

Sacrifice For Sale

My biggest accomplishment as a game writer so far.

I have been responsible for all things narrative, which included but wasn't limited to: Concept, First Draft, Editing, Scripting, Posing, Variable management, Character descriptions, Text effects, Tweens, Dialogue options, branching paths, Endings, Hints, Achievements.

The game has the biggest story I have ever written for a game.

Here is a timed link to a let's play, in which the player goes through one of the possible climaxes, and sums up the story very well at the end of his run.

You can watch for about 10 minutes to get a general idea.

<https://youtu.be/4NGMIuVhFZk?si=c6Ks-fkZVO3jtgwO&t=1769>

As part of promoting the game I wrote a small comic with Liam Thomson for his series.

https://www.webtoons.com/en/canvas/scaredy-kat/special-1-sacrifice-for-sale-collaboration-/viewer?title_no=947661&episode_no=4

Additionally I helped as a co-writer for some issues of ScaredyKat, after the collaboration.

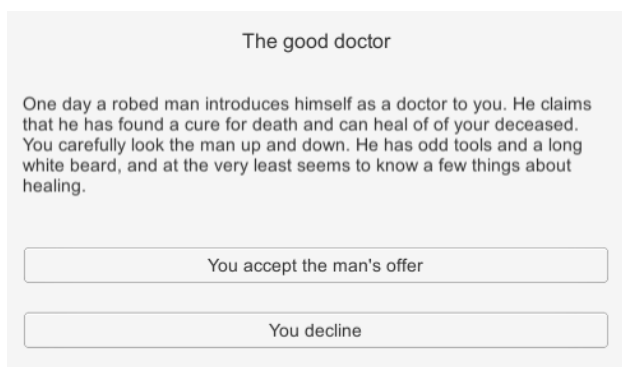
https://www.webtoons.com/en/canvas/scaredy-kat/list?title_no=947661

Ambassador of Gods

This is a revamp of a more polished game that I created many years ago when I was still studying, where I created a small game for a local school to teach students about Greek mythology.

The actual playable game holds only the basics, but allows you to experience my writing.

<https://sirdaniel.itch.io/greek-history-game>



Remembrance

A story I wrote for a video-game in literary form. Given the nature of the game most descriptions within it, were mostly to communicate how events should transpire in the game.

The following scene showcases the main character remembering an interaction with her father at a very early age:

“Really? I must admit, I am surprised you understood it so quickly.” I heard my father say.

“Math is easy.” I declared. Perhaps I was a bit smug, but I truly believed it to be easy.

“Is that so? Ha ha... When I was your height I couldn’t have disagreed more. In fact, there are some people at my age that have never learned how numbers work. People that do not know how to calculate.”

“But that is horrible! It is so easy though!” I said. My voice sounded a lot younger, this must have been when I was a child.

I was looking at the chalkboard. The room I was in, was a lot better lit, although it was during night. Just remembering it gave me a bit of comfort. I looked at my father.

I... I had looked at my father.

And I see nothing. Why, can’t I remember his face?

“Well, I could see how somebody that is logically inclined could find it easier than others.”

I heard his voice, but it just floated in the room, similarly to a ghost.

“Logic?” I asked.

“Hmm... Is that not why it’s easy for you. I assumed it might be due to your fondness of logical thinking.”

“I don’t think it has anything to do with logic... It’s really very easy. Every calculation is like... like a story.”

“A story? How so?”

“The numbers are the characters, the calculations are their journey and the result is the end of their journey.”

“That is... fascinating, would you tell me about one such story?”

“Oh, there is pretty much a story behind every possible number and calculation.”

“9 times 5”

“Any multiplication with 5 is boring, he always does the exact same thing, but 9 kinda admires that, being capable and consistent like that.” I put my hand to the side of my mouth and whispered in fear that the numbers on the chalkboard may have heard me. “I think she has a crush on him.”

“A crush?”

“Mhmm, makes sense doesn’t it? Besides 5, 9 is also one of the most consistent numbers when it comes to multiplications.”

“What about 0? Wouldn’t that be the most consistent?”

A cold chill went down my spine at the mention of zero: the evilest of all numbers.

“0 is evil though. No matter what you multiply with it, they just disappear, it’s kind of creepy and unsettling.”

“Hmm. Perhaps that isn’t its fault? Maybe... It just has a hard time getting along with other numbers...?”

“...”

“So, did you manage to make any new friends?”

“...Nnnyeo...”

“What was that?”

I sighed, it wasn't easy to make friends for me. I was a bit scared to approach them, and when I finally dared, they just made fun of me. I never tried again...

“No, the others are mean and evil, like 0... They call me ugly and other mean things...”

I paused for a moment before I looked at my father and asked him

“Am I ugly...?”

It took him less than a second to respond, but it still felt to me, as if he had hesitated for just a moment.

“No. No! You are not ugly. But... Some people... Well, everyone is unique, and you are very unique, there is no one like you out there, but some people are scared of uniqueness. They... they are narrow-minded and won't understand that... That uhh... That real beauty comes from the inside and uhm... and in that regard you are positively stunning!”

“I am ugly, aren't I?” My eyes slowly started filling up with tears at the thought of my own father thinking that I am ugly.

“NO! Listen, everyone is ugly in a certain way and- oh, wow uhh... I am really bad at this, aren't I?”

Some tears were rolling down my cheeks. I sniffed and tried to hold them back.

“Yeah, you kinda are.”

He sighed “Listen, no matter what anyone says, you are beautiful and anyone that disagrees is ignorant or blind. I mean, just think about it logically. If you are just half as handsome as I am, then that means you are the second most beautiful person on the planet.”

I chuckled a little. “I... I don't know, if that is logical. And you aren't really...”

“Yes, I am beautiful, because I don't let anyone tell me otherwise.”

I shut my eyes and pushed the tears out of them and sniffed once more.

“It doesn't matter, as long as the others keep being mean to me.”

“Don't let them get you down. I am certain that you will find friends sooner or later as time passes, and besides, anyone that declines your friendship is a fool anyway.”

He took a tissue and started wiping away my tears, as I tried giving him a smile. He smiled back and asked.

“7 times 6”

“7 times 6? But that is 42.”

“So?”

“That doesn't make sense. Why would 7 times 6-- unless...-- Oh, they are getting married! But then 42 must be their children... Which makes sense, really. Because $(4 + 2) \% 2$ is 3, which considering that $((7 + 6) \% 2) \% 2$ is 3.25, which we can easily round to a 3 makes absolute sense. That's so cute! I thought 6 would never confess to 7.”

“So you think that every child is half what their parent was?”

“Yes? That makes sense doesn't it? You add both mother and father together and then you start slicing that in half 2 times.”

“Mhmm.”

“ ...Do I...”

“What is it, honey?”

“Where is my mother?”

“Eh.....”

“All the others have a mother and a father! Where is...?”

“ That's complicated, but... not every child has... a mother.”

“ Oh...”

“ I am... I am sorry.”

“A- At least I have you, Dad.”

He put his arms around me and we hugged.

“Wait, what did you mean with at least...?”

I laughed.

“I love you Dad.”

He smiled warmly at me.

“I love you too, Elise.”

This story was amongst the first I ever write for a game, and to my surprise people were so engaged with the story that multiple let's plays emerged from the game.

Here is the full Game story:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1iplggTZ1VL0stGpouQQETWhUQYzgFfWD/view?usp=sharing>

The resulting Game:

<https://sirdaniel.itch.io/remembrance>

Galactic Mystery Dating

Additionally I worked on a mystery solving Visual Novel game, to be published by FireFlies Entertainment, however it ended up not being funded and was never finished.

I wrote the first Trial within the game.

The game itself was a sci-fi deduction game, with alien species on a spaceship.

Very similar to Ace Attorney.

To be noted was that “Tree”, was a working name for a character of a Groot-like species.

Here is a section near the final of the first trial:

Judge: It seems that the culprit has been uncovered, let's wrap this up--

Player: Wait!

...

There is... just one last thing.

One crucial problem with these events that still needs to be solved.

Judge:

Is this really necessary?

We have a confession from Prey already.

There is no doubt in my mind that it was her.

Player: I am afraid it is necessary...

Prey: For crying out loud!

You already won!

Isn't that enough ?!

What more do **you want know**?!

Player: Something doesn't add up here.

Judge: Very well, despite thinking this is a waste of time, given your contribution to this trial...

I will allow it.

What is the thing bothering you?

(Even if it is true that she was the one that took the Crystal...)

(Something still feels wrong...)

Lets go over this again...)

(Prey and Tree met in Tree's Room **to talk**.

Prey stole Tree's Crystal, which caused Tree to fall into a coma and she was dying.

Prey lost her poem as she fled the scene.

It was then that Mia entered the scene found Tree and assumed she was sleeping.

She put her in bed and left the scene with the wine bottle.)

Player: Hold up!

Something about this just doesnt quite add up!

Mia: Tell us already, don't hold us in suspense!

Player: Earlier I was in the library and I found out something very interesting...

The Kabufolk have a very interesting Culture, don't they...?

Tree: ... We do. We pride ourselves on our traditions.

Player: I am sure you would know then that, you don't need the Crystal to survive!

Tree: ...!

Player: I found this book about your species when I was in the library!

While it is true that it is important for helping with your health...

Its removal would have caused you to wither and die slowly over the course of multiple days!

It would have left you weakened, but it wouldn't have thrown you into a coma.

In other words, the removal of your crystal accounts for your dying condition, but...

it doesn't account for you falling into a coma.

Tree: ... (thoughtful)

Prey: Urgh... (annoyed)

Mia: Are you...? (confused)

W-What are you ****saying****?

Player: What I am saying is this:

There must have been something else that caused the Coma.

Prey: Oh, for heaven's sake!

What is it with you?!

What does it ****even matter****?!

Player: Prey...

Maybe we got to the wrong start...

But I am not trying to pin anything on you.

Prey: Then what are you on about?!

Player: I...

am on to the TRUTH, Prey!

I want to know what really happened!

Prey: ...!

Tree: ...!

Mia: What an inspiration!

Judge: Enough!

Start talking!

What is ***your theory***?

Player: Oh, its no theory.

We found wine stains on Tree's desk, remember?

That proves that somebody drank wine with her!

Prey: How is that ****relevant****?!

All it proves is that somebody drank wine at some point?

Mia: Wait unless the wine was....

Player: That is right!

I suggest that the wine was poisoned!

Mia: ...!

Prey: ...!

Tree: ...

Judge:

That sounds ridiculous, you already proved that Mia drank all of it.

If the wine really were poisoned, Mia would be in a Coma too. Or worse.

Player: Not quite. That's the things with having different species gathered on this spaceship.
We aren't all affected by the same substances.
Isn't that right?

Mia: It's true, my kind has a high tolerance to...
!!!

Player: You realized?
Remember how bad your condition was last morning?
What could have caused that I wondered, especially given the renowned good health of your kind.

Mia: This explains why I was feeling so terrible that morning!
I knew it wasn't normal! The wine was poisoned!!!

Judge: But... But then who poisoned the bottle.
Then, who is ****responsible****?!

Player: The day after the incident the bar-bot told me he noticed 2 used glasses.

Prey: ... Really now...?
You are seriously bringing up ***dirty dishes***?!

Player: Dirty dishes seem important to this mystery.
After all one dirty dish...
Revealed to us who stole the crystal.

Prey: Grrr...!

Mia: What about those glasses?
I mean surely it must have just been ****leftovers****.

Player: Yes, leftovers from during the night.
The bar bot always cleans up in the evening.
Meaning if a glass was used during the night...
It would not be cleaned until the next day in the evening!

Mia: !
Prey: !
Tree: !

Mia: Well, then that means-
Somebody must have used those ***glasses***!
Player: Exactly, and by figuring out the people who drank from the glasses!
We can figure out who the culprit was!

Mia: Who is it ****then**** ?!

Player: A question we can easily answer by looking at the lipstick on the glass.
The people drinking were Tree and..
PREY !

Mia: ...
Tree: ...
Judge: ...
Prey: ... So...
Let me get this straight.
This whole nonsense...

All just to accuse **me** of committing the deed in a **slightly different** way?!

Player: Not quite.

Prey: Wha-

Player: I haven't accused you, have I?

Mia: But!

Tree: How...

Prey: ... Ha...

Haha haha...

You are one cruel man.

This is payback, isn't it?

Because I accused you earlier.

Your plan is to tease me with the possibility of freedom...

Just to yank it away again?!

Judge: I see no need for petty games. This seems all too clear to me.

Prey was the person drinking with Tree, it follows that she must have been the one responsible for poisoning Tree.

Player: No, there is another person that could have done it.

Tree.

Tree: m... M-...M- MEEEE ?!

Mia: S-Slow down champ!

I am thinking maybe you have gotten yourself a bit confused...

Tree was the person that GOT poisoned.

Why would she *poison herself*?

Player: I...

don't know!

Player: I have no idea why she would poison herself!

Mia: Geez, you said that with such conviction!

Player: But since we have both people from that night here...

I would like to question them about it!

Fall Gal

Here is the beginning of an outline I wrote for a noir inspired video game.

It's main gimmick was that the players plays as the femme fatale rather than the detective which would be traditional for these sorts of stories:

The game immediately starts off with the core gameplay loop. The player finds themselves thrown into the game with real time ticking by and no explanations given. Not just that but the game time actually ticks by quicker than normally, outside they can hear screams and the sounds of general violence.

As they flail around to figure out what they are supposed to do, several icons will start flashing red and or green, to encourage the player to stop thinking and randomly click the flashing icons without considering what they do. During all this small text boxes will appear between the people and customers who you are managing, all of which seem to be either in panic despair or concerned for their safety.

(This is to immediately establish a tone. Traditionally Noir movies start of with action, what better way to emulate that than by throwing the player in to the cold water. [pun intended] The icons serve the notion of encouraging the player to stop trying to think logically and give in to the feeling of panic that they are supposed to feel, as well as the feeling of dread with the noises of violence outside and the worried comments of their guests and workers.)

No matter what the player does after several moments the game gets interrupted by a bang and the players viewpoint unceremoniously tills over out of frame as the screen fades to red. As it fades back in.

The scene shifts onto a bridge on which several men surrounding a figure with a bag over their head standing in two bags with their feet. A man is seen in the foreground wearing a red tie leaning against the railing looking at the waves while smoking a cigar. He nods to the others and throws the rest of his cigar over the edge of the bridge. The men grab the figure lift them and push them over the edge as they flail around, trying to avoid their fate. The figure falls.

Camera zooms out from the bridge showing how large it is, and slowly the sounds of the city start washing over the sound of the waves, as the title of the game moves into the frame.

(When it comes to beginning scene there are two things we need to present. The character and the world, sometimes those are inseparable sometimes they aren't. On this occasion I have decided to introduce the world before the character, not the facts of the world however, but the feeling and mood of it. Its a cruel world. And as the scene moves away from the bridge and the sound of the bustling city starts to grow louder it is to make it clear that normal every day life has not been interrupted, and the camera zooms out it is to give a feeling of unimportance to this event. Neither the figure nor the man visible any more, only the bridge.

This scene is also purposefully ambiguous. Who are we seeing here? Is this the protagonist, is it another poor soul that serves an example to show the mercilessness of this world? At the end of the day its a cautionary tale either way and sets the tone for things yet to come.)

"It was a cold stormy night, so much so that it even drove the beggars inside. When I entered the office she was already there. I remained still leaning against the frame and heard her sob. My glove remained sticking stubbornly to the handle as I opened the door and entered as calmly as possible. And there I saw her, sitting, waiting. She was wearing an elegant dress that looked out of place, considering her circumstances, the make up on her face had run a muck ruining what would otherwise be beautiful velvet eyes. She was desperate that much was clear. Otherwise she would not have come to me--" *Interruption noise*

(The male narration cuts off and is replaced by a female one.)

“Those must have been his thoughts as he entered the room. I had taken careful pre-cautions to assure the credibility of my act. This was not my first run in with men of the law as a woman of the night. Even the most skill-full liars and actors can fail to convince these professionals sometimes. In cases such as these, normal lying isn’t enough. No, one needed to really sell the panic and fear by acting what would seem to a liar as counter productively suspicious behaviour. But exactly that was what lend credibility to the act, makes it less mechanical, less studied, and yet every move was exactly that. Every hand movement to sweep hair sticking to my wet face, every shiver, every heavy broken breath. It was all a careful performance. A special performance for an audience of one.”

(This scene serves the purpose of introducing our main characters view of the world and the people in it. And while never specifically said out loud, the initial monologue of the detective not only serves the purpose of comedic subversion of what the audience may have expected to be the main-character but also how our actual main-character sees the people around her and believes to be able to predict and manipulate their thoughts flawlessly. The other side of this is of course that these are just our main-characters thoughts of what the detective thinks. And is somewhat flawed in their nature. At no point do the detectives thoughts mention her age, which would surely have subtracted of her beautiful appearance. Again this just goes to reinforce the idea that we are dealing with an unreliable narrator here and only see the world through our protagonists eyes. Of course we do not have reason to believe her to be an unreliable narrator just yet.)

As this scene goes on the player gets the option to decide from multiple options as to what they are saying and more importantly what sort of narration they are spouting. Through this narration we discover new things about the character and find out more about how she builds her-self up and or rather how she wants to be seen by others. We also learn her cover-story. Not all of the dialogue is reliable or even true, something hinted at by the fact that the nature of having multiple choices on how to explain the cover story hints to the fact that there is no canonical one, or even that all options are lies. The scene ends with the detective throwing a couple of photos onto the table of several men and women. He asks about the protagonists involvement..

We cut to the whore-house. This is where we establish some concrete information about the main character through discourse with her boss. This is also when the game legitimately begins and the players gets explained how to play the management aspect of the game.

Exul – RPG

I have written much of the fluff and story-descriptives within Exul, which was a locally created unpublished Tabletop RPG.

Sample:

So, you have been exiled? You found yourself a gun and now you are hoping to make a quick buck in the bounty-hunting business? Well, consider this a guide on how to get started. I will be the one telling you youngsters on how it’s done right. The name is Joe, and if you got any brains you will realize that my old age should prove that I know how to survive out there.

I will be assisting as well, with helpful examples and things Joe doesn’t know about.

Now, you might be thinking to yourself: “Did that dog there just talk?!”
But I assure you there is a logical explanation here...

Exactly, I am a coyote not a dog. Dogs can’t talk, everyone knows that.

Its fine, you don’t have to look so confused. There are just some things that you need to run with and stop questioning. In the same way that there is no answer to the question, why the good die young, there is no answer to the question of why this here coyote can talk. Anyway, her name is Boots and she is almost as old as I am.

Which is almost 10 times the normal life-span of a coyote! Also, I can talk because of magic!

I never found that explanation satisfying... Anyway, let's get you all set up on how to survive out in this frozen wasteland.

But before we do begin, let me warn you:

You will die.

It doesn't matter how good or smart you think you are, the chance of surviving your first job are abysmally low. So keep in mind this job may pay well, but it comes with a big risk.

Additionally I wrote the descriptive texts for all enemies and bosses in the book:

Mental Max is a complete lunatic. But he is a lunatic capable of surviving.

He is an old fellow like me, back in the day he was called the mad maestro, due to his tendency to lay waste to everything around him in a fight. He destroyed whole buildings in the past, just cause a guy looked at him the wrong way. Well, it seems that his attitude has finally put him on our list.

He always uses a Mini-Gun, which is a very dangerous weapon. You best finish him, before it spins up.

Other Games

In addition, I have written the stories for a variety of published free games.

Including 2 Visual novels in the Galactic Speed Dating Series

<https://sirdaniel.itch.io/glactic-speed-dating>

<https://sirdaniel.itch.io/galactic-pocket-dating>

Minor Dialogue Writing in other games:

<https://sirdaniel.itch.io/civil-servant>

<https://kkgx.itch.io/kami-catse>

<https://sirdaniel.itch.io/proto-tellus>

1867

During my stay at 1867, I created and edited the community newspaper, which were newspapers which could be found in and outside of the game reporting on events and things going on:

The Gazette

LUXEMBOURG'S FINEST MORNING PAPER

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1867

THE FIRST OF (HOPEFULLY) MANY

NO 1.

PAINTERS IN TOWN -ART COMPETITION-

To celebrate how far the development of the Pfaffenthal has come, the mayor announced to everybody's surprise an art competition. It seems that this announcement has brought plenty of new visitors, armed with brush and easel into the pfaffenthal intending on drawing it's many unique and beautiful scenery and set-pieces in their finest shapes.

"My father told me that I couldn't become a painter. Told me it wasn't a real job. Said that I need to get into the pharmacy business and take care of my family. But now looking at all those younglings, I am thinking of picking up painting again, even if it is only as a hobby," says Mr Freckler when asked about the burst of artists in Town.

Furthermore, anyone can participate in this competition independent of skill and ability. The only thing participants need to do is to paint whatever spot, scene and/or people of the Pfaffenthal that they choose. For more information check out the official 1867 Discord announcement on how to participate.

MYSTERIOUS DISSAPEARANCES -CITIZENS ASKED TO HELP-

This morning a man burst into my office and said, 'My daughter Areille Regenfeind and her friend Jean Bremer have been missing for three days. I last saw them when they went to the bakery to get bread. After that, I didn't see them again. I also asked Jean Bremer's parents, but they also said they hadn't seen them for three days.'

Later that day I spoke to a baker from Backerei Max Menager who said that they were walking towards Rue Du Pont. I also spoke to Jean's mother and she said she had last seen them at the fallen tree at the end of Rue d'Eich. 'They were eating bread on top of the tree and laughing, but then I had to go to the fishmonger' - reported the mother of Jean.

"The case is serious, two young people dissapeard without a trace, it might be even kidnappers who "Took care" of them... Police and Prussian guards are already actively working on the case." commented Hauptmann Darius on the case.

We need people with any suspicions or lead on the disappearance of Jean and Areille. All help is appreciated.

WRITTEN BY LUCAS DUPONT

VISITORS ADVISED TO CAUTION -SOME AREAS DEEMED UNSAFE-

With the influx of new visitors traveling through town, the mayor has made an official statement that it be best for visitors to remain in the safe parts of town.

Safe areas according to the mayor are the Rue du Pont and the Rue d'Eisch, near the Estate office. Visitors should take care to not stray to far away from the path to the bridge and church as, specially the Rue des bons Malades near the church has seen an influx of thieves and robbers.

Visitors should wander of the path only at their own risk and be careful of darkly dressed individuals around the edge of town.

"This is, of course, only advice for a pleasant stay within our humble town." says the mayor. "There is no reason to be going around back alleys and the dark streets."

The Gazette

LUXEMBOURG'S FINEST MORNING PAPER

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1867

BELIEVE IN THE HEART OF THE ARTS

NO

HUNGRY RATS -RAT CATCHERS NEEDED-

This morning a group of people stormed into the office of the Pfaffenthal gazette and said, "We were attacked by a group of rats when we went to the bakery for a cake." And later that day more and more people came into my office with the same story that they were attacked by rats. So I went to the police to investigate together what is going on.

After an hour of research, we came up with an answer: less food is wasted on the street, so rats become very hungry and therefore attack.

Feeding the rats to make them less aggressive is not an option, because then we waste a lot of food. We came up with a small solution, we give the rat catchers thick leather gloves which the rats can't bite through. If you have a better solution, send a letter. Rat catchers are at it again, but stay safe.

WRITTEN BY LUCAS DUPONT

WANT A COMPANION ?

Buy a steampowered pet at the curiosity store !
You can find us in the Rue du Pont, next to the Cheese store!

ART CONTEST RESULTS -WINNERS REVEALED-

The Art competition has officially closed some time ago, and with that the town has seen a variety of very beautiful art pieces. The winner was @AbolishBabies with a wonderful depiction of the Hurdy gurdy at the Rue des bons Malades's gate. It was drawn entirely in black and white and even showcases some wild flying contraptions in the background.

To some people's surprise Hauptmann Darius partook in the art competition too, winning 2nd place alongside @Cease. The Hauptmann drew (to nobodies surprise) an image depicting soldier life as part of a poster for new recruitment. It was hand drawn and had a lot of details put into it alongside its shading. @Cease drew a haunting image of a woman by a grave, nearby the cemetery. The Image had very stark contrast and unique shading.

Lastly @zara received 3rd place with her entry depicting a magnificent bridge leading towards a door labelled 1867. For all those interested in looking at the wonderful submissions, visit the official 1867 discord server, or get invited by the artists to show you their art personally.