



caitlynn
belle mr.
gracie used
to live
here

a quiet game about homes
by caitlynn belle

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mom's typewriter

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patreon.com/caitlynn

caitlynnbelle.com

*(four walls don't have to be a prison
you will see that some day)*

SETUP

you will need

- the rest of the pages from this game, printed out
- a pen
- a timer
- a flashlight
- thirty minutes uninterrupted time in the dark of night
- an isolated, dark building to explore, preferably one that is unfamiliar to you, and preferably one with plenty of odd ambient noises

print out each of the following pages, sections 1-5, and the intermission. don't read ahead. try to play when you will not be interrupted. when you're ready, make sure the building is as dark as you can make it, find somewhere quiet to sit, and use the flashlight to read section 1. follow the instructions from there.

ONE

you are a teenager who's come to the old run-down house at the edge of the street where mr. gracie used to live. your parents always warned you to stay away from mr. gracie. but one day, he was gone - some say arrested for unspeakable crimes. some say suicide, that he was unable to bear the weight of his own sins. still others say he was just... gone.

but still his house remains. sometimes, if you walk by at night, you'd swear you saw someone looking out at you from the upstairs window, past the broken glass.

and here you are, crawling through the downstairs window and entering the discarded home of a nightmare legend. maybe it was a dare. maybe you wanted proof. or maybe something else drew you here.

the house is damp, moldy, and cold. everything is dark. there are sounds coming from inside, something not too far away. the hairs on the back of your neck stand up, and you do not feel alone.

(sit in darkness for five minutes listening to the ambient noises of the building you're in. attribute them to something mysterious and dangerous. then write down what you believe is in the house with you and how you feel in the blank space below. fold it up, leave it on the floor, then move on to a new part of the building and read section 2.)

TWO

nails stick up from floorboards, jagged rustmetal sticks out of broken holes, red-eyed rats chew everything up. there is a door nearby, and you don't dare go inside.

(sit in darkness for five minutes and note how your body feels, and all the sensations that arise. identify a closed-off or barricaded section of the building nearby, difficult to get into. what could be behind it that makes you feel the way your body feels? what is ominous about it? write this down in the blank space below, fold it up, and leave it on the floor, then move on to a new part of the building and read section 3.)

THREE

you swear you heard someone say something. whispers, low talking - a voice just behind you. and is that breathing?

(sit in darkness for five minutes and imagine the one thing you least want to hear someone say to you right now. then write it down in the blank space below, fold it up and leave it on the floor, then move to a new part of the building and read section 4.)

FOUR

mr. gracie is here. he never left. he never will. he is here, and standing in this very room. you can't see him in the dark (perhaps a flash of his teeth or the glint of a button on his coat) but he is here.

(sit in darkness for five minutes and think of the one thing you'll say to mr. gracie. then say it out loud. immediately gather up your belongings and run somewhere safe, and when you are hidden, read the intermission.)

INTERMISSION

maybe you don't feel safe where you live. or maybe you did once, before you got away. sometimes it's too much and you just need to escape, or bad things will happen. it could be family or friends or even strangers who live there also, that worry you. or maybe it's a situation, like possibly losing your home, or something broken. and sometimes there isn't anything you can do about it. you just have to sit there and weather the storm.

but know this: you are valuable and worthwhile, you are beautiful and important, you are everything, and you will survive this. you will fight, even if in secret, and you will come out of this stronger than you could ever possibly imagine. maybe you don't hear that too often, and you probably don't feel that way, but things will improve, and you will shine a light in the darkness. you will fight those broken memories and those horrific experiences and because you had to fight for your own survival, because you had to learn how to move on, you will emerge stronger than everyone around you. you are not a lost cause. we are all rooting for you. and those your house may be dark and awful and scary, eventually you will find the door, and you will break free to the other side.

don't give up. for god's sake, don't give up. you can do this. some of us have been there before, and we fought free. you will too.

keep a light shining, always. we'll be waiting for you.

(please head outside of the building you are playing in and read section 5. stay next to the door.)

FIVE

this is the house mr. gracie used to live in. it is damp, moldy, and cold. everything is dark. if you walk by at night, you'd swear you saw someone looking out at you from the upstairs window.

there is a scratch on your arm. blood. the air outside is fresh and new. crickets sing songs. you can go anywhere and do anything.

(put your hand on the door for five minutes and think about what you will do tomorrow. will you complete something left unfinished? will you tell someone what they need to hear? what are your plans, your hopes, your dreams? then let go of the door and write it down in the blank space below, folding it up and putting it in your pocket.

then go home. you're done.)

