<div align="center">

**"The Sock"**
*Part of a secondary Quest of an adventure game.*

</div>

Ray Hunkerton, called The Sock, was born in 1920 in a small village in Lincolnshire where he still lives. He is a farmer as his father was before him. He inherited the farm because his older brother died and his four other siblings didn't want it (but they were happy to take their share of the mortgage, he keeps mumbling on Boxing Day). He was 19 at the beginning of the Second World War and was conscripted alongside his brother. He fought in the 21$^{st}$ army group. He took part in the Allied Invasion of Normandy. He was wounded in the Battle of Falaise Pocket and saw the war ending from a hospital bed. He returned home safe and sound only to find out that his dear brother died in an assault. His parents were ageing and grieving so he took up most of the work load of the farm, giving up his ambition to go to college without thinking much about it. His family ties began to dissolve when his mother passed out a few years later. His marriage with "the foreign girl" didn't help – a Canadian nurse who finally grew tired of the rain and the laughters one day and left her husband and her son without leaving a note. In the village, everybody knows of the sad story of Ray's broken heart, but nobody talks about it, out of respect, mostly. He has the reputation of being someone honest and a solid worker, always there to give a hand when needed. His nickname, The Sock, comes from a particularly wet evening in winter where he forgot his shoes in the pub and walked all the way home in socks. People have taken the habit of looking the other way when he stumbles home drunk on Saturday nights shouting insults. But nowadays, there seems to be more than one Saturdays in the week. Ray is working mainly alone in the farm and his son has left to try his luck in London, against his father advice. The Sock is seeing society around him change and doesn't like what he considers to be the depravation of the youth. He particularly hates rock-and-roll. He doesn't understand it and is hurt to hear the younger generation advocate against any type of war. People might think that he can't stand progress and modernity, but Ray has adopted the changes that benefited him without question. He uses pesticides and herbicides and has invested in a brand new milking machine.

## Dialogue

*The setting is rural 1960s Britain, the player has entered a busy pub late in the evening and is trying to gain information from someone inside about a woman who is rumoured to have passed through the village recently. When the player begins the dialogue:*
*- he has a photograph of his mother taken after the end of the Second World War*
*- he may have found a letter that the postman lost addressed to Ray Hunkerton. He may have open it* (variable Letter = open) *or not* (variable Letter = notopen)
*- he might have had a conversation with a neighbour who told him that Ray's cows have caused an accident because they were running wild outside of the field* (variable Conversation = Neighbour)

Ray: Huh… Another one that comes from the city.
Ray: Hey, you're not a frim folk! Don't play your rock-and-roll here, you know where the door is…

> CHOICE_A1
> PC: Ah… I feel like home already. No chance I'm leaving this place.

> CHOICE_A2
> PC: And where my fist could land… You better be quiet from now on.

CHOICE_A3
PC: I've done nothing wrong coming here. And I don't intend to go elsewhere.

Ray: Give me another stout, Ed! I think I'll need it!

CHOICE_B1
PC: What makes you think that? I didn't say I was coming for you.
Ray: Oh,come on, I'm no fool. And I'm not young. You coming for the girl, right? I know that and I don't even know the name you go by.

CHOICE_B2
PC: Hello. Yes, I'm new here. But maybe we can meet over a drink. Next round's on me.
Ray: Eh eh. Why not? Never turn down a drink. My brother used to say that. Anyway, I'm Ray.
→ variable Convince = Maybe

CHOICE_B3
PC: You're Ray, right? I was looking for you.
Ray: Look now… I'm famous and all. What gives the honour? Who I am talking to?

PC: I'm {$NAME}. People have called me that for a long time…
Ray: Nice to meet you. I guess. You can call me The Sock if you want to fit in…

CHOICE_C1
PC: The Sock? Why?
Ray: Hmm… Got drunk once. Around Christmas, ten years ago or something. Got home bare feet. It stuck, don't know why. Came from you Ed, didn't it?
Ray: I'll drink elsewhere, but the next pub is ten miles away… Don't have that kind of time on my hands now, have I? The milking machine helps, true. But it's still not nearly enough.
Ray: I'm walking enough going round and round in the fields as it is. Not gonna take another trip if I can help it. You know what I mean, right?
PC: Maybe. But I'd like your opinion on something else, if you don't mind.
→ variable Convince = Maybe

CHOICE_C2
PC: I don't mind being a stranger. People don't know exactly what you're capable of for once...
Ray: Like what? Being a dick or something?
PC: You pretty much got the idea. I can tell you to start talking. First politely, and take it from there…

CHOICE_C3
PC: Fine by me. As long as you're not playing games with me.
Ray: Games? Never… I'm a straight fella, you know. You can ask anybody around. Last week… The house down the river… Well… Anne's daughter was born Thursday. His husband, well, he was smopple and all. Helped him. What else could I do, right?
PC: Hum… You're chatty, aren't you?

Ray: Oh, that… I can talk. Don't get me started on this bloody weather. Hasn't rained in three weeks now. Not even a mizzling. Gonna cost me a fortune…
PC: I was thinking of something else.

Ray: Hmm… Very well, {$NAME}. Go on. Why are you here?

CHOICE_D1
PC: I'm told you saw the girl I'm looking for. Care to share some details?
Ray: Not sure… Who are you to ask? Last I checked, women were not under anybody's supervision anymore.
→ variable Convince = Maybe

CHOICE_D2
PC: To be fair, this is kind of my holidays...
Ray: Nobody has stayed overnight in the village for a year now. The girl comes and now you arrive. This is no accident.

CHOICE_D3
PC: Let's just say that I'm investigating something. And you can help me with that.
Ray: That's city talk. Roundabout ways of saying nothing. But I know what you want.

Ray: And let me tell you, chasing somebody… You have better ways to find yourself a mate. Ain't I right, Ed?

IF VARIABLE CONVERSATION = NEIGHBOUR
CHOICE_E1
PC: You might want to keep your voice down, Ray… If you don't want people to know that you caused the accident.
Ray: The car? Irina's car? I have nothing to do with that… Who told you? Wait... I bet it's Charles. It's always him…
Ray: Well, whatever this arsehole told you. I have nothing to do with it. Nothing, I'm telling you. Irina would explain... It was her brakes or something…
Ray: So… Don't try to cause some trouble… I know your kind. You got nothing on me.

CHOICE_E1a
PC: True. But who do you think people will believe? You? Or me, your neighbour and all the other people who, for a few quids, would swear it was your cows on the road?
Ray: That's just not true. You're a liar. You're a wicked…
PC: Yeah… Yeah. But people tend to love lies when they are good enough. Do you think they would trust you after that?

CHOICE_E1b
PC: True. And I don't believe rumours are always true… But they always come from somewhere, don't they?
PC: Look, even Ed is agreeing with me... Now, talk to me. Where is Irina?

CHOICE_E1c.
PC: You don't know me. You don't know why I'm here.
Ray: Don't want to. You're nasty beast. And I know better… You're not gonna push me around.

Ray: You think you got me frit, don't you? Well, no. I've seen worse. Way worse. It's not a frim like you who's gonna make me talk.
→ variable Convince = No

IF VARIABLE LETTER = OPEN OR NOTOPEN
CHOICE_E2
PC: Come on… Don't be that guy. I'm just trying to help someone, you know. And I can land you a hand too…
Ray: Can you feed my cattle? Well, I doubt it. Very much. You're of no use to me.
PC: I found this letter on the grass, near your farm. It's for you, isn't it?

> IF VARIABLE LETTER = NOTOPEN
> Ray: Let me see… Oh. It's my boy's handwriting. What has he done now? Can't he just come home already?
> Ray: Well… You're a stranger, but you seem a decent person, {$NAME}. You see, my boy… Well… He's in trouble. It's not him. It's the city. It messes with your head.
> Ray: If people found out he got debts like that. Well… He couldn't come back here… And nobody would lend me anything.
> Ray: You've helped me quite a bit. And you're not as dumb as you look. Swear that you're not up to something bad and I'll give you the answers you want.
> PC: I promise. I really need to know where she is now.
> → variable Convince = Yes
>
> IF VARIABLE LETTER = OPEN
> Ray: It's open… You opened it! You bastard! You read what's inside too… My boy…
> PC: Asking you for money, once more. He has a lot of debts… Another young man who didn't listen to his father's advice…
>
> > CHOICE E_2a
> > PC: And leaving him bankrupt soon, if I'm not wrong. Do people know that? What if I told someone? Just one person, like Ed you're liking so much?
> > Ray: You're a pig. That's what you are.
> > Ray: ...But I can't risk people knowing. Very well… What is gonna buy your silence?
> > PC: Information. On the girl that came here before me. Tell me what you know.
> > → variable Convince = Yes
> > → variable Silence = Yes
> >
> > CHOICE E_2b
> > PC: I'm sorry you are in such a bad situation. I wish I could help somehow.
> > Ray: It's none of you're business, frim. Stop sticking your nose everywhere and fuck off! I'm done talking to you.
> > → variable Convince = No
> >
> > CHOICE E_2c
> > PC: That's life, isn't it? People make mistakes.
> > Ray: Yes, we do, when we don't know better.
> > Ray: But you look like somebody who knows how things work. Yet, you're sticking your nose everywhere, like a pig. It's not a mistake. I'm done talking to you, now.
> > → variable Convince = No

CHOICE_E3
PC: Fair enough. I feel that there is enough stories here anyway. So… you're a farmer, right?

Ray: Aye. Like my father before me. Well… not exactly like him. He didn't have all the chemicals and stuff. But I have his lands, true. Didn't have much choice in it.
Ray: But it could have been worse. I got back from the war, didn't I. I'm the lucky one.

CHOICE_E3a
PC: My mother used to say the same thing to me when I complained, as a child. I keep a photograph of her, as a reminder. Look, it's right after my dad came back home.
Ray: They look like nice people. You see them often?
PC: Sometimes, I guess.
Ray: You should pay them a visit more often, you know. Instead of running after some girl…
PC: I really need to know where she is now… I wouldn't bother you if it weren't important. My mother taught me that.
Ray: Well… I guess I can answer your question. It's not like I swore not to tell anyone or something. And you seem like a decent person.
→ variable Convince = Yes

CHOICE_E3b
PC: You fought? You were in France?
Ray: Yeah… One of the few who made it out of the sand. Into the fields. Across the fucking bridge. To Falaise and back.
Ray: Huh… Listen, you don't seem like a bad person. Let me give you an advice. Don't go on like that. Putting your nose in people's life like that and all.
Ray: You're better than that, I'm sure. You can figure things on your own.
PC: Does this mean that you won't help me?
Ray: It means that I'm tried of talking and would enjoy my pint alone, now. Thank you.
PC: But… I really need you to tell me. The girl…
→ variable Convince = No

CHOICE _E3c
PC: Lucky? You're drinking alone in the middle of nowhere and you consider yourself lucky?
Ray: Well… I prefer being alone than with an arsehole like you…
→ variable Convince = No

CHOICE_E4
PC: Well… Love's not that easy…
Ray: Well… You're quite right about that. I was married, you know. A beautiful girl. Kind. She was a nurse, you know.
Ray: But she left, one day. Didn't even leave a note. I had now idea where to start looking and was left with a boy beeling after his mother at home.
PC: But if you knew where she had gone, you would have gone after her, right?
Ray: Yeah… I don't know what I would have said, though. I got angry after her for a while, you know. How she abandoned us and all.
PC: So… You understand why I am here… Why I want to know where Irina is…

IF VARIABLE CONVINCE = MAYBE
Ray: I can imagine. Well, you made your point. You don't seem like a bad person. I'll answer your questions. But you'll have to promise me not to harm her.
PC: I promise. I really need to know.

IF VARIABLE CONVINCE != MAYBE
Ray: I can imagine. But I don't know what you're capable of. I think if I found my wife after she left… Well, I could have killed her. Out of love.
Ray: So, no. I won't talk about Irina anymore.
PC: But… I swear I'm not gonna hurt her. I really need to know…

IF VARIABLE CONVINCE = YES
Ray: So… Irina. She knocked at my door bleeding like hell. It was… two nights ago. Later I saw that her car had crashed in the pond near my corn field.
Ray: Well… I tried and call the doctor but she wouldn't let me. Asked for water and new clothes. It was dark.
Ray: Couldn't let her go like that. And my boy's room been empty for a while. She argued a bit, but she was exhausted. Got directly to bed.
Ray: I got up to feed the cattle in the morning, and she was already woken up. My wife's dress looked good on her.
Ray: When I asked where if she thought she was going, she told me she had to ride to the next train station.  Twenty miles…
Ray: No way I was gonna let her do that. But she wouldn't stay. I didn't ask why. I mind me own business, me. But I gave her Charles' old bike.
PC: The train… There's not many lines around here, is there?
Ray: I wouldn't know. Been a while since I went to the station. But you can always go and check.
PC: Yes. Well, talking to you was… interesting. And you've given me a fresh new lead. I got to go, now…

IF VARIABLE SILENCE = YES
Ray: Yeah. Leave me alone now !

IF VARIABLE SILENCE != YES
Ray: Nice meeting you, anyway.

IF VARIABLE CONVINCE = NO
Ray: Ed! This one is spoiling my pint. Either he goes soon or I'm going. And tell Jack and all about it…
PC: Don't bother. I'm not staying here anyway. It's no use.