

Fragments from the Forgotten Lands

A Glimpse into My Narrative Voice

Creative Writing Portfolio

Ziani Amar

Section I: Emotional Depth & Internal Monologue

Pieces that touch the soul, explore memory, sorrow, and introspection

I sailed with everything I held dear across the features of her face — light, cold, yet somehow it felt like home. One smile from her shifted my course completely, placing me right in the eye of the storm.

I expected beauty — chaos that would shake my spine.

But instead... it was like the final breath of a dying sea, trying to remember its glorious days.

Maybe I was the sailor meant to revive it.

Maybe the one to reclaim what once was real... now just a fading memory.

Every step here feels like a leap

No wonder, I am the falling one

Heavy smoke and dust from my burning chest igniting my eyes.

As if the rain challenging my tears, who would last longer

Every second passing here, makes me more certain of my destiny.

Lost, forgotten, unwanted.

He had always been loud in everything he did — even in sacred ceremonies.

But now, at the edge of his life — maybe for the first time — he whispered.

Not to someone. Not even to himself.

A true whisper — pushed through all the heavy layers of regret.

Was it deserving?

What even is deserving?

As his final breaths left his lips, a gentle touch — full of love — brushed through his hair in a way he could never mistake.

Mom?

A soft voice broke the silence:

"Oh my son... you did what you could. Now let's go home. There's so much waiting for us"

It was just a memory from a far past —

Yet somehow... its timing was a perfectly chosen eulogy for his soul.

Section II: Mythical Visions & Lore

Abstract, philosophical, and otherworldly storytelling

He had never known such things — never lived them.

Yet he saw the Promised Realm.

The entanglement mirrors.

A reality reflecting through infinity... with only one path forward.

He reached for a string, praying it was real.

But the mirrors shattered —

and he fell once more into the Forgotten Lands.

Lying on what he believed to be the ground,

his hands shriveled, clawing at invisible dirt — but found nothing.

The world was silent. Terrifyingly silent.

And in that moment, he knew:

he wasn't the chosen one.

But maybe...

just maybe...

he could be the bridge.

A forgotten bridge —

sacrificed so that the real soul could pass.

Or at least,

that's what he believed

in those final moments.

Section III: Worldbuilding – Visual & Atmospheric

Descriptive power that builds whole worlds through sensation and detail

Flashback – Land of Exile. A severed timeline.

A stands beneath a sky too clear to trust — a dome of frozen light above a wasteland not cold, but lifeless.

There's no wind, yet the air slips away from him, sucked out by something unseen, leaving his lungs chasing phantom volumes.

He unbuttons his shirt — not from heat or cold, but from the pressure building inside. His chest glows faint red, veins rising like relics of rivers that once flowed through time, now dried up.

Every breath feels like it's being pulled through a straw pressed flat.

His feet move, but the snow doesn't react — no sound, no mark. It's like the world here refuses to be touched.

Time is not slow. Time is gone.

Laws fracture under each step — gravity feels polite, but dishonest. Sound answers with delay.

This place wasn't abandoned. It was rejected by reality.

I specialize in poetic storytelling, atmospheric writing, and narrative consulting for indie games, novels, and immersive projects. If this style speaks to your vision, I'd love to help you bring your world to life.

— Ziani Amar