

BRANCHING DIALOGUE - COMEDIC SAMPLES

Interactive Dialogues - Varia Chernova

Dialogues from a Slavic-inspired fantasy kingdom management game, *Yes, Your Grace 2: Snowfall*

Context: These dialogue samples are from *Yes, Your Grace: Snowfall*, set in the fantasy kingdom of Davern and heavily inspired by Slavic folklore.

Petitioners come before King Eryk — or, in his absence, Queen Aurelia — to present their everyday problems and disputes. Each interaction is designed to give the player a moral and strategic choice: to help by allocating scarce resources, or to refuse and risk disappointing their subjects.

Some petitioners seek genuine aid, while others attempt to deceive the crown for personal gain. It is up to the player to judge their intentions and decide how to respond. These scenes are written to balance emotional storytelling with gameplay clarity, establishing character, stakes, and potential consequences within a short exchange.

Charitable Donation:

Petitioner: Hello, Your Grace. I am here to collect the donation. Please hand over the gold, and I will take it somewhere good.

PC: Donation? To what cause?

Petitioner: Erm, the cause is a good one. There are... children... and puppies. Yes, sick children and puppies. Without homes! Yes!

Player Choice:

Option A: Oh, that's terrible, something must be done! (Help)	Option B: No, something's not adding up. (Don't help)
PC: Here, the crown will help the poor children. And puppies, you say?	PC: So, is it children or puppies? Perhaps you should think of that first before you lie.
Petitioner: That's right, Your Grace. Homeless and sick, AND they're veterans! But your coin will lighten their load... and mine.	Petitioner: Perhaps you should ask fewer questions!

Love Poem

Petitioner: Ah, Your Grace! You must help me! I am crafting a poem as a gift to my Marika. But I am stuck! Listen to this: *"Marika, Marika, without your beauty..."*

PC: What is this? Are you lost?

Petitioner: Oh, that's good, yes. "*Without your beauty, I am lost...*" What else?

PC: No, I mean, are you lost? This is the royal court!

Petitioner: We've done the "lost" line already. Your Grace, please do try to keep up. I must finish this poem, or I will be without a gift. Again!

Player Choice:

Option A: I don't have time for this. Here, get her something else. (Help)	Option B: Gift? Poem? What are you talking about? (Don't help)
PC: Just please, take your musings elsewhere.	PC: This isn't a bard circle. Leave my court!
Petitioner: Oh. Thanks, I guess. I was looking for something more romantic and personal, but I suppose I am pressed for time.	Petitioner: Whoa, no need to shout, I would have given you credit. Argh, whatever, I'll just get her bread again. She loves bread.

Deadly Gift

Petitioner: Your Grace, I fear my brother tried to kill me! I received a generous gift of wine from him. Thank goodness my dear wife tried it first. As soon as she took a sip, she dropped dead. It must have been poisoned! Your Grace, the villain is after my fortune. Please, help me confront him. I must know for sure!

Player Choice:

Option A: Fine, I'll look into it. (Help)	Option B: No, shame on you. (Don't help)
PC: I see the loss of your wife doesn't concern you as much as your gold. But if it was poison, then your brother is a criminal. I'll deal with him.	PC: Your wife is dead, and all you care about is your gold? Perhaps you deserve to drink of your brother's gift. Be gone, I have no time for your familial disputes.
Petitioner: As a matter of fact, I am distraught, Your Grace. I loved my wife dearly. It's just... Well, she'd want me to keep on, you know?	Petitioner: What? You'll let this criminal walk free?! Oh, Gods, who's going to test my wine for me now?

THE SAME PETITIONER RETURNS:

Petitioner: Good news, Your Grace! My brother and I spoke. Turns out it was a simple misunderstanding. The wine wasn't poisoned; it had expired! He offered his apologies, and we've made up. All thanks to you, Your Grace!

PC: Expired, really? And you believe that to be true, do you? Nevermind, I am glad I could be of help.

THE SAME PETITIONER RETURNS AGAIN:

Petitioner: Your Grace, it's happening again! My bride-to-be drank poison at our wedding! The batch of expired wine my brother sent was never disposed of. The cupbearer served it to us by mistake! And to think I was this close to sipping it myself... Can you imagine? Anyway, my darling Bonfilia is still alive but barely. Please, there must be something you can do!

Player Choice:

Option A: The witch can offer aid. (Help)	Option B: I'm afraid there isn't. (Don't help)
PC: Do not despair, your bride will be fine. Your wedding, however, may have to wait.	PC: I'm sorry your happy day was struck by such tragedy. But you'll have to find a healer elsewhere.
Petitioner: Phew, what a relief, Your Grace! I thought I'd have to start looking for love again. Two months as a widower was enough, believe you me!	Petitioner: No, not this! Not again! I am destined to be alone! Well, I suppose I could marry her sister. What was her name again?

Pavlo, the Royal Chef

Petitioner: Your Grace, Pavlo is a fraud! Pavlo bring shame to royal kitchen. Again! Pavlo bring shame to you, to his name and to his hat! You must take Pavlo's chef hat. Pavlo is no chef!

PC: What's wrong?

Petitioner: Pavlo make mistake when baking pies, Your Grace. Pavlo put sugar instead of salt. Sugar, Your Grace, sugar in Pavlo's perfect chicken pies! The royal guard ate Pavlo's sweet abominations. Now their bellies ache, Your Grace! They're sick from Pavlo's food!

Player Choice:

Option A: I'll take care of it. (Help)	Option B: There's nothing I can do. (Don't help)
PC: Mistakes happen, Pavlo. I'll have the guards checked out. I'm sure it's nothing serious.	PC: Thankfully, sugar is no true posion. Your mistake won't kill them. Not this time. I
Petitioner: So Pavlo is still chef? Thank you, Your Grace! Thank you!	Petitioner: Your Grace, Pavlo will never make mistake again. Pavlo sooner serve plain goat milk porridge than hurt people with his food!



Bies Hunter

Petitioner: Tsk-tsk-tsk, is vorse than I vas imagine. Name be Zarko, Your Grace, and I see I come just on time. Bad fortunes plague your Kingdom, yes? I know reason. You have a bies problem!

PC: A “bies problem”?

Petitioner: Yes, pesky little things. Dark as soot, doing evil over here and over there. Valking curse on goat legs. But I help, King Eryk lucky. Zarko is famous Bies Hunter. You give payment of twenty gold, and I begin now, yes?

Player Choice:

Option A: I guess it can't hurt. (Pay)	Option B: No, thank you. (Don't pay)
PC: I must admit, I've not heard of any Zarko. But with the year we've had, it's best to take precautions. Here, it better work!	PC: Should a bies appear, I will meet it head-on, without your help.
Petitioner: Ha-ha, I can't believe that worked! I mean, of course it vill vork, Zarko best Bies Hunter around!	Petitioner: King vill regret turning away Zarko, Zarko von't forget. Zarko vill send big fat bies on you. Tfu!

Wrath of Gods

Petitioner: My Grace, I've come on behalf of Your village! Agh, wheat for brains! Try again... *Your Grace*... Better...My sick are people! Damn you! My *people* are *sick*. See? Words all porridge! Whole village like this. Me — last one who speak good. Headaches too, splitting, like firewood. Must have done the ritual wrong!

PC: What is this ritual?

Petitioner: A yearly tradition, Your Grace. People burn, leaves sing and dance! Ttfu, *leaves* burn, *people* dance! Brews are poured before they're corked for the winter. The Gods must be punishing us for something! Ow, my head... We have to make things right.

Player Choice:

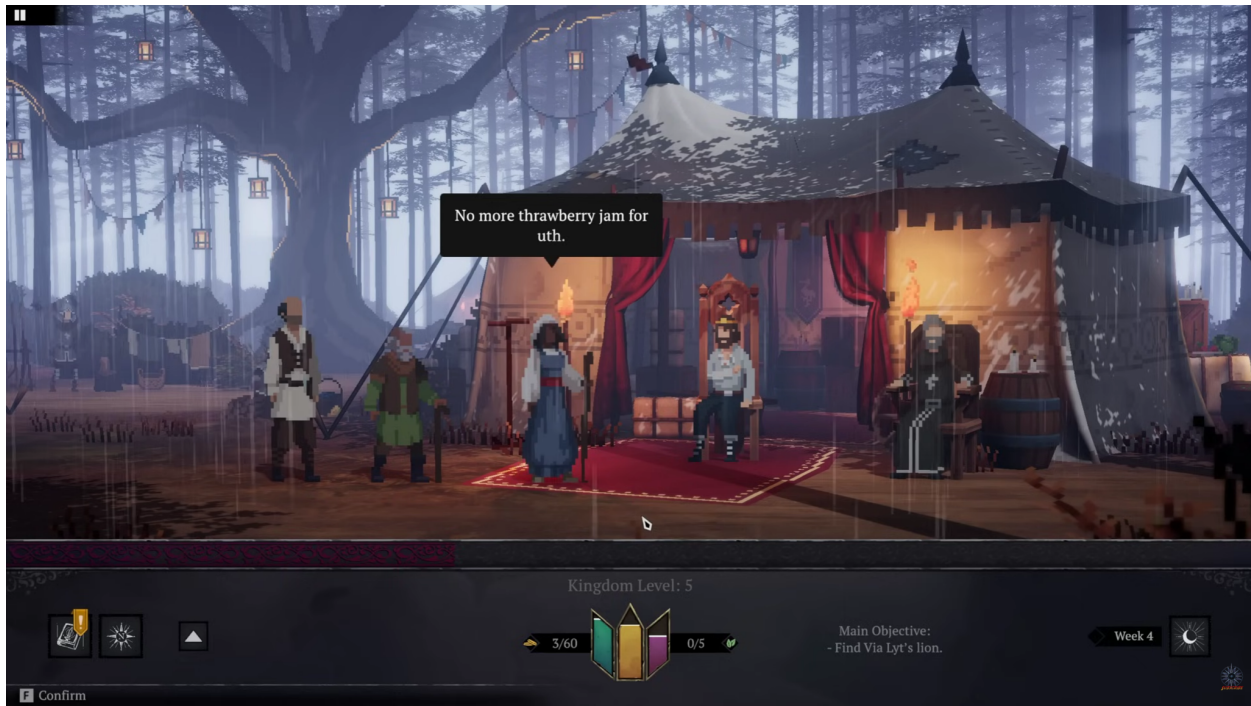
Option A: This should help solve your problem. (Help)	Option B: I won't waste our resources on this. (Don't help)
PC: And as for your ritual, perhaps fewer brews for you and more for the storage next time.	PC: Some sleep and water will do you good.
Petitioner: I don't see how this will please the Gods. But my help thanks you for your people. Argh! My <i>people</i> ... For your <i>help</i> ...	Petitioner: You abandon us? In times of need? Without your doom, there's certain help! Ow, without your <i>help</i> , certain <i>doom</i> ! Damn this! I give up.

Jams, Precious Jams

Petitioner: Your Grathe, we had to thave our jams. A dozen jars 'bout to expire, we had to eat them all! Now the four of uth have a terrible toothache. Pleathe help uth, the agony ith too much!

Player Choice:

Option A: I hope this helps. (Help)	Option B: I can't do much for you right now, I'm sorry. (Don't help)
PC: Next time, maybe think to share with your neighbours.	PC: I'd stay away from sweets for a while.
Petitioner: Thank you, Your Grathe. No more thrawberry jam for uth. I prefer rathhs-rathberry anyway.	Petitioner: Yeth, Your Grathe, no more thweets for uth! We ate all the good jam, afterall. Only the fig ones left now...Yuck!



THE SAME PETITIONER RETURNS:

Petitioner: Your Grathe, it happened again! Our jarth, our jar-ths, th-ss, jars! Forgive me, e-th, e-ths, e-s's are s-still tricky...

PC: Ah, it's you, with the toothache. Did you eat too much jam again?

Petitioner: No, Your Grathe, it's tho much worthe... wor-s-e! Our garden bleth... bles-sed uth this year. Jarth upon jarth of pickled tomatoeth-s, cucumberth-s, even cabageth-s...Until... the shelves collapthed, and everything shattered! Well, ath you know, we don't care for wath-... waste. We ate what we could, right off the floor.

PC: I see. Too many floor pickles?

Petitioner: No, Your Grathe, it's glath! Glath-ss. Glass from the jarth... jars! Tried to do the right thing and got bloody mouths instead! Tho much for s-sus... thuthtainability!

Player Choice:

Option A: Your injuries need to be tended to. (Help)	Option B: Those cuts will heal on their own. (Don't help)
PC: You're lucky those are only minor. I do hope you've learned your lesson.	PC: As for your heads, I'm not so sure. What you did was greedy and reckless, not noble. You have to learn from this before you get seriously hurt!
Petitioner: Yeth, Your Grathe, we have. No more jarth for uth! Only th-soups and liquids from now on. Not like we can chew much anyway...	Petitioner: And we have, Your Grathe! Thith-s waste not, want not th-stuff is thankleth-ss work! Don't you worry, we will risk our lives no more.

Mean Limericks

Petitioner: Your Grace, you have to do something about the troubadour. Don't misunderstand me, I am a known proponent of the arts. But not this boorish bard! He's been making up mean rhymes about everyone in town. People's feelings are deeply hurt, Your Grace.

Player Choice:

Option A: Our people have suffered enough as of late. (Help)	Option B: Nonsense! (Don't help)
PC: I will deal with this public nuisance of a clown.	PC: You come to me about a few mean rhymes? Deal with it yourself. Ignore him if you have to.
Petitioner: Thank you, Your Grace. He's been causing quite the upset. Art can really make you <i>feel</i> , you know?	Petitioner: The bastard's loud, Your Grace. What's worse, his rhymes are catchy. I've been singing "Sadok has a round head, heavy on the bed" for days! I'm Sadok, Your Grace. My head is fine!



New Gown

Petitioner: Oh, non, non, non. Zis simply won't do. The colour, the silhouette... Non, all wrong! I must fix. Your Grace, you must allow me to remedy your dreadful wardrobe. But my work is expensive. Artisanal, oui? I take payment up front, zen I work magic.

PC: What? It can't be that bad, can it? Well, perhaps I could do with an upgrade. Oui. I mean, sure.

Player Choice:

Option A: What? It can't be that bad, can it? (Pay)	Option B: This is no time for frivolous purchases. (Don't pay)
PC: Well, perhaps I could do with an upgrade. Oui. I mean, sure.	PC: And who are you to critique my dress? Away with you, pest.
Petitioner: Magnifique, Your Grace! You won't regret it! My work est génial! I will see you in several years... or not...	Petitioner: N'est pas critique, simple fact, Your Grace! Damn, I thought the accent would sell it...

BRANCHING DIALOGUE - DRAMATIC SAMPLES

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Lost Zaika

Petitioner: Moya Zaika! ... My.. My poor sweet girl! My little bunny! Lost!

PC: Take a breath, I'm sure your beloved pet is not far.

Petitioner: Pet? No pet, Your Grace, my daughter! I should have kept a closer eye! Oh, my Zaika... See, I looked away for a second... She wanted to show me something. "A puppy, mama, I think it wants to play!" she said. I turned, and she was gone. Not a trace! She must have wandered off into the woods. Oh, Your Grace, I must find her before the night falls!

Player Choice:

Option A: This should help.	Option B: I'm sorry, I cannot help.
PC: I hope you find her safe and sound.	PC: I hope your daughter will find her way home.
Petitioner: Thank you! Oh goodness, thank you, Your Grace! I'm on my way, darling! Mama will find you, my sweet Zaika!	Petitioner: You have daughters of your own, Your Grace, do you not? I thought you'd surely understand. Shame on you. Shame on you as a King and as a father! I've only wasted precious time by coming here!

THE SAME PETITIONER RETURNS:

Found Zaika

Petitioner: Your Grace, with your help, my Zaika is home and back in my arms! As a parent, I knew you couldn't stay indifferent to my worries. I am glad to have been right.

PC: That is good to hear. Losing a child... It's... Just keep your little girl close.

Petitioner: I will, Your Grace. I promise. Oh! She asked me to give this to you. A “thank you” for helping me find her.

PLAYER RECEIVES REWARD: CHILD'S PAINTING

Hunting Grounds

Petitioner: Your Grace, please, you have to hear me out. We're being forced out of our forests, and we cannot hunt! The neighbouring village claims it is by your decree that we are no longer welcome. We have been hunting in these woods for decades, and you give them away?

And to whom? Those who have laid waste to their own lands? They've killed or scared off everything that lived there. Now they've done the same to our hunting grounds! Grounds we've kept in careful balance all these years! By helping them, you have doomed us to starve!

Player Choice:

Option A: Please, take this. I hope this helps in some small way.	Option B: That is despicable. But I cannot help.
PC: I was made to believe you were the perpetrators.	PC: I wish I could make things right, but I do not have the resources to spare.
Petitioner: It is a start, but it will take much more to undo what has been done. I hope the King will be careful when deciding whom to help next.	Petitioner: You make a mess and then refuse to clean it up. How befitting of a King. My people will have to look for a new land. And I will make sure it is far away from here.

IF PLAYER CHOSE TO HELP A PETITIONER FROM THE OPPOSING FACTION SHOWS UP:

Petitioner: Your Grace, I seek an audience. Our crops are yet to yield this year. My people are starving! We've turned to the woods, hunting to get by. Now the neighbouring village threatens to force us out. They claim the woods as theirs and say we are not welcome. Your Grace, if we cannot hunt, how are we to survive the month?

Option A: This should help tide you over.	Option B: I'm sorry, I cannot help you.
PC: I hope your crops come up soon and plenty!	PC: You'll have to resolve this with the neighbouring village.
Petitioner: Thank you, Your Grace. Tis' for the best. We get by as farmers, but hunters we are not.	Petitioner: I see. You help them, no question asked. But when we come to you, we're on our own? The King has favourites, and the rest don't matter...

Silver Deer

Petitioner: Your Grace, I daren't waste your time, but I've no other choice. My Docha is missing — three nights she's been gone. I fell ill, arms and legs stiff as a rock. A hunter by trade... I've struggled to keep us fed. One night, she holds my hand, tells me she knows what to do. Next morning, my rope and traps are gone — and so is she.

PC: Do you know what she might have meant?

Petitioner: She's a dreamer, my Docha. A reader too. I bring her whatever books I can find. The one about a Silver Deer is her favourite. A deer with magic hooves — gems and coin drop where it steps. Only, there's no deer in our woods this time of year. Wolves and bears, aye — but no deer. Have mercy on an old man's heart, Your Grace. Help me find her before the beasts do.

Option A: I hope this helps your situation.	Option B: I'm sorry, but I cannot help you.
PC: Take care of yourself and your family.	PC: Trust in your daughter to come home to you herself.

Petitioner: I didn't think a King would listen, but I hoped. Thank you, Your Grace, I won't forget this.	Petitioner: Aye, they warned me the King wouldn't care. Why hope any different? No choice but to look for her myself. Oh, Docha, I pray it's not too late!
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Deadly Gift

Petitioner: Your Grace, I fear my brother tried to kill me! I received a generous gift of wine from him. Thank goodness my dear wife tried it first. As soon as she took a sip, she dropped dead. It must have been poisoned! Your Grace, the villain is after my fortune. Please, help me confront him. I must know for sure!

Player Choice:

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PC: I see the loss of your wife doesn't concern you as much as your gold. But if it was poison, then your brother is a criminal. I'll deal with him.	PC: Your wife is dead, and all you care about is your gold? Perhaps you deserve to drink of your brother's gift. Be gone, I have no time for your familial disputes.
Petitioner: As a matter of fact, I am distraught, Your Grace. I loved my wife dearly. It's just... Well, she'd want me to keep on, you know?	Petitioner: What? You'll let this criminal walk free?! Oh, Gods, who's going to test my wine for me now?

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Petitioner: Good news, Your Grace! My brother and I spoke. Turns out it was a simple misunderstanding. The wine wasn't poisoned; it had expired! He offered his apologies, and we've made up. All thanks to you, Your Grace!

PC: Expired, really? And you believe that to be true, do you? Never mind, I am glad I could be of help.

THE SAME PETITIONER RETURNS AGAIN:

Petitioner: Your Grace, it's happening again! My bride-to-be drank poison at our wedding! The batch of expired wine my brother sent was never disposed of. The cupbearer served it to us by mistake! And to think I was this close to sipping it

myself... Can you imagine? Anyway, my darling Bonfilia is still alive but barely. Please, there must be something you can do!

Player Choice:

Option A: The witch can offer aid. (Help)	Option B: I'm afraid there isn't. (Don't help)
PC: Do not despair, your bride will be fine. Your wedding, however, may have to wait.	PC: I'm sorry your happy day was struck by such tragedy. But you'll have to find a healer elsewhere.
Petitioner: Phew, what a relief, Your Grace! I thought I'd have to start looking for love again. Two months as a widower was enough, believe you me!	Petitioner: No, not this! Not again! I am destined to be alone! Well, I suppose I could marry her sister. What was her name again?