

The Machen Estate
Journal System documentation

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Feature overview:

Locked Doors takes place *after* a story regarding its location and characters has been completed. Drawing inspiration from titles such as *Amnesia: The Dark Descent* and *Dear Esther*, the context of the Machen Estate is told in vague terms via text documents that are hidden in various locations around the map. The player is encouraged to locate these notes if they want to understand what transpired within the game's setting.

Notes, aside from adding narrative context, may also give players clues about how to proceed with puzzles in-game.

Narrative Overview:

Introduction:

The Machen Estate is old, almost as old as the woods which surround it. Its walls are firm in the way that only an old home can be. The stones and slabs which comprise the foundation, while molded and cracked, are utterly representative of the sense of quiet, contemplative atmosphere under which the property is steeped. All the original metal within its walls are of copper, tin or some archaic alloy. By some strange fluke, no iron exists upon the property's ancient architecture.

And now, for the first time since this place was built, rooms are filled. The Lewis-Jones family has purchased and moved into this place with the intention of renovating living on the property. The modern, bustling atmosphere they bring clashes with the quaint, contemplative atmosphere which has overtaken the halls.

Here, under the soil, where the ground is moist and the air thick with mold and a strange, pervasive dampness, beneath the stone and walls of the Machen estate, there lay a pedestal. This altar, constructed long before the house itself, was wrought of black stone and surrounded by a ring of bulbous, fungal growths. A fairy circle, it was called in olden times; strange that it exists here, at the base of the home. It's almost as if the place was built around it, observes the father of the family. When the night fell and the stars twinkled overhead through the encrusted glass, tiny specks glowed, as if the moonlight danced within them.

Almost everything is rounded. Moving from room to room feels less like embarking to a different part of the house and more like slipping through another world. The overall building design is a twisting, a testament to old, church manor-Esque building conventions. The inside is wood while the outside is stone. Everything is immaculate if a little dusty, and flourished with an upper-class sensibility. The Lewis-Jones family brings a lot of modernity to the environment. Extension cords run across the floors to accommodate tools and electronics, work desks and cleaning supplies are littered across the walls and corners.

The main bedroom is completed. The foyer is in construction. The basement has scarcely begun, but the circle has most certainly been disturbed.

Main Characters:

- Ivana Lewis-Jones
 - The mother of Elizabeth and Scarlett and wife to Robert. She is an adept artist who works primarily on repainting and refinishing much of the building's original colors.

- Robert Lewis-Jones
 - Father of Elizabeth and Scarlett, Ivana's Husband. Robert is the handyman, repairing and restoring to this best ability. All of the tools are his.

- Elizabeth Lewis-Jones
 - The eldest daughter (10-11 years old) in the family, Elizabeth is inquisitive and curious. She has an affinity for puzzles and logic pieces, such as nonograms and sudoku. She spends a lot of time exploring the house, reading the old books, and writing much of what she sees in her diary. If the story wasn't already told, she would be the protagonist. She is the first person aware of the supernatural infestation and the last person profoundly affected. Her observational skills are impressive.

Initially reading about the 'legendary' aspects of the house, she leaves the fae small offerings, less out of real belief and more out of a sense of playful obligation. Her parents don't pay it any mind. The fae don't become hostile until after her offerings cease.

- Scarlett Lewis-Jones
 - The youngest daughter (1~ years old). Scarlett is an infant during the entire story, Elizabeth takes care of her while her parents work. When the offerings cease and the crimes (iron, etc) become more severe, the fae eventually kidnap Scarlett

and replace her with a changeling. In the end, Scarlett is returned when Elizabeth offers herself to the fae.

- The Fae

- Existing at the boundaries where mythological and real overlap, they are both graceful and bestial, soft-spoken and cruel. There is a dichotomy to their existence, a dependency that calls to mind the single-minded nature of an infant. Without aid, they are helpless, without what they want, they are thoughtless.

By some pact made long before these newcomers arrived upon the Machen's property, they can be sated by sacrifices. Milk and bread will do, though it will not satisfy them long or meaningfully. Animals do better, perhaps if the denizens of this forgotten place had left the errant dead creature upon their altar, things may have gone differently. However, in the absence of these sacrifices, the fae are little more than covetous beasts. In their desperation and cruelty, they snatch away the baby, Scarlett, from her crib.

- The Changeling

- A changeling is a lie. A corporeal creature that replaced Scarlett when she was whisked away into the fae's strange, ethereal world, it looks almost exactly like her. Upon closer inspection, however, it can be observed that this creature is cruel and gluttonous. It laughs at pain and misfortune and demands so much food from her mother and family that it nearly kills the former and tears apart the latter.

Like all fae, the changeling is vulnerable to iron. Elizabeth eventually kills the changeling before embarking to retrieve the real Scarlett.

- The Investigator

- The player character. You have crept into this old place with the aim of discovering the truth, but the doors are locked on the inside. If you wish to leave,

you must perform your duty. Discovering the secret of the estate will perhaps grant you an avenue for escape.

Overarching Story:

The Lewis-Jones family moves into the Machen estate with their two daughters, Elizabeth and Scarlett. They have the intention of renovating the place and living there indefinitely. Since repairing a house is such hard work, Elizabeth, normally more exploratory and free-spirited, is tasked with caring for Scarlett. One way she initially gets her to sleep at night is reading from a series of old, dusty fairy tales she found inside the house.

All the stories talk about a race of creatures called the “fae” which reside in a world parallel to ours. It states that fairy circles composed of mushrooms provide a venue for fae to enter the human world. Elizabeth begins making small offerings to the circle in the basement playfully and is surprised when the offerings are apparently taken, which is attributed to rats. Later, something leaves her with a strange wooden carving depicting her and Scarlett.

The summer drags on and the renovations are going well. The bedrooms are completed and the foyer work begins. After Robert sees his daughter leaving food, he berates her for encouraging ‘rats’ which he believes are eating the food. After a few days of not feeding the fae, one seemingly attacks Scarlett as she sleeps, scratching her foot. Elizabeth begins again leaving sacrifices. When Robert sees, he mixes in rat poison and the sacrifices are no longer touched.

The fae becomes violent. Without food (and not trusting the scraps Elizabeth leaves for them) they are less magical creatures and more vermin. They cause havoc across the house, scratching things in the night, hiding items and ravaging the food in the pantry. Robert leaves more and more poison, but it does nothing but anger the fae.

Eventually, they decide to kidnap Scarlett, as Fae crave someone to care for them, they whisk her away to become their new mother. Elizabeth, Scarlett’s caretaker, doesn’t notice at first but eventually realizes that the creature she is caring for is a changeling when she playfully gives it an iron coin that she cherishes. The creature is ravenous and malicious and shrieks in pain as the iron burns its palm.

Elizabeth eventually kills the changeling by soaking it in water tainted with iron, prompting it to dissolve. Her parents don’t believe Scarlett to have been kidnapped by the fae, calling Elizabeth’s story “delusional” and instead focus their search on the woods around the

house. At night, Elizabeth can hear Scarlett's cries through the fairy circle. She decides to go in and save Scarlett herself. After a heated argument with her parents, she runs into the basement. When her father and mother follow, they see the baby Scarlett emerge from the fairy circle carrying the Iron Coin, but Elizabeth is nowhere to be found. Finally seeing the fae as they crawl from the circle to place the baby on the altar, they collect Scarlett and leave.

Notes and corresponding events:

As the notes are designed to give the player a somewhat vague, but complete, account of events, almost every journal entry will reference some event that took place in the backstory; literally or metaphorically. The major events, and the notes which reference them, are as follows:

1. The Lewis-Jones family moves from a city to an old country estate with the intention of renovating it.
 - a. Faulty Wiring
 - b. An Old House
 - c. Sister Antiques
 - d. A glowing endorsement

2. Elizabeth, because her parents are busy, takes care of her infant sister, Scarlett. She feels neglected because her parents cannot pay attention to her, and resents her sister to a degree.
 - a. The Needy Sister
 - b. The Sparrow
 - c. The Cage

3. The old house contains texts referencing a supernatural creature called a fairy, or fae. Elizabeth begins playfully leaving sacrifices to the circle in the basement.
 - a. The Fairies Ring (First Edition)
 - b. Breadcrumbs

4. Elizabeth finds a small carving of her after apparently seeing a fairy in the night. She begins regularly giving sacrifices.
 - a. Nightly skitters
 - b. Whispers in the bedpost

5. The renovations continue without ending. Elizabeth bonds somewhat with Scarlett.
 - a. The princess and the beggar

6. Robert catches Elizabeth leaving sacrifices, and taints them with rat poison.
 - a. Rats in the walls
 - b. The Midnight Strangers

 7. The fae attack Elizabeth, and then eventually kidnap Scarlett
 - a. The Princess and the Sparrow
 - b. Shriek
 - c. The Fairies Ring (Second Edition)
 - d. The Changeling

 8. The Changeling is killed, and the police are called.
 - a. The Bath
 - b. The Princess and the Guard

 9. Elizabeth sacrifices herself
 - a. The Nonogram
 - b. Dance

 10. The parents leave. Elements of the house are left in a manner designer so that the fae cannot escape, but Elizabeth may.
 - a. The Clock
 - b. The Wine
 - c. The Box
 - d. The Sparrow's Eulogy
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Full journal texts:

Faulty Wiring

Text:

(Labeled "Work Log")

The wiring is still a bit unstable. The basement is the big issue right now, for whatever reason it really sucks up power. We'll have to postpone renovations on it for now and focus on making sure the house has enough energy to run.

As it stands right now, there's a blown circuit preventing any power from getting to the second floor. I'll need to fix that asap.

Location: Foyer, on the workbench immediately next to the player when they enter the game.

Special Considerations: Adds "Fix wiring" to the player's list.

An Old House

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

The woods are lovely. I had missed living near somewhere with nature, the city was far too noisy, and the air tasted strange no matter the time of day. They told me I would get used to it eventually. That day never came. I'm thankful my time there was brief.

But the house, it's old. Everything inside tastes like mold and dust and the floors shake under even the lightest weight. I dreamt last night that, when my foot fell, the ground beneath me opened and I sank further and further into a labyrinth of splintered wood and metal.

Location: Foyer, on the second-floor balcony.

Special Considerations: N/A

Sister Antiques

Text:

(Labeled "Work Log")

The basement, unsurprisingly, is full of either junk or treasure. The issue is discerning which is which; much of the wine will likely be valuable, but I'd rather keep the majority of it. For now, it's probably best to focus on the wardrobe and the safe. Both are marked with the same maker, a rarity considering one is carved and the other cast.

Lewis tells me that, sometimes, rich folk a hundred or so years ago would commission "trick" furniture to hide important information. I'd prefer to avoid damaging the safe, if possible, so the likelihood that the wardrobe contains the combination is definitely appealing.

I can feel creases in the wood, the back is probably false. Now I just need to find my knife...

Location: The Foyer, on a workbench.

Special Considerations: Adds "Locate Knife" and "Find safe combination" to player "To Do" list.

A Glowing Endorsement

Text:

(The page is wet and almost illegible)

Armillaria mell-----

Parasitic-----non toxic species-----

Ca-able of bioluminescence--often fou--- Onl-- -ui--ly low lighting ----- - - - - -

Varying shades ch-ara--ristic glow.

Location: Basement, on the workbench.

Special Considerations: Adds "Find a way to make the mushrooms glow" to players list.

The Needy Sister

Text:

(Appears to be a Diary Entry)

Scarlett cries all the time. It never ends. She hates the air here, the sound of the housework, the smell of paint, the dust and mold. And it's my job to calm her.

Of course, it's my job. I didn't ask to be a sister. I had no say or choice. Yet it's my job to make her stop crying.

Location: Bedroom, near the crib.

Special Considerations: N/A

The Sparrow

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

A Poem:

A sparrow looked so strange at me

As if I was the intruder, it laughed and cackled as I swatted it
I grabbed the broom, but it flew
So far and fast this little thing deserted me
And there I sat, a crowded solitude
And I wondered if it may decide to return one day
When my room is empty
My dresses gone
And my hands furious someplace else

"I miss her" He'd think, this little laden sparrow
Chirping a sad little tune
Had I been there
Had he seen me
Perhaps this sparrow would search
The sky is open to him
The wind is his friend

And my pen is ready to receive him

Location: Bedroom, on the vanity

Special Considerations: N/A

The Cage

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

A poem:

I met a man by the streetside
His hair was sandy, his freckled face was red
I asked him his name, but he laughed "What's the use?" He said
His grin became tears

His anger resignation
And as he waltzed away, humming and weeping and whistling
All the while I wondered what must make him act in this way.

We all live in cages, even the most free among us
They frolic behind golden bars
And do not notice that bars of gold shatter more easily than our cast steels and irons.
My cage screams.
But I pretend it does not exist.
My cage sobs and I turn my eyes away
My cage laughs
And I find this strange feeling in my chest

Is this love?
Or is this resignation?
I wonder if I may outgrow this cage.
Or will it grow alongside me and continue to chain me to the ground.

Location: Foyer, near the staircase to the basement.

Special Considerations: N/A

The Fairies Ring

Text:

(Appears to be ripped from a larger volume. Much of it is illegible)

Would you dance with the sideways trees-
Laughing in the summer breeze-
Would you frolic, would you sing?
Just inside the fairie's ring-

----- fingers ----- toes-

-----y nose-

What-----ing?

-----he fairie's ring-

Mother ----- me -----

----- night-

----- beating wing-

----- from the ----- ring-

Crackers, cheeses, bread, and milk-

Some of mother's finest silk-

Little presents that we bring-

Presents for the faerie's ring-

Location: Bedroom, on the bookshelf

Special Considerations: N/A

Breadcrumbs

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

In the city, fairies are little women. They beat their tiny wings and frolic freely, their dainty grasp grants wishes and their gaze brings glee. Here, it seems, like the sliced toes of Cinderella's sisters, the story is darker, if more interesting. Here, where the coals on the stepmother's feet are red, and her dance deadly, the fairies are harsher.

Scarlett cries at the pictures. I would too, were I younger. The books about them are strange as well.

“Breadcrumbs,” they say, will keep them satisfied for some time. Milk even more. I think, probably, the people who built this place saw that ring in the basement and dared not touch it. Dad won’t remove it either, although he claims it adds to a certain “antique aesthetic.” I think, so long as I’m forced to live here, I could leave some crumbs at the edge.

Perhaps this is the beginning of my own fairy tale, and a swarm of fairies, with their soft faces and ladylike grins, will come to grant my wish if I do.

But I doubt it. You stop believing in fairies eventually.

Location: Foyer, in the corner near the locked upstairs door.

Special Considerations: N/A

Nightly Skitters

Text:

(Labeled “Work Log”)

I expected the house to be noisy at night. Lewis had warned me, seeing that I lived in the city for so long, that older homes tend to creak when the night falls. The wood expands during the day in the warm sunlight and shrinks at night, and the house groans. What I didn’t expect was the scratching.

It’s constant, neverending. Rats, most likely. I had hoped that it was only raccoons or squirrels, and they’d leave when we moved in and started renovating the empty space. But this is much worse. The scratches encompass every corner, they come from every vent and every pipe. I’ll add traps to the list, next time I’m in town.

I’d rather the girls not grow up in a house with rats.

Location: Bedroom, on the nightstand.

Special Considerations: N/A.

Whispers on the Bedpost

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

Whispers of my name in shadows
A token by my bed
Could I have found a secret friend

Bribed with a crumb of bread

Tiny fingers create a gift
Its likeness is exact
I turn the wood within my hand
Transforming myths to fact

Location: Bedroom, in a drawer.

Special Considerations: N/A

The Princess and the Beggar

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

A poem:

A princess saw a beggar once
Far from her tower, locked and tall
A sparrow stole her key, long ago
And now she watched the beggar every day

One night

When the moon was full
And her heart trembled
She called out to her.

“Beggar,” She said, with all her breath “I watch you day and night
I see your pleasure
I see your sorrow
I see your hardship I hear your cries
And I see your laughter

Why do you seem freer than I
I am a princess, yet you are a beggar
And why do I yearn so desperately for your company?
Why do I dream of you, and why do I relish to wake
If only to see you again?”

But the beggar sat alone For she could not hear him
Or if she could, she understood not what the princess said.

Location: Basement, on the ground near the boxes.

Special Considerations: N/A

Rats in the Walls

Text:

(Labeled “Work Log”)

The walls shriek at night. Scratch marks against the furniture, etchings against the posts of every bed. Rats. I knew they were here, but I didn’t know why they persist, the traps were uneaten. The cheese untouched. I heard them scampering, every night, and I saw the signs they were there in the morning.

And now, I know why. Breadcrumbs, Elizabeth has been leaving, for fairies she says.

They eat them when we go to bed, and then the rats roam the house looking for more things to sink their teeth into.

A blessing in disguise, somehow, this may end up being. If they know to eat the crumbs off the stump, then all I need to do is drench it in poison. I'll head to the town tomorrow.

Location: Bedroom, in the drawer by the bed.

Special Considerations: N/A

The Midnight Strangers

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

They arrived at night, as they always did. Tiny whispers echo across the walls of my room, little fingers run against the ground as they scamper. The edges of my room take a hue, not unlike the circle in the basement. It's mystical. The most magical thing in the world, or outside it. But the hue was dim tonight. The skitters faint, and the voices pained.

"Hurt." They said as tiny little squeals spilled from the walls. *"Hurt. Hurt. Hurt."*

And as the hands reached towards me, faces etched outward from the shadow and the glow, I saw my friends, for the first time, I saw them well and truly. Its skin was like coral, stretched impossibly thin over bones that morphed and curved with every scraping step. I blinked once, then twice, and a legion of dark eyes blinked back.

"Sick." The whispers said. Betrayal dripped from their tongues, as their legs shook, open mouths spewed dark bile.

"What. have you done. To us?" They asked, again and again. Each time another fell, twitching, their tiny legs spasmed and their mouths slick with enmity; soon only one remained to ask their ominous question.

When I woke again in daylight, the bodies were gone, but the stench remained.

Location: Foyer, beneath the stairwell.

Special Considerations: N/A.

The Princess and the Sparrow

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry) A poem:

The sparrow returned often

Carrying the key which kept the princess locked Her tower was tall, too tall to climb

But the sparrow was higher still

“Sparrow!” She cried, again and again Her voice frantic and maligned

She waved her arms

Called its name at every hour

But found her plea upon deaf ears

The tower creaked beneath her The bottom swayed

The stones crumbled

But the sparrow, up above, saw nothing After all, all it cared to see was the roof And know the princess remained inside

Location: Bedroom, in the closet.

Special Considerations: N/A

Shriek

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

There was a shriek. It sounded, at first, like crying, I thought perhaps Scarlett was hungry or needed changing. But then it became more like a growl, then a gargle, then, at last, it retreated back into silence. The floor was cold. Frigid. The wood was ice.

And her crib was worse. Drenched and freezing, but somehow dry, I wonder how Scarlett was able to sleep within it. As I adjusted her blankets, swaddling her in her toys and wools, I realized, suddenly, that it wasn't the crib that was truly cold. It was my stomach and my hands. I shook so badly that I nearly fell.

And when she woke, she laughed.

Location: Bedroom, in the crib.

Special Considerations: N/A

The Fairies Ring Reprise

Text:

(Appears to be ripped from a larger volume.)

*Would you dance with the sideways trees-
Laughing in the summer breeze-
Would you frolic, would you sing?
Just inside the fairie's ring-*

*Eighteen fingers, twenty toes-
A flattened, piggish, ugly nose-
Whatever is that peculiar thing?
On the cusp of the fairie's ring-*

*Mother dearest, hold me tight-
Don't let them snatch me in the night -
Protect me from the beating wing-
Emerging from the fairie's ring-*

*Crackers, cheeses, bread, and milk-
Some of mother's finest silk-*

*Little presents that we bring-
Presents for the faerie's ring.*

Location: The Basement, on the bookshelf.

Special Considerations: N/A

The New Sister

Text:

(Appears to be ripped from a larger volume)

*Gaunt and thin, the mother's skin-
Stretching towards a painful grin-
The tragic fate of matron, beguiled-
Caring for an improper child-*

*The devil laughs, it drinks and drinks-
More and more is all it thinks-
It's surrogate mother, sucked all dry-
Sooner still the both will die-*

*Changeling! Changeling!
The cruelest trick from the fairies ring-
Set to iron, the Changeling dies-
But the fairies took the greatest prize.*

Location: In the basement, near the second bookshelf.

Special Considerations: N/A

The Bath

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

Dad says there's no iron in the home. The metal pipes are a composite. The wires in the furniture too. No, there's no iron here, the design obvious. They hate iron. I read somewhere that it burns them, someplace else that it makes them shrivel away, like a slug under salt.

We are a modern family. Our tools have iron. Coins he collected, iron as well.

I know what needs to happen. The water was warm like Scarlett likes it. And it was filled to the brim with iron. Everything I could find, every metal we owned, until the tub stank of it.

And then it was time to bathe.

She shrieked. Thrashed and clawed. The water sloshed around her, I thought, for a moment, I was wrong. Maybe I had run the water a bit warm, and she was burning, boiling. But the chill in my stomach never wavered.

And then the water was black, and thick. And she was gone.

Location: Sticking out from a locked door in the foyer.

Special Considerations: N/A

The Princess and the Guard

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

A poem:

The sparrow's guard was tall.

It loomed.

"And the beggar," they asked.

“And the beggar,” they demanded.

“Falling rocks” replied the princess.

“Had the sparrow cared to look, he would have seen my tower sway.”

“And the beggar?” Pleaded the guard.

And left the princess to her lonesome.

All the while the tower tottered

Location: Foyer. At the center.

Special Considerations: N/A

The Nonogram

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

Life is like a puzzle. A teacher told me that, once, I think. Like one of the nonograms that my parents toss towards me when they want peace or silence. It’s simple, really, you need to know what is meant to be filled, and what is meant to be left alone.

And the picture is invisible, until the last moment. I believe that. The big picture can’t be seen until all the sections are filled; until every square has fallen into place and the purpose becomes clear.

Yet, somehow. I wish I had seen this picture sooner. Perhaps if the squares were clearer to me, the sections filled beforehand, some outline of the ending set, the course could have been changed. Some things are meant to be avoided. Most things aren’t.

This picture. Here, today. It’s painted and posted, completed and comprehended. It’s a picture of my mother, holding her youngest daughter tightly. Of my father, looming like he does, with a rueful smile on his face as he holds his wife tight.

And I am nowhere to be seen.

Location: Foyer, at the bottom of the stairs.

Special Considerations: Adds "Find the missing nonogram" to the player's list.

Dance with a Stranger

Text:

(Appears to be a diary entry)

A Poem:

He walked slowly, hand outreached

I took his claw with only the faintest spell of hesitation

His smile was crooked

His hair shone like scales

And as his course flesh brushed against my skin, I saw a sparrow overhead

"I'll miss her," the bird cried

I'll miss him too

But I'd miss her more

And as he leads me into his den I only look back once

No, twice

Long enough to see the sparrow Flying once more, far away

Location: In the corner, behind the fairy ring.

Special Considerations: N/A

The Clock

Text:

("Work Log" is crossed out) Elizabeth

I pray you read this and find your way back to me. To us. But know, as well, we can't leave the doors open, and arms outstretched for you.

The clock is first. Remember that. You used to pull the weights for us, keeping the old gears turning, again and again. Keep them centered. Everything must be lined in the middle, else nothing will be achieved.

Location: At the base of the clock, basement.

Special Considerations: Adds "find the missing weights" to the player list. Adds "make sure the weights are aligned at the center" to the player list.

The Riddle

Text:

("Work Log" is crossed off)

I need time.

Time to grow. The soil birthed me.

Time to ripen. The sun ruins me.

Time to die. The age makes me better.

Time to rot. The more rotted I am, the more you desire me.

Time to breathe. The air will complete me.

Find me.

Location: On top of the locked puzzle box.

Special Considerations: Adds "find the key to the locked puzzle" to players list.

The Box

Text:

("Work Log" is crossed out.)

Elizabeth,

As to how we managed to lock the front entrance from the inside, I'll leave it to your imagination. After everything else, it's tremendously mundane. I'm not sure if you'll ever read this...

The key is in the basement. You saw it, I'm sure, once you returned. Bolted to the edge of the circle, I made it myself. I hope you like it. You always liked those sorts of things. It's simple, really. The bow of the key must go left. The blade right. Line them up beside a center edge, and the mechanism will do the rest.

And once you're out. Burn it. All of it. Until the woods are cinder and the home a pile of ash.

Location: At the foot of the front door in the foyer.

Special Considerations: Adds "Get into the basement" to players list. Adds "Find the key to the front door" to the player's list.

The Sparrow's Eulogy

Text:

("Work Log" is crossed out)

A poem:

The sparrow flies. Then it glides.

Then it lands. And it rains.

Its nest is empty. Its wife is beside it. It carries its egg.

But its chick is nowhere to be seen.

There was a tower here. But it's long gone.

A pile of rocks. And rubble.

Drenched and silent.

A eulogy for the sparrow. By the sparrow.
About the sparrow itself.

Location: Played upon completion of the game

Special Considerations: N/A