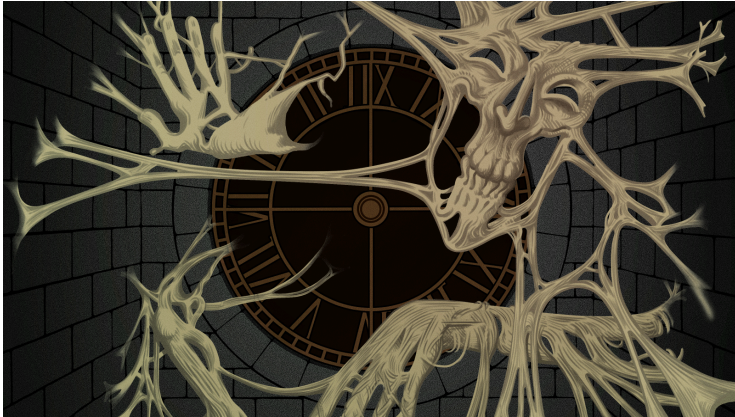


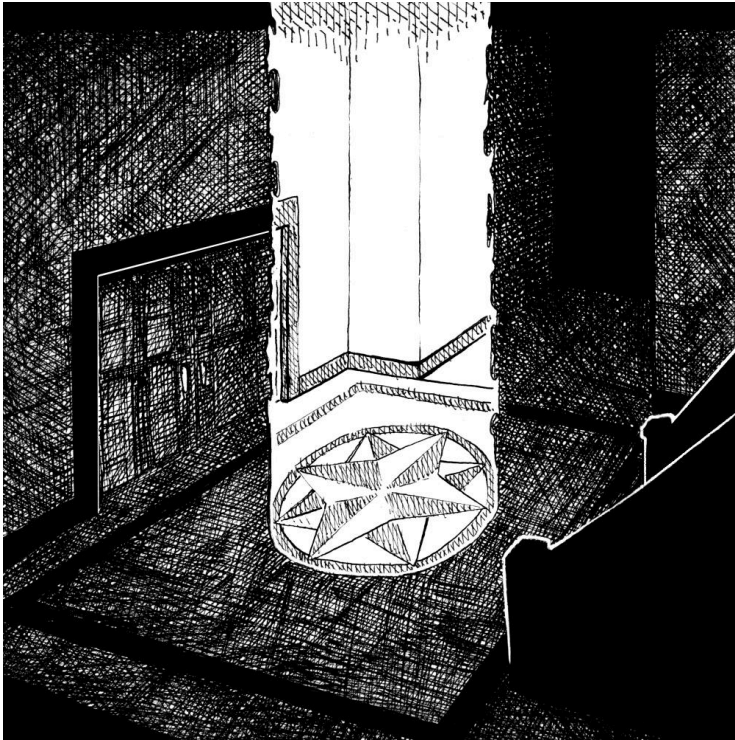
Manor of Death: To Be Decided

(Demo Version)



By Jack Scully

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[to Begin](#)



Upon entering the antechamber, you notice the compass rose medallion in the center of the hall is shining with an eerie glow. The fluctuating luminescence is strangely hypnotic. It seems to beckon you forward.

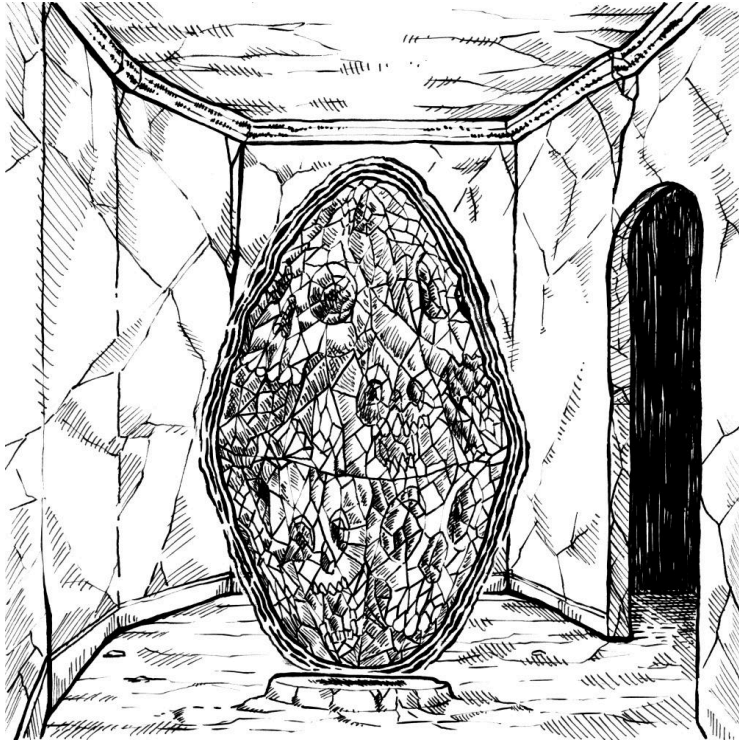
Something in the back of your mind is suspicious of the glow, but you can't really think of a good reason not to walk into the light. What will you do?

> STAND ON THE MEDALLION

> GO TO THE RIGHT (EAST)

> GO TO THE LEFT (WEST)

> TAKE THE STAIRS TO THE
SECOND FLOOR (NORTH)



You suddenly find yourself in a stone chamber, with rough walls hewn out of bedrock. In the center of the room is a crystalline obelisk, which pulses with an ominous energy. If you listen closely you can hear a deep murmuring, but no matter how you focus you can't make out any words. Maybe this is for the best.

What will you do?

> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT (p.6)

> ~~TOUCH THE OBELISK~~ (p.57)

> ~~ATTEMPT TO SAVE YOUR GAME~~ (p.100)



You enter a spartan, but modern, laundry room, complete with washer, drier, and a laundry chute over a rollout hamper. There is a shelf above the machines, with detergent, fabric softener, and dryer sheets on it. There is a light switch on the wall, but it is not on.

All of this you can see by the gleam of an uncanny flame, which emanates from the wrist of a disembodied hand, floating about the room. What will you do?

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT](#)

[> TURN ON THE LIGHT](#)

[> GO TAKE A LOOK AT THE APPLIANCES](#)

Maybe this crow isn't showing off, but is trying to give you the ring. With this thought in mind, you hold out your open hand to receive the ring. The crow takes a step forward, stretches out its neck... and bites your index finger!

You yelp, but realize that you aren't in any pain. The bird withdraws, and you notice that the ring is on your finger. The crow inclines its head to the side, then opens its wings, and takes off. You watch it circle the room twice, and then somehow lose track of it. It does not appear again.

YOU HAVE OBTAINED **SCION'S RING**

[This item will be useable in the full version of Manor of Death: TBD now live on Kickstarter](#)

You take the ring off to examine it. To the eye it appears unmarked, but you can feel some sort of inscription on it. Unfortunately, you can't read what it says. You'll have to try again later.

In the meantime, what will you do?

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT](#)

The Rat King smiles again, but the smile does not reach his beady eyes, which gleam wickedly.

“That question may satisfy the first two lines of my riddle, but simple cheese theft is not sufficient for entry into my domain,” says the King.

“You have failed my test, and therefore you will not be allowed to pass through my chamber. However, I am a merciful ruler, so I will give you a chance to redeem yourself. Your answer, though incorrect, is the key to your task.”

The Rat King rotates until his snout points downwards, gesturing to the trap door in the center of the room.

“This trapdoor leads to the underworld. Your task is to enter the domain of the dead, and to steal a wheel of Pecorino Romano cheese from Hades’ private pantry. You have no right to refuse. You will leave now, and you will not return empty handed.”

You have no choice but to obey. The riddle game is an ancient custom, and it has great power in this otherworldly manor. You open the dusty trapdoor, and begin your journey deep beneath the earth. It may be years before you see the sun again, but you swear that you will return someday, with cheese in hand, and revenge in your heart.

ENDING UNLOCKED: TO HELL AND BACK

[> RETURN TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE](#)

[> START FROM THE BEGINNING](#)

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\(Kickstarter link\)](#)

You accept the Rat Kings challenge. He smiles a Rat King smile, and begins his riddle:

If you commit this sin
No country will accept you,
But you will be welcome in my kingdom.
What is it?

A difficult riddle indeed - but you know the answer!
It's...

> [BETRAYAL](#)

> [STEALING CHEDDAR](#)

As the words leave your lips, Simon seems to shrink in his chair. His congenial expression, which you now realize was masking his loneliness, fades away. In fact, the features of his face themselves slowly disappear, until you can only make out the shape of his head. He turns back to his computer once again, and speaks no more.

> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT

> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT

You slowly edge toward the door. The floating hand mirrors your movement, without advancing any closer. When you reach the door frame, you begin to retreat into the recess, without taking your eyes off the hand. As you back up, the hand moves forward, but as soon as you are within the door frame, it freezes, drops the suit and lunges toward your throat!

You scream and take a rapid step backwards. Big mistake. You didn't notice that this room was built on a higher level than the adjoining room. You trip backwards on the raised stone threshold, crack your head on the stone floor, and die.

The floating hand drifts back into the laundry room. It wasn't fast enough to stop you from falling. It places the suit back on a clothes rack, turns off the light, and continues to burn in the dark, waiting for its next visitor.

ENDING UNLOCKED: MOONWALK

[> RETURN TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE](#)

[> START FROM THE BEGINNING](#)

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[\(Kickstarter link\)](#)



There is a giant ball of worms floating in the exact middle of this dusty root cellar. At least that is what you thought, until the squirming orb rotates towards you and you come face to face with the head of a monstrous rat.

“I am the Rat King,” he says. “If you wish to pass, you must solve my riddle.”

[> ANSWER THE RIDDLE](#)

[> ATTACK THE RAT KING](#)

A wine cellar must have wine, right? Maybe you should have a drink to settle your nerves. You find a handy crowbar, prop up the nearest barrel, and start to pry it open. The cask is well-sealed, but it doesn't take you long to get it open. Once you do, a fruity scent fills the room. You dip your finger into the liquid to take a taste and...

Wow, that's good. The wine is sweet, but light, and the fruit forward aroma is incredibly refreshing. You're in no position to indulge yourself, but you take a few sips before you get up to go on your way. You get up on one knee, and begin to rise, but then a drop of syrupy liquid lands on your hand. A second aroma rises to your nose, stronger than the wine, like rotten fruit and iron.

You look up and see countless eyes and a set of sharp teeth set in an inky black slime. The creature must have been attracted by the smell of wine. The popping and slithering sounds around you tell you that this isn't the only ghoul haunting this cellar. This feels like the end. You close your eyes tight and wait for the worst.

The creatures all move at once, putrid spittle flying from their mouths in anticipation of a feast, but you are not their target. They rush at the barrel like a bed of eels fighting over a single slice of pizza. They pay you no mind, as you crawl towards the door. You promise to stick to white wine from now on.

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT](#)

[> TAKE TO DOOR ON THE RIGHT](#)

The room seems fairly safe - not likely to see another boiler explosion, at any rate - so you decide to take a closer look. Maybe you can figure out what happened here. You roll up your sleeves, and approach the ruined machine. Then you get on your hands and knees, and peer into the blasthole.

There seems to be nothing inside but a layer of soot and a few small pieces of coal. You dig around for a little while, but don't find anything out of the ordinary. At first you thought that the explosion must have been unnatural, but you can't find anything to support that theory. You don't know much about old, coal-burning boilers, so it's possible that this kind of thing just happens sometimes.

When you pull your head out of the boiler, you check your clothes and are happy to note that they didn't get too dirty. After dusting off your hands, you turn your head left and right to make sure you're in a safe place to stand up. That's when you see the crow.

There is a large, black bird standing less than a foot from you, looking at you with dark, intelligent eyes. It is holding a gold ring in its beak, and tilting its head around frequently, so that the ring flashes in the light. What will you do?

[> GRAB AT THE RING](#)

[> IGNORE THE BIRD AND STAND UP](#)

[> REACH OUT YOUR HAND](#)

You reason that if turning on the light was what got you into this mess, then turning it off is sure to get you out of it. With that thought, you swiftly return the switch to its downward position, and the room goes dark again.

The floating hand immediately ceases its gesturing. It turns, and listlessly floats back to its previous location in the far corner of the laundry room. You breathe a small sigh of relief, and decide on your next course of action. What will you do?

> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT

> TAKE TO DOOR ON THE RIGHT

The ghost's expression darkens. "Oh, you love her, do you? How dare you lay your eyes on another man's wife!"

Shocked by Simon's sudden change in demeanor, you step back, prepared to flee, but too late.

Burning with the flame of rage, the vengeful ghost rises from his chair. His spectral hand grasps the model sword that was leaning against the bookshelf. In a brief moment it is unsheathed, and the grim reflection on the metal affirms its authenticity.

The blade flashes through the air, separating your head from your shoulders, and freeing your spirit from your body. You join the other disembodied spirits dwelling in the casks in the wine cellar.

ENDING UNLOCKED:

PSSSH... NOTHING PERSONNEL... KID...

[> RETURN TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE](#)

[> START FROM THE BEGINNING](#)

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Your fear overcomes you and you swing your fist at the venerable king of rodents. You connect with the network of rubbery tails that surround his body, and, while they absorb the shock for a moment, the Rat King is sent bouncing around the room uncontrollably.

Thinking quickly, you take this opportunity to rush for the door. However, the trajectory of your foe is too unpredictable, and before you can make your escape, the Rat King collides with you with tenfold force, sending you flying against the stone wall. Without a matrix of tangled tails to protect you, your bones break and your organs rupture.

Before you pass out and die from internal bleeding, you hear the Rat King ask:

If you commit this sin
No country will accept you,
But you will be welcome in my kingdom.
What is it?

What an easy riddle. Too bad you won't have a chance to answer it

ENDING UNLOCKED: DEATH BY RAT

[> RETURN TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE](#)

[> START FROM THE BEGINNING](#)

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The first thing you notice is that this well-lit room is plastered with pictures of a young, blonde woman, illustrated in an outdated, anime style. You also notice a bare mattress, a model sword, and a shelf full of books and figurines. The room is a mess, and it takes a few seconds before you notice the inhabitant, an unkempt-looking ghost, seated at an early 2000's desktop computer, as if glued to the screen. What do you do?

[> SAY HELLO](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT](#)

“Absolutely correct!” says the Rat King. “Indeed, the answer is betrayal. All traitors are called rats, and I am their king, so long as they draw breath.”

The Rat King smiles again. “Now, I said that if you could answer my riddle I would allow you to pass, and King of Betrayal or not, I never lie. However, I must offer you an opportunity. How would you like to become a rat?”

A tempting offer! Will you...

> ACCEPT AND BECOME A RAT

> REFUSE THE OFFER

What? Why? There's something seriously wrong with you if you're thinking about the household appliances in a haunted mansion.

Please take this more seriously.

[> RETURN TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE](#)

You turn your head away from the creature's baleful stare, and instantly feel a sense of relief. This feeling is short-lived, though, as the first thing you see is dark blood spatters coating the wall. You realize that you have turned your back on a very dangerous entity. You force yourself to look forward again. The creature is gone.

Perhaps it was never there in the first place. The darkness and the smell of iron in the air must be playing tricks on you. You take one step toward the stairs, but you find that you cannot take another. Was the smell of iron really this strong? You can actually taste it now.

Blood fills your mouth. You cough, and it pours out, but even more takes its place. You look down to see a bloodied black paw protruding from your chest. The creature must have crept behind you from your blind spot when you turned away. A shrill resonance fills your ears. The next second, countless thorny objects shoot through every inch of your body.

Before your consciousness fades away, you realize that you are grateful. Grateful that the last thing you will ever see will **not** be your killer's diabolical eye.

ENDING UNLOCKED: IRONSAND

[> RETURN TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE](#)

[> START FROM THE BEGINNING](#)

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You tell the Rat King that you would rather remain a human.

He says "OK".

> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT

> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT

The realization that the wine cellar is a tunnel activates your sense of adventure. No more *doors* - you decide to find out where this *tunnel* leads. A dead end? A hidden treasure? Now is the time to find out!

You turn and begin to walk. As you pass barrel after barrel, you note that the air becomes a little warmer and a little more humid as you go. You begin to think that you can feel a breeze slowly blowing down the tunnel. Excited by the prospect that the tunnel leads outside, you pick up your pace.

However, as you speed up, a change comes over the tunnel. A chattering clamor begins to build behind you, and your excitement turns to fear. Your walk turns to a jog, and then into an all out sprint. In your terror you don't notice that the stone paved cellar has given way to a natural limestone cave.

You run until you notice that your legs are soaked with water. You are standing in an underground lake, surrounded by a labyrinth of stone. Phosphorescent algae on the walls and in the water allow you to see, but you cannot tell what direction you entered from.

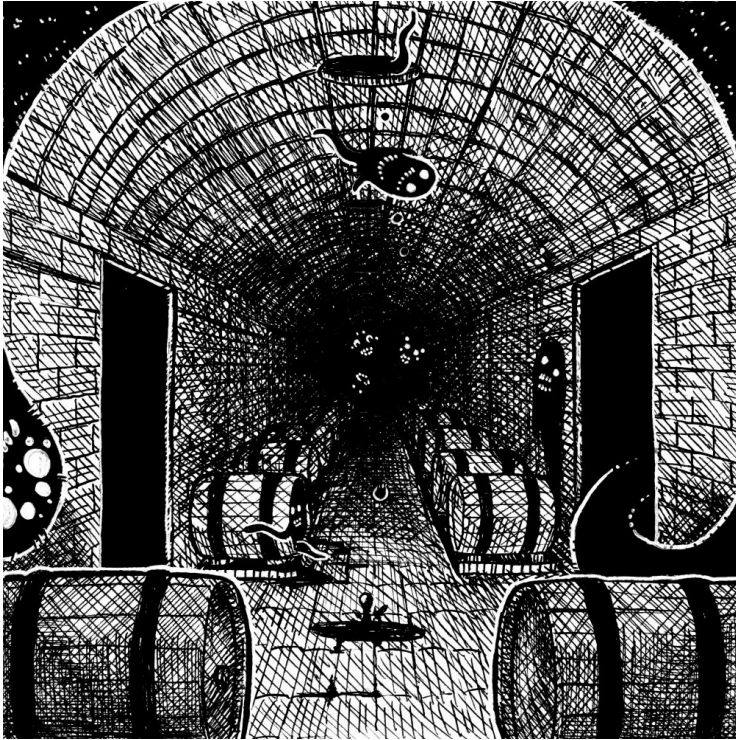
Three weeks later, a search and rescue team finds you, delirious and starving. They take you to a hospital where you make a full recovery over the course of several months. You cannot remember what happened to you down in the cavern, but whenever you see an otter, you shake and cry uncontrollably.

ENDING UNLOCKED: OTTER TRAUMA

[> RETURN TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE](#)

[> START FROM THE BEGINNING](#)

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The air in the next room is cool and dry, and, judging by the way your footsteps echo, much larger than the other rooms on this level. Despite this, the other door is directly across from you - only a few steps away.

There is almost no light in the room, but your eyes slowly adjust, and when they do you see that the room is full of wooden barrels. This must be some sort of wine cellar. What will you do?

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT](#)

[> WALK DOWN THE TUNNEL](#)

[> OPEN ONE OF THE BARRELS](#)

You shoot your hand out toward the bird, in an attempt to snatch the ring. Too slow. The crow deftly steps out of the way, hops back a few steps, and continues to watch you. You make another attempt, but this time you're not even close. The bird simply takes another step back.

A soft "caw" behind you causes you to turn around. There is another crow in the room, and this one is carrying some other small object. It's hard to see, but it is gray, with an irregular shape. Another soft caw, this one right by your ear, makes you jump. You slowly turn your head, only to see that the first crow is sitting right on your shoulder. You swipe at it to drive it away, but it only hops to your other shoulder. You swipe once more, and it flies away, cawing triumphantly.

When you look forward again, the other crow is gone. You look down when you feel a tug on your shoe, and you see that the second crow is untying your shoelace. It finishes, and then hops away. You notice that it left the object it was holding on the ground near your foot. You lean over and pick it up. It is part of a circuit board, burnt and grayed, but still recognizable.

You look up and look around the room, but the birds are gone. The ring is nowhere to be found. What will you do next?

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT](#)

[> WAIT AND TRY AGAIN](#)

Your eyelids are locked open, but with huge physical effort, using every muscle in your face, you are able to squeeze your eyes closed. Once you do, the oppressive atmosphere lifts, and you are able to breathe normally again. Still, you do not open your eyes again. Instead you put your hand on the wall and start to walk toward the stairs. You count each stair as you take it, and by the tenth stair your heart rate has returned to normal.

20 stairs. 30 stairs. The air feels warmer now. 40 stairs. Your next step hits empty air, and you stumble forward, before your foot thuds on the ground. You have reached the first floor landing at last. A few more steps, and your hand finds a wall, which you follow until you reach a door. You open it, and light floods through your eyelids. You open your eyes at last, and find yourself in a large kitchen, filled with pale moonlight... and something else.

[> LOOK AROUND](#)

You find your way to the lightswitch without much trouble, and quickly turn it on. Your eyes have adapted to the dark at this point, so when the bare lightbulb in the middle of the room flashes on you are temporarily blinded.

When your vision returns, the floating, severed hand is mere inches from your face. It appeared ghostly in the darkness, but under the electric light you can tell that it is flesh. The nails at the ends of the fingers are thick and pointed. The skin is gray and leathery, and while it is not rotting you can tell that it is dead. The flame on the wrist is charring the skin, and you can feel the heat on your face.

You gasp, stumble backward, and your back hits the wall. The hand remains in place. At this distance you notice that the dead hand is gripping something between thumb and forefinger. It is a wire hanger, and hanging from it is a silk suit, dark as the night sky, dry cleaned and pressed.

The hand gestures, as if offering you the suit. What will you do?

[> ACCEPT THE SUIT](#)

[> REJECT THE SUIT](#)

You gather up your courage, and say hello to the phantom at the desk. There is silence, and for a moment you suspect he didn't hear, but before you can open your mouth to speak again, he turns to you, and responds.

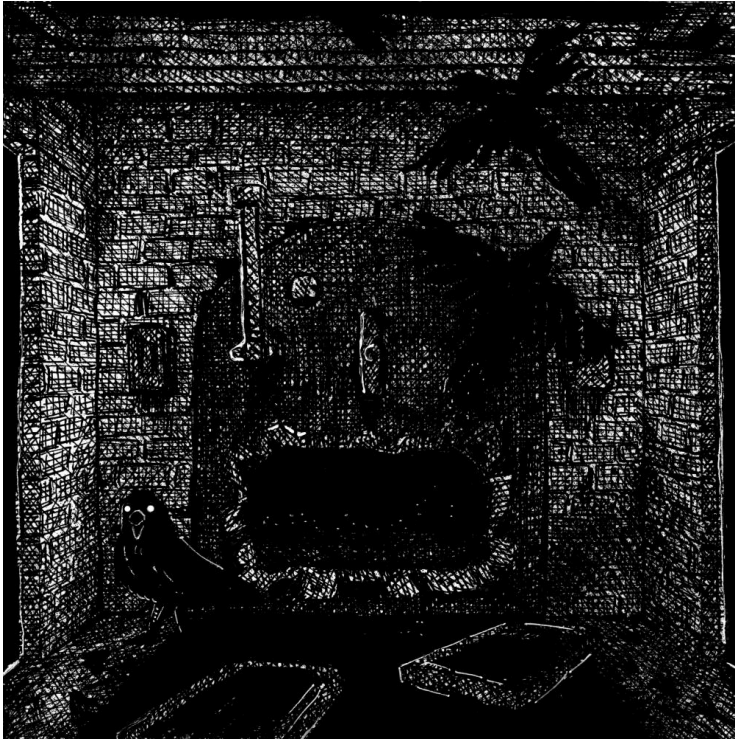
"Hello there, and welcome to my humble abode. My name is Simon, second son of the Ptolomea family." He gestures around the room. "Tell me, what is your opinion of Saver?"

"S-Saver?" you ask, confused as to his meaning. He does not answer, but only gestures more insistently. You assume that he must be talking about the character whose image adorns his walls. How do you answer?

> ANIME IS FOR LOSERS.
I DON'T WATCH THAT CRAP

> I THINK SAVER IS SUPER COOL

> SAVER? I LOVE SAVER!



Soot coats every square inch of the next room. There is an antique boiler built into the wall, with a massive hole where the coal doors used to be. The doors themselves are on the ground, not too far from the boiler, and you can see where they ricocheted off the opposite wall by the small craters they made in the brick. Luckily, you don't see any bodies lying around, so this must have happened when the boiler was unattended. What will you do?

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT](#)

[> INSPECT THE BOILER](#)

A strange suit proffered by an infernal hand? That doesn't seem wise. But an outright refusal seems like a bad choice too. It would be better to just ignore the offer. You are standing next to the lightswitch, which is right near the door. You can think of two ways to get out of this mess without actually refusing the suit. What will you do?

> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT

> TURN OFF THE LIGHT

Simon smiles broadly.

“Heh,” he laughs, “so you do understand. Saver is the strongest and the cutest, after all.”

You smile back. You weren’t really sure how to answer, but it seems that you passed some sort of test.

The ghost continues. “It’s not often that I meet a fellow fan. No one in this house seems to care. Perhaps it’s a bit hard for them to appreciate my elevated interests, but I suppose it can’t be helped. Why, there are even those online who say they prefer Rina, but... I digress. Here, as one connoisseur to another, I want you to have this.”

Simon stands up and retrieves a sword in an ornate sheathe from the side of his book shelf. The realization that he can interact with the physical world sends a shiver down your spine, but he does not attack you. Instead, he holds the sword out to you, and places it in your hands.

“It was a pleasure meeting you, but I must get back to what I’m doing,” he says, and returns to his seat, and his computer.

YOU HAVE OBTAINED YESCALIBAR

[This item will be useable in the full version of Manor of Death: TBD now live on Kickstarter](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT](#)

You reach out your hand, in a clear gesture of acceptance. The floating hand dips down, and then swiftly rises and whizzes past you. As it does, the suit springs to life. Buttons unbutton, zippers unzip, and the suit opens up like a venus flytrap. Before you can react, it is upon you, wrapping around your limbs and covering your torso.

Meanwhile, the sinister hand flits around making adjustments. Once every part of the suit is in the right place, the fabric begins to tighten...

...and stretch. In less than a minute, you are wearing a perfectly tailored suit. You look good. The disembodied hand gives you a thumb up, before it bursts into flame and disappears.

You wait a few minutes, and then remove the suit, fold it up, and stow it away. You don't want to get it dirty, but it might come in handy later.

YOU HAVE OBTAINED PITCH BLACK SUIT

[This item will be useable in the full version of Manor of Death: TBD now live on Kickstarter](#)

What will you do?

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT](#)

[> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT](#)



The creature on the stairs seems to you to be the very embodiment of fear. The longer you gaze into its enormous, unblinking eye, the colder you grow. Your blood slows. Your muscles lock up. You can feel your organs begin to shut down, and you know that you will surely die if you don't leave this room.

What will you do?

[> LOOK AWAY](#)

[> TAKE THE STAIRS](#)

[> CLOSE YOUR EYES](#)

Of course you want to become a rat! In fact, it has been a lifelong dream of yours. You gladly accept the Rat King's offer.

The transformation isn't painless, but it is quick, and once it is over you feel great in a way that only a rat could. You spend the next several years traveling the world as an envoy of the Rat King. You sample the food from hundreds of high class restaurants in dozens of major cities in 8 different countries. You make inroads with the rat communities in all of those cities, as well as those that thrive on ships and in rural areas. Near the end of your career, you broker an alliance between the rats and squirrels of Brooklyn, ending decades of war.

You settle down with a highborn rat after you retire, and have 58 children. Each one goes on to do great things for ratkind. You are a magic rat, so at the time of writing, you are still alive. Certain rat scholars theorize you will live forever, but you haven't been impressed with their methodology. All you know for sure is that you... are very happy... to be a rat.

ENDING UNLOCKED: YOU DIRTY RAT

[> RETURN TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE](#)

[> START FROM THE BEGINNING](#)

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([Kickstarter link](#))

You shuffle to your left until you are almost touching the wall, all without breaking eye contact with the creature. Then, you muster up your courage and step toward the staircase. The creature does not move.

Emboldened, you place your right foot on the first step, and then place your left foot on the second. Third step, fourth step, fifth step... You are now standing right next to the creature, and your neck is beginning to hurt. Sixth step, seventh step, eighth... Horror dawns on you as you realize that you have not broken eye contact with the man on the stairs. He has not turned his head, but somehow his eye is following you. Your neck is twisted to an unnatural degree. Ninth step, tenth step, eleven-

Your bones crack and your skin splits, as your eyes fill up with blood. Your legs buckle beneath you. Your knees hit the stairs in front of you and your upper body falls backward. Even now, you cannot break eye contact, so your head, turned around almost 180 degrees, continues to twist as you fall. The back of your head hits the fourth stair, right near the feet of the creature. All the blood in your body rushes to your head, pooling in your cranium and pouring out the wounds in your neck. You cannot see anything anymore, but you know that the creature is still watching. Watching, as you bleed out on the basement stairs.

ENDING UNLOCKED: EXSANGUINATION

[> RETURN TO THE PREVIOUS PAGE](#)

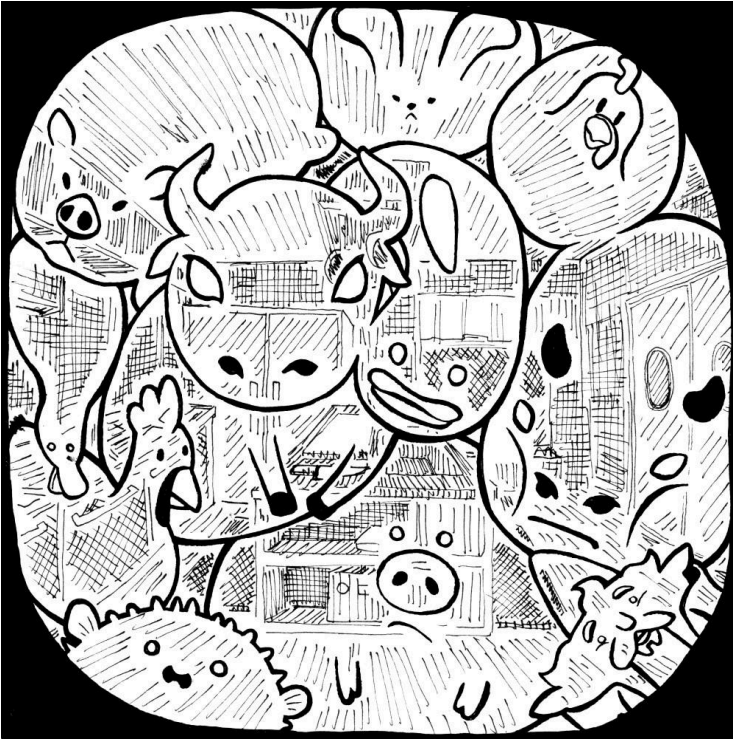
[> START FROM THE BEGINNING](#)

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You ignore the crow and stand up. You've already wasted enough time, and there is no benefit in messing around with wild animals. Besides, why is there a crow in a boiler room? It's probably a ghost, or worse. You decide to pick a door and get on with exploring.

> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE LEFT

> TAKE THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT



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