

Sales Pitch for a Prose-Based Writing Game

Sales Pitch (Premise)

Visions press into your dreams and waking world like splinters at first. Foreign words linger in whispers, beginning as unintelligible murmurs that no one else seems to hear. Faces that were intimate yesterday begin to seem distant, alien—or perhaps the reverse is true and you come to know these faces better than ever before, as if you've lived another life with them.

It's not sudden, and it's far from painless, but through the headaches and confusion, you begin to get the sense that you don't belong here. That the soils of Desh never bore your first steps or that the walls of Kireth weren't your first cage—and for some of you, it's true.

Your life, your memories, your very history — all of it has been taken from you and replaced with a pantomime. Some people will never find themselves again, living under a veil of neural illusion until they've exceeded their usefulness. Others are like empty shells, their minds scraped clean and left bare for later repurposing—but perhaps they're truly the luckiest, for theirs is a simpler journey in a world trembling on the brink of war.

Those who must reconcile who they are with who they were must do so in a time of political collapse and upheaval, of revolution and bloodshed. Their minds will crumble in tandem with the world around them and often—too often—they will have to make a choice between collecting the pieces of yesterday or living to see tomorrow.