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Adventures games - scenarios - examples...

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Lonely house - story

They hid me in this lonely house... they said, that I must be good... polite... kind... gentle... well behaving... always... they said, that the most important in life is to be polite and well behaving... the whole rest... nothing else is important... but only to be good... polite... and to behave well...

... so I had to be polite and gentle and well behaving...

... in this house...

[..]

... I was the way they told me...

... I liked kitchen and my room... and to learn about the other rooms... walking there and there and somewhere and back then... checking rooms and places and levels and then I was even let... they let me... to enter sometimes even to the cellar and to the lower levels... then I saw the attic... many rooms there were, also... and treasures... but they didn't let me to walk there and to many other indicated places too much... only sometimes... these places were closed generally or only for adults...

... I was walking where I was allowed to... it is obvious... I didn't want to be judged as someone bad, bad behaving... I could receive punishment... I didn't like punishments, it is obvious... but anyway, I wasn't bad, I never was doing anything against anything nor anyone, it is obvious... I was good person, naturally... how could I be bad or not well behaving?... how anyone could?... not easy to understand even how anyone could be not good person... I would have to think about it some day, maybe... how people could be bad?... why?... what for?... maybe some day I'll check this problem...

... very many interesting things and places I found in this house... walking, learning... recognizing... trying to understand...

... very big house it was...

... it was... yes... hmm...

... They all, everyone... disappeared...

... actually I am trying to find them... walking further... everywhere...

... why did I say 'was'!...? I thought it was... is natural... and obvious, hmm... was?...

... yes, strange... hmm... I must think about it... why did I tell so... but... why I am telling so...

... reminding this house... traveling there... here, I mean... still... actually... hmm... very interesting thing... I didn't think about it earlier too much, probably... I judged it as something natural... but...

... hmm... was... or is... I am here still... probably...

... I am not sure exactly... because they all, everyone... disappeared... and...

... clocks are working... time is going further...

I was waiting... then nobody asked for dinner... then supper wasn't served... nobody asked... then after the night passed... I woke up and went to kitchen... nobody there was... none was there...

... I wasn't sure if I could take something to eat by myself... it could be judged by something bad, not well behavior... I shouldn't take food by myself...

[..]

... I tried to find anyone... I found no one... nobody... everywhere... I was afraid, that something happened... or they went somewhere and they didn't tell me...

... then days were passing...

... they told me not to go out of this house... I was forbidden to go through the main door... to outside world...

... I had to ask loudly in the corridors... in the rooms then... everywhere... if only somebody could hear me... anybody...

... nobody answered... then after many days passed... still nobody... everyone disappeared...

... I decided to check in the cellars...

... then in the attic... on?... I always wasn't sure about this... precisings... some day I will find some dictionary to learn... later... priorities...

... I was thinking to myself... trying to find some one alive... days were passing by...

... I decided to get food by myself, because I explained to myself that when they come back and ask me, I will tell, that I HAD to take by myself, because other way I could die of being hungry... I judged it as priority higher than well behaving... because other way I could die... so it was my conscious decision... and my explanation is as told about... true... obvious...

... I never lied... I never could, ever... it is obvious... how anyone could lie... how could it be possible?... hmm... I was thinking sometimes about it... how people could be bad... bad behaving... what for?... strange... it was and still I don't know... some day I'll check this problem, to know...

[..]

... nobody appeared for many, many days... the season changed... autumn... then winter...

... I had to think about more food... I found in the cellar...

[..]

[..]

... they still didn't come back... how could they disappear?... hmm...

If they won't come... I will try to decide... by myself... even breaching the rules given... that I have to open the front door to go outside to the outer world... to find food... explanation will be the same, when I decided to take food from kitchen by myself, not being asked... nor told...

... yes, the same... explanation, means priority... which explains me... they will understand for sure... if they are logical... if they think logically... obvious... I hope...

... if I did something bad taking food or going outside to find food, they'll tell me and explain, so I will know in future, obvious... I am only learning just... only... trying to know... I know, that I could do bad something, not properly... it is obvious... but I decided thinking by myself... cos I was thinking as I am explaining... not other ways, obvious...

[..]

... I must decide... if I don't open the front door... I will die... of being hungry... I must eat...

... I must be sure, that no food remained here, in the house... before I decide for last... so they didn't tell me, that I could find somewhere when I did think properly... so I could do bad... deciding to go out... obvious... hmm...

I must check everything once more, in details... room after room... each place... if I find no food anywhere, I'll tell, that I tried to find, I was trying hardly to do all my best what I only could to find some food... I checked each place and room, I was searching everywhere... and I didn't find... so I decided to go out...

... maybe they will know what I should had done... better, as always, obvious...

... so they'll tell me... I know, that I did all what I thought out by myself... then I decided having no other thoughts or ideas about how to find food... so it wasn't MY fault... I couldn't think out anything more... I tried hardly... I was

trying a lot of possibilities... but I didn't success... so not to die... at last I decided to open the front door... to go outside, to find some food... yes... so let's check everything once again...

... then... the front door... decided... AmenDS` ...

... on the way... aim: food... searching... go...

[..]

... the front door were closed... hmm... I thought it will be opened... would... I must learn this details of language some day, later... priorities... wait...

... I thought it was opened... hmm... how to open this door?... great Gods!

I am HUNGRY...

[..]

... I will be telling, that it were only stories... some... just... stories... of course, how stories could be true, obvious... maybe in some meaning, obviously... but... bein' a story... story must be... or should, of course...

- Should?

- ... yes, I know... that... stories are generally...

- Stories?... are you sure that they were only stories... what you told as till now?...

- I told?

- ... are you asking to be sure... who told... the stories told by you?

- ... no... I mean... of course, I'm sorry, yes... truth... I am sorry... I meant not what I said, of course... I said in meaning of thinking... asking to myself only... to be sure...

- ... aren't you sure about your stories?

- No... I mean... my stories, yes... stories...

- Are they only stories?

- My stories?

- ... yes... we talk about your stories...

- Yes, of course... my stories... I like to tell stories...

- Are they only stories?

- My stories?... yes... my stories, of course... they are...
hmm...

- Yes... are they tru stories about events and things which happened in your life and which you know, or... they are just stories from mind...

- Yes, they are from mind, of course... how they could be from... hmm...

- You mean from your mind, yes?

- Of course, yes...

- Good... bu... we want to precise... if your stories were real events registered by you in the past... in which you were taking part or you saw only...

- Yes, of course... my stories... should I stop to tell them? Are they bad?

- ... we don't know exactly yet... we do not have enoug of checked, verified information to judge, but, anyway... we'd like to precise only, to know... if these stories are stories about true events and things, which you registered in real

world... taking part in these stories... or seeing events from the distance... but anyway... real from reality taken, or from mind, dreamed... only?

- I am not sure... maybe I shouldn't had told...

- Why?

- Not to be judged as some... bad child... who could something bad... maybe it was better not to tell these stories?... not to be judged... and not to... inform... not to...

- ... we only want to precise if these stories were from reality or from your mind dreamed only... you told these stories, so it's too late... if you didn't, there wouldn't be our actual conversation about them, obvious probably, yes?

- Yes, probably...

- *Why probably?*

- *Hmm...*

[..]

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... I stopped writing for a moment, to rest in thinking...

... Gods great thanks great, that I thought out, that maybe I could write some notes, and then maybe some kind of diary maybe even, divided into days, months, year... year? I wanted to write years, but how could I even think naturally, in natural, obvious way, that I could spend here in this house being trapped so much time... planning...

... Gods great! How could I start thinking this way, that it seemed to be natural in thinking about it the way I did spontaneously? I don't want to spend the rest of my life being trapped in this big, old, lonely, scaring house... it was so nice, pleasant place to live... now it seems to be like some old, abandoned, lonely, empty, scary, haunted by some ghosts or mysteries or strange forces not from this world, secrets hidden, waiting, watching, planning to catch me, cheat me and kill the end... sad, horror, empty, lonely, old house living, waiting, preparing, with secrets and traps... and a mystery hidden... hmm...

... I think too much... I should stop... I must rest... I must go to sleep...

... tomorrow I'll think further...

List of events remembered.

- *found library – started to check books*
- *found books and dictionaries*
- *started to check how languages work*
- *started to create map, to be sure, that I checked everywhere, looking for food*
- ..

... I lost weeks in dividing my diary into time periods...

... only not to make mistake in writing important information, like date, time and so on, what could change my thinking then, about the events and everything in effect then, later.

... it is important not to be misled by myself, by my own mistakes not intentionally made...

Very important!

... I could lose my mind, not being able to think properly then, God protect...

... obvious... It's priority!

- *clocks stopped – I must make new clocks, or repair these...*
- ..

