**ENTERING NEW HERTFORD AND THE FIRST MEMORY NARRATIVE**

**\*THE PLAYER ESCAPES THE ELDERLY WOMAN’S HOUSE\***

Escaping from the house, the cold air finally burdens itself onto your untouched skin, dancing on each hair. You tremble as the chills override your senses. You drag your eyes to the skies, a mosaic of blue stained with a streak of ink-black clouds that paint the foundations or remnants of a storm.

P: *“\*shiver\* Where am I? I-I need to find…I need to remember who I am.”*

As you mutter to resist the cold’s presence, a soft chime rings from your neck.

P: *“Huh?”*

You guide your hands to investigate, feeling a strange warm object chained to your neck.

P: *“What…am I wearing?”*

Looking down you behold a necklace containing a peculiar azure crystal, your hands glide over it, a brilliant warmth tinges between your fingertips.

“Surely this didn’t make that sound…Haha no…surely. That would be madness.”

The soft chime rings with loud conviction bouncing with energy your hand.

P: “Fuck, I am mad.”

Before you can question further, a sharp pain splinters into your head. Violent energy courses your vision into a whirlwind of voidness, whilst expanding and collapsing every sensation until there is nothing.

**\*FIRST MEMORY BEGINS\***

Finally, the expanse tears itself, you become aware. The ether swirls in silent black motions, painting a picture of fire and three cloaked women. Your eyes are fixated to the picture, unblinking, witnessing as the ink slowly animates to life.

Red Cloaked Woman (RCW): *“I grow tired sisters.”*

Green Cloaked Woman (GCW): *“Patience sister, we must remain here our time to act will be soon.”*

The Red Cloaked Woman scoffs

RCW: *“Easy for you to say, how was New Hertford? Had your tongue forgotten to tell us that you were sneaking off in the night like some cheap whore!?!”*

The Green Cloaked Woman roars to her feet, towering over the Red Cloaked Woman with intimidating stature.

GCW: *“Who told you? Answer me before I throw your worthless arse into the flames!”*

RCW: *“You forget dear sister; my ears hear everything.”*

Infuriated, the Green Cloaked Woman goes to grab the Red Cloaked Woman’s throat, but an invisible force resists and restrains the cloaked woman to the spot. Both women look towards the flame, beyond the dark in perfect silence, their raven-black cloaked sister sighs and looks at them shamefully.

Black Cloaked Woman (BCW): *“Sisters, hath thou forgotten the oaths we made?”*

GCW: *“Bah…a pointless question!”*

RCW: *“Never sister.”*

BCW: *“Then what did thine ears hear?”*

RCW: …

BCW: “*Speak. Now”*

RCW: *“That milk hag has been gossiping again, it appears our sister has been seen wandering around the houses.”*

The Green Cloaked Woman huffs her frustration into the air, watching it effortlessly tear through the cold blanket of the night.

BCW: *“So it is true then Sister.”*

GCW: *“Aye. I was there.”*

BCW: *“For what purpose?”*

GCW: *“The farmhouse that the milk-maid works in contains the raven box. I felt it’s energy. I was going to search the house for it, but the dark voices urged me hither.”*

RCW: *“Yes, they were right to, my ears heard the voices of our lovely hunter friends asking the village about us. It appears they’re sniffing our trail again. It’s a blessing you weren’t present, though I would have not shed a tear if they caught you.”*

GCW: *“Hang yourself! If those hunters had found me, I would have spared no thought in bathing the town with their blood!”*

BCW: *“\*sigh\* Enough. What was the name of this milkmaid?”*

GCW: *“I didn’t care to remember, but I know the cow she milks is called Bessie.”*

RCW: *“Pray tell why you remembered the cow’s name?”*

GCW: *“Once we’re ready, I am going to curse that cow’s milk to teach that milkmaid a lesson in keeping her fat gob shut!”*

BCW: *“Very well, at peace sisters, thine time will come to bless these lands with our unconditional love! For now, we must rest and let fate play it’s part in this plan.”*

Suddenly your perception begins to retract, the image of the cloaked women fades into the void, and everything including you with it.

**\*FIRST MEMORY ENDS\***

Light slowly begins to seep through as you open your eyes once more.

You shake to life, unsure of what just happened was real or a sign of your self-diagnosed madness.

You hold out the azure crystal with disbelief.

P: *“I must be mad, none of this makes sense.”*

The azure crystal resonates with energy, a faint hum drones from the light.

???: *“Find the milkmaid, find the raven-engraved box.”*

The hoarse voice startles you.

P: “Y-You speak?!?”

Azure Crystal (AC): *“Find the milkmaid, find the raven-engraved box.”*

P: *“W-What? So that dream was real? Wait, do you know who I am? Can you tell me?”*

AC: *“Find the milkmaid, find the raven-engraved box.”*

P: “Are you telling me the milkmaid knows? Does she – no wait it’s the box! I remember in the dream; the milkmaid works at the farm which houses the raven engraved box.”

P: *“Alright, let’s go looking for that milk-maid.”*

**\*GAMEPLAY RESUMES\***