

## **FALLEN CLASS - THE WAKING DREAM**

*The player has just gone through the phase of character creation/selection. Rewards of this quest will be a set of starting gear.*

*Enemy Type: Bandit*

*Featured NPC: Unique*

The player awakes in the wreckage of his battalion. The area is littered with the bodies of fallen soldiers both friend and foe. One living soul sits in the distance by the wreckage caring little about the stench of death all around.

### **THE STRANGER**

Aw, you're alive and you didn't bleed out.

You're welcome, by the way.

...For the stitches on your side.

Don't know why I still bother but occasionally, when it looks like someone could survive, I like to break out my old skills.

So again, you're welcome.

...

Still in shock? I'm not surprised.

I've seen the guppy-fish expression on a good number of soldiers since this war came here.

Effects of first encountering the fog you see.

Aw yes, the fog. You can't miss it really.

Arrived shortly after the war. Stretches all across the province.

Or, I think it does. No one's quite been able to measure it.

No one's been able to measure any distance since it arrived really.

Set down your supplies by a tree to go and wash in a lake.

Suddenly the supplies have vanished, so has the tree, and the lake.

That's the way it works around here.

If you have anything you can't stand to lose, don't lose sight of it.

That's my friendly advice to you, stranger.

Plus, one more thing.

Grab a weapon and keep it close.

Wystmoor isn't such a kind place these days.

CAMERA PANS TO NEARBY WEAPONS TO LOOT. THE STRANGER HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED AS THE CAMERA PANS BACK.

LOOTER ENTER THE AREA FOR COMBAT TUTORIAL.

#### **END ENCOUNTER**

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While adventuring on from the battlefield, the player discovers the stranger again, this time he is sat by a campfire.

#### **THE STRANGER**

You handle yourself I see. Good.

A great many people are trapped here on Wystmoor and a great many can't defend themselves from vagabonds like those.

I wonder what will happen when we throw one more fighter into the mix.

In any case, I've done my part by keeping you alive. What you do from here and why you do it, is up to you.

I'm not here to judge, merely to ploy my trade.

Who knows, maybe you'll be the one to make it home?

#### **END ENCOUNTER**

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