

**Title : H O P E**

**Player Typo : TPP, Linear Level Design, Exploration, Survival.**

**Combat Style : No combat.**

**Engine : Unity.**

**Game Objective : Do tasks and survive till the help comes in.**

**Playtime : 1 hour for full game.**

**Platform : PC / Mobile.**

## CHARACTERS

### Nova Blake

#### **Background:**

- **Education:** Nova holds a Ph.D. in Astrobiology and Planetary Science. She is also trained in advanced robotics and space navigation.
- **Experience:** Nova has participated in simulations, as the human race is close to extinction and the space station barely had any more time and resources to train her outer space or any kind of major space missions, they kind of threw her in the exploration mission with hope and beliefs.
- **Motivation:** Driven by a strong sense of duty and a desire to secure a future for humanity. She has always been fascinated by the stars and what lies beyond, making her a dedicated and

passionate explorer.

### **Personality Traits:**

- **Resilient:** Nova faces extreme challenges with determination and perseverance. She doesn't give up easily, even when situations seem hopeless.
- **Intelligent:** Highly knowledgeable and resourceful, Nova uses her scientific expertise to navigate and solve problems in alien environments.
- **Empathetic:** Despite her tough exterior, Nova deeply cares about others. Her mission is fueled by her desire to save humanity.
- **Introspective:** Nova often reflects on her experiences and emotions, leading to moments of deep philosophical thought and self-awareness.
- **Lonely:** The vast emptiness of space and the isolation of her mission take a toll on Nova, making her feel lonely and sometimes despondent.

### **Physical Appearance:**

- **Height:** 5'7" (170 cm)
- **Build:** Lean and athletic, reflecting her physical training for space missions.
- **Hair:** Short, dark brown hair, practical for wearing a space helmet.
- **Eyes:** Dark Black
- **Clothing:** Wears a high-tech space suit equipped with life support systems, communication devices, and tools for scientific analysis.

### **Skills:**

- **Scientific Analysis:** Expert in analyzing extraterrestrial environments, identifying potential resources, and conducting experiments.

- **Engineering:** Proficient in repairing and maintaining spacecraft and other equipment.
- **Survival:** Trained in survival techniques for harsh environments, including first aid and resource management.
- **Piloting:** Skilled in piloting spacecraft, navigating through space, and handling emergency situations.

### Character Arc:

- **Initial State:** Nova starts as a dedicated and hopeful astronaut, eager to find a new home for humanity. Despite the challenges, she remains optimistic about her mission.
- **Conflict:** As she becomes stranded on the barren planet and learns of Earth's dire situation, Nova grapples with feelings of failure, loneliness, and despair.
- **Growth:** Through her journey, Nova finds strength in her determination and resilience. She reflects on her mission and the importance of hope and perseverance.
- **Resolution:** By the end of the story, Nova accepts her fate but ensures her findings and hopes are transmitted to the remnants of humanity. She faces her end with courage and a sense of fulfillment, knowing she did everything she could for the future of humanity.

### Dialogue Examples:

- **Initial Optimism:** "This isn't the destination... something went wrong. I need to assess the damage."
- **Despair:** "I'm alone... a failure. But I have to keep trying. For humanity."
- **Reflection:** "The echoes of existence... linger in these ruins. Humanity reached out to the stars, but found only silence. My mission... carries their legacy."
- **Final Resolution:** "This is Nova, final transmission. My findings... my hope for humanity. We must endure, no matter the cost."





# STORY

## CHAPTER 1 : AWAKENING

### **Plot :**

Nova Sinclair awoke with a start, her body aching from the impact. The ship was eerily silent, with only the dim emergency lights casting a faint glow around her. She took a deep breath, trying to calm the pounding in her chest. The last thing she remembered was entering the wormhole, the anticipation of discovering a new world. Now, everything felt wrong.

She unbuckled herself from the pilot's seat and stood up, wincing at the pain in her side. The control panel was dark, and the usual hum of the ship's generators was absent. "What happened?" she whispered to herself. Moving gingerly, she made her way to the main console and tried to power up the systems. Nothing. The ship was in a state of deep sleep, and the generators were offline.

Nova glanced around the dimly lit cabin, her mind racing. She had to get the ship's systems back online. She headed to the engineering bay, hoping to repair the generators. After several minutes of tinkering and bypassing circuits, it became clear that the damage was too severe for her to fix alone. Frustration washed over her. "Come on, think!" she urged herself.

She walked to the observation window and peered outside. The view was alien and unsettling. Jagged rocks and barren terrain stretched out as far as she could see, illuminated by the warm light of two suns. It was a stark, beautiful, yet foreboding sight. "Where am I?" she murmured.

Her immediate concern was communication. She tried to contact the HQ using her helmet's comm system. "Mayday, mayday. This is Nova Sinclair. Do you read me?" Static. No response. She repeated her call, but the silence was deafening. Desperation crept in.

Nova returned to the main console and accessed the ship's log. As she read through the entries, her heart sank. The log detailed a severe meteor shower that had forced an automatic emergency landing on this unknown planet. The AI had chosen this location because it offered the highest survival rate within reach, but even then, she had less than a day's worth of time to live.

She took a deep breath, trying to steady her nerves. "Alright, what's next?" she thought. She decided to check the status of the precious cargo she had brought with her – the fetuses of various plants and animals intended for terraforming. She opened the storage unit and was relieved to see they were in good shape. At least something had gone right.

Determined to find a way to contact HQ, Nova worked tirelessly to bridge the connection. After what felt like an eternity, she managed to discover a faint signal. She activated the comm system again. "HQ, this is Nova Sinclair. Do you read me? Please respond."

There was a crackle of static, and then an unfamiliar voice answered. "This is HQ. Nova Sinclair, we read you."

"Thank God," Nova breathed. "What's going on? Where am I?"

The voice hesitated before responding, "Nova, it's been 120 years since your mission began. The planet you've landed on has a different timeline. One hour there is equivalent to seven days on Earth."

Nova's mind reeled. "120 years? That's impossible! How...?"

“Yes, I have gone through your database and we discovered that you started your journey back in 2232. We've been monitoring your location, and we understand the time dilation. We're trying to establish contact with any nearby astronauts who might be able to assist you,” the voice continued. “For now, you need to stand by and conserve your resources. Help is on the way. We sent another astronaut back in 2235 in a nearby planet of yours, I hope we might find a way to contract with him and might find a way to rescue you, meanwhile have a walk around and don't go far, your suits are not designed for this environment, also you might find enough Titanium and Copper nearby repair damages of your ship”

Despite the shocking revelation, a small spark of hope ignited within Nova. She wasn't completely alone. There was still a chance. “Understood, HQ. I'll stand by and wait for further instructions.”

The connection ended, and Nova sat back, processing the information. The timeline difference was staggering, and the implications were vast. But for now, she had to focus on survival and wait for help to arrive. With renewed determination, she began planning her next steps, knowing that each moment counted in her race against time.

**\*\*missions will start from here, first missions is find necessary equipments to repair the damage with titanium and coppers\*\***

## CHAPTER 2 : ECHOES FROM THE PAST

**\*\*just after gathering the coppers from the mines\*\***

As she trudged through the rocky terrain, Nova's eyes scanned the ground for anything useful. The planet was unforgiving, with jagged rocks and crevices posing constant hazards. Her scanner beeps intermittently, indicating faint signals and potential anomalies. She

followed one such signal, which led her to a small, partially buried object half-hidden by dust and debris.

Her heart raced as she cleared the surrounding rocks and uncovered what looked like an old, battered spacesuit. The suit bore the NASA insignia—a symbol she hadn't seen in years. Nova's fingers trembled as she touched the emblem. "NASA?" she whispered, astonished. "But that was dismantled long before I was born..."

She carefully examined the suit. It was old, worn, and had clearly been exposed to the elements for a long time. The suit's condition suggested it had been here for decades, maybe even longer. Nova's mind raced. "How did this get here? Why was there a NASA suit on this planet?" She quickly ran a diagnostic on the suit's internal systems, hoping to find any clues.

The results were inconclusive. The suit's life support systems were offline, and there was no record of any recent activity. The presence of the suit only deepened the mystery of the planet and its history. The realization hit her like a cold wave: if NASA had been here, there must have been a mission, perhaps one that ended in failure.

Despite the unsettling discovery, Nova was driven by a glimmer of hope. If a NASA suit had ended up here, it meant there might have been others before her. She set her scanner to search for any other signs of previous life—beacons, shelters, or any remnants of a human presence.

Her scanner picked up a faint signal from a distant location. It was weak and intermittent, but it was enough to spark hope. She decided to follow it, moving cautiously across the rugged terrain. The journey was grueling, and her energy reserves were depleting faster than she had anticipated.

As she approached the source of the signal, Nova discovered a small, concealed bunker partially buried under debris. The structure was old but intact, with a makeshift door that seemed to have been hastily assembled. She managed to pry it open and stepped inside, her flashlight illuminating a dim, dusty interior.

The bunker contained various supplies—food rations, medical kits, and, surprisingly, a functional communication device. Nova's heart raced as she approached the device, hoping it might still work. She connected it to her suit's system and attempted to establish a connection.

The communication device crackled to life, emitting a faint, distorted signal. Nova's voice trembled as she spoke into it. "This is Nova Sinclair, astronaut from the United Earth Space Agency. Is anyone out there? Can you hear me?"

The response was garbled but discernible. "...Survivor... long... from... Earth... days..."

The message was fragmented, but it suggested that there might be someone else on this planet. Nova's hope surged. "Who is this? Where are you?"

The device fell silent, leaving Nova in suspense. She checked the device for any recorded messages or clues about the previous occupants. Among the documents, she found logs detailing a failed mission and references to a mysterious phenomenon that had affected their timekeeping and navigation.

**\*\*Determined\*\***

With renewed determination, Nova knew she had to explore further. The discovery of the NASA suit and the faint signal had given her hope that she was not entirely alone. She needed to find out more about the

previous mission, the unknown survivors, and how she could possibly escape or survive this planet.

As she prepared to venture out again, Nova glanced at the suit she had found, now stored in her ship for future analysis. It was a stark reminder of the challenges ahead, but it also fueled her resolve. She was not just fighting for her own survival anymore; she was seeking answers to a mystery that spanned decades.

“Someone has to know what happened here,” she thought. “And I’m going to find out.”