

Sample 1: Short Audio Log for a horror exploration game

The Recorder crackles as it turns on.

CELINE MONET

Something is going on with Professor DuPont. Ever since the earthquake a few days ago, the professor has been acting more and more paranoid. This isn't like him, he's always been...

The sharp crack of shattering glass is heard in the distance, interrupting Celine.

CELINE

(Worried)

I heard him mumbling this morning that Marisa over in Genetics was stealing his samples. He told me yesterday to lock those same exact samples in the safe in his office.

FRANCOIS DUPONT

(Sharp and insistent)

Celine! Have you recovered the fossil records from Paleontology yet? I need to start work on classifying the animals in them.

CELINE

Yes sir, I...

FRANCOIS

Run over there right now and get me those samples! I can't be constantly waiting on you to complete simple tasks! If I have to reprimand you about this one more time, I'm going to send you back to the university.

Panicked shuffling and the squeaking of chairs is heard before the distinct click of the recorder being turned off.

Sample 2: Excerpt from a fiction piece styled after a newspaper article

Sandgate. Even today, most of the population of Brisbane ignore this neighbourhood. Semi-submerged, Sandgate is the home to much of the city's lower and middle-class aquatic residents. Originally a regular suburb, this neighbourhood attracted a large population of aquatics due to its easy access to Dowse Lagoon, Bramble Bay, and Tighgum Creek. This was the early 1900s, mind you, so with the influx of aquatic residents, many non-aquatic residents left, so as not to have to interact with their new neighbours. It wasn't long until Sandgate, and the nearby suburb of Shorncliffe, had a near 100% aquatic population, and not long after that, the

two suburbs successfully appealed to convert the area into a semi-submerged neighbourhood to ease the lives of the aquatic residents.

But I am getting side-tracked, recounting history. It was July of 1999 when I first stepped foot into Sandgate. Normally, a jackal like me wouldn't venture into the neighbourhood; they had their own aquatic division of the force, due to the lack of ability for cars to venture into the area. Cars were the reason I had to venture into Sandgate that day. Well, one car in particular. On July 15th, 1999, the car of Debra and Simon Ashbury was involved in a fatal accident on the M7 while heading home from work in downtown Brisbane. I was given the task of breaking the news to their child, a young boy of 8 known as Christian Ashbury. So, putting on the waders provided for me to keep my fur dry, I took one of the small boats used by the aquatic division, and with their accompaniment, I made my way to the Ashbury home. What I found broke my heart.

The young Christian didn't want to answer the door. He had been home alone, for hours as far as I could tell, and was scared. His parents had instilled in him the caution not to open the door to strangers. Eventually, I convinced him to open up by passing my badge through the mail slot of the door, and we entered the home. The aquatic officers later told me that his house was like many of those in the area, a good foot of water covering the ground, a deeper section somewhere in the rear, and all the electrics run in such a way that they would never come in contact with the water. The furniture was all plastic, weighted down in the water and any cushions covered in more plastic to keep them dry. And here was this young kid, who had obviously gotten himself home from school, a plate on the nearby couch covered in crumbs from whatever he had eaten, and a nervous look all over his face.

We took him down to the station and did what we could for him. He had no family left, and no real inheritance to speak of. The house was rented, and they weren't well off. He took only one thing with him from his home, a basketball that he kept hugged to his chest right up until I watched the DCP walk him out of the station, to whatever home he would end up in.

I wish I could say that the story gets better from here, and it does, but not for a while. I didn't think much about Christian in the years that followed. I wish I had tried to keep up with what happened to him, but biases are a hard thing to work through. Invertebrates still aren't the most well-respected members of society, prejudice and speciesism slips through all the time. The amount of times I heard "What do you care what happens to him, he's just a bloody shrimp?" in the days that followed our second meeting discouraged me, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Christian had slipped into the foster system, and unfortunately, it was not a good place for him. He was shipped from home to home, no place wanting to keep a filthy invertebrate, or not having the resources to care for an aquatic species. In May of 2005, we received a call from a home in the Grange suburb about a violent domestic situation. They heard sounds of heavy fighting and cries of pain from the house next door, and they were worried that one of the family's foster kids might be causing an issue, as had apparently happened before. We hear tales of it; kids that are just beyond help and lash out at everybody. That is what I expected, but not what I found.

Sample 3: Excerpt from a GDC narrative review entry of *Night in the Woods*

Possum Springs is a town on the verge of death. Everywhere the player looks, something is going wrong. Buildings are boarded up, sometimes literally, as they sit empty and decaying. Businesses are closing, only to open a week later as something new. Statues on the exteriors of

buildings crack and break apart, elevator call buttons fall off and shock people, and massive storms roll through the town every few years, causing untold levels of destruction. Not even the citizens are free from the decline. Every day, as Mae walks through the city, community members will talk about how they think they need to get a new job, or a second job, because they aren't making enough money to make ends meet. Their hours are being cut, bills are piling up, and emergencies drain their savings. Mae's own family is suffering through this as her father is forced to work a low paying, back breaking job at the Ham Panther grocery store while Mae's mother works at the church, and even between the two of them they are unsure if they will be able to keep their home for much longer.

The town, once booming and thriving due to the local mine, has become a mere shadow of what it once was. More than two decades on from its closure, the impact continues to be felt. As more and more residents move away, either to attend university or at a hope for a better life, the town gets worse and worse. Less workers means less income to local businesses, which means a further tightening of hours and wages, which causes the spiral to tighten ever inwards. It is no wonder, then, that when the Black Goat sings to Ed Skudder, telling him that there is a way to save his beloved town, he latches onto the opportunity, and brings he fellow former mine workers to hear the Black Goat's song.

As the tagline of the game says: At the end of everything, hold onto anything. And for the Cult, that anything is the Black Goat's promise that it will restore Possum Springs to its former glory.

This is the faith and uncertainty of the Cult. They wholeheartedly believe in the Black Goat. They fear that without continuing to sacrifice people to the Black Goat, Possum Springs will die. The kids will continue to move away, storms will continue to destroy the city, and one day soon Possum Springs will no longer exist. They would prefer the stagnation of the town, keeping it in its perpetual decline, to seeing it end.

This is, of course, not a sentiment shared by the protagonists of the story. And each of the protagonists has their own tales of mental illness, self-improvement, faith, and uncertainty. For Mae, those stories come mostly through the interactions with the townsfolk, and especially with her mother. For Bea and Gregg, we learn it through their exclusive storyline choices, and for Angus, we learn it mostly through how other characters treat him, and through his own small story segment. Each character's story is portioned out to you depending on your choices on who to interact with. For most days, the player can choose to end the day by hanging out with either Bea or Gregg. The player will then be treated to a story segment featuring Mae and the player's choice, often including a small mini-game. While the player can choose to hang out with a different character each time the choice is offered, it is recommended to hang out with the same person each day, so as to fully experience their storyline.

Should the player choose Gregg, the player is treated to several events involving Mae and Gregg's return to committing crimes. This includes stealing from the abandoned Food Donkey, and then destroying an abandoned car and taking its battery to build a robot the very next day. However, the more the player drags Gregg back into his old habits, the more silent and sullen Angus gets. It comes out that Angus had a horrible childhood, abused constantly by his parents. When he met Gregg, he felt like Gregg saved him. And in turn, Angus provided Gregg a rock, a steadying figure that he could rely on, one that tempered his impulsive nature. Gregg feels like he doesn't deserve Angus, that he needs to change and become better for Angus, and fears that if he doesn't, he will lose him. As much as he enjoys doing crimes with Mae, he recognizes that he needs to stop endangering his future, and that both he and Mae need to grow up and change into better people. In the end, both Gregg and Angus hold onto each other, to support each other in the good times and the bad.

Sample 4: A set of barks for a Robin Hood inspired character in a first person shooter.

On Enemy Death: Well now, that wasn't so hard.

On Enemy Death: Thank you for the kind donation.

On Enemy Death: The Merry Men will have a laugh when they hear this one.

On Enemy Death: Take a moment and think about what you've done.

On Enemy Death: Maid Marian will have to be impressed now.

On Headshot: Should have kept his chin up.

On Headshot: If only the Sheriff were this easy to stop.

On Headshot: No more difficult than splitting an arrow.

On Headshot: If I had a coin for every time I did that, I wouldn't need to keep robbing the
Sheriff.

On Headshot: Come now, surely that wasn't enough to put you down!

On Death: Maid... Marian...

On Death: Little John...

On Death: Who will... protect them now...

On Death: This isn't enough... to stop me...

On Death: The Sheriff will be happy...