**Game Start**

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows*]

“Welcome, wanderer. It seems you have strayed from the path and somehow entered my domain.”

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows*]

“Rather peculiar, this is. But while you are here, wanderer, answer me this: do you believe there is such thing as life after death?”

***Blue Flame flickers in the darkness.***

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows*]

“If you don’t, then I suppose that’s normal. It would be irrational, unfair even, to blame the supernatural for every mystery you come across.”

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows*]

But I say, give credit where credit is due.

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows + Burning Blue Flame*]

“Make no mistake: **Ghosts** are real. And you can see them, can’t you?”

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows + Burning Blue Flame*]

“I know, because you can see the flame. That, my dear, is a Ghost.”

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows + Burning Blue Flame*]

“You are one of the gifted few, and one of even fewer who have begun to tap into their gifts. A **Tamer**.”

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows + Burning Blue Flame*]

“And you, wanderer, are especially gifted. But only one shall transcend the boundary and grasp ahold of their true potential…”

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows + Blue Flame Fades Away*]

“…Me? Who am I, you ask?”

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows*]

“That is of no consequence. Perhaps a better question is:

Who are you?”

***Enter your name.***

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows*]

“…I see. I shall keep it in mind.”

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows*]

“Now go forth. Seek power, whatever your context, and peer into the beyond.”

[*Narrator, Dream of Shadows*]

“I will watch over you closely, young **Tamer**, and shall eagerly await the day we meet again…”

**Tutorial Arc**

[*Narrator, Daytime Classroom*]

September 14th, 3:27 PM. <XXXX> High School, Classroom 2-D.

[*Narrator, Daytime Classroom*]

I awoke near the end of the lecture of day passed out over my desk.

[*Narrator, Daytime Classroom*]

To me, it was unsurprising really. It was a natural consequence from having stayed up all night the day before.

[*Narrator, Daytime Classroom*]

By the time lecture started, I had already sunk into a deep sleep and ended up having a strange dream in the process.

[*Narrator, Daytime Classroom*]

No one bothered to wake me up, not even the teacher. I sat in the very back of the class, behind ten rows of other students who were, for the most part, listening closely and taking notes.

[*Narrator, Daytime Classroom*]

This was a common occurrence for me. I think some people might say that the teacher is responsible for making sure his students succeed.

[*Narrator, Daytime Classroom*]

I’m