## It is dark. What will you do?

FUMBLE AROUND THE FLOOR.

REACH IN YOUR POCKET.



You fumble around. The floor and walls are cold, slightly damp, stone. You stand up. What now?

TAKE A FEW STEPS FORWARD.

REACH IN YOUR POCKET.



You reach into your pocket to find a single match. You strike it and the small flickering flame reveals a torch in a sconce on the stone wall beside you.

TAKE A FEW STEPS FORWARD.

LIGHT THE SCONCE.



You brave your way forward, into the gloom. You tumble down a hole that seems to go on forever and ever and ever. Until it doesn't.

YOU ARE DEAD.

START AGAIN.



You light the torch, whose filament is connected to the other sconces in the room; the corridor lights up, stretching out forever. Adeep pit is before you.

WHAT IS BEHIND ME?

EDGE AROUND THE PIT AND FURTHER INTO THE ROOM.



Behind you is the stone wall. But now that it is well lit, you see a small ledge, upon which is a rusted metal key.

TAKE THE KEY, THEN CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE PIT.

LEAVE THE KEY
ALONE, AND EDGE
AROUND THE PIT.



You take the key and carefully make your way around the hole, ducking under a torch that crackles with fire. The corridor ahead is long.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT! HEAD DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

CALL OUT. SOMEONE
MAY HEAR YOU AND
COME TO HELP.



You call out. A dark voice responds from behind, "Aberforth hears you, mortal... Your final sensation is of spectral fangs around your neck, sinking into flesh...

YOU ARE DEAD.

START AGAIN.



You walk past a few more torches, the corridor revealing itself to you as you press on. Suddenly, there is a low moaning sound behind you.

WALK FASTER!

STOP AND TURN TO INVESTIGATE THE NOISE.



You turn. A phantom rises from the pit. Skin and sinew dangle from deep gashes in its translucent body. Its smile is full of needles and blood.

STAND AND CONFRONT THE APPARITION. SHOULDN'T HAVE STOPPED! KEEP RUNNING!



The hairs on your neck stand up. You begin to run, as though trying to escape the chill that suddenly overcame you. The moan grows louder.

FASTER, DAMN IT!

RUNNING OBVIOUSLY ISN'T HELPING – TURN AND CONFRONT IT.



You try to hurry away, but a sinking dread washes through you. Your legs buckle; you fall. Rotted, pale hands close over your face, and into your eyes...

YOU ARE DEAD.

START AGAIN.



You face the horrifying ghoul. It stops and parts its thin lips, "Speak my name, and you shall live. Lose my game, I'll not forgive..."

THE BLOODY BARON?

ALUCARD?

THE LICH KING?

ABERFORTH?

ARMORTIOUS?

SPOOKY MCSPOOKYFACE?

CASPER?

THE NAZGÛL?



"You've proven that you know not me. I'll wear your skin eternally..."
It descends on you, tearing your body apart, and consuming your soul...

YOU ARE DEAD.

START AGAIN.



"Dou name me right, pou've known my breath. Pou've died before, and shall dodge death." Aberforth utters, as he dissipates into nothingness, leaving you once again alone...

CHUCK THE KEY DOWN
ABERFORTH'S HOLE –
THAT'LL SHOW HIM!

SHAKE OFF THE LINGERING CHILL, AND CONTINUE.



You hear a distant "Dut" from deep within the pit, then decide to make your way up the torch-lit corridor, no end in sight.

CONTINUE, NOT
HAVING ANY SECONDTHOUGHTS OR DOUBTS
OF ANY KIND.

CONTINUE, THINKING TO YOURSELF THAT YOU JUST DID A VERY SILLY THING.



You walk the narrow corridor for many hours, until you eventually see a door in the far distance. Finally, a way out! You approach it eagerly.

TRY THE KEY IN THE DOOR'S KEYHOLE.

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I WANT TO MARCH BACK TO THE START.



You spend hours walking back to the pit. Aberforth lingers there, "What in the bloody hell are you doing? Grown fond of this place, have you? Well, come on down and let's have tea."

YOU JOIN THE GHOUL IN HIS HOLE FOR TEA AND BISCUITS.

START AGAIN.

FOR ALL ETERNITY.



The key fits perfectly, and the mechanism unlocks. You walk through the door and into the light, never turning back...

YOU SURVIVED.

START AGAIN, JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT.



You make your way around the hole, ducking under a torch that crackles with freshly-fed fire. The corridor ahead is long.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT! HEAD DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

CALL OUT. SOMEONE
MAY HEAR YOU AND
COME TO HELP.



You walk past a few more torches, the corridor revealing itself to you as you press on. Suddenly, there is a low moaning sound behind you.

WALK FASTER!

STOP AND TURN TO INVESTIGATE THE NOISE.



You turn. A phantom rises from the pit. Skin and sinew dangle from deep gashes in its translucent body. Its smile is full of needles and blood.

STAND AND CONFRONT THE APPARITION. SHOULDN'T HAVE STOPPED! KEEP RUNNING!



The hairs on your neck stand up. You begin to run, as though trying to escape the chill that suddenly overcame you. The moan grows louder.

FASTER, DAMN IT!

RUNNING OBVIOUSLY ISN'T HELPING – TURN AND CONFRONT IT.



You try to hurry, but a sick dread washes through you. You trip. Rotted hands close over your face, and into your eyes... The image of a key flashes through your mind.

YOU ARE DEAD.

START AGAIN.



You face the horrifying ghoul. It stops and parts its thin lips, "Speak my name, and you shall live. Lose my game, I'll not forgive..."

THE BLOODY BARON?

ALUCARD?

THE LICH KING?

ABERFORTH?

ARMORTIOUS?

SPOOKY MCSPOOKYFACE?

CASPER?

THE NAZGÛL?



"Pou've proven that you know not me. Call out, turn about, and find the kep..." It descends on you, tearing your body apart, and consuming your soul...

YOU ARE DEAD.

START AGAIN.



"Dou name me right, pou've known my breath. Pou've died before, and shall dodge death." Aberforth utters, as he dissipates into nothingness, leaving you once again alone...

SHOUT OUT "JUST KIDDING! I THINK YOUR NAME'S DAVE!" SHAKE OFF THE LINGERING CHILL, AND CONTINUE.



You hear a distant "June" from deep within the pit, then decide to make your way up the torch-lit corridor, no end in sight.

CONTINUE, NOT
HAVING ANY SECONDTHOUGHTS OR DOUBTS
OF ANY KIND.

CONTINUE, THINKING
TO YOURSELF THAT
YOU JUST DID A VERY
SILLY THING.



You walk the narrow corridor for many hours, until you eventually see a door in the far distance. Finally, a way out! You approach it eagerly.

INSPECT THE DOOR.

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I WANT TO MARCH BACK TO THE START.



The door is made of a dark, ancient wood. The metal of its hinges and lock is red with rust. You peek into the keyhole and spy daylight through it!

TRY THE HANDLE.

RAM THE DOOR WITH WITH YOUR SHOULDER.



It's locked. The thick wood does not give at all. You are stuck here without a key! Hours pass as you scream and shake and cry. The torches flicker and die.

IT'S A STRAIGHT
CORRIDOR - YOU CAN
MAKE YOUR WAY TO
THE START IN THE
PITCH BLACK AND LOOK
FOR CLUES THERE!

SLUMP TO THE FLOOR AND ACCEPT YOUR FATE...



## Starved of food and light. YOU ARE DEAD. START AGAIN.

