



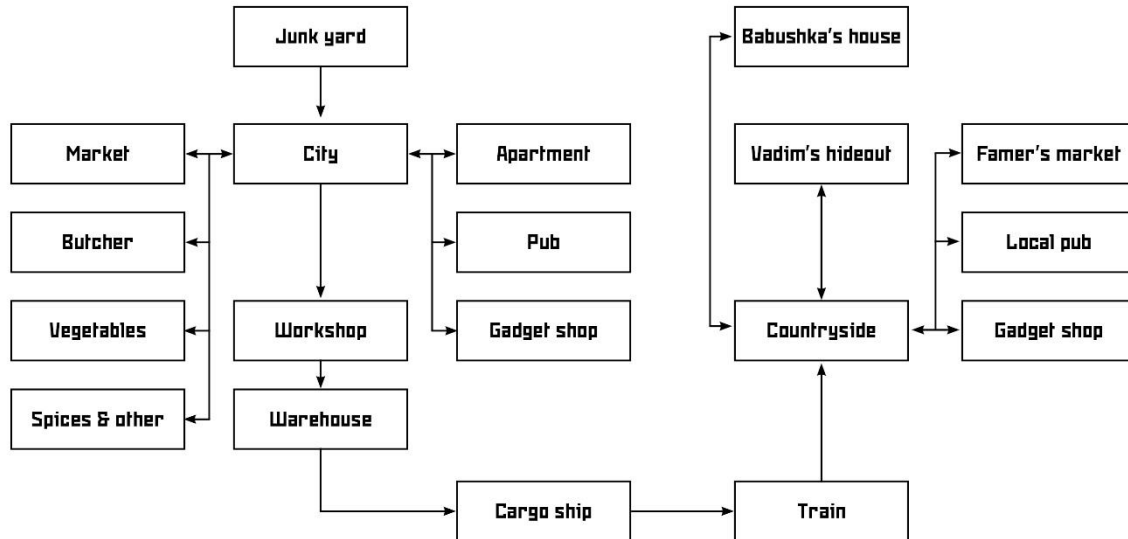
The story begins with Boris waking up in a scrap yard. He can't remember how he got there or what he was doing the evening before, but the bottle next to him labelled "potato juice" (vodka), suggests there was drinking. His phone battery is dead, there is no one around. He needs to find clues about where he is, how he got there and find a charger. In his pocket he finds a torn paper that says "bay leaf (or maybe two), half cup flour, water". He has no idea what recipe it is, why he has it and why is it torn in pieces. As he makes his way out of the junk yard and into the city, he finds more recipes along the way after solving puzzles. After encountering some "spies" who try to steal his recipes, he fashions a potato slinger that he uses to defend himself against hostile mobs. Potatoes are found as single items or bags all over the landscape. Onions are found as well and restore health when eaten. He makes his way home and finally charges his phone. He calls his cousin Anatoli who reminds him that they are supposed to make it to babushka's birthday but her cookbook with secret recipes was stolen by the spies. Boris starts to get some recollections of last night. He remembers drinking shots at a warehouse by the docks. Boris tells Anatoli to meet him there. His car however is in the workshop and taken apart. The mechanic Vlad has a horrible hangover and is unwilling to work. Boris needs to find the spare parts all around the workshop and try to bribe the mechanic to fix the car faster. He finds out he can make money by distilling some of the potatoes into "potato juice" and using that as payment. Recipes Boris recovers throughout the game are part of puzzles that he must solve by acquiring ingredients from vendors and cooking.

Characters:

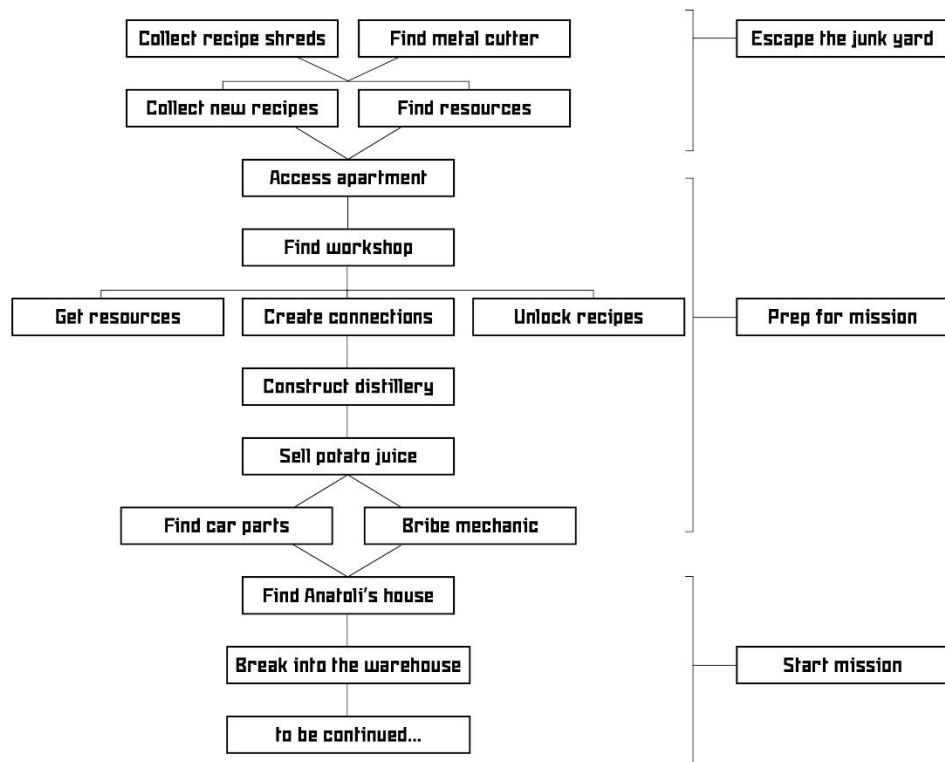
Additional characters revealed later – Dima, Sergei, Kolya.



Location layout:



Puzzle layout:





The Longest Night

Every winter, during the darkest time of the year, comes a night that is longer than all others. It's a time when the sun sets early and won't rise again until late the next day. On that Longest Night all the forest inhabitants gather in their homes to keep each other safe. As they celebrate together, no one worries about the cold and the darkness outside.

In a snowy forest, inside an old tree stump, lived a tiny field mouse with his dear grandfather.

"What were the Longest Nights like when I was a baby?" asked the tiny mouse. He loved listening to the old stories.

Grandfather was fixing their weathered lantern. He glanced out of the window and recalled.

"It was a magical time. Preparations for the feast began early in the morning. The tables were set with the most delicious treats, and rooms decorated with fir and berries.

When darkness fell, we waited at the windows, peering into the velvet-black forest, looking for the lights in the night. And finally they appeared, few at first but more would follow.

Our family and friends arrived, lanterns held high, bringing with them light that would fill our house with warmth and joy. Festivities lasted all night and no one worried about the cold nor darkness outside. Every year, on that special night, the most beautiful frost flowers would grow on our windows."

Grandfather dropped his gaze back to the sad old lantern and sighed: "But they grow here no more."

The little mouse got an idea. If only he could find the frost flowers and bring them back home, his grandfather would be happy once more. If the frost flowers grew there once, they must still grow somewhere in the big forest. The little mouse decided to go looking for them. He snuck out of the door and set off through the snowy forest.

The early morning rays glimmered through the bare treetops, setting the crisp winter air alight. Then all of a sudden the little mouse noticed something shining in the distance.

"Frost flowers!" squeaked the mouse excitedly.

It looked like a big snowflake, its crystal petals reflecting light in all the colours of the rainbow. He reached out his tiny paw to touch the beautiful flower, but it shattered into a million pieces. Out of the tree trunk rushed a frizzy haired spider, wildly muttering to himself.

"Even more work!" he exclaimed. "All my socks strewn across the ground. As if I don't have enough to do."

"I'm so sorry! I thought it was a frost flower," squeaked the little field mouse and rushed to pick up the colorful socks.

“Do you know where the frost flowers grow?” asked the mouse warily.

“I don’t have time to tell stories. There is much too much to do. Not even a single free hand to have a cup of tea,” snapped the spider and marched back in the house with a pile of socks.

The little field mouse followed him and saw at once why the poor spider had been so upset. His workshop was colourful like a bright midsummer day. There were flowers and berries of various hues, grass and moss of velvety green. The spider made vibrant dyes out of them. Under the ceiling hung countless bright coloured socks, no two alike.

The mouse decided to help out the spider. He dipped the white yarn into the dye and watched it turn delicious blueberry purple.

The little fieldmouse curled up for warmth in reindeer’s fur and told her his story. He spoke of how he had decided to find the frost flowers for his grandfather, how kind forest dwellers had helped him on the way and of the fox who had tried to eat him. He told how he had finally found the rare frost flowers and how he despite his best efforts failed to bring them back.

“You are very lucky to have such a big family,” said the little fieldmouse admiring the countless reindeer around them.

The reindeer said pensively: “Happiness is often thought to lie in things just out of our reach. It is believed to be something to search for, to wait for. But the harder we struggle to reach it the faster it seems to slip away. Few realize that happiness is always with us, holding our hand, waiting to be noticed. You have traveled a long way, little light. It’s time to go home.”

Dancing lights in the sky illuminated their way.

“Why does one star shine brighter than the others?” asked the little mouse admiring the starry sky.

“It is not a star. The legend says that these are two brothers. They travel across the sky for many years, each on their own path. But on the Longest Night their paths cross and the joy from their reunion lights the sky. They embrace and continue each on their way. Time with our loved ones may seem short/brief, but the light they bring will show us the way long after they have gone.”

The little fieldmouse felt very homesick. He wished he could hug his grandfather, even for just one more time. Countless stars twinkled through the velvety sky like lanterns in grandfather’s stories. Some of the stars had even scattered on the ground. Then he realised, those were not stars at all, they were lanterns. There were few at first but more would light up.

“Grandfather!” squeaked the mouse happily. Grandfather trudged through the deep snow, their old lantern swinging in his hand, surrounded by golden/shimmering/bright lights that followed him over the snowy glade. All the forest inhabitants who the little fieldmouse had helped on his way, had come out to look for him.

The reindeer lowered her majestic head and the little mouse slid down along her snout. Grandfather caught the little mouse into his arms and embraced him dearly.

“I found them!” squeaked the little fieldmouse and wiped away tears. “I tried so hard but I couldn’t bring them back.”

Grandfather hugged him tighter. “You brought back something much more important – light into my life. The frost flowers were just a distant memory. I didn’t realize the real happiness was with me the whole time, held my hand, waited to be noticed.”

Hand in hand, they walked through the snowy forest, the lanterns of their new friends lighting the way.

Their house, once more, filled with warmth and happiness. No one feared the cold nor darkness outside. The tables were set with the most delicious treats and the festivities lasted the whole night. And unnoticed to all, the beautiful frost flowers grew on their windows once more.

