*Character spawns in a room that is pitch black, the only source of light a flower that glows and an odd-looking plant that sits next to it. As you sit in the place that can only be described as the death of brightness and the unholy birth of unending darkness. The longer you sit in the dark, the more you start to feel the death of your own brightness. Run to the light or be trapped in the dark. As you sit in the light, waiting for your own heartbeat to leave your ears, you hear a new sound grace them. A voice, soft and tender like the voice of a mother comforting her child.*

**???:** Are you okay little one? You look scared?

**Adam:** Who said that??? Is someone there?

**???:** Relax little one, it’s me.

**???:** At your feet.

**Adam**: Woah, is that flower talking?

**Flower:** Yes, I am. My name is Oriel.

**Adam:** What are you, and how can you talk?

**Oriel:** I am the daughter of my mother, a being that is no more than a message being conveyed. I am the last living light.

**Adam:** Why aren’t the other flowers glowing?

**Oriel:** When my kind loses hope, they lose their light. The darkness consumes them, and they die. If you spread my light to them, they will live again.

**Adam:** How do I do that? Do I just carry around a torch?

**Oriel:** No, torches cannot handle this darkness, the fire will die for fear of the dark. Only my light can show them the way back to life.

**Oriel:** Hopefully, light will return to their petals and leaves. There is one in this room who shines bright enough to light the room and give them all life. Look for her, she is larger than me, she shouldn’t be hard to find.

**Adam:** How do I get your light to her?

**Oriel:** The one next to me. He does not speak, I don’t think his kind is intelligent enough too, but you can use him to shine light. There’s another one like him, a mushroom who can redirect light. If light shines into one, it makes the second glow.

OPTIONAL DIALOGUE

**Adam:** What is this place?

**Oriel:** This is the birthplace of my family. Before the years had been numbered, we were born. Or rather, we were created. I do not know their name, but I call them the Designers.

**Oriel:** The Designers made this place to house the products of their creation. But long ago, they stopped coming here. We don’t know where they went, only that they never returned.

**Oriel:** Long after their disappearance, a new person came into our home. And they left behind a darkness, one that shrouded all my family from each other. Without seeing the light of their brethren, most of my family lost hope.

OPTIONAL DIALOGUE 2

**Adam:** Why do your people lose light?

**Oriel:** If they cannot see the light of their brethren, they lose their hope. They have to know that there are others who have light in them, or they will let the darkness consume them.

**Oriel:** Think about your people, if you did not see your parents for a hundred years, would you still be hopeful for their return? Or would you too let the darkness consume you and give up your hope.

**Adam:** Woah, I never thought about something like that. I don’t think I could last a month without my parents, much less a hundred years.

**Oriel:** Lost hope is the same as death little one; don’t ever lose hope in the light.