When your eyes open, the room is dim. It’s quiet and calm. You move your limbs. They are stiff. Your mind is stiff. It has been a long time since you remember being.

There is a slight hum of machines. Soon you hear the noises of the others – breathing, groaning, the sounds of slight movement.

Your mind thinks back. You were younger then. There was sun, wind, rain – nothing like that here. You remember the people (Scientists? Doctors? Teachers? Family?) putting you into the chamber. Yes, very young.

The hatch is open and you slowly climb out. You are very weak, and dizzy when you stand. The feeling passes.

On the screen is “WorldGen” and press here in a large red button. You press it, and the story begins…

“you are one of the chosen few” the face on the screen says. “What you need to know is that the time has come for you to awake and claim back the world”.

A montage of people, cities, sky runs for a few minutes. You start to have memories of similar things. The images change to explosions, fire, screams.

“The end of the world came. We had little time to prepare, and only had space to save a few. You and your companions have been in stasis for as long as we could possibly allow. The time has come for all of you to awaken and reclaim the world for human kind. Hopefully the world has healed enough for you to survive. There will be others, some may be friendly, some not. Keep this in mind as you go forth.”

The record continues with a few instructions – how to regain strength, a list of available supplies, some tools, materials, and devices. By this time a few others have joined you – you don’t remember any of them, but they seem as confused and excited as you are.

A number comes up at the bottom of the screen and begins to count down. “The seal will unlock in seven days. Organize. Prepare.”

The video repeats, again and again.

Oh, brave new world!

**Descriptions, Concepts and Terminology**

This is the beginning of the story. I want to jot down a few of the constant and constraint ideas I have. These are very preliminary and subject to change upon further considerations:

* Money denominations will be called “credits”;
* There is no concept of ownership, very much a collective;
* The player is the de-facto leader;
* Starting individuals will be about 25, maybe two pops?
* Pops can be created by splitting existing pops, but there will be some kind of overhead cost for the action;
* Food or nourishment will be stored as full ration days or maybe as a consumption amount like energy credits where extras are banked above current use levels (there should be some spoilage, and storage limitations – probably will work in conjunction with each other);
* Building materials will also be banked as well;
* What about water? Is it a factor?

**Dawn**

The hatch opened with a metallic hiss. Immediately the air changed. What was stale and thin became rich, with unknown scents, and a moist thickness that was pure pleasure to inhale.

The light flooded in, but it was the last beams of the day coming from the horizon, through the foliage. As the people flowed out, the day grew monochrome and evening faded into dusk. The sounds of the forest were everywhere. From an existence of regulated, constant humming of machinery, to distinct sounds from every direction.

Soon only the artificial light shining through the hatch offered a restricted view of the immediate area. Without the ability to see anything, the people slowing shifted back inside the entrance, content just to take in the air, sounds, and warmth of the world.

They knew that the sun would be back again in a few hours, so with sighs of resign, the hatch was closed again leaving just the insects who were attracted to the light to provide entertainment, and the promise of a new world the next day.