

Prologue

The Memories

News... boring game show... a stupid daily soap. There really is nothing interesting on that damn television while you take another sip from your soda can.

In a way it is really strange how your life is now moving in such polar opposites: from the hero of all of Britannia to a couch potato with nothing better to do than wasting your free time in front of the television, hoping that you'd be called back to that land where all your friends are living.

You do remember the very first time the call went to you. Back then you had no idea how much your life would change over the years, something you'd hardly expected when curiously walking through a glowing, blue door - a moongate as you'd learn later - only to be transported to a far-way land in order to defeat an evil wizard named Mondain.

Like something out of a fantasy novel - only very real.



You still thank the gods that your work as a freelance author has made you independent from working hours, since you doubt you could have held a steady job with the number of times you'd been called to this world and thus have left Earth altogether for longer periods of time. Such was the life of someone who accepted the call and become the hero of Sosaria and then Britannia. Your previous two adventures were especially fresh on your mind, as they had brought great change to your life after all.

You'd been in a crisis back then, feeling yourself pulled apart in several directions, when the call had been made to you again, and yet it had been so different. The land that once was Sosaria had finally been united under Lord British and instead of just slaying some evildoer, a role-model for the new system of virtues was searched for.

You still do remember the old gypsy woman when she'd given your your fortune, before sending you on your way to Britannia. You especially remember the knowing smile she gave you before you two parted ways, telling you that you two will surely again cross paths in the future, although you yet have to meet her again.



This adventure had changed your life, as the simple life of beating down everything that stood in your path was no more. Sure, enough evil still existed in the world, but your eyes were opened to the consequences your actions could have and you did become a better person in the end. The quest also created a bond between you and the eight companions you met - a deep friendship was forged in battle and betterment of the self, that nothing could break again.



The final goal of the journey had been hard to reach, but to finally arrive in that strange temple to find the book that knows everything - The Codex of Ultimate Wisdom - was an experience that you would never forget. After all, there were not many books that would converse with you and test you on your virtue.

On that day, you were made Avatar of Britannia.

Of course, being made the hero of an entire world also started your unhealthy habit of hoping to return to Britannia. You were coping better now than last time, when it had driven you to intense frustration.

You still do remember your most recent visit to Britannia - since it was short of frightening how easily a land could be brought under extremist rule. That, and the three Shadowlords - the manifestations of the three anti-principles - probably were the most scary thing you have ever seen, which means a lot considering the terrors you'd met in your travels.



You'd been whisked away from that adventure all of a sudden, without even a chance to say goodbye to your friends or freshly rescued monarch, although deep inside you'd seen that in the end everything had worked out... apart from the fact your house got robbed while you were away and the insurance company was giving you a hard time for it. Such is the life of one who's dedicated to the good cause.

However, now you again were in the same situation of being bored with nothing to do. Your most recent book got published, finances were secure and you just wonder how Britannia is doing at the moment.

The Summoning

It was then, that you look through the window and notice that the sky is suddenly getting overcast. Turning off the TV, you go over to the window. Such an intense storm gathering within seconds can not be natural.



Interested, you watch the lightning dancing around the storm clouds, while the thunder grumbles in the background.

Then suddenly a lightning bolt strikes, right in the middle of the circle of stones in the little forest behind your house, where the moongate would appear.

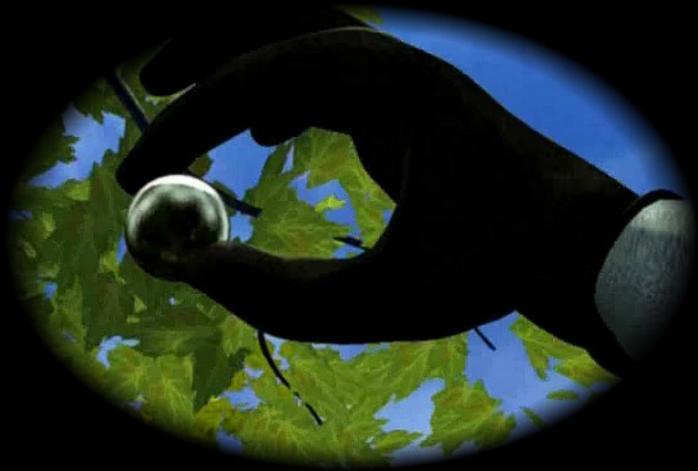
Blinded for a moment, to your amazement you see that the storm is already dispersing, as if it had never been there. Lightning among the stones... it has to be a sign from Britannia!

With the memory of getting robbed still being fresh on your mind, you have no desire to see history repeating. So making all the calls for a security firm to watch over your property, you quickly put on your traveling gear and lock up the house, before exploring in the small woods to see what the lightning bolt could have struck in the circle of stones.

After all, this somehow HAD to be a sign of something!

Approaching carefully, you notice the smell of burned earth still lingering and the ground inside the circle of stone does look like someone has burned down a camp fire there, being blackened and slightly covered with ashes. Nothing that ordinary after a lightning strike - that was, until you do notice something out of the ordinary in the center of the circle of stones.

Getting closer, you pick it up and walk away from the circle to get a closer look. It is a small obsidian sphere, black and looking indestructible. A memory comes back to you seeing Lord British using exactly such a sphere - which he called the "Orb of the Moons" - to allow all of you to escape out of the prison deep within the bowels of dungeon Doom.



Your musings do get cut short, when all of a sudden a glowing moongate appears out of the middle of the circle of stones. You are surprised that the gate is red - the gate to Britannia has always been blue - as blue as the morning sky. However, you again remember the red gate that Lord British was able to conjure in dungeon Doom.



Seeing that the moongate would not stay open forever and that this was exactly what you have been waiting for so long, the decision is an easy one. Taking one last breath, you slowly step through the gate, towards whatever new kind of adventure is awaiting you in Britannia.

Screenshots taken from: Intro of Ultima V: Lazarus and the Ultima 6 Project