Homem atleta que decide tornar-se um computador para farmar todas as possibilidades das odds da Eurovisão?

It was Summer when I saw your face. 🡪 dois rapazes atletas que um cai e o outro ajuda e apaixonam-se

História baseada no anime Shelter?

10 minutos de tempo de jogo

Sinopse:

Um rapaz que participa numa competição de atletismo ao fazer estafetas e acaba por tropeçar e cair enquanto corria, um elemento da equipa adversária vê que ele está aflito, olha para trás e para de correr, e vem ajudá-lo. Os dois entram numa ambulância e vão para o hospital e, apesar de primeiramente o diagnóstico ser apenas uma entorse, existe outro problema de saúde associado ao mesmo, não se sabe bem o quê, mas suspeita-se que esteja associado aos ossos: a sua perna fica imóvel como pedra, impossibilitando-o de continuar a competir.

O protagonista decide então desistir da sua breve carreira de atleta e, rapidamente, a sua saúde deteriora-se bastante – outras partes do seu corpo, nomeadamente os membros superiores, também endurecem com o tempo. O outro rapaz dá-lhe apoio e promete cuidar dele e os dois apaixonam-se.

Vendo que ao protagonista vai escasseando tempo útil em que vive independente de outrem, os dois aproveitam para aproveitar o pouco tempo que lhes resta para passarem o tempo juntos e procurarem um médico que impedirá o primeiro de ficar completamente paralisado.

Numa das viagens, o protagonista debilita-se ainda mais, e o namorado decide, em segredo, encaminhar ambos para um médico local que, supostamente, conserta todos os males e arranja tudo, porque há solução para tudo, exceto para a morte. Mas, lá está, a morte é o que lhe espera e não há nada que ele possa fazer. Todavia, e uma vez o mesmo, apesar de ser um homem da ciência, acreditar em fenómenos de carisma mais etéreo e sobrenatural, encaminha-o para um mágico do caos que mora bastante longe dali, num lugar afastado da civilização por ser considerado o mais perigoso dos bruxos de todos os tempos.

Ao chegar lá, o bruxo, transformado em comida, diz que só aceitará o serviço se encontrarem um artefacto especial, que se encontra no fim da “Rua dos Infernos Velhos” que o permita de voltar à forma humana. A entrada desse caminho está situada numa praia, acreditam eles, ao ler um pergaminho antigo que o mágico possui: “Abandonem todos os bens, pois ao mar todos lhe pertencem.” e outra pista que diz algo como “Ao sexto dia, Deus criou o maior bem de todos – uma cópia imperfeita dele próprio.”

No fim, o protagonista acorda num mundo virtual, tendo o mesmo tornado-se num computador no qual a sua mente fora incorporada; ele continua a falar com o seu namorado por terminal e a história acaba com o outro rapaz a colocar no monitor um post-it a dizer “quando morrer, que alguém tire da ficha este computador”, ele morre e o computador também morre a seguir.

Recorrer à síndrome do homem de pedra e miosite ossificante traumática.

It was summer when I saw your face for the first time. We were both competing in the Olympics. I was so nervous about all of that. And that reflected in my poor performance. But you helped me. And I’m thankful for that. Forever and ever.

Today is the big day. A day that will be remembered by a lot of people. Forever.

The athletics track is already signposted, with crosses drawn in white chalk on a tarmac floor dyed red, demarcating the positions of each element from all four teams that will compete. There will be four of us in total, and I will be the last one on the route to receive the testimony. I just hope I won’t disappoint anyone. Anyway, there's no point in daydreaming, I have to go inside.

I saw no one at the entrance door. I arrived earlier than expected, it seems. It’s probably because of the anxiety I am feeling right now. I must not disappoint my coach or my family. They are all believing in me.

The shower room seems empty at first glance. I don’t hear anyone – only the wind that makes the window shake, and that is probably why it still keeps judging me, even though abused by another entity. Please, stop it, ok, I trained so hard for this, it can’t be that bad. And I’m not alone, right? So get the fuck out and cease your assumptions and appraisals.

But, inside – deep inside of me, I understood its point. It makes me feel nauseous that even a fucking primaeval window, plenty of wounds that time made it possible to mask them a little bit, but not enough to forget the years of others that went by here, is mocking me. I’m surprised it still did not fall in pieces, due to all the scratches it possesses. And it fights and keeps fighting, against the breezy weather that is waiting for us all. It did not have knowledge of the verb give up. And it is mocking me – showing me that even an irrelevant piece of junk glass is still better than me. More useful than me.

You bitch! I’m gonna show you who is the junk when I and my team will win the race.

In my sight, and forgetting about the glass, I’m able to see the toilets, the urinals (finally!), the showers and a large room on the right.

* Walk to the urinal

My back teeth are floating, man! I’m so relieved! Now I can urinate in peace, without people noticing. I don’t understand how men may pee outside, it feels rude. What if a teenager girl passes by and then you are accused of child abuse? Don’t tell me I’m overdramatic! Unusual things can happen. They are unusual, so they might happen. At least once. And once is enough. So, now, the last part.

* Pee/urinate

Ah, that’s better. Imagine if I went straight to the sports track, my bladder would promote such a liquid diet for lots of blooders. Not that I care, to be honest.

Alright, now it’s time to get dressed – I’m not gonna run with these skinny jeans of mine.

* walk to toilets / walk to the toilets

I’m next to the toilets. Well, there are two – which one should I enter? 1 or 2?

* Enter toilet 1

Humm, it seems it’s locked. I did not pay attention to the smallest post-it that ever existed on Earth telling me that is out of order.

* Enter toilet 2

This one seems 100% functional. And so bright my eyes hurt. I barely am capable of seeing anything.

After a couple of seconds, something catches my regard – a small black square-shaped hole is on the bottom left corner of the left wall. Just like someone has broken the bright blue tile on the ground. After all, the window is not the only thing in bad condition right here.

I might exit or stay for a while.

* exit

I’m gonna exit. I need to get dressed. Time is ticking.

* Walk to shower / walk to showers

The showers look cheap. But they appear they are working fine. Despite I wonder why they did not separate themselves from each other. A translucent barrier, for instance. They could even manage to reuse that window – it’s perfect for this.

I just think it was better to have more privacy. I don’t know. We are all guys, all with the same genitalia. Just a matter of safety. I don’t want them to find out. It can be hard to hide it naked, under these circumstances. I may be hard on myself.

Let me look at them closely.

* Look at showers

Well, nothing special. But I never saw this kind of tap handle. Flawless cubes.

Oh, look – one of them is unidentical from the others. This one in front of me is black, despite all the others being blue. Life isn’t perfect, right? Not even I am. So, I should stop blaming this.

* grab black handle / take black tap handle

I could remove it without any resistance. It shows up this was made up to something.

* Walk to toilets
* Enter toilet 2
* Take black handle

I suggest this handle may fit in the black hole.

* put black handle in black hole

A small entrance near the ground on the left has opened. I crawl into the opening, and I’m inside the first toilet. Something is written on the wall.

* Look at wall

“Welcome to 4ever, a game made up by Anthony Pereira! I hope you enjoy it, and I’m open to all types of opinions! This is my first experiment on adventure games, so I still need to learn much more about it.”

* Exit / exit toilet 1

I leave the toilet and, soon enough, I’m on the other side of the door.

* Look around

In my sight, I’m able to see the toilets, the urinals, the showers and a large room on the right.

* Walk to room

I’m entering the main room from the men's shower room.

It feels like they spend good times here. The area is huge. I wonder if I would feel alone in here.

A giant seat along all three walls under my nose, making a format of a U. They look young: younger than me, hell yes. Their surface is polished and soft. A kind of brown tint which makes me feel warm. Relieved. Alive.

They used some ceramics next to some extremities, despite the wood being the main one. I believe it’s because it absorbs water. And is warmer than clay. Although I wonder why they did not just use it for everything. It would look perfect, resembling a sauna. Oh well, in practice, they’re not that different: closed hot spaces with naked guys. Just imagining it – makes my body heat under my belly…

Shit, dude. Stop with those thoughts. Are you crazy? No one can find out.

No one.

Or it will be the end. My end.

I have trained for this all my life. To become a professional athlete. I'm not going to lose this opportunity because of this, a mental problem. They would not accept me as I am if they knew. I'm about to finish university. This is really a competition between the best universities. This is the opportunity of my life. This is like a shop window. I need them to be proud. I need them to need me. To want me.

Alright, time to dress up.

but there are at least three bags displayed in this spacious room that fills completely the right side of it. The ground is still wet, which is understandable for a place where sportsmen take a shower. But I do not remember being warned that there was another competition before the athletics one.

I think it’s better to check what time is it.

I’m on the outside of the sports hall.

KEY COLOURS CHALLENGE

The door opened, unveiling a long aisle. We were entering and, suddenly, a baby’s scream was heard.

“Wait, we are not alone?”, I say.

The gate goes down. And the scream, as well.

“Don’t worry, Dave! Whatever is waiting for us, I will protect you at all costs.”, reassures Loan, not realizing that, somehow, his voice shifted; it is the first time that I see Loan nervous, I can feel that he is afraid, although he is trying to hide it with that speech.

“I am still able to shield myself. C’mon, it’s just a child!”

“Now you’re one-legged. And you must be tired of walking with those sticks. You are really behind right now.”

“I lost a leg, not a brain. I’m not dumb.”

“I told you I could give you a piggyback ride. Let me do it for you. For your safety.”

“Let it be! I’m still worth it. I’m not an irrelevant piece of junk. I’m still useful. I’m much more than a one-legged man. So, please, let me prove to myself that I am right.”

* Traverse corridor

We both start to walk on this odd pathway.

“You know what, I thought about something kind of weird, even though it may have sense.”

“Oh, really? Go for it, Loan!.”

“Well…”

“Hum…”

“…”

“Nevermind.”

“Wait, what?”

“It was a joke since the beginning… How I did not get that.”

“No!”

“Then, go for it! It can’t be that bad. And no matter how much stupid it can be, I would never blame you. You did so much for me. And…”

“… I love you.”

“So, you know that child noise we heard?”

“Yes?”

“It is connected to the door. I’m sure of it.”

“Why?”

“Intuition. Just like a baby cries when they are woken up, the door cried because we ‘woke it up’. And after screaming, it came back to sleep. Just like a little one.”

“I have lost a leg, but it seems that you are the one with more after-effects.”

“It might be right. All that blood! I wonder who is gonna clean all that shit.”

“Hahaha! At least it was not during the running.”

Odd. Yeah. Because of its shape.

A perfect square. All along the way.

This has human hands. The walls – such a smooth surface that guarantees we are never alone.

TOXIC RAIN CHALLENGE / CAULDRON ROOM

* where he needs to spin around a small magic spoon with his nose that controls a big spoon on the roof that will protect them from the toxic rain.

CODE DOORS CHALLENGE

ONE\_OUT\_OF\_1000 OBJECTS CHALLENGE