

# Lost & Found

A whimsical “Choose your own Adventure” Game

[Click here to start](#)

# Lost and Found

It's one of those days...

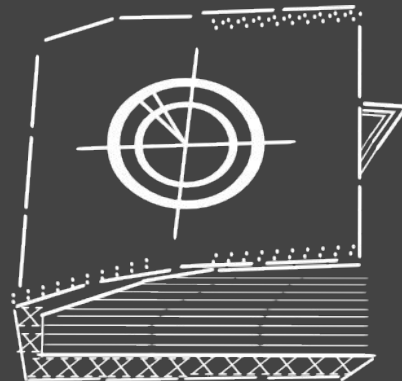
You sit in your old and broken chair. It's 9 am.

Breakfast is over and your break is not in sight for the next few hours.

You look over your desk on which piles of paper rise like mountains. In the background, you can see masses of boxes stacked on top of each other, filled with curiosities or just unwanted trash. That which is not collected after a year must either be given to the finders, relocated in garbage bags or in rare cases donated.

The sight of never-ending boxes upsets your usually lazy mind. You get up and slowly start to clean up your table. While sorting through lost books, you find a small notebook. It seems to be old. Some pages are already torn. It is littered with dents and small tears.

You run your fingers over the cover of the book and the symbol of a compass burned into it. The leather is still soft. The book smells of traces of tobacco and coffee. This would also explain the odd stains all over [the book](#).

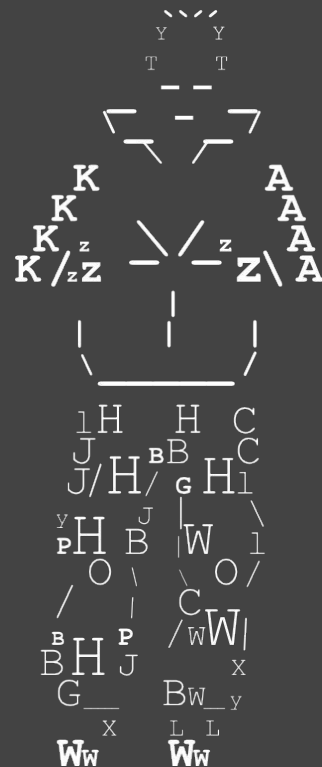


# Lost and Found

While you are holding the book in your hands and leafing through it, your colleague enters the office. With a half-empty coffee cup in his hand, he sits down on the chair next to the shelf. Holding the cup with one hand, he puts his other hand behind a row of books and sweeps them into a trash bag. He holds out his now empty hand to you and asks if he should throw in the book you are holding.

Instinctively, you clutch the book tighter. Which, come to think on it, is strange. Until now, you have thrown away many books just like it without thinking twice. Countless old notebooks or children's school books have been disposed of here, even some diaries. But this book seems different to you. It has something nostalgic. Your colleague laughs mockingly into his cup and tells you that it is almost impossible to ever find the owners of books that are that old.

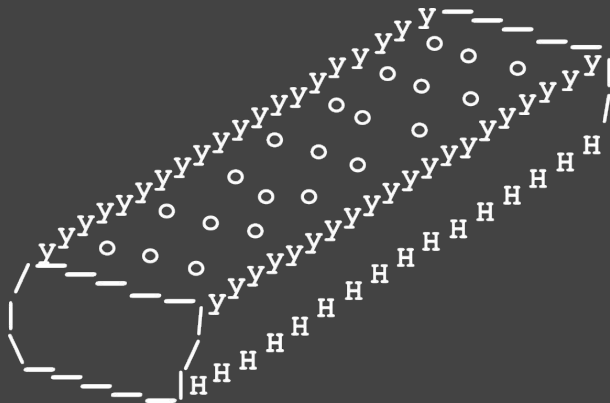
However, for the first time in what feels like forever you have found something interesting, something that seems to break up this endless boredom between the alleged treasures and the abandoned junk of others. [A riddle!](#)



# The Riddle

Inside the book are wild notes telling about the owner's favorite cookies. You can see that he is particularly fond of the traditional scottish butter cookie. He has noted the calorie counts of 100g and 18g each on one side. Next to the 100g package are notes about a small bakery where he liked to meet friends for coffee and cake.

"What a funny coincidence. While I was eating my butter cookie at the bus stop, I noticed that the calorie information on the package matches the house numbers of two of my favorite establishments on Broad Street. The 516 kcal matches the number of Smith and Golly bakery and the 93 matches Victoria's Cottage Café. Both are owned by long-established families, though the Smith and Gollys are really just the Smiths now that the old Golly sold his shares to Smith and is now enjoying his life out of town."

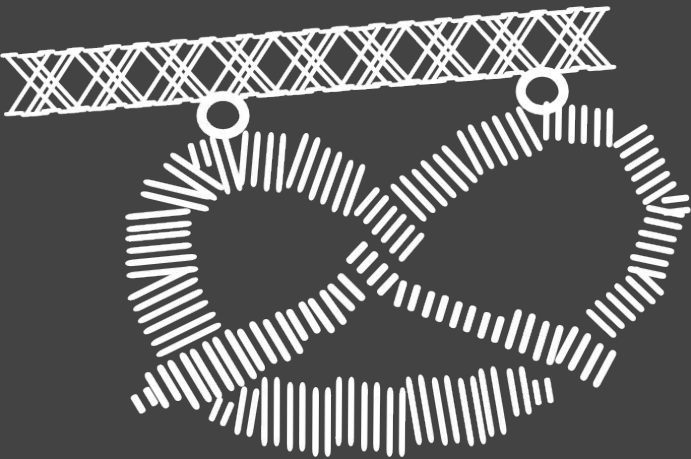


Which place would you like to go to?

[Smith and Golly Bakery 516](#)

[Victoria's Cottage Café 93](#)

# Smith and Golly Bakery - Broad Street 516



You go to a small bakery on Broad Street. It is located between a dry cleaner and a women's clothing store. There is a subtle smell of chlorine and baked bread in the area. You step through the door and a small bell mounted above it announces your arrival. A young man behind the counter greets you while serving two other customers. As you glance around the bakery's neat, small space, you recognize it has been sketched into the book with a small note underneath:

"Lord have mercy! I've never had such horrible coffee in my life! You shouldn't be allowed to call something like that coffee, that's for sure. I'd rather go to Victoria's Café for my coffee and fresh waffles. But the carrot cake is always worth coming here. It's moist and most importantly, not overly sweet. I always like to order the tea for a short walk in the park while I eat the cake at the nearby pond next to the park."

You don't necessarily have to order what the author likes, but it gives you a good indication of where you might find the next clue. Do you go:

[To the park \(with some tea\)](#)

[To the pond \(with some cake\)](#)

# Victoria's Cottage Café - Broad Street 93

You follow the book's strange clue to a dreamy little café with the house number 93. You order a piece of apple pie and continue to leaf through the book while you wait.

"This is where I've always been able to find such deep peace. Just indulge my thoughts and let the world outside pass me by. No matter how tumultuous my life may be, Victoria's Café is always a place of stillness for me."

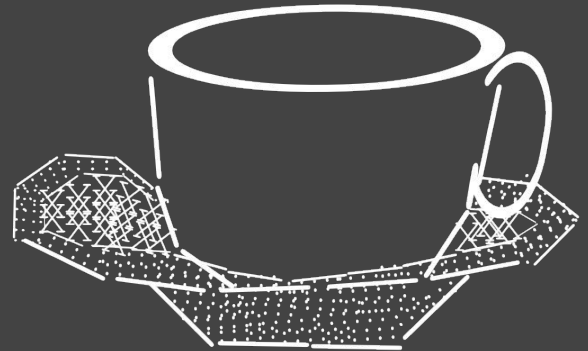
As you let your gaze wander around the room, you understand what he means: the patrons all tend to keep to themselves, the conversations quiet, not like most cafés you know. You read on:

"At first, I came here mainly for the wonderful waffles that Victoria makes herself. Sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, they always remind me of my childhood, when I played in the park with the other kids and Mum made us waffles like this at home. The ones with cream and hot cherries often make me think of my first date at the movies, where we shared a waffle afterwards."

Which place do you want to go to?

[To the park](#)

[To the cinema](#)



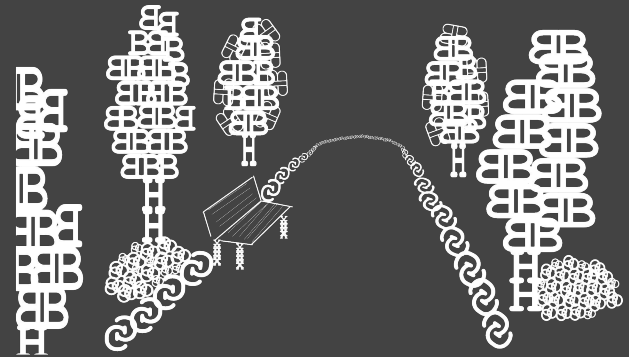
# Weaver Park

You go to Weaver Park, which is the only one close by. As you stroll around, you smell the scent of damp fir trees and leaves. A gentle autumn breeze swirls around the gray clouds. You stop occasionally to read on:

"I love walking here. This park has always enchanted me. Ever since I was a child, I roamed here with my friends, playing tag and getting into mischief. We always used to get scolded by our parents when we kept playing here until late at night, but it was worth it to us. We had little hiding places where we buried our treasures.

The most important one was the hollowed out trunk of an old oak tree. This tree can be found by walking north from the fountain, turning left off the trail at an old marble statue, and crossing a small wooden creek bridge. There, a few steps from the bridge, is the old oak tree. My childhood friend Pete told us that the tree had magical powers and that it would grant wishes. Me and my friends left something of ourselves there that was important to us. My wish was to be able to travel the world"

"Oh well, Pete. We're still friends. He put a football in the tree in hopes of becoming a famous player. But he didn't think that the rain and humidity would move the ball. Today he owns a small pub, O'Malley's near the sports fields. He coaches the local children's football club.."



Where are you going:

[The oak tree](#)

[O'Malley's Pub](#)

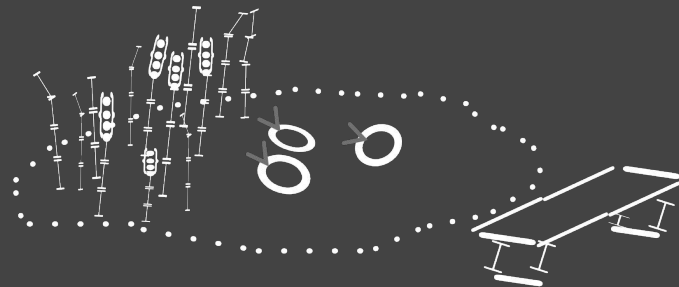
# The Pond

Well, you can't just ignore the world's best carrot cake. Equipped with a piece in your pocket, you head to a pond near a park. It's quiet. Not a soul to be seen. The reflections of the trees in the mirrored surface of the pond create a feeling as if you are standing in the middle of a forest. You open the book and flip around to find a small note.

"Even though the beauty of the pond comforts me over many a thing, here I felt time passing me by. Losing some of my friends and family, even my growing older myself. However, since I met her, time seems to stand still with her. My dearest Leonora.

We met only a few years ago. We lived in the same city, but we never crossed paths. Or maybe we did? If so, I must have been a blind fool to have overlooked such a woman. We met here at the pond for the first time. It could not have been wilder. She was walking by when an old goose came rushing out of the water and got its teeth into her dress. I raised my walking stick like a knight raising his sword and scared the beast away. We both laughed as she called me her knight in shining armor. I asked her out. On our first date, I took her to my childhood secret hideaway, to the old [oak tree](#). There we had a wonderful picnic. Later I introduced her to my friends at the [Pub](#). My friend Pete was not slow to tell her many a story from our childhood."

Below the note is a sketch of a knight fighting a larger than life goose. You smile as you turn the page and see a newspaper article from the old pub with Pete holding a small trophy.

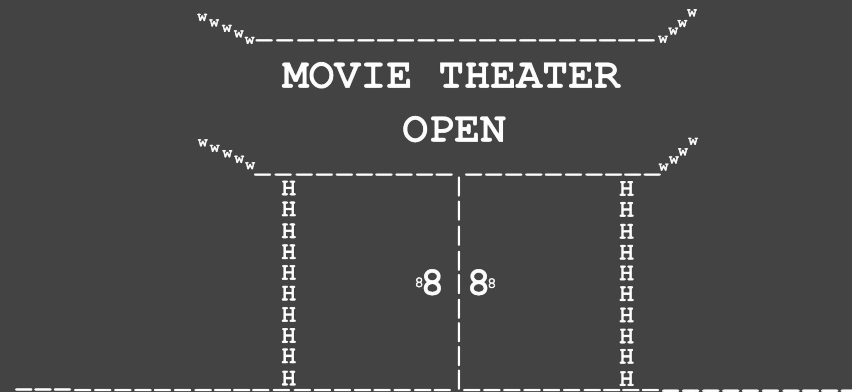




# The Cinema

Not far from the café you find an old art house cinema. It is quite small and looks a bit run down. It seems almost a miracle that it could exist next to bigger and more modern cinemas, but it is still there. After flipping through the book a bit, you stumble upon an entry about this place, too:

"I have some fond memories of the old cinema on Bishop Street. This is where I saw *Gone with the Wind* with Leonora back then. Afterwards we had a picnic under the oak tree in the park. The tree can be found by walking north from the fountain, turning left off the path at an old marble statue, and crossing a small wooden creek bridge. There, a few steps from the bridge, is the old oak tree. A year later we went to see *Pride and Prejudice* and afterwards went with the others to O'Malley's Pub . A wonderful evening."



Where are you going next?

[To the oak tree](#)

[To O'Malley's Pub](#)

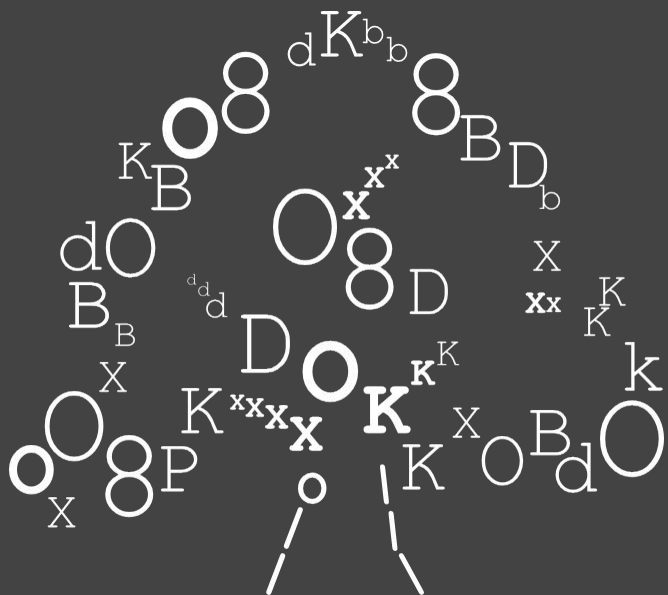
# The Oak Tree

You follow the description from the book. Pass the figure, cross the small stream and from there to the oak tree. You look inside. Most of the things inside are rotten or covered with rust. Looking closer, you find an old metal compass hidden in a small metal cigar box. The name Edward McCollins is engraved on the back.

A hot lead! Finally you have a name.... Edward McCollins! You flip wildly through the book and find many small newspaper clippings, including a wedding announcement:

"Edward McCollins and Leonora Griffin exchanged vows on Saturday, Feb. 13, 1982, at the local chapel in the smallest circle of friends and family." Next to the announcement, in bold underline, is written, "Leonora and I are fulfilling a dream, we are going to Andalusia for our honeymoon."

Now that you have his name, you look Edward up. There actually is someone by that name who lives not to far away. You think you have found your mark and make your way [to his address](#).



# O'Malleys Pub

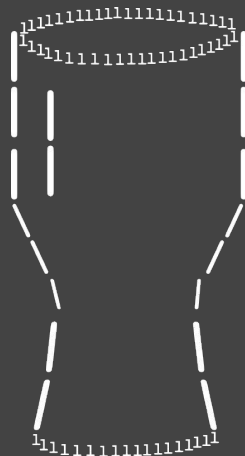
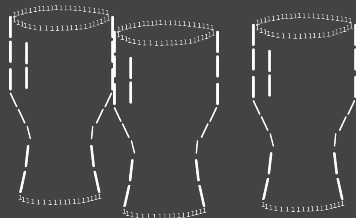
Compared to the rather quiet places the book has taken you to so far, the pub seems almost crowded. The patrons seem to be in a good mood, some loudly singing Steve Earle's "The Galway Girl."

You work your way to the bartender and say you're looking for someone.

When you tell him about the book and the entries, he takes notice and says, "That sounds a lot like Ed McCollins. Funny guy. My friend since we were ten.

He used to be one of our regulars, but he doesn't come to the pub that much anymore. His knees are all bad and he mostly stays home nowadays. I can give you his address, though. He sure would like the company and the story of your little 'adventure'."

Now that you have his address, you can bring the book back to Edward. You think you have found your mark and make your way [to his home](#).



# The End of Your Search



Now you are standing in front of the door of Edward Mccollins' home. You have reached the end of your search. Here lives the person who wrote the book that led you all over town. Finally you can return it to where it belongs.

After you ring the bell, an elderly gentleman opens the door. He greets you kindly and asks what you want. When you show him the book and tell him about your search, you see the joy in his face. You have indeed found Edward. He invites you to have tea with him and to reminisce with him.

When you finally say goodbye to him, he presses the compass and a book that looks like his into your hand. "At my age, I don't think I can fill this new book. But I'm sure you can still collect some memories worth holding on to. And the compass may come in handy on your next adventure."

[Credits](#)

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[Credits](#)

# Credits

**Art:** Sabine Heyne, Justine Flohr

**Story:** Christopher Probst, Justine Flohr, Sabine Heyne

**Writing:** Justine Flohr, Christopher Probst

## Sound/Music:

“Park” by potok-potoczny

“Pond ducks” by monotraum

“My-love-piano-loop” by shadydave

“Ambient pub” by 16h-panska-stejskal-david

“Indoor-adult-murmur-small-group” by splicesound

“Office-ambience” by nightwatcher98

“Quiet-cafe” by arnaud coutancier