CONTEXT

Part of "A Storm is Brewing" Arc

Messenger: My liege! My liege! Grave news!
General: Breathe, lad! What is it?
M: An army was seen gathering in the south!
Queen: Friends or foes?
M: Couldn't say... but they're marching towards us with your uncle Willamar at its head!
Q: Our uncle?!
Chancellor: He is no doubt trying to dethrone Your Majesty!

What is his claim to the throne?

Chancellor: Willamar claims proximity of blood to your grandmother. A great ruler... may she rest in peace!
C: But you are the firstborn of her firstborn. Your father would have inherited the throne. had he not died so tragically. The right of primogeniture is yours!

Do we have reason for concern?

Chancellor: His claim is weaker than yours, but it can hold weight if heard by the wrong ears.
Queen: We remember him from our childhood. He was always kind to us. Why contest our claim?
C: The pursuit of power poisons people...

(if Tyranny >60)
C: You of all should know that.
Q: If we are so wicked then we ought to call for your head!
C: No! Apologies, Your Majesty! I spoke out of turn.

That would be all.

Resources:
- Gold - available treasury
- Prestige - authority and reputation
- Power - army size
- Supplies - available food and necessities

Factions:
- Nobles
- Merchants
- Peasants

if high tyranny, low prestige and/or standing too low with either faction ➡ trigger coup/rebellion

Advisors:
- Chancellor
- General

Traits:
Kindness ↔ Tyranny
0 ■ ■ ■ ■ 100

Glossary:

- ⏳ `time passed`
- ◯ `choice`
- ▭ `resource gain/loss (not visible to player)`
- ▭ `condition based outcome`

START

Chancellor: Your Majesty, a peasant boy of no more than 16 summers is waiting to speak with you.
C: I would normally not entertain him, but there is great desperation about him.

Bring him forth.

Boy: Your, umm... Graces?
Chancellor: What do you want?
B: The reeve said the Queen needs us to fight for her... and I would! I swear on me life, I would! I'm not scared!
B: But I have to get back to the village! I have to take care of me younger brothers and sisters.
General: You're a soldier now, lad. You can go back to your family once the war is over.
B: If I survive, you mean... Me mum and dad died fighting too! I'm the only one left to take care of the little'uns!

You may return to your village.

Chancellor: Your Majesty, if you release this boy from his military service because of a personal matter, it would set a precedent.
C: What would stop others from requesting exemption from their duties?

We said the boy can go!

− 👤 Peasants
+ 🗡 Power
+ Kindness

END

Queen: Our duty is to care for our subjects. Return the boy to his village.
Boy: Oh, thank you, your ladyship! Thank you! Your tongue be blessed!

A fair point. Duty calls.

− 👤 Peasants
+ 🗡 Power

Can the reeve confirm the boy's story?

Chancellor: I can send word for him.
Boy: That'd take days! Please, I need to get back to me kin. They're too little to fend for 'emselves!

You may return to your village.

He should return to his family.

You must wait until we speak to the reeve.

− 👤 Peasants

⏳

Reeve: Your Majesty! You asked me here to tell you about that boy in your army?

40%

R: Indeed, poor lad has been looking after his siblings for a few years now.
R: He works as a porter in the village. Very spry boy, he'll make a good soldier.

The army needs him!

− 👤 Peasants
+ + 🗡 Power

60%

R: His parents have indeed perished, but his siblings are in the good care of their aunt.
R: The boy's probably just scared and wants to go back home. Can't blame him. Only weapon he knows is a pitchfork.

We have no time for childish concerns.

− 👤 Peasants

END

Chancellor: I shall send him away.

We can make no exceptions.

− 👤 Peasants
+ 🗡 Power

General: Enemies threaten all our lives. Back to your post, boy!

45%

END

55%

⏳

General: My liege, the peasant soldier boy... can't find him anywhere. He must have deserted the army!

70%

⏳

General: Good soldiers are in short supply. I'll make sure he gets back to his post.

30%

END

General: One less coward to worry about then.

We cannot waste time on him.

− 👑 Prestige
− 🗡 Power

Find him!

− 🗡 Power

General: I'll organize a search.

⏳

General: My liege, we caught the deserter while he was trying to return to his home.
G: How do you want to deal with this traitor?

Execute him!

− − 👤 Peasants
+ + + 👑 Prestige

END

Boy: No, no! Please, have mercy!
General: Mercy's for the brave, not cowards.

Throw him in the stocks!

− 👤 Peasants
+ + 👑 Prestige

We will show mercy.

+ + + 👤 Peasants
− 👑 Prestige
+ Kindness

General: Too kind of you, my liege.
G: Should I bring him back to his family then?

No, he shall return to the army.

− 👤 Peasants
+ 🗡 Power

Yes, take him back.

+ 👤 Peasants
− 🗡 Power

END

Boy: I'm sorry, your ladyship! Thank you for your mercy! I'll pray for you and our land!
Queen: Your sword would have been more useful to us. But we will take a prayer.
General: Off you go now, lad.

END

Boy: I'm sorry, your ladyship! For your mercy, I'll be your loyal servant!
General: You'd better fight well!

He should return to his family.

General: My liege, cowards have no place in your army, indeed, but the boy lied to you! You can't just let him go.
Reeve: Boy's only scared he'll end up dead like his folk. Spare him the rod, General.

Let him go.

+ + 👤 Peasants
− 🗡 Power

END

Queen: We will not be undone by the slight of a child.
Reeve: I'll see him returned to his family.

Punish the liar!

General: How do you want to deal with this traitor, my liege?

Execute him!

− 🗡 Power
− 👤 Peasants
+ + + 👑 Prestige
+ Tyranny

Throw him in the stocks!

− 👤 Peasants
+ + 👑 Prestige

Cut out his tongue.

− 👤 Peasants
+ + 👑 Prestige

END

General: I'll see to it!

Bring the boy before us.

Boy: Your Graces...
Reeve: Well, lad?

(if Tyranny >60)
Boy: I lied to you because you're a tyrant! You take people away from their homes and you make them fight your wars. What's it to me which king sits on the throne?

Chancellor: The impudence! Your Majesty, you cannot tolerate this slight!

Boy: Please, forgive me, your ladyship! Truthfully, I'm scared! I didn't know what else to do. I don't want to run from the army, but... I don't want to die either.

If death scares you, you have no place in our army.

+ + 👤 Peasants
− 🗡 Power
+ Kindness

END

Boy: I'm sorry, your ladyship! Thank you for your mercy! I'll pray for you and our land!
Queen: Your sword would have been more useful to us. But we will take a prayer.
General: Off you go now, lad.

You must serve regardless of your doubts and fears.

+ + 🗡 Power
+ Kindness

END

Queen: Enemies threaten all our lives. Would you meet them with a sword in your hand or at the end of their sword?
Q: Lies and cowardice will not spare you from their wrath, but we will spare you from ours.
Boy: I did lie and cower... Your ladyship, for your mercy, I'll be your loyal servant!
Q: Fight well!

He must serve regardless.

+ 🗡 Power