

## StoryGame\_AN\_28728897

### Title

**\*\*Iron Veil\*\***

An interactive experience by Anirudh Narwal

[[Begin Game|CC1]]

(set: \$pp to 0)

(set: \$ch to 0)

(set: \$st to 0)

(set: \$tc to 0)

```
{  
(track: 'internationale', 'loop', true)  
(track: 'internationale', 'playwhenpossible')  
}
```

---

### Prologue

The crackling audio playback recording of the Intelligence Commisar fills the room, his voice distorted by time and wear, outlining the mission details."Comrade Rajavi, this mission is of extreme importance. You have been chosen because the Politburo trusts in your ability to navigate the complexities of this mission. Your record speaks to your skill and dedication to our people and our values."

"Rajavi", his real name shrouded in mystery by his years of service as a spy, leans back in his chair. His head, filled with thoughts of wanting an early retirement especially with how the Commisar's message was shaping out to be.

[[Continue Listening]]

---

### Continue Listening

"You are to infiltrate the Commonwealth of Estronia's Ministry of Defense in the capital, Strumgard and uncover the details of 'Project Iron Veil,' an operation we believe is aimed at destabilizing our glorious motherland.

The stakes are high. Remember, discretion is paramount. May the Spirit of the Working People guide you on this perilous path. Dismissed."

Rajavi could not believe his ears. Of course, military outposts and consulates are easy, but this, this is different, he thought. He would definitely get an early retirement after this one.

[[Off to Strumgard it is]]

[[Listen to the Commisar's message again]]

---

#### **Listen to the Commisar's message again**

"Comrade Rajavi, this mission is of extreme importance. You have been chosen because the Politburo trusts in your ability to navigate the complexities of this mission. Your record speaks to your skill and dedication to our people and our values.

You are to infiltrate the Commonwealth of Estronia's Ministry of Defense in the capital, Strumgard and uncover the details of 'Project Iron Veil,' an operation we believe is aimed at destabilizing our glorious motherland.

The stakes are high. Our intelligence channels suggest that this is more than just a military operation. The Estronians plan on striking a vicious blow to our people and way of life through disinformation campaigns, economic sabotage, political manipulation and more.

Remember, discretion is paramount. May the Spirit of the Working People guide you on this perilous path. Dismissed."

[[Listen Again|Listen to the Commisar's message again]]

[[Off to Strumgard it is]]

**Off to Strumgard it is**

Rajavi stands in the shadow of the Ministry of Defense, a monolith of concrete and steel that stretches into the overcast sky. Its brutalist design is a testament to Estronia's utilitarian values, cold and uninviting.

A revolving door swallows employees and regurgitates them at intervals, each person carrying the weight of a nation's secrets.

The street hums with the steady rhythm of a city at work, but here, in this place, that rhythm seems to falter, overshadowed by the gravity of what lies within.

He steps forward, a lone figure drawn into a web of intrigue that stretches far beyond the eye can see.

How does Rajavi attempt entry?

[[Enter as an Official Delegate of Varusha]]

[[Enter as a Low-Level Tech Maintenance Employee]]

[[Enter Through an Alleged Secret Underground Tunnel]]

---

**CC1**

Codename "Rajavi"

An elite operative of the People's Republic of Varusha, the proletarian bastion of communism. Rajavi has years of experience working under the Ministry of Intelligence, specialising in infiltration and subterfuge.

What is his greatest strength?

```
(if: $pp is 0)[  
  (link: "Physical Prowess") [  
    (set: $pp to 1)  
    (go-to: "CC2")  
  ]  
]
```

```
]
```

```
(if: $ch is 0)[  
  (link: "Charisma") [  
    (set: $ch to 1)  
    (go-to: "CC2")  
  ]  
]
```

```
(if: $st is 0)[  
  (link: "Stealth") [  
    (set: $st to 1)  
    (go-to: "CC2")  
  ]  
]
```

```
(if: $tc is 0)[  
  (link: "Technical Ability") [  
    (set: $tc to 1)  
    (go-to: "CC2")  
  ]  
]
```

---

## CC2

What else is he good at? This is the end of character creation.

```
(if: $pp is 0)[  
  (link: "Physical Prowess") [  
    (set: $pp to 1)  
    (go-to: "Prologue")  
  ]  
]
```

```
(if: $ch is 0)[  
  (link: "Charisma") [  
    (set: $ch to 1)
```

```
(go-to: "Prologue")
]
]
(if: $st is 0)[
  (link: "Stealth")[
    (set: $st to 1)
    (go-to: "Prologue")
  ]
]
(if: $tc is 0)[
  (link: "Technical Ability")[
    (set: $tc to 1)
    (go-to: "Prologue")
  ]
]
```

---

### Enter as an Official Delegate of Varusha

Rajavi dons the guise of a Varushan diplomat, armed with falsified credentials and an intricate backstory, ready to engage in a diplomatic mission at the Ministry.

Rajavi: (With a confident smile) "Good afternoon. My name is Delegate Arman, and I'm here on behalf of the Special Economic Committee. I believe you'll find my appointment on the schedule."

Guard: (Examining the credentials and looking slightly puzzled) "I don't recall any notification of a visit today. May I verify these documents?"

Rajavi: (Maintaining composure) "Certainly, take your time. I understand the need for security."

Guard: "Of course, sir. One moment, please."

```
(if: $ch is 1)[["Can I help you with something, Officer?"|Entry Through Delegation]]
(else:)[["Can I help you with something, Officer?"|Detained for questioning]]
```

---

### Enter Through an Alleged Secret Underground Tunnel

Rajavi lays low, skirting around the ministry building from a distance. Varushan Intelligence has found that a dilapidated tunnel network lies beneath most Estronian government buildings. Eventually, he finds the entrance to the tunnel network.

```
(if: $pp is 1)[[Attempt to force your way through the debris|Left Alone]]]
(else:)[[Attempt to force your way through the debris|Sneak failure]]
(if: $st is 1)[[Contort your body the best your can to fit in|Left Alone]]]
(else:)[[Contort your body the best your can to fit in|Sneak failure]]]
```

---

### Enter as a Low-Level Tech Maintenance Employee

Rajavi poses as tech support, led by a guard to the maintenance room. The guard's racially charged comment about a Varushan working with computers stings, but Rajavi suppresses his reaction, focusing on the task at hand.

```
(if: $tc is 1)[[Keep working|Left Alone]]]
(else:)[[Keep working|Tech Error]]]
```

---

### Entry Through Delegation

Guard: "Your credentials seem to be in order, Delegate. Welcome to the Ministry of Defense."

Rajavi: "Thank you, Officer."

Guard: "Indeed, sir. Right this way. It is customary to provide official delegations a guided tour of our facilities"

Rajavi's mind begins racing, the tour might open opportunities to slip away.

```
[["Of course, I would love to tour the ministry."]]
```

---

### Detained for questioning

Guard: "These credentials don't look right. Who did you say you were again?"

Rajavi: (Attempting to maintain composure) "I assure you, everything is in order. Perhaps you'd like to speak with my superiors?"

Guard: "I think it's best you come with us to verify this information."

[[Follow the guard to the questioning room]]

---

**"Of course, I would love to tour the ministry."**

Rajavi follows the guard through the Ministry, passing the bustling Communications Center, the Research and Development Wing, Diplomatic Suite, Strategic Planning Room, and the Hall of Honor. His attention is piqued at the mention of the Archives Section, a secured area housing classified documents, including key intelligence files on ongoing projects.

(if: \$st is 1)[[Attempt sneaking away|Near the Archives]]

(else:)[[Attempt sneaking away|Sneak failure]]

[[Wait Patiently for the tour to finish|Left Alone]]

---

### **Near the Archives**

Rajavi moves towards the Archives Section. Before him stands a biometric verification door, seemingly impenetrable.

A guard patrols nearby, a keycard on his belt that may grant access. Above, a narrow vent presents a possible entry point, though fraught with risk.

Time is of the essence, and the decision looms.

(if: \$tc is 1)[[Attempt resetting the biometric lock|In the Archives Room]]

(else:)[[Attempt resetting the biometric lock|Hack failure]]

[[Approach the guard]]

(if: \$st is 1)[[Attempt entry through the vent|In the Archives Room]]

(else:)[[Attempt entry through the vent|Sneak failure 2]]

---

**Sneak failure**

Just as he's about to make his move, a cold voice cuts through the silence, "And where might you be going?"

He turns to find a stern-faced security officer.

"I must have lost my way," Rajavi attempts, his voice steady, but the officer's gaze is unrelenting.

"Come with me," he commands, leaving no room for protest.

[[Follow the Guard|Follow the guard to the questioning room]]

---

**Follow the guard to the questioning room**

Rajavi's heart pounds as he finds himself detained, trapped in a small room with Estronian officers eyeing him suspiciously. A single mistake could lead to his capture. The room is tense, filled with the cold scrutiny of his captors. His mind races, evaluating his options.

```
(if: $pp is 1)[[Attempt to overpower the guards|EscapeSuccess]]  
(else:)[[Attempt to overpower the guards|DetainFail]]  
(if: $ch is 1)[[Convince them of your innocence|EscapeSuccess]]  
(else:)[[Convince them of your innocence|DetainFail]]  
(if: $st is 1)[[Try to sneak out|EscapeSuccess]]  
(else:)[[Try to sneak out|DetainFail]]  
(if: $tc is 1)[[Attempt to hack the lock|EscapeSuccess]]  
(else:)[[Attempt to hack the lock of the holding cell|DetainFail]]
```

[[Stay put|Worst Ending]]

---

**Approach the guard**

Clad in a crisp uniform, the guard's eyes flicker with vigilance, his hand resting near a holstered sidearm. His presence is both a barrier and a challenge, an obstacle on the path to



the coveted intelligence within.

[[Ask to be nicely let into the archive room]]

[[Try knocking the guard out to get the keycard]]

---

### **In the Archives Room**

With a combination of skill, luck, and sheer determination, Rajavi finds himself inside the archive room. Rows of cabinets and stacks of documents surround him, a silent testament to Estronia's deepest secrets.

The room hums with the soft whir of climate control, preserving the delicate balance of information. Somewhere within these walls lies the file on "Project Iron Veil," the key to Varusha's future.

The hunt begins, and the clock ticks. The mission is far from over, and success is a fragile thing, hidden amongst the shadows and secrets.

[[Find the Project File]]

---

### **Hack failure**

The lock is proving to be too difficult. As Rajavi is fiddling with it, a cold voice cuts through the silence, "And what might you be doing?"

He turns to find a stern-faced security officer.

"I must have lost my way," Rajavi attempts, his voice steady, but the officer's gaze is unrelenting.

"Come with me," he commands, leaving no room for protest.

[[Follow the Guard|Follow the guard to the questioning room]]

---

### **Sneak failure 2**

Rajavi eyes the vent, a narrow passage to success or a tight squeeze to disaster. With a determined leap, he lunges towards it, but gravity has other plans. Instead of stealthy grace, there's a clang, a stumble, and a rather undignified landing.

The guard, more surprised than alert, rushes over. "Lost, are we?" he smirks, eyeing Rajavi's awkward position.

"Tour of the ventilation system?" Rajavi quips, attempting nonchalance.

The guard's laughter is the last thing he hears before being escorted to a decidedly less humorous interrogation room. So much for sneaking.

[[Follow the Guard|Follow the guard to the questioning room]]

---

### **Find the Project File**

Rajavi's fingers glide over the files, each one a piece of a larger puzzle. Time seems to stretch, but finally, his hand pauses. "Project Iron Veil." The title sends a chill down his spine.

He opens the file, eyes scanning the contents. It's all here: plans for a covert destabilization campaign against Varusha, strategic targets, hidden alliances, and psychological warfare strategies. The handwriting of greed and ambition is clear.

A sudden awareness of the ticking clock brings him back to the moment. He's found what he came for, but now the real challenge begins: escaping with the truth.

[[Use an underground tunnel to escape]]

[[Attempt escape through the ministry]]

---

### **Use an underground tunnel to escape**

Rajavi descends into the underground tunnel, a hidden passage filled with echoes and shadows. As he ventures deeper, he reaches a junction with two distinct paths:

A narrow pathway filled with surveillance sensors and alarms. Requires careful and silent

navigation.

A heavy, rusted grate blocks the way. It requires brute strength to force it open and continue through the tunnel.

```
(if: $st is 1)[[[Pick path 1|Outside towards success]]]
(else:)[[[Pick path 1|Sneak failure 3]]]
(if: $pp is 1)[[[Pick path 2|Outside towards success]]]
(else:)[[[Pick path 2|Strength failure]]]
```

---

### Outside towards success

Rajavi emerges, the cool night air feeling amazing on his face. In his hands, he holds the key to Project Iron Veil, the evidence that could change the course of a silent war. A subtle smile plays on his lips as he moves into the night, knowing that the mission is a success.

```
(if: $murderer is 0)[[[Come forth and meet your fate|Victory screen]]]
(else:)[[[Come forth and meet your fate|Murderer Ending]]]
```

---

### Sneak failure 3

The alarm's shrill cry is a siren of failure. Security forces swarm the tunnels, their footsteps a relentless pursuit. Rajavi faces a grim future in Estronian custody.

```
[[Come Forth and meet your fate|Death screen]]
```

---

### Strength failure

The grate refuses to yield, a stubborn barrier mocking Rajavi's efforts. The sound of guards draws near, their voices a haunting chorus. The mission has failed.

```
[[Come Forth and meet your fate|Death screen]]
```

---

### Victory screen

Victory is achieved, and the secrets of Project Iron Veil are now in Varusha's hands, a triumph for the nation and its socialist principles.

In Varusha, banners wave for unity, service, and compassion. It's a society where collective strength builds a just and fair world. Rajavi's mission embodies these ideals, reflecting a victory for all who contribute to the grand socialist project.

The mission's success is a message to the world: the principles of socialism and the power of collective action will prevail.

[[Play Again?|Title]]

---

### **Death screen**

Rajavi's final moments are cold and sterile, the once vibrant agent bound and defeated in a lifeless room. The Estronian executioner's words are hollow, the charges a mere formality.

As the order is given, Rajavi's thoughts drift to his homeland and the ideals of unity, service, and compassion. A sharp sound, a fleeting pain, and then, nothing.

Rajavi's legacy lives on in the hearts of those who strive for Varusha's vision, a whisper of what could be. The game is over, the mission failed, but the story stands as a solemn reminder of the complex dance between conflicting principles.

[[Play Again?|Title]]

---

### **Attempt escape through the ministry**

Rajavi stands at the threshold of the bustling corridor, the classified file hidden inside his coat. Escape is paramount, but how? Two choices present themselves:

He could try blending into the crowd, with Rajavi adopting the mannerisms of an official.

He also spots a service exit, blocked by heavy equipment. He sees an opportunity to slip away, unnoticed.

```
(if: $ch is 1)[[[Pick path 1|Outside towards success]]]  
(else:)[[[Pick path 1|Blend failure]]]  
(if: $pp is 1)[[[Pick path 2|Outside towards success]]]  
(else:)[[[Pick path 2|Strength failure]]]
```

---

### **Blend failure**

Rajavi's confident stride falters as he meets the eye of a seasoned guard. An unsettling intuition gnaws at the guard's mind, and his gaze sharpens on Rajavi's face. The façade crumbles, and suspicion turns to certainty.

[[Come Forth and meet your fate|Death screen]]

---

### **Left Alone**

Eventually, Rajavi finds himself alone for a moment in this labyrinthian fortress. He recalls that the Classified Files are most probably in the Archives Room.

[[Attempt to make your way towards the Archive Room|Near the Archives]]

---

### **Ask to be nicely let into the archive room**

The guard must've been in a really good mood that day cause to Rajavi's surprise he actually *\*does\** let him into the archive room.

[[Enter the Archives Room|In the Archives Room]]

---

### **Try knocking the guard out to get the keycard**

Rajavi edges closer to the guard, intending a swift, non-lethal strike. But in his haste, his aim is off. The strike is too forceful, the angle too severe.

The guard collapses, and Rajavi sees the light leave his eyes.

A chill settles over Rajavi as he takes the keycard. This was not the plan. The mission continues, but a line has been crossed, and the weight of his actions lingers.

[[Enter the Archives Room|In the Archives Room]]

(set: \$murderer to 1)

---

### **Murderer Ending**

Mission accomplished. The intelligence retrieved, a blow struck against Estronia. But the victory is a somber one for Rajavi.

He stands before his comrades, the triumph overshadowed by the memory of the guard's lifeless eyes. The unintended death haunts him, a stark reminder that even in the pursuit of noble ideals, lines can be crossed, and innocence lost.

"Success, comrade," his superior declares, but the words ring hollow in Rajavi's ears.

He has served the People's Republic of Varusha, fulfilled his duty, and strengthened the cause. But at what cost?

[[Play again?|Title]]

---

### **Tech Error**

Disaster! Rajavi's lack of technical skill is laid bare and the Estronians first make fun of him but eventually begin questioning his credentials with how horrendous his performance was getting.

[[Rajavi was detained|Follow the guard to the questioning room]]

---

### **DetainFail**

Nothing Rajavi does convinces them of his innocence. It would seem he had underestimated Estronian CounterIntelligence, or maybe he had just been too incompetent.

[[Come forth and meet your fate|Death screen]]

**EscapeSuccess**

It surprisingly works! Rajavi hurries out of the Detainment Area.

[[Keep moving|Left Alone]]

---

**Worst Ending**

Strapped to a cold chair, he's subjected to brutal torment. In his weakened state, secrets he vowed to protect spill forth, each word a betrayal of Varusha.

The dreaded words finally escape his broken lips: "Project Iron Veil... I'll tell you everything."

Varusha's security is compromised, the mission failed. Rajavi's sacrifice is in vain, his name forever tarnished.

[[Play Again?|Title]]

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**hal.tracks**

internationale: [https://static.wixstatic.com/mp3/c169bb\\_1ba9018321e24b59a31aeabaab54d2b2.mp3](https://static.wixstatic.com/mp3/c169bb_1ba9018321e24b59a31aeabaab54d2b2.mp3)