

JESSE LEE KEETER - WRITING SAMPLE

SAMPLE: GAMEPLAY/DIALOGUE/FIRST PLAYER EXPERIENCE

CINEMATIC

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

A still pool. Murky water. Muck.

Only the song of the swamp as we hold here. Tad poles flee the frame, startled.

Something else beneath the surface. Something much larger.

Splash!

A woman lurches out of the water.

Enter LT. GRIMES (female, 30's).

She hauls herself onto the bank, hacking up slime.

We get a look at her now. She's boasts the custom armor and high-end loadout of an Operator.

Before she's fully recovered, Lt. Grimes ducks behind cover. There's urgency in her movement. She's cautious, quiet, aware of her surroundings.

Grimes settles in behind a large rotting log, where she finally takes a moment to catch her breath.

The camera stays tight. We see only Grimes with the log blocking our view of the environment. We hear the croak, and buzz, and screech of all those nasty creatures hiding in the marshes.

Before she can relax, however, her headset crackles.

COMS

Ha! There you are!

Grimes flinches at the volume and reaches to turn down her coms.

COMS (CONT'D)

Thought we lost you for a minute.

GRIMES
Yeah. Me too.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. WATERFALL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Grimes is launched through the air by an unseen assailant. She bounces off the rocks and goes over the lip of a waterfall.

The camera follows her over as she tries, and fails, to grab something, anything to stop her fall.

Grimes screams as she plummets to the marsh below.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT - PRESENT

GRIMES
Not out of the woods yet.

The camera swivels around Grimes and settles over her shoulder. Reveal: the Swamp.

Seamless transition to-

GAMEPLAY

Player takes control of Grimes, in cover behind the log.

INCOMING TRANSMISSION UI

COMS (RADIO)
You aren't far from your objective,
duder. But it's be up to you how
you get there.

The Swamp may as well be a prehistoric mess. Camera favors a bog directly ahead, shrouded by mist.

COMS (CONT'D)
You *could* approach from the marsh,
since you don't need to worry about
keeping your boots dry anymore.

Grimes equips Shotgun, checks to make sure it survived the fall. She empties water out the barrel then pumps in a shell.

The HUD briefly appears on screen. We see weapon, ammo, health, armor. After a beat, the hud fades to "cinematic theme".

HINT UI: HUD settings can be changed in the Gameplay menu.

GRIMES

That'll put me right in the action,
yeah?

COMS

Valinx love the humidity. You see
that mist?

GRIMES

Uh huh.

Camera favors the MIST.

COMS

That may be how they got the jump
on you before. But there's no
reason you can't take a page out of
their book. Give it a shot.

COVER INDICATOR: Swamp Mist

Grimes trudges through waist deep water. When she enters the mist, she automatically takes cover so only the top of her head, from her eyes up, is visible. She is HIDDEN.

COMS (CONT'D)

Should make it easier to get in
real intimate like.

When Grimes speaks, her words are gurgled by the water.

GRIMES

(Unintelligible)
And if I prefer to stay out of
reach?

COMS

Careful with that mouthwash,
lieutenant. That's how Thompson
caught Giardia?

When Grimes leaves Cover, she holsters the shotgun and draws a compact weapon.

GRIMES

(Spitting out swamp water)
If I prefer to stay out of reach?

With the push of a button the compact weapon springs into a full size Sniper Rifle. Grimes inspects the weapon. Racks a bolt.

COMS

Of course. Just didn't take you for the slow and steady type is all.

Camera favors a path to some high ground, then pans to show a similar path on the left.

COMS (CONT'D)

A bit of high ground never hurt.

(beat)

How you wanna roll?

Player chooses Path.

Atmospheric, non-combat, exploration of the swamp. Tense mood, environment claustrophobic. Creatures croak and insects buzz. Grimes swats her neck.

GRIMES

Damn bugs.

COMS

I'm sure they've laid eggs in your nostrils by now.

COMS (CONT'D)

You're disgusting-

Brush rattles in front of Grimes, startling her.

GRIMES

(Whispered)

Quiet.

Grimes takes cover. Brush rattles again.

Grimes readies her weapon.

Brush rattles one final time before-

An Ernek (reptilian antelope) bursts through the brush.

Grimes stops herself from reflexively pulling the trigger.

When the Ernek notices Grimes, it scampers away.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

(Exhaling.)

Shi-i-it.

COMS

What is it? Talk to me Grimes! Your vitals just spiked.

GRIMES

Just an Ernek. Scared me half to death.

COMS

An Ernek? Hoo hoo! What a ferocious beast!

GRIMES

Laugh it up. I'd like to see what makes your vitals spike.

COMS

No, ma'am. I prefer the atmo-controlled comfort of the holo-den, thank you very much. With this visor, I feel like I'm right there with you. Without all the bushwhacking and nostril eggs of course.

GRIMES

Of course.

Grimes explores Swamp.

EXT. SWAMP - CHECKPOINT 1

"Anticipate" tutorial.

GRIMES

Hold up.

"Cover Indicator" flashes over a nearby log.

COMS

What's wrong?

Camera favors Mist. We can just make out the tips of some REEDS, but they're artificial and out of place.

GRIMES

Could be an ambush.

COMS

Swell.

GRIMES

Or, it could be the perfect opportunity to try out my new toy.

HINT UI: *Anticipate* might reveal hidden enemies. Pay attention to Grimes' instincts. Controller vibration will often warn you of an ambush.

The player is prompted to use the "Anticipate" ability.

From cover, Grimes uses the "Anticipate" ability to reveal a pod of four Valinx SCOUTS: fragile looking snipers who're submerged under water and using those REEDS to breathe.

COMS

Sneaky bastards, aren't they?

GRIMES

That's how they got me before.
Better return the favor.

COMS

Weapons free, duder. Weapons free.

Grimes draws her shotgun. HUD appears.

HINT UI: Sneak up on an enemy to perform a Stealth Kill.

Grimes will have the opportunity to Stealth Kill one of the Scouts.

She pulls the Scout up out of the water, taking just a moment to examine her foe—

GRIMES

Hmm...not what I expected.

—and snaps its neck, tossing the body aside.

Once the first enemy is downed, the others will Alert. Scouts burst out of the water and dive for cover, firing on Grimes.

COMS

Everything alright?

GRIMES

Gimme a minute.

When Grimes has defeated all the enemies...

GRIMES (CONT'D)

Those were scouts.

COMS
Yes, and?

GRIMES
Earlier, I got ambushed by a-

CUT TO:

CINEMATIC

EXT. WATERFALL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We pick up right where we left off...

Grimes screams, falling through the air. The camera whip pans to the top of the waterfall.

Right before Grimes hits the water, we see, if only for a moment, the silhouette of a much larger, much more monstrous enemy. Then-

Grimes goes under - SPLASH!

SMASH CUT TO:

GAMEPLAY

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT - PRESENT

COMS
Ambushed by what?

GRIMES
I don't rightly know... but it was a lot bigger than these little chicken nuggets.

She kicks a Scout corpse.

GRIMES (CONT'D)
Whatever it is, it's still out there. Hunting me...

COMS
Head on a swivel lieutenant and we'll be just fine. Your objective is over the next ridge.

SAMPLE: CHARACTER AND RELATIONSHIP

FROM "THE MAGE" BY JESSE LEE KEETER

Set-up: High fantasy. The Mage is a woman with psionic abilities. Vinderus is a Bard obsessed with legacy. They've been taken prisoner by telepathic aliens who infect the brains of a host to take control of their mind and body.

Scene: The Mage (Female, 30's) paces. Vinderus (male, 40's) enters. He looks tired, tries to smile that sly Vinderus smile, but it's strained. He goes to her, collapses in her arms. She comforts him.

THE MAGE

I felt you. All day and through the night. You've been...

VINDERUS

Miserable.

THE MAGE

They aren't hurting you?

VINDERUS

No. Of course not. I'm sorry. I mean to say I've been miserable with indecision.

(Beat)

You remember, when first we met?

THE MAGE

Of course.

VINDERUS

That mission, supposed to be so simple. An inauguration, of sorts, to acquaint me with the life.

THE MAGE

You'd little experience with death.

VINDERUS

Less when it came by my hand.

THE MAGE

I told you then-

VINDERUS

Fret not. I suffer no guilt. Death is dealt by those who wish to live. And live I must. For this new work...

THE MAGE

You're lost to it. That's easy to see.

VINDERUS

The scope... chronicling the awakening of a species, their consciousness... perhaps I was a bit naive.

THE MAGE

Nonsense. The work?

VINDERUS

I've creation myths, a compendium of them, all collected into song. A linear history in verse. There are periods of dark and light and dark again. Leaps of evolution spurred by the conversion of countless species. I've seen much of what there is to see and chronicled all there is to chronicle. And I've... Well. I've arrived at a crossroads.

(Beat)

There's a reason I call on the memory of our first mission. I need you to understand.

Vinderus extends his hand. The Mage accepts.

The Mage's power: we are flung back into Vinderus' memory. Bron (male, fighter) and Xannis (female, rogue) enter. We are living the memory with them.

XANNIS

They'd been waiting in ambush for some time. Hidden amongst the weeds here.

Bron lifts a spiked cable off the ground.

BRON

(re: the chain)

For any who came trundling down the road. Unlucky for them it was us.

XANNIS

They've cost us a day in repairs.

BRON

Have they a wagon nearby? Or horses?

XANNIS

Let's ask.

She kneels over the body of an injured bandit.

XANNIS (CONT'D)

Have you any horses? No? A wagon perhaps?

BRON

Get it over with, Xannis. He's no fight left in him.

Xannis knifes the Bandit.

XANNIS

(In reference to Vinderus)
What of the bard?

BRON

Shock.

VINDERUS

I'm fine. I only need a-

Vinderus runs to the side of the road and pukes.

BRON

It'll pass lad. We should all be so lucky to have the death of these miscreants resonate with us.

XANNIS

Preach, brother.

VINDERUS

I'm sorry. It's just that, this is my first-

He pukes again.

Xannis and Bron make sure the bandits are dead, then get to searching them.

The Mage rubs Vinderus' back while he settles down.

VINDERUS (CONT'D)

Thank you. Truly. It's the finality of it. If only we'd had a moment to speak with them.

THE MAGE

You'll learn desperation is one of the more difficult positions to overcome.

VINDERUS

I can't help but think if I'd a chance to broker peace— I've a way with words, you see.

THE MAGE

They've only so much time to kill us and clear the road. They'd be working this stretch for three or four days. They're tired. Hungry. With the blood of a half dozen innocents on their hands.

VINDERUS

No more innocent than you or I.

THE MAGE

They hunt in ambush. In such a situation, you've very little choice. Act decisively, or die.

VINDERUS

I have no doubt, Mage. And yet, my grief is hardly lessened.

THE MAGE

Would you care for a glimpse into the intentions of these men? Perhaps it would help you better understand.

VINDERUS

You can do this?

THE MAGE

Indeed. I must warn you, however, I offer only a glimpse. I can do nothing to erase your perception of the event. You'll need to process these feelings and draw your own conclusions.

VINDERUS

Please. Yes.

This time the Mage offers her hand. Vinderus accepts.

Magic: During the attack, the Mage was able to see into the hearts and minds of the bandits and experience their thoughts. She now communicates this rage and fear and desperation with Vinderus, relays it directly into his mind. He reels with new memories and understanding, a psionic event.

The memory dissipates, along with the road and the previous scene. We return to present day. We're in the Mage's quarters once more.

VINDERUS (CONT'D)

All my life, I've sought to tap
into that which elevates language
into literature. Song into soul.

THE MAGE

Your ability to fill the shoes of
your subject, to see through their
eyes-

VINDERUS

Is wanting, at best, when compared
with your ability to actually see
through their eyes, feel with their
heart. To taste their tastebuds,
and smell their smells. To know the
secrets kept even from themselves.

THE MAGE

And yet, I've written no great
works. I don't even keep a journal.

VINDERUS

You are you and I am I. You've no
aspirations of art. I merely wish
to say that, when you shared the
feelings of those men, their lust,
hatred, their death, and all those
little thoughts between, I saw that
I wasn't built for the depth of
experience I sought to express.

THE MAGE

But your work-

VINDERUS

Is good. It's fine. But that
doesn't change the fact that I
cannot, as presently equipped, see
into the soul of my subject, relay
the feelings, unfiltered, into the
heart of my audience.

(MORE)

VINDERUS (CONT'D)

I don't possess the faculties. You,
on the other hand...

THE MAGE

You look upon my abilities, which
have brought me nothing but
heartache, and you say, if only? If
only it were me in that cage?

VINDERUS

You're upset.

THE MAGE

You've no idea the depths of which
I suffer. And yet, you'd take my
place.

VINDERUS

In the blink of an eye. Sooner
even.

(Beat)

I realized long ago that experience
would have to substitute that which
I could not obtain through divine
methods.

THE MAGE

Far from divine.

VINDERUS

But to live the life of a bandit is
to become a bandit. If I were to
give myself completely to
experience, to become the subjects
which I sought to immortalize? If I
were to survive in my attempts? I'm
certain the part of me which writes
and sings and gives way to
merriment, would it not scab over?
Would it not dissolve?

THE MAGE

Have you hit some wall in your
writings?

VINDERUS

On the contrary. I've been offered
a choice. An opportunity to test
these theories. To see if empathy,
true empathy, might elevate my
literature into legend.

(Beat)

They've explained to me the
process.

MAGE

Vinderus... no...

He means to give himself to the aliens, to give them his mind and body.

VINDERUS

They've held nothing back, for I've chronicled its evolution exactly.

THE MAGE

You saw what they did to Xannis.
How she screamed.

VINDERUS

She *resisted*. There will be pain, yes, they've been clear about that. But think of the work! With their abilities, I could define the next generation of art. I could set the tone for everything which is created after Vinderus. I could mold the imagination of our species. Have I not stumbled into my destiny?

THE MAGE

Why plague me with this tragedy?
Why feign indecision?

VINDERUS

I was hoping, perhaps naively, that we might celebrate. I was so looking forward to... joining the conversation?

THE MAGE

You don't know what you're talking about.

VINDERUS

How could I?

THE MAGE

You're jealous? If you knew what they asked of me, you wouldn't be offer yourself to them.

Beat.

VINDERUS

It will take time, they say, to acclimate.

THE MAGE

Don't do this. I don't want to lose you.

VINDERUS

Fear not, when it's done, we'll be closer than ever.

Vinderus exits. Blackout.

SAMPLE - CHARACTER AND PROSE

SCENE: An extra-planar labyrinth, white sand floors, white stone walls, a starless vault above. What little light there is bleeds out the walls. Murdoc, our narrator, and Ezekiel (his lover) have fallen for a demon's trap. They've stolen a bangle and are now lost within the maze. They've spilled their darkest secrets, as payment, to reach the center of the labyrinth. We pick up as they first see the demon...

In my time since our first meeting I've sought any and all texts which hint at the existence of my Lady. Allusions to her are often guarded, more often embellished, and always suspect. But one detail remains true in all accounts: that of her terrible beauty. The Lady of Secrets came to rest just outside our ring of light. Though her features were tactfully veiled, we'd no trouble comprehending the vision before us. Her height fluctuated, being that her lower body was serpentine. This reptilian coil carried her effortlessly, it's scales powder white and luminous. Her torso that of a matriarch with indefatigable grace. Her skin glistened, draped in sheer fabrics which reflected colors of photographic negatives. The ceramic nature of her flesh intensified her jawline and cheek bones and brow, so much so their angular nature was no metaphoric comparison. Her nose cut like a knife. But it was her eyes that I found most arresting. Jet black, no pupils, no iris, roughhewn like the surface of the bangle, faceted, impossible to read. And she smiled a cold and humorless smile. Atop her head, eating up the light, she wore an obsidian crown. I knelt, instinctively, pulling Ezekiel down beside me so he fell over in the dust. We genuflected before her and I suppose I worried we'd be killed, possibly consumed by this reptilian empress. In a way, we were.

"For what do you seek?"

I looked to Ezekiel. He wouldn't meet my eyes.

"We wish to leave," I said.

"I'd not repeat myself."

No threat in her tone, and when I searched her face I found none there either. Her mask, if that's what it was, betrayed no meaning beyond the words themselves. "It's only that," I lost the words, for there was no appropriate response. I need ask myself, and not for the first time, what it was that I sought. There'd been no thought, nor planning, nor objective of any kind save having and holding the bangle. My thread of this desire existed within the taboo, from knowing full well I shouldn't and therefore I couldn't ignore the compulsion. There's no sense to addiction, only desire, no matter how hollow, and the obligation to do that thing, no matter the cost, for there's no recognition of consequence outside the act. There's only yearning and yearning to have.

"We never meant to be here," Ezekiel said. "We never wanted to come to this place."

We danced around the truth but I couldn't bring myself to accuse her. "Were we led here?" I didn't say lured. I didn't say entrapped.

"For what purpose?" She floated just outside the light, face obscured.

I held up our hands for her to see, linked as they were in black chain. Ezekiel's hand hung limp beside mine. "You made this thing?"

"Of my design, yes. Of another's craftsmanship."

"We've come to the center of your maze," I said. "If this was a test, if we've succeeded, then I'd have the bangle."

"Your reward?" Now she regarded me in that same stony silence, perhaps digesting my request. Instead of answering, she turned to Ezekiel. He swallowed. She had many teeth and each of them ended in a point.

"I only want to go home," Ezekiel said.

"We've come this far, Zeek. For all our misery, I'd not leave empty handed."

"Have you lost your mind?"

I wouldn't leave here with nothing. My life had been thrown at the feet of fate and it was no selfless act, there was a price and I'd see it paid. "I don't speak for Ezekiel. If he wishes to leave, so be it. But I'd see my deeds rewarded."

"Deeds?"

"We've suffered," I said. "We've braved your labyrinth and offered our secrets."

"And yet you're bound." At her words our cuffs grew heavy. "Is this not the nature of love? The fate of one decides the fate of the other?"

"I'll not take part in these negotiations," Ezekiel said. "Let me go home."

"You may go."

A prolonged moment in which we simply stared at one another. Ezekiel tried to close us off from the Lady by turning round to face me and whispering, "Let's go, Murdoc." Our hands tangled in each other's and his grip reassuring. "What could you hope to gain here? How much more would you lose?"

"If we've nothing to show for a life set aflame then I've no reason to escape." My anticipation grew, for as soon as he was free the bangle would be mine. We waited. Seconds stretched to minutes.

"I'm ready," Ezekiel said. She raised a hand to direct our gaze. Off in the shadows a light came on. A door sprang up out of the powder. To reach it would require crossing a long stretch of darkness. "I'm ready to be rid of this." And he offered up the cuffs. "Please, release me."

"The fate of one decides the fate of the other."

"Murdoc will stay. I'll go."

"You are bound—"

"We heard you the first—" His voice snuffed out. She raised her hand just in front of her, one finger pointed at Ezekiel. Her nails long and black and sharp. Ezekiel tried to cough, failed, tried to exhale, or inhale, or close his mouth, and failed each time. His face reddened, a vein bulging at his temple. I was too shocked to do anything let alone help him. He clawed at his throat but there was no relief.

"I've been lenient," she said. "I recognize how difficult it must be to accept your circumstance. But there's a limit to my patience." A wet snap from inside Ezekiel's mouth and he lurched forward. A wad of black slime exploded past his lips followed by a puff of white dust. Ezekiel fell to his knees, scraping his tongue with his fingers and fishing out black tendrils from the back of his throat. "You took this thing which doesn't belong to you. I'd forgive you this trespass. As you say, you've conquered my maze and made offering. A price worthy of escape. But you're bound. Either you leave, together, or remain, together."

"We understand," I said, and knelt by Ezekiel. He pulled a rope of black gunk from his throat. "Will you be alright?"

"Please, Murdoc, let us leave. She's given us permission. Can't we forget all this?"

"There'll be no forgetting. I'd never forgive myself. And..." I let the sentence fall away. I'd never forgive Ezekiel, either, and this would destroy us. If we left, if this was all for nothing... He was the last I had and I couldn't bear to think of all the ways, small and large, that I'd exact my revenge. I'd tear down our relationship by the atom, obliterate the love between us until he hated me as much as I did him. Call it compulsion, call it addiction, call it a fundamental flaw of my existence, but his cowardice would not be rewarded. I need not say any of this for he saw it all in my look. And he withered.

"We'll stay," Ezekiel said. And he pushed me away so he could stand. "We'll stay and see our reward."

She gestured to the shadows and that light, our exit, extinguished. *"And thus your service begins."*

"Service?"

A nod.

"What more could we give?" I said. "We're weak. Our time here is suffering and I don't wish to prolong it. Tell us what we must do to earn our reward and it'll be done."

She floated just outside the light, watching us. *"Your relevance comes from the world you know."*

"You'll let us leave, then?"

"Of course. Though there's one last decision to make, one I cannot make for you."

"Whatever it is," I said, "out with it and let's be done."

"The bangle."

"Our prize."

"This gift will bend to fit your needs. For this, it must be attuned to an individual. This is the focus of my endowment, to be tethered to one's soul. Our contract." I sought to interrupt her but the image of black puss streaming out Ezekiel's lips was enough to quiet the urge. *"The fate of one decides the fate of the other."*

"It's yours," Ezekiel said. Weak of voice, he'd yet to take his weight from my shoulder. "If one of us can be free, then I welcome it. The bangle is yours." I said nothing.

He wouldn't look at me and this was good. I turned to the Lady and nodded my consent.

"It is done."

I was ready to claim my prize. I focused on the cuffs, expecting their transformation, but there was none. "I'd have the bangle."

"There are things which cannot be given." And while her volume had not once elevated past that of casual conversation, her voice now deepened with calm. *"These things must be taken."*

I looked to Ezekiel. Here were our hands, locked in black manacles, separated only by a length of chain. If we'd been able to remove any piece of it we would've long ago. And at the thought of our predicament, at the realization that there was no way to remove the cuffs unless we would first remove a piece of ourselves, a blade formed in my hand.

Ezekiel looked to me; his eyes wet with tears. "You wouldn't."

I thought back on our story thus far, not only those parts of it that required sacrifice, but what each of those sacrifices represented. Any choices had been made long ago. There was little more for us to do now than watch consequences unfold.

"Murdoc," he said. "Please. Look at me, darling. Look at me. We don't need this, we can stop anytime we want."

"If that were true, we would've already."

"Listen to yourself," he said. "This isn't you speaking, this is the bangle. This is Her!"

"I can end this," I said. "I'll carry the burden." Blade in my free hand, with the other I'd taken up the chain and reeled him in. Ezekiel fought, lamely, and I grabbed his wrist. "I can make the hard decisions for us."

"Don't do this, darling, please." He sobbed. I set the blade to his wrist. Placed it just above the cuff.

SAMPLE: WORLD BUILDING GLOSSARY

NOTE: This Glossary was created as the foundation for a space opera ttrpg.

The Continuum: A celestial giant composed of concentrated elemental energy. This "star" shines bright at the center of the solar system.

Elements: There are 6 primary elements which can be harnessed by Summoners, each is represented in the Continuum system by an aligned planet, as follows:

- **Fire:** Provides valuable minerals and fossil fuels.
- **Water:** Provides water, water purification methods, and specializes in research and manufacture of life support systems.
- **Bloom:** plant life. Agriculture, food, seeds, farming techniques and equipment.
- **Blight:** poison. Anti-bodies, medicine, vaccines, antibiotics, pain killers, drugs, weapons research.
- **Lightning:** Tech hub and battery technology.
- **Void:** Anti-magic. Modified void energy has been used to power space ships and blasters. This planet also houses the Company HQ. Basic magic cannot work on this planet. This is a city world home to the densest population in the system. Provides people, ideas, banks, currency, fashion, art, and space ships.

The Company: A system wide corporation which enables, and therefore, controls the economy. The Company's primary source of income is inter-planetary trade and tariffs, a multi-billion credit industry. These funds are used to fuel their research and development which holds interest in many fields, such as space travel, weapons, defense, agriculture, technology, colonization, chemicals, safety, and architecture. The Company HQ is located on the Void planet, but there are Company research facilities, outposts, and factories on every planet in the system, and many of the moons.

Problem-Solvers: One of the Orwellian-named branches within The Company, Problem-Solvers act as the muscle when a situation calls for more finesse than sending a robot army to nuke everything. They'll 'solve' a 'problem' but those problems are often infiltrating local uprisings, exterminating runaway experiments, and 're-educating' Employees who've developed a conscience. Salaried mercenaries, if you will.

Executives: Elite Company agents with vast resources at their disposal. Often Executives command their own ships and crews and function as the autonomous right hand of the highest powers in the Company.

Summoners: On each of the six planets, there are ruling families, royalty, called Summoners. While each family rules their planet differently, championing unique aspects of leadership and governance, they have one thing in common: magic. Each of the families is capable of harnessing the elements to use magic. Summoners are revered throughout the system and maintain a symbiotic relationship with the company. They are their planet's liaison to the Company, and the Company is their liaison to the rest of the system.

Parallels: Each Summoner, when they come into governance, is assigned a Parallel. Neither bodyguard nor advisor is quite an appropriate comparison, for the Summoner's power vastly outweighs that of their Parallel. They are more of an aid, much like a page to a knight. Parallels spend their youth training to be Bound to a single Summoner who they will serve for life. They almost always share an elemental affinity, i.e. fire Summoner, fire Parallel.

Amelia Cosaint - Fire Planet Summoner: She leads her people into prosperity, peace, equality and accomplishment. She ensures a thriving planet with equal opportunity no matter your position in life. She regularly meets with the other Summoners to make sure balance and peace are maintained within the continuum. Should a threat present itself, she is skilled in defending her planet using fire magic. She empowers the people by walking among the people. She maintains a diplomatic relationship with the Company, but is suspicious of their motives and does what she can to shield her people from their influence.

Economy: Each of the six planets specializes in unique resources. The Company distributes these resources throughout the system to the benefit of all. The Bloom world provides agricultural necessities (seeds, food, techniques, etc.) while the Fire world provides valuable minerals and fossil fuels. The ecosystem of the Continuum system is codependent and maintained by the Company's distribution model.

Aeryx: Considered the diamonds of the Arcano-sphere. Hyper-concentrated magical energy. Extremely rare, many believe they do not exist.