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

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. Rummaging over the desk,