

Reign of King Jante: Dialogue Excerpts

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About this document:

This document contains four separate conversations with non-player characters, as they appear in the short game demo for *The Reign of King Jante*.

(<https://amaliekae.itch.io/king-jante>)

The conversations are inherently branching and provide the player/reader with the option for choosing multiple answers, which in turns alters the dialogue.

However, for the sake of this document, *only one dialogue branch per conversation has been chosen*.

To explore the other dialogue options, and to experience the written dialogue in its full context, please play the game demo.

The setting is dark fantasy, and the characters all visually appear horrific and/or slightly creepy.

The four characters are varying in both characteristics, traits, and tone.

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1. The Savant.

Context:

The player has woken up in a new, strange land.

After finding a strange plague mask, encountering a bizzare man guarding a large gate, and wandering through an eerie forest, the Savant is the first other responsive character the player encounters.

Savant:

Hello youngster.

Look at you. All glossy and clean...

You are going to get yourself in trouble, I can tell.

Player:

Is that how you greet everyone?

Savant:

No.

Only overconfident brats who don't belong, like you.

Player:

What do you mean, I don't belong?

Savant:

That mask you wear.

I haven't seen anyone else wear one in quite some time.

... Is it snug?

Player:

Mask-wearers don't belong?

Savant:

We sure don't.

Never trust a person with a mask.

Player:

Why do you wear it?

Savant:

Why do YOU wear it?

Player:

I asked first!

Savant:

As if that means anything.

Please tell me you know..!

The air is toxic around these parts, youngster.
Don't tell me you thought we all wear these masks
as fashion pieces?

Breathe this air in raw, and it will change you.

Player:

... Change me, how?

Savant:

You think the King is some mortal man you can just
avoid?

King Jante is everywhere. His very essence has
seeped

into the ground you stand on.

His spirit. The blood of the people who die for
him: Everywhere.

If you shield yourself with a mask, you will be
fine... Mostly.

But the folk who don't... That's a different
story.

Player:

What happens to them?

Savant:

The will of the King corrupts them. Poisons them.
It alters their spirits and warps their physical
bodies.

You will see it soon enough: Someone carrying
fragments

of their own skull in their boney hands.

Of course, most folk don't mind.

But you are different, I can tell.

I see your fractured body and the sad look in your eyes.
... You mind.

Player:

Can you help me?

Savant:

Help with what?

Player:

About this mask..

Savant:

What about it?

Player:

How do I use it..?

Savant:

You need to make sure that it is stocked with fresh herbs.
Don't let the herbs go bad, or it won't do shit.
The best advice I can give you is to head east from here.
You'll find a friend of mine: A herbalist.
He isn't quite right, but he can tell you more.

Player:

I have other questions. Can you help me?

Savant:

Help with what?

Player:

I want to get out, but I don't know how.

Savant:

Get out? You can't be serious..!

Player:

Why so surprised?

Savant:

People born here do not want to leave. Ever.
If you try, they will hunt you down.
If you even think it, they will sense it.

Player:

I want to try anyway.

Savant:

You have met the gatekeeper, yes?
We all have one.
Do as he says...

Player:

But I don't understand what he says!

Savant:

Then try harder.

Player:

... I'll be on my way, then. Trying.

Savant:

Indeed.
I'll be here.

[End of conversation]

2. The Herbalist.

Context:

After the encounter with the Savant, the player may encounter the Herbalist, in case the player does indeed head east.

The Herbalist has a small camp of his own. He is an odd-looking fellow, sitting on the ground by a campfire, holding a mask in his hand, instead of wearing it.

Herbalist:

Woah! Look at you!
Your body is all kinds of fucked, huh?
Heh..! Heheh..!

Player:

... Who are you?

Herbalist:

That's a good question!
I've been wondering that myself, ya know?
I think...
I'm just a product of my own mind.
Trapped in this physical space, as well as in my
own consciousness:
Drifting through bleak cognitive impressions that
only exists because of the context my brain
projects onto them.
... Ya know?

Player:

We are just a couple of specs in the universe!

Herbalist:

Floating through the galaxies.
Our bodies are like a cosmic fog!
Only held together by the electric pulses that are
our thoughts.
This wold is nothing more than a collective
illusion!

Player:

Are you on something..?

Herbalist:

Nah. Not anymore.
Hey... Got some?

Player:

Look... The guy down the road said you could tell me about this mask..!

Herbalist:

Sure thing, friend it's simple.
See these little green plants all around?
It's a herb called Mugwort.
People used to burn it at the beginning and end of rituals, to cleanse the atmosphere. It symbolises purification and sanctification.
Did you know that..?

Player:

I sure didn't!

Herbalist:

But it's not just some ancient blabber:
You can still use the herb to cleanse the air.
As you might find out soon, the air is pretty wicked around these parts.
If you stuff your mask with Mugwort, you'll be fine.
If you forget... Well, you might feel it.
In, like... a bad way. Heh...

Player:

And the herb might go bad..?

Herbalist:

Yuuuuup.
You are already trying to avoid breathing in rot, right?
So don't add to it with stinky, dank herbs, friend.
Just keep it fresh. You'll be fine.

Player:

Thanks for the help. I'll be on my way.

Herbalist:

See ya later good friend.

Come back if you have any questions, yeah?

Or if you find any good stuff.

Player:

Sure.

[End of conversation]

3. The Lost Child.

Context:

In a corner of the dark forest, the player may encounter a small child, standing by herself, far away from other people. Her clothes are torn, and she seems dirty and tired.

Lost Kid:

The little kid is sobbing

Player:

Hello little girl. Are you lost?

Lost Kid:

I went w-walking in the woods,
and th-then I lost my w-w-way.

Player:

I can help you get back. Do you live in the town?

Lost Kid:

I don't want y-your help.
You are really weird.

Player:

But it's cold out here..!

Lost Kid:

Didn't you hear me?!
Outsider! Outsider!
Leave me alone! I would rather freeze.
You smell like broken dreams.
I hate you!

[End of Conversation]

4. The Sphinx.

Context:

The player has been informed of a monstrous beast, that plagues the people of a local village. The player travels east, and eventually meets this monster.

The Sphinx is very large. Half wolf, and half raven, with the face of a woman.

Sphinx:

Hello, little mortal.

Player:

Who are you?

Sphinx:

I am a divine being. A bringer of misery, to those who deserve it.

I act of my own accord, and I fly where I please.

Player:

What brings you here?

Sphinx:

A terrible crime against the human condition brings me here.

The villagers in the area are the source of this imbalance.

And as a result: Now they suffer.

Player:

What do you do to them?

Sphinx:

Eat a few cattle... Sometimes a child...

I really should start watching my weight..!

Player:

If you are tormenting people, then I have to stop you..!

Sphinx:

You can try. Though you won't get far.
First, answer me something...

Player:

Very well.

Sphinx:

Do you care what happens to the corrupt villagers
in this forest?

Player:

Of course! They might be astray, but they are not
evil

Sphinx:

Then I have no choice, but to consider you an
associate.

I am sorry, mortal. But I cannot let you walk
free.

Player:

Bring it on, then, monster!

[End of conversation]