

Converge: A Video Game Background Story (excerpts)

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Assignment: Write a background story for an RPG game whether online or console.

I would like players of the game “Converge” to feel the amount of realism from both sides of the parallel universes and take an adventure through different time periods of Mira’s world. I want the player to take an active interest in completing the quests, as well as feel enjoyment from viewing the changes that occur in Mira’s universe as a result of their efforts. The intent of the quests is to continue changing Mira’s world, using the main characters Rima and Mira. Completing quests will cause events that, in turn, will lead up to a final battle against the power-hungry organization, The Black Summit.

“To the left! And don’t miss!”

“When have I ever missed?”

“I don’t understand why we just shouldn’t kill the kid.”

It began just like any other day for young Mira. He was traveling home from his studies as he allowed the collar of his taupe windbreaker to brush gently across his chin. Leaves created a bountiful pile for his younger, active, neighbors to later dive into. Parents bustled, preparing for the festivities ahead on their front doorways. Almost there, he turned the corner, noticing the snapped rope from his childhood tire swing, now lying half-length on his shaded, green and brown lawn. He tilted his head toward his right shoulder.

“How did . . . ?”

The sound of screeching tires echoed through the neighborhood.

Then everything went black, until slowly Mira began to open his eyes. Moments later, he was lying curbside, right leg stretched out, still. Toward the street, he heard a shocked voice scream,

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Are you alright?”

The voice seemed muffled at first until she repeated the question,

“Are you alright? Here, let me help you.”

The teenage girl assisted Mira up with ease as if the shock provided her with great strength. She continued,

“I heard a loud noise from where I was. Barely gave it a single thought before I ran in this direction. I turned the corner expecting the worst. But, hey, you seem like you’re in pretty good shape.”

With Mira's arm around the girl's neck for support, the girl smiled and continued explaining how she was afraid she'd thought he'd be in worse condition. Then she noticed the gash on his right leg.

"You're bleeding!" She exclaimed.

"You got any bandages at your house? I'm pretty good at this type of thing. I didn't leave Girl Scouts empty-handed."

With a free hand, the girl showed Mira the medals around her neck, including the one she'd gotten recently for her first year as a Girl Scout leader.

"That's nice," said Mira trying to be polite, even though at this point the sting of the gash created an expression of half discomfort, half smile.

"Sure, my house is actually right here. What's your name, by the way?" he asked with a charming side smile, showing off his near perfect pearly whites.

"Rima," said the girl.

Later...

Rima smiled and looked out the window, noticing that the ground seemed a lot darker. She looked up, checking for rain clouds, but instead saw a dark, thick fog in the sky. She wrinkled her eyebrows in slight disgust.

"What kind of weather is this?" she asked.

"Yeah, you'd think they'd take some responsibility for peoples' needs and start cleaning up. I remember not too long ago when breathing didn't feel partially stifled."

Mira said this as he got up with less limping, fetching a glass of water for Rima.

"Who?" Rima asked, now noticing how thick the air felt as she took another breath before responding.

"Where have you been these past few years?" he shouted from the fridge, again with charming laughter. "The Black Summit? Those blood-sucking, money-hungry leeches! You know the ones that caused all the craziness, all the tragedies, killings around the world the past almost decade."

"Yeah that old form of government, it used to be something crazy! If that's what you're referring to?" Rima said with smirking confidence.

She turned her face away from window, hands now supported on the window sill, elbows angled with her right hip popped upward.

"Govern-what?" Mira said.

Rima, now looking down at her feet, grew somewhat red, realizing she found Mira cute and didn't want to make herself sound any worse. She attempted to act cool to make up for her statement as she met Mira halfway to accept his offer of water. With the cup halfway in her hand, she slipped and fell into Mira, who caught her with swift reflex.

Later...

"Ha! That car that hit me, probably wasn't even an accident. I had been telling some neighborhood children about how things were when I was their age. Not too long ago, I was talking to

them about how they shouldn't feel less important because they don't have many toys or cleaner water or air. Right then, The Limiters rolled by in their plain steel car and motioned me to stop. I kept speaking... Now, children are limited to an hour of outdoor playtime a day! The air in neighborhoods like mine began to grow thick and darker, grass started to grow less, trees were dying quicker. While all this was going on, new technology started to advance, faster than we've ever seen in our time, none of it, of course, available to regular citizens, especially the poor. I guess whatever the devices are made of started to interfere with the atmosphere. Mysterious electrical charges in the air correlated with reports of odd behavior and disappearances. Every year or so, someone would appear, not knowing how they ended up at the grocery store, or even someone else's house. Eventually people began to say stuff about rips in the universe. I know it sounds like some weird sci-fi plot, but that's been the best explanation so far. Rima, I have reason to believe you're from a parallel universe..." Mira waited for Rima's response... "Well?" he asked.

Later...

She jumped up, "Wait! You're not thinking what I'm thinking are you?" She moved toward Mira, only a few feet away.

"You mean, that I'm you and you're me?" answered Mira as he now moved, even closer to Rima again grabbing her shoulders.

They could now feel their breath beating on another's face. Rima then turned away upset at Mira's statement, her eyes glossy.

"This can't be! My world is nothing like your world!" Rima exclaimed.

"It's colorful, people are nice, very free, and peaceful. The air smells of flowers and water springs. We don't even go by the class system anymore because money doesn't exist. We use more of a barter system, influenced by integrity, sharing, self-interest and self-motivation..." she laughed, gasping, a little hysterical now. "That's my world, and I want to go back! Pffft! Police?" she added, arms crossed, with a subtle eye roll. "We have a neighborhood team that assists in preventing crime by making sure people's needs are met. Plus, no one has any major weapons, so it's not much to protect us from anymore. So same people? I don't think so. Can't be. Not from this place."

Mira looked at Rima, first with compassion, then a little jealousy.

"I know this is hard to swallow, he said, "but a parallel universe doesn't mean it's the same. It simply means, something relevant in my world happened differently in yours, causing a chain reaction which eventually split into parts because they were no longer linear by events. Even the fact that I'm a guy and you're girl could be the result of a minor difference in occurrences."

"So what you're saying is that, your world could look like mine if some events were to happen to change that?"

"Yes—think of it as a ripple in a pond."

“So what are you trying to say, Mira?”

“Come with me and help. You can help me find out what went wrong with my world. We can go change events. Use the electromagnetism to travel through time and get rid of that retched Black Summit and those Freedom Limiters.”

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