

MICHAEL ELLIOTT

WRITER

*Collaborative storyteller focusing
on worldbuilding with diverse
teams of people*

CONTACT

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TOOLS

- ▷ Adobe Photoshop
- ▷ Affinity Publisher
- ▷ Game Maker
- ▷ Google Suite
- ▷ HTML
- ▷ JIRA
- ▷ Microsoft Office Suite
- ▷ Perforce
- ▷ Trello
- ▷ Twine
- ▷ Unity

EDUCATION

Simon Fraser University
Graduated August 2008
Double Major in Philosophy and
Humanities, Certificate of
General Religious Studies.

EXPERIENCE

STORYTELLING

- Created a narrative subscription service called Forgotten Folios
- Wrote a short comic "The Cove" published by Cloudscape Comics
- Wrote a short story "The Next Chapter" published on CapsuleCrit
- Created 3 tabletop role-playing games published on itch.io
- Wrote copy for personal and professional websites
- Wrote video game reviews and weekly critical essays
- Assisted design team with world building and flavor text
- Performed narrative and gameplay testing on Mass Effect 3
- Tracked story continuity within the Mass Effect franchise

GAME DEVELOPMENT

- Reviewed voice over work
- Created and executed test plans
- Worked in JIRA to manage bugs and workflows
- Experience in Agile and Scrum methodology
- Managed internal and external QA teams
- Worked with developers to test free to play mechanics
- Tested games on mobile platforms, consoles, and PC

COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT

- Co-founded and organized an annual local game jam
- Co-hosted panel at PAX 2012 on religious narratives in games
- Co-hosted panel at SHUX 2018 on RPG development

EMPLOYMENT

Freelance Writer & Game Designer *2016 - Present*

- Designed a fictional sci-fi world for **Anemone Hug Interactive**
- Published 12 games on itch.io
- Forgotten Folios, a series of handmade narrative experiences

Game Jam Organizer - WTF Game Jam *2012 - Present*

- Average 15 attendees per year, the jam served as a basic introduction to game development for attendees

Quality Assurance Tester - KABAM! *August - October 2013*

- Blastron, Fast & Furious 6

Content QA Tester/QA Test Lead - EA *2011 - 2013*

- Mass Effect 3, Unannounced Mobile Game

WELCOME TO THE DUNGEON

“The dungeons beneath the Imperial capital of Kynburgh have served as the sanctified burial grounds for the noble lords of the realm since time immemorial. Whenever their syphilitic bodies finally succumbed, whenever their dark deals in devilry and diabolism finally came due, we put them to rest in the crypts beneath the city. They would be buried with their crowns and their gold and the trophies they took from the land. No peasant, no commoner, no one who was not noble born was given this same consideration, except to sometimes be buried alive to serve their rulers in the great Hereafter.

When the People’s Revolution reached Kynburgh we threw all the nobles into that exact same pit. We filled it with barons stripped of their furs, lords stripped of their jewels, and kings stripped of their heads. We packed their precious mausoleums to the brim and buried them with their lies.

But we underestimated their desperation.

With his final breath, the Emperor Titan Kyn cursed Kynburgh and all who lived therein. He called upon the power of the demons and devils he had served during his terrible reign to curse the People’s Revolution.

And so that dark diablory has found its way back into the realm. The dead kings have arisen, our crops are blighted, and the Revolutionary Council has become corrupt. That crypt now exists between worlds, torn between reality and hell. We dare not open those doors, except for those who seek to deliver us from that evil.

The last act of the Revolution falls to you. It is up to you to kill the dead lords and reclaim their wealth. It is up to you to keep the people safe. It is up to you to end the last Emperor’s death-curse and restore the land. For the realm. For the people. For the Revolution.”

—Last public address from Brada Twice-Betrayed, Mother of the People’s Revolution.



A sample from a script for a short comic about the life and inventions of Nikola Tesla.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
Right now General Electric charges its customers in New York and across the United States an average of one cent per kilowatt hour of electricity used. We sell meters that measure this consumption, and we employ people who read and install the meters. I pay them to consult with customers, to make house calls.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
So I'm asking you, friend.

Morgan points at the tower with his cigar.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
How do we charge people for that.

Nikola's face falls. He knows what this meeting is about now.

NIKOLA
You don't. You couldn't.

Morgan tosses the spent cigar to the ground between them and puts it out with his polished boot.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
Of course not. Have you heard the news about Marconi?

NIKOLA
Don't fret about Marconi, John. After all he is using seventeen of my--

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
Seventeen of your patents, yes I know. Well, he must have finally wrapped his head around all seventeen of them. A few days ago he sent a wireless message across the Atlantic from Cornwall to Newfoundland. Now tell me honestly, can this tower of yours do that Nikola?

NIKOLA
... No it cannot.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
Well does it transmit power then? Does it at least meet its stated design goals, unlike the one in Colorado you sold me? Hmm? Is it a death ray perhaps? I've heard that
(MORE)

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN (cont'd)
story too. I could sell that one
Nikola, like I sold your AC power
scheme. Well?

NIKOLA
No, not yet but--

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
But you just need more time. And
more money too. Is that it?

There is a beat. Nikola is hurt.

NIKOLA
What I need right now, John, is for
you to stop mocking me. I know
what I am doing.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
Do you?

Morgan produces and lights a new cigar, looking away from
Nikola. He looks up at the tower.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
Nikola I have been spending my time
in between your desperate letters
talking to other engineers and
electrical theorists. Some of them
even worked with you. And when I
ask them about this wireless power
theory of yours they all tell me
it's impossi--

NIKOLA
Yes!

Morgan is caught off guard. He looks back at Nikola.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN
I'm sorry?

NIKOLA
Say it! Say it is impossible!

Morgan stars at Nikola through cigar smoke.

NIKOLA
Stand there and say that it is
impossible! And mark the time you
do so! Here...

Nikola takes out his pocket watch and slams the face of it
on a nearby workbench. Nikola peers at the watch, trying to
decipher the time through the broken glass.

NIKOLA

It is... Forty-seven minutes past eleven in the morning. Now once I have completed Wardenclyffe and shown how it works we may look here and see exactly how long it took me to do the impossible. The greatest gift you can give me now, John, more than your money, is to tell me that it is impossible. So say it!

Morgan stares at Nikola.

NIKOLA

Say it!

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

It is not possible.

The tower begins to hum to life as the high frequency test begins.

NIKOLA

Every single time people like you tell me one of my inventions is impossible I prove them wrong! Radio transmission was once impossible! A working AC motor was once impossible! Controlling the weather was once impossible and look around you now!

Artificial lightning streaks from the crown of Wardenclyffe.

NIKOLA

Look, damn you!

Morgan remains stoic. This is nothing he has not seen before.

NIKOLA

Was it not possible that a man could fly? Was it not possible that we could conquer fire? Or have you spent all this time believing that silly story I used to tell about Prometheus when I was impressing your investors?

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

In your version the fire doesn't cost anything, and you forget that as punishment for stealing it Prometheus is tortured for eternity.

Travelled all Sol

After long days spent down-well
I can feel my bones swell
All the close faces makes me feel famous
Like a bad marriage I'm sick of us

So when terra firma grinds against my shoes
And I start showing up late like I wanna loose
When I get sick of these tiny orbit mezzanines
That's when I blow it all on hydrazines

In my ship I move by perambulations
And mathematical computations
Remainders become my layaways
And Delta-V my day to days

My summer orbit is Venus and Mercury
Where I warm myself on Aphrodite
I swallow academics and common sense
Then break my back awhile in Mercurial darkness

The money I make lets me fall to the rim
And with my memorized autumnal algorithm
I'll touch my ship's tips to the rings of Saturn
And promise I'll be back soon

Then I follow my winter tangent
Hustle on that long bent
Trajectory
I cry, Sol please capture me

Let me kiss that ice then bring me back for free
With my springtime rocketry
Where finally the sun will only rise
On me.