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Game Concept

Game Writing

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## Liminal Spaces

Comb was driving to work like any ordinary day for him. The freeway wasn't too busy, but it wasn't empty. Cars flew past in the fast lane, and slow pokes stole the side lane. But one thing drew up Comb's attention. His eyes reflected in the rearview mirror as a semi's grill portrayed in the back window. Comb sped up to the end of a construction truck carrying steel on its overloaded trailer. Cars cruised by in the fast lane like a trail of ants, camouflaging in the midst of the speeders. Comb's head smacked into the steering wheel as the tailing semi smashed the car's back window. Comb's car floored into the front semi. When the front semi braked, the one in the back kept moving forth, pushing Comb in his car as it crumpled up into a paper ball. Everything went dark.

An empty bedroom appeared. Comb awoke standing up. There was an old, outdated ceiling fan that didn't spin, curtains and blinds that were faded in color and blocking the windows from the unknown darkness, pink paint coated the walls with a few marks and scratches here and there, the floors were an old hardwood, and a vintage heater stood on the ground. There was a door in the room, but it was locked. Comb investigated the place. He grabbed the ceiling lights pulley, but the light didn't turn on. Instead, the pulley ripped out from its socket and into his hand. The end of the chain had a key on it. Comb unlocked the door.

An old diner hid behind the door. Magnets stuck upon the price menu on the tan wall, white office tiles organized upon the ceiling, pink subway tiles covered the lower half of wall,

the floor was made from dirty tiles, an old concoction of quarter-costed treats rested near the closed-blinded windows, and more ceiling fans were dead. The room cubed in while there wasn't any cashier desk present, just a room of diner tables. Comb found that one of the tiles cranked open, and there was some metal plate under it. He walked over to the menu and grabbed one of the letter magnets. The word PINK popped out to Comb. He grabbed the crooked P from the word and stuck it on the plate. A trapped door in the half-tiled wall opened.

An indoor play place faded into view. Comb crawled up the steps of the entrance and skipped around, alone in the dim light. A quiet rattle of a snake's tail got louder behind Comb. Only a small breadcrumb floated along the rubber padding, and it chased Comb. Comb sprinted away from the vicious, mysterious thing. He needed a hiding spot. After venturing the whole maze of the play place, climbing upstairs, running over bridges, dodging rubber boxing bags, and climbing up ladders, he slid down the twisting slide, away from the chasing crumb.

Redwing. The hall of an empty hospital, that's where he landed. Dark red, ominous lights lit the hall to an end with two giant emergency doors. Some kind of oily goop dripped down the wall in the red light. The floor tiles had something unique going on with them. Different shades of colors scatted them. There were random dark tiles, light tiles, and in-between tiles. Which tiles would keep Comb from plummeting in the lava beneath them? Well, he certainly found out, and when he reached the end, he crashed into the doors, awakening in a hospital bed in front of doctors and surgeons. He missed a lot in the world in his one-year coma.