

### **Front**

It's been a long time since anyone set foot here. The windows are too covered in dust to peer through and your key is already in the lock of the front door. As you turn the key you remember the strange letter that brought you back here.

*"The house is yours now. I know you still have your key. Make yourself at home. Remember: don't go into the basement."*

### **Entryway**

The entryway is musty and still. Running your finger along the wall reveals warm chestnut wood that has been dulled gray by a thick layer of dust.

There is a door to the rest of the main floor, and stairs leading up or down.

### **Bedroom**

There is only one bedroom on this floor now, as you are the house's only remaining occupant. A four panel bed made with soft pint sheets sits in the center of the room.

### **Dining room**

A massive dining table dominates the room. Each place is set with fine China, coordinated with a tablecloth that would be luxurious if it were not moth bitten. More dishes are stowed away in glass cabinets.

### **Kitchen**

An old style gas stove sits unused, a disconnected decoration next to appliances that would've been top of the line when you were last here. The pantry is well stocked, full of unexpired basics. (Making a meal from this would be easy enough)

### **Your Place Setting**

Dispute the dust that cakes the house the plates are clean and silverware polished to a mirror shine. A thin piece of paper is tucked into your napkin, pinned with the napkin ring. A note from that time. You can't bring yourself to read it.

### **Bed**

You wake with a jolt. Surrounded by soft sheets. You don't know how long you slept. The house seems the same as ever.

If: hasfood

You eat your meal

Crossing knife and fork across the plate you leave the dishes on the table, though there's no longer anyone left to clear them.

Old habits die hard