

Masked Man Introduction

The figure turns with jerking, unnatural movements. Where its face should be is only a white mask, like the kind you've seen at theaters.

Mel: From parts abroad a new companion joins / this group of myths and monsters we have formed / but friend or foe has yet to be resolved.

Player: Pardon?

Mel: Alas, no thespian this fellow is / although in sooth not many truly are / among the ranks of those who heed my tongue.

=> Actually, I did theater in high school

Player: That's iambic pentameter, right? I was really into Shakespeare when I was younger. I played Horatio in my school's production of Hamlet.

[Melpomene's hearts increase]

Mel: Forsooth! I spoke too soon about thy skills. / My premature contention was unfair; / prithee excuse my brainless disrespect.

Player: No worries.

=> I have no idea what you're talking about

Player: Sorry, but I don't know what you're saying.

[Melpomene's hearts decrease]

(sad sprite) Mel: The tragedian's plight endures afresh. / No matter, for my skin's seasoned and steeled.

Mel: Now introductions rise yet to the fore. / My cognomen is Melpomene. And / what epithet might I call thee, neighbor?

Player: You want to know my name, right? It's [name].

Mel: Hail and well met. Let our acquaintance bloom / into esteem and concert. And now, go.

Dibbi: I think that's our cue to leave.

Player: Agreed.

As you walk away Melpomene turns back to the wall, apparently transfixed.

Sylvie Day 3 Dialogue

You find Sylvie outside tending to a small garden in the courtyard.

=> Those flowers look nice

Player: Those flowers are very pretty.

Sylvie: Indeed, they are the only things of beauty in this wretched place. Aside from myself, mind.

Sylvie +1 affection

=> What kind of plants are those?

Player: What kind of plants are you growing?

Sylvie: You take an interest in horticulture, do you? They are as wide a variety as I could persuade our captors to provide. If you wish, I shall list them out for you.

=> Please do

Player: Yes, please!

Sylvie: Very well. On the left here are *Hyacinthoides non-scripta*, better known to you as bluebells.

Sylvie: Beside them are my primroses, *Primula vulgaris* — mind you not step on them lest you face Fae wrath. Here on the side is thyme...

She talks for a long time, giving you details on the uses of many of the plants. She is practically a walking encyclopedia of botanical knowledge.

Sylvie +5 affection

Finally she makes her way to the center of the garden, where several brown mushrooms are growing in a circle.

Sylvie: ... And last of all are *Agaricus augustus*.

Sylvie: *Do not touch them.*

Sylvie: It has been a pleasure to enlighten you. This garden is my pride and joy in this place.

=> You don't have to name all of them

Player: Oh, there's no need. I wouldn't want to bother you.

Sylvie: Very well.

Sylvie -1 affection

Sylvie: But do tell me, newcomer, what brings you to my side of the courtyard?

Player: Actually, I wanted to ask you about something.

You lower your voice and glance around furtively.

Player: Have you ever thought about getting out of here?

Sylvie stares at you for a second, then bursts out laughing. It sounds like the ringing of a million tiny bells.

Sylvie: Does the caged bird not think to wriggle through its bars? Of course I have attempted escape.

Sylvie: But it is no use. I have tried every way I can think of to free myself from this place, to no avail. I fear I may never return to the halls of the Summer Court.

Player: What if I told you I'm putting together a plan to break out of here?

Sylvie: I would think you rather bold, and very foolish. Greater powers than yours have tried and failed.

Sylvie: That said, I will be interested to see your attempt. It will provide much amusement.

Player: Oh. Thanks...

Melpomene Day 3 Dialogue

Melpomene is sitting in a corner of the rec room in a pose that makes him look like a statue of someone about to be killed in a volcanic eruption.

His head turns abruptly towards you as you approach, startling you a little.

Player: Uh. Hi.

Mel: Greetings, new friend. What brings you to my nook?

Player: Oh, y'know. Just checking in. It seemed like you were, um. Agonized?

Mel: Nay, but know thy flattery is noted. / T'was mere practice for my masterpiece work.

Player: Really? What are you working on?

Mel: The greatest of all arts, the thing, the verb, / the endless fascination for which I / give and receive my life, my twin, my face.

=> A painting?

Player: Oh, you're working on a painting?

Mel: Alas, you misunderstand my verses.

Player: Oh, sorry. Then what are you working on?

Mel: 'Tis drama that's my calling in this life! / The boards trod by humans for centuries.

=> A song?

Player: Oh, you're writing a song?

Mel: Alas, you mistake me for my sister.

Player: Oh, sorry. Then what are you working on?

Mel: 'Tis drama that's my calling in this life! / The boards trod by humans for centuries.

=> A play?

Player: Oh, you're writing a play?

Mel: Indeed! 'Tis my existence's purpose.

Mel +5 affection

Player: That makes sense for you. So Mel, I'd been meaning to ask — and I hope this isn't rude — but what kind of, um, entity are you?

Mel: I see my visage has fallen from grace. / Children of Zeus, my kin and I preside / over the storytellers, scientists; / artists of every kind we serve to guide.

Mel: My twin and I reign over thespians; / Thalia over comics, the enthused, / and I over the wretched and forlorn. / Know me as Melpomene, tragic Muse.

Player: Oh wow. So does that make you a god or something?

Mel: The technicality's of no import. / As long as I remain here, 'tis worthless.

Player: I'm sorry to hear that. Speaking of which, though...

Player: Have you ever tried to get out of here?

Mel: The newly caught's not learned the cage's rules. / Escape's not in the cards, I fear, my friend. / I know but one who's not tried to in vain.

Player: You mean Dibbi? Yeah, they don't seem like the jailbreak type. But I just think it *has* to be possible.

Player: Anyway, I'll leave you to your practice. See you later.

Mel: I bid you best of luck in your designs.