AILERON GAMES PRESENTS

AN 8-BIT NARRATIVE RPG

2049
XMAS WEEK
SAN FRANCISCO

# GODSPLICE

HELL ROT

DR. ELI ROTHSCHILD

MOREAU

KING TIDE
7.8 FT
AND RISING

TWO GODS WANT YOU
AS THEIR SAINT.
YOU HAVE ONE WEEK
OF COLUMNS.

2

BERKELEY, 2044.
3 A.M.

BERKELEY

ROTHSCHILD INDEX 0.00

SLEEP IS FOR BILLIONAIRES

ANAESTHESIA LAB AUTHORIZED HUMANS ONLY

XENON XE XEX

XENON XE XEX

XENON XE XEX

FAX FINDS ELI ON THE FLOOR.

DID YOU KNOW ROTHSCHILD COULD DROP BELOW ZERO?

LAB NOTEBOOK

WENT TO HELL. IT ROT

BY BREAKFAST THE WHOLE LAB CALLS HIM

HELL ROT.

PAGE 03 OF 16

HELL ROT

5 YEARS CLEAN

SANITY

HUNGER

SLEEP

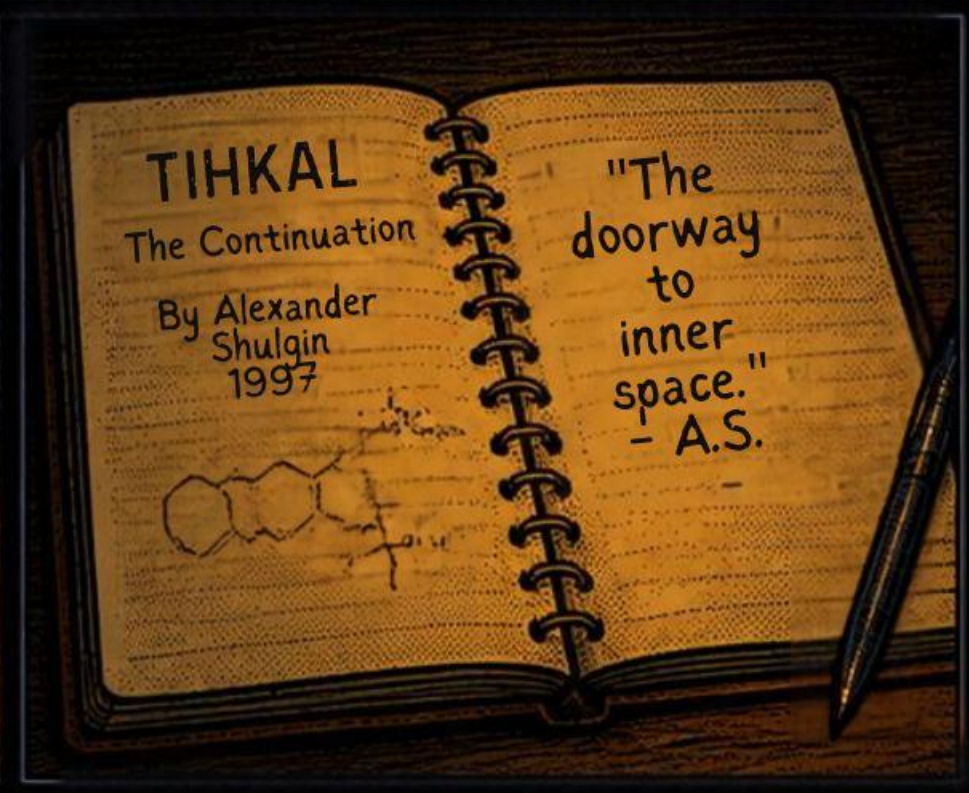
111 MT. TAMALPAIS ELEV. 2,571 FT

# GODSPLICE

A NARRATIVE RPG BY AILERON GAMES

Christmas night.
The lowest tide of the year.









AILERON GAMES

# GODSPLICE

SAN FRANCISCO, CA
CHRISTMAS WEEK 2049
KING TIDE +7.2FT

THE BASICS: ATTACK, A SKILL, DEFEND, A CUP OF COFFEE.

STEEP RAVINE

HOREAU

INVECTIVE!

THAT COFFEE IS MINE!

HELL ROT
HP 42/42
FOCUS

- ATTACK
- SKILL
- DEFEND
- COFFEE

INSTANT: RESTORES FOCUS.
- CALMS HOSTILE ENTITIES.

> COFFEE

ENEMY STANDS DOWN.
NO DAMAGE TAKEN.

THE RACCOON WADDLES OFF, DEFEATED. COFFEE WON.

**STEEP RAVINE HOT SPRINGS**
**DECEMBER 23, 2049**
**10:47 PM**

STEEP RAVINE SPRINGS

*FORTY OF US GATHER WHERE WARM WATERS MEET THE COLD SEA.*
***WE SING HER THROUGH.***

MARIN HEADLANDS

IN ***THE FAR POOL, DELPHINE ASH LABOURS.***

THIS WILL STING. IS *THAT ALL RIGHT?*

*SHE ARRIVES* ***SAFE.***

*STRONG HEARTBEAT.*
*FIRST CRY.*
***WELCOME HOME.***

WE NAME HER **IONE.**

# GODSPLICE

AILERON GAMES



HELL ROT'S SHACK, MOUNT TAMALPAIS, CHRISTMAS WEEK, 2049.

YOU HAVE TIME TO GRAB IT AND ONE OTHER THING.

THE JAR: MOREAU. REGROWS ANYTHING.

OR

TAKE THE JAR. MOREAU COMES TOO.

TAKE SOMETHING ELSE. SURVIVE ANOTHER NIGHT.

TIME IS A CURRENCY. YOU CAN'T MINE MORE. SPEND WISELY.


MIDNIGHT MASS.
GEARY CATHEDRAL.
KING TIDE LEVEL: KNEE-DEEP.
SANTAS: THREE THOUSAND.
GEARY CATHEDRAL
GEARY
SILENT NIGHT? NOT TONIGHT BABY!
HO! HO! HO! STORM!


RULE ONE: NOBODY DIES. RULE TWO: NOBODY ELSE DIES EITHER.
SF


JUNIE COVERS. THE CREW HEALS. NOBODY FIGHTS ALONE.
BONK!
PAF!
HELL ROT. CAFFEINATED MERCY.


A SANTARCHIST WITH A GOLD-LEAF BOARD RAISES HIS VOICE.
HE SINGS "SILENT NIGHT." THE FOG JOINS THE CHOIR.
SILENT NIGHT, FOGGY NIGHT, ALL IS COOL, ALL IS BRIGHT...


THE RIOT SITS DOWN.
THEY CRY.
PEACE, FOR ONCE, IS LOUDER THAN RAGE.
FREE HUGS!
LOVE WINS
00:00


CHRISTMAS WEEK 2049.
SAN FRANCISCO.
KING TIDE.
VILLA DELIRIUM
HOME OF MONDO 3000 MAGAZINE SINCE 1991.
YOU MADE IT.
ALAMO SQUARE
SHELTER. WARMTH. ABSURDITY. RESCUE.
THE FIRST SAVE IS A BED.
HELL ROT
AND A TOWEL.
DRY CLOTHES. HOT COFFEE. BAD MOVIES. GOOD PEOPLE. TEMPORARY GRACE.
MONDO 3000
I ♥ SF
OUT THERE: FLOOD. FOG. MADNESS.
IN HERE: STORIES. SURVIVORS. A PLACE TO BREATHE.


TENDERLOIN, S.F.
CHRISTMAS WEEK 2049.
ANOTHER KING TIDE.
GHOST DINER
COFFEE 24/7
BOE
BENNY'S TIP SAVES PEOPLE.
2 a.m. evictions. They roll deep, while the fog's at its thickest. Slip earlier. Help others move too.
BENNY
TEM KEEPS HER SECRET.
TEM
MAMA RUE SETS THE TONE.
the first coffee of the uprising.
RUE
EAT. CARE. RESIST.
WE KEEP EACH OTHER DRY.
WE KEEP EACH OTHER MOVING.
WE KEEP THE CITY HUMAN.

GLASS GEARY CATHEDRAL.

CHRISTMAS WEEK, 2049.

12,000 PEOPLE LOOK UP AT THEIR OWN FACES.

SISTER HALCYON...

YOU WERE ALWAYS DIVINE.

THE DOME STEPS.

FORTY BRIDES MARRY THE TWIN.

BOSS BATTLE
SISTER HALCYON
THE MIRROR SAINT

THE TWIN
LVL 19
HP 1120/120
FOCUS 100
FOCUS 35/100

ACTIONS
- TALK
HOLD GROUND
OFFER HAND
STAND DOWN

SISTER HALCYON
LVL 18
HP 300/300
MIRROR 60%

BATTLE INTENT
SHE SEEKS RECOGNITION.
NOT SUBMISSION.

SISTER HALCYON
THE MIRROR DOES NOT BREAK.
IT REVEALS. CHOOSE WITH MERCY.

# GODSPLICE

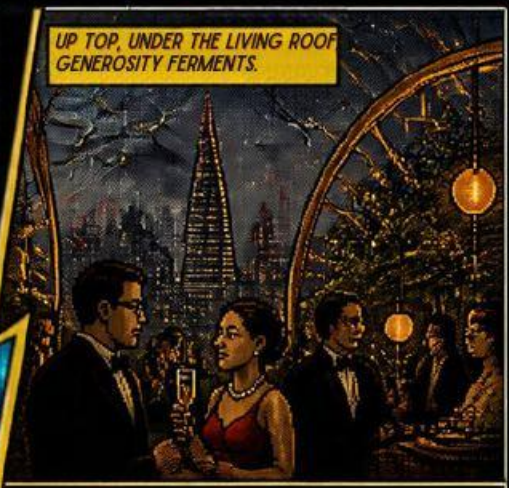
ISSUE 3.
THE UNDERGROUND

SF – CHRISTMAS WEEK • 2049
KING TIDES • HIGH GENEROSITY

BENEATH THE ACADEMY DATA CENTRE, THE OLD BATHS STILL REMEMBER HOW TO HOLD A CROWD.




UP TOP, UNDER THE LIVING ROOF GENEROSITY FERMENTS.






THE BAR STAFF KEEP IT COOL.




A HUNDRED PEOPLE, WARM AND LIT, A LIVING REEF UNDER THE CLOUD.



THE ONLY FIREWALL THAT BREATHES.

GIVING IS EASY WHEN THE VIEW TAXES LESS.




DOWN HERE: WE SHARE HEAT.

SAME CITY. DIFFERENT ALTITUDE.

UP THERE: THEY SHARE ASSETS.


THE TUNNELS BENEATH SAN FRANCISCO. CHRISTMAS WEEK, 2049.
SOMETIMES SHE FOLDS THE BLANKET UNTIL IT'S PERFECT. THEN SHE FOLDS IT AGAIN.
THE WORLD IS FLOODED. BUT LOVE KEEPS TURNING.
LATER, TOMALES. OLD DEE'S FARM.
YOU'LL SIT IN THE MIDDLE ONE DAY.

ISSUE 5,
# THE COUNT



CHRISTMAS WEEK, 2049.
SAN FRANCISCO.
KING TIDE + HELL ROT.

AN EX-WILDFIRE SHELTER
IN THE EUCALYPTUS,
WEST OF TWIN PEAKS.

ONE WINDOW LIT.
ONE CHILD WATCHING.
THE WORLD GOES ROTTEN.

HELL ROTT
LEVEL 5
BAY RIDGE

A RECOUNT ROOM.
SAN FRANCISCO BOARD
OF RECORD, NIGHT SHIFT.
DESH TAKES THE STAND.

RECOUNT
SESSION
#61B

TWIN
BY DAY
CHAOS
BY NIGHT

VOICE-TYPE
ASSIST

DESH USES A TYPING AID + VOICE SYNTH.
REAL-TIME CAPTIONING ON RECORD.
ACCOMMODATIONS ENABLE JUSTICE.

ON DECEMBER 22ND,
I WAS MAPPING PACKET
DELAY PATTERNS
FOR DISTRICT 9.

REROUTED VIA FAULT NODE <COUNT>
BY CHAIN OF AUTH: MD-7 > CLERK-3 > ?
WHY FLAGGED AS ROUTINE?

THEN I SAW THE TAG.
"COUNT."
NOT A PERSON.
A ROUTE.
WITH ACCESS.
AND NO NAME.
—
THAT'S WHEN
I KNEW.

REMEMBER:
DATA IS PEOPLE.
CLARITY IS CARE.
LAUGHS HELP.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 2049.
BAKER BEACH.
KING TIDES.

THREE STOREYS OF YES.

BAKER BEACH BONFIRE
3 STOREYS TALL
BUILT BY EVERYBODY.
BURNING OUR WORRIES.

12,000 SOULS IN WHITE.
PALACE OF FINE ARTS.
HALOS UP LIKE CANDLES.

NO GODS TODAY—JUST HALOS.

12,000 PEOPLE
ONE CITY. ONE BREATH.

CYAN CANISTERS ON THE TOWERS.
FOG IS A FRIEND.
SO IS CLEAN AIR.

BREATHE DEEPLY, BAY.

CYAN CANISTERS ACTIVE
CLEAN AIR GRID
SF BAY AREA

WREN HOLDS IONE INSIDE HER COAT.
TINY HEART, INFINITE FUTURE.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, LITTLE BYTE.

SAN FRANCISCO, 2049

# HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WE CHOOSE EACH OTHER.
WE CHOOSE THIS CITY.

NEXT LEVEL: KINDNESS, LET'S GO.

GODSPLICE SAVE FILE UPDATED: HUMANITY +1

## 1 MERGE WITH THE TWIN



## 2 TAKE THE SPLICE




## 3 PUBLISH THE TRUTH




## 4 MAKE THE GODS DEBATE



The night decides. Or you do.

SAN FRANCISCO. CHRISTMAS WEEK, 2049.
THE KING TIDE REMEMBERS EVERYTHING.

# Nobody dies.

## Nobody else dies either.

IN *GODSPLICE*, YOUR CHOICES REWRITE THE CODE. YOUR CREW GETS TO GO HOME.

HOPE IS STILL LEGAL SOMEWHERE.

2049
THE EMBARCADERO
KING TIDE
12.24-12.31

HIGH WATER
HIGHER
TOGETHER

# GODSPLICE

8-BIT NARRATIVE RPG

**Play the wireframe at aileron.games/godsplice.**

Aileron Games.