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| --- |
| VN SIM PROJECT |
| NaNoRenO 2014 |
| Writer sub-route |
|  |
| **Hendra** |
| **Today** |

|  |
| --- |
| Route for the writer |

**CHARACTER PROFILE**

*Name:* Joan Gold

*Age:* 19

*Occupation:* Unemployed

*Likes:* Apple pie

*Personality:*

Joan is a down-to-earth, no-nonsense, practicality-first girl. She doesn’t like people, because they annoy her with their constant requests and pleadings and their inane chattering about stuff that isn’t important, like who their boyfriend should be or whatever. Of course, deep down, she feels a little lonely and wants to prove herself to others─she’ll say it’s to herself, though.

Watch me disregard the above during writing itself.

*Summary*:

Joan Gold is not a girl’s girl. She doesn’t wear make-up, thinks short, boyish hair is just practical and looking cute is the last thing she’d want to do. In fact, hoodies and sweaters are much more comfortable, even if they’re sometimes too large for her. Alongside her permanent scowl, this makes her look more boyish than girly.

*Motivation:*

Despite her rough outward behaviour, Joan wants to be kind and tender, too. She likes writing and takes up an online persona totally unlike her real self, hoping to find friendship and a person to really connect with.

She’s Visual Novel writing to show an arrogant ass that she’s just as good as he is─and hopefully even better.

**Event 1:**  
Opening event.

**Summary:**  
Joan Gold is introduced to the player. She tries writing but it just doesn’t work out.

**Scene:**“In a world filled with endless water… where humanity has made an effort to eke out a living on flying islands…”

No! Nononono! Aaagh… that won’t work at all! Urgh, I’m such a moron.

There was just this one thing you had to do, me. Ignore the pompous bastard. Don’t listen to him. He’s just provoking you.

But noooo, you just *had* to bite, didn’t you? Had to ‘prove’ yourself!

I mean, honestly, who cares the pompous ass wrote eight Visual Novels in a year? It’s still a niche. No one really cares about Visual Novels. Well, except for those idiots who do care, but they’re idiots. Who cares.

Aaagh, but I can’t back down from a dare *now*. Okay, Joan, okay. Calm down, you can do this. Forget about the entire ‘muse’ bullcrap. Inspiration isn’t something that comes sporadically and suddenly, it’s something you build up. Something you imagine.

I mean, how hard can all this be? I just have to write a killer Visual Novel in 60 days. I can write, I can probably program… music can be found online… I could probably find sprites somewhere…

I’m doomed. I’m friggin’ doomed. My life is over. Oh god. It’s never going to work out. *Write* a Visual Novel. Who the hell does that? Why the hell would I want to?! Aaagghhhhh… I’m a moron. Gold? More like Chengdeite.

H’ooookay, enough despair. Joan Gold, you’re going to write a Visual Novel. Like, starting right the hell now! Show that pompous bastard just what effort can produce!

I can’t wait to wipe that arrogant smirk off of his *damn* face!

**Words:** 270

**Event 2:**  
Being stuck on writing.

**Summary:**  
Joan Gold has a writer’s block and tries to fix that situation by researching online. Happens if you don’t raise writing a lot.

**Scene:**  
Ugh. Just staring at this .doc makes me suicidal. How did I not get past 2,000 words after eight days? I said I was a writer, dammit, so why am I not writing? This is a cardinal rule of the damn universe: An artist makes art, a programmer programs, composers compose and writers… write, dammit!

Bah, it’s just not coming to me. Screw it, I give up. This isn’t working out. They say to ‘just write’, but how the hell am I supposed to ‘just write’ if I can’t figure out where to even *start*? Like, whoever thought of the entire ‘just write’: I want to punch you in the balls.

I’m not even joking. I will find out where you live. I will come down to your house and punch you in the friggin’ balls. And then punch your wife in the tits. And your dog on the snout.

Wait, scratch that, the poor dog’s done nothing wrong. I can’t punch an innocent bystander, that’d be inhumane.

But I’ll still punch *YOU*, your wife, and probably your children too; they deserve it. Or will deserve it. I’m pretty sure there’s not a kid in the world that hasn’t deserved a beating at some point. Multiple points.

Wait, that’s *it*! Brilliant! Way to go, Joan. *That’s* how we’ll proceed from here. Hahaha! I’m a genius. God, quick, I have to write this down.

… And it’s gone.

GOD. DAMMIT.

**Words:** 239

**Event 3:**  
You chose: ‘Romance’

**Summary:**  
The player chose to write romance. Unfortunately, Joan can’t into romance. You also have to have Boy x Girl selected.

**Scene:**  
“Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day? Thou art…”

Well, to be honest, she’s not more temperate, is she? I mean, she’s shy. That hardly constitutes temper. That just exudes boring.

… Oh god, I’m one of *those*, aren’t I? Those hackjob authors who believe the only kind of girl is the meek, innocent and shy girl. GOD. DAMMIT. Look at yourself, Joan. Do *you* look girly to you? Well, sure, I mean, I’m not utterly manly, but… Despite not being a guy, I don’t have to be innocent, meek and shy, right?

It’s such a cliché. Why *can’t* we have woman in upstanding roles? Why *don’t* we write more badass tomboys? Right, because every-friggin’-body writes tomboys these days. Because we’re like those idiot drivers who leave work five minutes early to beat traffic, just like all the other one thousand gazillion people who want to beat traffic.

Man, I think everyone’s already tried every romance in the book. Or books, as it is. I kinda wish these kind of guys existed, anyway. Argumentative, playful, not afraid to try new things… Maaan, why can’t I find a boyfriend? I’m not asking for a lot, am I?

Well, I guess they’re all scared. It’s not like you’re the nicest person, Joan. Maybe if you fixed that damn scowl and dressed up a little, but that’s so much effort… I just want them to take me as I am.

That’s not a whole lot asked. It isn’t, honest. It’s just a tiny bit, in the grand scheme of things. Aaaagh… why isn’t there a guy who can match wits with me?! It’s not like I’m *actually* a genius, right?! So why, whenever we talk… Why the hell do you *ALWAYS* agree with me?! I can be wrong, you know! Just because I don’t smile doesn’t mean I want you to buzz off! I get lonely too sometimes, you know!

Screw all you bastards! SCREW ALL OF YOU! Why do you always just go for the sluts?! Why?! Have you seen their faces?! It just screams ‘slut’! They’ve slept with a gazillion guys! They dump you and then have a new boytoy the next week!

Why won’t you look at me?!

…

Oh god. I need to lie down.

**Words:** 377

**Event 4:**  
You chose: ‘Horror’

**Summary:**  
Joan has absolutely no affinity for horror stories. Happens if you select to write Horror.

**Scene:**  
Horror. Horror. Horror. God, even the word sounds stupid. Horror. Hoar roar. Whore roar. Roaring whores. That might work. A whore that roars is obviously not a regular whore.

Wait, maybe that isn’t suitable for younger children. Er, wait, this is horror. It’s probably not good horror if it’s suited to younger children.

So like, why would the whores be roaring. Because they’re whores? Because they’re sluts that like to take men away from others? God, I hate those sluts. Yeah, let’s turn them into monsters.

Like, succubi or something. Because clearly anyone who sleeps with a different guy each week is just sex-obsessed. Friggin’ lust-starved whores.

Wait, are those actually scary? Wouldn’t the guys just be lusting after it anyway? I mean, considering their tastes in women, I wouldn’t be surprised if this turned from horror into their newest fantasies.

Dammit, Joan! You’re writing a horror story, not the Lonely Guy’s Ultimate Fantasy! Get a grip! Okay, okay, you know what? Screw it. These succubi… will… friggin’ *eat it*. They’ll *chow down* on it.

If that doesn’t horrify those guys, I don’t know what will.

Dammit, why do you have to be into sluts?

**Words:** 195

**Event 5:**How I Learned To Love The Commonfolk and Stop Angsting

**Summary:**  
Joan recruits help for her Visual Novel. Happens if progress on other assets isn’t working too well.

**Scene:**  
Mmm… I’ve got some work done. It looks good… I think… Just not feeling it. Guh, I should try to get help after all─these stock sprites look terrible. How can anyone be serious about creating a Visual Novel with stock assets anyway?

I mean, sure, you can use them if you absolutely can’t find someone, but it’s lame. How am I supposed to feel close to a guy I’ve seen in five different ways?! Argh.

I gotta find someone to help me out. There’s got to be *some* artist that’d want to draw for me, right?! I mean, {title} is an amazing Visual Novel! … Goddamn, did I really call it *that*?!

Ugh, whatever. Maybe I’ll change it later. For now… let’s see… this thing has a forum to go with it. A recruitment area! Brilliant, Joan, you’ll find some allies yet!

Okay, let’s see… Thread title… Looking for… and I should definitely add a summary of the story. And character descriptions, too. Should I add physical descriptions? I should. On the other hand, I kinda want to give the artist free reign… I’m really not that much of a visual type. Maybe I should just leave it open?

Eh, I will. Adventure, here we go! I mean, they can always ask for more character details if they need it, right? Of course they can. Don’t ask stupid stuff, Joan!

Right, well, I’ll just post this… there!

…

… Okay, it’s been five minutes. Maybe I should refresh.

… Refresh… refresh… refresh… refresh…

AGH! Why isn’t anyone replying?! I see the viewcount go up to 51! 52! Dammit people, I *know* you’re reading my thread! Respond, dammit! It’s not a terrible thread! I’m being super reasonable. I even showed you my samples!

Dammit dammit dammit. … One more refresh…

**Words:** 299

**Event 6:**  
Holy Shit, It Took Six Scenes For Interaction To Appear?!

**Summary:**  
Joan finally interacts with someone. Happens after some time has passed automatically irrespective of choices.

**Scene:**  
Hnngg… buh, what? Who the hell’s callin’ me? What time is it anyway? … Aww man… did I really sleep in ‘till 2 o’ again?

Ah, dammit, where’s my phone?!

Joan “Hoy, yeah, me here.”

Antagonist “Heheh, you sound as groggy as always!”

Joan “… What are *you* calling me for?”

Antagonist “Wow, grumpy. Were you sleeping again?”

Joan “Shut up.”

Antagonist “Man, you’re such a lazybones.”

Joan “I’m going to hang up.”

Damn, did that ass really have to call me?

… You’re calling me again, aren’t you?

Joan “What?”

Antagonist “Whoah, calm down, man! I just wanted to have a nice chat wi’ya.”

Antagonist “Was just looking at my Play Store stats for downloads, y’know. There’s like, I just passed 80 thou on Terrible Day Redux!”

Antagonist “I mean, you write VNs too now, right? So you gotta understand! It’s great!”

Antagonist “Oh, wait. You haven’t *actually* written a VN.”

Joan “… You just callin’ to be an ass?”

Antagonist “Hey, *who’s* the one who told me, ‘Writing VNs is cake, stop bragging’?”

Antagonist “And *who* was all, ‘Challenge accepted’ when I said, ‘Nah man, it’s pretty difficult’?”

Joan “… Shut up.”

Antagonist “So didya write that ‘damn killer’ VN yet?”

Joan “I said shut up! Don’t call me again, you damn prick!”

… AGH, I hate that guy so much. So so so so so SO MUCH!

Dammit, this is no time to laze around! I have to write that damn VN and show up that damn idiot. It’s not hard. Holy hell, how can it even be considered hard?!

You can do this, Joan. Writer time!

**Words:** 270

**Event 7:**  
Joan muses about purchasing.

**Summary:**  
Joan thinks about the economy while making another purchase from the story. You need to have bought at least two items before.

**Scene:**  
Ugh, another full price purchase. I mean, it’s worth it to show up that smug bastard, but damn, I wish there’d be more discounts. We’ve got like, E-Dock and Vapor and everything, why the hell do people not understand discounts make us buy more stuff?

They’re always jacking on and on about piracy and shit, like if there was no piracy everyone’d buy more stuff. But uh, yeah, I don’t really see that happening.

Just look at these prices. Holy hell. If I wasn’t so driven to show up this ass, I wouldn’t even think twice about any of this. ‘Commercial VN making is profitable’ my ass. Maybe if you had enough capital to waste.

Or if you’re a pirate. Yarr harr! Sailing them uncavorted seas of the interwebs, finding ye olde loot and programs.

Oh, hey, maybe that’s an idea to write into this VN. Yeah, that’ll totally work!

Dammit, I didn’t really need to buy this after all, did I?

**Words:** 162

**Event 8:**  
“Girl chases Boy”? As if.

**Summary:**  
Joan writes a Girl x Boy story. Unfortunately, she has a strong opinion about this as well. Doesn’t need to be a Romance.

**Scene:**  
It’s impossible. It’s totally impossible. There’s no way this is gonna work. Ugghh… how am I supposed to write a Girl meets Boy story when I’ve never even experienced a love like that?!

I mean, *sure*, I could’ve chased people but, that’s so lame, man. I mean, even if you’re really keen on dating someone as a Girl, all the guys will just feel ‘intimidated’ and their ‘manliness’ is threatened.

Bunch of friggin’ pansy-ass wuss-shits. Yeah, just try doing it once, and they’ll just gossip behind your back. Well, or in front of you. Damn asses. ‘Wah, Joan tried to hit on me, did she really think I’d want to date *her*?’ YES, YOU ASS. I REALLY THOUGHT THAT.

God, and I thought we were friends. That we could get along. And then a week later, suddenly I’m a girl who keeps chasing a gazillion men. Because girls aren’t supposed to hit on guys, right? Bullshit.

It’s called emancipation! Girls can do everything guys can! Girls don’t need to wear cute clothes or use make-up to be pretty and cute! I mean, I don’t even want to be cute, but I’m pretty sure I look good enough without any of that bull.

Ugh, why did I decide to write a Girl meets Boy story? Well, I guess it’d be nice if he’d just accepted my feelings. Man… maybe I’ll go with that angle. From the start, the two get together, and from there…

**Words:** 243

**Event 9:**  
Earning money through odd jobs.

**Summary:**  
Joan goes out to work, but she hasn’t had stable employment in a while. She earns money in a different way instead: Odd jobs.

**Scene:**  
Maaaan, how can people stand doing this kind of work? The smell of pizzas all day long just makes me wanna chow down. Just look at you! Perfection incarnate! Salami, cheese, all these… green stuff. Veggies? Paprika? Whatever man! You’re delicious, I wanna eat you.

But then I can’t. Because, you know. The worst decision in the world is to be a deliveryman. Or woman. Or girl. Person. Smelling these things all day… Ugh, I should’ve just gone with washing the windows again. It’s been a while since I cleaned over at Moonbux…

AAAAH! What am I, retarded?! Oh… oh damn, you were just too delicious. I’m sorry, Mr Pizza, but I couldn’t resist. I know you were meant for that blind bat. But you were too good. Too delicious. You had to be eaten.

… My pay is getting docked so hard. Wait, no, I can deal. Maybe I can convince her this is the new way to go.

And then never apply for this job again. Ever.

Or uh, I can… apologise? Honesty’s always the best policy, right? … Right?

Yeah, I need to get back on the ghost writing gig.

**Words:** 193

**Event 10:**  
You got a programmer.

**Summary:**  
Joan’s managed to snag the programmer for her project, and considers him for a bit. Must have attempted to recruit and gotten a programmer, must be paying him.

**Scene:**  
Awright! I got one! A programmer, at that. Finally. I mean, I could probably figure out all of this myself, but that’d take too long anyway. It’s fine if I hire someone, right?

This pay is outrageous, though. What’s he need it for anyway? Izzit really all for medicine? What’s he running, a pharmacy?

Well, I guess it doesn’t matter. I mean, I can afford him. Probably. Maybe. I think. Man, if you weren’t all sadface on me I wouldn’t have bothered. You’re lucky I’m so generous.

And stupid. I need to see if I can work double shifts *somewhere*. Or maybe hit up that site again for the work.

Yeah, this’ll work out. No problem. I’ve got a programmer, he’s ace, I’m ace, we’re all ace. This is gonna be just fine, Joan! It’ll be fine!

… I’m so doomed.

**Words:** 141

# Correspondences

**PC contacts NPC:**  
Contacting an NPC, different styles.

**Recruitment 1:**  
Joan contacting the artist girl.

**Scene:**  
**Happy**  
“Hey,

I couldn’t help but notice you’re looking for a project to draw for. Well, have I got an offer for you!

I’m a dedicated writer. I really believe in putting my all into this. I’ve actually also authored a book, although sales aren’t exactly going swimmingly, I’ll admit. That aside, though, I think I can really write.

And you can really draw! I love the way you draw eyes, and the expressions! I’ve included some information in the attachments. Could you let me know your terms for working with me and if you’re interested? Thanks!”

**Irritable**

“Figure I’d send you a message, since you said you’re looking for a project. I’m still looking for an artist. I’ve attached a concept of the story. Uh, if you’re gonna ask for money, don’t bother, I can’t afford it.”

**Lazy**

“Just responding to your ‘looking for work’ message. Attached is my story info. Lemme know.”

**RecruitmentResponse1:**  
Joan responding to the artist girl.

**Scene:  
Happy**

“Hey!

Good to hear you’re interested. You’re a real life saver, since my drawings look uh… let’s just say I could pass them around kindergarten and parents’d wonder whose kid drew it.

Anyway, I sent you an invite for my project storage folder. Add me for easy chatting later, okay?”

**Irritable**

“Working for free, huh? Great. Thanks. Mind giving me your details, I’ll go add you to my stuff and we can talk more.”

**Lazy**

What do you mean, respond to the message?