Fog Terrier

Sample Transcript

You’re back here again. You stand before the readouts and switches yet again. You don’t remember falling asleep, but nonetheless, you’ve arrived inexplicably and inevitably in the hell of your own past.

You recognize this place as the monitoring room of the Anderson Science Center - or at least your memory of it. You know the real one shut down years ago, but that has never stopped you from reliving your final experiment there before.

Red lights illuminate the room. They said it was to help you focus on the various dials in the low lighting conditions required for the experiment in the adjoining room, but the lighting apparently wasn’t enough the last time to stop things.

You bet it won’t be enough this time either.

**Recurring Dream**

You are seated at a complex workstation in front of a wide variety of gauges and readouts - the kind of station that would feel right at home at a power plant’s control room.

A mug of coffee and an operations manual are the only items on the workstation that aren’t built into the workstation itself.

A double-paned reinforced window separates the monitoring room with the experiment chamber to the north and a security door leads out to the southwest.

Machines whir and whine as equipment hums in preparation of what is to come.

> Look at the manual

It’s the standard operations manual for this workstation. Attached to the front is a piece of paper.

Machines continue to hum to life as they approach their operational levels.

> Read the Paper

The paper attached to the operations manual reads:

Experiment 4209 - 6/22/08 - Large Scale Matter Transposition

The sound of the machines has reached a steady and constant hum.

A pair of familiar figures walk into view in the experiment chamber. Your stomach turns in apprehension.

> Look at Figures

The figures are those of Doctor Clarke and your wife, Helen.

The figure you recognize as Doctor Clarke turns your way and yells over the din of the machines.

“Professor Hawkins, shall we get started? Helen here is about to make history for all of us. If you’ll be so kind as to give the readouts one last check and turn on the device, we can get underway.”

This is not good. You must stop this. They’re going to die. It’s going to be all your fault. Again.

> Warn Doctor Clark

Hey

TODO: Put everything prior to this in Later.

**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.

Go West

You head to the west.

**Stream**