

An experience of experiencing

TRANSIENT GARDEN

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A story behind

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This document was written because the author took a video game development class in their 5th year on university.

*“Even when I gave you the option of freedom,
you’re still asking for purpose?”*

PROLOGUE

A black screen, waiting for the game to load inside GitHub's prebuilt webGL player. I adjust my laptop screen and bring my mouse in a position that I find most comfortable.

The bar finally filled. I'm greeted by a white flash.

CHAPTER 1

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE



“If a dream is life, what’s reality?”

I wake up inside a dark room, with only a small light gently stroking my face. It seems oddly familiar. Like the houses you see in Pokémon games as a kid before you set out on a big adventure.

Trying to make sense of my surroundings, I look for hints inside the room. Aside from some random objects, there are two doors, I wonder where they lead.

I try to open one but I’m unable to, outside the door I read the following message:

“There’s nothing to see here, I’m waiting for you outside.”

As I wonder who’s the one that’s waiting outside, I’m hit by a quick realization.

I don’t know who I am either .



I exit through the second door.

I am greeted by a familiar landscape of what I presume is the suburbs of a small town.

As I prepare to take as small stroll to explore my surroundings, I notice the right direction is blocked, so left is seemingly the only direction I can go in. It gives of a feeling of walking backwards in time. Being so unsure of everything, I wonder what I'm walking back into.

The night sky in combination with the nearby lightless houses create a soft nostalgic atmosphere, reminding me of the freedom of night.

It seems like everything is sleeping, but I feel even more awake.

I walk inside a garden that seems like a park. There I see a lonely figure standing with her back to me. Her white hair contrast the lively colors of the bits of nature surrounding her.

As I walk closer to her, she turns and I can see her unsurprised expressionless face.

Her complexion is pale, matching her lifeless hair. In contrast to her soulless and dull characteristics her eyes remain brown with a hint of fading liveliness.

“*Congratulations. You found me.*”, she whispers.

To be continued

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



It doesn't really matter.