

START: A feeling of dread wells up in the pit of your stomach as you approach Bartlett dining hall, and grows with each subsequent step. What kind of evil lurks within, you wonder, that they need to secretly pay students to dine there. What horrors will you discover? You enter the facility and swipe your card. A bewildering array of options presents itself. Where will you go?

*To scoop out the Pasta Station, go to A. To taste one of the myriad Flavors of Asia, go to B. To see what's cooking at the Diner, go to C. To cover all your bases and hit up the Global Station, go to D. To get cold feet about the whole Secret Diner thing and head to Hutch to check out their new Late Night Breakfast, go to E.*

A: You approach the pasta station to see Kevin flipping a tangled mass of spaghetti into the air and deftly catching it in a sizzling skillet. "Dude," he says, catching your eye. "Watcha need?" "Ah, yes, I'd like the penne with mushrooms and, uh, what sauce options do you have?" "We have the Marinara, and the Marinara-Marinara twist," Kevin says. You're feeling like being a cheeky bastard, so you say "you know what would be a real twist? If you actually had another sauce option." Kevin glares at you. "You know what would be a real twist? If I twisted your arm behind your back. Just sayin.'" You get the message, and decide it would be better to keep your peace. You collect your food meekly, and scurry to the table.

*Go to F. No, you don't have a choice.*

B: You head to the Asian station. Leroy sees you coming. "What can I get for you today? He asks. "Indo-Pak or Thai Dye?" "Uh...come again?" You new conditions were pretty bad in parts of Asia, but you had no idea people had been reduced to eating garments. Still, it's a sobering thought. You collect your cooked made-in-Thailand hippy clothes and head to the table, grateful for having had such an enlightening trip to Bartlett.

*Didn't I just say "you head to the table?" Do you think I'm about to contradict myself. Go to F.*

C: Oh... *That's* what's cooking at the diner. Never mind then.

*Go back to START.*

D: You approach the global station, not quite sure what to expect. "Hi, can I have some food from the globe?" you ask. But all your apprehension disappears as Jose whips up a huge plate of delicious quesadillas smothered in his very own excellent salsa. You resolve to go to the global station every time you see Jose there for the rest of your stay at the university.

*Go to F. Even though you end up in the same place as people who chose options A or B, you're much happier. I promise.*

E: The minutes timestream works in mysterious ways, and pretty much as soon as you leave Bartlett, it's time for midnight breakfast. You head to Hutch, where you are subjected to a forty-minute line, but come out of it with a delicious meal of eggs, potatoes, cheese, and your choice of bacon or sausage. "If only Ben had sent out the minutes earlier," you say to yourself, "this

might have convinced more people to go during the Midnight Breakfast trial period last week. All our hopes rest with the university now.”

*It's getting late. You should head back to the dorm. Go to I.*

F: You approach the table. Bartlett is oddly empty for this hour. One end of the house table is empty, and the other is occupied by Aaron Malika, Ren, and another guy that you don't recognize. You suspect it might be the new Hitchcock RA, who Tom Wood cautioned you was handsome but violent.

*To sit with the RAs, go to G. To flout authority and sit by yourself, go to H.*

G: You put your tray down at the table, only to realize that you forget to get a drink. As you turn back towards the dining enclosure, Ren shouts “Run for your life!” You freeze. Maybe he's just pulling your leg. Maybe he's talking to somebody else. But maybe, just maybe, the handsome new RA is as violent as they say. What do you do?

*To play it safe and make a dash for it, go to I. To stay and take your chances, go to J.*

H: You sit down at the end of the table to enjoy your meal in peace. All of a sudden, you see somebody else approach the table. It's Josh Knox, and it looks like he's headed for the seat directly opposite you. Terror grips you as you realize that you weren't the one to buy the “Josh Knox will never murder you, ever” item at Scav Auction. There's no telling what he might do.

*To play it safe and make a dash for it, go to I. To stay and take your chances, go to K.*

I: You flee Bartlett almost in a daze, panting for breath, and struggling to see through the gloom. Or else you just walk out of Hutch, feeling perfectly fine. If you were in Hutch before this paragraph, you have an eerie vision of what might have happened to you if you stayed in Bartlett, and you're really glad you made the choice you did. It doesn't look like anybody's following you now, although once again, if you just came from Hutch, you're not sure why you even thought anybody would be following you. Either way, you're pretty confused. You make it as far as the Hitchcock quad before you see a large contingent headed down to the Midway. It's midnight soccer time! Then again, you do need to get up early tomorrow...

*To go play midnight soccer, go to L. To go back to the dorm, go to M.*

J: You turn to face the RAs. Nobody is running after you with weapons. It looks like you're safe, for now. “Sorry if I scared you,” says Ren. “I just wanted to make sure you knew about the Relay for Life. It's happening this quarter, and it would be great if we could get a good turnout from the dorm. What are you doing right now?” You struggle for an excuse, but you're not fast enough. “Oh, nothing? That's great. We might as well get started now then. This way.” Looks like you're participating in the Relay for Life. Oh well. It's better than the relay for death.

*This is where your adventure ends, for now. Reply to this email with J in the message body.*

K: Josh Knox murders you, on a whim, with his power tools.

*You're dead. But, thanks to the miracles of video game logic, you can try again from your last checkpoint, which just so conveniently happens to be START.*

L: You're off to play midnight soccer! Exciting!

*This is where your adventure ends, for now. Reply to this email with L in the message body.*

M: You thought this was going to be the boring option, right? Think again! As you enter the dorm, Section V explodes! It must be the C4 that Josh Knox was fiddling with earlier.

*This is where your adventure ends, for now. Reply to this email with M in the message body.*