CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE®

# SHADOWS OF REDEMPTION

CHOOSE 4 DIFFERENT PATHWAYS

GROUPS

© 2025 RIVERA & ZDANIO PUBLISHING

# Shadows of Redemption

The Umbral Door looms, a slab of obsidian etched with runes that pulse like a dying star. Artemis Bellator, elven warrior, stands before it, her silver hair catching the faint moonlight. Her stern eyes hide a heart scarred by guilt. For decades, she wielded her sword and shield for the Order of Dusk, believing their crusade purified the world. Instead, their conquests spread the Shadow Sickness, a plague of creeping darkness that now consumes Zephryos, her childhood friend. To save him, she must claim the Flower Cure beyond this door. The trial within will force her to confront her past sinsvillages burned, lives shattered. Her hand trembles as she steps through, swallowed by shadow. A cavernous chamber unfolds, lit by eerie blue flames dancing on stalactites. Three paths beckon: a tunnel echoing with steels clash, a stairwell whispering forgotten truths, and a rickety bridge where a shadowy figure mirrors her silhouette, its eyes glinting with accusation.

**Choices:**

- · Follow the tunnels battle sounds: page 2.
- · Descend the stairwell: page 3.
- · Cross the bridge toward the shadow: page 4

The tunnels damp air reeks of iron and sweat, its walls slick with luminescent moss. Artemis advances, her shield raised, boots crunching on gravel. The rhythmic clash of steel grows louder, a brutal symphony. Rounding a bend, she freezestwo warriors of the Order of Dusk, her former comrades, spar with lethal precision. Their armor bears the Orders crescent sigil, now a symbol of betrayal. Traitor! snarls Kael, his scarred face twisting. Once, they shared campfires; now, their blades spread the sickness she fights. Guilt claws her chest, but her resolve hardens like tempered steel. They charge, swords flashing in the dim light. She can fight to subdue them, seeking answers about the Orders plans, though it risks injury against their skill. Or she can strike them down swiftly, ending the threat but staining her path to redemption with more blood. Her choice will shape her trialand her soul.

**Choices:**

- · Subdue them: page 5.
- · Strike them down: page 6.

The stairwell spirals into darkness, its stone steps worn smooth by unseen feet. Whispers slither around Artemis, memories of orders barked and villages aflame under her blade. Each step feels like sinking into her past. At the bottom, a spectral scribe, cloaked in shadow, hovers over a glowing tome. Its eyes, hollow as graves, meet hers. You seek the Flower Cure, it rasps, but first, face your truths. A vision blooms: the Orders leaders, cloaked in starlight, infecting Zephryos to bend his will. Rage surges, but her shield hand steadies. She can seize the tome, its pages promising secrets of the cures location, though reading delays her quest. Or she can confront the scribe, demanding answers, risking its deceit or wrath. The air hums with the trials weight, urging her to choose before the shadows close in.

**Choices:**

- · Seize the tome: page 7.
- · Confront the scribe: page 8

The bridge creaks over a chasm, its ropes frayed, the void below swallowing light. Across it stands a shadow figureArtemiss mirror, its elven features twisted, eyes burning with her own guilt. Its blade, a dark twin of hers, gleams cruelly. You cannot escape me, it taunts, its voice her own, laced with venom. This is the trials heart: to face the warrior she was, who served the Order blindly. The air grows heavy, the flames dimming as if bowing to the shadows presence. Artemis grips her sword, heart pounding. She can charge, clashing steel against her darkest self, though the fight may sap her strength. Or she can speak, probing its nature, risking its words unraveling her fragile resolve. The chasm yawns, and the shadow waits, a reflection of her sins.

**Choices:**

- Fight the shadow: page 9.
- · Speak to the shadow: page 10.

Artemis parries Kaels blade, her shield ringing like a funeral bell. She fights to disarm, not kill, her movements precise despite the ache in her heart. Sweat stings her eyes as she deflects a thrust, twisting to knock Kaels sword free. She pins the second warrior, Lysa, against the moss-slick wall. Why? Artemis demands, voice raw. Lysa spits, The Orders power grows; youre too late. She reveals the Flower Cure lies beyond the Iron Gate, guarded by the Orders elite. Mercy leaves Artemis winded, her muscles burning, but shes spared their blood. Kaels eyes gleam with defiance, hinting at more secrets. She can press them further, risking their resistance, or hurry to the gate, the cures promise pulling her forward like a beacon through her guilt.

**Choices:**

- · Interrogate further: page 11.
- · Head to the Iron Gate: page 12..

Artemiss blade flashes, cutting through Kaels guard. Lysa falls next, her cry echoing in the tunnel. Their bodies crumple, blood pooling on the stone, and guilt sears Artemiss chestanother sin to carry. She searches their armor, finding a parchment map etched with runes, pointing to the Iron Gate where the Flower Cure awaits, guarded by elites. Her swift strikes saved her strength, but each death deepens the shadow on her soul. The tunnels silence presses in, broken only by dripping water. She can follow the map, driven by her mission, or pause to kneel by her fallen comrades, reflecting on the cost of her choices and the redemption she seeks for Zephryoss sake.

**Choices:**

- Follow the map: page 12.
- · Reflect on actions: page 13..

Artemis lunges, snatching the tome from the scribes grasp. It shrieks, dissolving into mist that stinks of decay. The tomes leather cover pulses, its pages glowing with forbidden script. They reveal the Orders betrayal: they engineered the Shadow Sickness to dominate realms, infecting Zephryos as a test. The Flower Cure lies beyond the Iron Gate, guarded by her shadow self, a manifestation of her guilt. Her eyes burn as she reads, each word a knife to her past. Studying further might uncover the shadows weaknesses, but the caverns flames flicker, urging haste. She can pore over the tome, risking time, or rush to the gate, the cures promise outweighing her fatigue and the weight of her discoveries.

**Choices:**

- · Study the tome: page 14.
- · Head to the Iron Gate: page 15.

Artemis points her sword at the scribe, its spectral form shimmering. Wheres the cure? she demands, voice steady despite her racing heart. The scribe laughs, a sound like breaking glass. Youll face yourself first, it sneers, vanishing into shadow. A riddle lingers in the air: The cure lies where your shadow falls, beyond the Iron Gate. The chambers flames dim, casting eerie patterns on the walls. Artemis senses a trap, the scribes words twisting in her mind. She can search the chamber for clues, hoping to unravel the riddles truth, or march to the Iron Gate, trusting her blade to carve through whatever lies ahead, even as her past whispers of failure.

**Choices:**

- Search the chamber: page 16.
- · Head to the Iron Gate: page 15

Artemis charges, her blade meeting the shadows in a shower of sparks. The figure mirrors her every move, its elven grace a cruel parody. Each clash reverberates through the chasm, the bridge swaying beneath them. Her muscles scream, but she notices the shadow falters when she recalls Zephryoss kindnesshis laughter, his trust. The ghostly flames dim, as if the trial itself watches. She can focus on those memories, channeling her love for Zephryos to weaken the shadow, though it risks opening her heart to pain. Or she can press her attack, trusting her swordsmanship to overpower it, even if it drains her strength to the edge of collapse.

**Choices:**

- · Use memories: page 17.
- · Press the attack: page 18.

Artemis lowers her sword, the bridge creaking underfoot. What are you? she asks, voice soft but firm. The shadow sneers, its face her own, twisted with scorn. Your failures. The blood on your hands. It recounts her pastvillages burned, Zephryoss sufferingeach word a dagger to her heart. The chasms wind howls, amplifying its taunts. Her resolve wavers, but she can counter with her vow to save Zephryos, anchoring herself in purpose, though the shadow may twist her words. Or she can abandon words, drawing her blade to silence its lies, risking a fight on its terms.

**Choices:**

- · Counter with resolve: page 19.
- · Fight the shadow: page 9.

Artemis presses Kael, her sword at his throat. Wheres the cure? she growls. His laugh is weak, bloodied. Beyond the Iron Gate, guarded by your shadowit feeds on your guilt. Lysa glares, hinting at traps ahead. The knowledge sharpens Artemiss focus, but the warriors defiance suggests they may pursue if freed. The tunnels damp air chills her skin, urging action. She can bind them, ensuring they dont follow, though it takes time and effort. Or she can rush to the Iron Gate, the cures promise outweighing the risk of pursuit, her heart heavy with the choice between mercy and haste.

**Choices:**

- · Bind them: page 20.
- · Head to the Iron Gate: page 12.

The Iron Gate looms, its surface carved with runes that pulse like a heartbeat. A faint hum, like a distant song, hints at the Flower Cures power beyond. Artemiss boots echo on the stone as she approaches, her shield raised. Two Order elites stand guard, their crescent-emblazoned armor gleaming in the flickering light. Their eyes lock on her, hands tightening on swords. She can charge them, her battle-honed skill a match for their prowess, though combat risks wounds. Or she can attempt stealth, slipping through shadows to avoid a fight, though detection could leave her exposed. The gates runes flare, as if sensing her choice, and the weight of her mission presses down, Zephryoss face vivid in her mind.

**Choices:**

- Charge the guards: page 21.
- · Attempt stealth: page 22.

Artemis kneels by Kael and Lysas bodies, their blood staining the tunnel floor. Each death mirrors her past mistakesvillages razed, innocents lost. Her fingers trace her swords hilt, guilt a heavy cloak. She vows to fight for redemption, not vengeance, but the weight of her actions clouds her focus. The map in her hand points to the Iron Gate, its parchment worn but clear. She can meditate, seeking clarity to shed her doubts, though time slips away. Or she can press on to the gate, driven by Zephryoss fading life, her heart torn between reflection and the urgent need to act.

**Choices:**

- · Meditate: page 23.
- · Head to the Iron Gate: page 12.

Artemis sits against the cavern wall, the tomes glow casting shadows on her face. Its pages detail the shadow selfs nature: it grows stronger with her guilt but weakens with forgiveness. The Iron Gate holds the Flower Cure, but traps guard it. Reading strains her eyes, her body weary from the trials toll. The caverns flames sputter, as if time itself presses her forward. She can rest, restoring her strength for the battles ahead, though it delays her quest. Or she can hurry to the gate, the cures promise burning brighter than her fatigue, her heart set on saving Zephryos before the sickness claims him.

**Choices:**

- Rest: page 24.
- · Head to the Iron Gate: page 15..

The Iron Gate towers, its runes glowing with malevolent light. Artemis feels the Flower Cures power, a faint warmth beyond the cold stone. Two Order elites guard it, their armor etched with crescents, blades drawn in silent challenge. The caverns air grows thick, the flames casting long shadows that dance like specters. Artemis can engage them, her sword and shield ready for a brutal fight, though wounds are certain. Or she can seek a hidden entrance, risking delay but avoiding combat, her elven stealth pitted against the gates ancient traps. Zephryoss pale face haunts her, urging her to choose swiftly

**Choices:**

- · Fight the guards: page 21.
- · Seek a hidden entrance: page 25.

Artemis scours the scribes chamber, her fingers tracing the cold stone walls. A concealed panel clicks open, revealing a dusty map to a hidden entrance near the Iron Gate. It promises to bypass the guards but warns of shadow snaresmagical traps that drain life. The flames flicker, casting eerie shapes, as if the trial tests her caution. She can take the hidden path, risking the snares danger for a stealthy approach, or reconsider the direct route to the gate, facing the guards headon. The riddles wordswhere your shadow fallsecho, hinting at the shadow self awaiting her. Time presses, and Zephryoss life hangs in the balance.

**Choices:**

- Take the hidden path: page 25.
- · Head to the Iron Gate: page 15.

Artemis closes her eyes, summoning Zephryoss laughter, his hand in hers under starlit skies. The shadow self falters, its form flickering like a dying flame. You cannot win, it hisses, but its blade trembles. She advances, shield raised, striking as it weakens. The bridge groans, the chasms wind howling. With a final blow, the shadow collapses, revealing a glowing path to the Flower Cure, its petals shimmering in the distance. Her heart lifts, but caution lingers. She can seize the cure now, driven by hope, or search for traps, fearing the trials final trick. The caverns light pulses, urging her to act.

**Choices:**

- · Take the cure: page 26. ·
- Check for traps: page 27.

Artemiss blade sings, driving the shadow back across the bridge. Each strike is a mirror of her own skill, the shadows eyes burning with her guilt. A misstep lets its blade graze her side, blood seeping through her armor. Exhausted, she lands a final blow, shattering the shadow. The path to the Flower Cure opens, its glow a beacon in the dark. Her breath comes in gasps, her wound aching. She can rush for the cure, desperate to save Zephryos, or pause to recover, binding her wound to face whatever lies ahead. The chasms silence is deafening, her choice a weight on her battered soul

**Choices:**

- Rush for the cure: page 26.
- · Recover: page 28.

Artemis stands tall, the bridge swaying. I fight for Zephryos, she declares, her voice cutting through the shadows taunts. My past doesnt define me. The shadows form wavers, its accusations losing power. You cannot undo the blood, it hisses, but it fades, dissolving into mist. The path to the Flower Cure glows ahead, petals shimmering like hope. Her heart feels lighter, but the trials weight lingers. She can proceed to the cure, driven by her renewed purpose, or reflect on her victory, ensuring her resolve holds against future doubts. The caverns flames flare, as if approving her stand.

**Choices:**

- Proceed to the cure: page 26.
- · Reflect: page 29...

Artemis binds Kael and Lysa with their own belts, their curses echoing in the tunnel. Her mercy feels right, a step toward redemption, but their glares promise vengeance. The shadow self looms in her mind, its presence closer with each step. The damp air chills her, the cures promise pulling her forward. She can prepare for the shadow, meditating on the warriors warning that it feeds on guilt, or hurry to the Iron Gate, trusting her blade to carry her through. The tunnels moss glows faintly, a reminder of the trials relentless test.

**Choices:**

- · Prepare for the shadow: page 30.
- · Head to the Iron Gate: page 12.

Artemis charges, her shield deflecting a guards vicious strike. The elites move like wolves, their crescent blades flashing. She parries, felling one with a precise thrust, but the seconds sword slices her arm, pain flaring. She fights through, her blade ending the second guard. Blood drips as the Iron Gate creaks open, revealing the Flower Cures glowand her shadow self, waiting with accusing eyes. The caverns flames cast long shadows, the air thick with tension. She can fight the shadow, her sword still warm, or try to reason with it, hoping words can unravel its power. Zephryoss life hangs on her choice

**Choices:**

- Fight the shadow: page 9. ·
- Reason with the shadow: page 10.

Artemis melts into the shadows, her elven grace silent. She skirts the guards, their armor clinking as they patrol. A glowing rune betrays her, flaring red. The guards shout, pursuing as she sprints through the Iron Gate. Inside, the Flower Cure glows, but her shadow self blocks the way, its blade drawn. Her breath catches, legs burning from the chase. She can confront the shadow, facing her guilt head-on, or evade it, grabbing the cure and risking its wrath. The gates runes pulse, the trial tightening its grip on her fate.

**Choices:**

- Confront the shadow: page 9.
- Evade and grab the cure: page 31.

Artemis sits cross-legged, the tunnels chill seeping into her bones. She breathes deeply, envisioning Zephryos healed, his green eyes bright again. Guilt fades, replaced by purpose: she fights for him, not her past. Her focus sharpens, her sword feeling lighter. The Iron Gate awaits, its promise clear. She can march to it, ready for its guardians, or linger, honing her resolve further to face the shadow self she knows lurks. The caverns silence wraps around her, a moment of peace in the trials storm.

**Choices:**

- · Proceed to the gate: page 12.
- · Hone resolve: page 32..

Artemis leans against the cavern wall, her body aching. The tomes words echo: forgiveness weakens the shadow. She binds a minor wound, her strength returning as the caverns flames steady. The Iron Gate calls, its runes a distant glow. Refreshed, she can face the guards, her sword ready for battle, or seek a hidden path, hoping to avoid bloodshed. Zephryoss pale face drives her, his time running out. The caverns air hums, urging her to move before the trial shifts again.

**Choices:**

- Face the guards: page 21. ·
- Seek a hidden path: page 25.

The hidden path is narrow, its walls pulsing with shadow snares. Artemis dodges a glowing trap, its energy crackling, but another grazes her, sapping strength. Her vision blurs, but she reaches the Iron Gates interior. The Flower Cure glows on a pedestal, its petals radiant. Her shadow self stands guard, its eyes her own, filled with accusation. The air grows heavy, the trials climax near. She can fight the shadow, her blade a familiar comfort, or reason with it, hoping to unravel its power with words. Zephryoss life depends on her choice.

**Choices:**

- Fight the shadow: page 9. ·
- Reason with the shadow: page 10.

Artemis seizes the Flower Cure, its petals warm, pulsing with life. The chamber trembles, shadows retreating like a receding tide. Her wounds ache, blood staining her armor, and guilt lingers for the lives shes taken. Zephryoss face steadies her, his survival her redemptions first step. The Umbral Door glows, a path back to the world. She can return to Zephryos, delivering the cure to save him, or pursue the Orders leaders, ensuring their sickness spreads no further, though it risks her life. The caverns flames flicker, awaiting her final choice.

**Choices:**

- · Return to Zephryos: page 33.
- · Pursue the Order: page 34

Artemis scans the chamber, her elven senses sharp. A shadow snare glows near the Flower Cure, its energy crackling. She disables it with a precise strike, the trap dissolving into mist. The cures petals shimmer, safe to claim. Her caution pays off, leaving her unharmed. The Umbral Door beckons, but the Orders threat lingers in her mind. She can return to Zephryos, the cure in hand, or confront the Order, ending their tyranny before it spreads. The caverns light steadies, as if approving her vigilance.

**Choices:**

- · Return to Zephryos: page 33.
- · Confront the Order: page 34.

Artemis rests, bandaging her wounds with strips torn from her cloak. The shadows defeat has left her drained, but the Flower Cure glows nearby, unguarded. Her breath steadies, strength returning as the caverns flames cast a warm glow. Zephryoss face fills her mind, his life her purpose. She can take the cure now, rushing to save him, or check for traps, ensuring no final trick steals her victory. The silence of the chamber feels like a held breath, the trial watching her every move.

**Choices:**

- · Take the cure: page 26.
- · Check for traps: page 27.

Artemis kneels, the shadows defeat lifting a weight from her heart. Shes not her pastshes Zephryoss hope. The Flower Cure glows, its light a promise of redemption. The bridges creak fades, the chasm silent. She reflects, her vow to save Zephryos stronger than ever. The trial has tested her, but shes emerged whole. She can claim the cure, driven by this clarity, or ensure the path is safe, wary of the trials lingering tricks. The caverns flames brighten, as if honoring her resolve.

**Choices:**

- Claim the cure: page 26. ·
- Check the path: page 27.

Artemis steadies her breath, the warriors warning echoing: the shadow feeds on guilt. She meditates, vowing to forgive herself, picturing Zephryoss smile. The tunnels moss glows softly, as if encouraging her. Her heart lightens, weakening the shadows hold. The Iron Gate looms, its runes pulsing. She can face its guards, her sword ready for battle, or seek a hidden path, hoping to slip past unnoticed. The trials weight presses, but her purpose is clear: the Flower Cure, for Zephryos.

**Choices:**

- · Face the guards: page 21. ·
- Seek a hidden path: page 25

Artemis ducks the shadows blade, her elven agility saving her. She snatches the Flower Cure, its warmth flooding her hand. The shadow roars, but she sprints through the gate, the chamber shaking. Exhausted, her lungs burning, she escapes, the cure secure. The Umbral Door glows ahead, but the Orders threat lingers, their sickness a shadow over the world. She can return to Zephryos, saving him, or hunt the Order, risking everything to end their tyranny. The caverns light dims, her choice heavy with consequence.

**Choices:**

- · Return to Zephryos: page 33.
- · Hunt the Order: page 34.

Artemis meditates longer, the tunnels chill fading as she focuses. Shes not defined by her past but by her vow to save Zephryos. His laughter echoes in her mind, a beacon through her guilt. Her resolve hardens, her sword steady. The Iron Gate calls, its runes a challenge. She can face the guards, her purpose fueling her strength, or seek a hidden path, her stealth a weapon against the trials traps. The caverns flames pulse, as if the trial itself awaits her choice.

**Choices:**

- ·Face the guards: page 21.
- · Seek a hidden path: page 25..

Artemis steps through the Umbral Door, the Flower Cure clutched tightly. The village air is crisp, Zephryos lying pale in a healers hut. She kneels, pressing the glowing petals to his chest. The Shadow Sickness fades, his green eyes flickering open. He smiles weakly, whispering thanks. Tears blur her visionredemption begins here, though the Orders shadow looms. Her heart finds peace, but the world still waits. Her journey ends, for now, with Zephryoss life restored. Ending: You saved Zephryos, finding peace in redemption.

THE END

Artemis grips the Flower Cure but turns back, tracking the Order to a fortress of black stone. The commander, cloaked in crescent robes, sneers as she charges. Her blade ends his reign, the fortress crumbling. But a hidden dagger finds her side, blood pooling. Shes stopped the sicknesss source, but her life fades. Zephryos will live, her sacrifice complete. The stars above dim, her redemption sealed in blood. Ending: You destroyed the Order, at great cost

THE END

The shadow selfs blade pierces Artemiss heart, its eyes her own, filled with scorn. You were never enough, it whispers, as she falls to the bridge. The Flower Cure remains beyond reach, Zephryos doomed. The chasm swallows her, guilt her final companion. The trial ends in darkness, her redemption lost to the shadow she couldnt overcome. Ending: You failed, consumed by your shadow.

THE END

Artemis forgives herself, her resolve shattering the shadow self. She claims the Flower Cure, its light warm in her hands. She storms the Orders stronghold, ending their tyranny with precise strikes. Returning, she heals Zephryos, his embrace a balm to her soul. Her past fades, not forgotten, but powerless. Shes free, her redemption complete under the villages starlit sky. Ending: You saved Zephryos and found true redemption.

THE END