2\_1\_communicate

Tightening your grip on the trigger with your dominant hand, you give the window a series of short, hard raps.

THUCK THUCK THUCK

The man by the window jumped, visibly startled by the sudden stimulus. He spun around, and you immediately notice the deep-seated fear embedded in his eyes. Unarmed and dressed in tattered rags, there was no way this man was a soldier.

“I'M INNOCENT, I'M INNOCENT!!! Don't shoot please don't shoot please…" He whimpers, shock quickly turning to desperation as ${sergeant} hops up beside you with the rest of the men. He falls to his knees. "The rebels… upstairs… no choice… guns… innoce… please…"

The wretched man clings onto his knees, quaking with fear. The rest of the men quickly scan the room, clearing out the rest of the first floor and returning with a few half-starved civilians, dressed in little more than tattered rags. "Wife, three kids. In the kitchen ${playersirmdm}."

"Shut the hell up soldier, do you want to personally inform the enemy that we're gathered for a fucking parade here?" ${sergeant} shoots him a dirty look, instantly shutting up the poor private. The family huddles in a corner as the man points up a flight of narrow stairs. Three. He mouths as he motions with his hand, or what was left of it, having been cleaved off at the wrist.

"I don't like the look of this ${playersirmdm}." ${sergeant} spits, rifle leveled and trained on the stairs.

2\_1\_3\_grenades

You hold out your hand in a fist with your thumb pointing upwards, the instructed field signal for a grenade launch. Taking a quick glance around to ensure your men are fully covered, you turn to ${sergeant} and he nods back at you.

Grabbing the safety pin of the grenade, you twist it and give it a sharp pull. Leaning as close to the edge of the doorway as possible, you flick the grenade into the room and brace for the ensuing impact.

KA-BOOM!!

The wall behind you shudders as shrapnel whizzed through the doorway. Whoever’s inside the room couldn’t have possibly survived that pre-emptive strike.

“Go go go!!” You signal for your squad to storm the room.

As the dust starts to clear, the first thing you notice is the tattered body laying face down on the floor. A closer inspection informed you that the man was completely unarmed, his plain clothes suggested no involvement in this bloody conflict.

“Fuck me, that was just some random civvy.” ${sergeant} grits.

"Bloody bastards. Putting their machine gun nests in civilian houses…" One of the men chimes in.

"WATCH OUT!! GRENADE!!!" A dark metal chunk rolls down the stairs as ${sergeant} pushes you into the kitchen head first. Talk about karmic retribution.

You briefly register a huddle of bodies and timid faces pressed against the kitchen counter, a mother and her three children, dressed in little more than tattered rags.

\*goto 3\_1\_firefight

3\_1\_firefight (killed civilian)

\*label 3\_1\_firefight

\*comment player killed civilian, got caught in grenade blast

\*comment firefight against 3 enemy from 2nd floor

“Up the stairs, go go go!” You yell out to your men, all whom are left staggering from the impact of the blast. Pulling one private up to his feet, you aimed your rifle through the kitchen doorway, preparing for any follow up attacks.

Before you can dash out into the living room however, you feel a pair of hands grasping and clawing at your leg with a fierce tenacity. With highly trained reflexes, you immediately spin around and point your rifle at the source, only to find the civilian woman at the business end of your muzzle.

“Give me back my husband, give him back, you murderers!!” Spits the woman as she thrashes about.

“${playersirmdm}, the enemies knows we’re here, dammit! We need to take action now!” ${sergeant} howls.

Oh for fucks sake, you don’t have time for this. This hysterical bitch is risking the life of your men, and you can’t afford to let the enemy take the advantage while you are distracted.

#Shoot the woman, time is of the essence!

BLAM!

You barely have time to register the blood and gray matter splattered across the kitchen floor while you rush your men out to the living room.

“Okay, up the stairs, stay alert!” ${sergeant} barks.

Flanking the innermost wall of the stairwell, you instruct the rest of your men to get ready to overwhelm the opposing force.

\*goto 3\_12\_contact\_youth\_upstairs

#Spare her, you have no business with her.

No matter the case, a civilian is a civilian. You can’t deliberately kill someone in cold blood knowing that they’re not part of the conflict.

“Ma’am, calm down! I’m really sorry about your husband, but he just happened to be caught in the crossfire. Please, just get out of here.” You cry out as you wrestle the woman’s hands away from your feet and dashed out into the living room. Out of the corner of your eye, you see the desolate figure crumple into a sobbing mess.

Your heart falters but for a moment. This is war, you thought as you steeled yourself to ignore the tragedy right in front of your eyes, there is nothing you can do.

Silently, you direct your men towards the stairwell, signalling them to get into cover formation.

Flanking the innermost wall of the stairwell, you instruct the rest of your men to get ready to overwhelm the opposing force.

\*goto 3\_12\_contact\_youth\_upstairs

3\_2\_firefight (didn’t kill civilian)

\*label 3\_2\_firefight

\*comment player spared civilian, knows there are 3 enemies on second floor, got caught in grenade blast

\*comment firefight against 3 enemy from 2nd floor

“There are three of them sons of bitches up there?” You keep your voice hushed but urgent as you turned to the man and his family.

“Y.. Yes. Please, just leave my family alone, we want no part of this.” The man replies meekly, his wife and children huddled by his side with their faces to the ground.

“Then either get out or find cover, things are about to get real messy.” ${sergeant} growls.

You point your rifle at the kitchen doorway, taking cautious strides into the living room.

Clear.

The assailants are still upstairs, as helpless as rats caught in a trap with no means of escape. A small smirk escape from your lips, pleased with the knowledge that now you have the numerical and tactical advantage.

Silently, you direct your men towards the stairwell, signalling them to get into cover formation.

Flanking the innermost wall of the stairwell, you instruct the rest of your men to get ready to overwhelm the opposing force.

3\_1\_2\_contact\_youth\_upstairs

\*label 3\_12\_contact\_youth\_upstairs

“Charge!” You scream as your team rushed up the stairs. In the room across the hallway, the personnel operating the LMG spun around. In that fleeting moment, you sense the fear in them as they stood slack-jawed, completely exposed and unprepared for this sudden ambush. Three young boys, no older than 16 at best. Before the realisation fully sinks in, you are already instinctively squeezing the rifle trigger.

Merely seconds later, the lifeless bodies of the three boys fall to the floor with a resounding thud, their blank stares a hollow reflection of the souls that was no longer there.

“Check the rooms for supplies, we’re taking what we can with us outta here.” You snap at the rest of your team, the adrenaline and tension still coursing high from the ambush.

While the men are weaving in and out of the rooms, ${sergeant} jerks a thumb over his shoulder. “Well, building’s secured. We should make haste and get the hell out before enemy reinforcements arrive and fuck our asses over.”

You silently agreed, desperate to bring your men out of this godforsaken place back to a safe respite as soon as possible. Moreover, you’ll never know if the three teens radioed for help before meeting their grisly ends.

“Right, let’s contact HQ and let them know that the objective’s secured. Mission accomplished, we’re pulling out, lads.”

3\_5\_kid\_reaction\_scene

\*label 3\_5\_kid\_reaction\_scene

After salvaging whatever seems to be usable, you gather your men on the ground floor as you do a quick situation analysis. The thick concrete dust claws its way into your throat, the itch from within unbearable. You grab your canteen and furiously guzzle down the contents, desperate to quell the furious burning inside.

A high pitched sob echoes through the dead, hollow room, and you recall that your team are not the only survivors in the building.

\*if kill\_civilian = 0

Turning to the kitchen, you catch a glimpse of the family of five still shivering in the corner of the dilapidated kitchen floor, no doubt traumatised by the outburst of violence of the past few hours.

“What are you waiting for, a freaking red carpet? It’s not bloody safe here so get the fuck out! Unless you want some bullet holes in your bodies as well as your furniture?” You bark fiercely at the man.

Scrambling to his feet, the man hurriedly shepherds his family through the front door, but not before stuttering out a thanks for sparing their lives.

You sigh to yourself. Civilians have no right being caught up in the midst of all this bloodshed. They simply were in the wrong place at the wrong time.

“All right, if everyone had caught their breaths, we better get going.” ${sergeant}’s booming voice snaps you out of your thoughts.

\*if kill\_civilian = 1

Turning to the kitchen, you catch a glimpse of the children still shivering in the corner of the dilapidated kitchen floor, no doubt traumatised by the outburst of violence of the past few hours.

Your can’t help but pity these kids; being caught up in the war is already devastating enough, but compounded with losing your family in the process, these children would have enough issues to deal with for a lifetime. Maybe it would be more humane to put them out of their misery…

No, you shake that thought out of your head. Better to let them live to see another day.

“Go, scram, get to someplace safe!” You scream at the top of your lungs. The sudden outburst coupled with the intimidating scowl of a hulking figure carrying a loaded weapon proved sufficient to send them packing.

It’s for the best. After all, a war zone is no place for children.

Clearing your throat, you holler at your men. “Move out! We’re returning to HQ!”

“Aye ${playersirmdm}!”

\*goto 4\_counter\_attack

4\_counter\_attack

\*label 4\_counter\_attack

As your platoon gets ready to journey back to the deployment site, you hear a familiar low rumbling. Your stomach drops, the sense of dread and foreboding almost palpable as you recognise the source.

Carefully peering through the window of the room, you recognise the familiar sight of a long barrel mounted on the top of an armoured vehicle, flanked by two identical rows of infantry soldiers amounting to a total of around 10 men, confirming your worst fears. You take a slight solace in the fact that the enemy doesn’t seem to be advancing directly towards the building that your platoon is in, which means that your exact location is yet to be known.

“Fuck. A tank, of all things, now? Those bloody teens upstairs must have called in reinforcements before we eliminated them.” ${sergeant} spits on the floor while his arms fumble with a spare magazine before slapping it into place within the rifle’s housing.

“${playersirmdm}, your instructions?” Whispers the private nearest to you, his voice desperately trying to undermine the tinge of fear that coated the air around the room.

Right. You, of all people, have to remain calm and direct your men. A direct confrontation is inevitable, but how are you going to ensure that you and your men survive the encounter?

4\_1\_Hold\_position\_and\_open\_fire

# Fire off your RPG and take out the tank!

\*if rpg\_ammo = 1

\*set finesse +5

\*set strength +5

“We have an RPG, fucking use it!”

“Yes ${playersirmdm}!” came the reply. Propping the weapon on the windowsill as an additional support, the gunner took careful aim at the slowly encroaching tank. “Back blast check! Clear out!”

“FIRE!”

The rocket propelled grenade sailed through the air towards the unsuspecting tank. By the time the opposing forces were alerted to the sharp whistle of the anti-armor weapon, it was too late to steer clear.

BOOOOM!!! You silently cheer at the sight of the burning wreckage, a sure-fire sign that your biggest threat is rendered completely useless. You revel in the chaos caused by taking out their most valuable asset, the disarray of their soldiers that ensues.

“Now that we’ve levelled the playing field a little, it’s time to take out the trash”

\*goto 4\_stat\_check

4\_2\_Hold\_position\_and\_snipe\_off\_infantry

#Hold your ground and snipe the infantry units!

\*set finesse +5

“Stand your ground! Rifles at the ready! If we pick them off one by one at irregular intervals they wouldn’t be able to pinpoint our location”

Assigning a few of your men to different openings of the buildings, you coordinate your men to fire off at different timings.

Such guerrilla tactics seem to pay off, the enemy forces are caught in a disarray and scatter for the nearest cover, but their lack of knowledge of your exact location meant that they are not able to return fire.

“Alright! Keep this up for a little while more, and we might be able to carve us an escape route”

\*goto 4\_stat\_check

4\_3\_Approach\_enemy\_and\_attempt\_to\_lay\_ambush

#Sneakily encircle the enemy and surprise them with an ambush!

\*set charm +5

\*set intellect +5

With the overwhelming difference in numbers, your best bet is to catch them in an ambush.

You give one quick briefing, reminding your men to engage in tactical movement and wait for your signal for the attack.

Hurriedly, you move out with a few privates, creeping up to the enemy as silently as you can.

Slowly but surely, you snuck up to a favourable position with the enemy none the wiser. You glance around quickly to ensure that the rest of your platoon are in position as well. Alright, time to lay on the hurt.

\*goto 4\_stat\_check

4\_4\_Spread\_out\_and\_return\_fire

#Spread out your forces and engage them in a gunfight from multiple directions!

\*set intellect +5

“Spread out! We’re all sitting ducks if we keep ourselves confined to a single building!” Best to draw them out from different directions and thin out their forces.

“You heard the man, move your asses!” ${sergeant} yelled out as he starts to assign different teams to our immediate surroundings.

You grab a few men and start shooting at the enemy from the edge of the building. If your men are seen spreading out, they’re as good as dead anyway. Either way, your location’s blown so might as well provide some cover fire to ensure that your men get to their location safely.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

The increasing intensity of gunfire from your immediate surroundings signifies that your men are well in position. Time to get those motherfuckers.

\*goto 4\_stat\_check

\*label 4\_stat\_check

\*if kill\_civilian = 1

Through the lens of your scope, you spot a familiar figure a few yards from the enemy forces. Upon a closer look, you recognise the oldest of the three children whom you chased out of the building a while ago.

“What are those kids doing there? Didn’t I ask them to get the fuck away from here?”

Continuing to peer through your scope, you see the kids mouthing something to one of the soldiers before pointing to the general direction of your platoon.

Fuck, it can’t be. Your mind immediately pulls you back to the moment you dismiss those kids out of the building, their eyes burning with intense anger over the loss of their parents by your very hands.

Motherf-… I should have disposed of them while I had the chance, those little fuckers! Or maybe you shouldn’t have killed their family in the first place.

Either way, what’s done is done, there’s nary a use in regretting your actions. With the enemy forces heading straight towards your platoon, it’s only a matter of time before the battle is lost.

\*goto 5\_1\_injured\_hospital

\*if kill\_civilian = 0

Alright, it finally seems as though we’re on even footing with the other side.

You take a quick glance at your surroundings. Your men are holding up pretty well, given what they’ve been through up till this point.

5\_1\_Get injured and wake up in a hospital

\*label 5\_1\_injured\_hospital

“Fall back, fall back!” you scream at what is left of your platoon. Unsurprisingly, your men are being overwhelmed by the sheer force of the enemy’s incessant barrage.

“Men down!!” Shit. The two words you dreaded to hear the most. Turning to the left, you see one of your men slumped limply on the floor, with ${sergeant} dragging him behind cover and pressing down on his neck, yet unable to stop the steady flow of blood from pouring out. GOD FUCKING DAMN IT!

You dashed across the battlefield, ignoring the stream of bullets whizzing past your head. Minimizing the window of exposure to your enemies, you quickly dived headfirst towards the nearest cover.

THUD.

Before you hit the ground, you feel a searing pain on your lower abdomen, thrusting your body backwards like a ragdoll in midair. Your eyes widen as you lay sprawled on the ground, the excruciating pain sending every neuron in your body into overdrive.

Your attempts to apply pressure over the gaping wound seems increasingly futile as you feel your strength being sapped away from your arms, barely registering the warm liquid that oozes out without end.

The ash gray sky melts into the surroundings as your vision grows increasingly fuzzy. The last thing you hear is ${sergeant} yelling your name amidst the cacophony of gunfire.

Then, black.

More black.

After an eternity in the darkness, your eyes slowly flutter open. The familiar surroundings of the medical tent greets you as you slowly regain your bearings.

5\_2\_Defeat counter attack and return to barracks

\*label 5\_2\_defeat\_counter\_attack

“Press on! Don’t give up!!” By a miracle of some sorts, your men seem to be gaining the advantage over the opposing forces.

As you take a final shot at the last infantry unit left standing, you breathe a sigh of relief.

“Pull out! Let’s move let’s move!” You yelled at your men, not wanting to risk any further reinforcements.

2\_3\_run\_away

“Roger, ${playersirmdm}.” ${sergeant} reluctantly grumbled. “Stand down! Prepare to pull out!”

Screw this, you thought, it’s really not worth the risk. You’re not even sure of the strength of the enemy’s forces, yet you can count with a single hand what’s left of your platoon.

Orders be fucked, I’m not leading my men into a death trap. At least all of you will live to fight another day.

You aimed your rifle at the LMG, providing cover for your men to make a break for safety.

“${playersirmdm}, move!” shouted ${sergeant} while firing at our assailants, providing you the opportunity to draw back.

\*goto 4\_counter\_attack

Notes/Queries

Line 319 – should it be go to grenade? Since the firefight will start with the grenade

3\_2\_firefight -> grenade or no grenade? Twine and CS contradictory. For now, I assume no grenade

References – upload to google drive, standardize

What’s the importance of 3\_2\_firefight? If contacting 3 youths upstairs constitutes the firefight, then wouldn’t it make sense to jump straight to that branch?

Content of 3\_3\_firefight can be the same as 3\_1\_firefight, but because the RPG has taken out the 3 teens, don’t have a contact\_youth branch and jumps straight to the kid\_reaction\_scene branch? Same with 3\_2\_firefight and 3\_4\_firefight? But then doesn’t make sense for 3\_3\_firefight to have a grenade, if the teens are already dead.

For the kid\_reaction\_scene, set another parameter for killing wife and have 2 different scenarios depending on whether one parent or two parent die? Or just make the scenes generic? Since the parameter is kill\_civilian that’s already for the father.

Fake choice of “sir”/”madam” still necessary? If we going to keep the MC gender neutral?

Do we start to use the MPRA/LOM names in the first chapter?

Different parts of the stat check, given whether the tank is obliterated by the RPG or not?