

Ghet'Kabael Opening Cutscene

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. FOREST NIGHT**

You wake up in a dark forest, the leaves on the trees a wondrous blue. The ground is wet and mushy, almost like swampland. Overhead, three moons loom; one yellow, one beige, and the third, notably smaller than the others, blood red. Your head snaps to the right as you hear the rustle of the underbrush. Something is there; watching. Waiting. A brisk wind pricks the nape of your neck, and you frantically look for something to defend yourself with. Nothing.

The rustling's growing louder, and now the bushing are moving. The dirt begins to churn underfoot, but as you scramble to your feet, you fall flat on your face. Luckily, just before you hit the ground, your hands slam down hard and fling you into a front flip. The ground bursts open behind you, dirt splaying across your back. A rock knocks you to your knees.

**WORM (OS)**

"Face me."

A low, rumbling voice challenges, eager to feast on your fear. As you slowly turn around, you see a tapeworm about twice your size with a gaping maw full of countless sets of sharp little teeth

The worm smiles at you, toying with you.

**WORM**

"So small..."

It mocks as it slithers its way around your feet.

**WORM**

"So helpless..."

It's completely encircled you now, and its face is at your shoulder.

**WORM**

"So..."

It directly faces you and starts tightening the coil of its body, encroaching closer to your quivering legs and heaving chest. Closer. Closer. It's touching you ever so slightly.

**WORM**

"...Delectable."

The worm's mouth opens wide, wider than the breadth of your shoulders, revealing all of its ghastly teeth. As it arches its neck and leans back, the rows of teeth begin to spin like wind turbines: slowly at first, then fast enough to look like rings of seamless metal.

It lunges at you, and your eyes clench shut. You hear the sound of ripping flesh.

**FADE IN:**

**INT. WOODEN ROOM DAY**

The next thing you know, you find yourself in a wooden bed. The floor, the walls, the ceiling, all wood. A small green rug sits in the middle of the room.

**ULAV (OS)**

"About time. My name is Ulav. And you are?"

To your left sits a middle-aged human with a scruffy beard sipping tea.

**PLAYER**

"Uhh, my name's [insert name of player]. What happened?"

**ULAV**

"Here's a better question, [name of player]. What were you doing out in the forest at night? Are you one of those cursed worm worshipers?"

**PLAYER**

"You mean that thing that attacked me? How could anyone worship a monster like that?"

**ULAV**

(chuckling)

"Finally, someone with a brain. I like you. When you're able, come join us downstairs. I'm sure Kilkav can find something for you to do."