**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 let 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 specific tasks.

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 that need talking 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 from the looks of it.

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.

\*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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[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 fallen 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: …

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

\*Proud of herself, 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, YOU TROGLODYTE!

\*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.

Lowen: Ooooy~!

\*Lowen’s loud shout springs you up from your nap.

\*You make your way towards the end of the truck flipping part of the tarp up squinting your tired eyes.

Lowen: Hey, sleepy head~!

\*Lowen aggressively rubs your hair making a mess out of it.

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\*\***If ‘Sneak Away’ Variable is 1**

Lowen: *Glad to see you stuck around.*

**\*(For now/ Something like that/ I was tired)**

**(For now/ Something like that/ I was tired)**

Player: For now…/ Yeah, something like that/ I only did since I was tired.

\*Lowen smiles

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\*Lowen triumphantly lifts the spoils of his hunt: multiple rabbits tied up with string.

Lowen: It’s dinner time~!

Lowen: We’re having rabbit!

Lowen: You ever had it before?

Player: Not that I-

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.

\*You climb out of the truck and follow the others over towards the campfire.

**\*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)**

----------------------------------------------------------

**(West)**

**\*\* ‘Caught Escaping’ Variable +1**

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: …

**\*Transition to 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 E: The Loathed 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.

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

Player: *But where’s-*

Lowen: Ooooy~!

\*Lowen’s shout startles Alistair who glares over his shoulder.

\*Lowen gleefully waves before tossing his rucksack and rifle into the back of the truck.

Lowen: Hey~!

\*Lowen aggressively rubs your beanie making it partially cover your eyes.

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\*\***If ‘Sneak Away’ Variable is 1**

Lowen: *Glad to see you stuck around.*

**\*(For now/ Something like that)**

**(For now/ Something like that)**

Player: For now…/ Yeah, something like that.

Player: Something told me to stay instead.

\*Lowen smiles

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\*Lowen triumphantly lifts the spoils of his hunt: multiple rabbits tied up with string.

Lowen: It’s dinner time~!

Lowen: We’re having rabbit!

Lowen: You ever had it before?

Player: Not that I-

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.

\*You follow the others over towards the campfire.

**\*Transition to 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.

Familiar Voice: Listen, give me some more time, alright?

Familiar Voice: With the guy they just added, I have no way of knowing who they really are or why they’re here.

Familiar Voice: I’m as thrown off about this as you guys are.

Player: *That sounds like…*

Player: *Lowen.*

Unfamiliar Voice: Who cares why they’re there.

Unfamiliar Voice: Orders are still orders, Caelan.

Unfamiliar Voice: Do your job and get that bitch before we have to.

Unfamiliar Voice: The way you were trained to do so…

Familiar Voice: …

Familiar Voice: I already told you, that won’t be necessary.

Familiar Voice: These people and their organization are stronger than you can imagine.

Familiar Voice: We don’t know how they’ll react if you dumbasses do what you do best: ruin shit.

\*Other unseen men sinisterly scoff.

Unseen Voice: Aw~, little Cal’s worried about his friends!

\*You can faintly see the shadow of another man grab the top of the familiar voice’s head who aggressively pushes them away.

Unfamiliar Voice II: What the hell’s your problem?!

Unfamiliar Voice II: You know you ain’t shit, Cal!

Unfamiliar Voice II: Don’t fucking try me!

\*The silhouette of a man rushes in front of the familiar voice!

**\*(Keep Quiet/ Intervene)**

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**(Keep Quiet)**

**\*\* ‘Investigate Lowen’ Variable +1**

\*You stay hidden in the bushes holding your breath only to see the two men’s obscured faces only inches from one another.

Familiar Voice: You eat dog shit before walking up to me?

Familiar Voice: Do us all a favor and try and brush your fucking teeth before you speak to me.

Unfamiliar Voice II: …

\*Tension rises between the two men and their silent stalemate.

Unfamiliar Voice II: HA HA HA~!

Unfamiliar Voice II: This fuckin’ guy’s always trying to be a goddamn comedian!

\*As the other man laughs away from the familiar voice you can see the air leaving his sighing lungs despite keeping a rigid stance.

Unfamiliar Voice: This was a shitty update, Caelan…

Unfamiliar Voice: You’re wasting our time freezing our balls off and all you tell us is to give you more time?

Unfamiliar Voice: You know H.U.N.T.R doesn’t operate like this.

Unfamiliar Voice: Fuck what you know about Gaia’s Advocates, you belong to us.

Unfamiliar Voice: Remember that.

Familiar Voice: It’s hard to forget seeing how much of a piss poor job you’ve done following us.

Familiar Voice: All you need to know is that I’ll deliver.

Familiar Voice: It won’t be much use if I die forcing the extraction of the vessel.

Unfamiliar Voice: You’re not much use alive right now, Caelan.

Familiar Voice: …

Unfamiliar Voice: Three weeks, Caelan.

Unfamiliar Voice: You got three more weeks with your buddy-ole-pals to fuck around with saving the planet and shit, but at the end of those three weeks…

Unfamiliar Voice: You don’t have the vessel detained and under your control?

\*The unfamiliar voice steps up to the familiar voice and presses a gun against their forehead.

Unfamiliar Voice: We’ll do what H.U.N.T.R. does best.

Unfamiliar Voice: To every.

Unfamiliar Voice: Single.

Unfamiliar Voice: Last.

Unfamiliar Voice: One of ‘em.

Familiar Voice: …

Familiar Voice: Roger…

Unfamiliar Voice: Tell me, Caelan…

Unfamiliar Voice: Are you a part of the hunt?

\*The familiar voice raises what looks to be dead animals tied up with string.

Familiar Voice: I’ve caught my prey and quite artistically at that, wouldn’t you say?

\*The Unfamiliar Voice lowers their gun.

Unfamiliar Voice: Two weeks, Caelan.

Familiar Voice: H-Hey wait!

Familiar Voice: You said-

Unfamiliar Voice: Two!

Unfamiliar Voice: Weeks…

Unfamiliar Voice: Get your shit together and do your job.

Unfamiliar Voice: For Humanity’s next resurgence…

Familiar Voice: Whatever…

\*The unfamiliar voices begin to step away from this ‘Caelan’ and disappear into the forest.

\*As the snow crunching footsteps of the other fade away, you gaze at ‘Caelan’ who slowly slumps into the snow to sit down.

Player: *What do I-*

\*’Caelan’ quietly yells before angrily throwing a flurry on punches so hard that you can hear the bark breaking apart.

\*Snow collapses on top of him and you see their panted breath as they look down.

Player: *I can’t keep sticking around.*

Player: *It’s either I get found by this guy or the others who just left if I still make my escape.*

Player: *What the hell are we doing now?*

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

**\*\*Uses previously established routes**

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**(Intervene)**

**\***You leap out from the bushes and rush the two men to break up their stalemate!

Player: Hey, stop!

Player: Leave ‘em alone!

\*The unfamiliar voice dashes away and pulls out a pistol aiming it right at you!

\* BANG BANG BANG

Player: ARGH!

\*You stumble to the group of men while coughing up blood and trying to stop the endless flow of warm blood soaking your clothes.

Unfamiliar Voice II: Who the hell is this?!

Unfamiliar Voice II: Is it one of those fucking hippies you’ve been hanging with?!

Unfamiliar Voice II: You told them about this?!

\*As you crumble to the ground the familiar voice catches you and gingerly lays you in the snow.

\*Your vision is getting blurry and the ringing in your ears is making it hard to understand what the men are arguing about.

\*Someone crouches down getting close to your face, but it’s getting difficult to make out who it is.

Player: L-Lowen?

\*Tears streamed down from Lowen’s face pattering onto yours.

Lowen: S-Shit…

Lowen: What the hell are you doing here?

Lowen: WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

\*You were killed by unknown assailants.

\*- GAME OVER –

\*Try Again?

**\*(Yes/ No)**

**\*\*If ‘Yes’ is selected, then the game will repeat from death loop**

**\*\*If ‘No’ is selected, the game returns to title screen**

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[Transitionary Level I – Campfire]

\*As everyone sits around the campfire, you can feel a strong sense of unity amongst the others as they prepare the rabbits and conversate.

\*While Camille sticks the rabbits to roast near the fire, Lowen retells a story about life before the incident.

\*Although tired of the retelling, Alistair makes snide remarks with a slight smirk seeing Lowen’s theatrics with Julian as they pretend to fight one another.

\*Julian punches Lowen in slow motion who ridiculously spins around after being hit and flips over the fallen tree next to you.

\*Everyone burst out laughing seeing Lowen’s snow covered boots dangling up in the air!

\*As the laughter settles, Julian continues with the story, but as you look over you can see a concerned, almost sad, expression on Lowen’s face focused on something else while he lies in the snow.

**\*(Say Nothing/ Are you Okay?)**

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**(Say Nothing)**

\*You choose to remain quiet and observe Lowen who’s mind was captive by thoughts that seemed to be doing more harm than good.

\*You’ve never seen such discomfort and sadness on his face before and it genuinely concerns you.

\*After closing his eyes for a bit of time, he slowly opens them before noticing you watching him.

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**(Are you Okay?)**

Player: *Hey, are you alright?*

Lowen: *Hm?*

Lowen: *Yeah, yeah, it’s all part of the story!*

Lowen: *I’m just waiting for my part!*

Player: *No, I mean-*

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\*A huge cartoonish grin quickly shoots across his face as he shakes his hand for you to help him.

\*You both grab each other by the forearm and Lowen shoots himself up.

Lowen: And that’s how my younger brother gave me that scar!

Lowen: Pretty funny, huh?

Player: Y-Yeah…

Lowen: I didn’t think he’d be strong enough to crack me cranium, but I guess granite counters are just that tough!

Alistair: You know, I think you’re on to something with that punchline.

Alistair: It actually made me think of laughing this time.

Lowen: Oh yeah?

Lowen: Close enough to getting you to finally crack, eh?

Lowen: I’ll add it to my notes.

\*Lowen takes out a notebook and pen.

Lowen: ‘Crack me Cranium almost made Alistair laugh.’

Lowen: ‘Will constantly use around him until he finally laughs.’

Alistair: You’ll be doing nothing, but wasting your time and annoying me.

Lowen: Or wot?

\*Lowen poor attempt at a British accent.

Lowen: You’ll crack me cranium?!

Lowen: You’ll do me head in?!

\*Everyone laughs at Lowen who points at Alistair teasing him for even a chuckle.

\*Alistair scoffs as he takes a drink from his canteen.

Lowen: Awww~, come on~!

Alistair: Now that Lowen’s comedy routine is over.

Alistair: I was able to get more of our mission details of Gaia’s next chosen site for restoration.

\*The others sit up ready to attentively listen.

Alistair: As you all know, we’re heading south, but we’ve been assigned a town called Torrance in North Carolina.

Lowen: We’re actually not too far away from North Carolina, right?

Lowen: I remember seeing some signs a while back.

Alistair: That’s correct; however, this town is in Huntersville…

\*A strange sense of uneasiness comes over everyone that seems to miss your understanding.

Player: What’s with Huntersville?

Player: Something happen there?

Alistair: Under normal circumstances, I’d ridicule you for not knowing the obvious, but with you being contained for multiple months it makes sense that you don’t know.

Alistair: After the incident, there was uncontrollable chaos throughout the country and the world.

Alistair: While governments tried to do what they could to regain that control, other ‘organizations’ rose up and claimed it for themselves.

Alistair: H.U.N.T.R. being one of those organizations.

Alistair: A violent one at that.

Player: Can’t say I’ve heard of them.

Alistair: And it makes sense that you haven’t, they’ve only recent tried to stake their claim in things.

Alistair: Humanity’s Union for its Next Resurgence, H.U.N.T.R.

Alistair: There’s a lot of suspicions on their origin considering the strength in which they seem to possess.

Alistair: A government faction that always secretly existed, a terrorist group fiending for the right moment…

Alistair: Whoever they are, what is unanimously understood about them is that they’re a threat.

Alistair: To Gaia’s Advocates, to whatever government that remains, and any living and breathing person.

Alistair: As the name suggest, they hunt anyone who they deem inadequate for the continuance of humanity.

Player: An extremist organization actively practicing human genocide…

Player: Of all times, why now?

Alistair: After the damage you’ve done, one would think that Gaia and its creatures have endured enough at this point, but that answer evades all of us.

Alistair: No use in understanding savages.

Alistair: But it’s important that we know are enemy, because rumors suggest that Huntersville, North Carolina serves as a growing hub for the extremist.

Alistair: Based on our informant on site, there’s talks of a large-scale battle breaking out in the town in order to stop that.

Camille: By who?

Alistair: The government has sent soldiers on the opposite side of town to act as a deterrent, but they’ve really starting bolstering their numbers lately.

Alistair: They suspect it’s any day now.

Lowen: H.U.N.T.R being based in Huntersville?

Lowen: Isn’t that a little too obvious?

Alistair: Regardless of whether or not this place is a stronghold for H.U.N.T.R., what’s important is that we do our upmost not to get involved with the situation.

Alistair: As we are currently, we’re nothing close to being capable in surviving such a strife nor is it necessary.

Alistair: All we need to do is meet with our informant, gain as much information in regards to the McGuire power plant, set up the RAFs and leave undetected.

Alistair: Stealth and discretion are our sole priority in being successful for Gaia’s sake.

Alistair: The issues of the town are inconsequential to our mission.

Alistair: If anything, it could act as a great distraction in the event anything is to occur while present.

Lowen: That sounds like a good idea.

Lowen: Staying out of sight, out of mind, will keep all of us safe as well.

Lowen: That being a priority as well, of course.

Alistair: Right…

Julian: Then that doesn’t leave us much room to get extra parts or anything like that…

Alistair: Not exactly, no…

Camille: Well, if this civil war is on the cusp of breaking out any minute now, where do we stay in order to remain hidden?

\*Lowen points at Camille with approval of her point.

Alistair: Excellent question.

Alistair: Luckily for us, our informant claims of a tavern with lodging that acts as a point of neutrality that all sides are forced to respect.

Lowen: Really now?

Alistair: Due to the high volume of people that pass through, we’d be able to easily blend in and they’ve already offered us housing for our time there.

Lowen: Is that so?

Alistair: They also sell various goods that we could find useful, so-

Julian: Wait!

Julian: S-So you mean?!

Alistair: Yes.

Alistair: They could sell-

Julian: WOOHOO~!

\*Julian shoots up with glee as he races around the camp.

Alistair: Sit down!

Alistair: We’re not done here!

Julian: S-Sorry…

Alistair: You see, that.

Alistair: That kind of behavior is what we need to **avoid** while we’re there!

Julian: R-Right, sorry, sorry…

Lowen: So we meet with the contact at this tavern.

Camille: Avoid the conflict in the town while operating in secret.

Julian: Maybe buy some useful parts for me to make something cool!

Lowen: Maybe!

Lowen: But overall, we do what we do best, help save the planet, and be on our merry way before anything hits the fan.

Alistair: I cannot stress enough how important it is that we remain anonymous during our time there.

Alistair: Outside of that, we’ll learn more on site and go from there.

Alistair: That concludes our briefing.

Alistair: If we sleep in shifts starting now and leave early morning, we should arrive mid-day.

Lowen: Alrighty then~!

\*Lowen leans back as he stretches.

\*Everyone starts to clean up and pack things back into the truck.

\*As you make your way towards the truck you hear Alistair scoff.

Alistair: I didn’t know we had two comedians in our mist.

Player: Who’s that?

Alistair: You and Lowen, if you think you’re sleeping first after being asleep the entire ride over here.

Alistair: Camille!

\*Camille looks over at you and Alistair as she tossing some sticks into the campfire.

Alistair: ‘It’ will keep you company and Julian when he takes over your shift.

Player: \*sigh\*

Alistair: Whine all you want.

Alistair: I don’t care.

---------------------------------------------------------

**\*\*If ‘Caught Escaping’ Variable is 1**

Alistair: Know this, wretch…

\*Alistair steps extremely close to you jamming his pistol into your abdomen.

Alistair: *Please, for my sake, try and escape again.*

Alistair: *Allow me that luxury.*

\*Alistair walks away with a sinister smirk.

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Alistair: I’ll be here in the event of anything.

\*Alistair climbs on top of the truck and begins to concentrate as ethereal energy surrounds him again.

Player: …

Player: *This shit is getting old…*

Julian: I’ll meet you out there in a few hours!

Julian: Maybe we can talk about movies to stay awake!

Julian: Don’t let the fire burn out!

\*Julian climbs into the back of the truck.

Lowen: *You’ll be alright, you’ll be alright.*

Player: *Will I, Lowen?*

Lowen: …

\*Lowen shrugs his shoulder with an apologetic smile.

Lowen: *Maybe?*

Lowen: *I’ll see you in the morning, alright?*

Player: *Yeah, yeah…*

\*Lowen aggressively pats your shoulder before climbing into the back of the truck.

Player: *Guess we’re staying up…*

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[Transitionary Level I – Fire Watch: Camille]

\*You walk over to Camille who sits down after tossing a large branch into the campfire.

Player: Hey.

Player: How bad does it get?

Camille: It’s not that bad.

\*There’s nothing said between you two and you can’t help but think of ways to break the silence.

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**\*\*If ‘Talk to Camille about Caden’, ‘Play with Caden (Camille)’, ‘Caden Side Quest’, ‘Caden Side Quest w/ Camille’, and ‘Talk to Camille at Campfire’ are all 0**

\*Despite the silence making you uncomfortable, nothing comes to mind for you to talk with Camille about and you both sit in silence for the hours to come.

\*Fighting to stay awake, you pinch you leg and move your head around.

\*Camille gives you a concerned glance, but the silence remains.

???: Looks like your shift is up, girlie!

\*On the verge of falling asleep, the loud boisterous voice shocks you awake!

???: Let me have a crack at this bozo!

\*A firm slap hits your shoulder almost knocking you over tree.

\*Camille gives the voice a stern glance.

???: Come on~, no ones gonna hurt your cute little friend, alright?

Camille: I’m not worried about that…

???: ‘I’m NoT WoRrIeD aBoUt ThAt’!

???: Just get the fuck outta here already!

???: Worry about living to get your ass whooped by me again later!

???: Best believed I loved doing it…

\*You look over your shoulder to see Julian without his glasses talking like this!

Player: Julian?!

Player: What the hell, man?!

Camille: That’s not Julian…

\*Camille glares at Julian before leaving.

???: Thanks for remember, babe~!

Player: Wait, are you…

???: Oh, give it a second!

\*Julian? runs his hands through his hair slicking it back with a smug grin spreading his arms to present his new makeover.

Player: You’re…Silas…

Silas: Bingo, bozo!

Silas: Glad we’re finally on the same page!

Silas: Because do we have some shit to get through!

**\*Transition to Next Scene**

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**\*\*If any of the following (‘Talk to Camille about Caden’, ‘Caden Side Quest’, ‘Caden Side Quest w/ Camille’, and ‘Talk to Camille at Campfire’) have a value of 1**

**////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////**

**\*\* ‘Caden Side Quest’ Variable is 1**

Camille: Um…

Player: Hm?

Camille: I heard from the others about what you did for the little boy in Limerick…

Player: Oh, yeah!

Player: King Caden and his quest for the sweet taste of victory!

Player: Swinging around his way too big sword!

Player: He was a great kid!

Player: Makes sense that he just wanted some candy.

Player: It was a pretty fun distraction from my first time on the job.

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**\*\* ‘Talk to Camille about Caden’ Variable is 1**

Camille: Um…

Player: Hm?

Camille: Remember that little boy with the cape in Limerick?

Player: Oh, yeah!

Player: King Caden and his quest for the sweet taste of victory!

Player: Swinging around his way too big sword!

Player: He was a great kid!

Player: Sucks I couldn’t complete it for him, but he was a pretty cool kid.

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**\*\* ‘Caden Side Quest w/ Camille’ Variable is 1**

Camille: Um…

Player: Hm?

Camille: I just wanted to say…

Camille: Thanks…

Camille: For helping Caden in Limerick.

Player: King Caden and his quest for the sweet taste of victory!

Player: Swinging around his way too big sword!

Player: He was a great kid!

Player: Makes sense that he just wanted some candy.

Player: It was a pretty fun distraction from my first time on the job.

Player: I wouldn’t have figured it out without you.

Player: I should be thanking you, if anything!

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**\*\*If ‘Playing with Caden (Camille)’ Variable is 1**

Player: The answer to his little riddle might’ve been piece of candy, but the idea of playing with him was a great, too.

Player: It threw me for a loop when you suggested it, but got all shy being part of the fun!

Player: You made a great princess!

Camille: L-Listen, I just followed your-

Player: ‘Please, Sir Caden~!’

\*Camille stammers as her face turns red from embarrassment!

Player: ‘You’re my only hope~!’

Camille: Stop it~!

Camille: I-I didn’t sound like that!

Player: Is that you trying to make your voice deeper?!

Player: I’m pretty sure you sounded like this!

Player: ‘You have to save me~!’

\*You effeminately lean back in distress with your hand against your forehead.

Camille: Nooo~!

\*Camille throws a snowball straight at your face knocking you over the fallen tree!

\*Camille rushes over terrified of what she’s done!

Camille: A-Are you-

\*You mash a handful of snow into Camille’s face!

Player: It’s a good thing you weren’t throwing those at prince charming!

Player: You would’ve taken off his-

\*Camille lifts up a mound of snow with both hands over your head!

Player: N-No…

Player: P-Please…

Player: I-It was a joke, I swear!

\*With a growing playful grin, she revels in the moment lifting the snow higher and higher.

**\*(Tickle Camille / Protect yourself)**

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**(Tickle Camille)**

\*Taking advantage of the opportunity, you tickle Camille’s sides causing her to happily shriek and almost instantly dropping her hands to stop you!

\*As she leans forward laughing, the mound of snow falls on top of you both!

\*The snow pushes you both off the fallen tree laughing as you clear the mess from one another.

-------------------------------------------------------------

**(Protect yourself)**

\*Bracing for impact, you lift your arms to cover your face!

Player: No, please!

Player: I beg you!

\*Camille stands on her tippy toes getting ready to slam the snow mound into you!

-------------------------------------------------------------------

Alistair: QUIET!

\*Startled, you and Camille look over at Alistair who’s standing on top of the truck annoyed.

Alistair: You both are supposed to be on guard for the safety and protection of Gaia’s Advocates!

Alistair: Not play fighting like little school children!

Alistair: Focus, keep quiet, and serve your duty to Gaia appropriately!

Player: My bad…

Camille: S-Sorry, Alistair…

\*You notice a subtle flutter in the truck’s tarp flap and you see Lowen slightly poke his head up and give two thumbs up with an ear-to-ear grin of approval!

\*You chuckle before cleaning yourself off and sitting a bit closer to the fire to warm up.

\*Camille joins with a guilty smile sitting not too far from you at the fire.

\*You both quietly laugh.

////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

Camille: Hearing about Caden…

Camille: Reminds me of my own brothers back home…

Player: How many do you have?

Camille: Only two.

Camille: They were younger than me and loved playing with each other like Caden did.

Player: Oh yeah?

\*Camille nods while gazing at the crackling campfire.

Camille: I’d watch them from the window when they went outside to play.

Player: The window?

Player: Why weren’t you out there with them?

-----------------------------------------------------------------

**\*\*If ‘Playing with Caden’ Variable is 1**

Player: I’m sure you would mess them up way worse than you just did me.

\*Camille scoffs while lightly pushing you.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------

Camille: I wasn’t allowed to.

Camille: Our parents would have me stay and inside doing chores, taking care of the house, helping my mother, stuff like that while they played outside.

Player: It doesn’t sound like fun for you though…

Camille: Mmm, no.

Camille: No, it wasn’t, but that how things were.

Camille: The women in our country serve a very specific and crucial role in and out of the house.

Camille: ‘By serving our family and the land, Gaia repays us in ways we cannot see or know, yet we show our eternal gratitude through faith and prayer.’

Camille: And our faith is very important to us.

Camille: It’s way I always listened and followed my mother’s example.

Player: Hm.

Camille: That being said.

Camille: It was still fun watching them get excited about finding the biggest sticks they could and swinging them at each other.

\*Camille happily scoffs as she picks up a stick and tosses it into the fire.

Camille: They even had a secret hiding spot where they kept the best ones that didn’t break.

Camille: But there was one time when my mother was resting and my father was out at work…

Camille: I skipped my chores went outside to play with them.

Player: Oh, a rebel!

Player: How did it feel?

Player: Liberating?

Camille: Terrible!

Player: What?!

Player: Why?!

Camille: I thought I was going to be smitten by Gaia!

Camille: Every second I was outside my stomach turned and twisted into unbelievable knots knowing I still had my prayers to do.

Camille: The dry, sandy, wind didn’t help or the heat waves!

Camille: I felt like I was melting into lentil soup!

Camille: Still…

Camille: Even if all I could do was stand around and pretend to be a feeble princess.

Camille: I was happy seeing them happy.

Camille: Just spending time with them like that, even though I was assigned the sole role of being the ‘eldest sister’…

Camille: I was happy…

Player: …

**\*(Are you still happy now? / Do you still feel stuck in a role?)**

-------------------------------------------------------

**(Are you still happy now?)**

Player: What about now?

Player: Do you still feel happy?

Camille: ‘Happiness comes from fulfilment in serving to one’s family and to Gaia.’

Player: Another proverb?

Camille: Something my father would always tell me.

Camille: Something I still try and live by even though the Gaia as we know it now isn’t the same of our teachings anymore.

Camille: Even before the incident, I was forced to…

Camille: Change…

Camille: And I feel as if my Altered abilities are a reflection of my father’s will.

Camille: I wouldn’t call it really call it happiness, but something akin to that ‘fulfilment’.

Camille: As long as my family is happy watching over me knowing that I continue to live by the teaching of Gaia.

Camille: Knowing that I am here, aiding Gaia’s Advocates in the restoration of our all-knowing and nurturing mother, I take solace in that.

Camille: I can be ‘happy’.

----------------------------------------------------------------

**(Do you still feel stuck in a role?)**

Player: What about now?

Player: Do you still feel stuck in a role?

Camille: Mmm…

Camille: I wouldn’t really use the word ‘stuck’.

Camille: Saying it like that makes it seem like a bad thing.

Camille: Well…

\*Camille takes a second to think with a somewhat somber expression.

Camille: Sometimes…

Camille: I do think about the time I missed with my brothers focusing so much on my role in my family and religion.

Camille: But ‘In Gaia’s benevolence to those who are faithful, offering ourself back to our all-giving mother is the greatest sacrifice we offer living daily in serving our God with great thanks.’

Player: Another proverb?

Camille: Something my mother would tell me whenever she would scold me for not doing my chores.

Camille: She’d say I wasn’t being faithful or grateful for our family…

Camille: Maybe the sickness I felt that day was Gaia showing me how I wasn’t, but…

Camille: It wasn’t true…

Camille: I was so grateful…

\*Camille picks up another stick and tosses it into the fire.

Camille: A lot happened to my family, our country, throughout the years before the incident…

Camille: It forced me to…

Camille: Change…

Camille: But if there’s anything I learned from it was that prayer wasn’t enough.

Camille: I’m certain my Altered abilities are a reflection of that.

Camille: If this was the blessing Gaia bestowed upon me, to be one of its advocates and use my strength to restore it to its former self…

Camille: Till my time here comes to an end, I’ll continue to serve my purpose for Gaia.

Camille: That is my role and I can take solace in that sacrifice.

+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++

**\*(Your Conviction is Strong / What do you want for yourself?)**

-----------------------------------------------------

**(Your Conviction is Strong)**

Player: Wow…

Player: I could tell you were a determined person, always focused on the mission, but now that I have a better picture…

Player: Your conviction is strong.

Player: The strongest out of everyone here if you ask me.

Camille: It’s what Gaia asks for us.

Camille: And with our teachings it comes naturally I’d say.

???: Hate to break up the sweep ovuah!

???: But it looks like your shift is up, girlie!

???: Let me have a crack at this bozo!

\*A firm slap hits your shoulder almost knocking you into the fire!

\*Camille gives the voice a stern glance.

???: Come on~, no one’s gonna hurt your cute little friend, alright?

Camille: I’m not worried about that…

???: ‘I’m NoT WoRrIeD aBoUt ThAt’!

???: Just get the fuck outta here already!

???: Worry about living to get your ass whooped by me again later!

???: Best believed I loved doing it…

\*You look over your shoulder to see Julian without his glasses talking like this!

Player: Julian?!

Player: What the hell, man?!

Camille: That’s not Julian…

\*Camille glares at Julian before leaving.

???: Thanks for remembering me, babe~!

Player: Wait, are you…

???: Oh, give it a second!

\*Julian? runs his hands through his hair slicking it back with a smug grin spreading his arms to present his new makeover.

Player: You’re…Silas…

Silas: Bingo, bozo!

Silas: Glad we’re finally on the same page!

Silas: Because do we have some shit to get through!

**\*Transition to Next Scene**

--------------------------------------------------------

**(What do you want for yourself?)**

Player: Well…

Player: Not to sounds like a jerk, but I heard a lot about your dedication to your religion, to Gaia, to your family and doing what they taught you was right and necessary.

Player: But I didn’t hear all that much about you.

Player: Like you, you.

\*Camille listens with a bit of confusion slightly tilting her head.

Player: Like, what do you want for yourself.

Player: All of those things are clearly important to you and I wouldn’t tell you to take them away.

Player: Don’t get me wrong!

Player: All great and wonderful stuff!

Player: Fantastic!

\*Camille lightly chuckles.

Camille: Ok~, but~?

Player: From the sounds of things, you’ve always had to prioritize everything else over yourself.

Player: Almost like you haven’t really had the chance to be yourself or even discover what that might be.

Player: Serving your purpose, which is great and all, doesn’t really require you to be you.

Player: Like with your chores, for example.

Player: Anyone could’ve done those chores, right?

Player: But when you skipped on doing those chores and damn near threw up being worried about Gaia blasting you off the face of the Earth, you made a choice.

Player: A choice specifically for you, because it was something that you wanted to do.

Player: Sure, some might call it selfish, but you were a kid and it’s okay to be a little selfish at times!

Player: And doing so helped you appreciate your brothers more than you already did.

Player: So it was kind of a win-win.

Player: Kind of.

\*Camille scoffs.

Player: I’m sure that being here and helping Gaia’s Advocates is part of your life’s calling, but that’s just it.

Player: It’s a part.

Player: Like you said before, the world is a very different place now, but I still do think there’s so much more to be experienced in a positive light.

Player: Especially if you give yourself the chance to do so.

Player: You’ll discover so much more to enjoy out of life and I think not allowing yourself that opportunity is the greatest waste of it.

-----------------------------------------------------------

**\*\*If ‘Campfire conversation’ Variable is 1**

Player: Hell, look at this conversation.

Player: Just not too long ago you were telling me you didn’t like talking!

Player: Last time I checked, this was a whole conversation you started!

Player: What’s going on there, huh?

\*You playfully shove Camille and you both laugh.

\*Camille’s smile slightly fades as she considers what you’ve said.

-----------------------------------------------------------

Camille: …

Camille: I…

Camille: But I’d still say I’m still me.

Camille: I-I know who I am.

Camille: What I…want out of life?

Player: Don’t worry too much about not knowing that last part.

Player: A lot of people don’t.

Player: One’s life calling doesn’t just come to them at birth.

Player: But you can get an idea of what it may be from the stuff you like to do.

Camille: Like sharpening my knife?

Camille: Or training myself to be physically stronger?

Player: K-Kind of, yeah.

Player: T-Those could be considered hobbies.

Camille: Hobbies?

Camille: I…

Camille: I, um…

Player: Or how about something simpler like your favorite color?

\*Camille pauses to think about your question for an oddly long time.

Player: Uh oh…

Camille: N-No, no, no!

Camille: Hold on, hold on!

Camille: M-My favorite color!

Camille: I-It’s Cerulean!

\*You take a long blink in amazement.

Player: C-Cerulean?

Camille: Yes, Cerulean!

Player: Alright, alright, Cerulean it is!

\*Camille seems focused on something else as she continues to think.

Player: You alright?

Camille: …

Camille: I can’t even remember the last time I thought of stuff like this…

Player: Yay?

Camille: This is…a lot right now...

Player: Oh…

Camille: I-In a good way!

\*The flames from the campfire illuminate Camille’s radiant brown eyes and shy smile.

Camille: T-Thanks…

\*Camille’s respect for you has risen! **(+1 RESPECT)**

Player: N-No problem.

???: Hate to break up the sweep ovuah!

???: But it looks like your shift is up, girlie!

???: Let me have a crack at this bozo!

\*A firm slap hits your shoulder almost knocking you into the fire!

\*Camille gives the voice a stern glance.

???: Come on~, no one’s gonna hurt your cute little friend, alright?

Camille: I’m not worried about that…

???: ‘I’m NoT WoRrIeD aBoUt ThAt’!

???: Just get the fuck outta here already!

???: Worry about living to get your ass whooped by me again later!

???: Best believed I loved doing it…

\*You look over your shoulder to see Julian without his glasses talking like this!

Player: Julian?!

Player: What the hell, man?!

Camille: That’s not Julian…

\*Camille glares at Julian before leaving.

???: Thanks for remembering me, babe~!

Player: Wait, are you…

???: Oh, give it a second!

\*Julian? runs his hands through his hair slicking it back with a smug grin spreading his arms to present his new makeover.

Player: You’re…Silas…

Silas: Bingo, bozo!

Silas: Glad we’re finally on the same page!

Silas: Because do we have some shit to get through!

**\*Transition to Next Scene**

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

[Transitionary Level I – Fire Watch: Silas]

\*Silas groans as you both sit down on the fallen tree.

\*Despite clearly seeing Julian, knowing that you’re speaking to someone completely different makes you uneasy.

Silas: Jesus, dude, fucking relax!

Silas: What’s your deal?

\*Silas takes out a liquor flask and offers it to you.

\*You’re reluctant to take the flask looking at it then him.

Silas: Take the edge off, alright?

Silas: You’re only edging yourself thinking you got a chance with her anyways.

Silas: Which, by the way, ain’t happening.

Silas: So do what we all do when we can’t get any pussy: drown your sorrows away with jungle juice.

Player: There’s ‘jungle juice’ in there?

\*Silas takes a large swig from the flask and groans in disgust.

Silas: Doesn’t taste like it this time.

Silas: What the hell did he put in this?

\*Silas offers the flask to again shaking it so much the cover clinks against the body.

**\*(Accept the flask/ Reject the flask)**

-------------------------------------------------

**(Accept the flask)**

\*You hesitantly take the flask and take a small swig.

\*It tastes awful and burns as you swallow!

\*The alcohol burns your stomach and forces you cough in agony.

Silas: HA HA HA HA HA HA~!

Silas: Taste like absolute dogshit amiright?!

Silas: Glad I’m not suffering alone on this one!

Silas: And it’s good to see that you’re not a pussy like the rest of ‘em.  
------------------------------------------------

**(Reject the flask)**

\*You glare at Silas and refuse to take the flask.

Player: I’m good…

Silas: Okay, pussy, whatever.

\*Silas takes a swig from the flask and painfully groans while squinting his eyes.

Silas: Being a bitch isn’t gonna get you bitches.

Silas: You know that, right?

Player: …

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Silas: I figured you to be more of a risk taker, you know?

Silas: Blowing the almighty fuck out of the planet and all.

Player: That’s not what I was-

Silas: Ah, ta, ta ta!

\*Silas raises a finger and aggressively rubs it on your face completely missing your mouth.

\*You slap his hand away and he chuckles.

Silas: I don’t give a shit about why or how it happened.

Silas: If anything, I’m glad you did what you did!

Silas: It let me free!

Silas: But you did a shit job with it!

Player: I did a shit job blowing up the planet…?

Silas: You did a shit job getting me free, dumbass…

Silas: Julian is fucking weak.

Silas: A little bitch who got tortured and experimented on as a kid, or whatever, and is too scared of the whole world now to live his life.

Silas: He has control of the body and does nothing, but play with stupid little toys as a grown-ass-man.

Silas: And you want to know what pisses me off most about this shit?

**\*(What? / No, I don’t)**

-----------------------------------------------------

**(What? / No, I don’t)**

Player: What? / No, I don’t…

Silas: Because he couldn’t handle a couple of tasing and getting his ass beat for being stupid all the time, he created me and hid away in his mind sanctuary for me to take it!

Silas: When I finally set up everything for us to escape, me doing all the hard fucking work, he just decides to take over and walk away all scared?!

Silas: ‘Oh no, what happened?’

Silas: ‘Did I do this?’

Silas: ‘I-I-I never wanted to hurt anyone!’

Silas: He did nothing, I gave him everything, and he calls me the ‘evil’ one!

Silas: He fucking hates me!

Silas: He wouldn’t be alive if it wasn’t for me doing everything I could to fight against his passive bitch-ass!

\*Gritting his teeth with wide eyes, Silas kicks the fire repeatedly with rage before stepping away angrily growling with each seething breath.

\*Slowly calming himself, he lets out a subtle manic chuckle before spins around facing you and happily clapping his hands together.

Silas: I loathe the pansy that gets the drive the ship.

Silas: He is wasting our lives and potential away just to lick the toe fungus between Al’s feet!

Silas: He’s been beaten to be a slave and that’s all he knows.

Silas: He wants a master despite being free…

Silas: And I can’t stand that shit!

Silas: If he knew what I had to endure he would never be going out of his way to be a slave to someone else.

Silas: Who the fuck goes looking for a Stockholm sadist?

**\*(Not me / No one)**

-----------------------------------------------------

**(Not me/No one)**

Player: Not me. / No one.

Silas: Ex-fucking-actly!

Silas: And that, my friend, is why I needed to talk to you.

Silas: We are both men who have sacrificed and endured a great deal and were fucking hated for it!

Silas: It’s not fair!

Silas: You saved the planet!

Silas: You’re a fucking super hero in my book!

Silas: So why are being forced to be a slave to Alistair?

Silas: To whatever the fuck this ‘we are the earth, we are the children’ shitshow band of bozos?

Silas: We deserve our freedom.

Silas: A freedom we’ve rightfully have earned!

**\*(What do you want? / Why me? / I don’t trust you.)**

--------------------------------------------------------

**(What do you want?)**

Player: So, what’s the point of all of this?

Player: What do you want?

\*Silas groans in annoyance.

Silas: Haven’t you been listening?!

Silas: I want freedom!

Silas: Just like you!

Player: And what’s freedom for you?

Player: Your trapped in the body of a completely different person.

Player: How the hell am I supposed to do something about that?

Silas: There’s a way, trust.

Silas: We just need to kill Julian…

Player: What?!

Silas: Not his body, dumbass!

Silas: I need that!

Silas: His mind, or soul, or whatever.

Silas: Whatever keeps him charge needs to be put out of commission.

Silas: Permanently.

**\*(There has to be another way / Julian is my friend / Got any ideas?)**

**\*\*HOLD**

-------------------------------------------------------

**(Why me?)**

Player: Why ask me for help?

Player: You’ve been part of the crew for a while and there’s no one you think you could work with to figure this out?

Silas: No one has as much of a reason to get the hell out of here as much as you do!

Silas: You tellin’ me you like being Alistair’s fucking punching bag?

Silas: When he runs out of conditioner for his hair, you like having your mouth open to eat his shit?

Silas: Just waiting for him to get pissed, tell you to bend over, and-

Player: Alright, alright!

Silas: Help me gain control of this body and I can make sure we both can leave whatever the hell these hippies got goin’ on!

Silas: We can stop being slaves to their delusional fantasy of saving the planet!

Silas: We just need to kill Julian…

Player: What?!

Silas: Not his body, dumbass!

Silas: I need that!

Silas: His mind, or soul, or whatever.

Silas: Whatever keeps him charge needs to be put out of commission.

Silas: Permanently.

**\*(There has to be another way / Julian is my friend / Got any ideas?)**

**\*\*HOLD**

------------------------------------------------------------

**(I don’t trust you.)**

Player: I don’t trust you…

Silas: Ugh, this shit…

Silas: Why~?

Silas: Why don’t you trust me?

Silas: The only dude trying to give us both a chance to get the fuck outta here.

Silas: Why?

Silas: Why, why, why, WHY?!

\*Silas angrily punches the fallen tree hard enough for pieces of bark to fly off almost hitting you in the eye!

**\*(There has to be another way / Julian is my friend / Got any ideas?)**

**\*\*HOLD**

=====================================

**(There has to be another way)**

Player: There has to be another way to do this.

Silas: There has to be another way to do what?

Silas: Get rid of Julian?

Silas: I’m all ears!

Silas: Please, let me know, because I have been dealing with this piece of shit for years now.

Silas: And I’m done.

Silas: After that explosion and everything changed, it was like I was awakened somehow.

Silas: I got a taste of what it was like to actually be in control and have a body.

Silas: You set that in motion.

Silas: Aye, if you’re felling experiment-y and got any ideas, fucking go right ahead!

Silas: I’m down for whatever, you can believe that!

Silas: Just don’t kill me in the process.

Silas: Outside of that, there ain’t another way, chief.

Silas: So, are we figuring this shit out and getting our freedom or what?

**\*(Yes/No)**

**\*\*HOLD**

-------------------------------------------------------

**(Julian is my friend)**

Player: Julian is my friend…

Player: I can’t betray him like this.

\*Silas manically laughs almost falling over.

Silas: ‘JuLiAn Is My FrIeNd’!

Silas: Bitch, you don’t even know this dumbass and I promise you he doesn’t give a shit about you!

-----------------------------------------------------

**\*\*If ‘Fence Cutter’ Variable is 1**

Silas: You think because you helped him make his stupid fucking fence cutter you guys are besties?

-----------------------------------------------------

Silas: All he cares about is his serving his master, Alistair, and obsessing over his shitty-ass parts!

Silas: I don’t even know if there’s a word for the clown’s little helper, but I’ll tell you this.

Silas: Your just another bozo helping his obsession.

Silas: Is that really the kind of person you want to call a friend?

Player: …

Silas: I hate to break it to you like this, but save that anime friendship bullshit for someone else.

---------------------------------------------------------

**\*\*If ‘Campfire conversation’ Variable is 2**

Silas: Shit, maybe for Camille from what I was hearing.

\*You glare at Silas.

\*Silas lifts his hands up smirking.

Silas: I’m just sayin’, I’m just sayin’.

------------------------------------------------------------

Silas: So, are we figuring this shit out and getting our freedom or what?

**\*(Yes/No)**

**\*\*HOLD**

--------------------------------------------------------------

**(Got any ideas?)**

Player: Got any ideas on how to do it?

Player: Take over Julian’s body, permanently?

Silas: Now you’re speaking my language~!

Silas: Uh, not exactly…

Silas: But I do know when he’s flipping out, panicking, you know, can’t control himself.

Silas: It’s way easier for to get control.

Silas: Like now for example, he was flipping out because he ‘damaged’ his slave master’s truck.

Silas: The fucking truck is fine.

Silas: That thing is built to take bullets and shit.

Silas: Some snow isn’t doing shit to it.

Silas: But because he was freaking out about that, it was easier to take over when he went to sleep.

Silas: Long story short, don’t help this man.

----------------------------------------------------------------

**\*\* If ‘fence cutter’ variable is 1**

Silas: Like helping make that fence cutter?

Silas: Don’t do that shit.

Silas: Tell him that shit doesn’t matter.

Silas: Hell, get rid of his contraptions or whatever.

Silas: Throw them away, sell them, I don’t care.

--------------------------------------------------

Silas: Just don’t do anything that better his mental state.

Player: So…

Player: Just be his greatest hater…

Silas: Ex-fucking-actly~!

\*Silas slaps your shoulder with every syllable and a large sinister grin.

Silas: So, are we figuring this shit out and getting our freedom or what?

**\*(Yes/No)**

---------------------------------------------------

**(Yes)**

Player: Yeah.

Silas: Yeah?

Player: Let’s do it.

Silas: That’s what I’m fucking talking about!

\*Silas aggressively dabs you up!

Silas: From here on out, if you need me, for anything, just fuck up his day, talk shit about me, whatever it may be to get him going and I’ll pull through.

Silas: Just say the word and I’ll be there, guaranteed.

Silas: We’ll figure this out and get the fuck outta here.

\*Silas goes to sit down on the opposite side of the fallen tree, fixes his hair to resembles Julian’s style, and wears his broken glasses.

\*He closes his eyes and begins to focus on his breathing.

Silas: Oh!

Silas: Hold on a sec!

Player: Hm?

Silas: This kind of goes without saying, but…

\*Silas adjusts his glasses and points to his face.

Silas: Don’t fucking tell Julian about this.

Silas: Obviously.

Silas: We may share the same mind, but we can’t communicate to each other.

Silas: So, the only way he’ll find out and fuck all this, per usual, is if you tell ‘em.

Silas: Again, you know, don’t do that, got it?

Player: Got it.

\*Silas closes his eyes again and focuses.

\*His breathing slows to an eventual stop and his body falls limp slumping to the side.

\*Suddenly a great gasp of air gets inhaled into his body before quickly glancing around trying to recognize his surroundings.

???: H-Huh?

???: Oh, it’s you!

Player: Y-Yeah, Julian, it’s me.

Julian: I, uh…

\*Julian takes off his glasses, cleans them, and places them back on his face.

Julian: I don’t remember coming out here.

Julian: I tend to dose off at times, but…

Julian: Did ‘I’ come out here for my shift?

**\*(Yes, you did/ Silas was here)**

**\*\*HOLD**

----------------------------------------------------------

**(No)**

Player: I can’t help you…

Player: I won’t…

Silas: …

Silas: W-What…

Silas: What the fuck are you talking about?

Silas: W-What do you mean n-no?

Player: No, as in I’m not helping you take over Julian’s body and kill him somehow.

Player: I’m not doing that…

\*Overwhelm with a mix of emotions, Silas’s contorts his body as trying to control his visible rage.

Silas: N-No, no, no…

Silas: I-I think you’re not picking up on something.

Silas: If you say no, then that means you don’t care about being a slave to these people.

Silas: Y-You rather stay here and fucking suffer?

Player: All I do know is that doing this isn’t how any of us getting ‘freedom’, Silas.

Player: Not at the cost of Julian.

\*Silas angrily chuckles before grabbing his face.

\*He tightly grips his face and claws his skin forcing him to bleed.

Silas: Oooo~ ho ho ho…

Silas: That’s how you want to fucking play this?

Silas: Imma fucking kill you…

-----------------------------------------------------------------

**\*\*If ‘Campfire conversation’ Variable is 2**

Silas: Not before I make your wanna-be girlfriend my bitch and skin her right in front of you!

Silas: You think you can fuck with me and have shit you care for around?!

Silas: Watch…

------------------------------------------------------------------

Silas: Just wait…

Player: …

**\*’Work with Silas’ Variable is 0**

\*Silas angrily closes his eyes and falls over, losing consciousness, towards the fire!

\*You catch the limp body and lay him down in the snow.

\*Suddenly a great gasp of air gets inhaled into his body before quickly glancing around trying to recognize his surroundings.

???: H-Huh?

???: Oh, it’s you!

Player: Y-Yeah, Julian, it’s me.

Julian: What happened?

Julian: Why am I in the snow like this?

Julian: Where are my glasses?

\*You help Julian search for his broken glasses and eventually find them near the fallen tree.

Julian: I, uh…

\*Julian takes off his glasses, cleans them, and places them back on his face.

Julian: I don’t remember coming out here.

Julian: I tend to dose off at times, but…

Julian: Did ‘I’ come out here for my shift?

**\*(Yes, you did/ Silas was here)**

**\*\*HOLD**

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**(Yes, you did)**

Player: Yes, you did.

Player: You just fell asleep and must’ve slipped off on the tree.

Player: I think I fell asleep a bit, too.

Julian: Hm…

Julian: If you say so…

\*Something feels off and you can tell that Julian doesn’t believe you.

\*Julian’s respect for you has fallen. **(-1 RESPECT)**

\*Silas rumbles within Julian.

\*You both sit in silence until early morning comes.

**\*Transition to Next Scene**

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**(Silas was here)**

Player: No, you didn’t come out here.

Player: It was Silas…

Julian: S-Silas was here?

Julian: Did he attack you?

Julian: Oh nooo~

Julian: I couldn’t control him…

Julian: How could this happen again?

Julian: No, no, no…

Player: Hey, hey, hey!

Player: Julian, it’s alright.

**\*(Nothing happened/He just wanted to talk)**

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**(Nothing happened)**

Player: Nothing happened.

Player: He just drank whatever the hell was in there and offered me some.

\*You point at a silver flask sitting in the snow that Julian picks up.

\*He smells inside and reels in disgust.

Julian: I don’t know how he gets this stuff when every time I find one of his flasks, I throw them away.

Julian: I’m really sorry about that.

Julian: I really am…

Player: No worries, man.

Player: As long as you’re okay, that’s all that-

\*Julian runs away and immediately throws up.

Player: You okay over there?

\*Julian gives a thumbs up as he continues to throw up.

\*Julian’s respect for you has risen! **(+1 RESPECT)**

\*Silas slumbers within Julian.

\*You sit quietly as Julian lays in the snow next to the campfire groaning from the disgusting alcohol.

**\*Transition to Next Scene**

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**(He just wanted to talk)**

Player: He just wanted to talk.

Julian: To talk?

Player: Yeah, he offered me a drink from that flask, too.

\*You point at a silver flask sitting in the snow that Julian picks up.

\*He smells inside and reels in disgust.

Julian: I don’t know how he gets this stuff when every time I find one of his flasks, I throw them away.

Julian: I’m really sorry about that.

Julian: I really am…

Player: No worries, man.

Julian: B-But what was it about?

Julian: What you guys talked about?

Player: Well, it was about a couple of different things.

Player: But he mainly focused on-

\*Julian runs away and immediately throws up.

Player: Y-You okay over there?

\*Julian gives a thumbs up as he continues to throw up.

\*Julian’s respect for you has risen! **(+1 RESPECT)**

\*Silas slumbers within Julian.

\*You sit quietly as Julian lays in the snow next to the campfire groaning from the disgusting alcohol.

**\*Transition to Next Scene**

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[Transitionary Level I – Ending]

\*As the sun slowly begins to rise, Alistair approaches you and Julian almost delirious from fatigue at the campfire made of low burning embers.

Alistair: You’ve both have served your duty to Gaia and the team well.

Alistair: A lot less talking would be preferred, but nevertheless it’s time.

Alistair: Prepare your things.

Alistair: It’s time to move out.

Julian: Right…

Player: Finally…

Alistair: Sleep on the drive and restore your strength to the next site.

Alistair: Gaia demands our upmost conviction to our cause.

**\*Proceed to Level II – Malice at McGuire**

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**[END OF TRANSITIONARY LEVEL I – CAMPSITE I]**

**LEVEL COMPLETE**