Level 1

**Note 1**

1st of October, 1981

Thomas found the maze by accident. He told me he was out in the woods near Ashpine Hill when he saw jack-o-lanterns glowing in the mist. Followed them. That was two weeks ago.

I waited. I prayed. But now I’m here. I brought Jerry with me, the old pumpkin lantern he carved when we were kids. Still works, still warm.

I’ll find him. I have to.

Eleanor Blackwood

—1 of 6

Ben comments:

Ben: Ashpine Hill... I’ve hiked past there...

Ben: Never saw a maze. Never saw jack-o-lanterns either.

Ben: Jerry..? Is that the pumpkin I'm holding...?

Ben: Who’s Thomas? Who’s Eleanor?

Ben: How did I end up here? I have to find out!

**Note 2**

3rd of October, 1981

There’s something here. I don’t know if it’s a person or… something else.

I saw him standing in the hallway, completely still. Wearing red. Holding a kitchen knife like it was part of him.

He didn’t move. He didn’t speak. Just watched me.

I’ve started calling him the Red Man.

I turned and ran, and the maze twisted behind me. I know I didn’t come from that direction...

There are lockers… but why did he not open the one I was on? Does he like the thrill?

Eleanor Blackwood

—2 of 6

Ben comments:

Ben: He was just standing there...? Watching her...?

Ben: In red... with a knife... What did I get myself into?

Ben: If she ran... I need to be ready to do the same.

**Note 3**

6th of October, 1981

I found a key in a chest full of candy. I thought it was real. I thought I was free.

The door led me back to the same hallway. Only this time, it smelled like copper. Like something rotting. There were handprints on the wall.

This place plays games. I think it enjoys watching us lose.

Eleanor Blackwood

—3 of 6

Ben comments:

Ben: A key in a chest of candy...? That sounds like bait. Like a trick.

Jerry: Without the key, you’re stuck here forever!

Ben: Wha—!? Who said that...?

Ben: Jerry...? Are... are you talking now!?

**Note 4**

10th of October, 1981

It wasn’t just a maze. I see that now.

There are markings, symbols, and old carvings beneath the brick. Faces wearing masks. Offerings... pumpkins, bones, candy. All rotting.

Maybe this was some kind of ritual. A pact. Something sacred tied to Halloween. And we stumbled into it like fools.

Eleanor Blackwood

—4 of 6

Ben comments:

Ben: Rituals? Faces under the brick...?

Ben: Pumpkins, bones, candy... like some twisted altar.

Ben: This isn’t just a maze... it’s something older.

Jerry: You shouldn’t have come here on Halloween.

Ben: Stop. No. You’re just a lantern!

Ben: ...Right?

**Note 5**

13th of October, 1981

Jerry’s light dimmed for the first time today. I dropped him when I fell running from the Red Man. I couldn’t see. I just crawled.

When I picked him up, the glow returned, but weaker. I think this place feeds on fear. On silence. On regret.

If Jerry goes out… I don’t think I’ll find my way back.

Eleanor Blackwood

—5 of 6

Ben comments:

Ben: Jerry’s light went dim...?

Ben: If Jerry is with me… I wonder what happened to Eleanor? And her brother, Thomas?

Jerry: Don’t drop me, Ben! I can’t protect you in the dark!

Ben: You’re talking again! What happened to Eleanor!?

Jerry: I don’t know!

Ben: Ugh…

**Note 6**

15th of October, 1981

I found it! The door at the end of the maze.

It's stained with blood, handprints all over it. Some fresh. Some faded. Some small... Thomas’s size. One had a smear of green paint. He always marked his things with green.

The key I found worked. The lock gave way with a loud click, and everything went silent. Not a peaceful silence...

I think Thomas made it through! I think I’m following him now.

If you're reading this, you're close. The maze isn't done with us yet. But there's a way out. Just keep going.

And don’t let the silence fool you. He’s still out there. Waiting.

Eleanor Blackwood

—6 of 6

Ben comments:

Ben: The door… she found it.

Ben: Blood. Green paint. That was Thomas’s mark... did she really find him?

Ben: I still don’t know how I ended up here. Maybe finding her will give me answers.

Jerry: The silence is a lie, Ben. He’s close.

Ben: Then I need to move.

Ben: I’m not dying in this place.

Level 2

**Note 1**

16th of October, 1981

I thought I made it out.

The final hallway, the blood-streaked door, the silence… it all felt like the end. I stepped through, holding my breath.

But it wasn’t freedom. Just another corridor. Another maze.

It looks different. Sharper corners. Colder. But it feels the same. Like it’s watching.

It’s not over.

I’m coming, Thomas. I’ll find you.

Eleanor Blackwood

—1 of 7

Ben comments:

Ben: The blood-streaked door… the silence... I remember that too. I really thought I got out.

Ben: But this… this is another maze. Maybe worse. It looks different, but it feels the same.

Jerry: It never ends, Ben. It just changes shape.

Ben: No. No, I won’t let it break me. If Eleanor’s still going... so am I.

**Note 2**

19th of October, 1981

I’ve been thinking about him. The Red Man.

He’s not a ghost or a monster. He’s a man. Flesh, breath, footsteps that shake the walls. I’ve heard him. Felt him. Slow at first… then faster, like he’s winding up to chase.

He wants us to hear him. That’s the worst part.

He could be quiet. But he wants the panic. The running. Waits until you think you’re safe, then slams a door or scrapes his knife along the lockers.

When you hide… he lingers. Sometimes stops. Once, I swear he whispered through the locker door, but I couldn’t understand.

He’s not hunting to live. He likes what it does to us.

Eleanor Blackwood

—2 of 7

Ben comments:

Ben: He’s not a monster… just a man. That almost makes it worse.

Ben: He wants to be heard. Wants the fear before the kill.

Ben: Every sound he makes… it’s a warning and a promise.

Ben: He’s not chasing to catch you. He’s chasing to break you.

Jerry: You’ll hear him before you see him, Benny boy… and by then? Too late!

Ben: I’m not planning on dying here, Jerry.

Jerry: Good! ’Cause you’d make a terrible skeleton display!

**Note 3**

21st of October, 1981

I almost gave up today.

My legs ache. My eyes sting. I haven’t spoken in hours, maybe days. I want to call out for Thomas, but I can’t. The Red Man listens. The walls listen.

The silence is heavy. It presses down. Makes me feel smaller. Like I’m disappearing one quiet second at a time.

For a moment, I thought… maybe he was never here. Maybe I’m chasing a ghost, or worse, a memory.

Then I rounded a corner and stopped cold.

There was a stack of pennies on the floor. Four of them, balanced perfectly. I stared for a long time, afraid to breathe.

Thomas used to do that, stack pennies when he was nervous. Said it helped him focus.

They weren’t dusty. No cobwebs. No grime.

He was here. He is here.

And if he’s still moving, so am I.

Eleanor Blackwood

—3 of 7

Ben comments:

Ben: Pennies… stacked… that’s too specific to be coincidence.

Ben: Thomas left it for her. Or maybe he couldn’t help it.

Jerry: Four is a lucky number. But not in the maze.

Ben: I’m not waiting around to see what it means. I’m moving.

**Note 4**

23rd of October, 1981

I got in through Ashpine Hill. Most think it’s just rocks, but there’s a narrow ridge along the north face, like a scar, barely visible unless the light hits it just right. I followed a trail of jack-o-lanterns into the trees, and that scar opened into a hidden passage. Moss-covered steps led down to a pair of stone doors. No lock. No handle. Just carvings… masks, bones, pumpkins, all worn smooth by time. The air was cold. Heavy. Something had been waiting there. I didn’t open the doors. They opened for me. Like something inside knew I was coming. I don’t know why.

If you’re reading this, maybe they opened for you too?

Eleanor Blackwood

—4 of 7

Ben comments:

Ben: I’m familiar with Ashpine Hill. I thought it was just woods and rock… nothing strange.

Ben: A scar in the ridge... how did I miss that?

Ben: She said it opened for her. No lock. No handle. Did the same happen to me?

Jerry: It only opens when it wants to.

Ben: What does that even mean?

**Note 5**

25th of October, 1981

The hallways are colder now. Every breath hangs in the air.

I found a stairwell, narrow, hidden behind a loose panel. It led to a small, windowless room. Concrete floor. Metal walls.

There was a table in the center with carvings on it. A name.

Ben Halloway.

I don’t know who that is.

But there was a drawing next to it. A pumpkin, smiling. Just like Jerry.

Eleanor Blackwood

—5 of 7

Ben comments:

Ben: Wait... what? That’s my name. That’s my name carved on a table?

Ben: Why would Eleanor find that? She doesn’t know me. Unless… unless I’ve been here longer than I think.

Jerry: Maybe this isn’t your first time, Ben. Maybe it just feels like it is.

Ben: No. No, I’d remember... wouldn’t I?

**Note 6**

27th of October, 1981

When I first came here, I thought Thomas found the maze by accident.

That’s what he said, he saw jack-o-lanterns near Ashpine Hill and followed them. I told him to be careful… to come home on time. I should’ve gone with him.

But now that I’m here, the memories are coming back.

It was late August. Thomas had been quiet, skittish. I asked what was wrong, and he finally said:

“He’s coming soon. The one from the stories.”

I laughed. Thought it was one of his spooky games.

But he wasn’t playing.

He said the maze was real. That near Ashpine Hill, “you can feel it in the walls.”

I asked who told him.

He said: “Mr. Holloway.”

I thought he made it up. But now, after seeing that name carved here, Ben…

Who are you and why did you lead my brother here?

Eleanor Blackwood

—6 of 7

Ben comments:

Ben: Wait… Is Mr. Holloway… me..?

Ben: Did I lure Thomas here..?

Jerry: He trusted you, Ben.

Ben: But I don’t remember meeting him. I don’t remember any of that!

Ben: Why would I tell a kid about the maze? Unless… I’ve been part of this longer than I know.

Ben: I need answers. I need to find Eleanor… and Thomas!

**Note 7**

30th of October, 1981

I saw him. The Red Man. Up close, closer than I ever wanted. There was a keypad on the wall. I tried a number and the screen blinked red. Then I heard him, heavy steps, that awful dragging sound. I managed to duck behind a gravestone in the corner before he could see me. I saw him walking up to the keypad. He pressed four numbers:

{password}

The wall slid open, and he stepped inside. I must’ve gasped or moved as he turned around and saw me. I ran through halls I didn’t know… downstairs that shouldn’t exist.

I think I found his lair… I see knives, bones, trophies.

I’ll try the passcode when I have the chance.

Maybe that number is the key to ending all of these nightmares.

Eleanor Blackwood

—7 of 7

Ben comments:

Ben: {password}? Better not forget this number...

Ben: I feel like I'm getting closer to the truth...

Jerry: Are you sure about that, Ben!

Ben: Are you trying to trick me, Jerry?

Jerry: Never!