

G'narsh: The Troll, The Myth, The Legend

Summary

Marketing Material

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G'narsh: The Troll, The Myth, The Legend
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It's hard to explain this to folks who don't suffer from the same maladies as me as to my near total exhaustion in regards to this project, but I've reread and edited Kevin's masterpiece, G'narsh (and I do believe it is a masterpiece), going on a good dozen times now. And sorry, I know it still needs a little more polishing, but I can't find the will to read it a final time, let alone edit it, mail it off for submission, or anything like that. But what I can do is come up with just enough zeal and enthusiasm to post the manuscript to the web. I hope you enjoy it (or already have).

This then, is the final marketing and auxiliary work. It's not been edited quite as much -- perhaps only the once. So, it might get squirrely towards the end. Please don't judge Kevin's dream on this summary (it's posted for completeness of his work, nothing more).

Rather, if you haven't already, go find the first chapter (P1). It should be right next to where you found this unless someone lifted this document and reposted it elsewhere (as Internet pirates and thieves have been known to do), which if they have, what can I say, naughty-naughty, and very sloppy too leaving in a © 2014 Copyright Brett Paufler notice like this. Sloppy, illegal, and just plain wrong, 'Bad! Bad! Bad!' Now, if you'd be so kind to cut me the royalty check you owe me along with the accrued punitive damages I would be most appreciative. I've always wanted to drive around in a Green Cadillac with oversized bull horns mounted on the front, if you know what I mean, which if you've read the base story like I've suggested, you most certainly do...

In the Voice of Kevin Stillwater

It's been two years now, since I recorded the tracks, which were to become G'narsh: The Troll, The Myth, The Legend. And here I am now, trying to recapture that feel -- that way of thought -- that has not been with me for years.

Perhaps I should start at the beginning. I still like G'narsh. I like his body and his being. And it is easy enough to fall into the two-headed monster as he sits at his desk, twirls a coin, and looks across his dominion -- a pizza parlor. This is where the dream starts. It is, also, where it shall end -- with a troll, a monster, a despicable being, who knows himself for what he is, but at the same time who wishes to be more, to be better.

But how? How to be better than you are?

Those of you who have played through the disc and who have come to this track at the end know will already know that this question forms the ideological basis of G'narsh TML. And for you Marketing Executives -- busy folks that you are -- who do not have time to plug into every disc which lands on your desk, who's very underling's are so busy they too do not have time to view every disk which lands on their desk, and so on down the line, this summary of my dream is perhaps all you should ever know of it, so let me tell you what matters, what is important.

G'narsh: The Troll, The Myth, The Legend is an ideological dream. It is a subversive dream. I would like to say that it infuses a two-bit fantasy caper with a glorious Buddhist ideal, but that is a lie. No Buddhist worthy of his salt -- or rice bowl, I suppose -- would ever plug in, much less compose a dream. So in truth, I am not much of a Buddhist. Nor, despite my claims to be a Seven Time World Grandmaster, am I much of a dreamer. The plot of G'narsh TML is -- to say the least -- pathetically simplistic.

For now, let us leave G'narsh and his Shangra La -- his pizza place -- far behind, and fast forward past my dream-lab, the lectures, my immature observations on the disc culture, the arrival of the secondary characters, and all the other intervening shenanigans, and drop into the dream a little after the 11-click mark. It is here that the outline of the dream is explained the best, by way of a teacher lecturing his students in a Server Hall.

Artismo -- your humble narrator -- stands at the front of the class, the flickering of an old time projector filling the wall behind him, while before him, sprawling in chairs, are all the characters from the book. Let's watch on, as the first slide is shown. It reads:

Act I - Raid on Elvin Home: in which G'narsh murders the inhabitants of a small elvin hamlet.

"Oh'd, we'd get our smack-down on," a cobalt points out happily.

"Yes," Art agrees. "Raid on Elvin Home is the scene in which G'narsh, Lane, and the cobalts show their evil side."

"We'd not ebil."

"Uh huh..." Professor Art, or Art as he prefers being called by the young ladies in attendance, slams his rod of command, or, er, that is to say, his little pointy stick down on Doug's desk. "Do we have problem Mr. Doug."

"I told you, I'm far sighted. I can't see the slides. I was just asking Eileen what they said."

"They're slides. They don't talk," Art replies haughtily, happy to be able to cross another gag off of his checklist, as he hits the magic button and moves us on to the next slide, which reads:

Act II - A Rude Awakening: in which Mi'lay wakes from a terrible dream of portent... yada, yada. Bottom line, lot's of elves and fey die in the war and Mi'lay gets to experience it all first hand in her dreams.

"What week are we going to do that one on? I think I might be sick," a beautiful young elvin girl asks, and from there we shall

drop out of the scene, and just highlight the remaining slides and the most important commentary.

Act III - Betrayal in the Forest: a plan is hatched whereby G'narsh directs his evil at evil and thereby becomes good. With logic like that backing it up, this plan is probably doomed to failure.

And if this were a dream where anyone dies, this is where Stef'fan would bite it. Hence, it is understandable that Stef'fan should point out, "See, it's right there in your notes. By all rights I should be dead,"

Act IV - The Death of Xavier: G'narsh kills... only he doesn't, so in the main sequence what G'narsh does instead is lay down his sword and swear off violence -- like most of your enlightened trolls end up doing in these morality plays.

Act V - The Victory Dance: having killed the enemy, G'narsh may claim his prize: Mi'lay. May I be the first to say, Yowza! That should please the young boy demographic from 3-83.

"I don't think an elvin princess would fall in love with a troll," the ah... pile of winter clothes next to Stef'fan points out. "He killed my brother... I mean, G'narsh killed Mi'lay's brother. She would hardly fall in love with the brute."

Act VI - G'narsh the Wanderer: this is another name for the main sequence. We'll get to that in a moment.

Act VII - Reunited at Last: oddly, Mi'lay ends up falling in love with the big brute. Or at least, she can't stop thinking about him. It's sort of pathetic in a way.

Postscript - The Eternal Dance: in which the legend is tied to the strange things we been seeing in the night sky. Sort of a wonderful bit of subversive propaganda if you ask me. The atmosphere isn't failing. You see, there's this ancient mythos that explains the entire phenomenon...

That is, of course, only the first time we go through the plot. After class, it is obvious that at least one of the students is desirous of a little more face time with Professor Art...

“So time for the field trip?” Eileen asks with a sigh trying to bring as much energy to the question as possibly, but somehow failing to find much enthusiasm.

“Yep,” Prof Art agrees eagerly with enough excitement for both of them. “Time to earn that A.”

“Whatever,” Eileen replies in that heartfelt way that truly disinterested women sometimes have.

And as fun as it would be to drop into the dream and let it roll, I think I will let the madcap car ride across the Northern Tundra play in the background as I go over some -- if not plot points -- items of artistic concern.

“Nope. No graphic sex,” Art agrees as the flit dives into the underbrush to flush out the now terrified moose. “Detailed violence, lengthy examination of bodily functions...”

“So that’s why no one ever goes to the bathroom in these things?” Eileen asks.

“Or why you’ll never see a realistic dead body, animal or otherwise, on a MM disc.”

“Moosey be’d da road kill!” Charlie screams with manically glee, hoping against hope to beat the system.

“It’s a fine line,” Art continues. “You can get away with a lot if you couch it in comedy or satire, but you still have to be careful and it can be next to impossible to get by the major prohibitions. All I can say is, good luck depicting a crime without also depicting someone getting punished, showing a morals violations without the offender getting their due comeuppance, or getting detailed about anything that we’ll simply call obscene...”

“What does that mean exactly?”

“Anything that would make your grandmother cringe.”

“Sounds a bit vague,” Eileen comments as she crinkles her nose and asks, “So why isn’t hunting a moose down with a flit against the rules?”

“Causey we’d be’d da hunters,” a Charlie helpfully explains. “Et da time honored cobalty tradition.”

Art shrugs at their explanation. “We’ve got M.O.M. up and running. If there’s a problem with our gag, she’ll let us know right away.”

“Uh-oh’d,” the Charlie behind the wheel remarks as he looks in the rearview mirror. “Da coppers!”

Blue lights flash behind them as a police bullhorn fills the air, “PULL OVER!”

“You’d neber take me’d alive copper,” Charlie insists as the gang of cobalts reach into the GI library and throw whatever they can find at the pursuing police cruiser -- rubber chickens, kitchen sinks, that kind of stuff.

“Rubbery chickens?” Charlie asks -- suddenly dismayed.

“We’d don’d for.”

“You’s better pull ober Charlie.”

“We’s put in goody words for you’s.”

“Maybe’d dey just givee you da impulsee binderies.”

“Dis no good... Yo’s gotto helpee me Arts,” the cobalt pleads.

“Just pull over by those cabins up ahead.”

“Convenient,” Eileen smirks.

“A coincidence, I assure you,” Art insists, but no one believes him.

Knowing what is important, Charlie lets go of the controls and grabs Art by the collar as the flit skids to a halt in front of the cabins. “Helpees! Dey binderies mee’s”

“Dey going to clampee down on da Charlies!”

“Helpees meester.”

“Don’t worry. You’re comedic relief. Even if M.O.M. slaps a virtual impulse binder on you, it will malfunction.”

“Charlie no wantee da impusee binderies.”

“Charlie scardee’s.”

“Help Charlie’s meester.”

“I’ll see what I can do. I’ll go down into the code and work it out so both M.O.M. and the MM will be happy... I mean it’s not like you hit the moose...”

Charlie looks around frantically until he spots the animal munching contentedly on a tuft of grass under the flagpole. The flagpole is situated in the middle of the compound, and please, feel free to choose the flag of your choice my international and/or anarchist friends. Not caring so much about the aforementioned nod to national pride -- or lack thereof -- and sensing the Charlie’s sudden attention, the moose dashes off into the woods, but we have established that he is alive, and that is what’s important. M.O.M. will understand.

“Tankee meester,” Charlie says as he pulls out his license and registration and, being sure to keep both of his hands in plain sight at all times, waits patiently for the nice, friendly police officer -- still trailing in the distance -- to catch up.

“So he’ll get off scot-free just like that?” Eileen asks incredulously.

“I’m sure they’ll be some kind of penalty... but no impulse binders. Like I said, I’ll dig down and work it out with M.O.M.”

Eileen finally figures out the hilarious joke Art has been building towards all section, and hopping onto the well placed cue, she gaily quips, “I think I’m beginning to understand why I was so angry with you earlier. You brought your mom along on our honeymoon.”

OK, so that’s like the 7th time I’ve gone through the mythos. The first was in the server hall. That takes a half dozen clicks. Then I do a fake correspondence with a marketing house, which only takes a click or two. And then we do a short story using Doug as a stand in for G’narsh and Eileen as a stand in for Mi’lay.

Where as I get to play the role of that much persecuted, kicking dog of a fantasy class -- A Mustachio Elf.

That's probably not a very good lead in. After class, Eileen's all bugging Art about getting an A in the class, so he comes up with this field trip idea. Probably not such a good idea, not only because of the ethical delemma's, but because the Charlies come along, decide to flit over a pristine stretch of alpine wilderness, and almost get themselves hindered.

Oddly, although I pretty much drop the ball when it comes to skin, interactive action sequences -- or what I'll call action sequences -- are one of my specialties.

Car
Swimming in the Fjord
Wind
Dancing
Bath

make that the summary

The dream starts

At its core, G'narsh TML is an interactive how to disc. As such, this section is either what one gets to eventually at the very end of the dream, after all the other Bonus Material, or it is what one sees fairly early in the procurement process. Marketing executives are busy people, and as such, they don't have time to sit through a 165-click in order to determine whether it is any good or not. They want to see it is all {and now} so if they do condescend to plug in and view the entire thing, they can be reasonable sure they aren't going to be wasting their time. Trust me, you won't be wasting your time.

But let's start the process in earnest. This is the opening scene. G'narsh sitting at his desk overseeing the pizza joint he purchases towards the end of the dream. You'll note two things from this -- especially after I point them out.

First, I didn't provide any skins. Oh, the proxies are completely fleshed out and given working personalities, but there's not a lot of time spent on... accessories. I view G'narsh as a cartoon {comic book} troll. Have I mentioned this yet anywhere in the dream? It's not an important detail, because as you may have noticed from all of the alternative beginnings provided in the appendix, I didn't always see him this way, and it's not my intent to force my vision on another. If I was a painter, I'd be like an abstract realist/nihilist. But as I'm not a painter, I don't really know what that label means. I suppose it doesn't matter. And I also suppose, that's what it really is intended to mean.

That idea, as poorly developed as it is, is the second thing you'll undoubtedly notice. There is no set resolution for the dream. I tried to make it as open as possible. Granted, I had to include set points, and to some extent the plot is a track ride, but these are typical shortcomings, which plague the industry, and rather than focus on the negative, I wish to illuminate the positive. There is a plot, there are set scenes, and there is a concrete structure to the dream. However, and this is important, to the best of my ability I have tried to lay out the dream so it may be viewed from any proxy's point of view. Obviously, this is more ideological than practical, but I think you will find that the underlying code is there to allow viewers to drop into whichever character they desire and the dream will morph around them. Once again, probably standard in the industry, and needless bravado, but I tried to give all of the minors as much freewill as is technically possible in this day and age. I think we can all agree that not everyone tries.

I've been talking over the plot here for a bit, so let's drop back down into the dream. After the pizza place where G'narsh both begins and ends the dream, we go off to my lab for little lesson in

dream tech. Not much, nothing to high level, no code, just abstract ideas, more of the philosophy of dream-weaving. At this point some of the other characters enter the dream -- the Charlies -- and it is time to find a new venue for my discussion. We head off to the pizza place again, but it bears mentioning the Charlies characteristics for a moment. It's a standard subversive proxy split into twelve holographic parts. If one was of the mind, they could be interpreted as malicious and evil (and this will serve many dreamers quite well), but for myself they are comical alligator children who bumble along good-naturedly. Truthfully, if one were to play the opening scene leaving the defaults as they are and then play it again flipping all the proxies motivations to evil and self serving, you I believe you will see the open ended potential I was talking about earlier. And yes, believe it or not, this is invitation for those viewing the dream to load it all up again and start from the beginning with a different set of assumptions. Endless repeatability is what I am striving for, and although it is perhaps the Holy Grail -- forever out of reach -- it is a goal worth striving for. To this end, I invite my viewers to load it up again from the start when they are through with this final section.

But don't think that's the first time I have made that particular plea. After Art (the role I take on as narrator) has a short discussion with the Charlies and a few others in the pizza place, they all head off to a Server Room for a lecture. It is a college level course -- hopefully it will be picked up by someone -- and is entitled G'narsh 101. This college lecture is the first time the story of G'narsh is looped through. I -- Art -- stand in from of a classroom filled with all the proxies -- and whatever other proxies the dreamer has brought will and do an old school presentation. I went with slides, but it could just as easily be done with chalk, mimeographed handouts, or whatever. Fully scalable. Fully compatible. For mine is a friendly minded dream.

No skins

Fully Developed Stand Alone Proxies

First Person Experiential Sequences

Don't you ever get serious

Cut to G'narsh at beginning of dream, back from a war, haunted by his past, it's pretty darn serious, and guess what? I don't want to go there... ever again.

*See, I told you it would get squirrelly; and then, it just ends, but not before a final notice:
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