The Spire

Opening your eyes you find yourself in the palace of the Elf Queen, Whitespire, although weren’t you just at the Forest Tavern enjoying a cold Leafbrew? As you regain your senses you realise the Court Mages must have summed you to consult with the Queen, maybe it’s about all those rumours of some great evil lurking in the forest you’ve been hearing lately.

As is custom you take a knee and offer your prayers to the Queen, it is said that those who are blessed carry the light of the Queen wherever they go.

“Most trusted friend of the Royal family, I apologise for the confusion but dark times have descended upon our Kingdom and we require your urgent assistance. Creatures from the Void Realm roam our forests as we speak, carving scars through the land and annihilating all life in their path. As of yet, we have no idea where they came from although their movements suggest they travelled from the mountains in the East. Go there and consult with the Men and the Dwarves, discover if they know more than we. Take gold from the Well of Riches and perhaps something to protect you.”

The honour of a personal request from the Queen is too great to decline, so after thanking her for her kindness and bidding all in the Spire farewell, you leave on your journey to the east.

The Forest

Beyond the Spire gates lies the Queens forest, as emissary to the High Elf council you are to travel east to consult with the League of Dwarves and Men, hopefully to discover the origins of these creatures of the night.

You venture into the forest.

Hearing a rustle in the bushes, you slow your pace and turn your head. A small group of bandits in full armour stand behind you with weapons drawn.

“Halt! It seems you’ve taken something of a wrong turn young Elfkind, this is Wolfraider territory. Luckily enough for you we are a little preoccupied with the strange beasts that have been appearing all over the forest of late, so you are not to become our prisoner today. We could, however, use some supplies, so hand over your gold or face my blade!”

||Encounter: pay a toll to continue or take 50% of blessing if over 20 and have Holy Amulet||

You feel the Holy Amulet starts to rattle against your ribcage, followed by a blinding light and a calming aura. You slip away amid the confusion, shaken but grateful to have escaped the bandits.

OR

Without a weapon to defend yourself there is no option but to hand over your gold to the bandits, luckily you manage to hide some in a small hole inside your tunic first.

You keep heading east.

The sky grows dark but you’re sure it’s only early afternoon.

You feel a menacing stillness about the air.

Was that lightning?

Maybe you just lost track of time.

It’s lonely out here.

A great fear overcomes you, as if a spell had been cast upon you.

You feel a great sense of hatred eating at your thoughts, is this the work of these dark creatures?

The dark slowly passes, with it go the effects upon your mind.

Did it not see you?

You press on so that you may put some ground between you and whatever happened back there.

CREDITS

http://opengameart.org/content/clouds-and-gust