

YOU + the DARK + the DOOR

[LOOK AT

CALL TO

THINK ABOUT

USE]

THE ROOM

You wake up in **The Room**. It is dark. You have been in this DARKNESS for a while.

...

There are four WALLS and one DOOR. Otherwise, there is NOTHING, lots and lots of NOTHING.

...

You are alone.

...

> USE DOOR

You try the handle, but the DOOR does not open.

> LOOK AT DOOR

Hmm. There are scratches on this side.

> LOOK AT scratches

...But that isn't a valid object here.

> LOOK AT DOOR

The DOOR has a peephole, which is misty.

When you press your ear to the grain, you hear muffled voices.

> CALL TO

What do you call to?

> CALL TO DOOR

...But NOTHING happens.

> CALL TO WALLS

...But they stand, unmoved.

> CALL TO DARKNESS

...But NOTHING happens.

> CALL TO NOTHING

...And NOTHING happens.

...

> THINK ABOUT DARKNESS

Brrr. It has been here a while. At least as long as you.

> USE DARKNESS

You curl into a ball. Like deep-sea, the DARKNESS fills between your folded arms, your collapsed legs, your curled toes.

You wait for it to sink up and swallow you, but there is just more NOTHING.

> THINK ABOUT

What do you think about?

> THINK ABOUT anything, please, absolutely anything, anything outside this room

...But that isn't a valid action here.

> THINK ABOUT you

...But that isn't a valid object here.

> THINK ABOUT NOTHING

The NOTHING stands rickety in your head, along with other thoughts. Soon, the other thoughts storm the NOTHING castle.

...

Why can't I break down the DOOR? Why can't I call through the WALLS?

It's cold in here. It's so empty.

> LOOK AT DOOR THINK ABOUT freedom CALL TO outside

...But that isn't a valid action here.

...

> LOOK AT NOTHING

...And NOTHING happens.

...

> THINK ABOUT NOTHING

The crumbled castle constructs once more. You have picked up these stones so many times before.

It is hard labour, and now you breathe, deeply. The breaths form a ragged shoreline around the castle.

They are your BREATHS.

...

> THINK ABOUT BREATHS

They are coarse but steady. They are a force that is deep-sea and buoyant. They are yours.

And since they are in this room, it must mean you are in this room.

You are still here.

YOU.

> LOOK AT YOU

Really, look at YOU: a shoreline.

YOU have gone so far, come so far, YOU really have.

And now YOU are in this room. **The Room** which has NOTHING and DARKNESS, and YOU, breathing.

The Room has NOTHING on YOU.

...

There is a way out, if YOU can only make it valid.

> YOU LOOK AT DOOR

YOU see the DOOR: the worn handle, the scarred wood, the misted peephole.

YOU hear the DOOR: the echoes of scratches made before, the muffled voices on the other side.

...

And there, finally: a key hole.

Which means there must be a KEY.

>YOU THINK ABOUT KEY

Which means the KEY must exist.

YOU feel a weight in your pocket.

> YOU USE KEY

Your BREATHS are shaky as YOU walk to the DOOR.

...

...

...

“Click”

...

> YOU OPEN THE DOOR