

ART ASSETS NEEDED

- Room of glass and eyes
- Cruiseline bedroom
- Banquet Room (ballroom turned cafeteria)
 - Kid's birthday room
 - Sneak Past
- Fishing Deck (With fisherman)
 - Day/night
 - (with Sea Monster & hands)
 - Cockpit
 - Turn around bathroom door
 - Seeing self sleeping 3rd person
- Passenger Ship (Deck with kids/couple/man)
 - Dead bodies and ghoul.
 - Ghoul Stabbed and glowing with pencil
- Arctic (spreading ashes)
 - Arctic (self sitting and drawing)

It eluded us then, but that's no matter- tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther...
And one fine morning- So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into
the past.

- F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

- Wake up lying on the floor of a cruise ship
 - You are surrounded by broken glass and eyes on the wall that won't meet your gaze\

—
This is not your bed. As you gain consciousness, that much becomes clear to you. Whatever
you're lying down on is harder, and— warmer?

That's not right. You open your eyes and turn your head, expecting your nightstand, or at least
the upper deck's wood paneling, but are met with darkness. Then, a prickling itch begins to set
in, all over your backside.

Coming further into your senses, you hear the familiar sound of the ocean, and something less
familiar but equally wet--a constant and erratic clicking.

> I need to get up and brush myself off.

With some effort, you push yourself to your feet. You shiver as the warmth escapes from your
bare body. As you brush what you can off your shoulders, your hand catches sand-sized pieces
of glass, dotted with dried blood.

Your eyes begin to adjust, too, catching round, moving shadows on the walls behind you, and uneven glints of light reflecting off the floor in front of you.

> Inspect the walls.

Something about the shadows and erratic, wet clicking makes your hair stand on end. You turn around to get a better look.

The first thing you notice are the shifting mounds of bone-white flesh. Then, the grey lids wrapping around them, closing and opening every few seconds, and the thick, ropelike lashes that follow.

It hits you. Spread across the walls and ceiling are hundreds of massive, person-sized eyes.

Each of their pupils are heavily dilated as they dart around, scanning the room. And yet, none of them ever land on you.

> Inspect the floor.

You quickly realize that scattered around the floor are hundreds, if not thousands, of glass shards. The further out you look, the bigger and sharper they get.

Past the glass, you see light trickling out from what looks like a doorway.

> Scan the doorway.

The shifty eyes have not looked at you once. You wonder if they have yet to find you, or if they have chosen to ignore you, deeming you insignificant. Both possibilities fill you with dread. You focus on the doorway.

Long shadows move through the light coming from under the door. When you concentrate, you can almost pick out the hum of conversation.

To get to the door, you'll need to walk through the glass. It's going to hurt.

IF BOOTS:

> The glass looks painful. I could just sit down and wait.

Come Back TO THIS

> I need to figure out what's going on. I walk through the glass.

You grit your teeth, and gingerly lift your foot, taking a step into the glass. The jagged edges slice through your skin, drawing blood. You suppress a scream.

> Just have to get through. I take another step.

You grit your teeth, and take another step. Then another. Your whole body tenses as glass sinks deeper into the bottom of your foot, hitting bone. The ground, wet with your blood, slides out from under you and you crash into the glass headfirst. Your vision fades as you bleed out.

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Waking1

You violently jolt awake. What a weird dream. You must have been tired from work.

You make a note to talk to the Staff Captain about doing less overtime. Not even double pay is worth what you just went through. Also, you're not exactly sure how labor laws work at sea, but two back-to-back eight-hour shifts doesn't sound like it'll hold up in court.

Anywho, it's ten-past-six. You have less than half an hour before you need to clock in.

> Get ready for work.

You quickly hop out of bed, open your closet, and reach for your cruise staff uniform--wait. You look down at your hand and notice that the gauze covering it is almost completely saturated.

You reroute to your nightstand drawer instead pulling out antibiotic ointment and gauze. You firmly redress the wound you got last night from a broken plate. One of the many misfortunes you've encountered while serving careless cruiseline guests.

Then, you put on your uniform, comb your hair, and rush out the door.

TRUNCATED WAKING

Your eyes flutter open, back in your soft cruiseline-issued bed. You're okay. It wasn't real. Just another dream. Or maybe...

You snap out of it. You've got more important things to do. You get up, shower, and get dressed for work.

Still, as you head out the door, a small part of you struggles to give up what you saw.

> Repair Boots

You spend the rest of the day brushing, oiling, massaging, and then shining your boots until they're spotless.

They were a gift from your grandfather, who bought them as a young man. He spent the afternoon teaching you how to take care of them. "We're all taking it one step at a time," he'd say, "and that's a lot easier to do in well-maintained footwear."

You have done your best to keep the boots pristine. While your coworkers have often complained about sore feet or swollen knees, your grandfather's wisdom has protected you from such aches. And it's all thanks to these boots.

You wash the polish off of your hands and fall asleep.

> I put on my boots, and step through the glass.

The glass crunches underfoot as you wade through. Your sturdy boots seem to almost repel the surrounding glass with each step.

For a brief moment, one of the eyes on the wall swings its gaze towards you.

> I guess I'll get ready. Got to pay for my fare somehow.

You go to the sink and splash your face, and gasp—it's ice cold. The frigid air outside must have chilled the water overnight. Just the shock you needed to get out of this... funk.

The cold also reminds you that you're getting closer to your goal. Well, your mom's goal.

Despite everything in your body screaming at you to slow down, you comb your hair, button up your uniform, and slide on your trusty boots.

Then, you take a step out of your room, steeling yourself for the work ahead.

FISHING BOAT

You step through the door with a THUNK as your boot collides with aluminum flooring, which is all the information you need to realize that you aren't on the cruiseliner anymore. For the next moment, you look around furiously, taking in your surroundings--

The room you're in is small, and made smaller by how many things have been crammed into it. Nets, metal tools, dry goods, and watertight containers fill the room to the point of claustrophobia. The rancid fish smell doesn't help.

The only occupiable space, other than where you're standing, is a small clearing at a corner of the room. In the middle of the clearing is a ship wheel. Two large windows line the corner's walls, presumably to allow vision of the ocean beyond.

You're pretty sure this is a fishing vessel, but you don't see anyone manning it.