

Summit Narrative

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Theme: finding purpose

Sub text: wealth ≠ purpose

Narrative Outline

The Gold Man:

A man in his later though still able years of life wonders if he has found all that it can offer. His home, his somewhat successful shop and his beautiful family needed more than what he was currently offering. The man hears of a river littered with gold in the canyons of the wilderness. Eager to make a small fortune, he leaves his home to provide more for his family and find purpose to his mundane life in town. He has traveled further than most are willing, pushed further and harder when others have turned back, even the lack of gold did not destroy his determination. The man secluded himself to the canyon's wilderness, bravely persistent that he will be rewarded for his sacrifices. He builds himself a cabin, a humble and temporary home. After some time panning the unfruitful stream, he explores the surrounding forest, hopeful he can make something of his adventure. The man finds tiny golden pebbles at the foot of a waterfall and surmises there must be more along the upper river. He finds himself a convenient though unstable route that passes over the canyon, across a tree bridge and to the tip of the waterfall. Upon climbing the side of the rock face, the muddy wall collapses and the man brushes closely with death. He wonders if his misfortune has an end in sight, and if he should turn back. Brave once again, he reminds himself that he must provide for and make his family proud. Once the man finally reaches the top of his waterfall, it is found there is yet another climb up another smaller fall, until he will reach the stream above. The sky has drawn darker, clouds begin to block out the stars and raindrops crash into the earth, the mountain the man now traverses has met its first human touch and makes an awful sound at his arrival. The mixture of unsettled rock and heavy rain form boulders out of the mountain's face, tumbling toward the man in a fury. Pieces of rock and dirt catches his heels and cracks his leg. He limps. The man finds himself at the end of his road, wondering if he had gotten to the top of the stream and found his gold, would he have been happy. Hunched over and sitting just below the stream, hungry and unable to move, he thinks back to the smell of his shop on a cool autumn morning, the sound of the door slamming open when his son arrived with excitement and enthusiasm to help his old man, the touch of his wife after a long day's work. He wonders how old his boy would now be.

“How long have I been gone? What does my boy look like? Why didn't I go back home with the rest? I only wish I could see them one last time.”

He closes his eyes. Sleep.

Now a man, the son has set out to discover his father's path. He discovers an old cabin, with an unkempt garden. The son settles himself outside for sometime, finding a small bench pointing towards a beautiful summit. He is hopeful that the resident of the cabin was only untidy or not a great gardener. The night's sky comes and leaves a few times over, and the son thinks to his own family and mother that he must provide for. Certain of the identity of the cabin's owner, he writes a short letter and slips it between the wooden creases of a locked box outside.

"I have to move on, be well.

- Your son"

Enter a stranger, the player.

Readables + Location:

1. First Knife + Map

- To whomever reads this:
I have settled nearby at a **cabin to the east**. The tools there are yours to use as I will no longer be staying in this canyon. Do not make the mistake I made when I left home many months ago, there is no gold in this stream, or at least there is no longer.

2. Cabin

- Anything left here came be taken by whomever reads this. I have reason to believe there is gold **upstream** and so I will be continuing on to find some worth for my travels, do not follow for I claim these rewards.

3. Rock Slide

- **Beware of this climb!**
This pile of stone is the result of my trying to scale the face of the hill. It was nearly my end. One should turn back at this point if they are weak willed. I will be travelling forward to find the riches of the **upper stream**. They are mine so do not believe you will meet a friend at the top.

4. Camp Fire

- This mountain growls at my presence. I'm not sure anyone has ever stepped foot here before me. It's raining something awful and I am taking momentary shelter. I admit the mixture of the storm and unsettled rock makes me uneasy but I must move on. I need to provide for my wife, show my son that his father had a purpose in his life. There's a path just ahead and I can no longer outwait this storm. I **will** reach my prize.

5. Skeleton

- My leg, it's difficult just to write these words as I now only have two useful fingers. A group of furious boulders crashed down onto me and I had to crawl to where I am writing now. I fear the worst. The climb here is impossible under these conditions and no one will know of my being here until the next settler decides to make a similar journey, and I've done my best to deter any souls from following. My thoughts race. I know not if finding gold would have filled my needs, I know only that my family alone occupies my mind. My wife's touch, my son's desire to be at my side at all times. What I would do-

6. Cabin Lock Box

- I am certain that you are the resident of this small home. Did you ever plan on returning? When you left I was only a boy, wondering why his father had to leave his family behind. You had a home, owned a business, you had us, what more did you need? I've waited here for days and I will not repeat your mistakes, I have **my** family to think of. I'm moving on, I hope you've found what you were looking for.
- Your son