	Object		Sound	Letter /Use	Text 1	Text 2	Text 3	Text 4	Text 5
		Letter from Nora		Intro / background story	Reading her letter, a mix of emotions washes over me.  I'm surprised she reached out after all these years.	I always believed she'd be better off without me and my problems.	Now, I see the void my absence created.  Regret settles in for the lost time.	Yet there's a glimmer of hope.  Maybe she still wants me in her life.	Some conversations are too important for mere words on paper. I need to call her! The phone is in the lamp room upstairs.
Conce to tect?	Start or game	<b>Door</b> to lamp room	unlocked + door screech	setting <b>goal</b> to open door	Oh crap, I forgot I recently changed the code!	Trying to remember the code but the numbers seem to slip away	What was it again I can't remember. Ugh, I'm getting old.	Discouragement and doubts begin to gnaw at me.	Maybe the memory comes back when I do something else.
		Crossword one letter circled	writing	P	I remember sitting for hours solving crosswords with Nora.	Recalling all the hours spent together I can feel the memory hurts like a thorn.	We both loved all kind of puzzles and riddles.	I was always amazed by her mind, sharp and quick.	This crossword shouldn't be too difficult! Let's see
Puzzles	Fuzzies	Crumpled piece of paper which is a bill	crumpling paper	Е	Bills, bills, bills.	Nora used to help me with the paperwork.	Why don't they just leave me in peace.	I should've been more appreciative of the time and effort she put into helping me.	Oh, I scribbled something onto it.

Object	Sound	Letter /Use	Text 1	Text 2	Text 3	Text 4	Text 5
Poem book with 'thou' written bold	turning page	U	That's my book with old english poems.	Nora was a real bookworm too. We shared a love for books of all kinds.	I was always fascinated by how language changes over time.	I wonder if she's still into books or is she now staring at computer screens like everyone else?	These days we have so little time that one letter has to be enough.
Picture of father and daughter on the beach	seals	N	I remember that day vividly, we had so much fun on the beach.	The feel of the sand between our toes, her laughter carried away by the sea breeze, and her eyes as she picked seashells along the shore.	We went swimming and even saw some friendly seals.	The simplicity of that day, the joy we shared, it all seems like a distant dream.	It feels like a different life. Should I really call her?
Boat Model with N carved on it	sawing	N	The boat model we built together.	Recalling the day, I chuckle softly.	She was so impatient, I remember when she glued the sails onto her fingers.	In hindsight, her impatience becomes endearing, a testament to her passion and spirit.	Wait, has she carved her Initials in it? That cheeky bugger!
Birthday card with a 20 on it, on the fridge	singing people	20 = T	I don't even know why I have this still up.	Her 20th birthday, a day that ended in a disastrous fight, a torrent of hurtful words exchanged in the heat of the moment.	Sometimes I really wished I could change the past.	I wish I could go back, erase the harsh words, and replace them with understanding and love.	I am not sure if reaching out is the right thing to do. I am so scared to cause her more hurt.

	Object	Sound	Letter /Use	Text 1	Text 2	Text 3	Text 4	Text 5
	Old newspaper article with a picture of a little girl giving high 5 to a cat	newspaper + meowing	5 =E	"Local kid teaches cat to give high five" - no way I still have this!	I recall the countless treats shared and the gentle persistence with which she coaxed the cat to learn the trick.	All the impatience she showed in other tasks - this little victory of hers always impressed me.	It was a testament to her determination and our shared commitment to making it work.	Unfortunately, we had to put the cat on a diet afterwards. Poor thing!
	Deciphering book with a table in it		hint to decipher digits into letters	I completely forgot about this.	Thinking back to simpler times, I remember the little encryption game Nora and I used to play.	I think she was around 6 or 7, when she came to school and learned to write.	It was a basic code, but to her, it was a magical world of secrets and shared conspiracies.	I still use it to this day. I might be a big old nerd, but it's just too much fun. I think I also used it for the code!
Hints	Roman mythology book with Neptune on the cover		hint to the code (Neptune)	The book about Roman Mythology I am reading at the moment.	Really interesting stuff, I find myself reading for hours without even noticing.			
Background story	Lighthouse figurine		background story	I remember the time when I got the job as lighthouse keeper.  The isolation was my escape from the world.	I thought I was protecting her. But now, as I look back, I see it	It was a selfish decision.	I was so consumed by my own struggles that I failed to see the impact of my absence on her.	I wonder if she can forgive me.

	Object	Sound	Letter /Use	Text 1	Text 2	Text 3	Text 4	Text 5
	Painting on the wall (William Turner, lighthouse, stormy sea)		background story	The Bell Rock Lighthouse by William Turner. I could look at it for hours.	It reminds me of the conflicts with Nora.	Like the crashing waves our disagreements seemed relentless.	But one thing stands out: the lighthouse, unwavering at the storm.	Perhaps, like this lighthouse, our relationship can find its calm after the chaos.
	Teapot		distraction / character depth	When in doubt it's always a good idea to have a nice cup of my favourite Earl Grey.	Unfortunately I ran out of it this morning.			
	TV		distraction / character depth	It's too late for anything good to be on TV now.	Oh wait, maybe Bob Ross is on.	But I don't feel like watching TV after all.		
Distracting objects	Life saver			That's the light saver for emergencies.	It's a reminder that even in this remote place, there's a lifeline, a symbol that helps just a call away.	Now when I think about it it's oddly reassuring in these lonely hours.	I hope I never have to use it.	
Othe	Radio	music	turning music on/off	Maybe some music will help				

	Object	Sound	Letter /Use	Text 1	Text 2	Text 3	Text 4	Text 5
				me to remember.				
End of game	Phone		showing doubts and fear	Should I call her or not?  Doubt creeps in.	What if she doesn't want to hear from me?	What if it just makes things worse?	But deep down, I miss her. I miss the way things used to be. Maybe, just maybe, it's worth the risk.	Taking a deep breath, I press the numbers