Blades of Light and Shadow: High Fantasy

In the Choices *series* Blades of Light and Shadow*, you play as an adventurer who gathers together a party and saves the Realms. After being kidnapped by Princess Valax of the Ash Empire, you have to journey to find your lost party members, one of whom you discover in a fighting pit at a tavern.*

INT. TAVERN FIGHTING PIT - NEUTRAL

Event: You spin back to the fight and see a serpopard charging toward a confused-looking Imtura, who stands blinking in the center of the ring!
Imtura [ANGRY]: I thought thur was just one 'a yah...
Imtura [SURPRISED]: How much... did I drink?
Event: She stumbles backward, and you leap across the intervening space to plant yourself between her and the monster!

CHOICE MENU: I'll…

If (**has STAFF**): Aim for its eyes!	Shield Imtura!	Punch it as hard as I can!
Event: You grip your staff tightly in your hands, waiting until the creature is close enough to jab in the eye! **Event:** It rears back, letting out a pained howl! **Serpopard [SURPRISED]:** Arrrr! **Raine [ANGRY]:** Back off! **Imtura [SURPRISED]:** Damn… **+1 to FIGHT SCORE**	**Event:** You dash forward and plant your feet as the beast lopes toward you! The long neck extends, and you catch the sides of its head in your hands! **Event:** You allow yourself a satisfied smile for about a second before the serpopard shoves you with its massive feline shoulder, throwing you right into Imtura! **Raine [SURPRISED]:** Urrrghh! **Event:** The two of you crash to the ground, and Imtura angrily shoves you off her as she staggers to her feet. **Imtura [ANGRY]:** Outta my way! **Raine [SURPRISED]:** Sorry!	**Event:** You pull back and swing at the beast as hard as you can, hitting it squarely in the windpipe! **Event:** Your hand meets its hardened scales with a jarring crack, like hitting a brick wall. **Raine [SURPRISED]:** Ow! Ow ow! **Imtura [SURPRISED]:** Why'd yah *punch* it? It's armored. **Raine [ANGRY]:** Gods, I hate this thing!

Event: Across the small arena, Tyril lifts a hand, magic sparking at his fingertips.
Mal [ANGRY]: Tyril! Now!
Tyril [ANGRY]: I'm not ready--
Mal [ANGRY]: Do it!
Event: Mal flings a dagger with his usual deadly accuracy. As it sinks into one of the beasts' backs, it bursts into Light-fueled flames!
Tyril [ANGRY]: Mal, you're supposed to wait for me to give the signal--
Event: Suddenly, a hulking shape slams into you from behind, throwing you to the ground!
Raine [SURPRISED]: Gahhh!
Event: You manage to roll over just in time to see the serpopard's fangs bearing down on you!
Serpopard [ANGRY]: Ssshhhkkkk!
Event: You jerk to the side, its fangs sinking into the wooden floor beside you, but then one broad leopard's paw pins you to the ground!
Raine [SURPRISED]: Nia? A little help?
Nia [SURPRISED]: I'm trying, I'm trying!
Event: A flickering glow surrounds the serpopard, freezing it just as its fangs come within inches of your face! But even then, its weight keeps you trapped!
Raine [SURPRISED]: I'm stuck!
Nia [SURPRISED]: I can't... *unghh*... hold it much longer!
Event: Just as the glow starts to fade, Tyril rushes in, cleaving his sword deep into the serpopard's hide and shoving it off you!
Tyril [ANGRY]: What have I told you about using so much magic at once, Nia?
Event: A yelp from behind you draws your attention back to Imtura, who is bleeding from one arm and still attempting to swing her axe at the largest serpopard!
Imtura [ANGRY]: C'mon...
Event: Her words are slurred as she staggers drunkenly, clinging onto the railing of the ring to keep from falling.
Raine [SURPRISED]: (I *have* to get her out of here!)

CHOICE MENU: I should…

If (**has CHAIN**): Choke the serpopard!	Bait it into the wall!	Tackle Imtura to the ground!
Event: You snatch your chain from your waist and swing it over your head!	**Raine [SURPRISED]:** Here kitty kitty... snake… thing.	**Event:** Panicking, you fling yourself at Imtura, knocking her out of the

Raine [ANGRY]: Here kitty kitty... **Event:** The monster veers toward you. You wait until the last moment to swing the chain around its neck! It coils against itself with a metallic *clink.* **Serpopard [SURPRISED]:** Grrk! **Event:** The serpopard flails, nearly lifting you off your feet, but you manage to move around behind it! **Raine [ANGRY]:** Yeah, try to bite me *now!* **Event:** It does, but you pull back on the chain, cutting off its air until the beast collapses on the floor! **+1 to FIGHT SCORE**	**Event:** You wave your hands over your head to get the creature's attention, then run for the wall! It sprints to follow you, jaws wide and fangs flared! **Serpopard [ANGRY]:** GRRROOORRR! **Event:** You rush for the wall as fast as you can, waiting until the last moment before flinging yourself out of the way! **Event:** The serpopard's fangs jam into the side of the wall... and stick there! **Serpopard [SURPRISED]:** Ssnnkkk! **Raine [HAPPY]:** Missed me. **+1 to FIGHT SCORE**	path of the beast! She hits the ground with a muffled curse. **Imtura [ANGRY]:** Sunken hells... What'd yah do tha' fer? **Raine [ANGRY]:** Better knocked over than bitten.

Nia [ANGRY]: There's just one left. Stay focused.
Tyril: And this one seems quite angry.
Event: Magic flares out from Nia's hands just as Mal dashes forward! He barely dodges out of the way of the streaking bolts of Light, which the serpopard easily avoids!
Mal [SURPRISED]: Nia, watch where you're-- Ahhhhhh!
Event: The serpopard lunges forward and sinks its fangs into Mal's arm!
Raine [SURPRISED]: No!
Nia [SURPRISED]: Mal!
Event: Mal topples to the ground, eyes wide as he starts to shake. Nia rushes forward, hands glowing with healing magic, and the serpopard locks its yellow eyes on you.
Serpopard [ANGRY]: Hisssrrrrrrrrrawr!

CHOICE MENU: I have to…

If (**has ALCHEMY**): Knock it unconscious!	Scream at it!	Jump on its back!

Event: You pull a bottle from the pouch at your waist and toss it at the serpopard's feet. It explodes in a cloud of green gas! **Serpopard [SURPRISED]:** Hnnnggg... **Event:** The beast blinks at you in confusion as it inhales the fumes, its body skidding to a halt before dropping like a stone! **Raine [ANGRY]:** *Stay down.* **+1 to FIGHT SCORE**	**Raine [ANGRY]:** ARRRRGHHH! **Event:** Unimpressed, the creature lunges forward with the force of a battering ram, knocking you across the arena! **Raine [SURPRISED]:** Urgh! **Raine [SAD]:** Okay. So. That didn't work.	**Event:** You run at the wall and push off it to gain momentum. Then you're flying through the air, directly at the serpopard! **Raine [SURPRISED]:** I hope this works! **Event:** A heartbeat later you slam into the beast, locking both arms around its neck! **Serpopard [SURPRISED]:** Hisss! **Event:** You throw your whole weight on top of the creature, smacking its head against the ground hard enough to stun it! **Raine [HAPPY]:** *That* is more like it! **+1 to FIGHT SCORE**

If (**FIGHT SCORE >= 2**):	**Else:**
Event: Magic explodes behind you, and you turn to see Tyril, Light-wreathed sword in hand, standing over the final beast! **Raine [SURPRISED]:** Is that all of them? **Tyril [ANGRY]:** Yes. Though it was more trouble than I expected. **Mal [HAPPY]:** Poor elf boy had to get his hands dirty. **Event:** The color is slowly returning to Mal's face. Nia looks breathless and drained in her own way, but you're just	**Event:** Magic explodes behind you. You turn to see Tyril facing down the serpopard, barely keeping it at bay with a Light-wreathed sword in one hand and magic sparking from the other! **Raine [ANGRY]:** Why are these things so hard to kill? **Event:** Mal wheezes as Nia presses her glowing hands over his venom-filled arm. **Mal [SAD]:** Maybe we should be considering our options. Like a strategic retreat! **Event:** Before you can agree with him, pain lances through your side as a serpopard tears into you with its claws! **Raine [SURPRISED]:** Hrkkk! **Nia [SURPRISED]:** Raine! **Event:** Nia sends a searing ball of white fire into the monster, giving you enough room to stagger to your feet.

glad to see everyone's all right. **Event:** The crowd erupts into cheers around you, though you hear one or two weary groans from people who'd clearly bet against Imtura. **Patron [HAPPY]:** A round of ale for the adventurers! On me!	**Event:** When you touch your torso, your hand comes away bloody, and you nearly collapse onto Mal as he limps over to you. **Mal [ANGRY]:** *Tyril!* Get Imtura! C'mon, kit. I've got you. **Event:** Shouts of protest rise from the gathered crowd as Tyril drags Imtura to the side of the pit and hoists her up. **Imtura [SURPRISED]:** 'm not dun-- **Tyril [ANGRY]:** Yes, you are. **Event:** Mal helps you out of the arena with a drained-looking Nia stumbling behind, and all of you flee the tavern into the cold night air.

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In the Choices *series* Blades of Light and Shadow*, you play as an adventurer who gathers together a party and saves the Realms. At certain points in the story, you're able to collect Lore Documents to learn more about the world. The following is the Lore Document you can gather detailing each of the Old Gods*

Nifara was the eldest and wisest of the Old Gods. They all shared leadership, but the others often deferred to her judgment. In times of confusion and chaos, she brought order. She encouraged the Gods to set about the laws of the world and to create others to inhabit it. She gave the spark of Light to the elves, hence why she is sometimes referred to as 'The Mother of All' in holy songs and texts. Her other titles include: Justice, Order, and Giver of Light. She is often associated with the sun and fire, and even though she now resides in Elhalas, all heat in our world begins and ends with her. Erinza, the elves' sacred meditation at the start and end of the day, always begins with an appeal to Nifara to bless them with sound judgment and the will to do what is necessary.

Ittar and Bakshi, 'The Lovers', are the Gods most often referenced in the modern day. The tale of their courtship has inspired many epic poems and songs. Ittar was made of earth, and Bakshi was made of water. They could meet, but they could never be together, for the land and the sea were always separate. After a long time apart, Bakshi ran to Ittar and embraced them, and together they created the rivers and lakes across the land and the islands scattered across the sea. They gave the elves Kilvali, emotional love, and Dinvali, physical attraction, though it is said they shared both. They are often called 'the two souls that form one God.' As such, an elven pairing that mixes Kilvali and Dinvali is seen as the height of hubris and a mockery, for attempting to become like the Gods themselves.

Nithrax and Midys were twin brother and sister. They were great warriors, each fierce and courageous in their own right. Nithrax fought with steel, while Midys fought with magic. When they were young, they pledged to protect the world, and they would often duel to ensure they were ready to face whatever challenges would come. Their bouts split the heavens, and after each battle, Midys would have to mend the sky, standing atop her brother's mighty shield so she could reach every corner. The lightning is her white hot thread, and the thunder is the clanking of his armor as he lifts her. Nithrax gave the elves their combat abilities, and Midys granted them magic. Every elven blade, shield, and helm must be blessed in Nithrax's name before it may be used or worn, and one must seek Midys's blessing when casting spells. Legends tell of entire cities falling because they failed to seek the Twin Gods' favor.

The Mother of Grey's name has been lost to the stars, where she now resides. She valued all of creation, accepting everything in the world as it was. While she sometimes disagreed with the other five Old Gods, this allowed them to create a better world for all. Shortly after the creation of the elves, she sacrificed herself to give them their long lives so they could see all the beauties the world had to offer. It is this sacrifice that makes her as revered as Nifara, the true Mother of All. Some suggest that the Mother of Grey is just another aspect of Nifara, meant to show how pure justice and duty demand that one must always be alone. Others suggest that our world had two mothers once, equally beautiful and deeply in love. These thoughts have been dismissed as heresy. The Mother of Grey asks for neither worship nor thanks. In fact, to address or even pray to her diminishes her legacy, for as her name implies, she is always meant to be obscured.