Dialogue

Player is walking along the branches of a large tree.

Player: “ . . . “

--Pause--

Player: “Where am I? What am I doing here anyway?”

Looks around.

Player: “Wow, I can’t even see the bottom of the tree. How did I get here then? Maybe I can climb higher.”

Player travels across the tree, learning the basic controls of the game. Player comes across a branch that arcs down towards the ground.

Player: “Oh. Maybe I might be able to see something from this branch. Let’s g…

? : Screeee!

Player: “What the hell was that?”

Ratatosk comes into sight from above.

Player: “This thing is too quick to run from . . . Maybe I should fight it off?

? : Scrrrrr?

Player: “Kay, here I go!”

Player battles Ratatosk and the monster flees.

Player: “I couldn’t even hurt that thing! I wonder what it was. I guess I should get moving before it comes back and kills me.”

Player decides to make their way down the branch. The branch takes Player into a ghetto residential area that looks like South Detroit. The branch from before is nowhere in sight.

Player: “Hmm. This doesn’t seem like a safe place to be. Oh! There’s a few houses over there in the distance! Let’s go there!

Two hooded figures approach Player.

Brigand 1: “Hey bro, beholdeth! T’is a human! I can’t even!” \*laughs

Brigand 2: “What didst thee sayeth broth'r? Yond is crazy!”

Player: “I don’t get it. What’s with your crappy accents?”

Brigand 1: “Crappy, thee sayeth? I wanteth not to heareth t from a hillbilly human liketh thee!”

Player: “Fine whateth doith youith wanteth?”

Brigand 2: “Thee has't disgrac'd us yo. Anon we gonna killeth thee bro!”

Player: “M’kay. I won’t feel too bad then.”

Brigand 1: “Colours me, homie?”

Player battles and defeats the Brigands.

Player: “Well that was worthless.”

Player looks towards the homes in the distance once again.

Player: “This is a horrible idea. But I have nothing else to go off of. I guess I’m going into the hood.”

Player makes it alive to the houses they saw in the distance.

Player: “Alright, where to start?”

Player spots another person not far away and walks over to them.

Player: “Sorry to bother you, but d…”

Stranger: “Oh mine own god! T's thee, Player!”

Player: “Wait, how do you know my name?”

Stranger: “So thee rememb'r not then? s'rry.”

Player: “Remember what? Also, do all elves talk like Shakespeare?”

Stranger: “Who is't might Shakespeare beest jump?”

Player: “Screw it, I’m leaving.”

Stranger: “;o; I’m so sorry! Please don’t leave!”

Player: “Fine, but can we go back to the part where I forgot something?”

Stranger: “First, let me introduce myself. My names Nami. I just couldn’t believe you forgot about me.”

Player: “So if I knew you once upon a time Nami, how so?”

Nami: . . .

Player: “What’s wrong?"

Nami: “C-can you . . . come with me for a moment?”

Player: “Um . . . ’Course.”

Player follows Nami into a house. It’s dark. The door they entered suddenly locks.

Nami: Sorry about this. See you when you wake . . . milord (milady).

Player: “Wha . . . !?”

Player is struck in the back of the neck and is K.O.d. She wakes up in a shaded room on a couch. In front of her is a coffee table and on the other side of that another couch with a silhouetted figure sitting with a glass of red liquid.

Silhouette: “Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeey. Look who’s here. My favorite r . . . oh, maybe you’re not all there yet.

Player: (>‸•) “Whaaa?”

Silhouette: “Damn. She must hit you good. You don’t look so great right now. Just a moment.”

The Silhouette grabs another glass from nothing. It pours the liquid from his glass into the new one, yet theirs still remains full no matter what. It then offers it to the player.

Silhouette: “Here ya gooo.”

Player: “. . . Thanks.”

Player takes a drink and gags.

Player: “S-Sorry. What was in there?”

Silhouette: “Oh. I didn’t expect you to drink it.”

Player: “Huh?”

Silhouette: “Once upon a time, you couldn’t get enough. I’m curious as to where you go from here. First, I think I want to address the fact that you weren’t correctly reincarnated.

Player: “Excuse me? Who the hell are you anyway?”

Silhouette: “Do you not recognize me? I find that hilarious! Weeeeeeeeeeeeeell, until next time. You seem to have work to do, milord (milady). I don’t think you’re ready to be here just yet. Why don’t you go back to your “pet” for a bit? I’ll call you later♥.

Player: “Wait just a second! You son o . . .!”

The scene darkens into blackness for a moment until Player finds they’re in a bed. The house is old but well kept. Next to the bed is none other than Nami.

Nami: “He-he, you’re so cute when you sleep, Player.”

Player: “Ah! What are you doing so close to my face!?”

Nami: “P-please forgive me m-milord (milady). I’m only j-joking about thinking your cute though. Y-yeah that’s it!”

Player: “Yeah? Then why are you blushing so hard?”

Nami: (≥‸≤) “I d-d-don’t know what you’re talking about!”

Player: “Then how about your high pitched voice?”

Nami: “S-shut it, jerk!”

Player: “Alright, I’m done with this banter. Who are you really, and where are we?”

Nami: “O-of course. My apologies. We are in Smyrna. Also, my name really is Nami. My mother took care of you when you were young. We always used to play together. . .

Player: “That’s just the beginning, isn’t it? Then, who am I?”

Nami: “I made you a promise long ago that I wouldn’t say. What I can say is that I am at your service. Use me as you wish.”

Player: “Was I some kind of ruler then?”

Nami: “Not quite.”

Player: “Let’s go outside. I need to move around.

Player and Nami go outside. They see what looks to be law enforcement attacking innocent people. Player immediately runs to confront the Police.

Player: “What the hell do you think you’re doing!?”

Police: “Wherefore, cleansing thee filth bef're thee tarnish the grand kingdom; Smyrna! Waiteth, aren't thee but a human? What is scum liketh thee doing h're?”

Player: “Aren’t you all elven? Why are you hurting them?”

Police: “Thee compareth us to those dark elves? Prepareth to square! I shall heave the gorge on thy livings, naughty mushrump!”

Player: “I’ve had enough, Nami? Get back!”

Nami: “H-hey! You intend to fight the Police!? If so, then let me do my duty as your servant and fight for you!”

Player: “Shut-up Nami! I have no servants, only allies! If you want to fight along side me so badly, then let’s go!”

Nami: “S-sure!”

Player: “Alright then, let’s go!”

Player and Nami defeat the officer

Dark Elf Villager: “Thank thee mine own savi'r. I am still gaged to thee, valorous sir (fair mistress).”

Player: “No problem. I can’t stand people like that.”

Nami: “Mil . . . I mean Player, you realize the consequences of what we have done, do you not?"

Player: “I imagine that we may have made myself a criminal. Real quick sir, what did you do to make the officer mad?”  
 Dark Elf Villager: “N-nothing! King Drakkun hast been out to receiveth us dark elves since that gent tooketh the throne. That gent hast . . .”

Player: “Alright then. Ill deal with it then.”

Dark Elf Villager: “How doth thee cullionly?”

Player: “Nami, you said you wanted to fight alongside me right?”

Nami: “O-of course! What did you have in mind?”

Player: “How would you like to help me overthrow a monarch?”

Nami: . . .

Nami: “Wait WHAT!?”

Player: “Yeah, I have nothing better to do. Why not kick this bastard’s ass?”

Nami: “So you haven’t changed since then. I’m so glad.”

Player: “Hmm?”

Nami: “Oh. Nothing. Lead the way Player. I will follow you wherever you may lead me, my shepherd.”

Player: “Geez, stop being so damn creepy! Come on let’s go.”

Nami: ≥‸≤ “Why are you so mean to me? Ugh, dummy.”

Player and Nami then left the small village on their conquest to end Drakkun’s rule by force.

To Be Continued

(If you are a filthy normie)