**--You chose left--**

*I think the cellar is on the left side*, you think to yourself. The entire hallway is now empty so you run to the left side.

“Is it?” Narrator grins.

*It should be one of these rooms.* You spot a door with stairs on the other side leading what appears downward. *Aha! That’s got to be it!*

You run down the stairs and open the wooden door at the bottom of the stairs. You are greeted with the musty smell of booze. *This is it*, you grin happily. “Looks like it is,” Narrator agrees.

You remember Bentley ordering one guard to search the cellar. You hear creaking floorboards from the footsteps of the guard. Crouching low, you move behind the barrels of alcohol to keep out of sight. You spot the exit at the other end of the cellar. You are crawling towards the exit but you can hear the guard coming closer to you. There are no hiding places.

**--Stay still**

**--Make a break for the exit**