NPC Bio:

Child, 12 Years old

Name: Toa

Appearance: A tan skinned boy who was taller than most his age but visibly malnutrition. Sunken eyes, scruffy, short and unkept black hair and dirt all over him.

Clothing: Dressed in what would seem to be a decent shirt without the dirt and crinkles, a vest (a jacket with its sleeves ripped out) and khaki shorts which looked way too big for him and is held up by a disintegrating belt. Shoes made of leaves and wood from the forest.

Toa was the son of government loyalists. They were once wealthy, powerful and away from all the conflict. He lived a luxurious life in a large house with many underground pathways and right beside a large forest. He was given the opportunities to learn many skills including martial arts, piano, mountain climbing and was taught 3 languages. Not that these interested the young boy who would rather spend his time doing other more exciting and less structurally rigid activities like running around in the forest catching bugs, animals and hunting with his father. This luxury lasted till he was about 10 years old, when the fighting started to spread to the city. First, the military turned against the government and started being loyal to money rather than the authority. The rich corporates manage to heavily bribe the military for their own causes rather than for the greater good of the nation. Instead of trying to stop the war and protect the country from rebels, the military started to allow the rebels to do as they please as long as they do not damage the diamond rich lands in the South. Not long after the military’s collapse in order, the separatists manage to infiltrate without much resistance. Some still tried to steal from the diamond lands, but were shot down immediately by the military. So they turned to target the wealth government loyalists for their money. It was the night of Toa’s 12th birthday when one of the prominent leaders in the government was murdered in his own home. This resulted in unrest amongst the loyalists and they turned against Toa’s parents. Toa’s parents were blamed for betraying the government and providing intel to the rebel who assassinated the leader. The government ordered for them to be hung in public for treason to the government. Government loyalists who were once family friends stormed into their home in the middle of the night and dragged Toa’s parents out. Toa barely managed to escape through one of the secret pathways which he had found while exploring his own home when he was younger. His parents were hung that night and Toa never got to say his goodbyes. He escaped into the forest and never looked back. He made a promise to himself that he will avenge his parents’ death one day by demolishing the government and by killing those who stormed into his house and took his parents away.

First interaction of the Protagonist and the boy:

“Try not to step on my shit while you are taking a piss! HAHAHA”

Taking turns to use the “toilet” out in the forest so that you don’t compromise on your faction camp’s sanitation is not fun, especially when your partner is Connor. The one who makes everyone a practical joke for his own amusement.

“Piss off”

You rebels have recently set up your camp by the forest right at the edge of the government loyalist infested city. Across the thick luscious greenery are the disgusting money-stealing, blood-sucking and self-entitled government loyalists who gives no shits about the suffering of those living outside of the city. We have intel that the security at the borders beyond the forest is going to weaken in a month due to their annual party celebrating the “success” of the nation and “thanking” the government for it. We are going to crash that party. Hard.

You guys have worked your way from across the country for 3 months just to get here. Just to be so close to the city and so close to demolishing the government.

“Ready son? You piss longer than I crap. For fuck’s sake.”

“Lets…” a movement from the corner of my eye caught my attention. Signalling Connor to be quiet, you held the handle of your dagger, ready to draw it to defend yourself. You take slow, steady steps towards the bush where the movement came from.

A small figure jumped out and tried to make a run for it.

“BLOODY HELL!!! STOP RIGHT THERE!” Connor yelled as you started giving chase.

The boy is fast. You might not be able to catch up with him!

#Give up on the chase – you lose him and get shit on by Connor, lose credibility in the group

#Just keep chasing – you lose him and get shit on my Connor, lose credibility in the group

#Try to outsmart him

OPTION: outsmart him

You spot a little hill that you can run on and be on an elevated platform above the boy. You take a right and run up this little hill.

The boy looks behind him and see that you are no longer hot on his heels. He slows down a little to catch his breath. You see this as your opportunity. You speed up your run against the protests of your lung and jump off the hill onto the young boy.  
  
“OI!”

The young boy struggles and manages to land a couple of punches on you. He seems like he knows what he is doing but he doesn’t have the strength or the skills to overpower you. You manage to pin him down with his arms behind him.   
  
“Quit struggling kid or I am going to have to hurt you!”

“You are already hurting me! Let go!”

A panting Connor catches up with you guys. He pats you on the back “Good job son. Let’s bring him back and see what we should do with this young buffoon.”

You guys return to your camp with the boy.

“LOOK WHAT WE FOUND IN THE FOREST! SPYING ON US TAKING A DUMP!” Connor announces to the camp as we return. Curious people slowly exit their tents to see what the commotion was about.

Everyone was whispering and pointing at the boy. For the first time this evening, you could properly study the boy under more light.

He is tan skinned and visibly malnutrition. Sunken eyes, scruffy, short and unkept black hair and dirt all over him. He is dressed in what would seem to be a decent shirt without the dirt and crinkles, a vest (a jacket with its sleeves ripped out), khaki shorts which looked way too big for him, held up by a disintegrating belt, and shoes made of leaves and wood from the forest. This boy looked like he lived in the forest for a while.

At this point, the rebel leader, Seth, made his way to the front of the forming crowd.   
  
“What is going on? Who is this?”

“We found him spying on us while we were out in the forest!”

“I wasn’t!”

“Liar!”  
  
“I am not a liar! You fatass!”

“You brat…” Connor reached over for the kid clearly enraged.

“STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU!” Seth bellowed, “Kid who are you and why were you spying on us?”

“I am Toa and I am not spying on you. I want to join you. I saw you guys set up your camps here and noticed the bands on your arms. Rebel bands. I want in.” Toa had a very determined look on his face as he said this. He is hiding something. There is more to why he wants in.

The crowd was silent. Then everyone started laughing.

“You… want… in?!!” Connor’s laughter echoed above everyone’s, “What can you do? Catch chickens?”

Toa’s face sunk. Then he got angry. He tried to struggle out of your grip to attack Connor.

“Hey hey! Easy there, boy.” You hold Toa back as he continues to struggle against your grip.

“(YOUR NAME), since you caught the boy, you decide what will become of this boy’s fate”

He reminded you of your little brother. The 10-year-old you left with the orphanage back in your hometown to protect as you fought for this cause. The one you abandoned even though you promised your parents you would take care of him. It was a necessary evil. You had to leave him behind. You wanted a better life for him. This is no life for a young boy. This is no place for a young boy who cannot hold his own ground.

“Please I have nowhere to go.”

“He can be a slave here too! Catch chickens!! HAHAHA”

“Or we can kill him! He could be a spy!”

“No! He is just a boy! You cannot kill him!!”

Do you take him in and turn him into a child soldier? Or do you turn him away from this terrible life?

#Kill the boy – internal uprising soon occurs because of this terrible act (faction separates into two camps)

#Make him your rebel group’s slave – Toa ends up poisoning everyone because of how badly they treat him

#Turn him away – keep coming back (looping of the game till the other options are selected)

#Train him as a soldier

OPTION: Train him as a soldier

“Okay then (YOUR NAME). We need more people on our side anyways. No matter how little, he can possibly still be useful. He is your responsibility. You train him, you feed him, you make sure he doesn’t turn against us. Now go back to your tents and rest up! We have a full day of training tomorrow!”  
  
The crowd disperses upon Seth’s orders.

“Wuss. Should have just killed this little spy” Connor grumbled under his breath.   
  
Toa moves towards Connor and tries to attack him.

#Let Toa attack Connor and learn a lesson – your reputation is affected for not being able to control your little apprentice.

#Stop Toa from attacking Connor

OPTION: Stop Toa from attacking Connor

You grab Toa just before he launches himself on Connor.

“Stop creating a scene. Do you want to get tossed out?”  
  
Toa stops resisting but is sullen and visible unhappy.

You take a good look up and down the kid. Noticing how dishevelled his attire is, you tell him to follow you to your tent, offering him a change of clothes.

“Go take a shower with the water at the back of this tent and change into this. Meet me by the fire once you are done.”

“No.”  
  
“You are in no position to say no punk. Now go.”

Wearily Toa takes the clothes from you.

Toa trudged out the back of the tent and you head to the fireplace outside to warm up some soup.

Toa joined you not long after in your clothes which he is drowning in.

“I think these don’t fit me.”  
  
“You think?”  
  
Toa rolled his eyes and caught sight of the soup boiling on the fire. His eyes were transfixed on the hot food and he is so close to drooling. Just then, his stomach growled.   
  
“Hungry pal?” You let out a chuckle.

“No.” Toa had a slight quiver in his voice despite his rebellious tone.

“Sit down by the fire with me.”

Toa’s eyes snapped from the food to your face. He eyes you wearily once again as he made his way closer to the seat beside you.

“Toa’s a nice name”

“Yea.”

“Unique too”

“Yea.”

“Where did you come from?”

Silence.

“I came from the far South. By the Ocean. How about you?”

Silence.   
  
“Why the rebels?”  
  
Silence.

“Okay then. It was good talking to you too Toa. But if you want to join us, I have to know something about you. I cannot train you if I know nothing about you. HOW WOULD I KNOW FOR SURE THAT YOU ARE NOT A SPY AND YOU WILL NOT TURN AGAINST US?”

Silence.

#Walk away – relationship with Toa continues to be strained.

#Flip the pot of soup into the fire in anger – Toa forms some form of resentment towards you

#Calm down and just feed him the soup

OPTION: Calm down and just feed Toa soup

You let out a big sigh and move towards the hot soup. You scooped out two bowls and passed one to Toa.

“Eat up. You need energy for tomorrow. You start training with everyone else at the crack of dawn.”

Toa eyes the soup, look at you, looks back at the hot soup. He seems to be facing a dilemma on whether to trust you enough to take food from you. You were about to withdraw the offer when he snatches the bowl out of your hands and gulp down the soup.

You chuckle and slowly drink your soup. For a few minutes, the only sounds were the crackling of the fire, the loud crickets, the rustling of the leaves in the breeze and slurping of soup.

After a little while, the loud slurping from beside you stop.

Toa whispered, breaking the silence.

“What is that boy?” you asked turning to him.  
  
“Toa means Brave.”

That is the most you have gotten out of the boy all evening. It is progress.

The next morning, Toa was already awake by the time you woke up.

“Good sleep boy?”

Silence.

“Ready to train?”

“Yes.”

Training went rather smoothly, considering how rebellious Toa has been. He has been absorbing and accepting of all that you were teaching him. Surprisingly, he is a fast learner.

The month passed really fast and you can see Toa improving at his close range combat and using of long-range weapons. He has also started to become more a part of the rebel community, making close friends despite the large age gap between them. He still does not say much or share about himself but laughs at and joins in with the shenanigans. Everyone watched out for Toa like a little brother, but he has proven to be able to pull his own weight in the group, gaining respect from everyone. Toa and Connor’s relationship is still distant – they are civil to each other but will not voluntarily interact.

Toa still replies your questions with short answers but the relationship between the two of you have improved. While Toa have not opened up to you about much, you know the basics of what he likes and dislikes, that he is a hard worker and that he is really nimble on his feet. What bugs you is how Toa refuses to share how he ended up living in the forest or why he wants to join the rebels so badly.

The planning for the invasion have also started to take shape over the month. The camp’s scouters (Toa included) have discovered the best routes to take in the forest, craftsmen have made your weapons. You guys have mastered using long range guns and close range combat fighting. Food rations were almost ready to be packed for the fight. Everything was taking shape.

It is finally the day before the invasion. Everyone is hustling and bustling, trying to make sure that everything and everyone is ready for this battle we have been training up and planning so long for. The rebels from all over the country are here for this.

“Oi! Meet by the fire in 10. Seth wants us to gather.” Connor popped his head into your tent to inform you.

“Got it!” you shouted as Conner left.

You and Toa are doing some final checks to make sure you guys have everything you need for the battle.

“How are you feeling buddy?”

“Ready.”

You let chuckled silently. This 12-year-old sure is spunky.

Suddenly, there was a bloody curling scream from outside.

“TAKE COVER!!!!!!!!”

**KABOOM**

Before you knew what hit you, an explosion goes off outside your tent and you are thrown off your feet. You hit your head on something as you fell. Your ears start ringing and your head is spinning. You struggle to get back up and try to shake the ringing out of your ears.

There is so much shouting coming from outside your tent. All the voices were beginning to blur with the incessant ringing.

As your blurry vision started to clear and your hearing started to come back, you scanned your tent and saw Toa in the same state as you were in. Disoriented.

“You okay?”

“Yea! What the hell was that!”

You immediately throw on your dagger belt and your sniper rifle. You grabbed your spear with an axe at the end and headed out wearily. Toa followed suit.

What greeted you was a chaos. The government loyalists have invaded your camp.

These guys are huge. The size of their arms is the size of your thighs, were probably 3 feet taller than you and had chests that spanned the entire doorway of your tent. You are not a small guy, but these guys are enormous. They resembled the Vikings.

“What the heck have you guys been fed in the city?” You muttered to yourself as you move towards the chaos.

You start taking swings at the loyalists as you tried to survey the damage around you. Many of your rebels are at a disadvantage. They are not fully armed or properly geared, they are still recovering from the blast. Some are lying on the ground and you hope they are simply knocked out and not dead.

One of the loyalists came at you at full speed, brandishing what seems to be a sledgehammer above his head.

“Fuck.”

You barely manage to duck his full powered swing which shattered the rock behind you.

“Well, fuck indeed.” That could have been your skull.

You brace yourself in an attacking position and charge at him. You guys get into a close-range combat, landing a few good hits and taking a few hits as well. What you lacked in strength, you made up with agility. You try to outsmart this loyalist but his brute strength is proving to be a challenge for you. The lower half of your spear snapped off when you tried to block a hit from his sledgehammer. You are simply left with an axe, a dagger and your rifle which is useless for such close combat. You take a few more swings at this loyalist who is clearly getting exhausted as his movements are getting slower. You use that to your advantage and manage to disarm him using your speed. Just as you were about to land the final blow, a loud familiar scream came from the direction of your tent.

“URGHHH!!!!!

TOA! Toa is fighting off one of the loyalists who clearly landed a clear hit on Toa’s chest with his club.

#End this loyalist you are fighting then go to Toa’s aid

#Go to Toa’s aid immediately

OPTION: Both results are the same

Because you are distracted by what is happening to Toa, the loyalist you were fighting manage take advantage of that. He manages to stand up and land an upper cut on the base of your jaw. You feel your body get thrown upward and outward from the force in slow motion. You feel yourself losing control over your body and your grip loosening from your weapon. Your body hit the ground, the gun still slung across your body dug into your back as you land and you blacked out.

The next thing you felt was someone desperately shaking you and trying to get you to wake up.

“Come on (YOUR NAME)!!! WAKE UP!!!!”  
  
The shaking became more vigorous and small hands started hitting your face in desperation.

Your eyelids were extremely heavy but you slowly pried them open. You realise that the fight is still going on around you. The rebels are still desperately trying to hold out against the loyalists. But the loyalists are so much bigger and stronger. Even though we have more numbers, these numbers are significantly dropping as more and more rebels are falling to the ground.

You finally focus on the person trying to wake you. Toa. He’s okay!

“I found a way out from the back. It’s through a different part of the forest and it has the ruins of an old fort. We can take cover there for now.”

“Take cover? I can’t! I have to fight with my people.”  
  
“We cannot win them. There is no way!! LOOK AT THEM!! If everyone in this camp dies, there will be no one to continue the cause!”

#Stay to fight – Toa stays to fight with you. You and the other rebels die. The cause is forgotten.

#Seek shelter with Toa

OPTION: Seek shelter with Toa

“Come on we don’t have much time!! Follow me!”  
  
You struggled to get up and tried to follow closely behind Toa despite your limp. Every part of your body is feeling pain but you are soldiering through it to get to safety.

Toa easily manoeuvres between the shrubs in the forest. He manages to scale the steep hills and rocky paths with ease. Soon you see the remains of the fort. The rubble of the fort required you to boulder and climb over big rocks and this proved to be harder than expected, given the state you are in. But once you made it to the top, you are surprised at the forbidden city that seemed to lay behind it. The fort seemed to be built around a little arena or camping ground. The ground within the fort dipped drastically and is definitely deep enough for a grown man to stand in without being spotted.

The forest seems to have taken over the abandoned fort, hiding it from prying eyes with its luscious greens.

The fort also gave a good bird’s eye view of the rebel camp despite being hidden amongst the trees. It is the perfect spot for a sniper.

“Toa I have a plan and I will need your help. I will snipe down the loyalists from here. And I need you to go back there and help groups of people escape the camp. Not more than 3 at a time. We cannot let the loyalists notice where we are running away to. Bring them here. Help them get into the fort.”

“No. We stay here and we stay safe ourselves. That was the plan.”  
  
“Toa! We have to save our people.”

“NO! This could get us all killed!!!”  
  
#Listen to Toa and just stay in the fort unnoticed – you both survive but everyone else in the rebel camp dies

#Stay in the fort but snipe down the enemy – you both survive and very few people in the rebel camp survives

#Convince/Order Toa to do as you say

OPTION: Convince/Order Toa to do as you say

“Toa I know this is a risk, but we have to take it. I am going to snipe down the loyalists from here. I will protect you from up here. I would go down myself to get them and leave you up here to snipe them down if I could. But I am not as nimble and discreet as you are. You are the best bet for us to survive.”  
  
“but…”

“I will follow you from up here and gun down any loyalists that comes anywhere in a 10 feet radius of you. I promise.”

Toa’s wall began to break down as all his emotions flashed across his young face. Fear is the most distinct.

“Trust me Toa”

“Okay. I will.”

You give Toa a gentle pat on his head as a form of reassurance that you will keep your promise to keep him safe from up here.

“Climb down to the edge of the fort, count to 30, then start making your way back to the camp discreetly. I will try to take out as many loyalists in that time before you make your way in. After that, count 10 seconds before going out to get the next batch.”

“Roger that.”  
  
You grab your sniper rifle and set it up on the wall of the fort. You get onto your stomach and start to focus on sniping the loyalist down one at a time. The loyalists who are in groups are confused but never live long enough to raise their concerns. They didn’t see what hit them.

You follow Toa with your scope as you promised and sniped more and more loyalists down, till there was none left standing. By this time, most of the rebel camp’s survivors are within the walls of the fort.

Toa finally climbs back up to where you are to tell you that most of them survived. He is joined by both Seth who lets you know that there were a couple still in the campsite, including Connor. They both volunteer to go back to bring those who are alive but badly hurt back here but you stop them.

“No. Loyalists can send reinforcement any time. We wait for nightfall. I will watch from here.”

Nightfall soon comes and the rebels who are not as badly injured wearily return to the camp in small groups. Some helped those badly wounded back to the fort while others grabbed remaining supplies from the tents.

You guys started setting up another temporary base within the fort. Everyone is busy trying to make the best of the situation – some were feeding people, other helping the wounded and some were fixing weapons.

Seth called for a meeting.

“The damn loyalists knew what they were doing. The found out where we were. They crossed the forest even though we thought they wouldn’t dare to. They are evolving. They are starting to become desperate to protect their city and their government. This means they are more dangerous. We cannot carry on our plans for tomorrow. We are too many men short. But our escape today is as a result of Toa and (YOUR NAME)’s brave efforts and smart thinking. We owe you both our lives.”

Everyone looks at you and Toa with gratitude in their eyes. Some with tears. You knew you made the right decision. The rebels are your family.

“I use to be from the other side of the forest” Toa spoke up. Gasps were heard from all around. Soft whispering began as the camp, including yourself try to process what Toa is sharing.

“My parents use to be loyalists. But they were killed. By their own people. Betrayed. I vowed never to be a loyalist. And that I will kill the loyalists who killed my parents. That is why I joint the rebels. I hate the government loyalists.”

Your eyes widen at this revelation and you are just trying to wrap your head around the information Toa just revealed about himself. This tight-lipped young boy just confessed to once being a loyalist.

Chattering begin around but you are too busy trying to process the new information.

“You were once on the side of the enemy?”  
  
“How do we know you were not the one who sold us out to the loyalist?”

“Traitor!”

“We should toss you out!”

“He did save us from the loyalists today!”

“He is not at fault for his parents’ choices on where their loyalties lay”

“He CHOSE to join the rebels! He is a part of us!”

#Defend Toa – Toa manages to stay and proves his loyalty to the rebels again and again

#Let him be tossed out – Toa eventually dies in the forest

#Walk away – Toa eventually gets tossed out of the camp and dies in the forest.