

Five Nights at Freddy's: Believe the Hype; the Struggle is Real

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Look at that thing. Are you kidding me right now?

<image here>

If that picture isn't making you a little nauseated already, allow me to provide some context: you're a night security guard, that creature is robotic, it has backed you into a corner of your dark office, and it's already too late.

When I was a pretty small kid, my family took me to Chuck E. Cheese. They ushered me past all nature of cool arcade games, a ball pit, tunnels and slides from wall to wall, towards a dining area staged for something I was already vaguely certain I didn't want to be a part of. Lights danced around the room and washed over us. TVs showed bizarre characters trying to hype us up for something. The area was uncomfortably loud. The sensory overload and my family's nonchalance was isolating. A countdown started. This is all for kids, I reminded myself. This is supposed to make me happy, the way roller coasters are, when they aren't occasionally killing someone.

When the big red curtains opened I watched a herd of big creatures jerk around as if they were performing a show. I recognized that they weren't costumed people. They weren't moving quite right, and they were a little too big. These were big, child-entertaining robots. I could deal with this. They were unpleasant, but they were bolted in place. It was just a big, mechanical manifestation of a stupid idea. I shut the nervous reaction out of my mind. A pre-programmed routine shut the big red curtains. I eased back into my chair. One of the creatures ran out of a side door, into the dining area. Suddenly I couldn't even. Was this one of those things I was going to be embarrassed for freaking out about? Or was this going to be one of those things where people died because they played it cool and didn't run? I took off for the tunnels. Before I truly had a grasp on what was going on, I was high above the crowd, looking out a tunnel window, making eye-contact with a douchebag 17-year-old dressed as my new nightmare.

In Five Nights at Freddy's, Scott Cawthon was good enough to shut the lights out and turn that very nightmare into a game. Freddy's puts you in the nighttime security office of "Freddy's," which should be plenty familiar to you when you get a look around. The gameplay requires you to keep tabs on animatronic stage performers that have a free roam setting that kicks in at night. If they get too close to your office (and they will), slam the door shut if you want to live. In real life, this is where I would have set the building ablaze and taken my chances. Instead, you'll

simply try to manage your limited power while keeping yourself out of harm's way over a period of five increasingly challenging nights. Here's one way that **could** play out:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BZLUTmeZgaU>

When I heard the hype building about this one, I knew I had to play it. I didn't have to just play it, I had to shut out my real lights, mic up, headphone up, and live it while broadcasting it to anyone who cared to see. I had to go back in time and stand up for myself. I was also prepared to settle for playing the game and laughing at myself. We achieved some degree of all those objectives. I happily added my voice to those that can't stop talking about this experience as of late. With fear and laughter out of the way, I want to express how sincerely impressed I am with this game. It's simple, it's exciting, and it does what it set out to do with style. It's particularly noteworthy that the game was created on the Multimedia Fusion engine, an engine not inherently capable of the 3D graphics that Freddy's fakes so well. The game overall has the polish one might expect from a much more sophisticated pipeline. If you want to see it for yourself, and you're up for a few "jump scares," Five Nights at Freddy's is available via Steam.