



The Prince
Westmy Dewodas



Mêstíny Devódas - Prince of the city

The prince of Mêsti Mêdena is freezing. The chill is worst in his toes and arse. Today it seems worse than usual, and he fears soon the cold will spread to the rest of his body. Soon it will get into his bones.

Eventually his soul will freeze as well. That's the one thing that cannot happen. Never freeze inside your soul - especially not when you're a prince with the fate of an entire city in your ice cold hands.

He shivers while seated upon his cold copper throne. No fire heats the castle these days. No flames to light up the cold halls of the castle. And even he - the prince of the city - is forced to swaddle himself in his heavy cape instead of warming himself by a hot fire. That's what he'd do, if only he would allow himself to. But a prince doesn't hide in heavy capes and robes. Instead he sits upright on his throne, showing his leadership, despite the cold, despite the fear, despite the beast's furious anger - a rage he must use all his power as a prince to keep at bay.

Today he must sit even more nobly than usual. Today nobody must sense his doubts. Today he must appear as a strong, just, and resolute prince of the city who will lead and guide his people through this darkest day of the year.



He hates that beast more than anything. Everything in his life revolves around its horrors and how to avoid them. Each hour - wakeful or asleep - he is focused on the beast. The horror, the fury, the hatred. His enormous responsibility as prince, and his devastating fears. His naive wish that some day things could be different.

Someday he should face the beast. He should look Šclubemeer straight in the eyes instead of hiding behind city walls and strict laws. Some day he should step up as the beast's equal, not its inferior slave forcing his people to hide for the sake of their own good.

But he is also a pragmatic leader. He knows life to be preferable to death. He knows that valor and heroic songs has nothing to do with real life. He knows he must do his best to stay alive. He knows that dreams of heroic journeys and dragon-slaying leads only to fire, death, and horror.

A prince who has to protect his people knows that's the way it is. That's the way it must be. He knows that dreams of vengeance and freedom is a much too dangerous road to walk.



“Even a prince must be subjugated to his own decisions.”

That's what he often tells his men. But just as often he says the opposite: That he - as the prince with all the responsibility and with the fate of an entire city in his hands - has to play by other rules than those of the poor subjects he is obligated to protect.

Today is the last day of fall. It's the last day of falling leaves, gold and copper painted woods, and apples in the pantries. It's the last day before fires can once more be lit and heat spread throughout the halls, houses and towers of the city.

If only there was fuel for the fires. Even at the castle of a prince firewood is a scarcity these days.

He shivers again before crying out loudly, his voice echoing throughout the hallways:

“Light that fire right now. I can't stand it anymore. Fuck it, I'm in charge. Light it. NOW! I - your prince - should not be sitting here freezing my arse and soul off. Especially not today!”



Today is an inevitable day. It's an important day - the most important day of the entire year. Today he has to choose the city's sacrifice; a poor soul who'll soothe Šchlubemeer's anger. A sacrifice who for one year will protect the city from flames, melted copper, and the foul smell of burned flesh.

Maybe that is why even his soul is freezing today. Maybe it's because he has to do his despicable duty asking Navóstâny - the prince's sorcerer and counselor - to divine the victim who must sacrifice her life for the benefit of the rest of the city. Maybe he is cold because he - as the people's trusted ruler - has to make the hard choices. Even while these choices will lead to grief and lament, and to fathers with hateful eyes, lusting for vengeance.

Šchlubemeer; The beast in the mountains

The greed of the copper merchants woke the beast. They dug too deep too fast. Šchlubemeer could smell copper dust and fresh blood as only copper dragons can.

The beast's awakening was rumored long before it was actually seen. There were scorched trees in the mountains, disappearing sheep and cattle. When the beast attacked, its first target it was the mine. Soon after, the city. Then there was fire, death and fear. The copper roofs melted and everything changed during one single night.

Navóstâny; The prince's counselor, fortune-teller and sorcerer

It was Navóstâny's wisdom that started the brutal annual tradition to send a virgin up to the beast on the first day of winter.

One late night when all hope seemed lost Navóstâny woke the prince. The city was still fighting to extinguish the embers of Šchlubemeer's last attack. Nightmares, anxiety and helplessness disturbed the prince's precious sleep - a sleep he required more than ever these days.

The prince does not know whether Navóstâny got his insight from his mirror, his brew, or his herbs. But Navóstâny could see it all so clearly that the prince could only nod his agreement. Even he - the prince - could understand that pure innocence might soothe the beast's

furious wrath. Perhaps fresh virgin blood would put out the fire for a while? Perhaps the sacrifice of an innocent soul would keep the beast away from the city and its towers - at least for a while.

The copper merchants

Navóstâny didn't use to have a say in the city's affairs. Back when the copper merchants had their grip on the city, the prince was little but their figurehead servant. At this time Navóstâny was nothing but a long forgotten relic from the past, hidden away deep below the castle - a relic from a different time with outmoded customs, a time long since replaced by modern wisdom, rationality, and mercantilism. This time period led to greed and a flood of copper ore, eventually making way for an era of death and dragon fire. The distant past had to return, in the shape of Navóstâny.

All of it was the fault of these damn merchants. This became clear when Šclubemeer arrived. It was the the copper, the greed and the self-righteous indifference of the merchants that had awoken the beast from its sleep.

And they spoke so much about justice. They spoke of doing good for the sake of everyone. They spoke of bringing wealth and greatness to the city. And now, look upon what they have wrought.

Linûs Kóliná

The merchants' speeches had been a big lie. That became obvious when the smoke cleared and everything had changed. One of the four merchants were dead. Another - Linûs Kóliná, the oldest and wealthiest - was thrown into the dungeon deep beneath the castle, as the prince proclaimed himself the city's one and only ruler and swore to protect the people from the flames.

The final two merchants lost all their influence and privileges. Now they stay in the ruins of their mansions hoping that one day everything will get better. Now they keep to themselves - no more crying out empty words, no more power to decide the fate of Mêsti Mêdena.

Deep in the dungeon Linûs Kóliná will rot while brooding over his sins, day after day, year after year. One day each year he is dragged out of the darkness to see the city and in his misery participate in the selection of that innocent soul who will be sacrificed to the beast. On that day each year he will see what his lack of responsibility has done to the city, how

terrible life is for its inhabitants on account of him and the other greedy merchants making the way for this catastrophe.

One day it might even be one of Linûs Kóliná's kind who'll be chosen as the next victim - and that moment won't be lost on that treacherous monster in the dungeon. The prince wouldn't rob his prisoner of that experience, nor himself of the schadenfreude.

Dear player

In most of this game you'll play Městiny Devódas, the city's prince - a man bound by his sense of duty and fear of change. Through his eyes you'll experience the city of Městi Médena and the city's fate after the dragon Šclubemeer showed up almost ten years ago - an incident that changed life in the city completely.

After reading this text about the prince you'll probably think of lots of details not clearly explained in this text. That's on purpose. Throughout the game you and the other players will tell lots of stories about the prince and fill in some of the gaps not explained in this text.

You will not only be playing the prince. You'll also get to play a couple of minor characters, and when the game gets to its second act you'll also pick a character from the city who chooses to venture into the mountains in an attempt to get rid of the dragon. Who that character will be is up to you. It could be the prince himself or it could be someone else from the city. It all depends on how the story evolves.

Later in the game you'll get to play the prince again. It is his story and his dramatic development that is your focus in this game.

If the prince dies or in some other ways is written out of the story, you shouldn't worry. In that case you'll have plenty of other things to do describing the city and playing minor characters.

List of characters

Main characters

Městíny Devódas - Prince

Navóstány - Sorcerer and fortune teller

Linús Kóliná - Imprisoned copper merchant

Ištévinia Lakúnas - Lone traveller

The beast

Šclubemeer - The beast in the mountains

Name suggestions

Janúsz

Aleš

Ilôva

Bedřich

Tômás

Blazej

Istévir

Branislav

Lókásj

Cecílie

Iríniâ

Dôbromil

Lôvíjs

Eliška

Nâvinjána

Evžen

Suggestions for supporting characters

Olég - Leader of the guards

Piotr - Pageboy at the castle

Vânja Válinô - Wanderer, shepherd, executioner

2 copper merchants and their families put in house arrest

Guards at the castle and at the city gate

Children in the street

Chatty people at the city's inns

Young virgins

Kitchen staff at the castle



The
Lone Traveller
Istevinia Lukinas



Istévinia Lakúnas - The lone traveller

The horse won't go any further. It won't move even much as an inch further. It neighs and prances and refuses to advance. Maybe it's the smell of death out here. Or maybe it's the smell of fire and smoke that still clings to the landscape, even though it's said to have been years since the beast's latest ravage.

She looks down towards the valley. She sees the city down there. It's Mēsti Mēdena, the city with the once so shiny copper towers and roofs. It's the city where the copper was said to never turn green. Now it's only a pale shade of what it once were. Now it's a city that doesn't shine anymore. It's the city where she, Istévinia Lakúnas, once were born, though under a different name.

It's freezing up here on the mountainside, even though winter hasn't even officially started yet. Today it's the last day of fall. Tomorrow winter starts for real. And then it could be too late to do what she has to do.

She leaves her horse behind and starts walking. She takes heavy steps through the scorched shrubs and withered grass, heavy steps towards what she's determined to do, heavy steps towards what everyone has said will lead to certain death.



She has been away for so long that the city is only some scattered distant memories, hidden somewhere deep inside her mind. But she has to go back anyway. She has to do her duty.

She has to offer her help. She has to save the city. She owes it. She needs to do it to find some sort of meaning in her life. She'll have to prove that, this time, she's actually able to help more people than just herself. She has to pay her debts. She has to prove that she is once more worthy of that name she shamefully abandoned when she let her sisters down.

She is scared, naturally. She is shaking with fear, thinking of what lies ahead of her. Fear of facing the beast. Fear of returning to a city she has been away from for so many years. Fear of failing to make of difference after years on the run, escaping her duty.

She could keep away. She could run away from her destiny, just wander about like she has been for so many years. But the rumors of the city's state kept reaching her, rumors of decay and apathy, rumors of universal shortages, rumors that everybody in the city is in need of everything and nobody gets what they need, rumors that no one - not even the city's prince - is able to keep warm during wintertime.

Why not let someone else do it? That's what she has been trying to convince herself of throughout the years. But no one has yet to take on the task. No one has yet travelled to the city to offer their help. No one has dared to show true courage, a courage she finally has decided to show. No one has done what she is determined to do. No one has yet tried to slay the beast.



It started as a cocky idea during a drunken night. She had been drinking too much, was too loud, and started talking to some shabby travellers from the scarred city; travellers who had managed to escape the city's decay. They seemed to be the same age as her sisters would have been, had she been able to take care of them and protect them.

The travellers told of the shadow of Šclubemeer; about the copper corrosion, the melted roofs, and the misery the city had sunken into. They spoke of silence, of virgin sacrifices, and of the prince who wasn't able or didn't dare do what was needed of him, though he apparently often blathered on about safety and the need to do whatever was necessary to protect his people. They spoke of the growing darkness and of a city notorious for hiding behind closed gates - a city where no one ever left or arrived anymore. They told about how it was forbidden to leave the city and how they - those poor people - had to cross the moats

and face the fear of death to escape. The told of a city that was no longer alive.

She wanted to help them, she shouted while holding her tankard high. She boisterously promised the travellers loyalty, vengeance, and a new life. They just laughed at her and declared her out of her mind. Nobody - and least of all a random wanderer - would be able to stand up against the beast and defeat it. It would all just turn worse if she tried. The only sensible thing was to get away from the city as soon as possible, they'd said.

The next morning the pledge was still on her mind and began to haunt her soul. It wouldn't leave her alone - not even after her headache cleared. The promise kept with her even when she prepared to resume her endless journeys. Never did that haunting pledge leave her. Never would it leave her alone.

Not until now, that she finally has decided to go do her duty, to be that hero no one else has managed to be. Finally she is on the path to get peace with herself - on her way to show she's able to do better than neglecting others.

The copper merchants

The city was rich and the copper was shiny. She remembers that clearly. It was all due to the copper merchants. They owned the mine in the mountains. They transported the copper ore to the city and sold it to caravans and travelling merchants. It was they who controlled the city when she was a child. It was they who everyone dreamt of being when they grew up. And it was they who lit the beast's fire, it's said.

And her own father was one of them.

Šchlubemeer; The beast in the mountains

She doesn't remember much of Šchlubemeer's attack - even though the attack changed everything and has stayed with her as a dark memory ever since. She only remembers that the beast appeared one day, flaming with a furious anger. She hid - shaking with fear - in a cellar, holding her sisters tight while the city burned above. Shortly afterwards she and her sisters were forced to leave the city, never to see their father again.

Since those devastating nights only a few rumors have reached her. Dark stories of the dreaded beast. Fire in its throat and eyes, the rumors would have it. And the beast is said to

be as hungry and angry as no other beast you'd ever have heard of.

In far-away cities, people don't talk much about the beast. People don't seem to care, just letting Mêsti Mêdena handle its own. They miss the copper from the mountains and the trade with the city, but not enough to take action. That's way too dangerous, everyone says. No one wants to die in a devastating burst of flames. No one wants to do what is necessary.

Mêsti Mêdena; The city by the mountains

It seems like forever since Ištévinia saw her hometown. It has been so long she remembers hardly anything of it; so long ago she doesn't remember her old name, a name she abandoned when she failed to do her duty and her anger took over.

Only the glow of the city's shiny copper towers still sticks with her - that and the fresh smell of mountain air at sunset in the mountains. And the short glimpses of an almost completely forgotten childhood, a childhood abandoned way too early. The foul smell of death, smoke and burned flesh when the beast arrived.

She doesn't remember anymore why she and her sisters had to leave the city one dark night without neither parents nor any protection. She can't remember why she was forced out of bed in the middle of the night never to return. She only remembers crying, wanting to stay. Instead she had to protect her sisters from the cruelty of the world. One day they would return, her father had cried when he saw his children hurried out of the city while he had to stay behind.

But they didn't return - not until now. And her sisters will never come back. Not after her father gave in and sent away his daughters - and especially not after Ištévinia had let them down so terribly, not after she didn't manage to keep her only sacred promise.

Dear player

In most parts of this game you'll play Ištévinia Lakúnas, a burdened and mysterious wanderer who has decided to become a hero. Through her eyes you'll experience the city of Městi Mědena and its fate after the dragon Šclubemeer showed up almost ten years ago. You'll return to the city, determined to make a difference and to rid the city of its suffering.

After reading this text about the traveler you'll probably think of lots of details not clearly explained in this text. That's on purpose. Throughout the game you and the other players will tell stories about Ištévinia and fill in some of the gaps not explained in this text.

You will not only be playing Ištévinia. You'll also get to play a couple of minor characters, and when the game gets to its second act you'll also pick a character from the city who chooses to venture into the mountains in an attempt to get rid of the dragon. Who that character will be is up to you. It could be Ištévinia or it could be someone else from the city. It all depends on how the story evolves.

Later in the game you'll get to play the Ištévinia again. It is her story and her dramatic development that is your focus in this game.

If Ištévinia dies or in some other way leaves the game, you shouldn't worry. In that case you'll have plenty of other things to do describing the world and playing minor characters.

List of characters

Main characters

Městíny Devódas - Prince

Navóstány - Sorcerer and fortune teller

Linús Kóliná - Imprisoned copper merchant

Ištévinia Lakúnas - Lone traveller

The beast

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Name suggestions

Janúsz

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Suggestions for supporting characters

Olég - Leader of the guards

Piotr - Pageboy at the castle

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2 copper merchants and their families put in house arrest

Guards at the castle and at the city gate

Children in the street

Chatty people at the city's inns

Young virgins

Kitchen staff at the castle

The
Prisoner
Linus Kollin



Linûs Kóliná - The imprisoned copper merchant

It is ice cold down here in the dark. Colder than usual, even though the dungeon is usually very cold. Winter must be on its way, he thinks. Maybe it's already winter. No, it can't be - because then the prince would drag him up into the light. Then he would be dragged up to observe all the things he doesn't have any power over any more. Dragged up to make his case for who should be sacrificed to the beast this year.

He can hear footsteps on the stone steps above. Someone is coming. Soon he will see the flickering light from a lantern or a torch. Maybe today really is the last day of fall. Maybe it is the day when for just a little while he will get to inhale fresh air and take a look out over the city. Or maybe today everything will finally change.

He closes his eyes - not that it makes any difference down here in the dark - and tries to visualize the city. How must it look now after ten years of decay and financial depression? If it has actually been ten years ... it's hard for him to recount the years any more. Down here it all becomes a blur.

He fears the worst, because each year the state of the city seems worse than the year before. Every year when he finally gets to see the city with his own eyes, he realizes that. Every year the city seems more dead, fear more prevalent, and gray the increasingly dominant

color. Even with his eyes, eyes hungering for every glimpse of light, he can see that.



He is Linûs Kóliná. Or to be more precise: he used to be Linûs Kóliná. He used to be the richest and most powerful of the city's copper merchants. His house used to be the largest, most beautiful one in the city - always with the newest and most shiny copper roof.

He used to provide everything the city needed. He brought wealth, happiness and prosperity to the city at the edge of the mountains. He brought the copper ore from the mine in the mountains to the city, sold it, and gave the city its power. He did that all that in conjunction with the other merchants - and yet they were the ones blamed for all the horrors that hit the city.

It is said to be the greed of the merchants that awoke the beast and lit the fire of Šchlubemeers. It is said it was their mines and caravans that somehow created the copper dragon. And it is said that they didn't care about anything but themselves.

Linûs Kóliná regrets nothing. He doesn't want to harbor regret. Not even after ten years in the dark. There is nothing to regret, he keeps saying to himself, year after year, when doubt, fear and madness threatens to take over his mind. He did what he had to do and so did the others. It wasn't their fault. Not any of this. It wasn't their actions that brought fire, destruction and the smell of burned flesh upon the city. It really wasn't, he's been insisting to himself, whispering and crying for ten years now in the dark.



Each day he anxiously listens for sounds of the beast. Listens for screams, death and rumbling. Trying to discern if Šchlubemeer might have returned to finally destroy the city - a city that Linûs Kóliná still loves and cares so much about.

But as of yet no disaster has happened. It is always quiet. The dragon hasn't returned. Could it truly be the case that its wrath has been soothed? Or is it just building up strength for one final, devastating attack?

Could it possibly be the case that the horrible virgin sacrifice actually works? Is the beast in the mountain really calmed down by the blood of innocent women? He hopes and fears it at the same time. If it's true, the prince - that horrible monster - is right. But if it really is true, then the city will also be spared. Yet on the other hand, that would mean that he, Linûs Kóliná, will be trapped down here forever.



The footsteps approaches and the light hits his face.

“It is time,” the voice from above says. “Get up here. The prince and his sorcerer awaits you. It is today they will make their choice.”

Linûs Kóliná’s heart stops, then starts beating loudly. He both hates and loves this day. He will finally get a look at the city again. But the prince will also taunt him, in order to show his superiority to the poor citizens of Mêsti Mêdena.

But the light. He gets to see the light. He gets to look at his city. He gets to look at people. And maybe he will get to see a glimpse of his children - even though for each year that goes by he gets more and more worried that this year, it will be one of his beloved ones who will be chosen to die by the flames of Šclubemeers.

Mêsti Mêdena; The city by the mountains, the city of the copper merchants

The city in the valley by the mountains used to be beautiful. People called it The Copper City. It had shiny roofs made of pure copper that never corroded and turned green.

It was Linûs Kóliná and the other copper merchants that made the city rich, made it more than just an isolated outpost far from civilisation. It was their courage and their copper mine that had made the city its fortunes.

The four merchants shared the power, securing justice and wealth for everyone. They appointed a prince every year to rule the city according to their wishes and in their spirit.

But that was back then. It was before the darkness fell, before the roofs melted and everything changed. It was before Linûs Kóliná was thrown into the dark dungeon by the prince as a punishment and as a manner of revenge for the beast’s horrible ravage and destruction.

Šclubemeer; The beast in the mountains

It’s said to have been the greed of the copper merchants that roused the beast. They dug too deep and too fast. Šclubemeer could smell copper dust and fresh blood as only copper

dragons can.

But that can't be true. That's a lie. That's a lie that's evolved over the years. Linûs Kóliná is sure of that. It's just the prince's simple-minded explanation of something he doesn't understand.

Dragons don't care about copper, mines, or trade. Linûs Kóliná is positive about that. There must be a deeper explanation. It is because of something else, something darker. It's because of something entirely unrelated to his and the other peaceful merchants' actions.

Mêstíny Devódas; The city prince

It's hard to say why Linûs and the other merchants trusted Mêstíny Devódas in the first place. How could they have been so wrong about him, that treacherous beast? How could they appoint a man as the city prince who turned out to be everything the merchants were fighting against?

He had also never understood why he, Linûs, should be the one to be punished for Šchlubemeer's destruction. Why was it he who was thrown in a dark hole to rot for ten years now? Was it because he was the richest? Was it because he was the one who had given the city the most? Or was it because he was the one who had been Mêstíny Devódas' fiercest proponent as prince of the city?

Is this how trust and loyalty is rewarded? By a decade of darkness?

Is this really the way to protect yourself against a dragon? By imprisoning your old friends and making a city almost go to sleep?

Navóstâny; Sage and sorcerer

Navóstâny had been almost forgotten when the beast attacked initially. He was the last one of his kind, hidden away in a chamber deep below the castle. Down there he just sat staring into his liquids and his flasks. He was a man who ought to be forgotten in a time where enlightenment, progress and science created wealth and prosperity.

But Šchlubemeer's arrival changed everything. And just because Navóstâny claimed to have seen the beast's empty eyes he became the prince's new trusted servant. Suddenly old-fashioned habits and superstitions would be the prince's most important source of advice. Suddenly virgin sacrifices and clouds of smoke became more important than reason

and courage.

Linûs hates this man more than anybody else. He hates him even more than the prince - even more than the beast in the mountains. He hates when Navóstâny finds his way to the dungeon to disingenuously ask for his advice and to gloat in his repulsive voice. And he hates that one day of the year where he is supposed to stand by the sorcerer's side to watch who will be chosen to secure the city's safety for another year.

Dear player

In most parts of this game you'll play Linûs Kóliná, a broken man who used to be something big but is now just a prisoner deep down in a miserable dungeon. But he is also a stubborn man fighting for his dignity and with a tiny hope for things to change - a hope that has kept him alive for ten years now.

Through his eyes you'll experience the city of Městi Mědena and the city's fate after the dragon Šclubemeer showed up almost ten years ago - an incident that changed life in the city completely.

After reading this text about Linûs Kóliná you'll probably think of lots of details not clearly explained in this text. That's on purpose. Throughout the game you and the other players will tell lots of stories about Linûs Kóliná and fill in some of the gaps not explained in this text.

You will not only be playing Linûs. You'll also get to play a couple of minor characters, and when the game reaches its second act you'll also pick a character from the city who chooses to venture out into the mountains in an attempt to get rid of the dragon. Who that character will be is up to you. It could turn out to be Linûs Kóliná himself or it could be someone else from the city. It all depends on how the story evolves.

Later in the game you'll get to play him again. It is his story and his dramatic development that is your focus in this game.

If Linûs Kóliná dies or in some other way is written out of the story, you shouldn't worry. In that case you'll have plenty of other things to do describing the city and playing minor characters.

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The

SORTERER
HAWKSTOWN



Navóstâny - The sorcerer and sage



There is a stranger coming up the road. A stranger who will change everything, a stranger who could lead to the end of it all, a stranger who shows up on this darkest of all the year's days.

Navóstâny has seen it in his dreams, not in the usual bubbling liquids, not in the smoke in his laboratory deep below the castle, not as symbols drawn out in autumn's final scattered leaves.

Yet in this dream it was totally clear, more clear than ever, as clear as crystal - even while the crystal moments later shattered into a thousand pieces when Navóstâny was roused from his sleep.

His master must know of this, when the time is right.



Navóstâny is shivering. Even in his bed deep inside the castle, wrapped in old pelts, the cold goes all the way to his bones. And winter hasn't even officially begun yet. It was the cold that woke him before his dream had reached its conclusion.

Here he lies - the city's sorcerer and sage - waiting for the break of dawn, waiting for the

last day of fall to begin. Here he lies awaiting the sad and ice-cold tradition that plays out every year on this day.

“The prince awaits your advice,” Navóstâny’s servant says through the massive wooden door separating his small chamber from the rest of the castle. Even the city’s sorcerer doesn’t live in glamorous rooms these days.

He sits up in bed, shivering, pulling the pelts up around his neck for warmth. Dawn hasn’t yet broken, but the worst day of the year has already begun. And this one has started worse than usual, with alarming dreams, strange visions, and too much uncertainty.

He dresses rapidly before stumbling towards his laboratory deep below the castle. In his panic, he narrowly avoids repeated falls by leaning up against the wall. But he has to go down there. He must be certain about his vision before he approaches his master with it.



Šclubemeer looked Navóstâny straight in the eyes. The beast stood on top of the tower with the city burning below. Navóstâny was on the balcony of the other tower - a tower he had fled up into trying to escape the fire spreading towards even the deepest dungeons and cellars. From up here he could see the beast ripping apart the copper roof, moments later melting the rest of it with a burst of flames.

In the midst of this flaming inferno, the dragon stopped raging for a moment to look directly at Navóstâny, locking in his eyes. The dragon didn’t make a sound. Didn’t show or reveal anything. In its eyes there was no soul, no wisdom, no mercy. There was only savagery and hatred. Šclubemeer was a beast in the most animalistic meaning of the term. No evil, no morality, nothing.

When Šclubemeer finally broke off its transfixing gaze and prepared for more flames, Navóstâny jumped into the abyss below. In that moment it was more tempting to die from the hard rocks below than from being scorched by dragonfire. That was a wise decision, he thought while falling.



Navóstâny did not die by hitting to the ground, nor did he die by the flames. Somehow he survived. But since that moment there is a limp to his step and a gnarled cane to keep him upright. And even though he is still a younger man, he turned old that day - just like the rest of the city.

But after that he became the prince’s most trusted adviser. When the copper trade was

abolished and the prince deposed the merchants, Navóstâny was ready. And after the prince threw the oldest and richest of the merchants, Linûs Kóliná, in the dark dungeon deep below the castle he needed Navóstâny's wisdom in court.

It was Navóstâny who suggested to the prince that blood from a virgin might soothe Šchlubemeer. Perhaps the dragon's rage could be tamed with innocence and purity. Perhaps even the most brutal of the copper dragons could be soothed by true beauty. It was a wise suggestion that sent Navóstâny's life on a trajectory from isolation in the deepest cellars to an important role as the prince's right hand man.

Subsequently Navóstâny's wisdom, informed by blurry insights gleaned from bubbling liquids and clouds of smoke, that the prince's came to rely on most. He would interpret the obscure signs and present his predictions of the future. Here in the shadow of the beast he could create a new life for himself. And it became his task to interpret every vague sign for the prince and the city, to discover purpose in these novel times.

But Navóstâny was doubtful. How was he to accomplish this when he had seen the emptiness in the beast's eyes? How was he supposed to find purpose when he had realized that deep within the beast there was only emptiness and devoid of meaning?

Navóstâny was hesitant, but still played his role. It was his way out of the darkness. It was his way to gain influence and a new, purposeful, life.



Today it is the tenth time that he, as the prince's counselor, will choose who will be the beast's next victim. For the tenth time he will look deep into his bubbling liquids and cover himself with smoke to see who the purest virgin of the city is.

Up until now it has worked. The dragon has kept calm. There have only been minor attacks with few casualties throughout the years. In the meantime Navóstâny's power has grown. As the years went by the prince has put more and more trust in Navóstâny's wisdom - even though with each passing year Navóstâny himself has grown more and more doubtful about it all, and more and more anxious about how it all will end.

Navóstâny knows - just as the prince, the copper merchants, and the rest of the city knows - that it's just a matter of time before Šchlubemeer's hunger and wrath will intensify again. It's just a matter of time before fire will once again rain down upon Městi Mědena. Once again death will come and once again melted copper and blood will flow in the streets.

That day everybody will realize that Navóstâny - the oh-so-trusted sorcerer and counselor - is just a human being like everyone else. Then they will realize that he, as infallible as he

may appear, will eventually fail.

Maybe that day has come, he thinks, while shivering and stumbling down the corridor.

Maybe that is what the vision of the stranger's arrival was meant to tell him.

Šchlubemeer; The beast in the mountains

The greed of the copper merchants woke the beast, people says. They dug too deep too fast. Šchlubemeer could smell copper dust and fresh blood as only copper dragons can.

But Navóstâny isn't so sure about about that. Maybe it was something else, something darker and more malignant that awoke Šchlubemeer. Maybe it has something to do with the hollow emptiness and meaninglessness he saw in the eyes of the beast that dreadful day.

If only he had been able to predict the beast's arrival before it actually showed up. He wishes he had. If only, despite his isolation, he had been able to foresee the beast's arrival before the rumors of scorched trees and missing cattle in the mountains started surfacing. If only he had observed the signs more intently and had the wherewithal to warn the city. But back then nobody would have listened to a sorcerer like him. He was just an artifact from a long forgotten time - a time where sorcerers and scryers were taken seriously. But such a time had been ancient history even back then.

Mêstíny Devódas; The prince of the city

Navóstâny both hates and loves his master. He feels sorry for him and fears him more and more each day. He sees the prince sink lower and lower on his throne, how he's losing hope and giving up. He sees how the master of the city drains its life away in his desperate fight to keep alive what is already dead.

But Navóstâny never shows his worries. Together they must appear strong, he knows that. They must show decisiveness and appear as the people's beacon in the dark. They must be whatever the prince says they must be.

And Navóstâny owes him everything. He owes the prince his life, owes him for being taken from the shadows and up into the halls of the castle. He owes his loyalty and thankfulness for all the prince has given him.

Linûs Kóliná and the copper merchants

It was the copper mine in the mountains and the copper trade that made the city wealthy. Greedy merchants settled here, dug deep into the rock and built tall towers with shiny copper roofs that never corroded and turned green. Everything was good, they said, while they took control of the city. They formed a high council with the four richest merchants as members and every year they proclaimed a prince to officially rule the city.

It was the merchants and their wealth that supplanted Navóstâny and his kind to the deepest cellars below the castle. They said it was superstitious and old fashioned to rely on sorcery, even spoke of sorcery as if a threat to the modernity that the merchants had brought to the city. Years went by and soon the hooded men were all forgotten. And soon only Navóstâny was left. As the only sorcerer and sage remaining, he soon became an all but forgotten figure to whom nobody ever listened, but also left alone and unharmed.

The merchants were forced out of power by their own hand. Prince Městiny Devódas was of their kind, they thought. He was their man, but only until fire rained from the sky and the city's end was nigh. Then the time for wealth, trade and huge amounts of copper had come to an end. At that moment the prince proclaimed himself the city's exalted and sole regent. The oldest and richest of those greedy bastards, Linûs Kóliná, was put in the darkest dungeon. The rest of the merchants were sent into house arrest, forced to watch the city fall apart from inside their half-burned mansions.

And while they did, Navóstâny climbed out of the cellars and directly into the heart of power. The modern era of mercantilism and rationality were over. Now there was once again a place for people like Navóstâny. Now was the time to show that sad fool in the dungeon how this new, old world would work. Navóstâny showed him repeatedly, as he ventured down into the dungeon to gloat. And once a year Linûs Kóliná was dragged out of the darkness and into the light above to show him how this year's virgin would be selected and sent up to the beast. They always listened to his babbling suggestions on who to pick, and they always listened to the the creep as he begged the prince not to let it be one of his blood or otherwise dear to him.

The stranger

Who is the stranger coming up the road? And what does the stranger want? Navóstâny fears the worst. Why did the premonition come to him in a dream? He doesn't usually get foresights in dreams. So what sort of horrible tragedy will this stranger bring?

Dear player

In most parts of this game you'll play Navóstâny, the city's sorcerer and sage. Through his eyes you'll experience the city of Městi Mědena and the its after the dragon Šclubemeer showed up almost ten years ago. an incident that changed life in the city completely.

After reading this text about Navóstâny you'll probably think of lots of details not clearly explained in this text. That's on purpose. Throughout the game you and the other players will tell stories about Navóstâny and fill in some of the gaps that aren't explained in this text.

You will not only be playing Navóstâny. You'll also get to play a couple of minor characters, and when the game gets to it's second act you'll also pick a character from the city who chooses to venture into the mountains in an attempt to get rid of the dragon. Who that character will be is up to you. It could be Navóstâny himself or it could be someone else from the city. It all depends on how the story evolves.

Later in the game you'll get to play Navóstâny again. It is his story and his dramatic development that is your focus in this game.

If Navóstâny dies or in some others way is written out of the story, you shouldn't worry. In that case you'll have plenty of other things to dodescribing the city and playing minor characters.

List of characters

Main characters

Městíny Devódas - Prince

Navóstány - Sorcerer and fortune teller

Linús Kóliná - Imprisoned copper merchant

Ištévinia Lakúnas - Lone traveller

The beast

Šclubemeer - The beast in the mountains

Name suggestions

Janúsz

Aleš

Ilôva

Bedřich

Tômás

Blazej

Istévir

Branislav

Lókásj

Cecílie

Iríniâ

Dôbromil

Lôvíjs

Eliška

Nâvinjána

Evžen

Suggestions for supporting characters

Olég - Leader of the guards

Piotr - Pageboy at the castle

Vânja Válinô - Wanderer, shepherd, executioner

2 copper merchants and their families put in house arrest

Guards at the castle and at the city gate

Children in the street

Chatty people at the city's inns

Young virgins

Kitchen staff at the castle