

You've been walking along a road you don't know, until your feet hurt.

Night has fallen, black as a sheer gap above you, any lampposts far off on the highway. You approached this house to ask to borrow something to light your way.

When no-one answered, you tried the door. It's not locked.

Your Little Haunting

An Interactive Fiction by Christina Nordlander

Release 1 / Serial number 241030 / Inform 7 build 6G60 (I6/v6.32 lib 6/12N)

Murky Hallway

It doesn't look particularly run-down, or romantically old, but all furnishings have been stripped out. It is impossible to tell what pattern the wallpaper was.

There is an empty doorway to the south, and a stairway at the end of the hall leading up into blackness.

The heavy front door leads back out to the west.

>x me

You are you.

>i

You are carrying nothing.

>take all

(the front door)

That's fixed in place.

>x wallpaper

You can't see any such thing.

>x walls

You can't see any such thing.

>x south

You see nothing unexpected in that direction.

>x stairs

Plain wood. It looks dark, but that may be the bad light.

>x empty doorway

You can't see any such thing.

>x door

Scratched wood, heavy with brass details. On the other side lies the dark country road.

>x doorway

You can't see any such thing.

>x room

You can't see any such thing.

>x

(the front door)

Scratched wood, heavy with brass details. On the other side lies the dark country road.

>x hallway

You can't see any such thing.

>s

Kitchen

A square room, as stripped as the rest of the house, lit with large slashes of shadow from the electric lantern outside the window.

A doorway to the north leads back to the hallway.

An ancient electric stove stands along one wall.

A sink and tap stands next to the oven.

>x shadow

You can't see any such thing.

>x lantern

You can't see any such thing.

>x stove

White enamel, peeling in the corners. Plates dark with rust.

The stove is currently switched off.

>x sink

An empty hollow of metal, a tap jutting out over it. The metal looks clean in the slivers of light from the window, but this close up, there is an unpleasant smell.

The sink is currently switched off.

>x tap

A simple, narrow metal pipe sticking out over the sink, glinting where it catches the light.

>turn sink on

Water rushes out of the tap.

>turn sink off

You turn the tap with a squeak. The water stops.

>x sink

An empty hollow of metal, a tap jutting out over it. The metal looks clean in the slivers of light from the window, but this close up, there is an unpleasant smell.

The sink is currently switched off.

>take all

stove: You wouldn't even be able to budge it.

sink: It's bolted to the floor.

>take plate

You can't see any such thing.

>x plate

You can't see any such thing.

>x stove

White enamel, peeling in the corners. Plates dark with rust.

The stove is currently switched off.

>turn on stove

You get no reaction.

>x kitchen

You can't see any such thing.

>n

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The heavy front door leads back out to the west.

>e

You can't go that way.

>u

Upper Storey Hallway

A dingy hallway, narrow around your shoulders, running east and west. At the eastern end, a stairway leads up and down.

A plain door leads south.

>s

(first opening the plain door)

Bedroom

This one hasn't been cleared out. There is a bed, piles of bed-linen, a wardrobe; just lumpy dark silhouettes.

A doorway leads back north to the dark hallway.

>take all

(the plain door)

That's fixed in place.

>x bed

You can't see any such thing.

>x linens

You can't see any such thing.

>x wardrobe

You can't see any such thing.

>x doorway

You can't see any such thing.

>n

Upper Storey Hallway

A dingy hallway, narrow around your shoulders, running east and west. At the eastern end, a stairway leads up and down.

A plain door leads south.

>e

You can't go that way.

>w

You can't go that way.

>u

Attic

An attic, dirt piled up around the edges, the roof too low to stand straight except in the middle. The house wall is to the east. To the west, the attic continues into pitch blackness. It makes you

uncomfortable to have it so close. The stairway is a black hole down to the rest of the house.

On the wall next to you sits a fusebox, its door torn off.

>take all

(the fusebox)

You wouldn't know how to get it off the wall.

>w

Darkness

It is pitch dark, and you can't see a thing.

>w

You can't go that way.

>e

Attic

An attic, dirt piled up around the edges, the roof too low to stand straight except in the middle. The house wall is to the east. To the west, the attic continues into pitch blackness. It makes you uncomfortable to have it so close. The stairway is a black hole down to the rest of the house.

On the wall next to you sits a fusebox, its door torn off.

>x fusebox

Inside it are stretched wires. Several have had the insulation gnawed off them, exposing the shining metal. Next to the wires is a Bakelite handle.

The fusebox is currently switched off.

>switch fusebox on

You pull the handle. Nothing immediately obvious happens.

>d

Upper Storey Hallway

A dingy hallway, narrow around your shoulders, running east and west. At the eastern end, a stairway leads up and down.

A plain door leads south.

>d

Murky Hallway

It doesn't look particularly run-down, or romantically old, but all furnishings have been stripped out. It is impossible to tell what pattern the wallpaper was.

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Kitchen

A square room, as stripped as the rest of the house, lit with large slashes of shadow from the electric lantern outside the window.

A doorway to the north leads back to the hallway.

An ancient electric stove stands along one wall.

A sink and tap stands next to the oven.

>x stove

White enamel, peeling in the corners. Plates dark with rust.

The stove is currently switched off.

>turn on stove

You get no reaction.

>switch stove on

You get no reaction.

>touch stove

You feel nothing unexpected.

>x sink

An empty hollow of metal, a tap jutting out over it. The metal looks clean in the slivers of light from the window, but this close up, there is an unpleasant smell.

The sink is currently switched off.

>turn on sink

Water rushes out of the tap.

>drink water

You crane your head under the jet and drink a few mouthfuls. The water is cold and metallic-tasting, but you feel a distant, acerbic undertaste that doesn't fade away.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

You feel a sudden sliver of cramp through your entrails. It's enough to make your steps falter for a second.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

You can't keep pushing against the pain. You double over with your arms clutching your midsection, reeling, the floor wavering before your eyes. As a last-ditch effort, you try to vomit, but the pain isn't that kind. The lights wink out, and only the agony remains.

You open your eyes and get up from the floor. The pain is gone. You wait a few seconds, but it doesn't come back.

>x me

There is a ripping pain in your organs. Nothing you do seems to pacify it.

>x sink

An empty hollow of metal, a tap jutting out over it. The metal looks clean in the slivers of light from the window, but this close up, there is an unpleasant smell.

The sink is currently switched on.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

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You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

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You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

>x me

There is a ripping pain in your organs. Nothing you do seems to pacify it.

>u

You can't go that way.

>n

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>u

Upper Storey Hallway

A dingy hallway, narrow around your shoulders, running east and west. At the eastern end, a stairway leads up and down.

A plain door leads south.

>e

You can't go that way.

>u

Attic

An attic, dirt piled up around the edges, the roof too low to stand straight except in the middle. The house wall is to the east. To the west, the attic continues into pitch blackness. It makes you uncomfortable to have it so close. The stairway is a black hole down to the rest of the house.

On the wall next to you sits a fusebox, its door torn off.

With an abrupt crackle, small blue-white sparks fly from the wires.

>x wire

Time or vermin have gnawed off the insulation in strips. You see the glint of the metal.

With an abrupt crackle, small blue-white sparks fly from the wires.

>x sparks

You can't see any such thing.

>touch wire

Your hand cramps around the wires. At first, there is only confusion, then the electricity shoots through your body, a force too bright to even be pain. You don't know whether your eyes are open or closed as the light passes through you. Your spine is just a lightning-rod as you spasm, locked to the wire by your translucent hand.

After a long empty space of time, you open your eyes. You can move. There is no pain.

With an abrupt crackle, small blue-white sparks fly from the wires.

>x me

There is a ripping pain in your organs. Nothing you do seems to pacify it.

>d

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A dingy hallway, narrow around your shoulders, running east and west. At the eastern end, a stairway leads up and down.

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There is an empty doorway to the south, and a stairway at the end of the hall leading up into blackness.

The heavy front door leads back out to the west.

>w

The darkness shows no sign of abating. You need a light source.

>s

Kitchen

A square room, as stripped as the rest of the house, lit with large slashes of shadow from the electric lantern outside the window.

A doorway to the north leads back to the hallway.

A human figure of pale light is here. It doesn't seem to see you.

Water rushes from the tap into the sink in a sparkling ribbon.

An ancient electric stove stands along one wall.

A sink and tap stands next to the oven.

>x figure

You can't see any such thing.

>x human

You can't see any such thing.

>x human figure

You can't see any such thing.

>x light

You can't see any such thing.

>take all

water: It's cold where it slides through your fingers.

stove: You wouldn't even be able to budge it.

sink: It's bolted to the floor.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

>drink water

You crane your head under the cold jet and drink a few mouthfuls.

>x room

You can't see any such thing.

>n

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There is an empty doorway to the south, and a stairway at the end of the hall leading up into blackness.

The heavy front door leads back out to the west.

>w

The darkness shows no sign of abating. You need a light source.

>n

You can't go that way.

>s

Kitchen

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Water rushes from the tap into the sink in a sparkling ribbon.

An ancient electric stove stands along one wall.

A sink and tap stands next to the oven.

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You can't go that way.

>s

You can't go that way.

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Attic

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A glowing human figure is here, standing on tiptoe, lit through with a wild glow.

On the wall next to you sits a fusebox, its door torn off.

>x fuse

You can't see any such thing.

>x fusebox

Inside it are stretched wires. Several have had the insulation gnawed off them, exposing the shining metal. Next to the wires is a Bakelite handle.

The fusebox is currently switched on.

With an abrupt crackle, small blue-white sparks fly from the wires.

>touch fusebox

You feel nothing unexpected.

>touch wire

Your hand cramps around the wires. At first, there is only confusion, then the electricity shoots through your body, a force too bright to even be pain. You don't know whether your eyes are open or closed as the light passes through you. Your spine is just a lightning-rod as you spasm, locked to the wire by your translucent hand.

After a long empty space of time, you open your eyes. You can move. There is no pain.

>x me

There is a ripping pain in your organs. Nothing you do seems to pacify it.

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Water rushes from the tap into the sink in a sparkling ribbon.

An ancient electric stove stands along one wall.

A sink and tap stands next to the oven.

>x figure

You can't see any such thing.

>x human

You can't see any such thing.

>x human figure

You can't see any such thing.

>x light

You can't see any such thing.

>x light figure

You can't see any such thing.

>x ghost

It stands completely still, hunched over, as if unable to straighten up. When you walk around to see its face, it is a rictus of pain.

.

>x ghost

So many little things that unsettle you, distinct from its unearthliness: the shapes of its face, even hints of the texture of its unreal skin. Its clothes. It just took a little longer to realise, seeing it outside a mirror.

.

>x ghost

So many little things that unsettle you, distinct from its unearthliness: the shapes of its face, even hints of the texture of its unreal skin. Its clothes. It just took a little longer to realise, seeing it outside a mirror.

.

>u

You can't go that way.

>n

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A glowing human figure is here, standing on tiptoe, lit through with a wild glow.

On the wall next to you sits a fusebox, its door torn off.

>x ghost

Transparent, its entire nervous system lit by fire. Its head is flung back, its hair streaming out. Its eyes are dark pits.

>x ghost

Transparent, its entire nervous system lit by fire. Its head is flung

back, its hair streaming out. Its eyes are dark pits.

>d

Upper Storey Hallway

A dingy hallway, narrow around your shoulders, running east and west. At the eastern end, a stairway leads up and down.

A plain door leads south.

>e

You can't go that way.

>w

You can't go that way.

>u

Attic

An attic, dirt piled up around the edges, the roof too low to stand straight except in the middle. The house wall is to the east. To the west, the attic continues into pitch blackness. It makes you uncomfortable to have it so close. The stairway is a black hole down to the rest of the house.

A glowing human figure is here, standing on tiptoe, lit through with a wild glow.

On the wall next to you sits a fusebox, its door torn off.

>e

You can't go that way.

>w

Western End

The bare end of the attic room. To the east, you can see the stairs.

A flashlight in a sturdy metal case sits on the floor near the bare wooden wall.

>take all
(the flashlight)
Taken.

>x flashlight
A sturdy, military-looking flashlight in an olive-dark metal case.

The flashlight is currently switched off.

>d
You can't go that way.

>e

Attic

An attic, dirt piled up around the edges, the roof too low to stand straight except in the middle. The house wall is to the east. To the west, the attic continues into pitch blackness. It makes you uncomfortable to have it so close. The stairway is a black hole down to the rest of the house.

A glowing human figure is here, standing on tiptoe, lit through with a wild glow.

On the wall next to you sits a fusebox, its door torn off.

>d

Upper Storey Hallway

A dingy hallway, narrow around your shoulders, running east and west. At the eastern end, a stairway leads up and down.

A plain door leads south.

>d

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There is an empty doorway to the south, and a stairway at the end of the hall leading up into blackness.

The heavy front door leads back out to the west.

>w

The door creaks as you open it. You step out onto the wet-rotted porch.

You don't have the flashlight. Your hand, and arm, and the rest of your body, is generating its own pale light.

Turning back to the hallway, you see the faces of your ghosts, bidding you to stay.

***** YOU WERE NEVER GOING TO LEAVE *****

In that game you scored 0 out of a possible 0, in 109 turns.

Would you like to RESTART, RESTORE a saved game, QUIT or UNDO the last command?

> undo

Murky Hallway

[Previous turn undone.]

>x me

There is a ripping pain in your organs. Nothing you do seems to pacify it.

>turn on flashlight

You press the large, comfortable button. A strong beam comes on.

>w

The door creaks as you open it. You step out onto the wet-rotted porch.

You don't have the flashlight. Your hand, and arm, and the rest of your body, is generating its own pale light.

Turning back to the hallway, you see the faces of your ghosts, bidding you to stay.

***** YOU WERE NEVER GOING TO LEAVE *****

In that game you scored 0 out of a possible 0, in 111 turns.