it?”

NELA:

“Something personal. I don't want to lose it, and I don't want anyone to—Just keep it safe. Please?”

ZOË:

“Okay. What's going on, Nela? Are you okay?”

NELA:

“Am I okay? I just walked in on a corpse! I'm fine. I can't imagine what you're feeling right now, but... I really need to go. Will you be okay?”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Yeah, I-I'll be okay.”

NELA:

“Good. And remember, don't stay here. Bye, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“What's going on with her? Something's not right. I need to make sure she's okay.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*Zoë follows Nela all the way to the front of the EYE headquarters. Nela takes a strange-looking device out of her pocket, drops her cigarette and steps on it. She then starts running toward the EYE building. The next few moments seem to play out in slow motion for Zoë.*

*Talk to: Nela*

ZOË:

“Nela!”

*A bomb goes off in Nela's hands before the EYE can shoot her, blasting Zoë away. Two arms in a suit drag away her unconscious, burned body.*

*Zoë is shown in her hospital bed in her coma, with her head slightly twitching...*