Fog Terrier

# Story Flow

## Prologue

The story starts in a short recurring dream that the character recognizes as a traumatic and recurring one.

Once the dream ends, the player wakes up to find something bashing on the door of the office they're trapped in.

Once the character comes to his senses, he realizes it is the family terrier - begging to be let outside.

The player goes through the chore of trying to get ready to go outside while the terrier insists on doing its thing. Eventually, the player and the terrier go out the back door.

## The Neighborhood

Out back the player discovers that the entire neighborhood is fogged over. The dog does its business outside, while the character notices a strange figure through the fog to the east and guesses it is the burglar that has been plaguing the neighborhood recently.

The player walks down the street with the terrier, towards the source of the disturbance, hoping to get a visual description or a license plate number or information on the car in question. Instead, everything seems fine and there's nobody to be found.

A very close sound of intense lightning (without a storm or rain) shakes the area to the west. All is quiet.

The dog strains to listen and then suddenly bolts off to the west, ripping its leash out of your hands in the process.

The player now must explore the neighborhood, looking for information on where the dog went and what's going on. They see the burglar again during this process.

The player must then track down and identify where the dog went, then find a way of getting through that area with proper tools.

The player eventually figures out that the dog chased something into the field to the west, and discovered a way of getting there himself.

## The Field

The terrier is in the field and the player frees him.

The terrier is still straining to head west and refusing to return home.

The terrier shows the player a strange charred area with a fragment of clothing nearby and a torn document from the science building and some sign of distress leading into the woods.

## The Woods

The player and terrier head back to the neighborhood via the wooded path, following the torn clothing and blood.

The player and terrier stumble upon a moose blocking the path. The terrier growls at the moose and starts to invoke its anger.

The player and terrier successfully get past the moose.

The player and terrier come across a body in the woods of a greviously wounded woman. Upon closer inspection it turns out to be the player's wife, but the same age as she was ten years ago.

The wife gives the player some background and a final objective.

# Major Obstacles / Puzzles

## Getting out of the House

## Figuring out where the dog went

## Scaring away the Burglar

## Crossing the Stream

## Getting past the moose

## Stabilizing the Wife

## Getting into the Science Building

## Getting into the Experiment Area

## Starting the Machine

## Stopping the Experiment

# Rooms

## Recurring Dream

## Your House

### Your Office

Your home office was never clean by any stretch of the imagination, but it’s been worse since the accident. You tell yourself that there’s a method to the madness and you know where to find anything of importance, but even you have to admit that when you need to keep the dog out of a room for fear of him ripping up bank paperwork that you have issues.

Your desktop computer is here on the desk. It looks to be busy installing important system updates at the moment.

A set of glass double doors leads east to your hallway.

### Front Hall

The front hall area is a narrow entry area without much adornment. Several old family pictures and plaques decorate the walls.

Aside from the pictures, the only decoration here is a coat rack on the north wall near the front door. Glass double doors, currently {{doorState}}, lead west to your home office and a narrow staircase goes upstairs.

The hall continues south to the kitchen and living room.

### Kitchen

Your kitchen. Gone are the days of clean counters and tabletops, or even, to be frank, eating at the table instead of in the living room. The counters and sink are filled to capacity with empty cups and plates caked with dried fried rice.

From the smell, you forgot to take the garbage out this week.

Your living room is to the east and the front hall lies to the north.

A sliding door leads outside to your backyard, normally quite dark at this hour, now appears to be blanketed in a dense fog.

### Living Room

Your living room is an almost literal minefield of dog toys. Many evenings you’ve made your way to or from the couch only to be surprised by a sudden squeak from one of the myriad of squeak toys on the floor.

Most evenings you and your terrier spend most of your time here. This hasn’t really changed over the years, but your wife’s favorite spot has been painfully vacant in the eight years following the incident, and her firm rule of no dogs on the couch has not been enforced in as many years.

A stack of empty Chinese takeout boxes and two-liter bottles sits on the coffee table.

Your kitchen is to the west.

### Back Yard

A thick layer of heavy fog has transformed your backyard from an utterly mundane and ordinary place to an eerie and almost magical one.

Amber light from distant streetlights reflects off of the fog to give you more than adequate lighting despite the late hour although the dense fog prevents you from seeing more than a house or two away. You can barely make out Providence Drive to the east, past a few fenced in yards.

The safety and warmth of your kitchen is inside to the north while the yard joins small side yards to the northeast and northwest.

### Side Yard

Your side yard, like almost any other, is an entirely unremarkable stretch of land bridging your front yard to the north and your back yard to the south. Tall grass rests against the edge of the house, despite your best attempts at keeping it at bay with the weed whacker and the only remarkable features of the area at

all are a pair of window wells and a worn patch of grass from frequent late night walks around the house with your dog.

### Front Yard

The familiar front yard now seems utterly alien in the thick blanket of fog surrounding the area. At least the darkness and fog conceals most of the blemishes in the paint and siding, though the tall weed-infested

grass is still able to mock your lackluster lawn care in recent years.

The streetlights hit the fog and illuminate Whateley Drive in an amber glow as it stretches out to the east and west, though fog obscures visibility to the point that you can barely see a few houses down at a time.

To the south, a familiar wooden blue door leads inside to your front hall.

## Neighborhood

### Whateley and Moriarty

This corner where your street meets the main neighborhood access road is typically fairly quiet but tonight it has almost has life of its own.

Strange chirping and rustling noises emanate from the densely wooded area on the north side of the road, in flagrant disregard to the five-year-old notice that these woods are slated to be demolished to make room for more suburban homes. Apparently, when plans changed, the contractors didn't bother to collect the sign.

Moriarty Lane extends to the south while Whateley Drive and your house are to the east and dark, twisty, overgrown trail leads north into the woods and away from the street.

### Whateley Drive (Near Playground)

Just a little down the street to the west of your house, this portion of the street features a number of foreclosed or otherwise vacant homes from those who were fortunate enough to have left this dying town and moved elsewhere. A few homes still have occupants, though most of these have For Sale signs in their yards. Fog obscures much, but it seems like even the vacant homes are in better shape than yours.

A poorly maintained walking path juts off from the sidewalk and continues to the south towards the playground and the old community center.

Whateley Drive continues west to the corner and towards your house to the east.

### Whateley and Providence

The intersection of Whateley and Providence is punctuated by an unfinished section of street leading off to the north. When they built the neighborhood, they clearly intended to expand it further to the north and even cleared off the land, but the small section of road has now sat for years without expansion as the nearby college shut its doors, residential demand plummeted, and people moved on.

The street corner remains and links Providence Lane to the south to your street, Whateley Drive, to the west.

Further to the south, you can barely make out the Anderson Science Center through the fog. Strange, its lights are on.

### Lebling and Moriarty

The intersection of Lebling and Moriarty seems almost like a valley between two massive pockets of heavy fog - one further to the north up Moriarty near the stream, and the other to the east, likely from the small pond on Lebling Drive.

Moriarty Lane leads south to the main road or north towards your house. Lebling Drive continues to the east of here.

### Lebling Drive (Near Pool)

You are at the edge of a sea of fog and mist near the west end of Lebling Drive at the south end of the neighborhood. The fog is so thick that you can barely see more than fifteen feet in front of you.

Small homes line the north side of the street, overlooking a small man-made pond immediately to the south. The fog over the pond is so thick you can’t even see the fountains that keep the water churning to prevent the ponds from becoming a sea of algae.

You hear a rhythmic sound of something large moving in the breeze to the north. Although you can barely see it, you remember that a small path wedged between two homes goes that way to the pool behind the community center.

The fog eases off to the west and the street continues to the east.

### Lebling Drive (Near Fountain)

You’re now deep inside of a large cloud of fog, likely coming from the cool water in the decorative pond to the south meeting the atypically warmer air this evening. Visibility is limited to only ten feet in front of you, making it difficult to recognize exactly where you are, despite your familiarity with the neighborhood.

The street runs to the east and west and you remember a path heading northeast to a small decorative park with a fountain.

### Lebling and Providence

The fog is much thicker here than it is farther to the north. That same dense fog extends to the west all along Lebling Drive and seems to be coming from the small man-made pond on the south side of the road.

Several parked cars occupy the streets but are half obscured by the dense fog.

The main parking lot of the Science Center is accessible to the east via a small path that was built back when the science center was still in business. You think back to fonder days when you and many of your former neighbors would walk that path to the east on the way to work every morning.

Providence Lane leads to the north towards your house, following the west edge of the Anderson Science Center. Lebling Drive continues westwards along the edge of the pond.

### Moriarty Lane

The fog is particularly thick here and seems to be emanating from a small creek behind the homes on the west side of the street.

You can hear sounds of trickling water from the west and the occasional whines and groans of metal moving in the wind to the northeast, though you see no way of going that way directly.

The street continues north and south while a break in the fog to the west reveals a small path to the edge of the creek.

### Providence Lane

On a normal day, Providence Lane would be an ordinary connecting street if it wasn’t for the large form of the two-story Anderson Science Center on the east side of the road.

Tonight, however, the dense fog gives the street a certain mysterious and otherworldly quality as much of the details of the surrounding world are drowned out by the dense low-hanging fog.

The fog grows thicker to the south towards the pond and the entrance to the Science Center, but remains somewhat thick even to the north near your house.

A white utility van is parked on the side of the street.

### Fountain

The fog is incredibly thick in this area and you can barely make out the silhouette of the stone fountain in the middle of a small decorative area. What once was an attractive and lively decoration punctuating some very cozy-looking condominium units and apartments now seems somehow ominous and alien, like a strange artifact of ages past jutting out from the ground in monolithic grandeur.

The fountain appears to still be operational, with trickles of water active in its surface and a steady mist billowing out of it as the colder water meets the warmer air. You guess that it’s still slightly too early in the year for water to the fountains to be shut down for the winter.

A decorative gravel path leads from the northeast to the southwest.

### Outside the Community Center

The neighborhood’s community center once served as a sales and management office while the neighborhood still had plans of building apartments and condominiums alongside the freestanding homes like your own. Once residential demand plummeted and plans for the condos were scrapped, the management office shut down and they took the towels, exercise equipment and the rest of the community center and pursued less hopeless opportunities elsewhere.

What remains is an attractive hollow shell of a white building. Although the paint is chipped in some areas, the building still manages to be appealing, even despite the boarded-up windows and doors.

Your wife would have hated to have seen it like this. She used to love to come and exercise inside in the mornings while listening to audio books.

A notice board stands in front of the boarded-up doors. Most of the notices are faded and torn, but a few seem to have been added only recently.

A walkway stretches from the playground to the north and continues to the southwest to the street corner. A small path leads east to the pool behind the community center.

### Community Center

### Pool

A vast billowing tarp covers the outdoor pool behind the community center, keeping external debris mostly out and protecting the empty pool in case times change and people suddenly want to live in this area again. More likely, the tarp protects various people from potential legal issues should anyone somehow manage to fall into the pool and hurt themselves. From the rancid smells of mildew coming from the pool, you suspect the tarp is not entirely successful in keeping out rain water.

Empty pool chairs and side tables line the sides of the pool and a small box for towels rests near the entrance to the pool.

The tarp flaps in the breeze, making sounds almost like those of sails on a boat as it flutters. You’d never noticed before, but between the flapping tarp and the pervasive mist, the pool is a \_very\_ creepy place to hang around at night.

A sidewalk leads south to the dense fog on Lebling Drive and a path goes west to the community center.

### Playground

What was once a modest neighborhood playground by any standards has now fallen horribly into disrepair. A carousel sits here, its center clearly bent and twisted so that any potential rider would have a horribly lopsided experience. Several teeter-totters are also here, though their wooden beams appear to be mostly rotted and certainly wouldn’t hold you safely. Where there once was a two-person swing set, there’s now only a mound of wood chips after the swing set was finally torn down when one of the support beams collapsed in a particularly heavy storm a year ago.

The smell of mold and mildew permeates the air, punctuated by the moist air from the foggy weather.

The carousel groans and creaks in the wind.

Paths lead out from the playground to Whateley Drive to the northeast and Moriarty Lane to the southwest. A different path runs south to the community center.

### Entrance to Neighborhood

Here Moriarty Lane meets Ravenwood Avenue, the major street connecting to the neighborhood. Initial plans for the neighborhood had it expanding to meet Holybrook far to the north, but the expansion was cancelled and Ravenwood remains the only lifeline to this slowly decaying portion of suburbia.

A wooden sign welcoming visitors to the neighborhood is overshadowed by a massive cloud of fog looming to the east over the pond bordering the neighborhood and obscures much of your view of Lebling Drive to the northeast.

One of the houses in this area must still be occupied as its yard is decorated with all sorts of Halloween decorations, despite it still being early October.

Moriarty Lane leads to the north.

## The Field

### Stream

The shallow stream is producing a disproportionate amount of fog given its size. The small stream, ordinarily so picturesque and tranquil, still retains an aspect of beauty in the moonlit fog.

The muddy creekbed looks like it’d be easily crossable if it wasn’t for the chain link fence blocking your way.

You can barely make out an open field to the west and the fog-filled street back to the east.

### Edge of the Field

You are at the east end of the tall grassy field west of the neighborhood.

The fog is much less dense here, though it picks up to the east as the field meets the creek.

The field extends to the west, northwest, and north while the creek to the east leads back to the neighborhood.

The tall grass sways in the breeze.

You hear high-pitched chirping to the west.

### Noisy Field

You are deep in the grassy field.

The deafening sound of crickets or some other type of insect sounds from all around you.

The grass is getting so thick you can barely continue further in this direction, though it grows thinner to the north, northeast, and east.

### Eerie Field

The north edge of the field is almost uncannily silent and still. Here, the long reeds of grass sway less in the breeze and the insects are either silent or have relocated elsewhere, likely to the south where you hear a loud buzzing.

A large black circle the length of a car is burned into the ground here – an area where the tall grass was apparently cleared or burned away, apparently recently.

The air here is thick and strange and has that odd scent of ozone to it, like it’s about to storm. Even the dust particles seem to be floating in midair in the low fog without paying as much attention to gravity or the wind, but perhaps that’s just your overactive imagination playing tricks on you.

The field extends to the east, southeast, and south while a treeline is a short distance to the north.

### Briar Thicket

The tall grassy field mixes with a thorny patch of brambles at the northeast edge of the open field. Long strands of thorny brambles threaten to tear up the limbs of any careless intruder and the poor lighting makes identifying them that much harder.

Even being near these makes you shudder involuntarily in memory of a time at camp as a teen when you accidentally rolled down a hill and into a clump of brambles you hadn’t noticed before.

Some of the brambles appear to have torn fur and what might be dried blood on them.

The open field extends under a cloud of light fog to the west, southwest, and south.

## The Woods

### Tree Line

You are at the north edge of the grassy field. A long, straight line of pine trees stand watch ominously over the entrance to a dark trail twisting its way into the woods to the north.

The dirt here has strange disturbances in it, as if something large had been here recently and thrashed about.

At least the fog has thinned considerably here, though it feels much darker in this area without the light reflecting off of the fog.

The great grassy field lies to the south, away from the dark trail to the north.

### The Woods

The woods are deeper here and the fog has picked up again now that you’ve left the safety of the tree line. The dense fog obscures everything beyond a few meters of your current position and you can’t see much of the trail behind you to the southwest.

There’s a deep musty odor to this place.

The trees creak and groan in the wind and you hear the sounds of trees, or perhaps something else, hitting other trees. The sound of the wind is deep and rhythmic here, almost like breathing.

You know from the walks you used to do with your wife that there’s a clearing ahead to the east, but you can scarcely see where you are going.

Something feels wrong here. It feels like you are no longer alone.

### Small Clearing

You’ve reached a small clearing in the woods. Several layers of dried leaves line the ground and separate an oak tree and a large flat rock in the center of the clearing from the edges.

The fog from the rest of the woods thins drastically in the clearing, leaving only a thin ankle-high mist, though the fog sticks to the edges of the woods.

A trail leads west towards large creatures who could fracture your ribcage without realizing it or to the east towards the relative safety of the neighborhood.

### Wooded Trail

You recognize this trail. You and your wife used to take long walks in the woods after you first moved in to the neighborhood, particularly in the early fall as the leaves changed colors. Although you hadn’t been back in many years, the trail is still surprisingly fresh in your mind.

Like everything else in the neighborhood, time has taken its toll and the once pleasant path has become overgrown due to lack of maintenance. The denser, closer foliage and the late hour combine to tear the pleasantness and joy you remember from this path and replace it with a foreboding sense of danger.

Every so often you hear noises of animals moving in the woods or through the trees nearby, though you rarely see anything, aside from momentary reflections of animal eyes that are then obscured by trees and branches until they re-emerge closer.

You do not feel safe here.

You can just make out the lights of the neighborhood to the south at the exit of the trail.

## Science Building

### Parking Lot

You are in the parking lot of the Anderson Science Center just west of your neighborhood.

The once impressive two-story building lays before you to the north, a reminder of more promising times. Here you saw the brightest days of your career and happiest years of your life. Here you and others were tackling the most thought-provoking and challenging problems of the day. Here’s where it all fell apart as well.

Graffiti adorns the cracked masonry and stone pillars on the building’s front, whether from ex-employees or from an angry community, it’s hard to say.

You can see some light coming through between cracks in the boarded-up windows. That’s strange; you weren’t even aware the building still had power.

The door to the building is to the north. A small path leads west to your neighborhood.

An old rusted sedan is the solitary car in the parking lot.

### Lobby

The Anderson Science Center’s lobby has seen better days. This used to be a hub of activity with regular gatherings of nameless VIPs and touring specialists. Now, the lobby rotunda stands mostly abandoned, with nearly all of the supplies auctioned off when the center closed its doors.

Still, apparently, there were things that didn’t get included in the auction. Some old promotional posters are stacked against the walls, a box of cheap Ander-Sci branded pocket knives rests in the center of the room next to the reception desk.

The reception desk has a thick layer of dust on it, but it looks like there’s some fresh marks on the dust, as if someone had set something down or picked something up from there recently.

Doors lead north into the administrative offices, propped open by a small cardboard box full of small items you can’t quite make out from here.

A small door leads to the stairwell to the east and the experiment site above.

### Stairwell

The stairwell still manages to smell nearly as strongly as it did when it was first put in. Something about the grey rubber anti-slip texture on the stairs is apparently both pungent and not a stench that fades quickly. The staircase was built intentionally wide in case bulkier items needed to be transported up and down stairs, but without anyone else around it seems ridiculously oversized.

Aside from the stairs leading up, the only other exits are the lobby out to the west and a wooden door you don’t remember tucked away in the north wall behind the stairwell.

### Top of the Stairs

[Room Cut]

### Storage Area

You’d never noticed this room before in your time working at the Science Center, but, in your defense, it was likely hidden behind crates or shelving or something equally innocuous.

The storage area is a small room, the size of a standard break room in most small offices.

The walls are lined with shelves, though almost all of them are empty. A few contain empty buckets, mops, and empty bottles of cleaning agents, but the room appears to have been picked dry long ago of anything of real value.

A simple wooden door leads out to the south and back into the stairwell.

A small workbench along the wall holds a desk lamp, a clipboard, and a coffee mug. Unlike everything else, the desk appears relatively free of dust.

The desk light is on.

### Administrative Offices

The administrative offices area was your typical array of cubicle dividers and workstations you’d find in most office environments. The fundraising, public relations, and various administrative and support personnel worked here back in the day. All traces that remain of the setup are indentations and grime lines in the carpet where the cubicle dividers stood and sections of carpet more heavily worn from people walking down the aisles.

A number of private offices line the walls, including the one that used to be yours on the east side of the room.

The doorway leads south back out to the lobby.

### Old Office

### Hardware Prototyping

### Monitoring Room

### Support Equipment

### Experiment Site