



WEATHERGUARD BLACK MAGIC

Dear Weatherguard, this letter is to acknowledge the debt you paid to own a piece of gaming history--The Weatherguard Black Magic level contains the following: a cut piece of sellotape + broken piece of computer + torn piece of clothing.

A lot of this stuff has roots in the last years of our emo lord: 2006/2007. I was working for my father as a receptionist at his Big! Time! Movies! company. I had "moved out" (re: been asked to leave the family) just a few years before, so him throwing me a bone was part of the get-yer-son-back-on-his-feet package. It was an odd time. My family had gone from being dirt poor in the desert (around the time Fievel Goes West came out in theatres) to living like millionaires in the boots n' hat South (and now my Dad's business partner was the kid that voiced Feivel The Mouse). The less said about their movie business the better. It didn't last. Lawsuits and heartbreak followed. Bankruptcy and the reverse twist of me asking them to leave ME.

But before all that...when there was money--and my Dad surprised me with a laptop when I was twenty-two (because he knew that I had prayed for me at church, I made sure to tell him so)--my brother made a movie. Well, he shot a movie. I made it after the fact, editing it together with the director, a kid named ...Aaron. Something. Damn. You go to a kid's house everyday and his name can't even remain in your thoughts--BASS! It was Aaron Bass. And he really was a kid. A lot younger than us. We edited the footage together at his parents house, after I watched the roughs and came up with a storyline with my Pops. But where does all this fit in to Spell Saga?!

Everything becomes everything else. Our past is the mulch pile of our own future. After we finished the movie (it's called Dreamsicles. It's not good, but it's better than it could have been, and it's on Youtube, I think.), we screened it at the local somewhat famous Belcourt movie theatre. It was packed. Standing room only, and people seemed to really like it. Then I met a girl I liked who lived in Seattle, so I decided we just had to screen it there. I took my best friend at the time with me, Michaela McLaird. It was the end of January 2007, and boy did it go badly. Luckily I was still drinking at the time. There was (is?) a famous little hole in the wall bar in Seattle that makes legendarily strong Long Island Ice Teas. I stumbled out that door toward the screening and nearly took out an entire shelf in CVS when I went to buy cigarettes. BUT that's not important. Nor was the crushing humiliation I felt as I hid in the back of an empty theatre. What is important is what I was wearing. A pair of women's jeans from old navy--a piece of which now resides in your collection. Back in 2006 wearing skinny low-rise jeans was what every smart motherfucker did. And I looked smart as fuck.

I wore those pants until the crotch ripped out. Well past when they were cool (the bottoms had boot flares--they looked terrible). They were my security pants. Or...imagine I had typed something cooler just then. I wore them when I worked on WHYLC, on novel, "Those Who Wear Green", and you bet your ass they were coverin' mine when I started designing Spell Saga.

And when I worked on things, it was with that same God-Given Just-Kidding-I-Manipulated-My-Dad laptop. From the first computer generated cards (version 2.0) to the final cards we printed in Hong Kong. I snapped off the "2" key and I hope it serves you well.

It's been twelve years since the laptop, the jeans, and my first taste of commercial embarrassment, and as I type this, I realize this week will see the ninth anniversary of me designing Spell Saga. I took a piece of transparent packing tape and brushed it through nine years of notes. It contains the dead particles of the life I was trying so desperately to bring into this world.

Inside this box is a piece of transparent tape containing dust from Spell Saga design notes, a keyboard key from the 2007 macbook used to design the game (from 2010 to 2016), and a torn fabric from a pair of jeans worn while creating many things, including Spell Saga.