SECTION 1

You were asleep for several years. You were killed in 2020. You suddenly come to your consciousness 100 years later.

YOU: “…..Wait, what? What’s going on?”

YOU: “Am I dreaming or something?”

YOU: “Like, how am I still breathing without lungs?”

YOU: “Or thinking without a brain?”

YOU: “Or, like, talking without lips???”

YOU: “Am I a ghost???”

YOU: “Good lord, I need to get it together. I need to wake up.”

You try slapping yourself.

YOU: “Wake up! Wake up! WAKE FREAKING UP!!!”

Suddenly, you hear a voice coming from somewhere.

???: “My guy, the ‘stop hitting yourself’ meme is, like, over 100 years out of date.”

YOU: “Who said that? Did you just say 100 years???”

???: “Look at the ceiling.”

You look at the ceiling. You find a speaker above you.

YOU: “That doesn’t answer my question!”

???: “Who said I was going to give you answers?”

YOU: “Oh come on with this bullcrap!! Please just tell me what the hell is going on!”

???: “Okay, okay, I’ll tell you since you asked so nicely.”

???: “Simply put, you are dead. And you have been dead for over 100 years.”

YOU: “I’m definitely dreaming.”

???: “You sure?”

YOU: “Even if I am dead, how do I know you weren’t the one who killed me?!”

???: “Why don’t you try to find out? You don’t have a brain, but I’m sure you’re still pretty smart.”

YOU: “Oh trust me, I goddamn will.”

???: “I wish you the best of luck.”

YOU: “Okay, let’s look around here I guess.”

You look around and you find a key.

YOU: “A key? Is this mine?”

You investigate the key.

YOU: “’Cloakster Inc.’…that name sounds familiar.”

You investigate further and discover a strange combination lock.

YOU: “…what? Am I inside an escape room?”

After looking around further and looking for clues, you enter the proper code and plug in the key. You then leave the room.

YOU: “Okay, whoever you are…I left the room. Where the hell are you?”

???: “I know. I saw.”

You look around.

YOU: “Wait, how can you see? There aren’t any security cameras anywhere!”

???: “There aren’t? Are you sure?”

YOU: “Okay, whatever. What’s next in your toolbox of mental torture?”

???: “Well, for one, that was simply the first room you completed.”

YOU: “Oy vey, of course there’s more…”

???: “Good luck my guy.”

YOU: “I hope you realize what happens when I do escape.”

???: “Oh I do. Trust me, what you think will happen won’t.”

You ignore his taunting words, for you realize that focusing on them will do you no good.

SECTION 2

You come across a large playroom.

YOU: “Where am I, in a kindergarten?”

YOU: “I don’t know why, but this place looks…kinda familiar.”

YOU: “I guess I’ll look around.”

You look around the kindergarten’s rooms and come across a puzzle board.

YOU: “Huh, where are the pieces for this?”

You look around the kindergarten and find several puzzle pieces all around the floor. You eventually think you found all the necessary ones.

YOU: “Alright, let’s try to put these together.”

You put the pieces together, and you form a picture. You begin to feel as if you recognize what’s on the picture.

YOU: “Wait, who is that? Is that someone I know? Could it be a family member or someone?”

???: “Hey skeleton boy. Good job.”

YOU: “Do you know who or what this is on the picture?”

???: “Why should I tell you that?”

YOU: “Yeah, I figured that would be your answer.”

YOU: “Well, what now oh might one?”

???: “There’s another puzzle that needs to be put together. But now you need to re-arrange the pieces.”

YOU: “Awesome. Where can I find this second puzzle?”

???: “Behind the door.”

YOU: “What do---”

Out of nowhere, a huge rumbling noise gives way to a large door that rises behind you.

YOU: “Ah.”

???: “I wish you the best of luck.”

You struggle to figure out exactly how to respond.

YOU: “…….thank…..thank you. (Also, screw you.)”

???: “Move along now.”

YOU: “Okay, okay.”

You enter through the door and find yourself in yet another kindergarten.

YOU: “Why does this also look familiar? What the hell is going on?”

YOU: “I guess there’s only one evident way to find out.”

You look around this second kindergarten and see a puzzle board with all the pieces available but arranged completely wrong.

You finish arranging the puzzle pieces and then you recognize the picture you ended up creating.

YOU: “Good god, this person also looks familiar!”

YOU: “Okay, I need to know what the hell this is, and why I recognize all these pictures and places!”

???: “Make me.”

YOU: “I will, trust me.”

???: “How?”

YOU: “I will find you.”

???: “How?”

YOU: “…..you know what, nevermind.”

???: “Well, there’s another puzzle room waiting for you.”

YOU: “I’m telling you, if I have to solve yet another puzzle afterwards, I am going to break the walls down.”

???: “You can’t, the walls are made of metal”.

You try to ignore his taunting words, but you begin to get a feeling of hopelessness, as if you’ll never escape and figure out what happened to you.