

# THE SWEET AROMA OF FRIENDSHIP



Newroll

— Roll a new society —



## ABOUT THIS ADVENTURE

GENRE	INVESTIGATIVE
PLAYERS	1+
PLAY TIME	3h+
DIFFICULTY	3/5

This work does not represent the complete experience of the board game. This adventure is mostly narrative and serves as a tutorial for the investigative component that will be present in the main game.

There will be content blocked in this adventure, such as the music that accompanies some parts. Once these are unlocked in the main game, we will update the adventure accordingly.

## FOR A BETTER EXPERIENCE

- check the "[Settings](#)" page of the website;
- on Instagram, read the posts linked with the "Newroll" highlight story;
- on Instagram, read the posts about Rend → "Character introduction: Rend" and "Inside Rend's head: bartender career".

## MATERIALS NEEDED TO PLAY

- your own mind;
- reading ability;
- PC/smartphone.

## HOW TO PLAY

Choose a player, who will read the text below aloud from now on. The adventure will guide you through the game.

# PRELUDE

In this world many people have a Profession, a set of skills which can allow people to perform impossible actions, such as dematerializing, flying, manipulating an element etc.

To do these actions, people use Essence, an element that appeared years ago following an anomalous increase in radiations on the planet.

Newroll was founded to manage these new changes globally and to maintain public safety, in order to create a new society.

Rend is a Judge, a Newroll authority who carries out military assignments and legal activities related to Essence.

His story begins now...





## FIRST ACT – INTRODUCTION

*Okay, I've arrived at 53, Terno Road. Let's see where Nick is.* Rend looked through the bar window, looking for his best friend. He found him at the bar counter, having a drink not recognizable from afar.

As soon as he opened the door, Rend was pervaded by an aroma of coffee that made him think for the umpteenth time that there was a reason why he and Nick always went back to the Jazzee.

"What can I get for you?" the bartender asked Rend as he watched him sit in Nick's right seat.

"Hi Nick." "Make me a double jazzee with a splash of honey," Rend said to the bartender.

Nick lied, "Oh, Rend, today is on you."

"At least try to be less annoying... what are you drinking?"

Nick held a glass with a reddish liquid in his hand.

"A Red Wasp".

The place was neither too big nor crowded, so the two could talk normally. The tinkling of the glassware used by the bartender to prepare the jazzee echoed in the air.

Nick was fiddling with the glass in his hand, as if waiting for a reason to continue sipping on it.

The Red Wasp is a particular coffee with a spicy note due to a drop of East Preo fire wasp drool. It also gives it its characteristic red color. The bar relied heavily on this drink. Outside the bar there was in fact a sign with the slogan 'Try the spicy Red Wasp! Made with real fire wasp drool!'

Rend broke the pleasant silence that had formed between the two: "Were you able to solve the '8 chairs case'?"

Nick found his reason to start drinking the Red Wasp again: "Yes, in the end it was much more complicated than expected. Initially, we thought it was a person with a Profession who was able to manipulate wood to kill the girl, but in reality—"

"Your jazzee," the bartender interrupted the conversation by handing Rend his drink.

"—but actually, we found a kinetic track on one of the chairs, which was incompatible with a human's basic kinetic track. So, we had to rule out the murder hypothesis."

"So how did she die?"

"An anomaly of Essence. In practice, some Essence concentrated in specific environmental conditions can react. In this case, probably the rain and/or thunder, triggered the Essence present in the 8 chairs, which—"

"Get to the point, please," Rend blurted out, visibly confused.

"—okok, the accumulated Essence caused some beams to collapse on the girl. Unbelievable, right? All you need is a bit of Essence and something like the rain and who knows what will happen...imagine you are walking in the rain and the Essence generates a thunder that hits you! You'd be dead without knowing why!" Nick finished, laughing at the idea.

*Quite troubling*, Rend thought. He had to get that image out of his mind, so he looked out the window. It was a clear day, two tables had been set just outside the bar, where a person was reading.

*It's clear, so I guess no random thunder will fall on my head today*, mused Rend.

"Well, anyway I'm glad you solved the case, you and Serena have been working on it for weeks."

"But tonight is not about me. From now on you are officially an Enchanter! Today is on me! Excuse me, man, another jazzee for Rend, and another Red Wasp for me!"

The glassware sounds began again. Nick set his empty glass of Red Wasp on the counter. The first of an inevitably long series.

"Why the Red Wasp? You've never ordered it since we started coming here... how does it taste like?"

"Well, a colleague of mine recommended it to me and I decided to try it today for the first time with you! Don't you feel honored? Eheh... anyway it's not bad, it's not my favorite but once a year it's worth it."

"Bah."

The two then began to chat, as only two people who had known each other for a lifetime could. The classic anecdotes came out, which they repeated every other day, but which always drew a smile on their faces. They complained about the topical issue of the moment, then they went silent. A boring and peaceful silence... This bond has an aroma that many would envy and would like to have.

"I need to go to the bathroom," Rend announced, interrupting that convivial atmosphere.

"Ok."

Rend got up and walked down the corridor of the bar to the end, where the toilet was.



*Now I am an Enchanter...* Many people judged him, because, even if the Profession of the Enchanter is focused on the direct use of the Essence, his favorite weapon was a Laser Rifle.

Rend's father, during his childhood, had decided to traumatize him with science fiction films. The son, however, fell in love with them. Now that, with the Professions and Newroll, the dream of laser weapons had come true, he could finally have a Laser Rifle for himself. Thanking his father for his ineffective sadism, Rend finished his business and came out of the bathroom.

Approaching the counter, Rend saw that Nick had finished his second Red Wasp, and found himself thinking *Well, I might give it a shot...he's probably going for a third one, anyway.*

Once seated, Rend began a new topic: "In the end I ended up seeing 'Inside the whale', it was really worth it. It's not the usual horror that jumpscares you, but a movie that manages to create a suspense that keeps you tense all the time. You never know when the whale will appear!

No reply. Meanwhile Rend finished his second jazzee.

"Nick, are you drunk off coffee?"

No reply.

Rend put a hand on Nick's shoulder to shake him.

"Gh....Gh....".

Something was wrong.

"Oh God!" Rend immediately yelled, whirling Nick towards him. His face had whitened, he couldn't breathe.

Rend immediately called the emergency room on speakerphone, yelling for someone to take care of the call, and began performing first aid maneuvers on his friend.

But it was all in vain. Nick slumped slowly onto the counter. Nick was dead.



## SECOND ACT – INVESTIGATION

Newroll security surrounded the area, and stopped all the people who were at the bar to collect their testimonies.

Rend was seated, isolated on a table at the end of the bar. He was in a state of shock. *...did I do something wrong?* Rend tore his hair out. Tears were soaking his pants.

An agent approached him: "Mr. Rend, we will now collect your testimony. Can you pull this off? Do you want me to bring you something?"

*Some Nick alive, please.* Rend gave his side of the story: "I was supposed to meet Nick here tonight. When I arrived, he was already inside. I don't know how long he had been here.

We had a couple of drinks, then I went to the bathroom. When I got back—"...*is he really dead?... I refuse to accept it... We've known each other for so long...* More tears began to fall.

"Take your time, Mr. Rend."

Yes. Rend took his time. It was as if a void had formed in his gut. A sense of emptiness, abandonment, or perhaps despair, was taking over his body.

"Can you tell me how many people were here?" the agent tried to timidly press.

"Me, Nick, the bartender. That man over there" – Rend replied by pointing to a man in his sixties who was present that evening – "and another one outside. But what happened to Nick?"

"From a first analysis he seems to have died of poisoning. Once we gather enough information, we will be able to confirm it. Then we will send you home."

Rend had to wait. For a long time. But he was in no hurry: this was supposed to be an evening of celebration, of joy. The rest meant nothing. The agents were gathering more evidence, examining the... body... and looking around the bar. Rend, however, was not paying attention: he was at the mercy of his feelings.

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After a long time, another agent approached Rend: "Are you Mr. Rend?"

"Yes."

"Rend, I am placing you under arrest on Newroll territory for murder. A trial will now be held where you can defend yourself or call Newroll support. If you choose to defend yourself, you will have the right to full access to the information we have collected..."

"...excuse me?" Rend was flustered.

"The preliminary investigations lead to you. A poison sachet was found on Nick's jacket and your fingerprints are all over it."

Rend was a Judge. He knew all the procedures well. It was certainly not his first case, but it was the first in which he was accused. Of the murder of his best friend.

*Okay, someone framed me,* Rend immediately thought.



"I'll be defending myself, sir."

"Very well, now then allow me—"

"Don't worry, I already know the procedures. I am a Judge working in Helenia, my ID is R3005D. Show me what you have against me".

The Newroll agent checked the ID with his PDA, and came up with: "You have a completely clean record, so many successes... it seems impossible to me that you have decided to screw up everything."

"It seems impossible to me too." Rend said shortly. *I would love to scream right now. Somebody give me the strength to not go crazy.*



## THE TRUTHS

### EVIDENCE

#### RED WASP



Coffee with a spicy touch due to the drool of a fire wasp.

#### JAZZEE



A bar, not crowded, with outside and inside seats. An intense aroma of coffee always pervades the place. Its slogan is 'Try the spicy Red Wasp! Made with real fire wasp drool!'



## POISON SACHET



Found in Nick's jacket. Rend's fingerprints on it. Traces of poison found in Nick's second Red Wasp.

## AUTOPSY



Death due to poisoning by ingestion. The poison began to take effect immediately after ingestion. No other abnormalities detected in the body.

## LEATHER JACKET



Worn by Nick tonight. It is polished, no imperfections present. Very expensive.

# PEOPLE

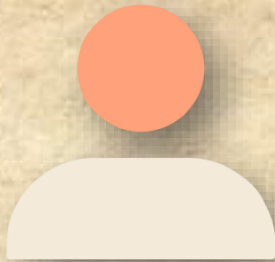
## REND



Gender: M  
Profession: Enchanter.

He works as a Judge in Helenia.

## CAPPUC CINO



Gender: M  
Profession: none.

Jazzee bartender.

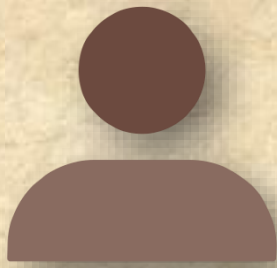
## KRIS



Gender: M  
Profession: Demoman.

High level judge of Preo.

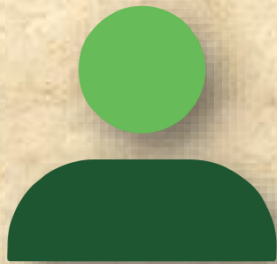
## FOOLER



Gender: M  
Profession: ???.

He sat behind me and Nick. A slacker.

## DEWSPAR



Gender: M  
Profession: Motion Manipulator

He works as an entomologist in Sornamar.



## ALL RISE – A NEWROLL TRIAL IS NOW HELD

The people present that evening were around the bar counter, as well as two Newroll agents and the Prosecutor Judge in charge.

The Newroll trials were held by a Defense Judge, in this case Rend, and a Prosecutor one, Kris.

Kris was well known for his reputation: intelligent, authoritarian, ruthless, he was one of the most important Prosecutor Judges on Preo. Kris only took on critical cases, like this one: the charge of a judge could undermine the public opinion of Newroll.

Kris placed a small spherical device on the counter that began to rotate on itself: "The trial for Nick's murder, Newroll code N3826K, has begun."



The sphere began to project virtual windows around the bar. They were used to show information about the case, and to record new evidence, to archive everything in a Newroll database.

Everyone was silent.



## OPENING STATEMENT

Kris began: "The victim has been in the bar since this afternoon. In the evening, Rend arrived on the scene and stayed with the victim most of the time. The autopsy reports death from poisoning, and a small bag of poison sachet was found in the victim's jacket, with Rend's fingerprints on it. The assumed motive for the murder is Nick's promotion as Judge of Sornamar instead of Rend. The evidence and testimonies collected support this point."

*What a ridiculous motive*, Rend thought. "The defense asserts the complete innocence of the accused..."

"But aren't you the accused?" someone joked.

Rend sighed.

"I ask the witnesses the courtesy of not interrupting the trial. You will soon be questioned." Kris said to everyone.

"Can I have a double jazzee while I'm waiting for my turn?" the man from before asked.

...

Kris sighed. *I knew I should have accepted that job abroad*. "I call Cappuc, the barman of the Jazzee, to testify... what... where is he?" Kris asked.

Cappuc emerged from below the counter with a double jazzee, made with astonishing speed, which he brought to the customer.

*God...* Kris rubbed his forehead, and then muttered: "Another for me, please..."

Rend still hadn't gotten over what had happened. He was disgusted by how no one seemed to be taking the whole affair as seriously as he.

...

After everyone had their coffee, Kris called Cappuc: "Witness, state your name and your Profession."

"Good evening everyone, my name is Cappuc, and I'm the bartender of this place. I don't have a Profession. Nick and Rend have been coming to my bar for a while now, and I honestly don't think he could have killed him."

Kris warned Cappuc: "Please refrain from giving your personal opinion—"

"I saw everythingooooooooAAAAAAA!!! He's the one who killed him! He killed him in front of my eyesiiiiiiAAAAAAA!" shouted a voice. The troublemaker returned to the attack.

"Please wait your turn Mr. Fooler so—"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA you must believe me he got his hands on him and—"

"OK MR. FOOLER provide your testimony then, with less 'AAAA' PLEASE, THANK YOU. I shall remind you that Newroll will record everything." Kris said in a fit of temper.



## ~~CAPPUC~~ FOOLER'S TESTIMONY: RendAAA killed him!

1. I came to the Jazzee for dinner, and I took a steak with potatoes.
2. While I was eating, I saw Rend enter, and he went straight for Nick.
3. They chatted for a while, but suddenly Rend jumped him!
4. Rend put his hands around Nick's neck and strangled him to deAAAAAAAAAAth!!!!

Cappuc: "I don't remember anything about this."

"Relax, I got this one." Rend assured him.

### TUTORIAL

It's time to assert yourself! This testimony has a blatant contradiction, and it is your job to tear it apart! How? Using one of the "Truths" you acquired during the investigation... which in this case wasn't conducted by you, but the concept is the same. Once you have chosen the Truth that proves that Fooler is wrong, use it against the part of the testimony that seems suspicious to you, in this case the statement #4.

The Truths collected can be used:

- with the text describing them
- with the images they represent if the contradiction is blatant (you don't have to be eagle eyed)

Open the link down below to access the current stage. Choose the suspicious statement, highlight the truth that contradicts it, and present your argument to everyone!



## REBUTTAL – REFUTE A STATEMENT