

# **WRITING PORTFOLIO**

Games, books, short stories

Sandra Alexandersson

Bachelor's in Game Writing/Narrative Design

Master's in Game Development

**[sandraalexandersson.com](http://sandraalexandersson.com)**

## Table of Contents

<b>1</b>	<b>Game Writing</b> .....	<b>1</b>
1.1	I Can Be Your Florist (2022) .....	1
1.2	The Pie Thief (2020) .....	2
1.3	The Secret of the Old Ship (Available on itch.io) (2019).....	3
1.4	Uppfinnaren (The Inventor) (Available on itch.io) (2018).....	4
1.5	Vice and Virtue (Twine) (2019).....	5
1.6	Setup, Startup, Restart (Twine) (2018).....	6
<b>2</b>	<b>Short Excerpts</b> .....	<b>8</b>
2.1	Slaughterboys (book) .....	8
2.2	Fantasy Book.....	8
2.3	Cyberpunk Book.....	8
2.4	Letters .....	9

# 1 Game Writing

## 1.1 I Can Be Your Florist (2022)

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MANOR - DAY

The scene triggers as the player directs the MC down the road passing the manor. This is the opening scene that sets the goal for the player and the inciting incident of the narrative.

YOUNG, WELL-DRESSED MAN

Hey! Are you the new florist?

MC

**Option 1:** Florist?

**Option 2:** Just passing through.

**The young, well-dressed man has now come closer and both characters share the screen.**

YOUNG, WELL-DRESSED MAN

**Response to option 1:** Yes, florist. My, you look quite the part! Quickly now! We can't delay the preparations any longer.

**Response to option 2:** Nonsense! I know what a florist looks like and you fit exactly that description. Quickly now! Preparations are in order.

MC

**Option 1:** What preparations?

**Option 2:** Sorry, you got the wrong person.

YOUNG, WELL-DRESSED MAN

**Response to option 1:** You don't know? It is my sister's wedding! Everyone in town is invited, but we seem to have fallen short on a florist, in the heat of it all.

**Cont. Option 1:** That's where you come in. I was afraid you wouldn't show up! Did you not get my note?

**Response to option 2:** That's preposterous! How could I, Nicholas the third of House Orwell, ever make such a mistake? No, no, come with me now.

**Cont. Option 2:** It is my sister's wedding! Everyone is joining, including you, our florist! Come now, don't say you forgot the note I sent you?

MC

**Option 1:** [Lie] Of course I got the note!

**Option 2:** There was a note?

**Option 3:** You are mistaken. I'll be on my way.

YOUNG, WELL-DRESSED MAN (OR NICHOLAS THE THIRD OF HOUSE ORWELL, IF PLAYER HAS GOTTEN THIS INFORMATION)

**Response to option 1:** Splendid! Then why are we dallying? Scurry off with you and tend to the bouquets of the flower girls! It's just past the manor down the flower field.

**Response to option 2:** My, are you a forgetful one? But there is no time! Hurry and tend to the bouquets for the flower girls, it's just past the manor down the flower field.

**Response to option 3:** B...but! Hey! Don't leave me behind with this mess! Why are you leaving?

**If option 1 or 2:** Nicholas the Third of House Orwell leaves the scene with a whistle and spring in his step.

**If option 3:** Nicholas the Third of House Orwell leaves the scene, and as he leaves, he mutters:

YOUNG, WELL-DRESSED MAN (OR NICHOLAS)

What am I going to do...she will kill me when she finds out!

MC

**If option 1 or 2:** [Thinking] It feels like I just got spat out by a whirlwind. But it's not like I have something better to do, and weddings and flowers are always lovely. Let's play along for now and see how it turns out.

**If option 3:** [Thinking] What was that about? Well, I better be on my way. Not that I know where to go next...

*The player now has full control again.*

## 1.2 The Pie Thief (2020)

Act 1

*In the prison*

*Intro sentence:*

**Mojo (inner):** The guard seems to be away. I wonder why. Let's see what Cat has to say.

*Speaking to Cat:*

**Cat:** Oh? I see yet another benevolent citizen has come to laugh at the misfortune of poor, misunderstood Cat.

**Mojo option 1:** I'm not here to laugh at you. I want to know what happened.

**Mojo option 2:** What do you mean with misunderstood?

**Cat response to 1:** What happened? I'm sure Mouse gave you a whole tirade of the evil Cat stealing his precious, delicious pie that he worked so hard for, all night long. If poor Cat would have known...

**Cat response to 2:** You have heard the story by now, I'm sure? The tale of the evil cat, stealer of pies, wrecker of economies and disturber of sleep! If poor Cat would have known...

**Mojo:** Known what?

**Cat:** If Cat had known Mouse would be up baking that early, he would never have tried to return the rolling pin he borrowed! That got Cat into a whole lot of trouble, and now Cat is stuck here!

**Mojo option 1:** "Borrowed"?

**Mojo option 2:** You tried to return something?

**Cat response to 1:** Yes, borrowed, did you not hear? Perhaps without telling Mouse so, but that's beside the point...Cat tried to return it! But Mouse framed Cat! Cat never stole the pie!

**Cat response to 2:** Yes! Cat borrowed Mouse's rolling pin, but Cat is very nice and tried to give it back. But then Mouse framed Cat for stealing the pie!

**Cat:** Please, Cat is an honest, reliable peddler, selling honest, reliable goods. You can't let them put me in here for a crime Cat did not commit. Please, help me!

**Mojo (inner):** There seems to be more to this story than meets the eye. I should investigate further.

### 1.3 The Secret of the Old Ship (Available on itch.io) (2019)

*ACT 1*

*MC approaches the Parrot as the first character on the ship:*

MC: You're an awfully talkative parrot. How come you live on a haunted ship out in the middle of the sea?

Parrot: Caw, what makes you board a haunted ship in the middle of the sea? One mistake and you will rest on the bottom of the ocean just like the other pirates who tried to steal from us. Caw!

***Speaking to the Parrot before the Ghost/Speaking to the Parrot second but NOT talking about the Parrot with the Ghost:***

MC: Tell me about yourself.

Parrot: Maybe you should worry about yourself first. Are you sure you're not sick? I can see the fever in your eyes.

MC: I'm not sick.

Parrot: Treasure will do that to pirates weak of heart.

***Speaking to the Parrot after talking with the Ghost about the Parrot:***

MC: Tell me about yourself. Are you really a crewmember?

Parrot: I assume that godforsaken land crab of a ghost told you that? Caw! I am no such thing! I am a majestic bird and the smartest specimen on this ship!

MC: The ghost lied?

Parrot: Being away from shore for too long mess with people's heads.

***If MC never asked the Parrot for advice on how to get the Ghost to move:***

Parrot: And now we're gonna have a drunk ghost on the ship, as if she didn't talk non-stop in the first place. All thanks to your heroics! Caw!

***If MC asked the Parrot for advice but ignored it:***

Parrot: You couldn't even entertain a poor dead parrot. You really are the worst pirate I never heard of.

## **1.4 Uppfinnaren (The Inventor) (Available on itch.io) (2018)**

**Items: Locked Door in Dining Room**

**Conditions: No Key**

**Feeling: Thoughtful/Determined**

**Ida:** Grandpa got this place locked down like a lair.

**Ida:** No going through here, it seems.

**Ida:** Locking the door just means I want to get through even more, grandpa.

**Items: Lena's Painting**

**Conditions: Inspecting**

**Feeling: Amazed**

**Ida:** This is grandma? Father never speaks of her. She's beautiful!

**Ida:** It's so typical of grandpa to have a painting instead of a photograph.

**Ida:** (if the painting is depicting young Lena) Hey! We have the same hair!

**Items: Inception Painting**

**Conditions: Inspecting**

**Feeling: Puzzled**

**Ida:** A painting depicting this dining room, and in the painting you can see the painting? My head spins.

**Ida:** Who even came up with this? It's grandpa's house, why am I even surprised.

**Ida:** Something seems off. Besides the paint-ception.

## 1.5 Vice and Virtue (Twine) (2019)

**Extinction Card**

Death. What a coincidence. The loss of life on Earth as animals perishes for the sake of humanity's growth. Does it scare you?

[[Yes. Everything will be lesser without them.]]

"Indeed. Death may claim all, but that doesn't mean everyone has to pass early. Yet that is exactly what humans do, when they push other beings from their habitats, cut down their trees, pollute their oceans and kill them for their horns and fur. I guess you could see it more as a tragedy than a calamity, but when ecosystems die and the world crumbles under humanity's own greed...I'd say that's a calamity.

What virtue will humanity show to combat death? Please pick a virtue card."

[[No. I guess that is their fate.]]

"It is fate to kill an animal for their horns or their fur? I guess you can see it like that, but it is time to stop making excuses for humanity's inability to coexist on Earth. Once they have harvested and killed and forced animals out of their seas and forests and savannas and the ecosystems start collapsing on them, it will be your survival that's at stake. I guess you could see it more as a tragedy than a calamity, but when the world crumbles under humanity's own greed...I'd say that's a calamity.

What virtue will humanity show to combat death? Please pick a virtue card."

## 1.6 Setup, Startup, Restart (Twine) (2018)

"So how did you spend the day?" Ji asked, prompting Dae to bounce out on the floor and flip his hair with an overdramatic gesture.

"Me!" He pointed at Ji with such conviction that it made Ji snort. "I trained diligently all day! Swimming, lifting weights, sword fighting, target practice, pushups, running! Once I'm in the game, I'll be unstoppable and the title of Champion will be mine!" The whole speech was ended with Dae pointing at himself.

"Really? All that in one day?" Ji quirked an eyebrow at him, making Dae sigh as he threw himself in the sofa and leaned his head on the back rest.

"Fine. I leveled my game character to 99 and did some raids too." He shot up, leaning forward to stare at Ji's face. "But that's not important! We have to decide what genre we want to play in so we can send our applications in. Aren't you excited?" His face was shining and his round brown eyes twinkling to the point where Ji's chest started hurting.

1: [[Not really]]

2: [[What genre do you like the most?]]

[[Not really]]

Ji avoided his eyes. "Not really." He shifted, rolling the glass between his hands. "After what happened, I-"

"Well, that isn't important right now and doesn't concern us so there's no need to talk about it," Dae cut him off.

2: [[What genre do you like the most?]]

3: [[Push him]]



**[[What genre do you like the most?]]**

Ji steadied himself and smoothened out his facial expressions, putting the glass on the table in front of them. “What genre do you want to play the most?”

“Avoiding the question, huh?” Dae laughed and ruffled Ji’s head. “Typical of you.” Then he leaned back in the sofa and put his arms around his head. “I don’t know really. I mean, both are cool! I practiced for both. Fantasy would be fun because we can be knights fighting dragons and drink in taverns and find elves and all kinds of creatures. But on the other side of the hand, we can explore planets and command spaceships and see space.”

There was a pause of silence and then Dae cleared his throat and leaned forward, rubbing his hands together. “Actually, it’s more important to me what you want.” A pink tint was rising on his neck as he spoke.

**4: [[I don’t know...]]**

**5: [[I want you to choose]]**

## 2 Short Excerpts

### 2.1 Slaughterboys (book)

The boy was nine years old when he was picked for the butchering, and that was the last time he saw his mother and little sister Tilly

### 2.2 Fantasy Book

My father had been a king. But I never lived it. All I saw was a man holding onto a past that slipped through his fingers like fog, and yet his hands were bleeding. I believed that, one day, maybe he would lie down on the cracked earth, the sun crowning his golden hair, a last kiss of goodbye until he succumbed to grief and maddening longing. Yet, the day never came. He kept trudging. Kept believing in things that weren't real, maybe due to the fear of, if he stopped believing, he would vanish, like the fog in his hands.

I was living on borrowed time. At least, it felt that way. Knowing I should have been dead, that I was just alive due to my parent's sacrifice, made me feel as if I had stolen something from the world that wasn't mine. Maybe it had been easier, being lulled to sleep by the dance of fires, too young to even understand that death was holding a torch to my face. And yet my mother had clawed me out of that inferno, and my father had dug me out of the ashes. Sitting here, on a flat rock in the middle of nowhere, overlooking the sandy dunes and rolling winds, it felt like it had never been my life at all. I remembered none of it.

Taking a deep breath, hot, dry air filled my throat, a reminder that none of this was a dream and I was, in fact, alive. Yet I sometimes toyed with the thought that the day my father succumbed to the dark earth, I would rest easy beside him.

### 2.3 Cyberpunk Book

Ji nodded again, as if he was standing in a dream and couldn't control his own body. His father let go off his shoulder, leaning back and meeting Ji's eyes. He brushed Ji's cheek with the back of his hand. "You cannot disappoint me, my son."

Ji averted his eyes, staring at the car model until his father gave him a pat on the back of the head. "Maintain professionalism." His father stepped back, returning to his seat in the black chair, where he turned to face Ji once again.

"I assume you have already entertained the fact that we will have to do a press conference about the news regarding your application."

"I have."

“I also assume that you intend to make Daehyun your teammate. I trust you put his name down as your partner on your application before sending it in.”

“Of course.” Ji wetted his lips, letting his eyes fall to the side and observe the view beyond the glass, beyond his father.

“You seem awfully nervous today.” He could hear his father stand up again. “What is wrong?”

Ji shook his head. “Nothing.”

“Nothing?” There was a hint of a laugh in his father’s voice as he drew closer. “To me, it looks like you’re hiding something.” He stopped in front of him, putting a finger under Ji’s chin and forcing his face upwards. “What are you hiding?”

## 2.4 Letters

“On another note, I hope you are faring well. It pained me greatly that the huge storm delayed our letters; three days without you felt like an eternity. I lay on my bed and contemplated many things in that time, but I will tell you more once I receive the shell. My head feels like a spinning mess, filled with thoughts that I have trouble sharing with anyone. I considered asking our elusive priest, but his counsel is many days ahead of me and I am too impatient to wait. So, I will speak to you directly instead.

Did your books arrive? I know you aren’t as much of a reader as I am, but I really do recommend those volumes. They tickle the brain and make the hours pass like seconds. The bad thing is that sometimes I got so engulfed that I forgot training.

I picked up chess again. Now that the loneliness has left me I feel that I can play again. It is engaging to split your mind and think like two people at the same time, to plan the game without spoiling the ending. It demands a lot of concentration, however. When dark thoughts claim me I can do nothing but think of you, and how lonely I am. That makes experiences that should have been shared so much more painful. Like a knife in an already bleeding wound. I reek of longing and tear my heart out of my chest over and over again, but the pain lingers. It’s always in the back of my head, like a fly buzzing in my ear, but as soon as I try to catch it, it always slips away. It feels like proof that killing the things that bother you is to no avail; it will always come back. You just have to come to peace with it.”