

## Script-writing Excerpt: *Origin Trail*

*Note: The game was written using Ink*

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NAR: While everyone is helping out around the camp, you look up from doing laundry and see Philimp standing by himself. He looks lost.

Child: Is everything okay, Philimp?

Aristocrat: Yes! I am perfectly fine! Peachy, even. #surprised

NAR: You hold up a crumpled shirt.

Child: Do you want to help?

Aristocrat: Ah... #confused

Aristocrat: I don't...know. #confused

Child: Okay.

//five second delay?

Aristocrat: I should clarify: I don't know how.

Aristocrat: At my estate, the servants handled the day to day menial tasks.

Aristocrat: It was not seen as...appropriate for someone of my stature to partake. Beneath me, even.

Child: So you didn't have to do chores? #surprised

Aristocrat: No.

Child: Isn't that great?!

Aristocrat: I suppose? But... #confused

Child: What?

Aristocrat: Why do you do it? #confused

Child: Someone has to. If it isn't washed, we'd have to wear stinky clothes!

Aristocrat: True! And no one wants that! #laughing

Aristocrat: I admit, it feels...wrong, standing here. Not doing anything. Like I'm missing something.

Child: I can show you how to do it. You don't have to stand there anymore, and you can help!

Aristocrat: It can't be too hard, could it? If I, Philimp the Sixth of the venerable Ystachio dynasty, cannot help others and fold clothes, I do not deserve my titles! #happy

NAR: Philimp tried folding the laundry today.

NAR: While he was away scavenging for food, Grandma did it again.

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## Prose Excerpt: *The Winding River*

### Chapter 0: Quantum Foaming

In the dark between stars, where even light itself dare not trespass, all was still. Even the chaotic morass of exotic particles that suffused the universe seemed to shiver, tumbling down into lower states of energy as if they were attempting to tread lightly, mindful of the things that roamed this space and claimed it as their own. This frigid calm was broken when a piece of metal lazily drifted through the area, the gold, reflective surface of the boxy contraption splintered and twisted, appearing all too much like a mangled orange peel. The blackened radio dish positioned above the box was cored, a gaping hole lined with a tracery of garish green where the antenna and a quarter of the dish used to be. Tumbling behind the wreckage of the satellite was a large cone of debris, one of which was stenciled with the still barely visible "Voyager 1" logo on it.

This constellation of metal was set to wander aimlessly amongst the stars, eventually shaking itself apart as it did so, and it would have continued on its path until it seemed to hit an invisible wall in space. The front end of the Voyager slowly crumpled as its momentum was halted, and the poor machine bounced backwards, almost looking confused with the way its ruined sensor arms splayed out at the unexpected obstacle. A sudden flash of purple erupted from nothingness a moment later, annihilating the particles around it and vaporizing what was left of the Voyager. In its place, a twisting

echo of a being looked around and, satisfied with the results, gesticulated outward with four reedy arms to send out its call. With mechanisms that went unseen and which might as well have been magic, atoms halfway across the universe suddenly clicked into sync and began pulsing in harmony, and a voice that was not heard as so much felt rang out:

*It is time. I am Angelis, of the Star Touched. Heed my call, for the High Chorus assembles.*

Angelis felt a series of sympathetic reactions latching onto the paired atoms and sending a reply back to the first. In the space by Angelis, three more blazes of purplish fire took up her flank and fore. The first, to Angelis's left, glowered with a touch of sullen green.

*I am Erunth, of the Pale Guard. Angelis, why have you summoned us?*

The second entity on the right grinned with an amused pink glint.

*Patience, Erunth. Let us see what our sister has to say before we...pass judgement.* The being gave a venomous sneer from two galaxies away. *I am Sehshoc, of the Mask.*

Bringing itself to its full height, the red-hued monolith in front of Angelis radiated annoyance and boomed, making everyone's avatars flicker with its sheer power.

*Enough. I am Dhuulac'tak, of the Eternal Triumph. Report.*

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## Prose Excerpt: *Terminus: Legacy*

### Fishy Business Chapter Two

A solitary beam of light swept across the murky expanse of water, only illuminating a scant hundred feet or so before guttering out against the backdrop of darkness. Where the light lingered it became possible to make out midnight blue water and plains of still sand framed by jagged cliffs; the brief flashes of the serrated bluffs under the floodlights reminded some of fingers poking up in the distance, of a friendly

hand waving at passersby, but to Tuv-Ollene it seemed too much like a predator's claws reaching out towards its prey.

Ollene shook her head and turned away from the window, taking in the comparatively bright hallway she inhabited and squeezing the grip on her cane as she did so. "Ugh."

A sly chuckle emanated from behind accompanied by the clicking of another cane. "It's not as gill-raising as you make it out to be, Tuv-Ol."

Ollene stole another look outwards as the searchlights made another pass and sighed. "It is not unsettling so much as it is...foreboding."

The chuckle evolved into a full-blown laughter, a reverberating contralto that unconsciously made the tip of Ollene's mouth rise. "Have you ever heard of apophenia, Tuv-ol? I hear it becomes more acute with old age and senility." Ollene rolled her eyes and the voice went quiet for a few moments, undoubtedly sharing the same view as her. "That being said, I know what you mean."

*Who is becoming old now?* Ollene deigned not to give voice to that thought, and the two stood there staring out the window until a moment had passed. "Come, Yun-Ir. We have delayed the Council for long enough."

Turning away, Ollene could see Yun-Iressa of the Star Watchers sigh. "Would it kill the old hags to start without us? I mean, I'm flattered they think that highly of us, but still..."