

This scene begins *Sword of Atlas*' 7th and final level, just as the party has escaped an ambush at the hands of Greg's own brother. With the assailant in hot pursuit via air ship, our heroes brace themselves to stand and fight. While I did not write much of the dialogue in this scene, I did play a large role throughout the revision process, particularly in developing the relationship between Greg and Temer and humanizing Temer more than his original "Big Bad Evil Guy" iteration.

**Shylah:** Um, sorry to alarm everyone but... we're being followed!

**Richa:** They have a smaller skiff, we can't outrun them. Temer is coming after us.

**Ferro:** If it is a fight he wants, it's a fight he'll get. Zhamen-Gor's minions have tormented this world for too long.

**Nef:** The hero acknowledges his divine pairing to the villain at last.  
In my moment of need I pledged to braid spell with sword;  
Now I tie my fate to thee like a sail to the mast.

**Greg:** ...

**Greg:** ... I never wanted any of this. He joined the military to save me. To stop me from having to do the same. He... he was just looking after me. I was so selfish...to only ever want to play my songs...

**Greg:** Whoever did this has to pay. I don't care about the heroic glory any longer..I just want to save the only family that ever cared for me. .

**Richa:** They are almost upon us. Let's give it all we got. I'm proud to have fought alongside you. All of you.

**Nef:** Join hands, friends. Even the gods revere the thread of flesh and bone.

**Shylah:** Oh... I am... proud to have...

**Shylah:** I'm not very good at this. But, it's nice to have friends again. Let's do this together!

**Greg:** Temer is the only family I have. He accepted me unconditionally, unlike my father...but I have also found this through all of you.

**Greg:** You have truly given this bard his magnum-opus. My greatest work, inspired by the greatest adventurers alive. Now, let's try to stay that way.

**Ferro:** I've said my goodbyes before. It didn't work then. So this time, I'll say this. You're ready, kid. You're a better hero than I ever was. And you've got the team to back you up. Let's end this.

Temer boards the party's commandeered skiff, initiating the final battle.

**Greg:** Brother, I know this is not you.

**Ferro:** I feel the energy of Zhamen-Gor emanating from him. He is no mere human.

**Temer:** Gregory. I'm quite surprised a miserable failure like you managed to make it this far.

**Temer:** I'm sure Beldam and the others did their best, but much like you, their best never really was enough.

**Greg:** Father was so pleased when you joined the military. I did not for a single second think that would ever mean that we would meet each other on the battlefield.

**Greg:** I have no wish to fight you...we may be on opposing sides, but you are still my only sibling.

**Temer:** Ha! Soft as ever, brother. This fight was always meant to happen between us. You, the selfish little brother who couldn't even make a single sacrifice for his own family, and me.

**Temer:** The brother who was willing to give up everything to further his family's station. You have no idea what I sacrificed, Gregory.

**Temer:** You never thought you'd face consequences for whiling your days away playing that infernal lute, or for drinking our family's coffers away, but I am here to be your reckoning. I hold everything against you.

**Greg:** Please...Temer, if I had known.. I'm so sorry...I would have done more. I never thought...

**Temer:** Save your pathetic mewling. We may have once been close, but those days are long past. The only thing you can do for me now is to die.

**Ferro:** Greg, we can't falter now. I know from experience. If we don't finish this, we're done.

**Greg:** You're right. Of course. I must steel myself. I can set aside my feelings until this battle is over...I hope. Forgive my hesitations, friends.

**Ferro:** This is the start of something greater than all of us. Steel yourselves. We have a world to save.

After defeating Temer's first phase the clouds grow dark and lightning cuts across the sky.

**Temer:** This? It's but a drop in the sea of what I've bled for house Arious. Now it's your turn.

The elder brother groans in pain as his uniform tears from the pressure of his bulging frame. His fair skin blisters red and his muscles engorge to demonic proportions. The monstrous influence of Zhamen-Gor transforms him before Gregory's eyes, cracking bones, bursting blood vessels, turning him into a hulking devil.

**Temer (Corrupted):** You see what I've become!? You think your meek apologies make up for what I endured!? What I suffered as you pranced about? Your apologies are as flimsy as your songwriting abilities.

**Greg:** What has happened to you?! Father never would have wanted this for you!

**Greg:** It's not too late to stop this. Come back to us. Back to me!

**Temer (Corrupted):** There is no us. Father is a greedy old fool... He's never loved us, Gregory. We were tools to him. He at least recognized that I had the ambition to make something of myself.

**Greg:** You are his pride! He always read each letter he received from you with the giddiness of a schoolboy...he kept every single one! He loves you brother, as do I. Even as you are now.

**Temer (Corrupted):** ....it's too late Gregory. Even if I wanted to turn tail, things can never go back to the way they were. I won't die a coward swayed by a few pretty words. This is where we have always been different. Now come. Let's end this.

**Ferro:** The influence of Zhamen-Gor has changed him. His hooks are not so easily removed.

After an intense phase 2 boss fight, Greg strikes the final blow and Temer's form reverts to its earthly origins, though it can no longer support him.

**Ferro:** We... we did it. We fought against Zhamen-Gor and lived.

**Ferro:** Temer only possessed a fraction of his power. This is only the start of the war. But it's hope. And that's more than I've had in centuries.

**Ferro:** Greg, his influence has left your brother. But I don't think he has much time. He's back, but he's weak.

**Temer:** ...Why do I feel so much...lighter? Gregory, I-I'm sorry for all this...the things I said..for trying to kill you... I can see clearly now for the first time in a long while...but it doesn't appear like I have much time left.

**Greg:** TEMER NO! Please Temer, I'm not ready to write a dirge for my own brother. You just came back to me, I don't want to lose you again.

**Temer:** Gods Gregory, at least I can die grateful that I'll never have to hear your off-key wailing again...Greg, I never held it against you that you got to go off and live your life as you wanted to. That was the reason I left to join the military, so you could live unencumbered by the shackles of our family name.

**Greg:** Let me help you up. Come on, it's time to get out of here.

**Temer:** There is no out for me ...I'm too intertwined with his evil. You pulled Zhamen-Gor's barbed spear from me... but the wound is deep.

**Temer:** I am grateful I do not have to die with rage and hatred in my veins. I am grateful I can die as myself, and not as a Son of Zhamen-Gor.

**Greg:** You cannot die here, not now. I don't care about anything else. Please, just live!

**Temer:** I was dead the moment his magic pierced me. But I can die at peace, and not alone.

**Temer:** Would you play me a song?

**Greg:** ...I'll play.

**Temer:** I never told you, but I always loved the song you wrote for mother all those years ago...let me hear it one last time.