**Intro script**  
"It was meant to be my masterpiece. The pinnacle of my craft… a potion unlike any before it."  
 "Every ingredient, every measure… balanced on a knife’s edge. One slip, and—"  
 [beat]  
 "Well. You can guess where this is going."

"The fly. Some meddling, buzzing speck… thought it wise to dance past my face right at the wrong moment."  
 "And me? I swatted. Knocked the wrong ingredient straight in."  
 "They’ll call it the Potion of Death, I expect. Bit on the nose… but accurate."

[mutters] "Should’ve kept the blasted windows shut…"

[beat]

"Now look at me. Not quite dead. Not quite alive. And you— poking your nose in like you’ve got business here."

[beat]

"Hmph. Thought I’d seen the last of meddling apprentices."  
 [grumbles] "Would’ve still been alive… if not for one sodding fly."

[beat]

"Still… since you’re here. Might as well make yourself useful."  
 "Hobson Crane. Most talented alchemist this world’s ever seen. Or was. Not planning to stay this way."

[beat]

"So. Don’t just stand there gawping. The grimoire’s right there."  
 "You do know how to read… right?"

[Player approaches the grimoire]

"Hah. Thought so. But don’t go pawing at it just yet."  
 [snaps] "And fetch the spoon. Can’t stir a potion with your bare hands… unless you fancy joining me in this mess."

[beat]

“Clockwise to make. Counterclockwise to break. Even you should manage that.”

[player stirs cauldron with spoon]

“First, a simple test. That scroll on the table. Pick it up. If you can manage that without setting the place on fire… maybe you’re worth trusting with the real work.”

[Player interacts with scroll]

“Not bad. You’ve passed the grand test of picking up paper. Congratulations. You’re practically a scholar. Now… follow along with the recipe.”

[beat]

“First… Wild Lavender. Pick it up and drop it in. Try not to confuse the cauldron with your own head.”

[Player adds Wild Lavender]

“Well done. You’ve mastered basic herb chucking.”

“Now… Whisper Shell. And mind you don’t break it. Or do. I don’t care.”

[Player adds Whisper Shell]

“Next comes stirring. Clockwise. You do know your clock faces… right?”

[Player stirs clockwise]

“Hah. Wasn’t sure you’d get that one.”

“Now throw some firewood on the hearth. No fire, no brew. Shocking, I know.”

[Player adds firewood]

“Good. Now… Paper Shred. In the pot. Before you forget what we’re doing.”

[Player adds Paper Shred]

“And one last bit of firewood. Unless you fancy serving up a cold sludge.”

[Player adds firewood]

“There. Wasn’t so hard, was it? Now keep to that order… unless you fancy starting over.”

[beat]

“Hmph. Didn’t expect you to get that right. Maybe you’re worth letting near the grimoire after all.”