

ThE
DREAMER
HOTEL CASE
FILE





DREADMERE HOTEL

For decades, the Dreadmere Hotel stood as a quiet landmark on the edge of town – a once-elegant structure known for its thoughtful layout, intuitive circulation, and warm, adjacency considerations. Designers used to study it as an example of how spatial logic could elevate even the most modest footprint. But something went wrong.

Elias Wren was a designer who believed that space could shape emotion – that adjacency was a language, that circulation was a pulse, that a room's purpose could whisper to the human mind. His work was meticulous, quiet, and deeply attuned to the psychology of place. He was not dramatic, but he was intense in the way people become when they listen too closely to things others cannot hear.

When he accepted the commission to redesign the Dreadmere Hotel, he approached it with reverence. He spent long nights tracing the building's original logic, mapping its rhythms, listening for the subtle cues that told him how it wanted to function. Early sketches show a designer in perfect harmony with the structure. Then the project began to warp around him.



eLiaS

WRaN



DReaDMeRe HOtEL

Budgets collapsed. Documentation vanished. The client demanded changes that contradicted one another. Deadlines tightened until they strangled the design process. Wren – normally methodical – began to fray. His zoning diagrams grew erratic. His adjacency plans contradicted themselves. Circulation routes tangled like anxious thoughts.

Colleagues said he moved through the hotel like a man trying to hold back something only he could sense – not a presence, but a collapse. In the final weeks, Wren barely left the site. He slept in unfinished rooms, he barely ate. He left notes everywhere – taped to walls, pinned to doorframes, scrawled across layers of tracing paper. Some were precise. Others were frantic. A few read like warnings.

Tragically, he died before the project was complete. When the hotel briefly opened, guests reported a strange pressure in the air – a sense of being observed by something confused, something unfinished. Rooms felt emotionally wrong. Corridors felt expectant. The hotel closed within months.

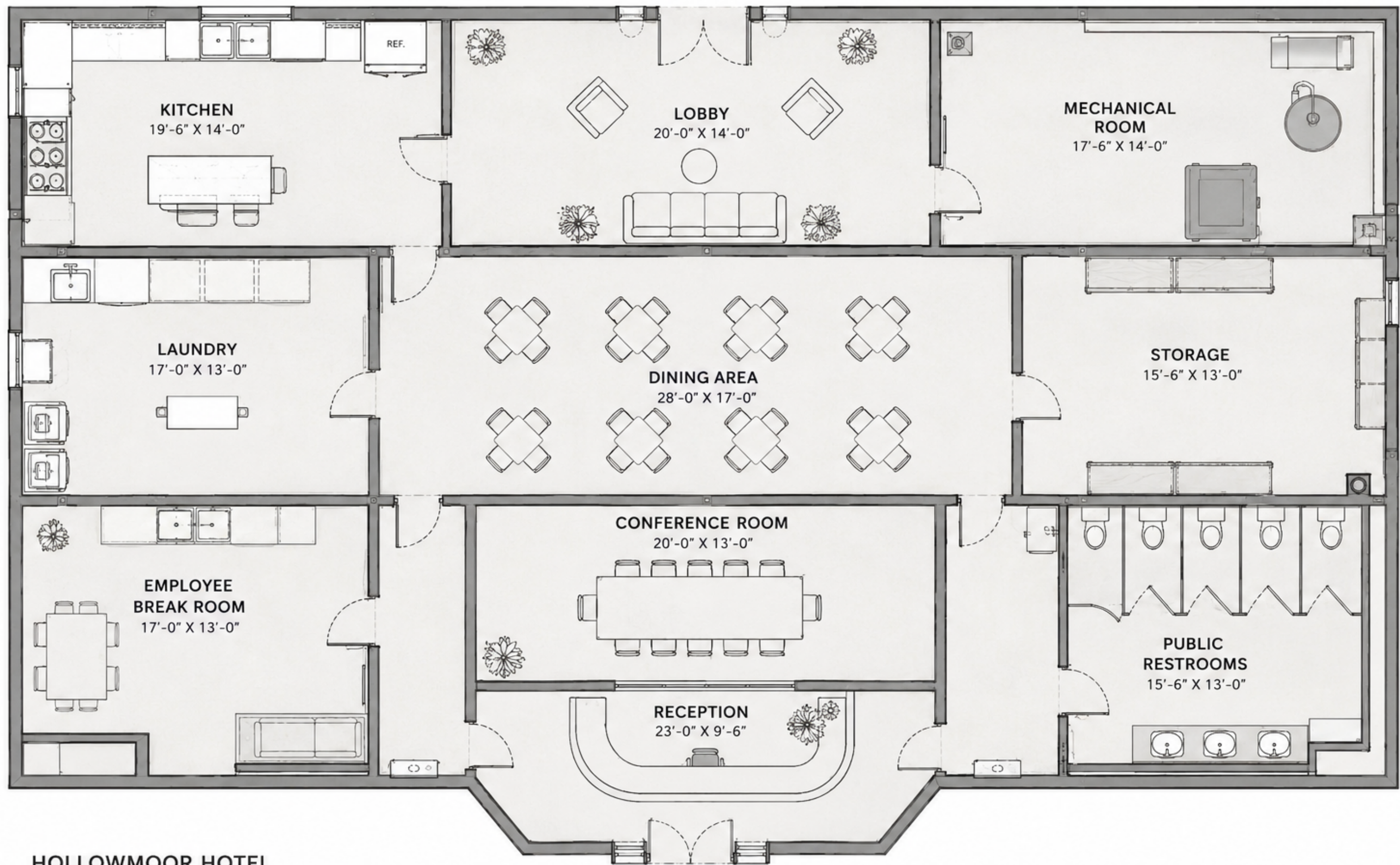
your JOB...

is to finish the thinking Wren could not – to restore the logic he fought to preserve, and in doing so, release whatever of his remains are tethered to the Dreadmere Hotel—to finally put his unsettled soul to rest.

Your 2 Tasks:

1. Put the clues in the right order.
2. Re-create the floor plan correctly by fixing the space planning mistakes Wren was unable to.





HOLLOWMOOR HOTEL
LOWER LEVEL FLOOR PLAN

SCALE: 1/8" = 1'-0"



MAIN ENTRY



**Mystery solved! Dear old Elias
can finally be put to rest!**