**Celestial Freezing: Transitionary Level I – Campsite I [Level Text Script]**

**Transitionary Level I – Campsite I**: This level is the first transitionary level in the game where the player has the ability to converse with a select few members of the team about their previous mission and potentially gain/loss respect with specific team members.

* Real Life Location: Unknown
* Area(s): Campfire, Truck
* Side Quest(s): (0) None
* Key Item(s): (0) None
* Respect Gain/Loss Chances: (2)
* Death(s): (1) Killed by H.U.N.T.R agents

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[Transitionary Level I – Introduction]

\*Having left Chester’s Peak, Gaia’s Advocates makes head way to their next location through thick snow and settling night.

Lowen: It’s getting about that time from the looks of things.

Lowen: We should go ahead and settle down for camp.

Alistair: Settle down?

Alistair: We still have over 8 hours before we get to our next site.

Alistair: Laziness as such yours won’t be tolerated.

Alistair: We’re not-

\*The truck veers off the road and violently bumps into the snow built up on the side.

\*Camille jolts up from her sleep swiftly glancing around the truck’s cabin.

Julian: S-Sorry, I-I just-!

Julian: I-I swear I didn’t mean to!

\*Lowen glances over at Alistair giving a nonchalant shrug.

Lowen: Aye-aye, captain.

Lowen: It’s your ship to sail.

\*Alistair lets out a begrudging sigh.

Alistair: Julian, pull over on the next exit…

Julian: I-I’m not in trouble, am I?

Julian: I really didn’t mean to-

Alistair: Almost kill us?

Alistair: No, you’re not in trouble for that.

Alistair: You just can’t be trusted to drive right now is all.

Julian: I see…

Lowen: Accidents happen, Julian, it’s alright.

Lowen: We all could use some sleep right now.

Alistair: All of us?

Alistair: I beg to differ.

\*Alistair nods towards Camille who looks over to see you soundly asleep on her shoulder, drool dripping from your open mouth.

\*Embarrassed, she swiftly slides away causing your head to fall towards a box of equipment in the back of the truck.

\*Right before it hits, she catches you and gently lets your head down.

Alistair: So sweet of you, Camille.

Alistair: Hey.

\*Despite Alistair’s stern shout, you stay fast asleep.

Alistair: HEY!

Player: H-Huh?!

Player: W-What’s happening?

Alistair: What’s happening is that we’re stopping to camp for the night.

Alistair: And seeing how well rested you are, you’ve got some additional duties, so get up already.

Player: Shit…

-Campsite -

\*As everyone disembarks the truck, systematically, they seem to be doing assigned chores.

Player: What’s everyone doing?

Alistair: Their part.

\*Alistair climbs on top of the truck and sits in a meditative position.

Alistair: Now be quiet.

\*Alistair takes a deep breath before closing his eyes and vaguely glowing of ethereal colors.

Player: And how can I do mine?

Player: I don’t see any townspeople to talk to right now.

\*Groaning in frustration, Alistair’s ethereal glow dissipates as his hair falls to his shoulders.

Alistair: LOWEN!

Alistair: Tell this wretch what to do!

Alistair: It’s upsetting my scan…

Player: …

Lowen: Sure, sure.

\*Lowen pulls you away from the truck with a nervous smile.

Lowen: I’d say sorry on his behalf, but uh…

Player: Comes with the territory, I know.

Lowen: That being said, he’s scanning the area with his abilities to make sure nothing that could be a threat is close by.

Lowen: Julian is doing some maintenance for the truck.

Lowen: Probably because he feels bad about what happened.

Lowen: I’m sure our giant military truck is completely fine, but I’ll make sure to talk to him in a bit about what Alistair said before it gets to him.

Lowen: \*sigh\*

Player: And me?

Lowen: Well…

Lowen: Don’t tell Alistair, but just…

Lowen: Hangout for a bit.

Lowen: Not much is going down right now, but once I get back from hunting, we’ll start sleeping and that’s really where you can help out.

**\*(Are you sure? / Hangout)**

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**(Are you Sure?)**

**\*\* ‘Sneak Away’ Variable +1**

Player: You sure that’s a good idea?

Player: Giving me a perfect opportunity to run away?

\*Lowen smiles.

Lowen: Outside of obvious reasons like, it’s virtually impossible to travel in cold like this on foot for long, we’re not near any kind of civilization for miles, yada yada yada.

Lowen: I trust you not to.

Lowen: I trust you, because you’re no prisoner of mine, so I won’t treat you that way.

Lowen: If you see this as an opportunity to run away while I’m gone, then don’t let this conversation stop you.

Lowen: I wouldn’t blame you, to be honest.

Lowen: A person can only take so much of Alistair’s constant guilt tripping.

Player: I can’t imagine it being something anyone could get used to…

\*Lowen places his hand on your shoulder with a comforting caress.

Lowen: But I’d like to think the others aren’t that bad.

Lowen: I wouldn’t be surprised if you’re growing on them as much as you have on me!

Player: \*scoff\*

Lowen: Yeah, yeah~!

Lowen: Turn that frown upside down!

\*Lowen playfully pokes and prods you all around trying to get a laugh out of you.

Player: Alright, alright!

Player: Frown is upside down!

Lowen: Besides, after seeing everyone in action in Limerick, I’m sure you can see our mission serves a greater purpose than any of us can understand right now.

Lowen: Everyone here, including Alistair, is serious about helping the planet become what it used to be regardless of how it happened.

Lowen: However, before we can do any kind of understanding, we gotta eat and sleep!

Lowen: And I’m gonna try and get us some food and hopefully some meat of the non-infected kind this go around.

Lowen: So!

\*Lowen claps his hands together, briefly rubbing them together, before walking to the back of the truck grabbing some gear.

Lowen: Hangout for a bit or leave, it does be what it is.

Lowen: Regardless, I’m gonna find us and-slash-or the others some food.

\*Lowens slings a rucksack over his shoulder and performs a functions check on his rifle.

Lowen: Well, I’m off!

Lowen: Talk with the others and I’m sure you’ll see what I mean.

\*Lowen rustles your beanie before walking towards the woods.

Lowen: I’m out of here, guys!

Julian: A-Ah, right!

Julain: S-Stay safe o-out there.

\*Camille turns towards Lowen and nods before going back to setting up a campfire with large rocks.

Alistair: You’re going the wrong way.

Alistair: Head west.

Alistair: I sense some animals out there.

\*Swiftly spinning on feet, Lowen changes direction cartoonishly pointing towards his new path.

Lowen: Heading west!

\*Next Scene

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**(Hangout)**

Player: Guess I’ll hangout for now then.

Lowen: Yeah~!

\*Lowen claps his hands together, briefly rubbing them together, before walking to the back of the truck grabbing some gear.

Lowen: Hangout, talk with the others, take a nap, do whatever.

Lowen: Regardless, I’m gonna head out and get us some food.

\*Lowens slings a rucksack over his shoulder and performs a functions check on his rifle.

Lowen: Well, I’m off!

Lowen: Talk with the others and I’m sure you’ll see what I mean.

\*Lowen rustles your beanie before walking towards the woods.

Lowen: I’m out of here, guys!

Julian: A-Ah, right!

Julain: S-Stay safe o-out there.

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Alistair: You’re going the wrong way.

Alistair: Head west.

Alistair: I sense some animals out there.

\*Swiftly spinning on feet, Lowen changes direction cartoonishly pointing towards his new path.

Lowen: Heading west!

\*Next Scene

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[Transitionary Level I – Campsite]

\*Campsite

\*At campsites, Gaia’s Advocates take a temporary break to recover from their previous mission while traveling to the next.

\*Use this opportunity to learn more about the available members.

\*Select an Option

**\*(Camille/Julian/Alistair/ Take a Nap/\*Sneak Away)**

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**(Camille)**

\*Camille just finished dumping some sticks in center of a circular rock formation.

Player: Hey.

\*Camille nods with a stoic expression before sitting down on a knocked over tree and whitling a stick for tinder.

\*Select an Option

**\*(Do you need help? / Can I sit with you? /Did you cut this tree down yourself? / Leave)**

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**(Do you need help?)**

Player: Anything I can help with?

Camille: No.

Camille: I’ll get it done faster on my own.

\*Camille continues to use her knife to whittle the stick curling the wood at the end.

Player: Cool…

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(Can I sit with you?)**

Player: Is it alright if I sit with you?

Player: It’s not like I’ve got anything else to do.

Camille: …

Camille: I’ll only be focusing on starting the fire.

Player: That’s fine.

Player: I don’t think I’ve ever seen someone make a real fire before.

Camille: I mean, I won’t be talking much.

**\*(Try to be Funny/ Try to be Understanding)**

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**(Try to be Funny)**

Player: Hey, you never know.

Player: Spittin’ hot fire’ll get things going sooner than you think.

Player: We’ll have sparks coming up faster than you can blink.

Camille: How will spitting cause a fire or sparks?

Camille: I…don’t understand.

Player: D-Don’t worry about it.

Player: It was a stupid joke.

Camille: I’m sorry about your joke.

Player: T-Thanks?

Camille: I’m just not good with these things…

Camille: …

Camille: But…

\*She turns her head away making it difficult for you to see her face.

Camille: You can stay…if you want.

Player: Yeah, I’ll stay.

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**(Try to be Understanding)**

Player: That’s fine with me.

Player: I remember in Limerick you said you don’t like talking much.

Player: So, I know what I’m getting myself into.

Player: But that won’t stop me from hanging out with you a bit.

Player: Besides, I feel like all I’ve done is talk.

Player: To the townspeople.

Player: Talk to the other guys.

Player: Get talked about by Alistair constantly…

Player: Enjoying some peace and quiet with someone sounds pretty nice right about now.

Player: All of that to say, we don’t have to talk.

\*Camille lowly chuckles.

Camille: Yeah.

\*She glances over to with a subtle smile.

Camille: That’s all you had to say.

\*You scoff returning a smile of your own.

\*Camille nods her head motioning for you to come sit next to her.

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\*Walk around the fallen tree and brush off some of the snow to sit down.

\*Camille continues to whittle at the stick for quite some time.

\*She lifts the carved kindling revealing what almost looks like a blossoming flower before standing up.

\*Kneeling at the unlit campfire pit, she places the kindling inside the pit.

\*You search your pockets and jacket for some kind of lighter, but Camille shakes her head.

\*She picks up another stick and with amazing speed spun it between her hands inside of the pit.

\*Embers flew past her as she tossed in her carved kindling.

\*With a few soft blows into the pit the fire started to burn in a matter of seconds.

\*Camille looked back at with you with smirk emitting a bit of pride.

**\*(Unimpressed/Impressed)**

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**(Unimpressed)**

\*Unimpressed, you glance at Camille before gazing at the fire as it burns.

\*Camille’s smirk wanes back to her stoic expression and she returns to the fallen tree sitting a little further away from you than before.

**\*Return to Initial Options (Updated – ‘Can I sit with you’ Option REMOVED -)**

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**(Impressed)**

\*Your eye light up with an amazed grin leaning towards the fire and looking at Camille.

\*Proud of her self, she smiles triumphantly as she stands up.

\*You begin to softly clap and nod with approval as she returns to sit next to you.

Camille: T-Thanks.

\*You motion as if zipping your lips shut and she chuckles at your antics.

\*\* Campfire conversation variable +1

**\*Return to Initial Options (Updated – ‘Can I sit with you?’ Option REMOVED -)**

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**(Did you cut this tree down yourself?)**

Player: Did you cut this tree down yourself?

\*Camille squints her eyes at you with visible confusion and annoyance.

Camille: …

Camille: No…

Camille: I did not.

Camille: Why would you think that?

\***(It was a joke/ I thought you were strong)**

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**(It was a joke)**

Player: It was a joke.

Player: I was just trying to be funny.

Camille: Well don’t.

Camille: I need to focus.

Player: …

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(I thought you were strong)**

Player: I just thought you were that strong.

Camille: Strong enough to knock down a tree?

Camille: With what?

Camille: My hands?

\*Camille scoffs at the idea.

Player: I don’t know, maybe?

\*Camille pauses as she looks at you with a confused smile on the brim of laughing.

Player: You never know till you try, right?!

\*Camille chuckles.

Camille: I don’t think now is the time to find out if I’m strong enough to knock trees over.

Player: Well, keep it in mind, because you never know.

Player: I’m sure you could punch us up a mean bench to sit on one of these days.

\*Camille rolls her eyes with a smile as she goes back to whittling her kindling.

\*\*Campfire conversation variable +1

\*\*Tree conversation variable +1

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(Leave)**

**\*\*Return to Campsite Hub**

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**(Julian)**

\*Julian is frantically looking through a crate of tools near the open hood of the truck.

Julian: Please, please, please, please…

Julian: I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.

Julian: I swear I can fix it!

Julian: Just give me a second chance, please!

**\*(Is everything okay? / How’s Silas? / \*Let me help you / Leave)**

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**(Is everything okay?)**

Player: Hey, Julian.

**\*\*Talk to Julian at Truck Variable +1**

\*Julian seems too distracted searching for tools inside of the crate.

Player: Hey, Julian!

\*Despite raising your voice, nothing seems to get through to Julian as he rushes to the open hood of the truck.

Player: …

\*You carefully reach out to touch Julian’s shoulder to get his attention, but his free hand swiftly grabs your wrist.

\*The strength of his grasp is painful, but Julian doesn’t seem to realize he holding on to you!

Player: J-Julian!

\*It’s not until Julian tugs your arm that he sees he’s already holding on to something.

Julian: O-Oh!

\*Startled by your presence, Julian jolts up banging his head on the truck’s open hood.

Julian: Ahhh~!

Julian: Shit, shit, shit!

\*As you soothe your stinging wrist, Alistair looks down at you both with disdain spending more time to glare at you specifically.

Julian: S-Sorry, Alistair, I’m sorry!

\*Silent with his scorn, ethereal colors began to surround Alistair as he resumed his meditation.

Julian: You scared me!

Julian: You’re going to get us both in more trouble!

Player: Is everything okay with you, Julian?

Julian: Yeah, yeah, I’ve had harder bumps than this thing!

\*Julian points up to the open truck hood with a forced smile.

Player: I’m glad to hear your head’s tough, but-

Julian: Yeah, it’s the only useful thing I have left after all!

Julian: It’s why I need it to fix this truck.

**\*(What’s wrong with the truck? / Focus on what I’m saying / I’ll leave you to it)**

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**(What’s wrong with the truck?)**

Player: What’s up with the truck?

Julian: You don’t remember?

Julian: I wasn’t paying attention and I hit that snowbank pretty hard!

Julian: Something has to be wrong with it!

Julian: We need this truck for our mission!

Julian: If it’s broken and we can’t use it…

Julian: It’ll be my fault again…

Julian: It’ll be my fault, it’ll be my fault, it’ll be my fault…

\*Julian grabs his head with his free hand while lightly hitting his head with a wrench.

\*Trembling as he mindlessly repeats himself, you can hear fear building as he becomes more unstable.

**\*(It will be your fault/ Concentrate on me/ Sneak away)**

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**(It will be your fault)**

**\*\*Make Julian upset at truck Variable +1**

Player: Guess it will be your fault.

Player: Not much to do now, but accept your fate.

Player: On the bright side, at least you mean something to the team.

Player: Alistair won’t straight up kill you this time since he needs you in one way or another.

Julian: Then there’s…

Julian: Something worse than death?

\*Julian slowly crumbles to the ground fearfully mumbling to himself.

Player: *Yikes…*

**\*Return to Initial Options**

**\*\***Any conversation topic will result in Julian constantly mumbling to himself and ignoring you.

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**(Focus on what I’m saying/ Concentrate on me)**

**\*\*Calm Julian down at truck Variable +1**

Player: Julian, focus on what I’m saying for a sec/ concentrate on me for a second.

Player: Take a moment to slow down.

Julian: I-I’ll try…

\*Julian steadies his hands while taking a few deep breaths with his eyes closed.

Player: Are you okay?

Player: Because whatever is bothering you, I’m pretty sure it has nothing to do with this truck.

Julian: …

Julian: I messed up…

Julian: I messed up real bad and Alistair knows it.

Julian: Really bad.

Julian: After leaving…that place and finding Silas, this has been the only thing I’ve had going for myself.

Julian: Before Gaia’s Advocates, I had nothing…

Julian: I was only expected to ‘perform’ and provide ‘satisfactory results’ for the investors.

Julian: If they weren’t happy, I wasn’t happy.

Julian: And they were never happy…

\*Julian winces with tear filled eyes at distant memories.

Julian: They made sure I knew…

Julian: Alistair…

Julian: He reminds me so much of the director at times.

Julian: He terrifies me…

Julian: I have to serve my purpose and provide satisfactory results.

Julian: Or it’ll start all over again…

Julian: I’m…

Julian: I’m scared that I’m not strong enough to make it through that again this time.

Julian: So please…

Julian: Please, let me fix this.

Julian: I need this.

Julian: I don’t want to keep being so weak that I have to rely on ‘him’ again.

Julian: I have to prove my worth to everyone.

**\*(I’ll leave you to it/ Don’t worry about Alistair)**

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**(I’ll leave you to it)**

Player: Okay then.

Player: I’ll leave you to it.

Player: I’m sure you’ll figure it out.

Julian: Me too.

Julian: I just need some time and I swear it’ll brand new!

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(Don’t worry about Alistair)**

Player: Don’t worry about that guy.

\*You point up to Alistair silently meditating on top of the truck.

Player: He may seem all ‘intimidating’, but I’m pretty sure it’s all for show.

Player: Not him, or anyone else here, needs you to prove yourself to them.

Player: We all know how smart and capable you are, so I’m certain no one’s concerned about your ‘performance’.

Julian: But the truck!

Julian: I hit the-

Player: And I hit the button that almost destroyed the planet when I was trying to save it.

Player: If all that mumbo jumbo about me being here with you guys is my opportunity for a second chance, I think you can get a couple of chances too.

Julian: How can you be so sure of that?

Julian: You just got with us recently.

Julian: There’s no way for you to really know that.

Player: Maybe not, but if I was wrong, I don’t think Alistair would have either of us around with how trigger happy he can get.

Player: I chalk it up to having trash aim, at least when it comes to me.

\*Julian quietly chuckles.

Julian: You better keep it down before he corrects his accuracy.

Julian: He has the high ground, you know?

Player: He does, doesn’t he?

Player: Well, in this case, I think the script plays out a little bit differently.

Julian: He’ll be the one yelling ‘Nooooooo’ in the end?

\*Julian dramatically raises his hands in fist while lowly shouting no.

\*You and Julian try your best to stifle your laughs.

Player: Keep at it and I’m sure you’ll figure out what’s going on with the truck.

Julian: T-Thanks.

Julian: I might’ve just needed this.

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(Sneak Away)**

\*As Julian quietly begins to panic while constantly repeating himself, you manage to sneak away without him noticing.

Player: *Yikes…*

**\*Return to Campsite Hub**

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**(How’s Silas?)**

**\*\*If ‘Silas Transformation Variable’ is less than or equal to 1**

Player: I’m not exactly sure how to ask this but…

Player: How’s Silas holding up?

Julian: Oh!

Julian: He’s been pretty quietly lately, actually.

Player: Really?

Julian: I mean, there were a few close calls, as always, but for the most part there’s nothing to report!

Player: Huh.

Player: Well, it’s good to hear some good news in that department.

Julian: You’re telling me.

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**\*\*If ‘Silas Transformation Variable’ is 2**

Player: I’m not exactly sure how to ask this but…

Player: How’s Silas holding up?

Julian: Well…

Julian: …

Julian: It’s a hard question to answer…

Julian: I…don’t know?

Player: You don’t know?

Julian: For the most part, I can kind of guess what he’s feeling and why based on what’s going on.

Julian: Like when we ran into that lady on the snowy path that one time.

Player: Yeah, I remember.

Player: You were having a reaction to her arm, right?

Julian: Silas was.

Julian: Even though I knew I had to get away from her, I could feel Silas being drawn to her arm for some reason.

Julian: Like some violent animal fighting to get out of a cage to get after her.

Julian: It was the first time I’ve ever experienced that.

Julian: We don’t talk to each other, so I don’t know what he’s actually thinking, but…

Julian: If I had to put what I think he wanted to say in that moment was…

Julian: “Let me leave already” …

Julian: That feeling I got in that moment is still there, twisting my stomach, but it’s just not as strong.

Player: …

Julian: I…

Julian: I should focus on fixing this…

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(Let me Help you)**

**\*\*If ‘Calm Julian down at Truck’ Variable is 1**

\*Julian seems tired despite still searching for things to fix.

Player: It seems like you’ve a bit of progress with the major stuff.

Julian: Yeah, something like that.

Player: Why don’t you let me help you out and take a look.

Player: Just take a break.

Player: You’ve done a lot already.

Julian: …

Julian: \*sigh\*

Julian: Okay.

Julian: I’ll be in the back if you need me.

\*Julian hands over the wretch while slowly lumbering his way inside the back of the truck.

\*After sorting the tools back into the crate, you examine the truck to see that not a single scratch is on it.

\*You head towards the back of the truck.

Player: Julian, everything looks fine.

Player: Hell, almost brand new!

Player: You did a great-

\*You lift the trap only to find Julian fast asleep using his rucksack as a pillow.

Player: Hmph.

Player: *He definitely could use some sleep.*

Player: *He deserves it…*

**\*Make ‘Julian sleeps inside Truck’ variable +1**

**\*Return to Campsite Hub**

**\*\*Julian Option will update**

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**\*\*If ‘Calm Julian down at Truck’ Variable is 0**

\*Julian seems tired despite still searching for things to fix.

Player: It seems like you’ve a bit of progress with the major stuff.

Julian: Yeah, something like that.

Player: Why don’t you let me help you out and take a look.

Player: Just take a break.

Player: You’ve done a lot already.

Julian: …

Julian: \*sigh

Julian: No…

Julian: I need to keep working on this.

Julian: I have to…

Player: Well, I’m around if you need any help later.

\*Julian ignores you and focuses on fixing the truck.

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(Leave)**

**\*Return to Campsite Hub**

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**(Alistair)**

\*Alistair sits on top of the truck still concentrating with the ethereal glow of various colors surrounding him.

**\*(Hey, Alistair/ Leave)**

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**(Hey Alistair)**

Player: Hey, Alistair.

Alistair: …

\*He seems to be seriously concentrating on something.

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**\*(Lowen/ Julian/ Camille/ Leave)**

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**(Lowen)**

**\*\*‘Annoy Alistair’ Variable +1**

Player: Lowen’s been gone for a while now.

Player: Do his hunts normally take this long?

Alistair: …

\*He seems to be seriously concentrating on something.

\*His face twinges while trying to remain focused.

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(Julian)**

**\*\*‘Annoy Alistair’ Variable +1**

Player: Julian has been working on the truck since we got here because of what happened earlier.

Player: Was it really necessary to treat him that way over bumping a big ass military truck like this?

Alistair: …

\*He seems to be seriously concentrating on something.

\*His face twinges while trying to remain focused.

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**(Camille)**

**\*\* ‘Annoy Alistair’ Variable +1**

Player: Was that tree Camille is sitting on always there?

Player: You don’t think she knocked it over, do you?

Player: I know she’s supposed to be, like, super strong as an altered, but a tree?

Player: And to take it down so quietly…

Alistair: …

\*He seems to be seriously concentrating on something.

\*His face twinges while trying to remain focused.

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**(Leave)**

**\*Return to Campsite Hub**

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**\*\*If ‘Annoy Alistair’ Variable is 3**

\*Alistair swiftly whips out a pistol aiming it at you without looking!

Alistair: Shut the hell up…

Alistair: You annoying, brainless, miscreant…

Alistair: BEFORE I FEED YOUR GLUTTONOUS HOLE AS MANY BULLETS THIS MAGAZINE CAN TAKE!

\*Alistair’s yelling scares away birds in nearby trees and catches the attention of Camille and Julian.

\*With a sly smile you raise your hands and slowly walk away.

Alistair: Do something new in your life besides being a nuisance to the world for once…

Player: Geez, all you had to do was say so.

Alistair: …

Alistair: Get out of my sight, wretch…

**\*Return to Campsite Hub**

**\*\*If ‘Annoy Alistair’ is equal to three, player character will refuse to go with specialized text.**

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**(Take a Nap)**

\*You hop inside of the back of the truck and rest your head on a somewhat soft bag and slowly fade to sleep.

**\*Transition to next Scene**

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**\*\*If ‘Sneak Away’ Variable is 1**

**(Sneak Away)**

\*Camille is focusing on maintaining the campfire she just started.

\*Julian is focused on fixing the truck.

\*Alistair is still using his abilities to concentrate.

\*And Lowen is still out hunting.

\*Now seems like the perfect time to sneak away and make your escape.

\*Which direction will you go?

**(West/ East/ Never mind)**

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**(West)**

Player: *Let’s head west…*

\*Slowly you begin to make your escape walking in the footsteps left by Lowen.

\*On the edge of making your way into the tree line the cock of a pistol could be heard above.

Alistair: And you’re going where?

\*Behind you, stands Alistair on top of the truck aiming his pistol at you.

\*He jumps off the truck and slowly hovers down onto the snow as the ethereal light of his powers fades away.

Player: …

Alistair: Lost for words are we, wretch?

Alistair: Talking is the only purpose Gaia has chosen you for it seems, yet during your obvious escape you choose to be silent?

Alistair: Go on, enlighten me.

Alistair: Let’s hear your last few useless words.

**\*(I was escaping/ I wasn’t escaping)**

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**(I was escaping/ I wasn’t escaping)**

Player: I was-

Lowen: Trying to go hunting with me!

\*Lowen swiftly tosses some rabbits tied up together over your shoulder.

Lowen: We were talking earlier about going hunting together, but I said no since we haven’t trained together to not scare all the food away!

Lowen: Fortunately for us, I just got back with a quite the haul if I do say so myself!

Lowen: And look at that!

Lowen: Camille’s got the fire going over there!

Lowen: Whoooiee!

Lowen: I think you went a little overboard this time!

Lowen: I didn’t find a damn cow!

\*Lowen walks over towards Camille with the rabbits and they begin to conversate.

\*Alistair glares at you as he aims his pistol at you from hip height nodding at you to head over to the campfire.

\*You begin to walk over to the campfire slowly and you can feel Alistair jam his pistol into your back.

Alistair: Don’t think I believed a single word of what that clown said.

Alistair: Clown and jest with him all you want, but you won’t make me a fool…

Player: …

**\*Next Scene**

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**(East)**

Player: *Alistair told Lowen to go West, so let’s head East…*

\*You make your way east slowly making your way through the tree line undetected.

\*Carefully, making your way through the woods you lose sight of the truck and the others.

Player: *Was it really that easy?*

Player: \*scoff\*

\*As you continue to make your way through the snowy trees, you hear two male voices with one of them sounding familiar.

Familiar Voice: \*whisper whisper\*

Unfamiliar Voice: \*whisper whisper\*

Player: *I can’t understand them.*

\*Select an Option

**\*(Get a little closer/ Continue with your Escape/ Return to the Campsite)**

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**(Continue with your Escape)**

Player: *Forget it.*

Player: *I’m not sticking around any longer than I have to.*

\*You continue quietly past the whispering voices undetected.

\*With nothing holding you back, a careful sneak turned into a walk.

\*A walk, a trot, and soon a joyous sprint ducking and swerving around low hanging tree branches.

\*Finally, you emerge the woods seeing the highway you and Gaia’s Advocates were on hours before.

Player: Heh…

Player: Ha ha ha…

Player: HA HA HA HA~!

Player: I did it!

Player: I’m away from them!

Player: Finally!

Player: I’m not destined to be some freak’s play slave!

Player: It’s my life and I decide what to do with it!

\*You scream to the moonlit sky with a mix of emotions pouring out of you.

Player: I…

Player: I decide…

Player: And I choose my own freedom…

\*You begin to walk along the highway disappearing from Gaia’s Advocates and never seeing them again as you try and survive the freezing planet on your own.

\*Ending F: The Lone Wanderer.

\*Congratulations on completing one of the many endings of the game.

\*However, there is much more to be seen for Gaia’s Advocates and yourself.

\*Would you like to return to the campsite or complete your playthrough and return to the title screen?

**\*(Return to Campsite/ Return to Title Screen)**

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**(Return to Campsite)**

**\*Return to Campsite Hub**

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**(Return to Title Screen)**

**\*Return to Title Screen Scene**

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**(Return to Campsite)**

Player: *Something’s not right…*

Player: *I don’t who they are or what’s happening, but it’s probably best if I go back.*

Player: *I’ll have other chances to make an escape if I’ve already gotten this far.*

Player: *I better head back for now…*

\*You slowly work yourself away to not catch the attention of the voices and return to the campsite without anyone noticing.

Player: *It doesn’t look like anyone noticed, so I should be in the clear…*

Player: *But where’s-*

**\*Next Scene**

**++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++**

**(Get a little closer)**

Player: *Let’s try and get a little closer…*

\*You slowly work your way closer to the voices and are able to discover the silhouettes of two men.

Familiar Voice: \*whisper whisper\*

Unfamiliar Voice: \*whisper whisper\*

Unfamiliar Voice: \*whisper whisper\*

Player: *Dammit, I can hear them better and not at all somehow at the same time.*

Player: *I’ll need to get even closer to actually hear them.*

**\*(Get even closer/ Continue with your Escape/ Return to the Campsite)**

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**(Get even closer)**

Player: *We’re already this far…*

Player: *I just need to be quiet is all…*

\*You tread carefully as you creep even closer to the voices.