

NEW EDEN: LIVE TO PLAY, PLAY TO LIVE

Chapter 2 Choosing A Path, Part 1

Astaroth (Alexander) got up from his cot and looked around the alcove. From what he could gather, it was his living quarters.

He looked at his interface, which was hanging at the edge of his vision, and it appeared in full before him.

Status:

Name: Astaroth

Race: Ash Elf

Level: 1 (0/10)

Stats:

HP: 10

MP: 10

Stamina: 100

Strength: 1 Agility: 1 Constitution: 1

Intelligence: 1 Wisdom: 1

Attack Power Str: 5 Attack Power Agi: 5 Magic Attack Power: 5 Healing Power: 5

Luck: 0 (Stat unaffected by Level up and free points)

Available stat point: 0

Available skill point: 0

Physical Condition: Normal

Mental Condition: Normal

He fiddled with the interface a bit to understand its functioning. After making it appear and disappear by willing it and opening the map in the same fashion, he noticed that everything apart from this alcove was greyed out.

He decided he should start exploring, lest he get overtaken by the other players. He looked around the alcove for anything that might help him.

He saw what looked like a small chest under his cot, so he pulled it out. Opening it he found a small pouch of gold coins and some basic clothes.

He put the clothes on and tied the gold pouch to his belt. He then closed the chest back and walked to the entrance of his alcove.

Stepping outside his alcove, he walked into a bigger cave, with the ceiling up high and stalactites hanging menacingly. Around him were more holes in the wall, connected by myriad stone paths carved amidst the walls themselves.

Down lower, he could see a big well in the middle of what he assumed was a small village. He could see only three buildings, one of them with a chimney spewing thick black smoke.

He could hear from afar the hushed voices of people talking and the clanking of a hammer on metal.

"From the looks of it, that cranky elf was right about one thing. This place is far from being the greatest starting point." Astaroth mumbled to himself.

New Eden boasted a class system with unlimited possibilities, as one could mix and match skills from all the trees, as long as they had the skill points to learn them and form their own class.

There was always the possibility of choosing a pre-made class that would lead to specialization, but that was the path for casual players. Alexander was not one of those.

He planned on making his own class. Only, he was wondering what kind of class trainers there would be in this small village, if it could be called one.

'Well, I guess there is only one way to find out.' He thought, shrugging.

He started walking on the narrow paths downwards, toward the three small buildings. He figured that once there, he would know what to do.

After a bit of walking, he finally reached his intended destination. The three buildings were a forge, thus the hammering noises, a barracks, with a few swordsmen in the training court, and what seemed to be a library.

Wanting to know more about the last building, he resolutely walked towards it.

Right before reaching for the handle and going in, he received a system pop-up, saying "Player does not meet requirements to enter this building". Astaroth just stood there, bummed out.

"Who goes there?" A frail voice sounded from inside.

"I am a rookie adventurer, trying to find his way. Might I ask you what this building is?" Astaroth politely asked.

"This is but a humble mage's abode. It is also the library in this small camp. What do you want from me, young lad?" The frail voice asked.

"I wish for guidance on my future path, oh honorable mage." Astaroth answered, staying the most polite he could.

He knew from experience that mages could be fickle and that it was better to stay on their good side.

"Enter young man. I will aid you as best I can." The frail voice sounded as the door unlocked and opened itself.

Astaroth walked in slowly, taking in the surrounding sights. Books. Books everywhere.

The wall shelves, full to the brim. The floors, stacked to chest height. Tables and chairs full, with barely any room to move at all. Astaroth walked cautiously, making sure he didn't step on any of these relics of knowledge.

'No use in angering the mage at this point.' He thought.

"In the backroom, young lad. Careful not to trip on anything, these books are precious." The frail voice sounded from a small door in the back of the room.

The door was open, with an old man leaning in on an old book, reading the page slowly and passionately. The old man barely raised his head from his lecture when Astaroth entered the room, going straight back to reading after a glance.

Astaroth patiently waited for the mage to finish his lecture before saying anything.

After a while, the old man finished his page and slowly closed his book.

"What is your moniker, young man?" He asked, his sharp eyes now locked onto Astaroth.

"Pardon?" Astaroth replied, a tad confused.

"Your name. What is it people call you?" The mage reiterated, slightly annoyed.

"Ahh, excuse my lack of vocabulary, wise mage. My name is Astaroth." He replied, bowing slightly.

"And why do you wish guidance from this old mage, young Astaroth?" The mage kept questioning him.

"I wish to embark on a great journey, but lack the knowledge and skills to do so. Would you be so kind as to guide me?" Astaroth pleaded.

"Do you wish to embark on the path of magic, young adventurer?" The mage questioned him.

"It is a possibility I can not rule out." Astaroth confidently said.

"Very well young man, but first, you will do something for me." The mage said, getting up.

"Yes, venerable sage. What is it you require me to do?" Astaroth quickly replied.

"I ordered a new kettle from this darned blacksmith days ago, and have yet to receive it. Can you fetch it for me? Do so and I will teach you the ways of magic." The old man said, walking out of the backroom, towards his table.

The old man then grabbed a small pouch that clinked to the sound of coins and tossed it to Astaroth.

"Here, that's his payment. Give it to him and bring back my kettle. I haven't had excellent tea in days, and it's making me grouchy." The mage said, laughing softly.

As he finished his sentence, Astaroth got a system prompt.

Quest received. Fetch the kettle for the old mage.

Rewards: opens up the magic skill tree, +5 reputation with the old mage.

Astaroth grinned inwardly.

Yes, the first quest already.' He thought.

"Yes, noble mage. I shall be on my way." Astaroth said, spinning around.

"Oh, and one last thing before you go." The old man added.

"Yes?" Astaroth asked.

"Stop with the bootlicking. I ain't no noble or venerable or whatever. I'm just an old man with a knack for magic. No need to bootlick me. You're only making me more grouchy." The mage said with a stern look.

"Yes, ven... err... what shall I call you then, sir?" Astaroth awkwardly asked.

"Just call me sir, that'll do." The mage answered, waving his hand at him dismissively.

Astaroth quickly left the house after doing a curt bow. He took a quick pace to walk towards the forge.