In-Game Text & Dialogue

# Introduction

### During black screen

In an era long gone, in a place far removed from here…

The Way of Blue, the Crimson Court and the Sunlight Council. These three distinct schools of magic have emerged, and each has forged holy weapons of immense power; for each, a sword imbued with the school’s core magical abilities. One would hope that these powers would be used for good.

However, one knows that the world has almost always been one of haves and have-nots. The Trisect Academy, home of these powerful schools of magic, has made it their mission to keep it that way. By keeping the holy weapons of each school under lock and key in the Academy, and by planting the seeds of magical power in the minds of a select few students, the Headmaster has ensured that this imbalance of power remains in the Academy’s favor. Until now.

Our protagonist has had enough of the status quo. Having snuck into the Academy under the guise of becoming a magical apprentice, the protagonist has a one-track mind: steal the three holy swords, and rid the Academy of the Headmaster. At the cost of being known forever as the Heretic, the protagonist must restore the balance of this world, once and for all.

# Blue Sword Puzzle

### At pedestal

“The Way of Blue really wasn't overselling the beauty of this relic... “

“It’s radiating a kind of magical energy, nothing like the kinds I’ve practiced before.”

“Somehow, I feel lighter around it. My cloak is moving as if there was a breeze, but I don’t see any open windows…”

“I think I’ve taken enough time to admire this thing. Time to take it and put it to use!”

[LMB to swing the sword, gaining movement speed upon damaging an enemy]

[RMB to throw the sword and teleport to its first point of contact]

### At first gap

“This gap goes way too far down for me to even see the bottom.”  
“It doesn’t take a genius to know that I wouldn’t survive a fall like that, even with this sword.”

“Wait, this sword… Rumor has it, it’s light enough to throw like a spear.”

“What would happen if I threw it across this gap?”

### At moving platform pit entrance

“And here’s the infamous training room… Why is it so dark here?”

“I need to be careful not to miss a step, it’s a long way down.”

“Those platforms look like they can get me across.”

“No, wait. What’s with those force fields? I don’t think throwing the sword at them will be of any use.”

“Those blue candelabras look like the only things my sword can reach. I should be able to use them to move between platforms.”

### At middle wall before exit

“Only one wall between me and the exit…”

“This platform is moving freely under the wall, but I’ll fall off if I stay on it.”

“There’s just enough space to lay the sword flat on the platform, though. Hmm…”

[Q to prepare the sword]

[E to activate all prepared swords]

# Blue To Yellow Transition

### At hallway

“One sword down!”  
“It’s no wonder the Headmaster wanted this sword so badly. A relic like this has too much power for any individual.”

“What does that make me, then?”  
“...”

“...”

“No... I can’t forget my mission.”

“Get the swords, take down the Headmaster, lose the swords forever.”

“Next, the Sunlight Council…”

# Yellow Sword Puzzle

### At pedestal

“I have the Sunlight Council to thank for that healing magic back home. All those cuts and bruises during training would have hurt a lot more otherwise…”

“This relic is their pride and joy, and that comes as no surprise.”

“Its golden glow is calming, like the late hours of the afternoon where the sun has only just begun to think about setting.”

“Is it even right to call this a sword? It doesn’t even have a hilt…”

“Whoever designed this knew that it wasn’t made to hurt anyone. However, touching the blade with my bare fingers lets off a shock of electricity, numbing them temporarily.”

[LMB to place an orb on the ground; enemies caught within the area marked by the orbs are damaged, and you are healed proportionally]

[RMB to fire a beam which marks and paralyzes enemies; damage marked enemies to heal yourself during combat]

### At third room

“This floating orb seems to be triggering those pressure plates like the barrels...”

“I might be able to freeze it in-place with this sword. It won’t last forever, but maybe long enough to get through!”

### At fifth room

“Another blue force field… There’s no way through with just one barrel.”

“These swords are heavy enough to hold these pressure plates down, though.”

# Yellow to Red Transition

### At hallway

“That’s the second sword done with. Only one to go, now.”

“I wonder, what was it that convinced the Sunlight Council to hand themselves over to the Headmaster of the Trisect Academy?”

“Surely, with all their good will, they wouldn’t have to make themselves subservient to a tyrant like the Headmaster in order to survive.”

“The only alternative I can think of is that they were duped. Nothing worse than a liar with leverage.”

“I hope I won’t have to cross paths with any of their disciples, much less cross swords…”

# Red Sword Puzzle / Arena

### At pedestal

“This thing… It has the general shape of a sword, at best.”

“But there’s something wrong with it. Many things wrong with it.”

“It’s too big, too thick, too heavy, and too rough. It’s more like a large hunk of blood-red iron that’s been cut into aggressively, forming these teeth, like a saw.”

“And that energy… It’s like it’s constantly screaming. Not at me, but at everything. I feel rage just by being near it.”

“It’s a holy item in name only. By taking this, I’m damning my enemies as much as I’m damning myself.”

[LMB to swing the sword, at the cost of your health per swing]

[RMB to toggle rage mode, at the cost of your health over time]

“...”

“To say this place is desolate is an understatement…”

“How could the Headmaster allow for such disrepair to run rampant?”

“Is this what the Crimson Court wanted from the start?”

### At first arena (Blue)

Blue: “Halt! Who goes there?”

Heretic: “I’m here for the Headmaster. Make way, this is not the Way of Blue’s concern.”

Blue: “You expect us to turn on the one person who gave us a place to thrive? Don’t blink, or you might just miss the moment you die…”

Heretic: “You asked for it!”

### At second arena (Yellow)

Yellow: “Your robe, I’ve never seen one like it… What brings you here, wanderer?”

Heretic: “Disciples of the Sunlight Council, I have no quarrel with you. It’s your Headmaster that needs to learn a lesson.”

Yellow: “Even so, stranger, we cannot let you pass. You know what you did by entering these grounds unwelcomed.”

Heretic: “It didn’t have to be like this…”

### At third arena (Red)

Red: “An intruder in our domain… If it’s death you seek, you are most welcome…”

Heretic: “The Crimson Court truly has a way with words. I suppose you won’t let me pass without a fight?”

Red: “Destroy the intruder, crush their soul! Your blood will serve us well!”

Heretic: “Careful, with all that anger, you might just spill your own!”

# Red to Boss Transition

### At hallway

“So, that was the last sword…”

“That thing is a mess. Carrying this sword around is draining, both mentally and physically.”

“The less time I spend around this cursed thing, the better.”

“At least I can take some comfort in knowing that the Headmaster isn’t using this. Knowing the Crimson Court, I should have seen this coming…”

“...”

“What am I doing? I have the blood of all three schools of magic on my hands now.”

“This madness has to end.”

“The Headmaster must fall.”

# Final Boss / Headmaster’s Solarium

### At entrance

Headmaster: “Word travels fast in these hallowed halls, Heretic.”

Heretic: “...”

Headmaster: “A fledgeling mage, carving a path through the cobblestone and tiles of the Trisect Academy, ending the lives of many disciples, and for what?”

Heretic: “...”

Headmaster: “You would be a fool to believe that those relics will be of any use to you. Without training, commitment, sheer will, you are holding three twigs at best.”

Heretic: “If you’re so confident, why even keep these weapons from the disciples in the first place?”

Headmaster: “Power is not simply a sum. It is the difference between what you have and what others do not. And as of this moment, I find you quite lacking.”

Headmaster: “Allow me to demonstrate what TRUE power looks like. Pay close attention, young one. This will be your first and last lesson.”

# Outro

### During black screen

The Headmaster, collapsing from exhaustion, succumbing to the stresses overcoming a once powerful body, gives into the darkness and slumps onto the cobblestone floor.

“How…?,” the Headmaster asks, barely perceptible. “You’re just a child… What gives you the authority to face me and win? Who trained you? Who sent you?”

The Heretic does not speak.

Instead of answering, the Heretic carefully places a trio of golden orbs in a triangle pattern, surrounding the weakened body of the Headmaster.

The Headmaster coughs, anger seeping into a once calm voice.

“Answer me... Answer me, peasant! Was it the Foreign Kingdoms? The Duke from the North? The Western Alliance? They would do anything to obtain what lies between these sacred walls. You fail to even begin to comprehend the chaos you are unleashing!”

The Heretic continues the silence.

Once again, instead of answering, the Heretic lays the relics of the Sunlight Council and the Crimson Court at the Headmaster’s chin.

The Headmaster begins to desperately squirm in place.

“What is it you want? Riches? Relics? Records? You can have them, I don’t care. You have shown me enough disinterest to last the both of us a collective lifetime. Just know that you will never live up to the power you have just gained, and that the vacuum you are leaving behind will be filled quicker than your puny existence can even imagine. You are just as lost now as you were when you weaseled your way in here.”

The Heretic takes position, facing the Headmaster head-on, the Way of Blue’s holy relic in hand. The Headmaster’s body goes limp, abandoning the pretense of resistance.

“Go on. Do it. What’s this but one more life for you to snuff out?”

The Heretic obliges.

The three golden orbs shimmer in unison. A flash of light erupts, and the Headmaster’s body is frozen in place by two of the relics. A thrown sword makes impact, shattering the Headmaster into pieces of pieces.

The Headmaster’s solarium is now the home of a single living occupant.

A fine, shimmering dust swirls around the Heretic. The winds of fate point in a direction. The Heretic follows, never to return.