

Hello, brave adventurer!

We're DDB FTW Warsaw - the gaming department specialising in creating high-quality marketing for players, creative communication for gamedev, and immersive narrative forms linking brands with the world of gaming. We have created a text-based role-playing game. You are holding it in your hands.



Your adventure is about to begin. Embark on an astonishing journey through portals connecting various worlds. Your choices will determine where you will go and what you will encounter along the way.

[Open the book and play]

FTW

5 POSSIBLE ENDINGS, ONLY ONE WAY TO WIN.

Choose Your Adventure



YOU'RE THE HERO OF THIS STORY! LET'S PLAY...

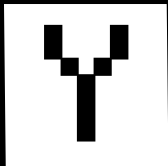
A SPELLBINDING GAME OF

FTW



Choose Your
Adventure

FTW



Your eyes are not used to the overflowing darkness.

You notice the dust floating in the streams of light coming through the vent. You descend lower and lower down the creaking stairs.

START

A wave of dampness reaches you. The smell of yellowed paper mixes with a disturbing scent of decay. As your feet touch the cold concrete of the basement floor, you notice a peculiar shape clumsily hidden under the sheet. A green glow emanates from beneath the white cloth. It calls out to you, despite the unbearable silence that sharpens every creak and rustle to a spine-chilling level.

With one swift move, you pull off the sheet. A ton of dust rises into the air. You cannot tear your eyes away from the mesmerizing screen that has appeared before you. In the black expanse of the digital background, green letters flicker. You sit on a dilapidated stool, as if it had been prepared for your arrival. The plastic keyboard mechanically yields under your fingers. The screen comes to life. Neon pixels form letters.

F...T...W...

The START button appears.

You could unglue your eyes from the magnetic green, cover the computer with the sheet, rush back up the stairs, leave the decay of the basement behind, and pretend it never happened. Or... play.

The choice is yours.

[Close the book]

[Turn the page and start your adventure]



When you click START, the green elements on the screen start to morph into something resembling a simplified portal with sharp edges. A message appears:

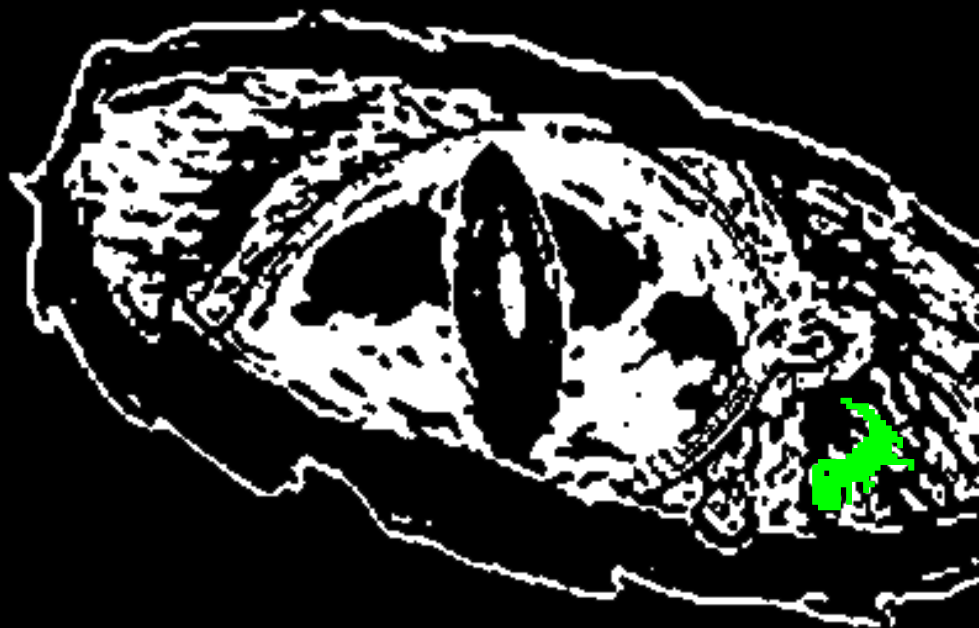
Brave traveler,

START

Your adventure begins here. Your choices will determine the path you take, where you will end up, and how this journey will conclude. Out of five possible endings, only one leads to victory.

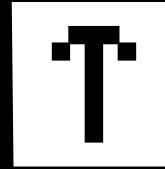
Choose wisely.

[Turn the page >]





NOT GOOD, BAD AND UGLY



The sun can be merciless.

But not as merciless as the arrow that just sliced through the air next to your ear.

You're racing across the steppes. Devil knows for how long. Without water, without

rest, but with two riders chasing after you. Each arrow launched from their bows serves as a moral reminder – cheating at cards doesn't pay off. Especially with honest folk. They tend to take it more personally. But you have never been good at listening to advice...

The whiz of another arrow brings you back to reality. Your throat is as dry as a rock. You can't keep this up for much longer. The question is who will fall first – you from an arrow or the horse from exhaustion?

The aura of a red glow cuts across the horizon. The horse neighs in terror as you try not to lose control over it. You hear the riders getting closer. Two portals open in front of you, raising mighty clouds of sand.

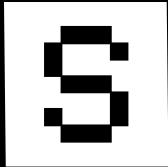
You know you have to take a risk. Whatever waits on the other side, it's better than certain death.

Which portal do you choose?

[To the left, my steed!] page >18

[To the right, swiftly!] page >12





She was as sweet as the breeze of a Parisian spring, when the scent of flowers covers the stench of the streets and for a moment one can delude oneself into thinking they love this city.

CLOAK, DAGGER AND CHICKENS

And then comes summer and everything smells like shit. That's why you didn't become a poet, chéri, but a musketeer, you think, hanging pitifully from the stone cornice. You hold on with one hand, and even though it's the better hand, the one for wielding a rapier and laying a cloak over puddles for ladies, you feel like you won't hang on for long. The fall onto the fortunately placed hay cart doesn't scare you. What scares you is the group of guards who, at the call of the lady's father, set off after you along the rooftops, through the streets, and alleys of the city.

You have some tricks up your sleeve that should help you escape.

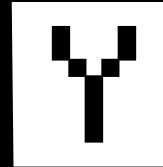
You know about ancient portals scattered throughout Paris. If only you could stumble upon one... the problem would solve itself.

Your keen eye shows two tracks – one shimmering in the hay cart, which glints strangely, and the other a warm light coming from a nearby chicken coop.

What do you do?

[Run to the chickens!] page >25

[Leap of faith into the hay] page >26



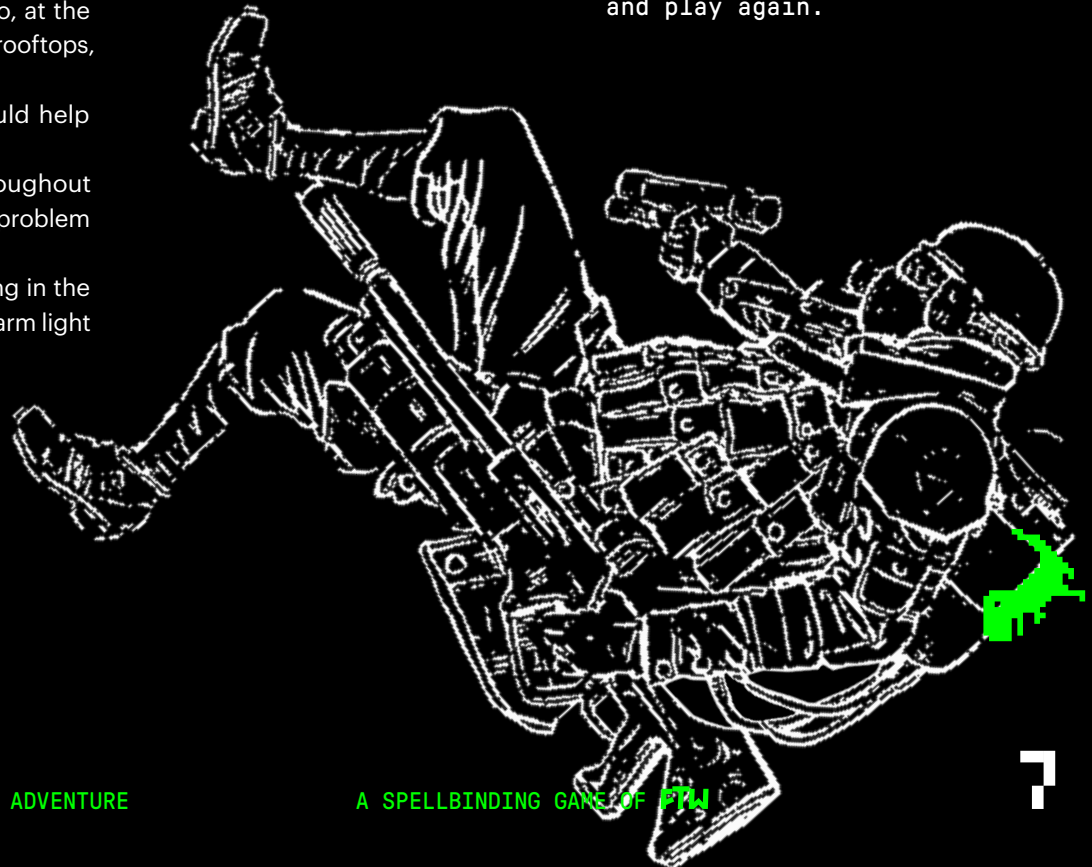
You fought to the end. Honorably, heroically... and with no chance of survival. Machines have defeated humans. The city is in flames, the cyborgs have won. Soon, everything organic will turn to dust, but

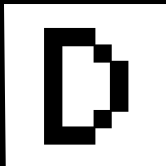
THE END

you won't be around to see it. Your adventure has come to an end.

<GAME OVER>

Return to the beginning of the story
and play again.





Desert twisters and radioactive bugs the size of spirited bears couldn't bring you down. You've lived through eating off the mushrooms grown in the darkness of the bunker, water shortages, the fear of bandits,

and even a nuclear blast.

But you did not survive an encounter with a primal man. A single agile blow from a club was enough to knock the weapon out of your hand. Another smashed you into the cave floor. You don't remember the third. However, you do know that your skull will make a magnificent ornament on the altar guarded by the primal man.

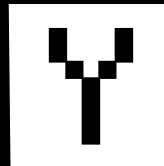
Your adventure has come to an end.

<GAME OVER>

Return to the beginning of the story
and play again.



FINISH YOUR ADVENTURE



You have seen many wonders in your life, but you haven't seen a knight formation equipped with laser rifles. Until now. As if that weren't enough, these soldiers in metal armors use dinosaurs as mounts.

A Tyrannosaurus, as big as an elephant, is staring into your eyes with such intensity as if it wanted to devour your soul with its gaze, and then have a leg or two for dessert. You swallow your pride.

The charming encounter with the reptile is interrupted by the commander of the knights. He hands you a weapon and a helmet with a militaristic swing.

"To battle, soldier!"

The knights set off, pushing you forward. Battle cries, dinosaur screeches, and loud stomping on the ground, crushed by tons of mass, create an unexpected cacophony. You need to get yourself out of this before the skirmish begins. Looking at your new friends, you think the enemy might as well show up on mammoths...

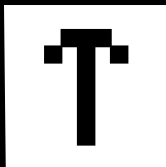
You feverishly look around for portals.

You see two options. You can try to jump into a nearby well, but with the armor on, it's a risky move. Or you can let the dinosaur eat you. Once you found a portal in the belly of a whale. Who knows, maybe it will work this time as well...

[Jump into the well] page >19

[Let the dinosaur eat me] page >13





This planet was different from all the others you had visited. Your breath fogs up the inside of your helmet's visor as you try to pull your foot from the sticky mire. For an hour, you've been making your way through

the toxic jungle. The air is yellow and dense. You're not sure if it's fatigue or if the plants are truly writhing on the treacherous ground like deceitful snakes.

A feeling that something is wrong begins to grow within you. You call out to the rest of the squad. The radio crackles ominously with no response. There is only a constant, unbearable static.

You move on. Maybe the others have already reached the destination. Maybe something is jamming the radio waves. Maybe... Maybe. You feel like you are wandering. You could swear you've passed this tree before, though it seems like it was on the other side of the path earlier. You feel like the plants are arranging themselves as if leading you somewhere... but that's impossible. Right?

You reach the heart of the forest.

The continuous radio noise and the absence of human tracks convince you that you are alone. The success of the mission depends on you. In the center of the greasy clearing, you see a pulsating flower of enormous size. Purple veins dance on the surface of the plant, sending up clouds of yellow dust. It's her. The Mother. Your goal. You feel your legs carrying you towards it, against your will. The sweet scent of hallucinations begins to lull you to sleep. The floral maw opens, revealing a set of fangs and a whirling tongue. The Mother's mouth resembles a portal... but that could be the hallucinations. You grip the plasma grenade in your hand. You came here to destroy the Mother, but your life is at stake. You must make a decision.

What do you do?

[Jump into the maw] page >28

[Throw the grenade into the maw] page >15





You land in the eye of the cyclone.

A great tentacle of the kraken throws a vomiting pirate off the deck. The ship's mast snaps like a toothpick. Chaos. Panic. Screaming. The howling of cannonballs that

make no impression on the beast. Terrified remnants, of who until recently were the crew spreading terror across the seven seas, now trying to save their lives. Some wave their sabers, others jump in panic into the churning sea, and those who have lost all sense try to stuff their pockets with loot. The end is near.

You must act if you want to survive.

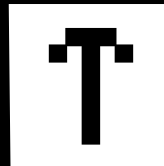
You notice a glint from under the water's surface. A portal!

You could try your luck, jump off the plank and dive. But will you have the strength and air to reach the portal...?

You could also grab the helm and try to defeat the beast, as befits a true pirate. The choice is yours.

[Let's fight. Arrr!]] page >22

[Walk the plank and jump into the sea] page >6



Those old bastards did not heed the ancient warnings. Now you must face the consequences of their choices.

Most of your brothers fell on the first day of the siege. Those who survived are hungry,

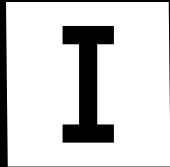
tired, wounded, and devoided of hope. Your enemy does not have these problems. Their forces feel no hunger, fatigue, do not bleed, do not feel. They are machines, and their only goal is to eliminate every organic being they detect. The intelligence, or rather what remains of it, which is one guy named Jerry, reports over the radio that the machines are approaching the command center. You are ready for the final confrontation – as ready as you can be for certain death. Some seek solace in the arms of their comrades. Others hum songs from past decades. The rest grimly grip their weapons, waiting for the inevitable. You have a date with guilt.

You have a data transmitter capable of opening a portal. A passage to another world. A chance for salvation. The problem is that the battery only has enough energy left for only one person to pass through. You hear muted gunfire. The radio goes silent. Only static remains. Farewell, Jerry. They are coming. You must make a decision. You can escape, leaving your brothers to certain death, or stay and fight to the end.

[Save yourself] page >28

[Fight to the end] page >7





Inari tried to save you. You didn't heed her call. As soon as you closed your eyes to once again indulge in the pleasure of the hot water, you heard the rustle of grass. Different from when the fox appeared.

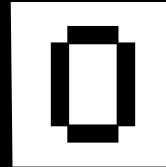
SAMURAI

Heavier. Hostile.

A band of thugs caught you before you could reach for your weapon. The struggle was brief. A painfully disappointing and dishonorable end to an exceptionally noble life. You ended up without a sword in your belly, naked, with your head submerged in the water.

<GAME OVER>

Return to the beginning of the story
and play again.



Once, grenades had pins. Now they have buttons. With a trembling hand, you press the button and hurl the grenade into Mother's maw.

MOTHER'S HEART

You try to use the rest of your will to stop your enslaved body from pushing towards the monstrous plant. You hear her call, like a siren's song luring a sailor to his doom.

The Mother's giant proboscis deflects the grenade. The weapon flies off. The explosion of plasma spreads across the vines. Yellow dust dances in the air like a sandstorm.

The Mother's tongue shoots towards you and wraps around your body. Before you can move, the tongue pulls you into the flower. The pulsating orifice closes, drawing you into the depths of the beast's entrails. You fly helplessly towards a great light, which turns out to be a portal. You tumble into it, covered in slime, dust, and digestive juices that have slowly begun to seep through your suit. To the next adventure!

[Turn to page >13]

14

CHOOSE YOUR ADVENTURE

A SPELLBINDING GAME OF FTW



15



You chose... poorly.

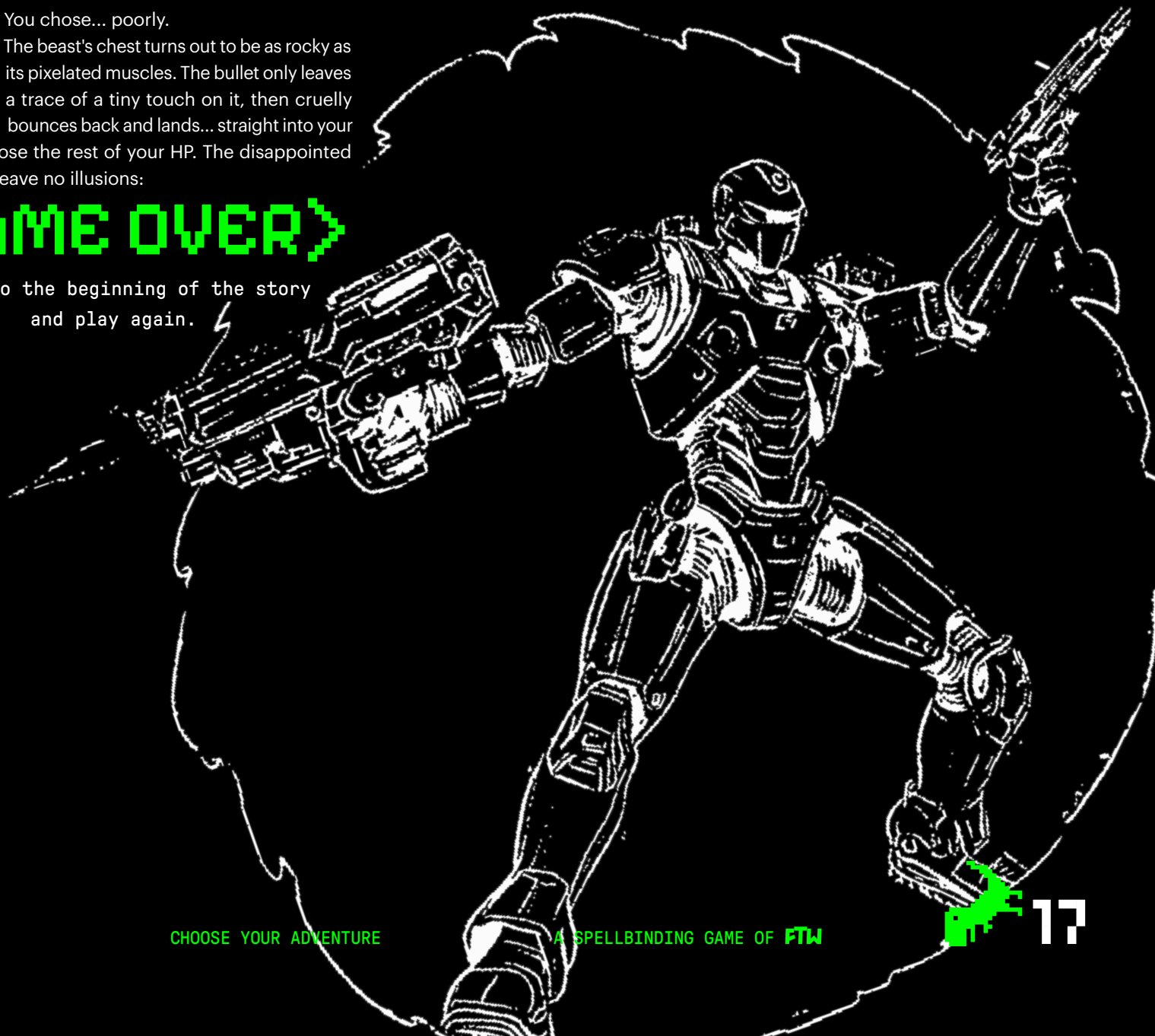
The beast's chest turns out to be as rocky as its pixelated muscles. The bullet only leaves a trace of a tiny touch on it, then cruelly bounces back and lands... straight into your

forehead. You lose the rest of your HP. The disappointed sounds of bits leave no illusions:

FINAL BOSS

<GAME OVER>

Return to the beginning of the story
and play again.





Wolf. Coyote. In the worst case... a radium-packed bear. You tighten your grip on the weapon. For a moment, your mind drifts towards the fantasy of roasting a coyote leg over the fire.

CAVE

The sound of shattering glass straightens your spine. You aim into the heart of darkness that surrounds the cave. It was just a drop of water, one of many rhythmically echoing on the stone floor. The growls of a beast intensify with each step you take.

Finally, the darkness begins to give way to the glow of warm light. You see a small bonfire... and a man.

The man crouched over the fire whimpers like a tortured animal. You try to approach. The sound of your footsteps reaches the host's ears. He turns to you. He is sinewy, almost naked, with a beard that is caked with dirt. He has wild eyes and a wooden club – ready for battle.

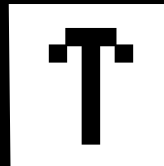
Behind the man, you notice an altar. Arranged around the large animal skull are torches, trinkets, clumsy structures made of sticks and stones. Colorful light dances in the dead beast's mouth. You don't have time for a thorough inspection. The man stands up, puffs out his chest, growls like a wild dog.

You try to calm him with a gesture, but it's no use. You circle with the weapon in hand, back against the wall, face to face with the enraged cave dweller.

As you approach the altar, you notice that the light emanating from the skull resembles a portal. You don't have much time. You can open the mouth... or open fire. The cave dweller's club hangs in the air. What do you do?

[Open the skull] page >23

[Fight the cave dweller] page >8



The life of a monster hunter is one of hard knocks. Mud, guts, blood, ingrates, irregular working hours, poor rates, and debtors whom you have to coerce into paying on time with the blade...

MONSTER SLAYERS

You were not supposed to think about work after hours. You take a deep breath.

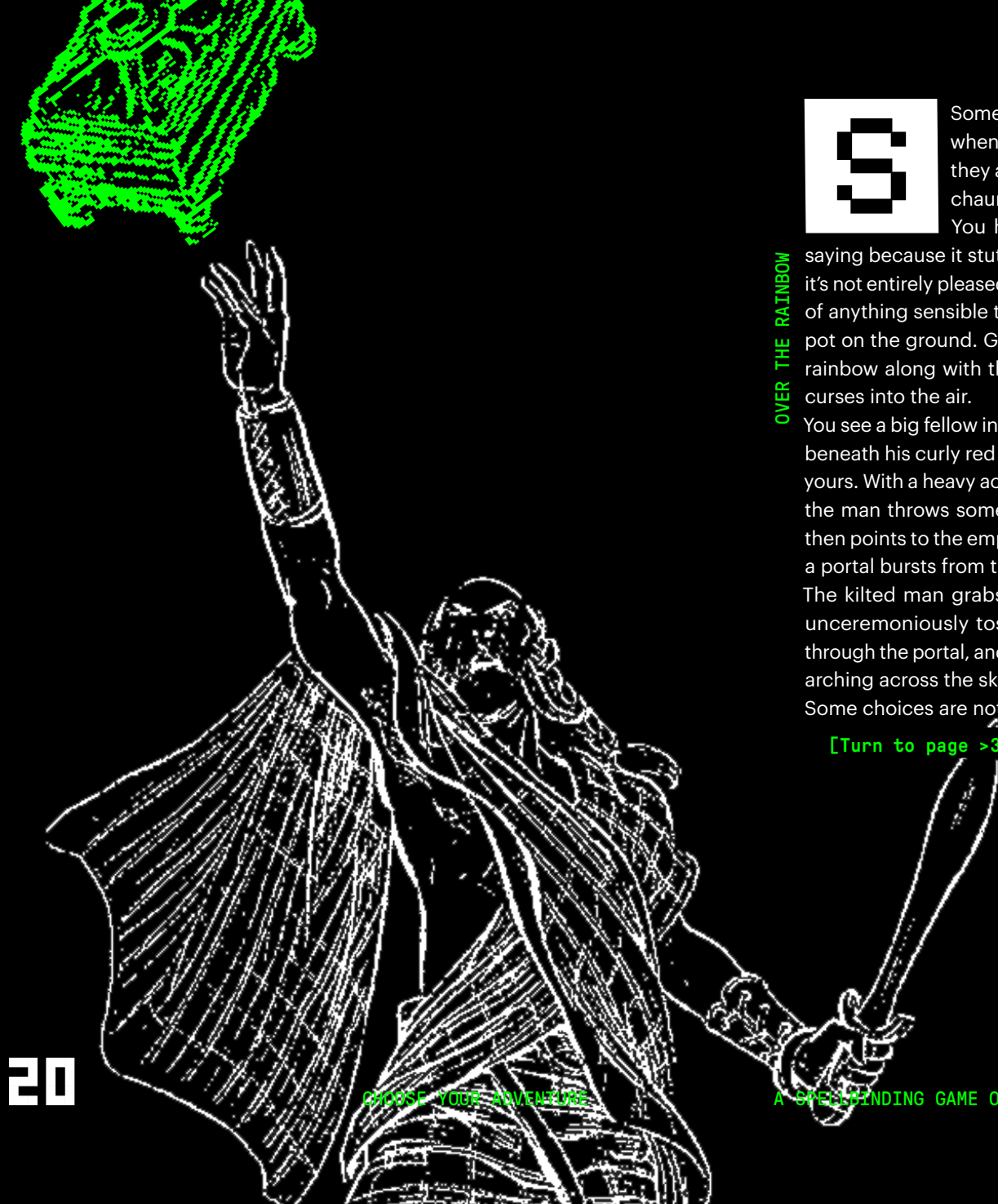
You can smell the roasting meat coming along in the flames. Sparks pleasantly warm your stiff joints. You look at your companion sitting next to you, lazily sharpening his dagger. It's rare for you to have company. But this job required an extra pair of swords. Now you both sit in silence, staring into the fire.

After the meal, the bliss of drifting off overtakes you. You can drink a nightcap elixir... or extend your adventure and play cards with your silent companion.

[Drink the elixir and dream] page >28

[One round of cards won't hurt...] page >24





OVER THE RAINBOW



Sometimes a person gets lucky. Especially when they find themselves in a land where they are greeted by a cantankerous leprechaun sitting on a pot of gold.

You have no idea what the creature is saying because it stutters terribly, but you can sense that it's not entirely pleased with your visit. Before you can think of anything sensible to say, a powerful kick overturns the pot on the ground. Golden coins fly towards the colorful rainbow along with the enraged dwarf, who hurls exotic curses into the air.

You see a big fellow in a checkered kilt. A sly smile spreads beneath his curly red mustache. His green eyes lock onto yours. With a heavy accent and without a hint of hesitation, the man throws something at you in a foreign language, then points to the empty pot. A stream of light resembling a portal bursts from the cauldron's interior.

The kilted man grabs you as if you were a feather and unceremoniously tosses you into the pot. You tumble through the portal, and the last thing you see is the rainbow arching across the sky.

Some choices are not to be made, but to be embraced.

[Turn to page >30]



Sometimes bravery pays off. Your daring maneuver plunges the ship's prow straight into the eye of the poor kraken. The beast howls like an offended child, then meekly retreats under the mask of the sea waves.

No one will believe this story. Especially since you are left alone on deck – your crew valiantly rests at the bottom of the sea, feeding future generations of little krakens. Such is the pirate's fate.

However, victory has its price. You notice that the hull of the sailing ship is taking on more and more water. You are sinking.

In the midst of what's left of the deck, three shimmering portals open. They spin and sparkle. You have no idea where they will lead you, but you know that indecision will drag you down. Literally.

Which portal do you choose?

[Left!] page >9

[Middle!] page >24

[Right!] page >27



By a stroke of luck, you open the jaw of the toothy beast. As the bony joints widen the skull into a pose resembling a snarl, bright light shoots out from the opening. A portal is now painted on the rocky wall.

CAVE You barely avoid the deadly swing of the club and dash towards the portal. The growling and the stinky breath of the cave dweller echo in your head long after you enter the magical passage towards the next adventure.

[Turn to page >25]





You have walked the Warrior's Path through-out your life. Your mask and katana instilled fear in your enemies. Three bodies fell from a single sword strike, like leaves dancing in the wind.

SAMURAI

Now you are resting. Your meticulously arranged equipment awaits on the rock as the warm vapor of the water relaxes your tired skin. The crisp air lashes your face, while the rest of your body is bathed in the hot spring. The mountains and nature have bestowed upon you a well-deserved peace. Until now.

You open your eyes and through the cloud of hot steam, you notice a fox.

Kitsune!

The messenger of Inari. A good omen. A guide. A friend... or a treacherous tempter.

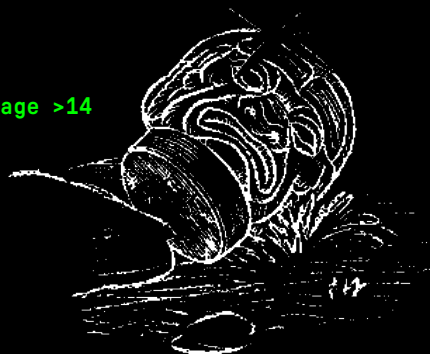
You try to see how many tails curl at the top of the fox's back. Although the vapors make it difficult to see, you are almost certain that you counted as many as seven. It is a powerful being. You will have to handle it exceptionally carefully.

The fox begins to move away. However, it stops from time to time and looks significantly in your direction. The creature wants to lead you somewhere.

You could also ignore fate, close your eyes, and focus on rejuvenating your body.

[Follow the fox] page >26

[Stay in the hot spring] page >14



CHOOSE YOUR ADVENTURE

24



Who would have thought that out of all the activities at the archaeology department, cross-country running would turn out to be the most life-saving.

You run through the jungle in completely

ARCHAEOLOGIST

non-athletic footwear and company. In pursuit, behind your half-worn moccasins, are three natives armed with spears, a highly enraged shaman, a beautiful woman, and a tiger that you suspect to be hungry.

Who would have thought that the theft of one innocent item would manage to anger them all. Not you!

Under your sweaty tweed armpit lies the artifact. You have no idea whose head it represents, but you know it's made of gold. Two diamond eyes the size of plums gleam in its eye sockets.

On the horizon, a clearing appears. The jungle opens up to the sun. After a moment, you not only receive a double dose of light, but also the realization that this is not the best news for you...

Before you lies a rocky waterfall. Light flickers in the water. Perhaps it's a portal. Perhaps certain death.

Feverishly, you look for an alternative that does not require leaping into the unknown.

To the left, somewhere in the void of the clouds, a dubious construction of a bridge made only of ropes and shaky sticks winds its way across the chasm. and on the other side, salvation appears in the form of a bright circulating portal. The tiger is about to catch you. You have to choose!

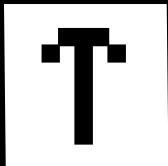
[Jump into the water] page >19

[Run across the bridge] page >27

A SPELLBINDING GAME OF FTW

25





CIRCUS

The crack of a whip tears through the circus arena.

The lion roars, acrobats levitate over the screaming crowd, and Maestro grins at you with his gold teeth. You, my friend, are

just a clown. Day in and day out, Maestro greets you with a cruelly insincere smile. You don't deserve a promotion to the position of a harlequin, my dear. You must prove yourself in clowning, gain the experience of a buffoon, and then we'll talk about awarding you the red nose.

You look at Maestro's gold teeth with undisguised disgust, even through the thick layer of white powder. You know you won't stay in this circus any longer. There's a portal under the popcorn machine that you'll jump into right after the performance. However, you still have one showy act left. You want revenge. Now.

Next to you stands a cannon, ready to launch your comrade, a human cannonball who is currently donning a helmet with wings, into the air. You also notice that the chain holding the lion is quite loose. Your revenge could be as sweet as cotton candy. Choose wisely what you will do before jumping into the portal.

[Aim the cannon at the Maestro. Boom!] page >10

[Release the lion. Bon appétit!] page >28



SALE!

Pastels. That's all you can think of as you look at the sterile countertops made of shiny plastic. From each of them, carefully displayed products scream at you - silvery mixers, sturdy kitchen knives, geometric

tablecloths, aggressive nail polishes and art. Of course, modern, like everything in this boutique of innovation.

After all, it's the year 1951, and where else to look for the capital of progress, if not in Texas.

An oily salesperson approaches you. Powdered skin, navy stripes on the jacket, and a fiercely yellow smile on a pin, wider than the artificial grimace of its owner. Without much preamble, the salesperson begins to present two hidden surprise products behind heavy curtains. As the first curtain is drawn back, you see a burgundy sun-like portal.

"The Turbo-Gate 2001! will take you on a journey to a future full of dreams. I'm not entirely sure whose dreams, but dreams nonetheless!"

The salesperson theatrically approaches the second proposition and dramatically reveals a furious green portal.

"The Lucky-Gate ensures that you will be lucky. Not for free, not without pain, but... still!"

You have probably heard the worst sales pitch of your life and now there's nothing left for you but to make a decision.

[Turbo-Gate 2001!] page >13

[Lucky-Gate it is] page >21



You are nearing the end of your adventure. There is only one opponent left on your path. Mythical. Invincible. Some call it the Lord of Dungeons. Others are afraid to speak its name. And those who like to call things

FINAL BOSS

by their name call it: FINAL BOSS.

The pixelated power flexes the squares of its arms, tensing its muscles. The beast hurls square boulders at you. Dodge after dodge, shot after shot, counter after counter, you are getting closer to defeating the creature.

The oldschool battle music intensifies. There is only one bullet left in your weapon's magazine - just enough to finish off the monster and win the final battle. However, you have to hit the target. What are you aiming for?

[The eye!] page >30

[The heart!] page >16

CONGRATULATIONS!

You have completed
the spellbinding game of FTW!

Before you lies the final decision:

[Start from the beginning]
to discover the other endings

or

[Turn the page]
to discover the authors of FTW
and create your own adventure.



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[Narrative & Script]

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[Copyright]

DDB FTW Warsaw

[Thank you]

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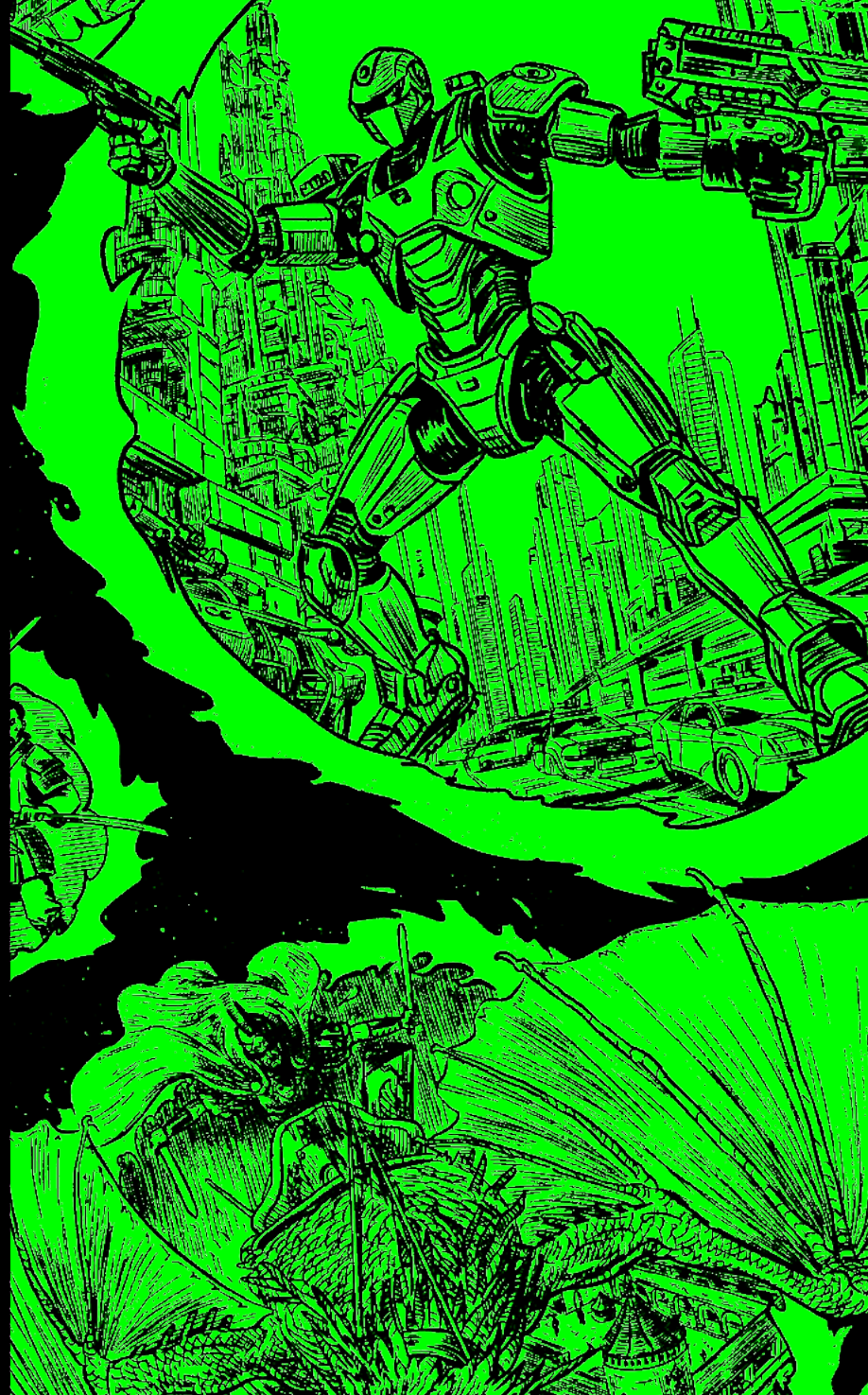
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