# Narrator Lore video game scripts

60 practice scripts from VO Journey Academy. Free to record, free to use in your reel. Download the PDF to mark up in the booth, or print it straight from here.

## The Drowned Kingdom Remembers

Opening cinematic, mythic fantasy · Mature (55+) · Any · 90 seconds

[Opening cinematic. Black screen. Waves. Slowly, a sunken city appears beneath green water]

Before the sea came, there was Ollaris.

A city of white towers and open doors. A city where the bells rang every hour, and no one locked a gate, because no one had ever needed to.

I was a boy then. I carried bread to the bell-ringers. I knew every stair.

[the water rises in the image]

The sea did not come in a single night, as the songs say. It came a little more each spring. The kings measured it with marks on the harbor wall, and every year they told us the marks were wrong.

They were not wrong.

One by one, the families left. They carried what they could up into the hills: chairs, cradles, the doors off their own houses. My mother carried a single bell, wrapped in her best coat. She said a city that loses its bells forgets its own name.

[a single bell tolls underwater]

Now the towers sleep beneath the tide, and the bells ring only when the currents move them. Fishermen say you can hear them on still nights. They say it is a warning.

And yet.

Something down there is ringing them on purpose.

[beat]

You are going to find out what. I am too old to swim. But I remember every stair.

Let me show you the way.

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## Codex: The Glass Wolves of Harrowmere

Codex entry, dark fantasy · Adult (30-45) · Any · 60 seconds

[Codex entry unlocked: Creatures of the Northern March]

The Glass Wolves of Harrowmere.

First recorded by the surveyor Ilsa Brant, who described them as "wolves made of a frozen lake." The description is accurate. Their bodies are clear enough to see through, and in moonlight they are almost invisible.

They hunt in packs of five. Never four. Never six. No one has explained this.

They are not harmed by steel. Steel passes through them as if through cold water. Fire cracks them. Loud, sudden sound shatters them entirely, which is why the shepherds of the March carry iron bells.

[beat]

A personal note.

I have studied these creatures for eleven years. I have never once heard one howl. Last night, outside my window, something howled.

I have decided to move south.

## Chapter Three: The Salt Road

Chapter intro, desert fantasy · Adult (40-55) · Any · 45 seconds

[Chapter title card over a parchment map. A dotted line crawls across a white desert]

Chapter Three.

The Salt Road.

No river crosses the Pale Flats. No bird nests there. The only thing that grows is salt, piled into white hills that hum when the wind passes over them.

The caravans walk at night. They tie their camels nose to tail and they do not speak, because the old traders say the salt remembers voices and repeats them back, later, when you are alone.

It is eleven nights from Kesh to the green city of Amarel. Most who walk it are traders. Some are pilgrims. A few are running from something.

Four travelers set out from the gate at Kesh.

They would not all come back the same.

## Trailer: Seven Suns Over Kessa

Trailer narration, sci-fi · Adult (30-45) · Any · 60 seconds

[Trailer. A ringed planet under seven small suns. Music builds slowly]

Kessa was never supposed to have a sky like this.

Seven suns. One world. And every nation in the colony fleet wants it.

[cut: ships breaking through clouds]

The miners came first. Then the soldiers. Then the priests, who said the suns were a sign. Then everyone else, who just wanted somewhere to live that wasn't a ship.

They were right. They just didn't know what kind.

[cut: one sun flickers]

Because the suns are moving. Slowly. Toward each other. And when they meet, nothing on the surface will survive.

[music drops out]

You have forty years.

Build a city. Build an army. Build a way off this world, or a reason to stay.

[music hits]

Every choice will be remembered. Every alliance will be tested. And the sky is running out of time.

Seven Suns Over Kessa.

The colony waits for you.

## The Archivist of Ashfall

In-world historian, post-apocalyptic · Mature (55+) · Any (character choice) · 90 seconds

[An underground library lit by a single bulb. The ARCHIVIST speaks into an old recorder]

Archive recording, number six hundred and two. Archivist speaking.

Today I catalogued a vending machine. Yes. A whole one. The scavengers dragged it in from the east ruins and I am told it still has a bag of something inside. I have labelled it "Snack, unknown, pre-Fall." I will not be opening it. Some history should stay sealed.

[she laughs, then coughs]

For the record, since someone should keep one. The Fall did not happen in a day. People like to say it did. It's easier. But it was slower than that. The power went first. Then the water. Then, mostly, the patience.

I remember the last week the trains ran. A man gave up his seat for a woman with a cat in a basket. Nobody clapped. It was just normal. I think about that man a great deal.

We forgot how to wait for each other.

[beat]

I keep these tapes so that someone, someday, will remember what we were before. Not the war. Not the hunger. The small things. Birthdays. Queues. Complaining about the weather on a bus.

If you're listening to this, I'm probably gone. That's alright. Put the tape back on the shelf when you're done.

And please, whatever you do.

Don't open the snack.

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## Journal of a Lighthouse Keeper, Day Forty

Journal entry, horror · Adult (40-55) · Any · 60 seconds

[Collectible: torn journal page. Lighthouse interior. Wind]

Day forty.

Lamp lit at six. Oil at half. Supply boat late again, but the weather has been poor, so that is no surprise.

Gulls gone from the rocks. Odd. They are usually loud this time of year.

The tapping started again around midnight. Same as last week. Three slow, then two quick, from somewhere below the stairs. I have checked the pipes. I have checked the door. There is nothing below the stairs but stone.

[pause]

I counted the steps again. One hundred and twelve, as always.

Then I counted them going down. One hundred and thirteen.

I have not been sleeping well. That is probably all it is.

I will not go down tonight. I will keep the lamp lit.

The tapping has stopped.

Now it is knocking.

## Bestiary Entry: The Lantern Moth

Codex entry, cozy · Any · Any · 45 seconds

[Field guide page unlocked. A painted moth with a glowing tail]

The Lantern Moth.

Found in the Fernwood after sunset, usually near open windows and freshly baked pies.

The Lantern Moth glows when it is happy. It is happy most of the time. Scholars have tried to make one sad for science and have all given up within the hour.

Villagers hang empty jars on their porches in summer. If a moth chooses your jar, it is said to bring a calm winter.

One warning. If you hum near a Lantern Moth, it will follow you home.

There is no known way to stop this.

## Previously, on the Long Night

Episode recap, story-driven · Adult (30-45) · Any · 60 seconds

[Episode recap. Quick cuts of earlier scenes]

Previously, on The Long Night.

The town of Merrow Falls lost its power on the first night of winter. It has not come back.

[cut: a flashlight in a school hallway]

Maya Torres found the generator in the old school basement. Someone had already been there. Someone had left the door open.

[cut: an argument at a campfire]

The survivors split into two groups. Doc wants to wait for the rescue convoy. Eli says no convoy is coming, and he says he knows why. He won't say how he knows. Doc has stopped letting him near the medicine.

[cut: a radio crackles]

And last night, at exactly three in the morning, every radio in town switched on by itself and played the same voice. A child's voice. Counting.

[cut: Maya looks up]

She recognized it.

It was her own.

[title]

Episode Four. The Count.

## The Clockmaker's War, An Overture

Opening cinematic, steampunk · Adult (40-55) · Any (character choice) · 90 seconds

[Opening cinematic. Brass gears turn behind a foggy city skyline]

In the city of Vantworth, everything ticked.

The streetlamps ticked. The trams ticked. The mayor's heart, they say, was replaced at sixty with a small brass engine, and it ticked louder than anything.

And all of it, every gear and spring and spinning wheel, was built by one family. The Halloways. Clockmakers to the crown.

[a clock strikes]

Then, on the coldest night of the year, the last Halloway vanished. Took her tools. Took her plans. Left only a note pinned to the great clock tower.

It said: "I have built something I should not have. Stop the clocks."

[the gears behind him slow]

No one stopped the clocks.

The city kept ticking. And three days later, the machines began to walk.

They called it the war of gears. Steam against steel. Tinkers against generals. A whole city at war with the things that kept it alive. The trams stopped carrying passengers and started carrying cannons. The streetlamps watched. The mayor's heart, people noticed, began to tick in time with the machines.

[beat]

You are not a soldier. You are not a Halloway.

You are an apprentice with a screwdriver and a very bad feeling.

Wind your watch.

We begin at midnight.

## Faction Primer: The Ninefold Choir

Faction lore, dark fantasy · Adult (30–45) · Any · 60 seconds

[Faction screen. Nine hooded figures in a stone cathedral]

The Ninefold Choir.

No one remembers when the Choir first appeared in the valley. The oldest records already mention them: nine singers in grey robes who walked from village to village and asked for nothing.

They do not speak. They only sing.

Where the Choir sings, crops grow. Fevers break. Wells that were dry fill overnight. Most villages welcome them gladly.

There is a cost, but it is small. After each visit, one villager joins the Choir. They are given a robe. They are given a hymn. They do not come home.

The Choir has always numbered nine.

No one has ever asked what happens to the others.

[faction bonus]

Allied with the Choir: healing in all villages increased. Some villagers will no longer speak to you.

## The Gardener's Almanac: Spring

Season intro, cozy farming · Any · Any · 30 seconds

[A painted almanac page turns. Blossom petals drift]

Spring has come to Puddlebrook.

The frost is gone. The bees are back. The river is high and a little rude.

This season, the soil is soft and the days are getting longer. Plant something. Plant anything. Even a mistake will grow in spring.

A reminder from the village council: the goats have escaped again. If you see a goat, please do not give it a hat.

It only encourages them.

## Loading Screen Lore

Loading screen tips, fantasy · Adult (30-45) · Any · 45 seconds

[Session note: record each line as a separate take. Leave two seconds between]

[Line 1]

The bridge at Corran Ford has been rebuilt nine times. The river has won eight.

[Line 2]

Dwarven bakers sign their bread with a thumbprint. Do not eat bread with two thumbprints.

[Line 3]

It is considered polite to thank a ghost before walking through it.

[Line 4]

The Red Queen never lost a battle. She did once lose a war, but she has never admitted it.

[Line 5]

The stars over the Hollow Sea are not stars. Sailors who know better do not point at them.

[Line 6]

Every map of the Wildwood is wrong. The Wildwood prefers it that way.

## Final Chapter: Where the River Ends

Ending narration, fantasy · Mature (55+) · Any · 90 seconds

[Ending cinematic. A river opens into a calm sea at sunrise]

And so the river reached the sea at last.

It had been a long road. Longer than any of them had planned. There were towns they never saw again, and friends they left beside the path, under stones with names carved small.

But the river reached the sea.

[music swells, then settles]

The valley healed slowly. Children were born who never knew the war. The old bridge at Ferrin was rebuilt, and the new one had a little bench in the middle, for anyone who needed to stop and look at the water.

The blacksmith opened a school. The thief became a mayor, which surprised everyone, and her most of all. The young knight grew old and never once missed a winter feast. And the old dog, who had followed them all the way from the mountains, slept in the sun until the end of his days.

[beat]

And you.

Well. You walked on. That was always your way.

But sometimes, they say, on quiet evenings, a traveler stops on that bench and looks downstream. And smiles. As if remembering every step.

They were not heroes in the songs. Not quite.

They were only people who kept going.

And they were enough.

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## The Rain City Files

Noir narrator, detective · Adult (40-55) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

[Rain on a window. A ceiling fan turns slowly. The detective sits in the dark]

It rained in Port Vellum the way bad news arrives. All at once, then for weeks.

My name is Calloway. I find people. Mostly people who don't want to be found, and who would like me to stop asking.

The client came in at nine. Expensive coat. Cheap smile. She said her brother had gone missing from the Glass Quarter three nights ago.

I asked if he had enemies. She said he was a pianist.

I said that's a yes.

[a match strikes]

She put a photograph on my desk and five hundred on top of it. The money was real. The photograph was not her brother. I've been doing this long enough to tell.

I took the case anyway.

Rent's due. And in this city, a good lie is still the most honest thing you'll find before midnight.

## A Map Drawn in Blood

Opening cinematic, pirate adventure · Adult (40-55) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

[Opening cinematic. A tavern. An old sailor leans into the candlelight]

You want to know about the Widow's Map? Sit down, then. And buy the next round. Stories don't come free on this coast.

Captain Maren Coyle drew it herself. On sailcloth, with a knife and her own blood, the night before they hanged her.

Three islands. One cross. And a line of writing no one has ever been able to read.

[he taps the table]

Every crew that has gone after it has come back. That's the strange part. They all come back.

They just don't come back the same size. Fewer. Every time. One man returned alone, and he would not say what happened to the rest. He only kept saying the islands move.

[leans closer]

Now you've got that map in your coat, don't you? I can smell it.

Good luck, friend. Count your crew every morning.

## Tutorial Narrator With a Grudge

Comic narrator, tutorial · Adult (30-45) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

[Tutorial area. A floating sign glows. The NARRATOR clears his throat]

Welcome, hero. Let us begin your training.

To jump, press the jump button. It is the large one. Clearly labelled. Jump.

[if player does not jump]

That was not a jump. That was standing. Let's try again. Jump.

[if player walks into the wall]

Yes. That is a wall. Walls are not part of the jumping lesson. Walls are, if anything, the opposite. Please step back from the wall. The wall did nothing to you.

[if player finally jumps]

There it is. Wonderful. Truly. I will tell the others.

[if player falls off the ledge]

And now you are in the pit. I did mention the pit. I mentioned it in the first ten seconds. With a sign. It said "Pit."

The ladder is on your left. Take your time. I have nowhere to be. I have been here for four hundred years.

[sighs]

When you're ready, we'll do crouching.

## Codex: Station Meridian Incident Log

Audio log, sci-fi horror · Adult (30-45) · Any · 90 seconds

[Audio log 1 of 4. Dr. Anya Rourke, Medical Officer, Station Meridian]

Log one. Routine. Three crew in medbay with headaches and a ringing in the ears. Probably the new air scrubbers. I've asked engineering to check them. Again.

[Audio log 2 of 4]

Log two. Nine crew now. Same symptoms. All of them say the ringing is a tune. They all hum the same one. I asked them where they heard it. None of them know. I've started hearing it in the corridors myself, which is not ideal.

[Audio log 3 of 4]

Log three. Communications are down. Engineering says the scrubbers are fine. The tune is louder in the lower decks. Hollis went down to find the source six hours ago. Hollis has not come back. The crew in medbay have stopped humming. They just sit very still, facing the floor. When I ask them questions, they smile and answer politely, but they keep looking down, like they're waiting to be called. I've locked medbay from the outside. I'm not proud of it.

[Audio log 4 of 4. Whispered]

Log four. I'm in the supply closet on Deck C. They're all walking. Slowly. Down. Toward it.

I can hear it clearly now. It isn't a tune.

It's an answer.

If you're hearing this, don't go below Deck D. And whatever you do, don't hum back.

## The Old Woman by the Fire

Storyteller frame, mythic folklore · Mature (55+) · Any (character choice) · 90 seconds

[A small hut in snow. Firelight. An OLD WOMAN tucks a blanket around a child]

You want the old story? Again? You know how it ends.

[she settles]

Fine. But no interrupting this time.

In the beginning, the world was cold and dark, and the Sky and the Earth did not speak. They had argued, you see. About something very small. Nobody remembers what. That's usually how it goes.

Between them lived a fox called Ember, who was tired of the cold. So Ember climbed the tallest mountain and bit the Sky. Right on the tail.

[she laughs]

The Sky howled, and a spark fell from the wound. Ember caught it in her mouth and ran, and everywhere her paws touched the ground, grass grew and rivers woke up.

The Earth saw this and laughed for the first time in a thousand years. And the Sky, hearing the Earth laugh, forgot to be angry.

That is why we keep a fire burning. To remind them.

[the child yawns]

And Ember? Oh, she's still out there. Still running. Still carrying the last of that spark.

They say one day she'll need someone to carry it for her.

[beat]

Sleep now. You have a long walk tomorrow.

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## Trailer: Kingdom of Small Things

Trailer narration, kids' adventure · Any · Any · 30 seconds

[Trailer. A tiny knight rides a snail across a kitchen table]

In a world under the floorboards, the smallest heroes have the biggest jobs.

Cross the Great Kitchen. Climb Mount Laundry. Outsmart the terrible, enormous, extremely fluffy cat.

Build a castle out of buttons. Make friends with a beetle named Doug.

And save the kingdom before somebody vacuums.

Kingdom of Small Things.

Think small. Go big.

## Relic Description: The Hollow Crown

Item lore, dark fantasy · Adult (40-55) · Any · 30 seconds

[Inventory: legendary item. A dark iron crown with no jewels]

The Hollow Crown.

Forged for King Aldric the Fair, who wore it for one day and then had it buried. He never said why.

The jewels were pried out by grave robbers. They reported hearing voices in the empty settings, asking to be put back.

Increases command of the dead.

The dead, in turn, will expect something.

## The Founding of Brasshaven

In-world historian, fantasy · Adult (40-55) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

[A museum hall. A HISTORIAN stands beside a large painting]

Gather round, please. Yes, you as well, at the back.

This painting shows the founding of Brasshaven, in the Year of the Copper Moon, by the great Lord Fennick Brass. Note his noble expression. Note his heroic sword.

Lord Brass led three hundred settlers across the Grey Marsh, defeated the Bog King in single combat, and planted his banner on this very hill.

[a visitor interrupts, offscreen]

I'm sorry? The Bog King was a frog?

Well. Yes. Technically. A very large frog. A royal frog.

[clears throat]

And the settlers, ahem, numbered three hundred, if you count the chickens. Which we do. For tradition.

The banner was, as you say, a tablecloth. But a noble tablecloth.

Moving on. This way, please. The gift shop is to your right.

## Two Endings for Queen Odelia

Branching epilogue, fantasy · Adult (40-55) · Any · 90 seconds

[Epilogue. Recorded as two takes]

[if player spared Queen Odelia]

You spared the queen.

She did not thank you. She was too proud for that. But she left the capital that winter with a single horse and no guards, and she was never seen in a crown again.

Years later, a traveler reported a white-haired woman running a ferry on the southern river. She charged a fair price. She asked no questions. And she always took the long way round, so that her passengers could see the sunset.

Some say she found peace. Some say she was only waiting.

Either way, the river was safe.

[if player executed Queen Odelia]

You executed the queen.

The crowd cheered. Then it went quiet, the way crowds do when they realize something cannot be undone.

The kingdom had no ruler, and so it had many. Lords who had bowed to her for thirty years now fought over her chair. The war you ended became three smaller ones.

Your name was sung in the taverns for a season. Then it was whispered. Then it was not said at all.

No one blamed you. Not out loud.

But in the capital, they took her portrait down from every wall. And they left the empty frames.

Just in case.

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## Region Intro: The Whispering Dunes

Region intro, desert fantasy · Adult (30-45) · Any · 45 seconds

[New region discovered. Endless golden dunes under a violet sky]

The Whispering Dunes.

Here the sand never stops moving, and it never stops talking. Low voices. Fragments of old songs. Names no one has said aloud in a thousand years.

The nomads of the Ash Tribe say the dunes are the memories of a drowned sea, still trying to tell their story.

They also say the dunes lie.

Oases appear here and vanish by morning. Caravans have followed the sound of running water for days and found nothing but more sand.

Travel by day. Rest in shade. And if you hear your own name on the wind, keep walking.

Whatever it asks, do not answer.

## Ghost Ship Captain's Log

Captain's log, maritime horror · Adult (40-55) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

[Ship's log found in the captain's cabin. Creaking wood]

Log of the Saint Corrigan. Captain Ashby writing.

Twelfth of the month. Wind fair from the west. All hands accounted for. Twenty-two souls.

Thirteenth. Fog since dawn. Lookout reports bells to starboard. No ship sighted. All hands accounted for. Twenty-two souls.

Fourteenth. Fog has not lifted. The compass will not settle. Cook reports the stores have been eaten in the night. All hands accounted for. Twenty-three souls.

[pause]

I have counted the men four times. There are twenty-three. Each man says he has always been aboard. Each man can name his bunk.

Fifteenth. I have locked my door. Someone has been knocking since midnight. They have the first mate's voice.

The first mate is standing beside me.

All hands accounted for.

God help me. Twenty-four.

## Arena of the Fallen Stars

Arena announcer, sci-fi · Adult (25-40) · Any (character choice) · 45 seconds

[A roaring stadium on a moon. Spotlights sweep the sand]

Citizens of the Outer Ring! Welcome to the Arena of the Fallen Stars!

Tonight, two champions. One title. And no second chances.

In the east gate, undefeated in forty fights, the iron giant of the mining moons. Kaggath the Unbroken!

And in the west gate, a challenger nobody saw coming. Unranked. Unknown. Arrived this morning in a stolen cargo ship and a borrowed helmet.

[the crowd laughs]

Laugh now, friends. The last fighter who walked through that gate unknown is now carved on the wall behind me. Nobody laughs at that wall.

Fighters, take your marks. Arena, are you ready?

Let the stars fall!

## Codex: The Language of Bees

Codex entry, mythic nature · Any · Any · 60 seconds

[Codex entry: The Old Tongues]

The Language of Bees.

The hill people of Arrowmere have always said that bees can talk. Not in words, but in dances. A bee returns to the hive and dances a pattern, and the others know where the flowers are.

This much is ordinary. Every beekeeper knows it.

What is not ordinary is the stone found in the ruins of the old temple. It is covered in carved lines that match the bee dances exactly. Hundreds of them. Someone, long ago, wrote the language down.

The scholar Petra Vane spent her life translating it. Most of it, she found, was about flowers, weather and distance.

But one passage was different. It repeated, again and again, on every wall of the temple.

When she finally understood it, she wrote one line in her journal.

"It is not a poem. It is a map."

She left for the mountains the next morning.

## The Sleeping God Awakens

Boss intro narration, mythic · Mature (55+) · Any · 15 seconds

[Boss arena. A mountain splits open. A giant stone figure begins to rise]

For ten thousand years, Orrun slept beneath the mountain.

Kings were crowned on his shoulders. Cities were built in his shadow. No one remembered he was there.

Now the bells have woken him.

And Orrun remembers everything.

Stand your ground.

## Memories of a Dead Planet

Elegy narration, space opera · Adult (40-55) · Any · 90 seconds

[Space. A dark, broken planet turns slowly. A lone ship drifts beside it]

This was Teyla.

It does not look like much now. Grey rock and dust. But I promise you, it was beautiful.

We had two oceans. One warm, one so cold it rang like glass when you threw a stone into it. We had forests of blue trees that turned their leaves to follow the moons. We had a festival every autumn where the whole planet stopped working for three days and sang.

I was bad at the singing. My mother said it didn't matter. She said the point was to be loud together.

[pause]

The sickness in the core took forty years. Long enough to plan. Long enough to leave. Not long enough to save everyone.

The ships went out in every direction. Some of them found new homes. Most of them, we never heard from again.

[the ship's engines hum]

I come back here every year. I turn off the engines and I just look.

I am the last who remembers what the cold ocean sounded like.

So I will tell you. And you will tell someone else.

That way, Teyla doesn't end with me.

## Season Two Trailer: Frostbound

Trailer narration, post-apocalyptic · Adult (30-45) · Any · 60 seconds

[Trailer. A frozen highway. Abandoned cars under snow]

The first winter took the power.

The second took the roads.

This one is coming for everything else.

[cut: a survivor drags a sled through a blizzard]

The temperature is falling. The supply drops have stopped. And something has started moving out on the ice, something that follows heat.

Your heat.

The scouts who went to look for it came back with frostbite and no words. The ones who didn't come back left their fires burning.

[cut: a campfire, quickly stamped out]

New lands. A frozen city waiting to be scavenged. A frozen sea you can finally cross on foot, if you're fast enough.

New rules. Fire keeps you alive. Fire also tells them where you are.

New allies. And new reasons not to trust them.

[music drops]

Build your shelter. Ration your fuel. Keep your crew together.

And whatever you hear out there, don't light up.

[title]

Frostbound. Season Two.

The cold remembers you.

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## The Kindly Narrator of Thimble Hollow

Chapter intro, kids' storybook · Any · Any · 45 seconds

[A storybook page opens. A mouse village inside a hollow tree]

Chapter Two. The Missing Button.

In Thimble Hollow, everyone had a job. Grandmother Mouse knitted the scarves. Old Toad rang the morning bell. And little Pip delivered the post, one acorn envelope at a time.

But one morning, Pip woke up and found that the most important thing in the whole village was gone.

The Great Brass Button. The one that held the front door shut.

Oh dear.

Without it, the wind would blow straight in. And worse, the cat might too.

Pip put on a tiny hat, picked up a tiny lantern, and said, very bravely, "I'll find it."

Shall we help?

## The Ninth Bell of Cardun Abbey

Opening cinematic, gothic horror · Adult (40-55) · Any · 90 seconds

[Opening cinematic. A ruined abbey on a cliff in fog. A bell tower with no roof. A single crow]

Cardun Abbey has eight bells.

The monks rang them for every hour of prayer, for every birth in the valley, for every ship that came home. Eight bells, eight voices, and the people below could tell you which was which with their eyes shut.

The first bell is for morning. The second is for bread. The third is for the sick. And so on, down to the eighth, which is rung only for the dead.

[beat]

The monks are long gone now. The roof fell in a hundred years ago. The ropes rotted, and the bells hang still, and the valley sleeps.

But the shepherds say there is a ninth bell.

Nobody hung it. Nobody has seen it. It rings once a generation, always at night, and the morning after, someone in the valley does not wake up. Sometimes a child. Sometimes the miller. Once, the entire family at Hob's Farm, down to the dog.

[the crow takes off]

The valley has a rule about the ninth bell. You do not climb the hill to look for it. You do not ask who rang it. You lock your door and you count.

Last night, it rang nine.

And this morning, you were the only one who climbed the hill.

## Saga of the Salt Daughters

Opening cinematic, Norse-style saga · Mature (55+) · Any (character choice) · 90 seconds

[Opening cinematic. A longhouse at night. A fire. An old SKALD sits with a cup, the hall falling quiet around her]

Hear me, then. I will tell it the way my mother told it, and her mother before her.

In the year the sea froze to the horizon, the jarl of Hvalness had three daughters, and no sons, and no ships left that would float.

The first daughter said, "We will wait for spring." And she waited, and she grew old by the fire, and she was wise, and she was warm, and no song was ever made about her.

The second daughter said, "We will walk across the ice." And she walked, and the ice held for nine days, and on the tenth it did not. They say she is still down there, walking.

[beat]

And the third daughter said nothing.

She went to the shore with an axe. She cut the timbers from her father's hall. She tarred them with the fat of the last whale, and she sailed a ship of roof beams into the frozen dark.

Her sisters called her mad. Her father called her lost.

[she drinks]

But every spring, on the first warm wind, a gull comes to Hvalness with salt on its wings that is not from any sea we know.

And every child in this hall knows what that means.

She found something out there.

And now, it is your turn to go and look.

## Message to the Sleepers

Recorded message, sci-fi colony · Adult (40–55) · Any · 90 seconds

[A cryo bay on a colony ship. Frost on the glass. Lights come up slowly. A recorded voice plays from a speaker above the pods]

Good morning.

If you can hear this, the ship has arrived, your pod has opened, and your heart is beating on its own. Take a moment. Breathe. That cold in your hands will pass.

My name is Commander Ines Taveira. I am recording this the night before launch. By the time you hear it, I will have been asleep for a very long time, or I will be gone.

[beat]

I won't be there to meet you. The math was always clear on that. Someone had to stay awake for the first watch, and I volunteered, because I wanted to see the stars go by.

So here is what I need from you.

Drink the water in the tray beside your pod. Sit for ten minutes before you stand. Find the person in the pod next to yours and say their name out loud. You will forget things for a day or two. That is normal.

Everything you packed is in the hold. Everyone you love is on this ship.

[beat]

Outside that door is a world none of us has ever stood on. I hope it is kind. I hope it is green. I hope it is everything we were promised.

And if it isn't, build something anyway.

That's an order. The last one I'll ever give.

Welcome home.

## Epilogue: The Last Harvest at Clover Gate

Ending narration, cozy farming · Mature (55+) · Any · 90 seconds

[Ending cinematic. A small farm at sunset. Golden fields, a red barn, a dog asleep on the porch]

Five years ago, Clover Gate was a field of weeds and a barn with no door.

The well was dry. The fences were down. The orchard hadn't given an apple since the old farmer passed, and the village had quietly stopped expecting anything from that end of the valley.

Then you came.

[beat]

You pulled the weeds. All of them. Even the ones by the creek that nobody thought could be pulled.

You fixed the barn door, and then you fixed it again after the goat got out. You learned which hens lay early and which ones need a word of encouragement. You planted pumpkins in the spring once, by mistake, and they grew anyway, because Clover Gate had decided it liked you.

The baker gets her flour from your wheat now. The schoolteacher brings the children to see the lambs. On market day, people ask for you by name.

[beat]

Plenty of folks have arrived in this valley with big plans. Most of them lasted a season.

You stayed.

[the dog wakes and wanders toward the gate]

So the orchard is full, and the barn is warm, and the fields are gold all the way to the river.

Rest a while. Put your boots by the fire.

There's always next spring.

## The Cave Diver's Last Tape

Audio log, survival horror · Adult (30-45) · Any · 90 seconds

[Audio log, 1 of 3. A waterproof recorder. Dripping water, an echo]

Log one. Marta Kessel, survey dive, Black Throat system. Twenty past nine in the morning.

Visibility is good. Water temperature eleven degrees. Line is tied off at the second chamber. Air at full. Everything nominal. Going to map the eastern passage and be back by noon for lunch, which Tomas has promised is not going to be beans again.

[Audio log, 2 of 3. The echo is closer. Breathing is heavier]

Log two. I'm in an air pocket. No idea how far in.

The eastern passage doesn't end. It goes down, then it goes up, then it opens into a room that should not be here. Smooth walls. Like someone polished them.

My line snagged on the way in. I cut it. I know. I know. I'll find it on the way back.

There are marks on the wall. Handprints. Lots of them. Small ones, too.

[Audio log, 3 of 3. Very close to the mic. Almost no echo]

Log three.

I've been sitting here for a while with the light off to save the battery.

There's a light in the water. Down the passage I came in by. I thought it was Tomas. I thought, he came for me.

[beat]

It's my light.

It's coming from behind me.

[a long breath]

Tomas, if you get this. Don't come in.

## Three Fates for the Crew of the Kestrel

Branching epilogue, sky-pirate adventure · Adult (40-55) · Any · 90 seconds

[Epilogue. Record each ending as a separate take]

[if the player kept the crew together]

The Kestrel never did go straight.

She flew the trade winds for twenty more years, under four different flags and one very rude painting of the Admiral. Old Bracken lost the last of his hair. The twins learned to navigate by the stars. And every winter, the crew came home to the floating dock at Thessaly Reach and argued about whose turn it was to cook.

They were never rich. They were never caught. They were never once apart.

[if the player sold the ship]

The Kestrel was sold in the spring, for a fair price, to a man who painted her grey.

The crew scattered. Bracken opened a tavern. The twins joined the navy, of all things. And you bought a little house on solid ground, with a garden, and a roof that did not move.

Some nights you still wake up reaching for the wheel.

[if the player betrayed the captain]

The captain was hanged at dawn, and you were paid in gold.

The crew never spoke your name again. Not in anger. They simply stopped saying it, the way you stop saying the name of a ship that went down with all hands.

The Kestrel rots in a harbour now. Nobody will fly her.

Sailors say she's waiting for someone to come and apologise.

---

## How the Raven Stole Winter

Codex fable, mythic folklore · Adult (30-45) · Any · 60 seconds

[Codex entry unlocked: Shrine Tales of the Fjordlands]

How the Raven Stole Winter.

Long ago, winter belonged to the Frost Giant, and he kept it locked in an iron box under his bed. Whenever he was bored, he opened the lid, and the whole world froze for as long as he liked.

Sometimes that was a month. Sometimes it was nine years.

The Raven did not care for this. He had cold feet and a short temper.

So one night, the Raven flew into the giant's hall and told him the funniest joke in the world. The giant laughed so hard that he rolled out of bed, and while he was rolling, the Raven took the key.

[beat]

That is why winter comes now and goes again. The Raven lets it out for a season, then locks it back up.

The Frost Giant is still looking under his bed.

And the Raven? He's still got the key.

## Codex: Common Dragon Myths, Corrected

Codex entry, comic fantasy · Adult (40-55) · Neutral British · 60 seconds

[Codex entry unlocked: Royal Academy of Creatures, Volume Two]

Common Dragon Myths, Corrected. By Master Cedric Hollowell, Royal Scholar of Large and Unpleasant Animals.

Myth one. Dragons hoard gold. Incorrect. Dragons hoard anything shiny, which includes gold, but also cutlery, mirrors, and on one documented occasion, a bishop with a very polished head.

Myth two. Dragons eat maidens, preferably on Tuesdays. Incorrect. Dragons eat sheep. Maidens are simply more likely to be standing near the sheep.

Myth three. A dragon can be calmed with music. Partly correct. A dragon can be calmed with good music. The village of Lower Pell discovered the difference, and Lower Pell is now a crater.

[beat]

Myth four. A dragon will not attack a man who lies very still and pretends to be asleep.

Incorrect.

Do not ask me how I know.

## Case Intro: The Glasshouse at Wrenfield

Case intro, Victorian mystery · Adult (40-55) · Neutral British · 60 seconds

[Case Four. A rain-streaked conservatory at night. Palms, orchids, and a body on the tiled floor]

Case Four. The Glasshouse at Wrenfield.

Lord Ambrose Wrenfield was found at a quarter past eleven, face down among his orchids, by a maid who had come in to close the vents.

The conservatory was locked from the inside. The only key was in his waistcoat pocket.

Five people were in the house that night.

His wife, Lady Constance, who says she was asleep. His nephew Rupert, who says he was playing cards. His gardener, Mr. Pike, who says he went home at nine and has a muddy pair of boots to prove it. A visiting botanist from the north. And the maid.

[beat]

Nothing was stolen. The orchids were watered. A teacup on the bench was still warm.

And one pane of glass, high in the roof, had been very carefully cleaned.

Shall we begin?

## Chapter One: Dry Season at Hollis Bend

Chapter intro, western · Mature (55+) · Southern US · 60 seconds

[Chapter title card over a sun-bleached main street. A windmill turns slowly and squeaks]

Chapter One. Dry Season.

It hadn't rained in Hollis Bend for two hundred and eleven days.

The river was a road of cracked mud. The cattle were bones in the long grass. The preacher had given up praying for rain on Sundays and started praying for patience instead, which folks agreed was more practical.

There were forty souls left in town, and one well with water in it. That well belonged to the Garrity family, and the Garritys charged by the bucket.

[beat]

Nobody liked it. Nobody did anything about it. That's how a dry town works. You keep your head down and your mouth shut and you wait for the sky to change its mind.

Then a rider came in from the east, with an empty canteen and a full gun belt.

And the sky wasn't the only thing that changed.

## Survivor's Notebook: First Night on the Ice

Journal entry, survival · Adult (25-40) · Any · 60 seconds

[Journal page, first entry. Wind against a tent. A pen scratching]

Night one.

Things I have. One tent, mostly intact. One sleeping bag, rated to minus thirty. It is currently minus thirty-four, so we'll see.

Four chocolate bars. A camp stove with half a canister. A flare gun with two flares. A notebook, obviously. Three pens, because I'm a researcher and we always have three pens.

Things I do not have. A radio. Feeling in my left foot. Any idea which direction the base is.

[beat]

The plane is on its side about a mile north. I went back twice for supplies. I'm not going a third time. The ice is groaning over there.

I haven't heard from the others.

[a long breath]

Right. Tomorrow I'll fire one flare at first light. I'll keep one in case someone answers.

One chocolate bar per day. Four days.

Somebody had better answer.

## Radio Hollow Valley, Morning Broadcast

In-world radio, post-apocalyptic · Adult (25-40) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

[A crackle of static, then a jingle played on a harmonica. A home-made radio studio in a water tower]

Good morning, Hollow Valley! This is Radio Hollow, broadcasting from the top of the old water tower, on a generator that runs on chicken grease and good intentions.

I'm your host, Dez, and if you can hear me, congratulations. You made it through another night.

Here's what's happening out there.

The trading post at Mile Nine is open, and Ma Ruth says she's got fresh eggs and only slightly suspicious beans.

The schoolhouse is looking for anyone who can teach long division. Or short division. Or any division at all.

[beat]

Weather report. Clear skies over the valley. Dust storm on the eastern road by noon.

Stay off the eastern road, folks. I mean it. Not everybody came back last time.

[bright again]

And now, by popular request, here's the only record I own. Again.

Stay safe, Hollow Valley. Dez loves you.

## The Tour Guide of the Fallen Palace

In-world guide, comic fantasy · Adult (30-45) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

[A crumbling palace hall. Fires burn. A cheerful GUIDE stands with a little flag on a stick, as if nothing is happening]

Welcome, welcome, to the Palace of Eldmoor! Please stay with the group!

On your left, the Great Hall, where seven kings were crowned and four were crowned twice, for reasons the historians are still arguing about.

On your right, the famous Weeping Tapestry. It isn't actually weeping. That's the roof.

[a crash nearby]

And if you'll look up, you'll see the original ceiling, painted over thirty years by a master who went blind doing it. Some of it is now on the floor. Please step around it.

Please also step around the skeleton. He's been here a while. We call him Gerald.

[a distant roar]

That sound is the palace's historic plumbing.

[beat]

Moving on!

The gift shop is through the burning archway. Mind the eyebrows. And remember, everything in this palace is over six hundred years old, so if it tries to bite you, that's just its character.

## Codex: The Twelve Lost Constellations

Codex entry, space mythic · Any · Any · 60 seconds

[Codex entry unlocked: Culture of the Wandering Fleet]

The Twelve Lost Constellations.

Before the fleet left Aderra, every child learned the twelve shapes in the night sky.

The Lantern, which marked the harvest. The Two Brothers, who rose together and set apart. The Fox, the Plough, the Broken Crown. The Whale, the Weaver, the Little Boat. The Archer, the Mother, the Open Door. And the Sleeper, who was said to wake only when the world needed waking.

Every festival on Aderra was timed by them. Every love song mentioned at least three.

[beat]

When the fleet launched, the stars began to move. Within a year, the Fox had stretched out of shape. Within a generation, the Brothers had drifted to opposite sides of the sky.

There are no constellations out here. Only stars, and the dark between them.

The fleet's children have never seen the twelve shapes.

They kept the names anyway.

## A Letter Found at Greyfield

Collectible letter, war fantasy · Adult (25-40) · Any · 60 seconds

[Collectible: a folded letter, stained with rain. Found on the field at Greyfield]

Tam,

You are not to read this out loud to Mother. Read her the boring bits about the food and the weather. Keep the rest.

The food is bad. The weather is worse. There. Done.

We march for Greyfield in the morning. Captain says it'll be over by supper. Captain also said that about the last two, so I've packed extra socks.

Are you feeding the goat? Not the bread. The goat is not to have bread. She gets ideas.

[beat]

I'm not brave, Tam. Everyone here thinks I am, because I talk the loudest. I just talk the loudest when I'm frightened.

Anyway.

Look after Mother. Look after the goat. Don't let Willem Pryce sit in my chair at the table.

I'll be home by harvest. Save me the first apple.

Your sister,
Ada

## Hall of Legends: Dusty Marlow

Legend narration, racing · Adult (40-55) · Any · 60 seconds

[Hall of Legends unlocked. Grainy footage of an old dirt-track race]

Dusty Marlow.

Born in a garage. Raised on a dirt track. First race at sixteen, in a car she built from three wrecks and a lawnmower engine.

She finished last. She came back the next week and finished second to last. Folks laughed until the spring she won eleven in a row.

Seven championships. Two broken collarbones. One famous argument with a race steward that ended with him apologising.

[beat]

Her last race was the Red Mesa Five Hundred. She was forty-nine. She started from the back of the pack with a cracked radiator and a crowd that had come to say goodbye.

She won by the length of a bumper.

Her lap record at Red Mesa stood for thirty-one years.

[beat]

Until today.

Welcome to the Hall of Legends, driver. She'd have liked you.

## Codex: The Polite Thing in the Well

Codex entry, folk horror · Adult (30-45) · Any · 60 seconds

[Codex entry unlocked: Folk Beliefs of the Low Villages]

The Polite Thing in the Well.

Most wells in the Low Villages are only wells. A few are not. You can tell the difference because the bucket comes up a little heavier than it should, and the water inside it is warm.

The Thing in the well is not hostile. It is, by all accounts, extremely polite. The rules for dealing with it are simple.

Always say good morning before you lower the bucket. Never draw water after dark. Never draw more than you need.

And if you ever hear a voice from the well asking to borrow something, give it.

[beat]

It will return what it borrows. Always. Folded, clean and on your doorstep by morning.

It will say thank you.

It is only that sometimes, when it returns the thing it borrowed, the thing is a little different. And sometimes, the thing it borrowed was your daughter.

## Trailer: Last Train to Cinder Gulch

Trailer narration, western · Adult (40-55) · Any · 60 seconds

[Trailer. A steam train crossing red desert. Close-ups of hands on reins, a pocket watch, a stick of dynamite]

Seven outlaws.

One train.

Forty thousand dollars in federal gold, riding the line from Silver Mesa to Cinder Gulch.

It was supposed to be easy. Nobody gets hurt. Nobody gets caught. Climb aboard at the water tower. Uncouple the vault car. Ride off into the hills before anyone knew what happened.

[beat]

But the train had other passengers.

A marshal who doesn't sleep. A preacher who isn't a preacher. And a cargo in the last car that nobody would put on paper, and nobody would say out loud, not even for a share of the gold.

[a gunshot. The music cuts]

Now the gold is the least of their problems.

[music crashes back in]

Every passenger has a price. Every outlaw has a secret. And the next station is eighty miles of nothing away.

Last Train to Cinder Gulch.

All aboard.

## Opening Cinematic: The Free Moons

Opening cinematic, space opera · Adult (30-45) · Any · 60 seconds

[Opening cinematic. A giant gas planet circled by nine small moons. Mining lights glitter on their surfaces]

For three hundred years, the nine moons of Corvanna have fed the Empire.

Iron from Halo. Water from Tess. Fuel from the deep mines of Brannock, where the gravity is so heavy that the miners' bones grow thick and their children never see a sky.

The Empire took everything. It sent back nothing but orders.

[beat]

The miners did not fight. Not at first. They had families. They had quotas. They had a Governor who smiled on every broadcast and a fleet in orbit that never smiled at all.

So they waited. They counted. They passed messages in the dust on the walls of the transport tunnels, one moon to the next.

Nine moons. One message.

[music rises]

Tonight, the moons go dark.

Every lamp. Every engine. Every shipment.

And when the Empire calls to ask what happened, nine moons will answer with one voice.

## Region Intro: The Marrowfen

Region intro, swamp fantasy · Adult (40–55) · Any · 45 seconds

[New region discovered. A wide, misty swamp. Dead trees, still water, a heron lifts off]

The Marrowfen.

Here the river forgets where it was going. It spreads out, slows down, and lies under the reeds for a hundred miles, thinking about nothing.

The fen folk live on stilts and travel by flat boat. They will sell you a guide, a lantern and a pot of something that keeps the leeches off. Buy all three.

Lights move over the water at night. Some are fen folk going home. Some are not.

[beat]

Most travellers who go missing in the Marrowfen are only lost. They turn up a week later, hungry and embarrassed.

The rest are never mentioned again. That is the fen folk's way.

## Loading Screen Lore: Life Aboard the Coriander

Loading screen tips, sci-fi · Adult (25-40) · Any · 45 seconds

[Session note: record each line as a separate take. Leave two seconds between]

[Line 1]

The Coriander's galley has one rule: whoever finishes the coffee makes the coffee. There have been fist fights.

[Line 2]

The ship's cat, Admiral, is officially listed as crew. She has a better pension than the cook.

[Line 3]

Cargo bay two smells of oranges. Nobody has carried oranges in eleven years.

[Line 4]

The captain's chair has been repaired with tape so many times that the tape is now load-bearing.

[Line 5]

Crew birthdays are celebrated with a single candle, held well away from the oxygen lines.

[Line 6]

On long runs through empty space, the crew sometimes hear knocking from outside the hull. The engineer says it's ice. The engineer always says it's ice.

---

## The Guest Book of the Gallows Inn

Collectible, haunted cozy horror · Any · Any · 45 seconds

[Collectible: the guest book on the front desk of the Gallows Inn. Pages turn]

"Lovely stay! Breakfast was excellent. Somebody kept tucking the children in, which was very kind of the staff." The Hartley Family.

"Room was cold. Bed was hard. Man in the wardrobe was rude." A. Pembrook, travelling salesman.

"Perfect honeymoon. We heard singing in the walls every night. My husband says it's the pipes. I'm not convinced the pipes know all the words." Mr. and Mrs. Doyle.

"Fine." Anonymous.

"Asked for extra towels at midnight. They were folded at the end of the bed before I'd finished asking. Five stars." A satisfied guest.

[beat]

"Checked in Tuesday. Still here. Lovely view. Please tell my sister I'm all right. It's been forty years."

## The Prophecy Nobody Read Properly

Comic narration, fantasy · Adult (30-45) · Any (character choice) · 45 seconds

[A glowing scroll unrolls across a starry sky. Choir music, then a record scratch]

It was foretold, a thousand years ago, that a Chosen One would rise from the ashes, take up the Blade of Dawn, and save the realm.

Kings have waited for this hero. Wars have been fought over this hero. Fourteen people have changed their name to Ashes. One of them is a horse.

[the music stops]

Recently, a scholar found the original scroll.

The word was not chosen. It was cheese.

[beat]

"A Cheesy One shall rise from the ashes." And it was not a blade. It was a bread knife.

So. That's you. Congratulations. Everyone else is very disappointed.

Please collect your bread knife from the temple.

## The Snail Who Carried the Moon

Chapter intro, kids' storybook · Any · Any · 45 seconds

[A storybook page turns. A tiny snail sits on a leaf, looking up at a full moon]

Chapter One. The Heaviest Thing.

One night, the moon fell out of the sky and landed, with a soft little bump, in the Bramblewood.

Nobody knew what to do. The owls hooted. The rabbits hid. The hedgehogs held an emergency meeting and decided it was someone else's problem.

But Pemberton the snail looked at the moon and thought, somebody has to carry that home.

He was very small. He was very slow. His shell was already full of everything he owned.

[beat]

So Pemberton set off.

One tiny step. Then another.

And the moon, which was very tired, rolled onto his back and went to sleep.

## Festival Intro: Kites over Gullhaven

Event intro, cozy seaside · Adult (25-40) · Any · 45 seconds

[Event start. A seaside town strung with bunting. Kites of every colour rise over the cliffs]

Once a year, when the wind turns west, the whole of Gullhaven goes kite mad.

The baker makes kite-shaped biscuits. The harbour master makes a kite out of an old sail. The school takes the day off, because there's no point pretending anyone will be learning anything.

There are prizes for highest, prettiest and longest tail. There is a prize for the kite that lands in the most surprising place. Last year, that was the mayor.

[beat]

So grab your string. Find a spot on the cliffs. Bring a jumper.

The wind's coming in from the sea.

Let's see how high you can go.

## Relic: The Cartographer's Last Compass

Item lore, exploration · Adult (40-55) · Any · 30 seconds

[Inventory: legendary item. A brass compass with a cracked face]

The Cartographer's Last Compass.

Carried by Elsbeth Moore, who mapped every coast of the known world and then, at the age of seventy, sailed off the edge of her own map.

Her ship was never found, and her family stopped looking. Her compass washed up years later, still ticking, still pointing.

It does not point north.

[beat]

It points to whatever you have lost.

## Weapon Lore: Grandmother's Iron Skillet

Item lore, comic fantasy · Mature (55+) · Any (character choice) · 30 seconds

[Inventory: legendary weapon. A heavy black skillet with a worn wooden handle]

Grandmother's Iron Skillet.

Forged in a village kitchen. Seasoned by sixty years of breakfasts. Tempered by four burglars, two wolves and one tax collector who got too comfortable in the good chair.

Passed down from mother to daughter for five generations, along with the recipe for the soup.

It has never lost a fight. It has never burned an egg.

Wield it with honour.

[beat]

And wash it properly. No soap. You know better.

## Trailer: The Paper Kingdom

Trailer narration, cozy crafting · Any · Any · 30 seconds

[Trailer. A paper village unfolds from a book. A paper boat sails down a ribbon river]

In the Paper Kingdom, everything starts flat.

Fold a house. Fold a bridge. Fold a whole new forest, one crease at a time.

Meet neighbours made of postcards. Grow gardens out of old letters and lost love notes. Watch the rain, and keep your roof well glued.

[beat]

Every corner is yours to shape.

The Paper Kingdom. Coming this spring.

## Fish Journal: The Grumbling Carp

Collection entry, cozy fishing · Any · Any · 30 seconds

[New catch! A fat orange carp with a sour expression]

The Grumbling Carp.

Found in still ponds on cloudy afternoons. Easily recognised by its frown, which it has from birth.

The Grumbling Carp makes a low muttering sound under the water. Fishermen used to think it was cursing. Researchers now believe it is simply complaining about the weather.

It has been caught a total of nine times in recorded history.

It does not want to talk about it.

## The Tide Leviathan Rises

Boss intro narration, sea myth · Mature (55+) · Any · 15 seconds

[Boss arena. A calm sea splits open. Something enormous breaks the surface]

Every tide that ever turned was its breathing.

Every wreck on the reef was its supper.

Now it has woken from the deep, and it is hungry.

Morvath. The Tide Leviathan.

Practice with these, record them, post them as demos or reels, use them in auditions. Please do not resell them as scripts. © VO Journey Academy · avosjourney.com