

CHRISTIAN CASTILLO

WRITER 📍 RIVERSIDE, CA 📞 951-733-5087

◦ DETAILS ◦

Riverside, CA
951-733-5087
chriscast94@outlook.com

◦ SKILLS ◦

Project Management Skills
Editing and Proofreading
Creativity and Innovation
Fiction and Non-fiction Writing
Character Development
Collaboration Skills
Technical Writing
Innovative Problem Solving

◦ LANGUAGES ◦

English

◦ LINKS ◦

[Online Portfolio](#)
[LinkedIn](#)

👤 PROFILE

I am an experienced and talented writer and editor who has worked on various projects, ranging from marketing campaigns to narrative design. I am an energetic, passionate, and kind individual and can tackle any situation quickly and carefully. I am a team player and can work with others or on my own to achieve objectives on time and with excellence.

📁 EMPLOYMENT HISTORY

Copywriter at iFIT, Remote

April 2021 — Present

- Conceptualize copy strategies with designers, marketers, and social media experts
- Prioritize and write copy for emails, products, websites, and marketing materials
- Ensure grammatical accuracy of copy prior to production
- Edit and proofread copy as needed

Junior Content Marketing Specialist at Siege Media, San Diego

October 2019 — August 2016

- Research various online channels for subjects and trending news stories
- Pitch relevant topics to develop as various forms of content
- Write compelling web copy for marketing websites in various verticals
- Run high volume outreach campaigns (100 emails/week) and manage responses

Narrative Designer at Aphelops, Remote

May 2019 — Present

- Develop story outlines, dialogue, and copy that supports game's overall narrative
- Pitch ideas in brainstorming sessions for on-brand story arcs and quests
- Assist in the creation of gameplay and content in collaboration with designers
- Help designers communicate gameplay mechanics through story and dialogue

Contributor at Fanbase Press, Remote

June 2018 — Present

- Publish comic book and graphic novel reviews, adhering to strict deadlines
- Assist Editorials Manager with organization and editing
- Participate and develop content for different editorial series

Content Editor at A Better Today Recovery Services, Phoenix

November 2016 — November 2018

- Operate high-volume email (100 emails/week) marketing campaigns
- Proofread and edit copy to improve readability and SEO for the marketing team
- Manage, communicate, and provide feedback to freelance writers
- Research, write, edit, and publish for the ABTRS website and social media
- Contribute to company projects, such as manuals and the online video series

🎓 EDUCATION

English, California Baptist University, Riverside

Minor in Creative Writing

Fiction Example

Context: Our protagonist (Andrew) is a burned-out bike courier that has just recently dropped a package he was meant to deliver.

Enter Sandman

Andrew had enough experience with bad dreams and night terrors to stay relatively calm, and this thing didn't seem too dangerous as it swayed from one place to the next. Typically, when something was chasing him in his dreams, he would feel as though he were moving underwater, but here, he had complete control over his movements, which gave him some sense of confidence. Nevertheless, the panicking feeling of unending doom still lingered in the back of his mind, and it was for this reason that Andrew decided to calmly, yet quickly escape the premises.

Just as he was heading out through the back, Andrew was stopped, or rather, pulled by the collar of his jacket onto the floor by an overly-enthusiastic waiter who took his job too seriously. "Where the hell do you think you're goin', son?"

Andrew didn't really know what happened next, except that there was a flash of dull color, almost gray, lingering on in front of his eyes. He was awake, that much he could tell, but he couldn't comprehend anything beyond that simple thought. His body was fighting him to go to sleep, which was strange because he had felt alert just moments before

It took about a minute before Andrew realized he was someplace different altogether. He didn't remember opening his eyes; in fact, he didn't even remember closing them. Were they even closed? His eyes hurt, as though they've been open for far too long or like if he had just woken up. It didn't surprise him though.

He was sitting down in the middle of what appeared to be a stereotypical abandoned warehouse that included an actual skylight. Originality notwithstanding, Andrew was still surprised to be alone when he came to his senses; typically, someone is always supposed to be there when the kidnapped person wakes up.

He mouthed the word "kidnap" to himself, making sure to enunciate every syllable. "Might as well get used to the situation," he mumbled to himself. He tried getting comfortable, but the chair was uneven and constantly teetering, making him feel as though he were on the ocean. He usually became seasick whenever he smelled the ocean air or was on a boat.

There was always something different about the way the ocean air was; it had smelled differently and there was always something wrong about it. People had always told him that the sea was fresh and crisp and that that was the scent of freedom. It wasn't just the Americanized version either, but the actual idea of freedom. There would be no guarantees out there, in the open, where no one and nothing can bother you or help you. It was just you, the ocean, and what you're willing to do.

Andrew couldn't last a minute on his first boat ride. His father attributed it to him not eating anything beforehand and constantly teased him about it afterward, but no matter what he did, he would always become sick to the stomach. Soon the mere whiff of ocean air would make him sick. He typically kept away from the ocean, but lo and behold, his job would sometimes have him delivering packages near there.

The chair's constant wobbling didn't help him with his current situation, and just being reminded of the ocean made him feel more anxious than he would have liked. Still, at least he wasn't dead, and that was something. He moved his vision to the skylight, trying to look past the fact that it was starting to get dark. If he was going to be stuck there, at least he could do some stargazing, an activity he had always been interested in doing but never really got around to it.

"Why are you just sitting there?" a voice said to Andrew, startling him so much that he just jumped in the seat and stared wide-eyed at the skylight. He didn't know what else to do except to pretend that there wasn't anyone else with him.

"I know you can hear me. Do you have food? I'm starving," the voice said again. It was feminine, at least it sounded genuinely feminine, but there wasn't a way he could know for sure unless he looked.

"Umm . . . no?"

"Why are you being an idiot?" She (he assumed a girl was talking) was closer now, and he noticed it was a little scratchy.

"I really don't know, but I'm committed," he blurted out.

There was an uncomfortable silence for a solid minute before Andrew decided it was probably best to avert his attention to the being that owned the voice. He half expected to be met with someone staring at him. Instead, he saw a tiny person in a brown jacket that was obviously too large for them. Their back was turned to him; they were hunched over on the ground, drawing something with chalk on the concrete floor.

"If you're done being an idiot," the little person in the oversized brown jacket shouted to him, "I was wondering if you can maybe find a few nails around here. I'm trying to blow up the building and I don't want to waste anything precious. If I know the Sandman like I think I do, then I need to try and kill everyone in the vicinity in case we're asleep." She paused for a second before she shouted, "I'm his daughter and I'm pretty sure he wouldn't want me dead, but I have been very wrong lately."

Andrew literally had no idea what to do with this information. Attempting to process everything proved to be too difficult for him, and so he resigned himself to deal with what he could do. He found a total of two, and, having been satisfied with that discovery, figured that the girl, who was still drawing on the ground would be pleased.

“Why are you giving me nails?” The girl asked without so much as moving her head.

“You told me to look for some? These were all I can find.”

She slowly started to turn her head to face him, her eyes still fixated on the ground. Andrew was almost certain that she would have rolled her eyes to the back of her head if it meant that her pupils would have stayed in the same space.

Her face looked serious, and yet he couldn't help but noticing her freckles. He would've stared at them if it wasn't for her piercing and contemplative stare. A strand of her auburn hair fell in front of her face, but she seemed unnerved by this fact. Andrew wanted to look away, but something about the way she stared made him keep looking at her.

She walked closer to him, her eyes still fixated his. It was almost like she couldn't do anything but stare. She stood at his chest, her head raised slightly to keep looking at him, and he looked down slightly to look at her.

She suddenly hugged him, which was even stranger to Andrew because strange women, let alone normal ones, rarely ever hugged him. Yet here he was, in an abandoned warehouse where he half-expected Batman to come crashing through the skylight, being hugged by a girl that he was certain was going to blow herself up at some point in the night.

“So . . .”

“Don't move,” she said sternly. And he didn't. He stood still for what he assumed would be an eternity. He was ready to die like this, he thought, being hugged by a strange girl that he barely even knew.

That's about the time something big came crashing through the skylight, shattering it into dust. There were no pieces of glass falling, only tiny shards that fell gracefully onto the floor. Andrew wanted to jump out of the way, but the girl in the oversized brown jacket kept a firm grip on him and dug her head into his chest. She began muttering something; a prayer, he thought.

Andrew tried to see whatever crashed through the skylight, but all he could tell was that there was a shadow falling over the other half of the warehouse they weren't in. He didn't think much of it until he noticed the chair he had been sitting in was crumpled up like a piece of paper when the shadow touched it. He heard cracking and the smacking of lips as the shadow enveloped it. He began to pray, this time with a newfound sense faith only found in the dying and the soon-to-be-dead.

The girl in the oversized jacket began her chanting even harder now, holding Andrew tight and close. He could feel his shirt becoming damp where she was talking into it. Without a thought, he held her tight and tried to convey a sense of comfort and relaxation through the intricate movement of squeezing someone tight in a hug and nestling their face on the other person's head.

Andrew felt as though his foot was beginning to twist in a way that was physically impossible. It wasn't so much that his foot was bending, but more like it was twisting into a different shape. He felt damp and nauseous and his head started spinning. He was afraid, though, that his head spinning was literal.

"Done!" the girl in the jacket said, suddenly, and frighteningly. She pushed him back, smiling at him.

"We're in a different place?" he asked, as he noticed a few tombstones littered about.

"We're in a different place now, yes. Hi. I'm Lucia, but you can call me Lucy, or not. I'm not a cop."

"We're in a graveyard?"

"Yes. No."

"No?"

"No, we're not dead. We're just in a graveyard!" She said that last part a little too excitedly. "I told you my dad wouldn't let me die. I didn't know about you though, so that was a little unexpected." She continued to grin.

Branching Path Story Example

CHARACTER PROFILE:

Douglas

A stoic and cautious man. He is looking for a new purpose in his life after a tragedy hit close to home. He is lanky, but walks as though he has the weight of the world on his shoulders.

Sarah

An aspiring young journalist. She is headstrong, honest to a fault, and isn't afraid to search for the truth. She ends up involving herself in the story she's chasing.

Gabrielle

A woman with a complicated past. She is trying to turn over a new leaf, but finds that life has other plans for her. She tries to avoid others, but always ends up connecting with them.

SCENE TITLE: 'Out of the Frying Pan'

SETTING: Dimly lit attic; smells sour and stale.

Gabrielle

(POINTING AT DOUGLAS)

You need to get out of here as soon as possible, so you can get that thing looked at.

Douglas

(WINCING)

I'll be alright for now, but we do need to leave. Sarah, you got a look at the blueprints. What's our way out?

Sarah

Well, we definitely can't go through the window, again. The door would get us into the

main part of the mansion near the entrance. We could make a run for it, but...

Gabrielle

What is it?

Sarah

There's a trap door with stairs under those blankets. If we went through it, we would be able to get to the chapel, grab the book, and sneak through the backdoor.

Douglas

So, we can either make a run for the front door, or try to sneak out the back?

CHOICE: "Make a run for it"

Gabrielle

Our best bet to get out of here is through there. I'm not comfortable with Ichabod Crane here with a beat-up wing right now.

Douglas

I'll be ok.

Gabrielle

Yeah, after we get you out of here. Douglas. Sarah. Stay behind me, we're going to make a run for it.

Douglas

Fine, but remember the last place? We don't know what's out there.

Sarah

(WORRIED)

What if they're here?

Gabrielle

That's why we're running. Ready? Let's go.

To Next Scene

CHOICE: "Sneak out the back"

Gabrielle

Our best bet to get out of here is through there. I'm not comfortable with Ichabod Crane here with a beat-up wing right now.

Douglas

I'll be ok.

Gabrielle

Yeah, once we sneak out of here.

Sarah

You think we can, with all three of us?

Douglas

We're better prepared now, and no one knows we're here.

(TO HIMSELF)

I hope.

Gabrielle

(LIFTING THE BLANKET)

You guys...

Sarah

What do you see?

Douglas

What is it?

Gabrielle

A body.

To Next Scene

World Building Mechanics

Found in-game; scrolls

Human Magic

"Magic existed in us as naturally as blood. Some were more gifted in its ways than others. Unlike the magic of the gods and the elves, the magic of the humans was raw and unwieldly. It took time and practice to hone one's ability to successfully use magic.

Over time, humans became less enthused with magic. They couldn't wield it themselves the same way their ancestors once had. If you looked at magic as water, humans would be grease or oil. When you put them in a container, they can't mix together and separate.

This doesn't mean humans no longer have access to magic, though. They can still "guide" it, which allows them to imbue objects and items with it. Doing so still takes much talent and practice, which takes time, so magic infused items are still rare.

There are beliefs that magic still naturally flows through humans. You may see it as a mother controlling all her children, or a farmer having a bountiful harvest year after year. Of course, this may just be a blessing of the gods, but what if it's something more?

It may also be said that the Shieldmaidens know how to wield magic for their own purposes. Not much is said about this, however, as trying to ask them about their ways is as easy as bleeding a rock.

However, there was a time when humans were gifted the ability to cast magic that was on par with the gods themselves, if not better. There are rumors that some humans with that ability still remain, mixing their lifeforce with the magic saved for the gods.

If these rumors prove true, then where does that leave the gods themselves? Just like the ocean, magic is vast. If you have a cup and take water from the ocean, the ocean won't notice, but there is still less water than before. If everyone

were to take a cup of water every minute of every day, how much water would be left for the ocean?

The same can be said in regard to the magic from the gods."

"Elf Magic"

"In a word, elf magic is beautiful. If you were to look at it, it would appear like a cloak made of light and shadow covering them. The more they use, the more it covers them entirely.

For the elvish folk, magic is just a way of life; just as a fish lives in water, so too do the elves. Their longevity can be attributed to this fact.

It's been said that elves have had children with humans. Reports of these elvish-humans are numerous, and it seems as though there is always someone in a village who claims to know of them in one way or another. It's unclear how magic would affect these humans, but it's my belief that their power would be immeasurable."

"Magic of the Gods"

"To call what the gods do as magic would be a disservice, however there is no other clear way to describe their abilities

It's been known that the gods are able to provide blessings to humans. For some, they become devout to a single god; others, the entire pantheon.

There's a growing belief, however, that the gods merely play with the lives of the humans, choosing what to do depending on their mood.

There's another belief, albeit small that is dangerous to speak aloud. Even writing it seems risky, but to truly understand magic, one should know this belief, for it seems to be true.

The gods themselves are mortal and can be killed. The story of Baldur (although prophecy may be a better term) may seem to

confirm this. However, there is no true way of testing this theory."