Raison D’etre

Let’s Do Game Design!

Setting:

Medieval Fantasy

Game Genre:

RPG Fantasy

Theme:

Loneliness

Conflict:

Man vs Self, Man vs Man

Technical:

Game Engine -> RPG MAKER MV

Game Mechanics ->

* Sanity meter, affects the story’s overarching plot. It gets affected by the player’s decision to push away companionship, the lower it gets, the player is rewarded with power but the more RNG starts to happen; i.e. the character acting on its own.
* Karma meter, affects the world’s mechanics, may or may not lock you out of potential opportunities, such as characters joining your party, shop sales that gets cheaper or more expensive.

Starting Plot:

­The world bellows, the surrounding area burned into a clear red, a girl that stood in front of a structure coming undone. Her mother called out in desperation for help, the situation was hopeless, the mother knew that, yet it only had asked to end its suffering. The girl chose to, run away. She ran, towards nowhere, there was nothing but blistering flames. In her fervor, she crashed into a man wearing a deep black hood. It was over, she thought. The church’s fanaticism had deemed her hometown as blasphemous; he closed her eyes as acceptance of her sin of being born, but the man’s hand of slaughter never reached her yet red splatter her face. Ah, her father’s sacrifice was deemed enough to grant the girl a path to salvation. The hooded man plucked away their bloodied hand from the father’s chest, and started to comfort the crying girl, and took them in.

Chapter I – Naïve Girl on a Vast World

“Where has time gone?” A distant voice echoes,

“You, the ever facet of interest by the world.”

“You, who appeared before *them*, multiple times before.”

“Mundane as the rest, yet here you stand before me once more.”

Her eyelids don’t budge one bit, yet she could see a myriad of colors. Dotted and specked throughout the glossy sheen of a throne. Yet she knew better, each reflection was an illusion, that the being before her has long pass their prime.

“Is that what you think of me?”

Realizing that she was heard, she attempted to scamper, but her body doesn’t respond to her wishes. Hearing a chuckle, seeing her plight.

“Though, you couldn’t be any more right. Time brings the inevitable, regrets spur mankind as they curse their inability.”

“Even in Godhood, I am still shackled by mankind’s curse.”

The girl tilted her head as she sees the being in front of her look conflicted. Recomposing themselves, they take a one scan look towards at the girl that fearlessly stood before them.

“Say, even as I am wisping away into the void. I am still capable.”

They stood and began to walk closer to the girl until they’re arms apart.

“Wouldn’t you want a blessing from an old dying god like me?”

She thought for a second, but fearing that she might hesitate the more she thinks about it, she naively began to shook their head as a yes.

The god before her, had a face she couldn’t read, features that doesn’t register in her head that the being might as well be faceless. Yet she knew they were sad, thinking of herself as a good girl wouldn’t want to make a person cry, so she decided to trust the being as they brought their right hand into her forehead. The air around them shifted like a mirage, as the room around them began to turn into a blindingly light.

“As one might believe that blessings are to be celebrated,”

“That couldn’t be said the same by those around you.”

“You’ll experience hardships,”

“Lose a piece of yourself,”

“But I trust that you’ll take care of yourself just fine, wouldn’t you?”

Her voice creaked, as she struggled to utter syllable into the suffocating space.

“Y, yes.”

“Good,” As the being before them began to fade away into nothingness.

Feeling their warmth no-more on the top of her head, the light flickered into the void and at last, there was nothing.

*Would you like to save?*

She opened her eyes; it was a brand-new day. The sun hangs overhead, shining through the window; angled so steeply, she seemed have woken up almost noon.

“Ah,” Quickly arising from her slumber, she rubbed the crevices of her eyes. Slothfully yawning, after which standing up from her bed. Her silken-sleepwear clung to her petite body as she began to walk towards the living room.

The ticking of the father-clock echoes throughout their humble abode,

“Is anyone there?” Her voice reaches no one, as the clock continues to tick away into the noon. It seems like everyone had gone left the house, well-fitting for her considering she woke up this late. Briskly walking over to her closet, as its only appropriate to wear something light and fresh for a bright sunny day. Taking off the silk that then reveal her smooth barren body, left only with their underwear, she took the frilliest dress she has yet still conservative that reaches a bit beyond her knees, accentuated by wearing bright white bloomer.

She went into the kitchen and looked into the cupboard, to find out it was empty.

She looked to the right of it and saw a note that reads,

“I’m *really* sorry dear, that there’s nothing to eat, after your father had gone took them all for last night’s party. I left some coins for you to buy food with, maybe that favorite skewer place of yours. We’ll be back after sundown after I help your father with his… predicament.” Signed off with *Love Mom~* at the end.

“Oh, dad…” Sighing but began to chuckle with delight, seeing that she could finally eat at her favorite place. Taking the pouch filled with fifteen silver coins, she rummaged through the disheveled state of the house, that she finally was able to reach the front door.

It was a short walk to say the least, their house could be found the nearest next to the river. For every spring, her family would just sit by the banks of the river and that was that. As she got closer to the civilization, aptly named Rulleta named after the **HERO** that bestowed flourish over humankind’s land, and fought with their very life until they perished alongside the others against the demon kind on the opposite continent.

Carriages roamed about, as the others set up shop to sell their goods, merchants dusting off their wares as they stood by the curb to gouge the nearest person to fall victim to their scheme. Lilia doesn’t really mind, but still can’t help to not trust those people, always up to no good, she thinks.

“You girl over there,” Startled by the sudden callout by a merchant she had just deemed unpleasant, “See, I had just come from the land of Laurete,” saying in a dramatic tone of sorts, “There, I saw many of the youngins like you smile so bright, that I thought, maybe I could spread the same *positivity* around where I go.” The girl still not getting what he was going at, the merchant sensing such, “Now-now, I’m just saying that a pretty girl like you is missing a…” The man seemed to rummage around his wares to then pulling out a, “doll”. She of-course frowned suspiciously at the man, mother told her to not be easily conceited by strangers, “Although, I still have to make a living,” Glancing at her pouch tied tightly to her waist, “Wouldn’t you say, two silver coins, take it or leave it eh?”

And there it was, the girl ruffled her eyebrows. Would she fall for such an obvious trick?

Of course she does.

Taking the doll in his hand after counting the coin, she went on her merry-way to continue the journey.

“Oh, *sweety*, how have you **been**?!” Caught in quite a predicament, tightly hugged putting her in an emasculated state, trying to wiggle out breathlessly, that after what seemed like hours, the large lady finally let her go.

“I, I’m fine, thank you very much.” Coughing up her lungs, she recomposed herself.

“So, what brings you here,” Asked sweetly by the freckled large lady,

“I want to—”

“Ah, the meat skewers right! *Here.*” Not even giving her chance to pay, the food was already insider her mouth.

“Oh, you want to pay for it?” After trying to mumble something out yet the munching noise of hers overlap, “It’s fine! It’s on the house!”

“But—!” Her mouth was shushed by the lady’s index finger.

Not relenting, she mischievously picked off a couple of coins from her pouch, and cutely slammed it into the table.

“Right, right. You win, I’ll gladly accept your payment dear.”

Scoffing at the lady, “Of course you should! I wouldn’t be able to eat here anymore if you’re not making any more money!”

Blinking at the girl’s earnestness, “Ahahaha!” Grabbing her sides, the girl frowned not being taken seriously at a time like this. She obviously doesn’t want to be held responsible if the lady becomes sad if the stand got closed down.

“You really are a merchant’s daughter,”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Well… It means that a young lady as yourself should go back home before sundown, a peaceful town like this could still house some unsavory people,”

“I know that—” Once again interrupted by the lady raising her up in the air, “Ugh, put me down!” Trying to get away with her size is no match for the lady’s, “Let me cuddle you up before you go!” The large lady was snuggling between her neck, their breath tickled as she finally was able to be pulled away from her. Thinking that the lady might be one of the unsavory people she just warned her about.

The lady putting her, ruffles her hair down, “Alright, off you go.”

Even unpleasant as that was, she still holds the lady in quite respect.

But before she could turn around and walk away, she was given a bag of meat skewers, “Something to eat along the way, don’t you say?”

This was way more than what she gave coins for, but already tired of their antics, she accepted it with no fight at all. Well, meat skewers are delicious, she silently gave her thanks and went off her way.

She found herself watching the sunset, right by the bank of the coast watching over to the direction in which the other continent was found. Seeing ships sail and pass by was her favorite pastime whenever she’s here yet there’s strangely no one that was docking by the port, if ever, along the way here she noticed that there was less traffic than usual.

Nodding it aside as just an odd occurrence for the day, she looked over her side to see the sticks that once had the meat. She put them all back to the paper bag and dusted herself off. It’s about to be night and wouldn’t want to be scolded by her parents. She started to walk back, then suddenly—

A large explosion boomed that broke the town’s known solace, horrified she began to stammer back, yet there another was an explosion. Confusion struck her until the screams of many people lifted out of her stupor. Her concern skyrocketed to the lady that gave her the skewers, so she ran there first.

Clangs of swords screeched her ears, she looked at the direction it was coming from. It was her, the lady fighting off someone. “Skewer lady—!” But before her voice could reach the lady, a sound of flesh was heard. Slice and sheen penetrated the large lady’s torso.

Terror, compounded the girl.

Eyes, eye contact was made to the murderer.

Feet, that ran before she could think.

Running along the alleys, tumbling over several crates.

Falling down a flight of stairs,

Bruised up legs and torn up dress.

Fear, that was felt staring at the murderer before her.

Yet that didn’t push her to close her eyes, and bear the coming pain.

A sheen slash was heard,

The large lady replaced the being before her, as the former tumbled down to the floor wetting the surrounding area with its red.

“W, what…” Exasperatedly spoke each syllable in pain, holding out their right part of their torso to cover up the stab wound. “—are you still doing here.” But that was never enough. Their body finally gave up from the pain as they toppled over, the girl ran over the lady, their blood soaking up the purity of the dress of hers. As does her hands dyed red as she tries to save an ounce left of life from the lady.

Still, it was never enough.

“Go, find your parents, and tell that…”

“—it’s *them*.” The light from the lady’s eyes vanished as her soul did.

The girl was left with a corpse on her lap.

Her mouth agape,

In front of her, once the humble abode that her parents worked their entire life for to attain, up in flames.

She ran inside, blistering flames scorched her pale skin, smog filled everything that made up her memories of the place she calls home.

And there her mother was,

“L, Liliaaa….”

The girl stood motionlessly, she knew, she understands what her predicament was. Her mother was trapped beneath the pillar that stuck her in this flaming hell.

Her mother’s scream of pain, seared through her bones. There was nothing she could do. She was beyond helpless. Yet her mother continued to scream. There was a dropped knife, showing itself as if to mock her unfortunateness.

The girl wants to run away.

She wants to go far away,

She doesn’t want to see this,

*Why this…?!*

The barely recognizable face in front of her continued to still scream.

“Ah,” It was hopeless. She wants to live, even that is too selfish to say in front of the being in front of her.

She took the knife,

Only it took one breath, and one stroke of her arm.

That the screams stopped.

She left the tumbling structure soon after, and wanting to end the dream already, she listlessly noticed a man in front of her.

Their hands bare of any weapon, yet wore a robe that reflects the night.

They strutted closer, no breath was exuded as they raised their hand.

Noticing the religious embellishment on their neck, was for her mind to realize one last time.

For they exist to bestow punishment for man’s sin.

She accepted it with no hesitation, closing her eyes as to welcome the consequence of her action of matricide.

Yet a miracle thar happened more than once, the hands of slaughter never reached her, but of red that splashed her face. It was her father.

A crunch that pierced their heart, down came the body to the ground as what man was originated from, shall return to.

“L, Liliaaa, I’m sorry.” Her father’s regrets ringed in her mind. She wants to close her eyes, hear no more.

“Aaaaaaahh” Seeing her parents so easily perish in front of her.

The man before her stood so stoically, finally spoke.

“ “

Her mind rejected reality.

Not registering their hands that comforted her cries, as they kneel.

Blurring the reality that was her life coming to an end.

And began another.