

Forgery! - Writing Sample



Forgery! is a university project for which I was the game designer and writer. The pitch of the game is 'overcooked, but forging medieval weapons', wherein you must help craft weapons for villagers to defeat the monsters attacking their village.

As writer, I produced a few samples for:

- Mission dialogue
- In-game social media posts
- In-game newspapers

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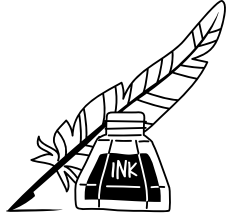
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Story Overview and World Details

Overview

- A century ago, Molak, an evil wizard was found guilty of conjuring (something thought to be dangerous at the time) and sentenced to the Realm of Illusion - a prison.
- He was supposed to be given 100 years but accidentally got given 1000 due to a clerical error.
- He has returned with a vengeance and seeks to destroy the world as by summoning ever-increasingly large and dangerous beasts.
- The villagers, with the aid of the forgemaster and his team of blacksmiths, repel each attack.
- Molak is biding his time until he can prepare a devastating world-ending spell.
- The team of blacksmiths recruit those they help, before mounting an attack on Molak to defeat him, once and for all.
- When finally defeated, he curses all those who imprisoned him.
- He is informed they have long died and now magic is seen as very important and desirable and, should he choose, he can help the world and the new people inhabiting it.
- Molak agrees, admitting he could use some friendship.
- The story is told to you/narrated by the forgemaster, after the events of the game, at a tavern. He narrates the events of his journey, which serve as the basis for the levels the player plays through.
- Molak is at the tavern, sitting right beside the forgemaster - revealed at the end of the game.

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Story Overview and World Details

World Details

People

- **Molak** - The evil wizard
- **Forgemaster** - The narrator. Runs the forge and leads the recruits
- **Recruits** - 1-3, all different personalities

Places/Locations

Arenda

- Small village
- First level
- Known for its woodworking and furniture production
- Supplies most of Koria with furniture
- Origin of the King Jackson III joke

Appalach

- Town
- Second level
- It's home to some of the best breweries in Koria

Ocote

- Up North
- Cold
- It's home to some of the best bakeries in Koria
- They use bakeries to help keep warm

Opulton

- Wealthy town
- Holds a lot of banks
- Required to bankroll the assault

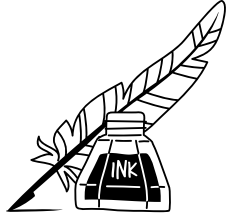
Koria

- The continent

Other

- 'Forge Emporium' is the name of the blacksmithing business
- 'Piggr' is the name of the social media network

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Story Overview and World Details

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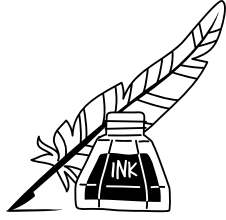
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Script - Introduction

In a tavern, you sit at a table. Music is playing in the background, and there's some light chatter amongst the patrons.

Forgemaster: So, you want to know the secrets of the forge? Well, it'll cost ya... exactly the price of another ale!

1 ale later

Forgemaster: Now, where was I? Ah, yes; the forge. It's not easy. It requires hard work and dedication. Oh! and sustenance...

Several ales later

Forgemaster: Ok. It was a normal day at the forge which, honestly speaking, wasn't great. My business partner and I were doing the books, and they weren't looking good.

1 year earlier

Business Partner: I've been doing the books, and they aren't looking good.

Forgemaster: What? Business has been booming!

Business Partner: You've sold three swords this month.

Forgemaster: Exactly, a 200% increase over last month!

Business Partner: Your smithing guides aren't selling, either. There's just not enough work for all of us. We need to start cutting costs or we'll go out of business.

Forgemaster: Cutting costs, eh? That could work. Advertise a few internships. They get experience, we get free labour. Everyone's a winner!

(Former) Business Partner: What about our current staff? And me?

1 week later

Forgemaster: Listen up, recruits. This is not going to be easy. You're going to sweat. You're going to ache. But, it-

Recruit: Um, sir?

Forgemaster: Were you even listening to me? This is going to be harder than I thought. Well, kid, what's so important it couldn't wait until after orientation?

Recruit: A new Piggr post came in. It looks important.

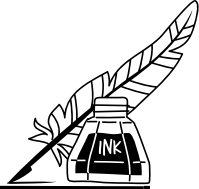
Social media post appears, from Molak

@Molak_official [SM]: FEAR ME, MORTALS, FOR I HAVE RETURNED! AND I SHALL TEAR THIS LAND ASUNDER.

Recruit: Does anyone else think he sounds angry?

Forgemaster: Angry? Oh, probably. Being banished for a thousand years will do that to a person. Does anyone see what this means, though? We're going to be rich! Recruits, we're going on tour. You going to have to learn on the job.

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Script - Mission 1

Not long after Molak's sudden return, word began to pour in of a monster attack at the nearby village of Arenda. With details scarce, the team set out, knowing their services would be of need if the village-folk were to have any chance of defeating what was surely Molak's doing.

Recruit 1: We're now approaching Arenda. Famed for its woodwork and furniture stores, this small hamlet supplies much of Koria with its furniture. First settled in-

Forgemaster: What are you doing?

Recruit 1: I'm reading the tour guide, it's got some really interesting stuff. Did you know, King Jackson III once mistook-

Forgemaster: Yes, of course; everyone knows that.

Recruit 2: I don't. Once mistook what?

Forgemaster: Quiet, everybody. This isn't a holiday. There's a monster attacking those people, and we're the only ones who can help.

Recruit 3: And profit.

Forgemaster: And profit! Exactly! I always liked you, 3.

Recruit 3: Um, 3?

Forgemaster: Oh, numbers are easier than names. And, don't want to get too attached, just yet...

Recruit 1: Ooh! What am I?

Forgemaster: Annoying me.

Recruit 2: We're almost there, now. I can see the village.

Forgemaster: So, what're we up against?

Recruit 2: Uh... It looks like some giant, half-naked troll?

Forgemaster: Ah, that'll be a Promiscus. Deadly beasts, humanoid in form, but with a strange aversion to clothes. As things go... it could be worse.

Recruit 2: I'm not sure about that, sir. The villagers are attacking with... chairs and table legs?

Recruit 1: Ah, yes! Arenda's furniture was apparently described as being "as strong as a sword," in Essential Amenities Magazine.

Recruit 2: I think they took that a bit too literally...

Forgemaster: Don't worry. We'll whip them into shape in no time. All right, we're here.

The team exits the wagon, just outside the village, and slowly makes their way in. The Promiscus is causing havoc, destroying buildings and knocking down villagers, who don't stand a chance without some weapons to back them up. An old man is seen running towards them. It's the mayor.

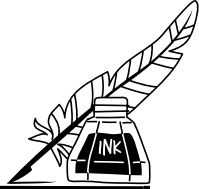
Forgemaster: Ah, mr mayor. We're here to help.

Mayor: Who are you lot?

Recruit 1: 'Forge Emporium's' our name, and helping those in need's our game.

Recruit 2: Excuse him. That's... not our slogan.

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Script - Mission 1

Mayor: Help, at last. Thank the heavens!

Forgemaster: No; thank us, instead. Preferably with gold.

Mayor: Oh, um, of course. We have an old forge-house not far from here. It's long-been abandoned, but it should still work ok.

Recruit 2: Why was it abandoned?

Mayor: Oh, well, that's a long story, but it all started when King Jackson III mistook-

Forgemaster: We don't have time for long stories. We'll help your villagers out, mr mayor. Don't you worry.

Mayor: Thank you, dearly.

The team travel quickly to the forge-house. It's an old building, and run-down, but it should do. Opening his toolbag, the forgemaster grabs a match and lights it, before throwing it into the forge, which comes alive.

Forgemaster: Ok, team; this is it. Man your stations and get ready; we've got a village to save.

****Level 1 begins****

****Level 1 ends****

The beast lay slain and the day was won. The team sat around the forge, breathing heavily. Their bones ached, their muscles were sore. The townsfolk celebrated outside, having vanquished the evil from their village.

Forgemaster: Well done, everybody. You did good today.

Recruit 2: Thanks, boss. This Molak is looking like a right piece of work. We need to find him sooner, rather than later.

Forgemaster: Agreed, but a wizard like Molak will be using all sorts of dark magic to hide away.

Social media post appears, from Molak

@Molak_official [SM]: You think you've won? Haha, that was just the beginning. From my secret lair, I'm preparing a spell so big, it'll cast this world asunder! - sent from Blueberry Mountain, KO7 8TD, 51.5074° N, 0.1278° W.

Recruit 2: Did he just...?

Recruit 1: He left geo-tagging on, didn't he?

Forgemaster: Well, that certainly makes our work easier.

At that moment, the mayor rushes in.

Mayor: Thank you all for you work, but I'm afraid your services are in-need, again.

Forgemaster: What's wrong, now?

Mayor: It's Molak...

Forgemaster: Yeah, we saw. He's holed up in Blueberry Mountain.

Recruit 1: It's not exactly the most imposing name for a secret lair, is it?

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Script - Mission 1

Mayor: It's not that, word is coming in of a disturbance at another village.

Recruit 2: You think an attack is inbound there?

Recruit 3: He must be trying to create distractions.

Forgemaster: We've got to help them, and any others that need it, and then we can move on Molak.

Mayor: When the time comes, you'll have our support, and I'm sure all those you help will pledge theirs, as well.

Forgemaster: Well, team; you heard the man. We've got a job to do... again.

Script - Mission 2

With reports of another portal opening up, this time just outside the town of Appalach, the team set out to aid the local folk in their defense of a potential monster attack.

Recruit 2: You're being ridiculous, boss.

Forgemaster: I'm just saying, one ale would barely have delayed us, at all!

Recruit 2: I'm sure there'll be plenty of time to celebrate after we save the townsfolk here.

Recruit 1: I agree. Did you know, Appalach is home to the best brewery in all of Koria?

Forgemaster: We'd best make sure we protect it, then.

Recruit 2: And the people. Protect the people, too.

Forgemaster: Of course! Who will make the ale?

Recruit 3: Um, you know Molak is conjuring a world-ending spell, right?

Forgemaster: Oh, yeah. I forgot about that. I was all caught up in the excitement of Appalach ale.

Recruit 1: Just think. Once we defeat Molak, all of Koria will celebrate!

Recruit 2: Maybe we'll all get verified on Piggr, like Molak.

Forgemaster: Molak is verified? Bastard! Do you know how many requests I've submitted?

Recruit 1: I heard you just have to know someone there. It's all politics.

...

Recruit 3: Uh... I think I can hear screams.

Recruit 2: It must be people of Appalach, we're getting close, now. Oh my god...

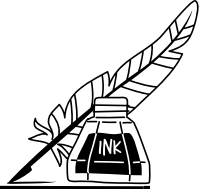
Recruit 3: Is that... a dragon?

Forgemaster: Hmm, let me see. Ah, it's a baby dragon. Not nearly as dangerous as a fully-grown one, but fiercely hungry.

Recruit 1: Can't we just feed it?

Forgemaster: Do you think we're playing games? No, we must defeat it! Besides, they're notoriously fussy eaters.

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Script - Mission 2

At that point, the cart stops. The team jump out and run for cover as the baby dragon is advancing on the town. Villagers are running past them, trying to escape the monster. The team stops one of them.

Forgemaster: Where is your fight?

Villager: Our blacksmiths are all drunk. We're hopeless without their weapons.

Forgemaster: Let's make a run for their forge, we can take over.

The team heads for the town's forge, which appears to be a former brewery.

Recruit 2: This looks a little different.

Forgemaster: It'll all control the same. Remember what you did last time and get ready. We've got a brewery to save.

Recruit 2: Village. We've got a village to save.

****Level 2 begins****

****Level 2 ends****

Another hard battle fought, the team were exhausted. They could barely catch their breath, when, suddenly, the doors to the forge burst open, and two law officials stormed in.

Forgemaster: Oh, dear.

Official: We don't know who you are, but if you think you can come in here, use our forge, and save our village... without a hearty tankard of ale, you're mistaken!

The forgemaster leapt to his feet.

Forgemaster: Haha! Good man!

The team all get up to grab a serving of Koria's finest.

Official: Our captain would like to speak to you, when you have a chance.

Forgemaster: Of course.

The team follow the officials, ale in hand, as they are escorted to the law captain's office.

Captain: First of all, thank you. I got word from Arenda's mayor that you helped them, too, and he told me about a plan to go after Molak.

Forgemaster: Aye, indeed. To put a stop to this spell he's crafting, we're going to need to unite the forces of Koria.

Captain: Well, you've got our help when the time comes.

A deafeningly loud noise suddenly rings out and Earth shakes beneath everyone.

Forgery! - Writing Sample



Script - Mission 2

Recruit 1: What was that?!

Recruit 2: Another portal?

Social media post appears, from Molak

@Molak_official [SM]: Rumours of an explosion at my secret lair have been greatly exaggerated. The spell is still, definitely, on track. Big things are about to happen. Watch this space!

Recruit 2: So... that bought us some time?

Forgemaster: I believe so. But, did you know he was verified?

Captain: What? I've been trying for ages?

Forgemaster: Me, too. But-

At that moment, an officer runs in.

Officer: Captain!

Captain: What is it?

Officer: Apparently a portal-thing, just like the one that brought that big dragon, has appeared in Ocote.

Captain: Ocote? That's way up North! Look, I don't want to ask. You've already done so much...

Forgemaster: Ocote, you say? That is a long and harsh journey. Cold, too...

Recruit 1: They have some of the best bakeries on the continent.

Forgemaster: So, we absolutely must set out immediately to ensure we get there on time. Think of the pastries!

Recruit 2: And the people.

Captain: I'll ready a carriage for you, it'll be much quicker than what you arrived in.

Forgemaster: Thank you, captain. Everyone, get ready, we're headed North.

Script - Mission 3 (later in the game)

Portal after portal; monster after monster; town after town; the crew had become a well-oiled machine. Setting up base and helping the townsfolk overcome the grave threats summoned by Molak had become an all-too-familiar practice for the team, whose efforts had earned the support of countless towns and villages. It was this next stop, however, that might prove vital to their cause of defeating Molak, once and for all.

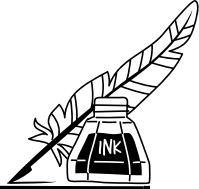
Recruit 1: So, tell me again, why is Oulton so important?

Recruit 2: It's the banking capital of Koria. The richest of the rich live there.

Recruit 1: Ah, I see. Which, of course, means...

Forgemaster: **Sigh** Gathering support is one thing, organising them into an entire assault on Molak is another. We need money for that, and there's only one place rich enough to bankroll it.

Forgery! - Writing Sample



Script - Mission 3

Recruit 2: Wow, I thought you were going to say mo-

Forgemaster: And, they'll reward us handsomely for our services!

Recruit 2: There it is.

Recruit 3: Do you think they'll even help us?

Recruit 2: They have to. Molak's spell won't discriminate. Rich or poor, the world will end.

Recruit 3: So, we appeal to their humanity?

Recruit 1: No, we promise to restore trade. These attacks have everyone too scared to transport goods. With no trade, the money will soon stop flowing.

...

Recruit 2: Uh...

Recruit 1: I have a business degree.

Forgemaster: I was going to suggest we just threaten them, but that works, too.

Recruit 3: And if it doesn't work?

Forgemaster: We threaten them.

Recruit 2: We're not far away, now.

Forgemaster: Good. I had word sent ahead. They should be expecting our arrival.

As Oulton came into view, it looked like it was plucked from another reality. The hustle and bustle continued, seemingly unaffected by the chaos unfolding across the land. It looked a paradise, on the outside, and some buildings even lined with gold. In the centre of the city, a tower stood tall.

Forgemaster: See that tower? That's where we need to go. The banking commission is there, and all the banks in Korla follow their lead.

Recruit 2: So, we convince them, everyone else will fall in line...

Forgemaster: Exactly. Now, everyone, brush yourselves off and straighten your hair. You can't go in there looking like that. You look like you've just come from a forge.

Recruit 2: We... have...

Recruit 3: Wait, they're sending some people to meet us.

Forgemaster: A personal envoy? Maybe they're taking this more seriously than I thought.

Suddenly, their wagon came to a stop. A convoy of soldiers were standing between them, and the city.

A small, affluent-looking man approached the team.

Small, affluent-looking man: Dear sirs. And Madams. We appreciate your desire to speak with the high-commission, however, they are terribly busy and won't be taking new visitors today. I'm terribly sorry for your inconvenience, having travelled here.

Forgery! - Writing Sample



Script - Mission 3

Forgemaster: Listen up, you small, affluent-looking man; the entire world is in danger. You lot, included.

Man: Like I said, we appreciate your concern, however-

Recruit 1: -Trade will stop.

Man: *Raising one eyebrow* Hmm. Please, continue.

The team explains the situation to the man and, after a lengthy conversation, manages to persuade him to grant them an audience with the commission. As they're escorted inside in the city's walls, the ground shakes. The team look at one another. A booming noise appears off in the distance and a portal opens up, and swarms of monsters, of all varieties, pour out. They hastily try close the gates, but they're not quick enough, and some make their way into the city.

Forgemaster: We've got to help these people. The guards will be too busy fending off those outside the city.

Recruit 2: None of these people will have weapons. We'll need to get to work.

Forgemaster: This town does have a forge, but it's not exactly well-staffed. Let's head there and take over. Show them how a real forge is manned!

****Level begins****

****Level ends****

After their harshest job yet, the team lay on the ground, completely exhausted, as they tried to collect themselves.

Recruit 3: We did it.

Forgemaster: Yes, we did.

At that moment, the man from earlier enters the room and looks at the sight before him.

Forgemaster: So, can we get that help now?

Man: *Hmpf* You're crude, and a mess, but, you've made your point. The high-commission has pledged their support to your cause, and you'll have the full support of the banks of Koria to mount your assault on Molak.

Forgemaster: So, we don't even get to meet this fancy commission of yours?

Man: They're very busy.

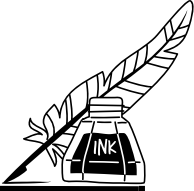
Forgemaster: I'm sure they are. Now, about our payment.

Man: Don't push it.

Recruit 3: We just saved your entire city!

Man: *Sigh* I can give you these options from our banks, as a reward.

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Script - Mission 3

Recruit 1: Ooh. Interest free!

Forgemaster: So generous. Thank you, your majesty.

The man rolls his eyes and leaves.

Recruit 2: So, what now, boss?

Forgemaster: Well, we've gotten support across the land, and now, with this money, we'll be able to arm the entire continent against Molak.

Recruit 2: That's gonna be a big job.

Forgemaster: The biggest. But, I think you're ready. Let's go get this guy. To Blueberry Mountain we go!

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Social Media Posts

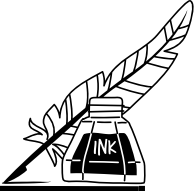
Positive:

- This beast doesn't stand a chance, now!
- We're winning this one, everybody.
- Strongly recommend @Forge_Emporium1. *thumbs up emoji*
- I think we're winning!
- Keep fighting! We've got this!
- I think I just saw it bleed
- Haha. I think they're scared
- Don't stop me now!
- @Forge_Emporium1 has my money. These weapons are fantastic!
- Suck it, @Molak_official
- Our victory is inevitable
- Onwards, we march
- Wow. This is easy!
- It can't be much longer now
- Keep it up, everybody

Negative

- Are these swords made of cardboard?
- Don't go to @Forge_Emporium1 ... unless you like having your time wasted!
- It's too strong! Everybody, run!
- Um... are swords supposed to snap? Because my sword just snapped...
- We don't stand a chance!
- I'm never shopping @Forge_Emporium1 again!
- Where did this portal come from?!
- AAAAAHHHHHH!!!
- Run while you still can!
- I don't like our odds...
- It's advancing. We can't stop it!
- It's too much!
- We're done for!

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Social Media Posts

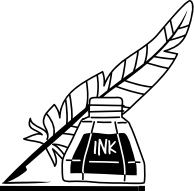
Neutral

- To arms, people. To arms!
- CHAAAAAARRRRRRGGGEEE
- We must hold the line!
- The battle can still be ours.
- Fight well, everybody.
- Grab weapons and armour from @Forge_Emporium1
- It's about even. Keep pushing.

Off-topic

- At least it attacked during summer. Sun's out, guns out!
- Oh, man. I need to work on my cardio!
- I was thinking of remodelling anyway *shrug emoji*
- Does this count as going to the gym?
- Is this all a dream?
- Are @Forge_Emporium not verified?
- How does @Molak_official have more followers than @Forge_Emporium1 ?
- @Forge_Emporium1 do you ship internationally?
- We're getting paid for this, right?
- I'm missing yoga for this...

Forgery! - Writing Sample



Newspaper Collectable - Korias Herald

Korias Herald

Tome-Charia

Flora 84 - 24;17

FORGE EMPORIUM SAVES THE DAY

ARENDA - A disrobed cyclops wasn't what the fine folk of Arenda expected to see when they looked out the window this morning, but let's just say, they got a full, unadulterated look at the beast of the beast. Not moments later, though, did many hear the screams of their neighbours, and *their* neighbours, and *their* neighbours. Before long, the entire village had descended into chaos, and many thought it was the end.

Just in the nick of time, however, a truck arrived at the edge of the small hamlet, and four bumbling-looking fellows poured out. They quickly took up shop in the abandoned forge and got to work on their efforts to save the poor Arendian souls. How, you might ask? By selling them the solution, of course! Making only the finest weapons, Forge Emporium armed the village to deliver a crushing victory over the monster. Though, in the wake of this triumph, many questions remain. Where did this beast come from? Will it happen again? Did it lose its robe? We may never know the answers but, what we do know is, we owe a debt of gratitude to Forge Emporium.

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