

WRITING SAMPLE

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GAME TITLE: Undiscovered World: The Incan Sun

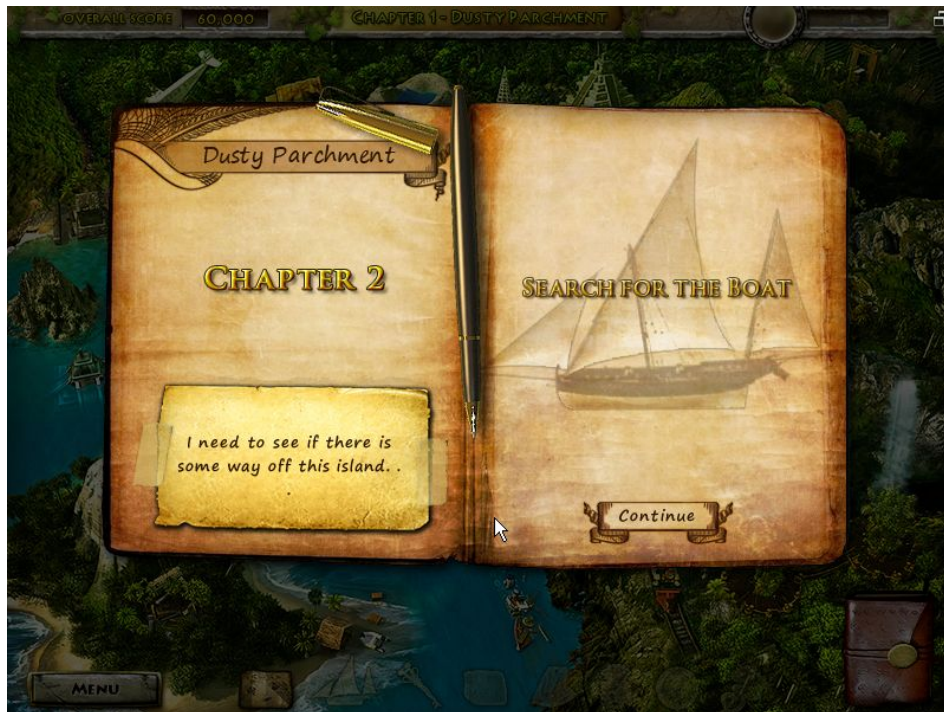
STUDIO: Jolly Bear Games, Inc.

USE: Story snippets used to propel hidden object gameplay forward and link object finding tasks to mini-games.













Full Script

- Stranded! When the plane went down I could make out a few buildings on the coast. Hopefully, I can reach them before nightfall.
- By luck, I salvaged my camera gear. The concierge at the hotel was willing to give me a room in exchange for a few pictures of the place.
- There's more to this island than meets the eye. The concierge seemed nervous when the museum curator mentioned another expedition. An expedition to where? For what?
- Wherever I am, it's remote. The concierge was also my waiter. When I asked him for a working phone, he laughed and walked away.
- There are noises coming from the jungle, wild and menacing. I don't think I'll sleep a wink.
- The museum curator was at the market gearing up for his expedition. He wouldn't tell me where he was going, but at least I got his name: Chavez.

- It doesn't look like I'm getting out of here unless I do it myself. Perhaps there's something back at the plane I can use.
- Followed Chavez to the edge of the jungle, but I think he heard me. He stopped at the waterfall and turned back. Can I really leave without finding out what's going on here?
- I decided to confront Chavez about the map I found. He seemed surprised and a little angry. He walked away grumbling something about tourists in the land of the Inca Sun.
- Chavez won't help, so I tracked down the concierge, Don Apollo. He wouldn't talk. He asked if I believed in curses. I don't, but something tells me I'm the only one.
- I found a dusty study at the hotel. It was used at one point, but not for a long time. There are signs of someone's research, but it doesn't help me make sense of the map.
- There was a boat in the harbor, but no crew. Somehow I'm not surprised. The closer I come to getting away, the more reluctant I am to leave. Inca Sun? What did Chavez mean?
- There's a waterfall on the map, and Chavez definitely meant to continue on that day. I'm no coward, but this place gives me the jitters. If only I had the nerve to find a trail on my own.
- The ship captain was skulking around the old train station. He told me the ship will go out tomorrow. I don't think I can leave with so many questions left unanswered.
- The captain agreed to let me come aboard, but I have no idea where we're going. It's a good thing I've resolved to stay; it looks to be a short trip.
- Chavez! Was he below deck the whole time? He said he must ask the gods of the volcano for protection before the expedition. It seems this is a ritual he's done hundreds of times before.
- The captain tells me Chavez visits the Volcano regularly. He used to bring other men with him, but their numbers have dwindled until only Chavez was left. What happened to the others?
- Decision time: convince Chavez to tell me what's going on, or follow the map on my own. I've got to start putting the pieces together.
- Chavez won't give me information, but he'll let me do the heavy lifting. He sent me to the market to buy some supplies.
- I was right. The waterfall is only the beginning. Chavez says this was the landmark that convinced him he was in the right place. The right place for what?

- Chavez has been on his quest for a long time. Our trail shows signs of earlier expeditions. He grew somber when we passed by a decaying truck.
- Ruins! Chavez says these were his first discovery on the island. He believes they were built by Incan royalty thousands of years ago.
- Writing by candlelight tonight. Chavez is determined to press on. He says he's on the brink of a break-through. I just want to make it through the night.
- Gorgeous view. I hope these boards aren't as old as the pyramid in the distance.
- The pyramid is covered in glyphs. They're not of any language I've ever seen. The faces on them look regal, almost Egyptian.
- Chavez says the key I found fits more than a lock. He seems to believe it will lead us to a city of kings. It sounds like my new friend has been in the sun too long.
- Chavez is starting to trust me. We visited some ruins even more spectacular than the last ones. He said these were the home of the holy order of the Sun God, Inti.
- A lighthouse seems like vanity for an uncharted island. Chavez says he uses it to search the sea. He stares transfixed at the water, looking for some sign.
- Hanno, the ship captain, let us bed down on the beach. It seems we'll have another busy day at sea, and Chavez wants us to rest up.
- Hanno has proven to be a wealth of knowledge. Chavez came here on a grant ten years ago. He's an expert in Incan anthropology, but Hanno thinks he's become obsessed.
- Chavez tells me this island has been undiscovered for so long because Inti has placed it under his protection. Only his direct descendents and their servants were allowed to dwell here. What about now?
- Chavez says the volcano is Inti's presence on the island. He brings gifts to ask permission to continue his quest. A lot of hocus pocus nonsense to me, but then, what happened to all those other men who worked with Chavez?
- Shower and sleep in a real bed, who knew I could miss life's little dignities? Hopefully, I'll be well-rested enough to decipher that tablet we found.

- We're onto something. The research I found earlier has some of the same symbols as our tablet. All of those regal faces. Perhaps this was a land of kings, after all.
- Last time I visited the site of my crash it was to find a way off the island. Now I'm looking for tools to help me stay longer.
- This truck has a funeral quality to it. Chavez said it was used on the expedition to discover the great Pyramid, but the prize came at too high a cost. He won't go near it.
- The rope bridge takes us higher into the mountains. The higher we go, the more excited Chavez becomes. He's positive he's found the route to the city of kings.
- I don't believe it! The man's not crazy after all. We found an entrance covered by vines. I wonder if the key will fit.
- The Lost City of Kings. Chavez is ecstatic. He finally has the proof he's been searching for his whole life. A line of Incan kings descended from the Sun God himself. I don't know that I can buy that, but the city sure is grand.
- I'm a little disappointed that we didn't find any great artifact in the Lost City. Chavez is undaunted. He says he's closer to the truth than he's ever been.
- Food is the ultimate persuader. Chavez says finding the city is a tipping point. He's looking for a true artifact. Something that will tie Inti's descendents to him with unquestionable proof.
- Our latest discovery has turned up the volume on Chavez's obsession. He spent the wee hours at the lighthouse scanning the sea.
- Chavez believes those robes are the raiment of the last Sun King. He's taken the expedition underground. Things have taken a dangerous turn.
- His zeal is turning Chavez into a man possessed. He studies the tablet, the map, the key, the robes. He's sure the answer is close, and he's pushing our limits to find it.
- Quiet contemplation in the camp tonight. I can feel him sitting by the fire trying to put the pieces together.
- When I first arrived, this was only a museum. The collection will never look the same. Everywhere I turn are symbols and signs pushing us further on our quest.
- Another journey into the sea. Only this time, Chavez is set on a new destination.

- A pointless effort and dangerous at that. The only thing we've proven is that Chavez isn't the first man to be entranced by the Sun God.
- I found a reprieve from Chavez's madness. Hanno shucked oysters and talked about the men this quest has claimed. Dozens of lives. The old captain says our search is vanity.
- Our search. When did this quest take hold of me? I should be sleeping, but my bleary eyes won't stay closed.
- Retracing our steps. Chavez is the picture of quiet determination. I am his shadow.
- For hours, our eyes scan the sea. If only I knew what I was needing to see.
- Another visit to the cave. Not only are there no patterns to these clues, there is no pattern to Chavez's methodology.
- We kick around the old city . . sullen and grim. Our momentum is slipping away.
- I see my haggard reflection in Chavez. We're growing gaunt with exhaustion, but the pace will not let up.
- Chavez is obsessed with the sea. He says the jungle is just a distraction, and the true quest must lead beneath the waves.
- Another swim in shark infested waters, with no gain for our efforts. To my mind, those poor explorers were grasping at straws, but Chavez has found his fire again.
- A gift for the volcano. Chavez has a mad twinkle in his eye. He clapped me on the back with bravado saying we're about to make history.
- The madman was right! He's been right all along. The pyramid of the Golden Sun. It's so beautiful; surely the Sun God himself must call it home.
- We found trinkets, but no great artifact. We visit the ruins of the holy order looking for a sign.
- There is a despair overtaking Chavez. It is not enough that he has discovered anthropological treasures which will make him famous. He wants to be legendary.
- The walk back to camp is quiet. It is as though all the world holds its breath.

- Tonight Chavez broke down. The Incan myths tell of Inti's Scepter . . a relic so powerful it made his descendants invincible. Chavez was positive it was hidden in the Golden Sun Pyramid. He is losing hope.
- It is difficult to watch a great man fall. Chavez is giving up. How can he when we're so close?
- As we passed the truck, Chavez had tears in his eyes. All those lives lost. For what? I tell him he has discovered wonders that the world will celebrate, but he does not hear me.
- The waterfall. It was here this legend first took hold of me. Looking into its waters I realize I must continue the quest. I will find Inti's Scepter.
- Chavez has abandoned his quest, but I cannot. We have all these clues and a new tool. I follow the signs on the compass.
- All these places we've been so many times before. What was their significance? Was this Pyramid a place of worship?
- The city of kings. Which means the jungle was their home. Wouldn't a king's belongings be closer to his home than at the bottom of the sea?
- The entrance to the city is grand enough for a whole procession. How many times would a ceremony bring the king from his throne?
- The railway was built to move artifacts from the jungle. Is it possible the Scepter was found years ago and shipped away?
- One last visit to the Golden Sun. Its beauty gives me hope and food for thought, as well.
- A market built at a time when the expedition was at its peak. So many men coming and going...
- The notes in the study do not belong to Chavez. Was there someone else? A partner before me?
- A brother! Chavez had a brother, but he was lost when his truck crashed on the way back from the Pyramid.
- After all these years, could it possibly be in the truck all along?