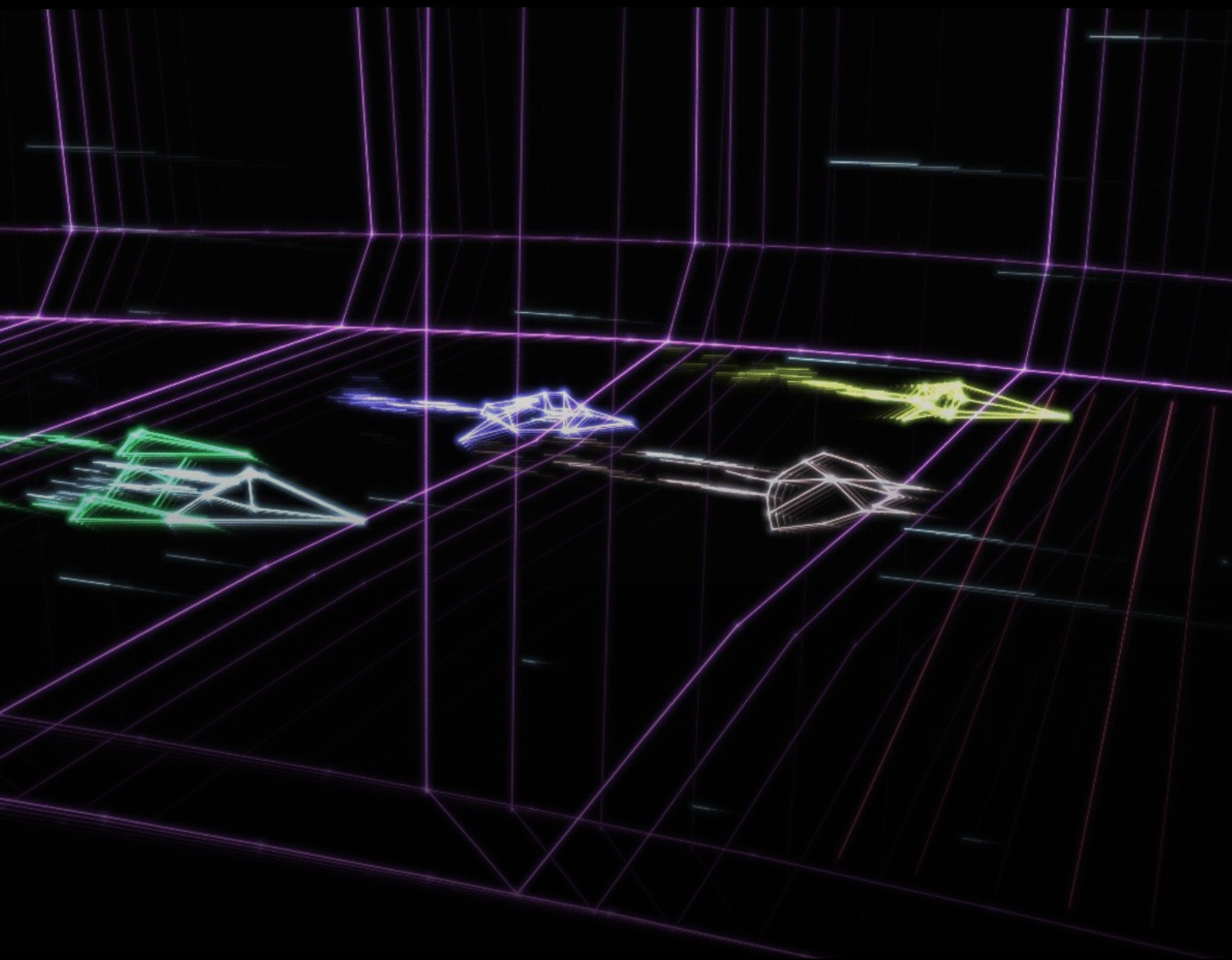




NO TRACE BACK

RACE. FIGHT. ASCEND TO POWER.

PRESS KIT

A THETA DIVISION GAME · CODE BY ELDER0010 · MUSIC BY MASTER BOOT RECORD

THE GAME

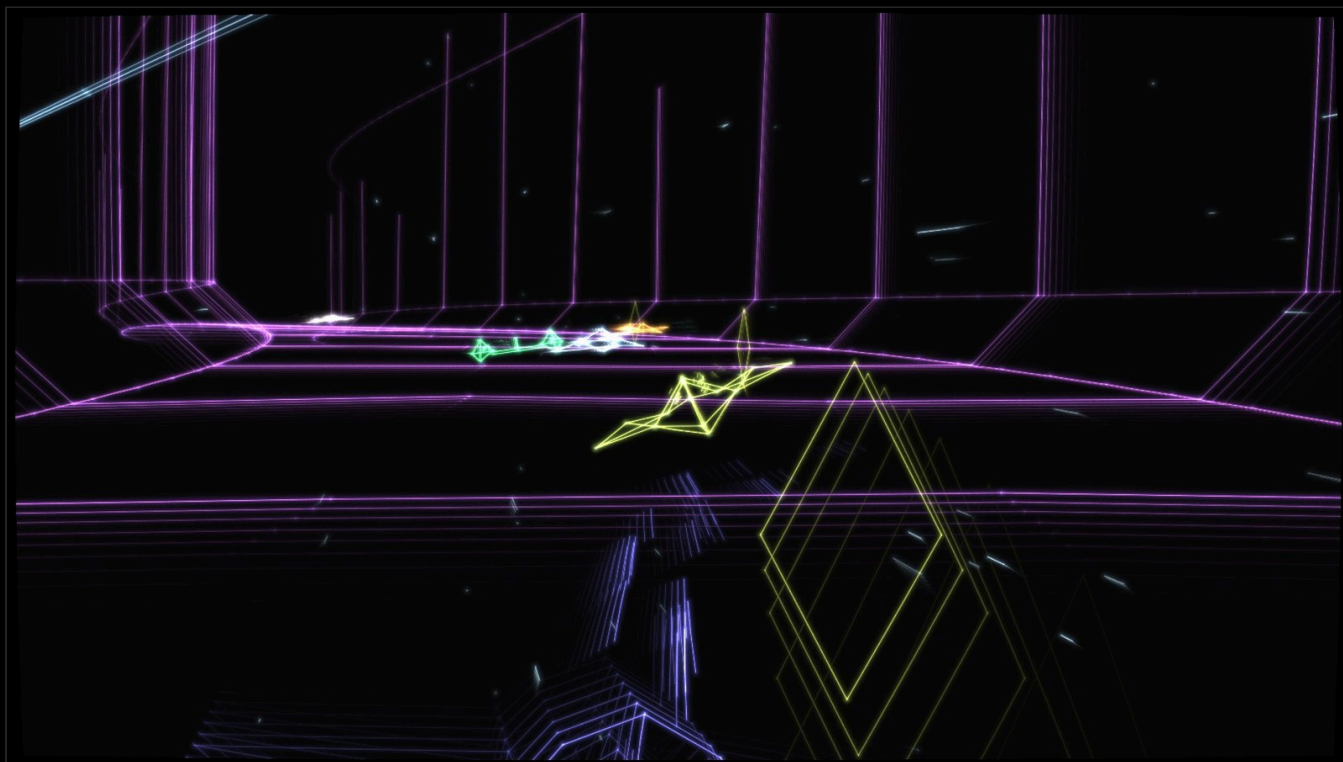
RACE. FIGHT. ASCEND TO POWER.

No Trace Back is a high-speed anti-gravity racer drawn entirely in glowing vector lines, a love letter to the first vector arcades pushed into a full 3D world. Off the track you belong to a caste of noble pilots: the council summons you, and every race decides whose banner rises and whose falls.

TITLE	NO TRACE BACK
DEVELOPER	THETA DIVISION
CODE	ELDER0010
MUSIC	MASTER BOOT RECORD
GENRE	VECTOR RACING, COMBAT
PLAYERS	1
STATUS	IN DEVELOPMENT
PLATFORMS	TBA
RELEASE	TBA
TRAILER	COMING SOON
PRESS	TBA

Thread hairpins and barrel rolls, leap across six hundred metres of void, dive into a wormhole that curls the road into a tube. Eight rival pilots want your line, and they are armed: missiles, mines, EMP waves. And not everything waiting on the road is a pilot.

Between races, a story unfolds in the same light, and you are part of it: the masked council asks and you answer, and every answer and every race moves it somewhere else. Win, and your prestige rises. Make enemies, and they come for you.



A RACER WITH A STORY

The council, the houses, the banners, and every enemy you make.

CHOICES THAT MATTER

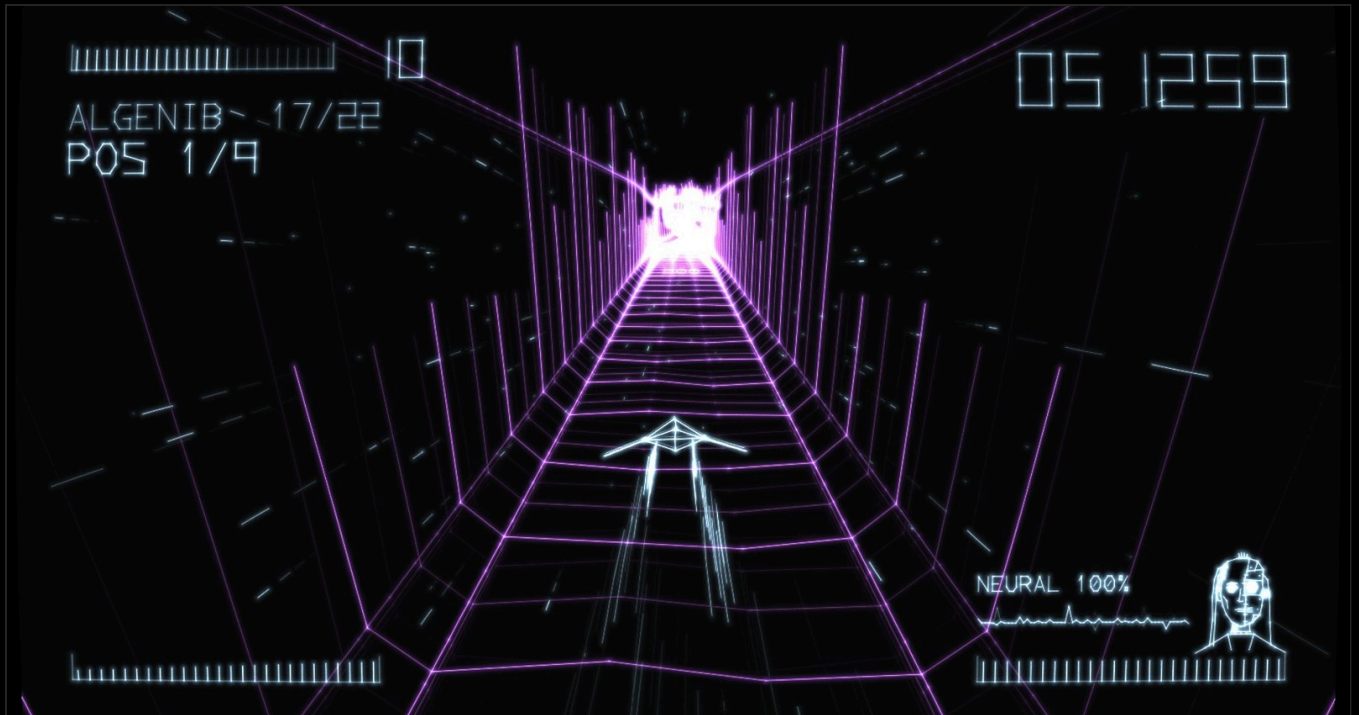
Answer the council your way. What you say and how you race shape the story.

EIGHT RIVALS

Named pilots with their own ships, and every one of them fights back.

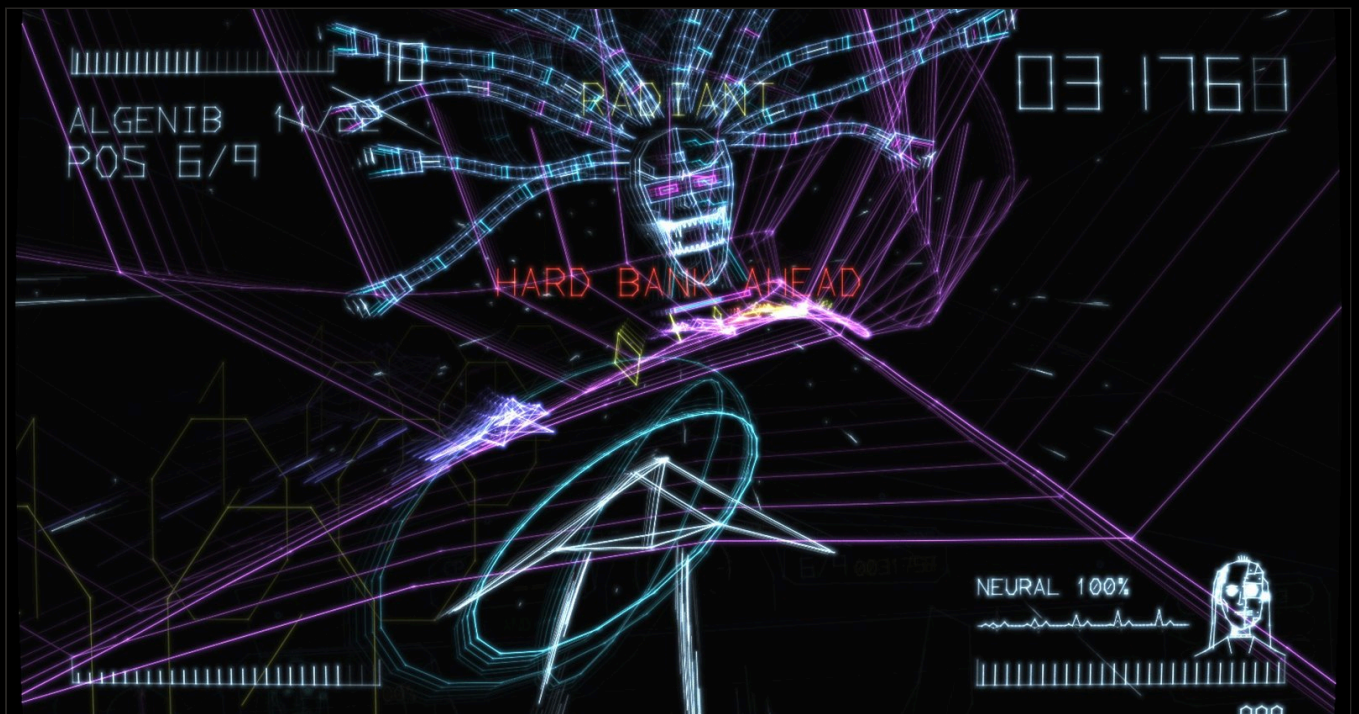
NINE SHIPS

Same footprint, different souls: you choose a style, not a better car.



RACE

An anti-gravity racer drawn in light. Hairpins that fold back over the void, barrel rolls, a leap across six hundred metres of nothing, a wormhole that curls the road into a tube. No trace back.

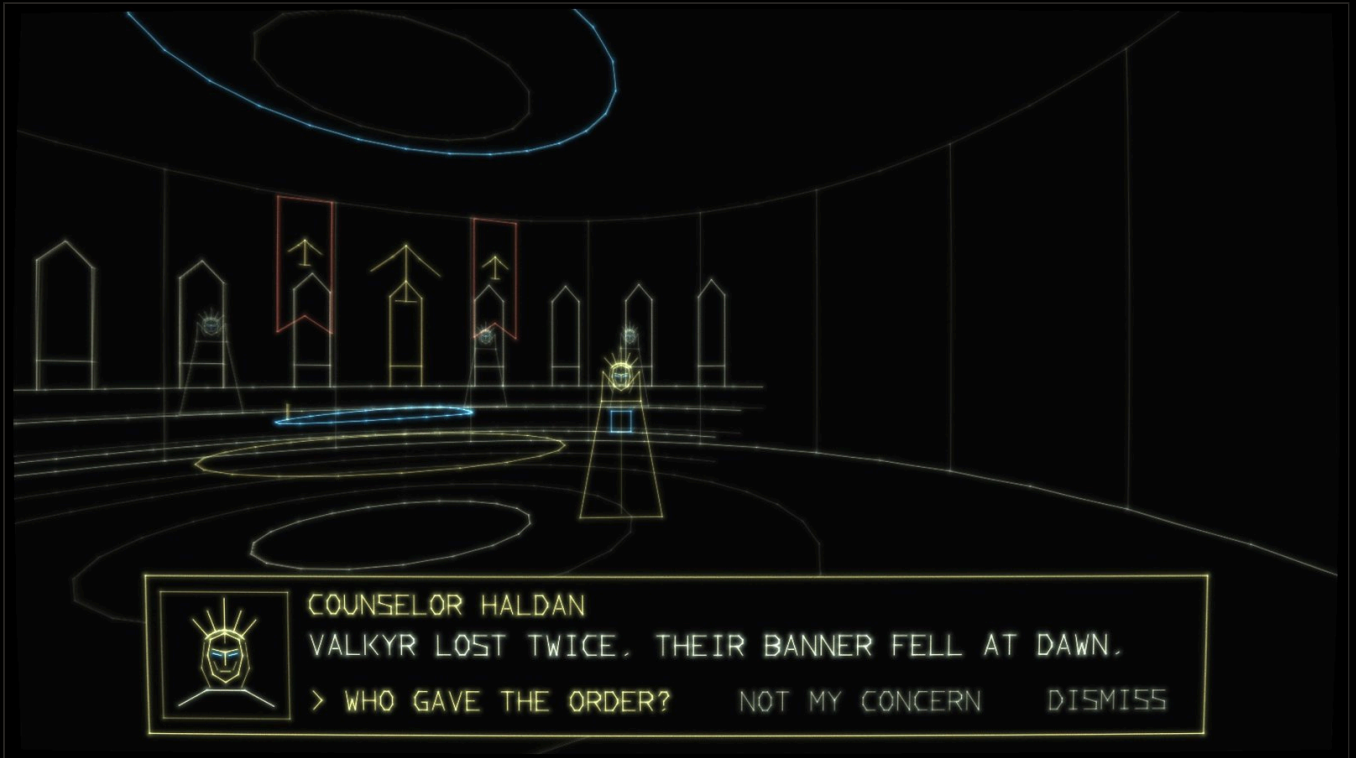


FIGHT

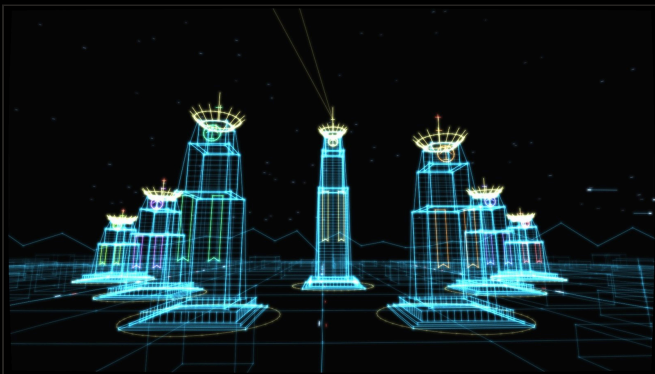
Eight rival pilots and every one of them wants your line. Missiles, mines, EMP, a turret that turns your cockpit around. And not everything waiting on the road is a pilot.

ASCEND TO POWER

Off the track you belong to a caste of noble pilots. The council asks, and you answer. What you say and how you race decide whose banner rises, who owes you, and who wants you dead.



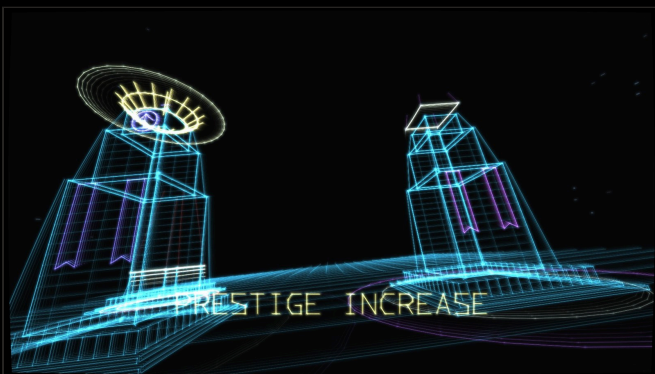
COUNSELOR HALDAN WAITS FOR YOUR ANSWER



THE GREAT HOUSES



LOSE TONIGHT AND YOURS IS NEXT



PRESTIGE INCREASE



THE COUNCIL'S VERDICT

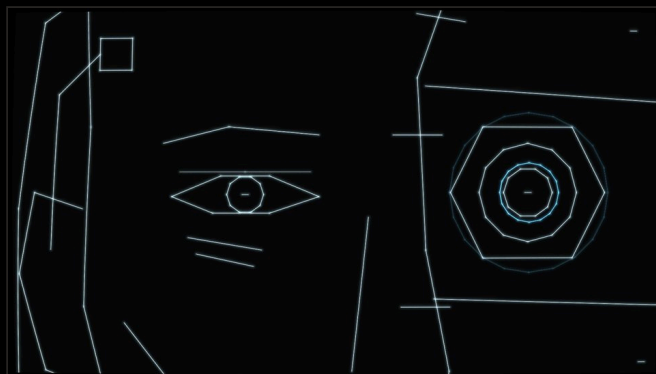
BEFORE THE RACE

THE COUNCIL SUMMONS YOU

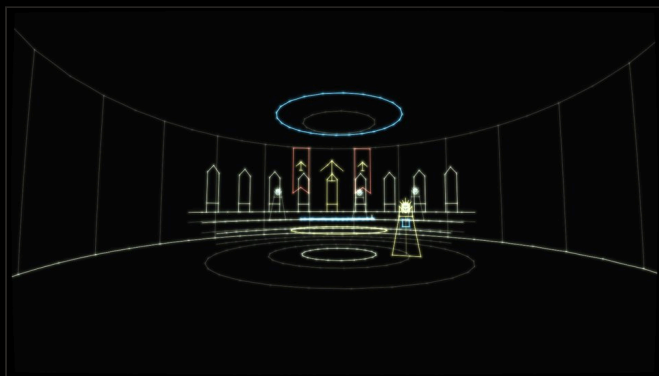
You are a pilot: half human, half prosthetic, an optic where the right eye used to be. You meditate in your quarters until the call comes. Counselor Haldan gives you the news; the hangar shows your ship on the gold pedestal; in the neural dock the crown comes down and the race moves into your head. From there, damage is real.



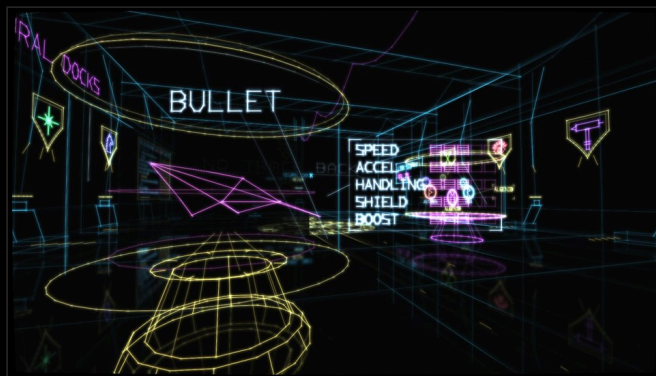
YOUR QUARTERS



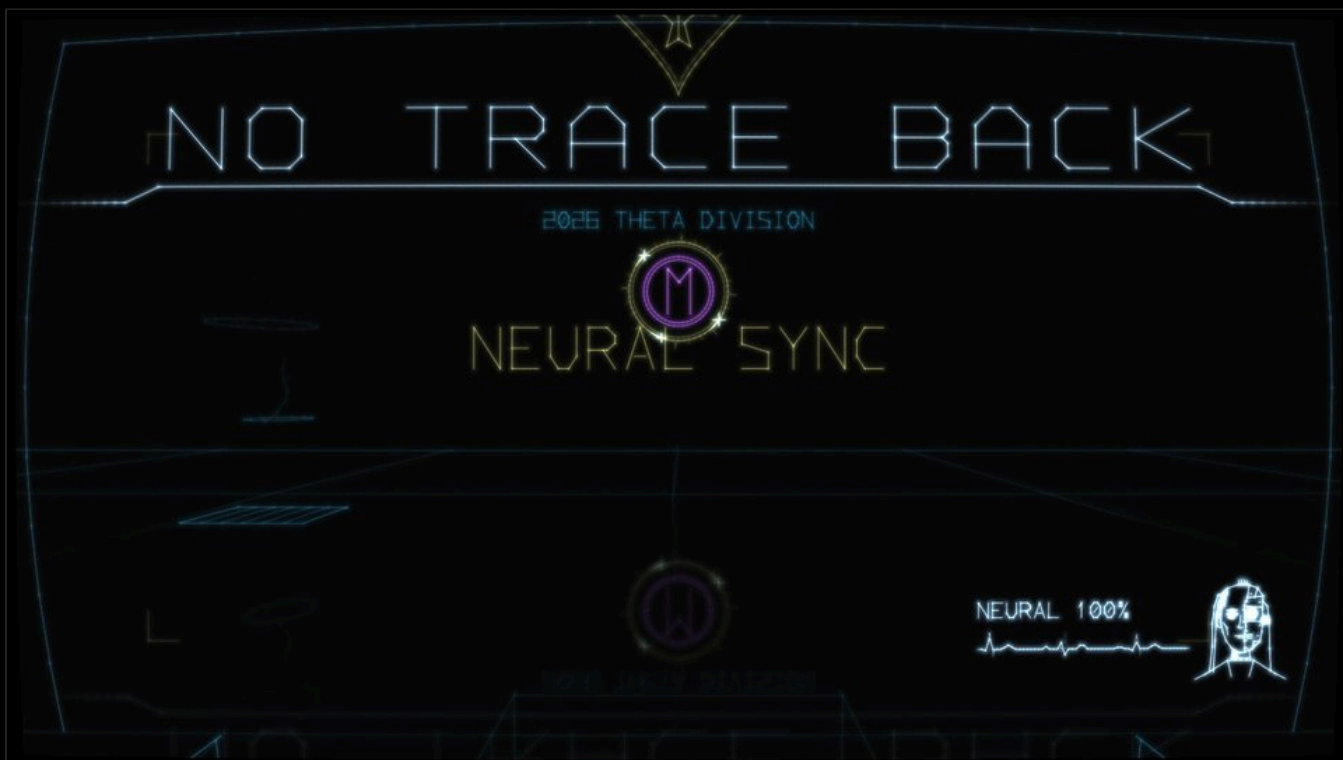
THE SUMMONS



THE COUNCIL



THE HANGAR

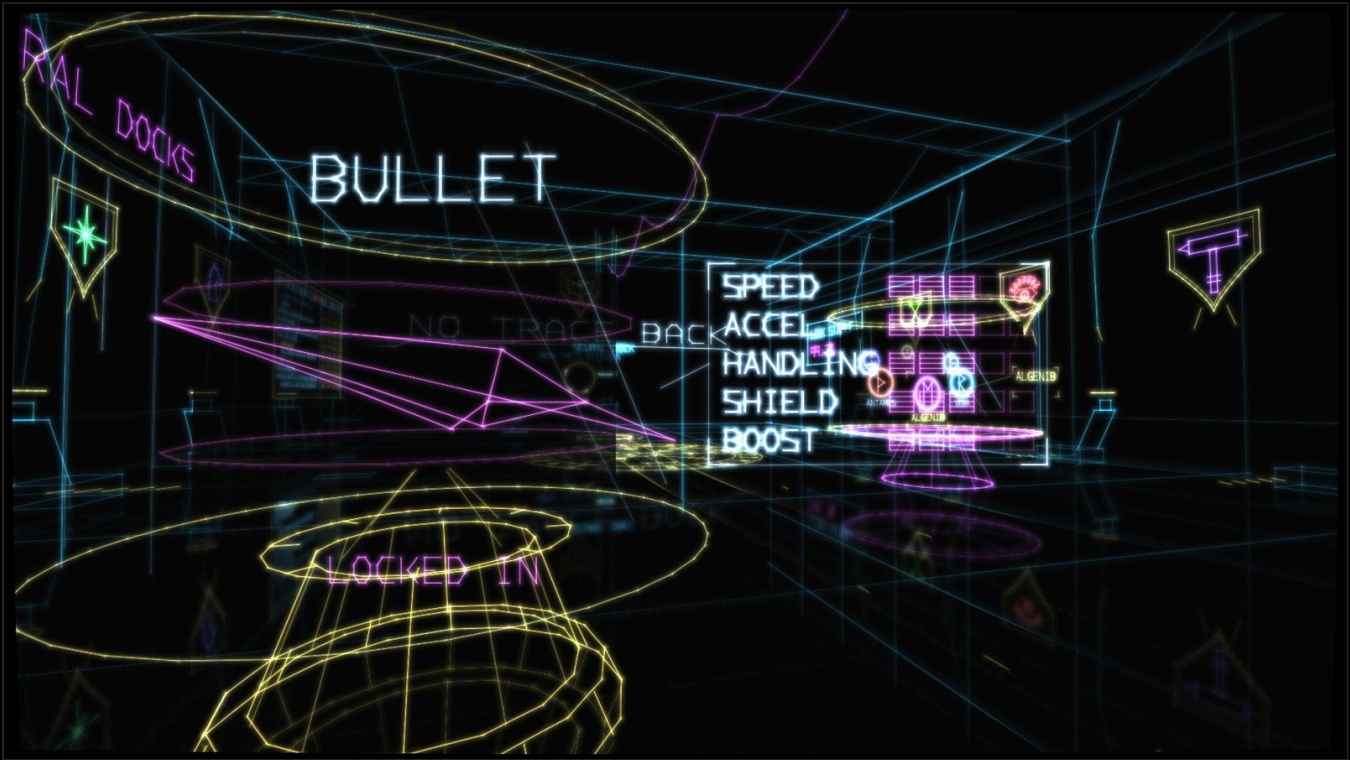


THE NEURAL DOCK

NO TRACE BACK

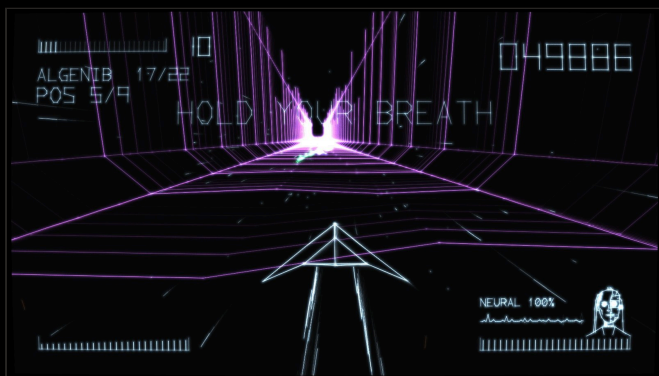
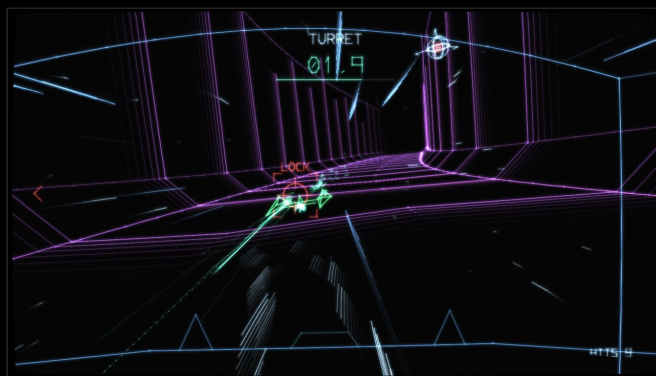
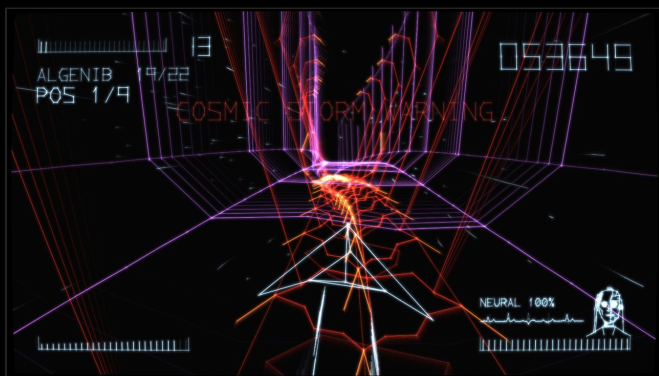
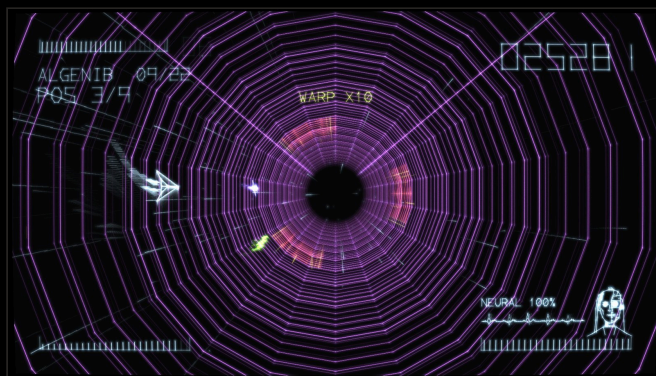
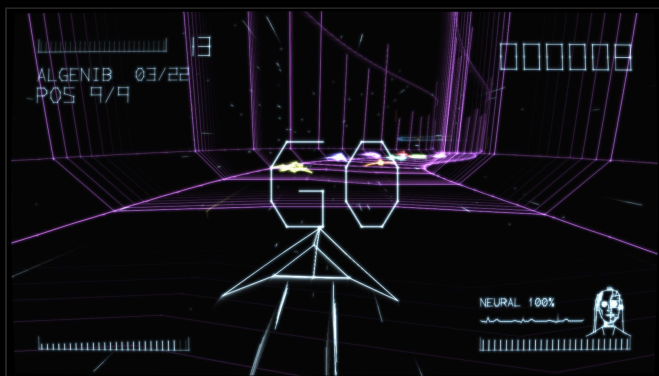
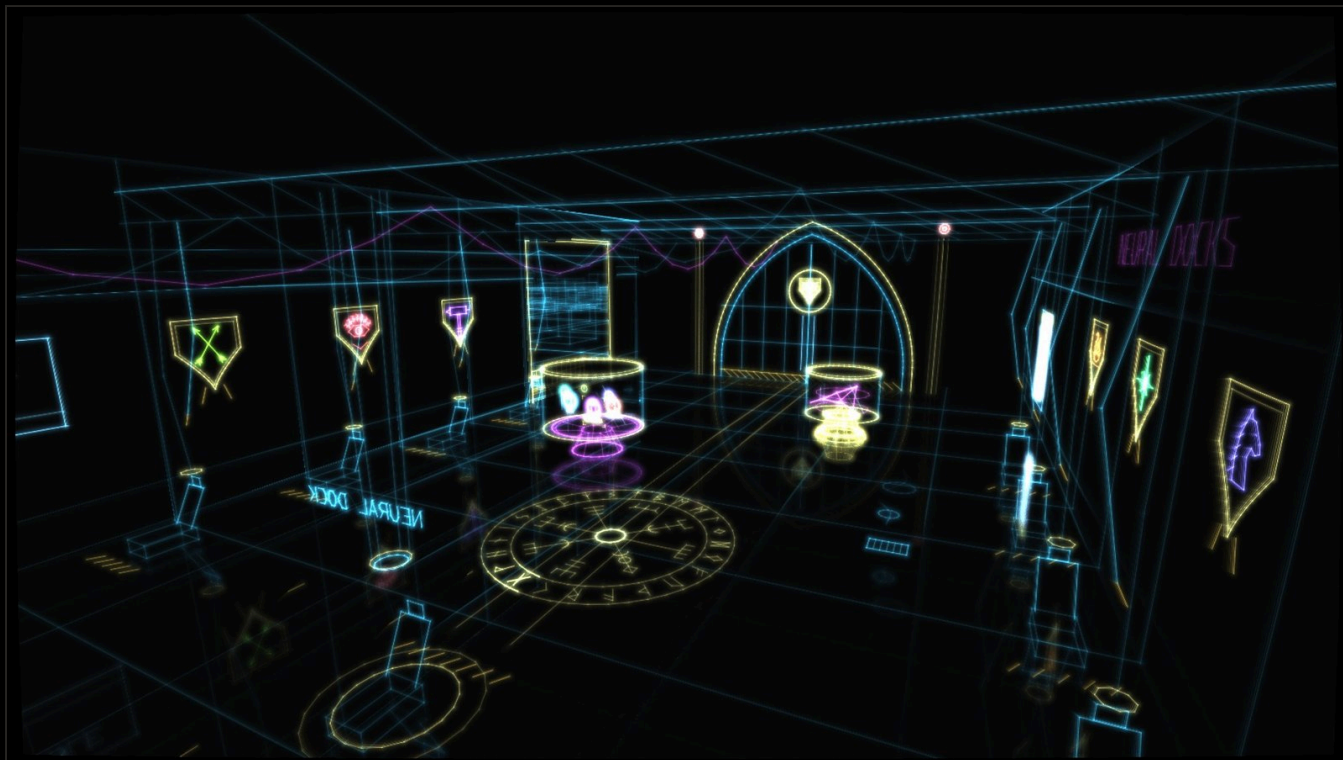
NINE SHIPS, NINE SOULS

Every ship spends the same 15 points across five stats: you choose a style, not a better car. Each has its own cockpit and controls. Pick a rival's ship and that pilot races the BULLET instead.



SHIP	PILOT	SPD	ACC	HND	SHD	BST	
BULLET	YOUR DART	■■■□□	■■■□□	■■■□□	■■■□□	■■■□□	Balanced in everything.
SCYTHE	DENEB	■■■■■	■■■□□	■■□□□	■■□□□	■■■□□	Pure speed, nervous and fragile.
CATAMARAN	SPICA	■■□□□	■■■□□	■■■■■	■■■■■	■■□□□	Stable and tough, never runs away.
SHARD	MIZAR	■■■□□	■■■■■	■■■■■	■■□□□	■■□□□	Instant acceleration, glass hull.
HAMMER	POLLUX	■■■■■	■■□□□	■■□□□	■■■■■	■■■□□	Armoured, slow off the line.
GLAIVE	CASTOR	■■■■■	■■■□□	■■■□□	■■■□□	■■□□□	Fast and steady, little boost.
STINGER	ALGOL	■■■■■	■■■■■	■■□□□	■■□□□	■■■□□	Aggressive, nervous, fragile.
TRIDENT	HADAR	■■■□□	■■□□□	■■■□□	■■■■■	■■■□□	Heavy and solid.
MANTA	MIRA	■■□□□	■■■□□	■■■■■	■■■□□	■■□□□	The most agile, slow on the straights.

SCREENSHOTS



NO TRACE BACK

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