

Sample Context: This is some world-building I've been doing on my own little project I've been working on for an action RPG that I'd like to make at some point.

Setting

Planet: Mars / 4 mil years ago when it still had liquid water and an atmosphere.

Story Location: Elysium Mons, or equivalent island location, is surrounded by water and cut off from the mainland, allowing for a contained story arc.

Geology: The island is primarily marked by a geographic rift of broken mountains and sharp rocks that makes it impossible for either side to communicate or trade. The rift was created due to magic but is not magic itself, and acts as a narrative gate and societal divider between north and south, much like the northern and southern countries/states.

(Note: The rift was created hundreds of years before the present day of the game.)

Sky: Due to being further away from the sun, the sky would be a much darker blue than the sky on earth, and would have spatterings of purple as well, providing some really beautiful sunsets and sunrises. Mars has two moons, Phobos and Deimos, and so the night sky will often be illuminated by either one or both of them.

(Note: Due to the moonlight outshining the stars, they may sometimes be hard to see and that has to be taken into account with a variable skybox of different star clarity and density.)

Landscape:

- In the south, the lands are more 'green' and full of nature, there's much less exploitation of resources, and therefore the land is much less developed in terms of roads. There are quite a few farmlands, especially closer to the southern tip of the island, and the closer you get to the rift, the less populated it gets. You will find forests, lakes, rivers, and, of course, many pristine beaches.
- In the north, there has been more exploitation of natural resources, and while forests and natural habitats exist there, they are scarce and teetering toward extinction. The land is very much engineered to their aesthetic sensibilities of the societies to the north, rather than looking like a traditional barren dystopia.

Culture & People

Total Population of island: ~ 2,000,000

That is further split into ~750,000 in the south, and ~1,250,000 in the North.

Races: Humanoids or human-likes. Due to the lower gravity of mars, there's less need for muscles, and so the humans here tend to be more lanky and thin.

(*Note:* Weights of objects are relative to gravity and size, so just because they look thin with little muscle, doesn't mean they can't carry large weights, or wear heavy protective gear and weapons. This allows for some interesting play on their looks when doing these things.)

Keratine provides a natural form of external radiation protection, and therefore the humanoids here have naturally evolved to have a more orang-ish pigment. That being said, they shouldn't be depicted as orange. Due to the increased radiation, minor physical mutations often happen.

(*Note:* There are no fantasy races in the game such as dwarves, elves, etc. otherwise, there's freedom in their designs as long as they're close to human-like).

Religion: While both sides of the island diverged cultures, they both maintain an agnostic form of deism. That means that they don't believe in a singular or multiple gods, but instead have basic worship of nature itself.

This is often reflected in their culture and speech. For example, instead of saying "By the gods", they would say "By the two moons" or "By the moons" [based on local dialect differences]. Another example involves thanking the plant or animal they harvested a meal from, rather than a specific god or goddess. When sailing out on a fishing trip, they may praise the sea, or thank the trees for giving them materials for their boats.

Major Cities:

- **South:**
 - Name: *Illune* (Pronounced ill-lune). Means 'light from the moon'
 - Population: ~ 300,000
 - Location: Illune is near the center of the southern section of the island, and primarily acts as a hub between the smaller towns and villages.
 - Layout: Given its importance as a trade hub, the center of the city is dominated by a large marketplace and trade exchange, with large roads leading to it from all cardinal directions. Dotted around this central market are businesses, acting as a sort of business district ring around said market. Most of the housing tends to be split between the east and west, with the southern area acting as an industrial zone. To the north of the cities lies most of the administrative section of the city, as well as a military-industrial complex, barracks, and a military school/university.
- **North**
 - Name: *Kitonne* (Pronounced key-ton). Means 'from the earth'
 - Population: ~500,000

- Location: Kitonne lies on the northernmost tip of the island, with a natural river running through the center of it. It is the administrative hub and seat of government for the north.
- Layout: Northern sensibilities lie revolve around aesthetic design, and so much of the city is planned, consistent of neat roads and housing. Most housing is either in the north or lining the river, as those locations are considered the most beautiful. On both eastern and western sides, there are smaller marketplaces and some industry, although no heavy industry like you would find in Illune. Most of the south is dedicated as an entry-point to the city, as well as the actual seat of government, including parliament, the emperor's throne and home, and so forth.

Sample Context: This was originally written as a journal entry for a game inspired by X-Com and Xenonauts with a hard sci-fi tilt. The character speaking/writing is the principal scientist behind their biological research wing, and the time is roughly in the 1950s - 40s.

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While preliminary reports from the field would indicate some form of 'psionic' or non-physical powers in the xenomorphs, studies carried out on returned specimens suggest otherwise.

After several autopsies by myself and my colleagues, we have discovered an organ, specifically a gland in the 'brain,' which acts outside the typical biological functions one would expect. The use of the new and classified FMRI technology on live specimens targeting this gland tells us that it does not play any specific part in the production or regulation of hormones, breathing, heart rate, autoimmune systems, or even pure mental processing. If anything, all signs point to an organ that communicates external information through the brain by the use of neurotransmitters.

This information tends to travel in particular patterns, either exiting the gland into the rest of the brain or information coming in from the optical and olfactory nerves.

Where this information originates from, or where it is sent, is still largely unknown. That being said, the common belief held among the staff here is that the gland uses the newly discovered 'quantum' world to send and receive information from somewhere . . . else. It is highly likely that this gland is used in the xenomorph inter-hierarchical communication network, much like a node would function on our own telecommunication networks, but that is purely conjecture on my part.

Regardless, this gland uses the neurotransmitters mentioned above to entangle itself in the brain, thereby controlling and directing the xenomorphs' actions. Follow-up autopsies have also revealed said neurotransmitters in certain other parts of the body, although in much smaller numbers. This would suggest some ability by the upper echelons of their society to directly control muscles and biological functions in a sort of 'overdrive' or 'overwatch' mode, although that control is very likely harmful to the xenomorph in the long run.

As for the name, we have taken to calling it 'The Entanglement Gland' based on the way it functions within the xenomorphic body.

Additional Notes: Use of the olfactory nerve and smell are puzzling, to say the least, especially compared to the quantity and quality of information presented from the optical nerve. It is possible that some form of gas-based weapon *could* act as a jammer or 'dazzler' to the xenomorphs and their communications.

Additional Notes 2: Further study is required.

Sample Context: The setting of this dialogue is in an alternate 1930s horror universe taking place on the Orient Express. As such, I channeled a slightly darker Agatha Christie type of dialogue rather than trying to go with a more period-correct tone.

INT. ORIENT DINNER CAR – LATE NIGHT

EDITH GÖLDI is the last one remaining at the dinner table, slowly savoring her food as Delon approaches her dining table from the front of the car, where the steam engine would be.

DELON (French)

Ahhh, Mademoiselle Göldi, how is your dinner? Are you finding it to your liking?

GÖLDI (French)
(With a peculiar smile)

My Dear Roland . . . why yes, it's quite lovely, thank you.

DELON (French)

Perfect! Is there anything else I can help you with tonight? Maybe a drink with the food?

GÖLDI (French)

No, the food is enough for now. Once I'm done here, I'll be retiring to my cabin, so I won't need your services, and you can have the night to yourself.

DELON (French)

I'm so glad to hear that Mademoiselle Göldi. In that case, I bid you a good night.

As DELON moves towards the back of the car and passes by GÖLDI, she snaps her hand up to his wrist and holds him tight and immovable.

DELON (French)
(with slight shock)

Mademoiselle?

GÖLDI (French)

I smell it, you know.

DELON (French)

Smell it? I'm . . . I'm sorry I don't follow.

GÖLDI (French)

The drink, Roland, the drink!

DELON (French)
(confused)

Drink Mademoiselle Göldi? You don't have any drink with your dinner; you specifically denied wanting one.

GÖLDI (French)

The drink . . . on your breath, Roland.

A moment of silence passes between them, each staring off in opposite directions of the train car, the tk-tk - tk-tk sounds of the rails the only sound puncturing their pregnant pause.

DELON (French)

. . . Oh. I'm sorry; I didn't realize it was that obvious.

GÖLDI (French)
(with a scoff)

I'm blind, Mr. Delon, not *invalid*; I've been smelling it on your breath since the beginning of this trip.

DELON (French)
(sadly)

Oh.

GÖLDI (French)

It's ok my dear, I understand.

GÖLDI lets go of DELON's wrist slowly, a small coughing fit escaping her.

GÖLDI (French)

I am the same as you. Maybe we have a difference in money, and status, but society considers both of us broken. Unsalvagable. Yes, there may be a few who pity us, but by and large, we are to be left to our own devices, to fix ourselves in any way we can.

DELON (French)

I . . . yes. I'm sorry, it won't happen again.

GÖLDI (French)

Don't lie to me, Mr. Delon, and more importantly, don't lie to yourself; you're the only one you have.

After another moment of silence.

GÖLDI (French)
(With a mischievous smile)

You know, I think I *will* have that drink after all, Roland.

DELON (French)

Of - Of course, Mademoiselle Göldi, is there something particular you'd like? Maybe something to go with the steak, such as a glass of red wine, perhaps?

GÖLDI (French)

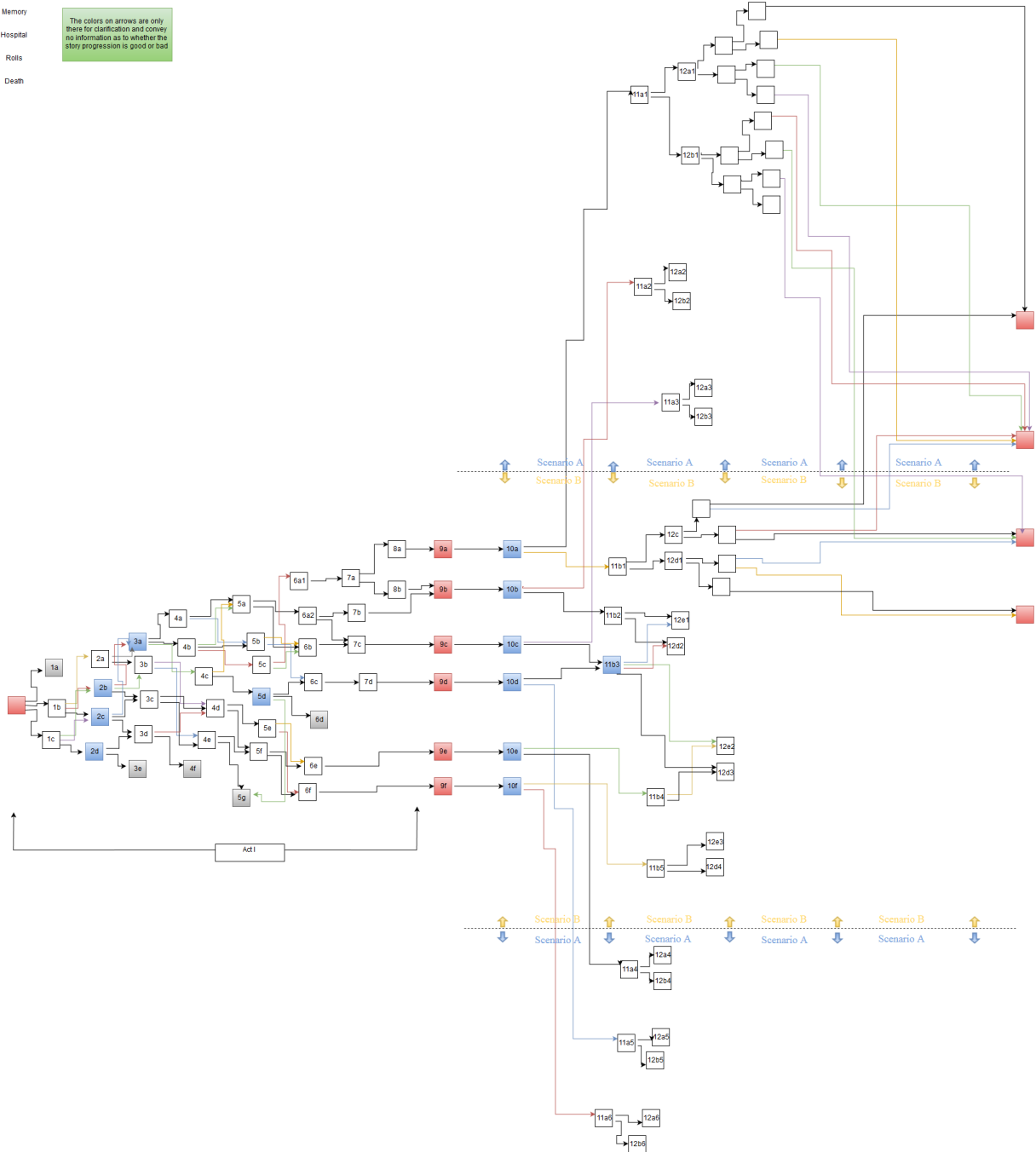
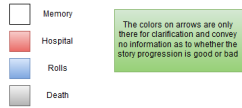
I'll leave that up to you, Roland; I'm sure you'll use your considerable, ahem, *experience* to pick the perfect pairing.

DELON (French)
(with a scowl)

Yes, I will, Mademoiselle *Edith*.

And without another word, DELON walked away to bring GÖLDI a drink as she returned to her rare stake, an evil smirk on her face.

Sample Context: This is a prototype narrative map I created for a Twine competitor and was meant to be a guide for other writers to create more complex narratives and choices. This was meant to follow the 'Branch and Bottleneck' pattern, although I wasn't really aware of it at the time!



Sample Context: This was the first scene I did for Silent Space, a puzzle platformer early in my career. It functions as an introduction to the game and the mechanics, and since the team was small, I also had to do parts of the level design.

##Prologue – Chapter 1: Wake Up

Chapter Objective: Introduce Adam and Lena / teach the player how to move.

Scene Description:

Several tight hallways of varying widths to help the player learn the gravity simulation. There are no floating debris, but there need to be walls with nets. Near the end of the level, there is a valve that the player must activate to progress the story and unlock the exit.

In-Game Events:

Adam wakes up, not knowing what is going on. Lena comes over the comms and explains that the room is filling up with O₂ and is near exploding from the amount of oxygen in the air. Adam has to maneuver the valve to switch off and vent the oxygen, making the room safe again.

Level Design Hints:

- The only specific thing is that there need to be nets in front of the starting point of the level, so it ties in with the dialogue.
- The level needs to be designed so that it gradually teaches the player how to maneuver. The long hallways with different lengths should help the player get a feel of the physics simulation without running the risk of getting stuck in the middle of space and dying.

Dialogue

[Event: Beginning of the game]

[Lena] Adam? Adam, can you hear me?

[Adam] What . . . what's going on?

[Lena] Listen to me, Adam; I can't explain right now; we have a more pressing issue. The room you're in now is filling with O₂ as we spe-

[Adam] Wha- . . .

[Lena] JUST LISTEN! The room is filling with O₂, and you need to get to the vent valve before it gets to a concentration that will make it explode.

[Adam] God my . . . my head hurts.

[Lena] Adam, please, you need to focus. I need you to follow instructions, ok sweetheart?

[Adam] I Ok.

[Lena] Whatever happened has stopped the rotation, and we've lost gravity.

[Lena] If you hover over the astronaut and pull back, you can push yourself away from the panel.

[Adam] Wait. Who ar-

[Lena] Be careful though! If you push off too hard, you might hit too hard and bounce away. You can grab the netting in front of you to make it easier to move around.

[Lena] Now, quick! Get to the valve and vent the O2!

[Event: Adam uses the vent valve]

[Adam] Alright, Lena, I've got it.

[Lena] Ok, wait a second. . . . great! It looks like O2 levels are going down.

[Adam] So NOW can you tell me what's going on?

[Lena] Adam. . . I. . . . I honestly don't know; all I can tell from here is that something bad has happened, and we've lost structural integrity. But we can't sit and talk about it now; you aren't out of the woods just yet.

[Lena] Turning off that valve has removed the lockdown. There are a few doors at the end that should let you move ahead. You'll know which ones they are because they're green.

[Adam] *mumbling* Gee Lena, I don't need your sarcasm right now.

[Lena] What?

[Adam] Nothing.
