

NPC Dialog 0

“Finally! Don’t EVER touch my things again” the brunette snaps. The blonde looks away, almost tearful at her twins’ rage. The brunette’s eyebrows furrow as she realises how upset her sister is. She sighs a huff of frustration and leans over to put a record on. “Oh I love this song!” the blonde head immediately looks up, still tearful but incredibly happy with the music. “Oh that’s much better, I bet Mendax would have loved this song, she always had such wonderful rhythm”. You turn your head towards the lady, processing your mother’s name. “Oh hush, you know we’re not supposed to talk about her’ the brunette snaps, “What if Vipera hears you? She’ll set her snakes loose again”. The blonde recoils in horror, evidently recalling a previous incident.

Player Response 0

“Mendax? As in Marie the the sacred storyteller? I

Player Response 1

“Who is Mendax? Was she

“Mendax? As in Marie the the sacred storyteller? I heard she used to travel with the inked ladies. You must have known her very well”

NPC Dialog 1

“Well I wouldn’t have called her stories sacred” the brunette shifts her glance to the side “But she was certainly good at what she did. She could keep people hooked for hours with tales from all over the land, her most famous was her hometown cry”. Your breath is shallow as you listen with anticipation. “People always said it was a lie but when you saw her tell the story, there would be tears in her eyes everytime. She was tattooed as a brand in her hometown. Always told she was unable to have children so she was outcast just like us”.

Player Response 2

“What was the rest of that story?”

NPC Dialog 3

“Well I can’t remember the details and even if I could I wouldn’t be able to tell a story like her. But, she once said that having a child was the one thing she wanted and could never have. When she was outcast from her home she lost everything. Family, friends, a stable job and a stable relationship. We found her when we were travelling, crying on the side of the road in the rain. We picked her up and she told us...

Player Response 3

That sounds... awful. I grew up with this photograph you see, and I always wondered if that was maybe her

NPC Dialog 4

You hand the brunette the photograph. She holds it up to the light, squinting her eyes and tilting her head. She looks back at you with a cold stare as a heavy silence fills the room. After a moment, the brunette announces “I don’t recognise her. Maybe you’ve got your circus confused”. The blonde

“Who is Mendax? Was she another inked lady like you?”

NPC Dialog 2

“The most beautiful lady you’ve ever seen!” the blonde one bursts out. “I really do miss her so much, it was such a terrible shame to see her go”. The brunette pulls the blonde’s hair from behind. “Ow!” she screeches. “You KNOW we don’t talk about her here. She was never cut out for this circus. She jeopardised everything”.

Player Response 4

“See her go...?”

NPC Dialog 5

You echo the words of the blonde twin, re-living the screaming and terror of the night she was taken. “Sometimes when someone gets too big for their boots, they need taking care of. Mendax was always stubborn.

Player Response 5

“Wait, so you did know her? What happened? How did she go?”

NPC Dialog 6

The brunette raises an eyebrow. “You really are asking quite a few questions for a runner. I’m not sure why you’re obsessed with her anymore. All

relationship. We found her when we were travelling, crying on the side of the road in the rain. We picked her up, brought her in and made her one of us. She was part of our family for years, that is, until she betrayed us". Cora's blonde counterpart quietly listens, as if she is somewhat mourning the loss of Marie too.

recognise her. Maybe you've got your circus confused". The blonde leans over and catches a glimpse of the photo. "Oh that's definitely her! Don't you recognise the tattoos? Only Mendax had a locket like that tattooed on her leg, oh it was the prettiest tattoo I've ever seen!". The brunette shoots her sister a panic glance, her sister not quite taking the hint. "And look, we're there too! Can't you remember the photograph being taken? It was from this very town over 10 years ago! See that tattoo was one of our very first ones and that one looks like Vipera..." the brunette slaps her sister's hand away from pointing at the photograph. "ENOUGH". "We'll be late for the show. Sorry little girl. We can't help you". The brunette pulls her twin away. "But-" the blonde begins, before disappearing behind the stage curtain.

taking care of. Mendax was always stubborn. She used to be kind and comforting until she became distracted. We had to make her focus on the show. We couldn't let her ruin us all like that" the brunette is trapped in thought. You catch her eye as she looks up from her dazed memory. "Well its too late now". She snaps out of it. "She's long gone, and she's not a name we associate with this circus anymore.

sure why you're obsessed with her anyway. All you need to know is that we're better off without her" she pokes a finger at you and turns away. The blonde is looking almost guilty as if there is so much more she wants to say but she knows her twin would murder her if she did.