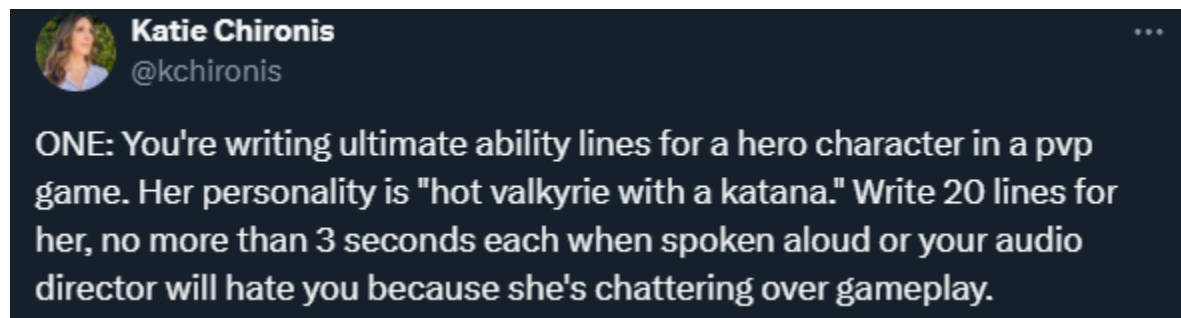


Katie Chironis' 5 tongue-in-cheek game writing exercises that are a more realistic representation of what most game writers do than a branching dialog tree

Source: <https://x.com/kchironis/status/1308815996841422848>

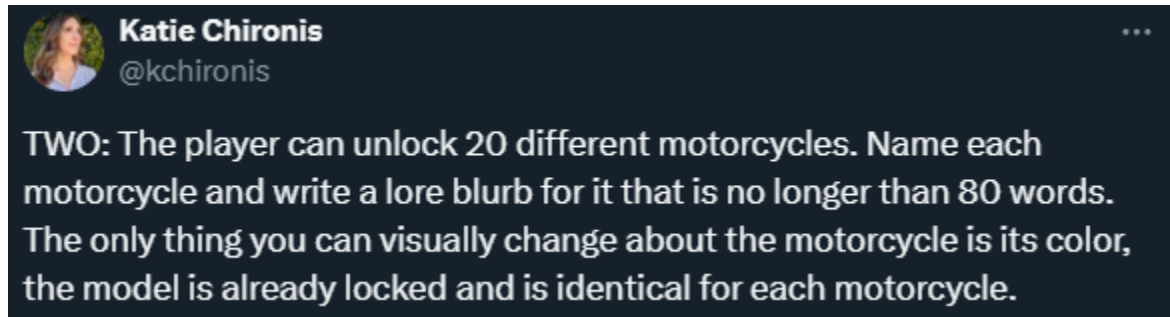
#1: Hot Valkyrie with a Katana



1. I choose to slay you!
2. Become einherjar!
3. Better by blade than age!
4. Serve you mead, later.
5. Taste thy battle-sweat!
6. Sleep on the red snow!
7. I feed the eagle!
8. I am the swan of blood!
9. Hagakure thirsts!
10. Tomoe's favored trick!
11. Blood-worm of the east!
12. Split thy war-garb!
13. Your time comes!
14. Hakagure, my blood-ice!
15. You Munin-feed!
16. You will not grow old!

17. Here is your deathbed!
18. Fall before me!
19. Iaijutsu!
20. Shed wolf's wine!

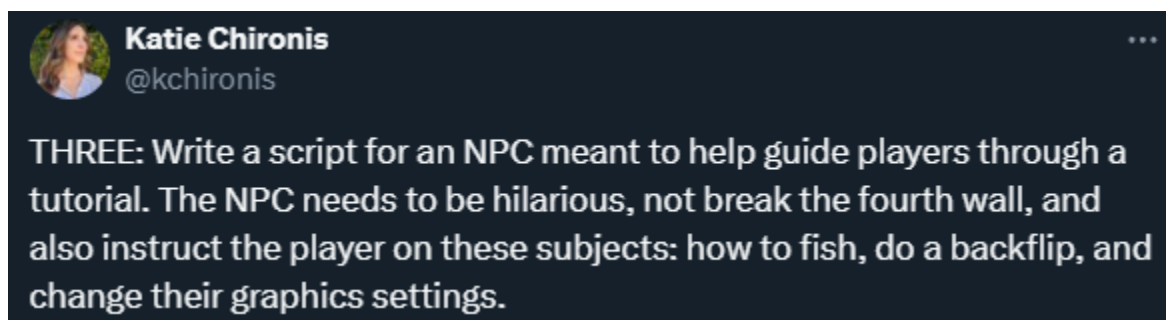
#2: 20 Different Motorcycles



1. **Training-Basic** - Every rookie gets to ride one of these in boot, though I have no idea why they devised a scheme specifically for training. I guess experienced operators use it ironically.
2. **Crash Test** - The yellow disk is actually called the Secchi disk, it serves as a fiducial marker to show scale on crash test dummies. No, they don't usually apply to vehicles, but here it is. And now you know!
3. **DDR** - Red lines on grey-green? That's strichtarn. The East Germans created it to look different from the Soviets. As a camo pattern, it's marginal at best. But as a branding tool? Now you're talking!
4. **Red Barricades** - This is supposed to look like factory red primer. Not entirely certain whether it's in use these days, but it still evokes the feeling that it just came off the assembly line, like a tank in Stalingrad.
5. **Razzle-dazzle** - Some egghead was convinced that dazzle camo didn't work on ships because they were slow. That a motorcycle lives in an entirely different environment didn't seem relevant to him, so there you have it. My eyes hurt.
6. **The Devil** - They got theologians, semantics experts and calligraphy masters to create a paint job that's nothing but blasphemies in the eyes of the Opposition. I don't know why, you're already getting shot on sight.
7. **The Prestige** - So you know how warlords plate their rifles and such with gold? This is what happens when the same logic is applied to a motorcycle. Hope you enjoy it.
8. **Sterling Silver** - Yes, it's coated in actual silver, so it has mild antiseptic properties. I'm sure anyone you run over will appreciate it. It also means that the bike is entirely safe from werewolves and vampires.

9. **The Bronze Age Warrior** - My suggestion to add a feather plume to make the name really stick was shot down by animal rights activists. Still, the muted color is a classic look.
10. **Traffic-Oh** - The bright colors of motorcycle-riding traffic cops, knights of the highway. Everyone dreaded seeing this hi-vis blip on their rearview mirror.
11. **TOXIK** - This color scheme is just far enough from the cop scheme to avoid trouble, but close enough to look like them in the mirror. Kids using it to scare car drivers did not engender more love for bikers.
12. **XTREME** - Branding everything as EXTREME was a trend back in the Lost 90s. I asked one of the cyborg Methuselabs about it. She said it should remain lost.
13. **Hedgehog Blue** - Technically, this scheme was created to commemorate the 100th anniversary of a video game icon, but that was before we had actual blue hedgehogs.
14. **ROYALTY** - We don't need to grind mollusks or something to make purple anymore, but everyone agrees that it's a very nice color. They say it blends in well at night, which I see as a downside in terms of parking.
15. **The Impression** - They machinegunned a bunch of paint cans to make the random splatter effects really random. You can say that it's unique, I guess.
16. **Wizardry** - Rumor has it that they found the last old coot doing panel van art to airbrush the wizard on the tank.
17. **Charcoal** - Buildings, ECM, enemy sigint - there were a lot of reasons to go back to motorcycle couriers for communications during the City War. They used this matte coating for discreteness.
18. **Bleeding Edge** - the artist spent some time looking for a color mixture that matched the color of his oxygenated blood.
19. **Two-Faced** - the accounts that a bank robber painted his getaway car like this to confuse the witnesses are purely apocryphal.
20. **Beater** - So you found it in a ditch, all rusted over, but it still runs? Wack.

#3: How To Fish, Do A Backflip, And Change The Graphics Settings



NPC: So, I'm not an uncle, nor am I drunk, but I can do this, I can **teach you how to fish**.

NPC: First, walk to the shore of the lake. It's right in front of you.
NPC: Do you see that rippling circle? That's a good fishing spot.
NPC: The fish don't actually call it that. They congregate close to the surface to plot.
NPC: Now, take a stock of your inventory. You should have a fishing rod on you.
NPC: God, I hope you didn't come to **fish** without a **fishing rod**.
NPC: Put- grab the rod in your right hand.
NPC: Great, you can hold things. This will come in handy later.
NPC: Looking at the fishing spot? Rod in hand? You're ready.
NPC: You should feel **comp-Elled** to fish. To catch some **Eels**.
NPC: Well done, the dice is cast. Er, the net is cast. The finishing line...?
NPC: Sure, whatever. Watch the bobber. It's the floaty thing.
NPC: It's brightly colored, because fishermen are attracted to colorful things.
NPC: Wait for the bobber to earn its name. Wait for it to bob.
NPC: Already?! Damn, it's bobbing! Pull **back**!
NPC: Pull, damn you!
NPC: Et voila! You caught your first fish!
NPC: Told you holding things would come in useful.

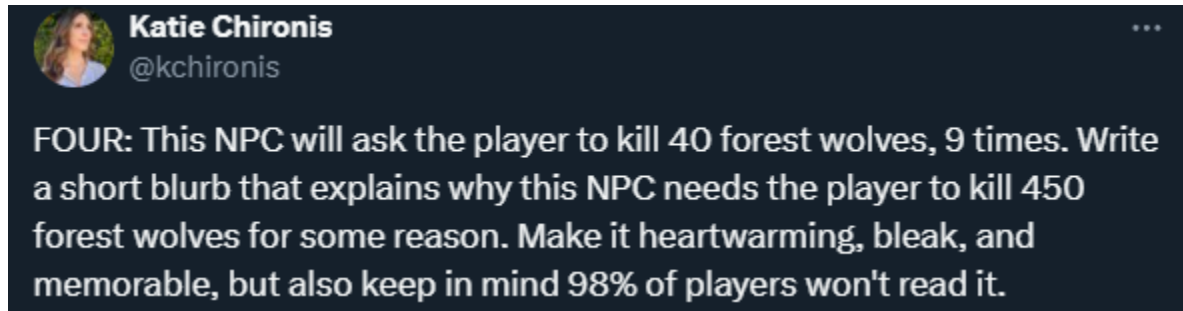
NPC: There comes a time in a young gender's life when mere jumping is not enough.
NPC: Even extended-turbo-double-jump isn't enough.
NPC: Let me tell you about **backflips**.
NPC: This will impress some folks!
NPC: So, uh, jump, but try to go **backwards** instead of **forwards**.
NPC: No, you just **jumped back**!
NPC: You have to **hold** the desire to jump **back** the entire time.
NPC: Ah, there you have it! What a **backflip**.
NPC: Now, if I can find my rocket launcher, I can tell you about the last super-sweet jump technique...

NPC: OK, this is going to get philosophical.
NPC: Sometimes, things move slowly - but that's just in your head.
NPC: Your brain can't handle taking in all the detail.
NPC: What can you do? Well, first, you must **escape** the regular line of thinking.
NPC: Peer deeply behind the veil, right into yourself. I needed Ayahuasca to do it, but I'm sure you can do without.
NPC: Imagine your inner being presented as a **menu**.
NPC: The **main menu**, if you will.
NPC: Concentrate on your **options**. That's how you can change yourself.
NPC: We're going to change how you perceive the visual world.
NPC: See? So many choices!
NPC: From my meditation experience, I can tell you that seeing the world in **simpler** terms can speed up the way you process things.
NPC: Maybe you don't need such a wide **resolution**. Maybe you're burdening yourself with too much **detail**.

NPC: Either way, it's your head, you make the choices.

NPC: I can only leave you with one final bit of advice: don't make Venmo for dogs.

#4: Kill 450 Forest Wolves For Some Reason



These woods have a sickness.

Three-times-three in wolf packs. Two-score wolves per pack. Nature wouldn't harbor such symmetry.

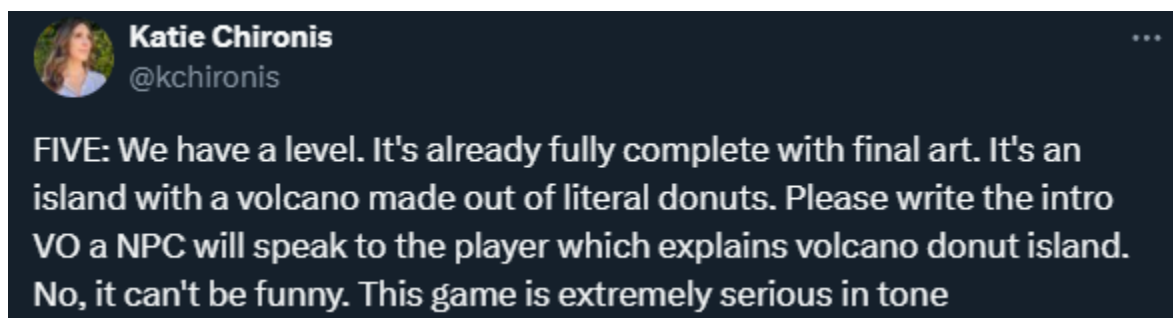
But there's nothing natural about these forest wolves.

They sacrificed their young, their old, their weak. For endless youth. For the frivolous hunt. For indulgence.

Kill them. Kill them all. Bring back their pelts to warm our young, our old, our weak.

We do not indulge.

#5: Volcano Donut Island



VO: It started with Neom. The idle rich, weighted down with their wealth, unmoored for reality. Building a mile-wide city in the desert, a thin strip of life where none should be - nobody sane would do it.

VO: But they did. And once He3 replaced oil, a new cadre of rich morons rose up. At least the Habsburgs could blame incest. But these guys had their brain rotted by cheap pop-culture pap, cursed to endlessly make vapid references. They hid behind irreverence out of fear of creating something sincere and getting laughed at. Their souls shorn clean of higher purpose, merely seeking approval on social media.

VO: *A volcano island. Built of doughnuts.* The absurdity of the idea pales in front of the inhumanity of the effort. One mouth going hungry to please the orbital elite is too much. I won't give you the estimates of what buying up that much wheat did for world hunger.

VO: There are further depths to this iniquity. How do you prevent the donuts from rotting, melting, sagging? Why, treat them with hardener. Dip them, one by one, in specially formulated goo. The Germans had their work cut out for months, pumping that stuff out.

VO: They didn't test it in sea water, you know. The hardener still holds, but it leaches into the water. The only way this tragedy could have been bigger was if we had left more aquatic nature for it to kill.

VO: So many died for this abjectly immoral idea. But reckoning comes. Go. Make the volcano run red with blood.