

START: You sneak across the quad towards the Campus Garden Initiative Organizers, but it looks like your insistence on shouting “SECTION TWO!” while doing so has absconded with your sneakiness. As a result, the people you were trying to sneak up on hear you coming and abscond with whatever nefarious plans they were concocting. Luckily for you, one of them trips and falls flat on his face, causing the others to abscond without her. They also abscond with the word “abscond,” enabling me to write much less awkward sentences from here on out. You approach the fallen environmentalist. What do you say?

*Unfortunately, you can only think of, like, three sentences you could possibly say right now. Go to A to say “You! You’re with the Campus Garden Initiative! What are you doing here?” Go to B to say “All right, funny guy, start talking. What’s this all about?” Go to C to say “Latest Rumors.”*

A: He grimaces, and says “I guess you caught me. We were the ones who blew up Section V. Why, you ask? Well, it was occupying space that could have been used for gardens. For gardens! Don’t you understand?” He has a crazed look in his eye, and probably should be brought to justice, but before you can say anything in reply, a low flying plane zooms in over the horizon, dropping rapidly in altitude. It looks like it’s headed straight for Max Palevsky!

*To head over to Max P to investigate, go to D. If you’re tired of shit blowing up all over the place, and just want to go back to the dorm, go to E. If you want to pursue the storyline about the Campus Garden Initiative blowing up Section V, well, too bad. That’s all I got. Pick another option.*

B: “Yeah, that’s right, I am a funny guy,” he replies, with a glint in his eye. “Actually, I’ve been looking into theories of humor. And I discovered the funniest thing in the world. You want to see?” You lean in eagerly, and he knees you in the balls/[insert suitably painful female-gendered substitute]. By the time you recover, he’s scampered away. Rats!

*Due to a butterfly’s wings flapping in China and you getting kneed in the balls, a plane does not in fact crash into Max Palevsky at this point. Guess you just have to go back to the dorm. Go to E.*

C: You do realize that what you said wasn’t a complete sentence, right? Either way, your interlocutor doesn’t bat an eye. He says “I heard that Ralen Dranor up in Ald’ruhn has *a small favor* to ask of you.” For some reason, the peculiar emphasis he put on the words “a small favor” makes the prospect of repeating them right back to him incredibly tempting. Or you could see if he’s carrying anything valuable. Yeah, that sounds fun too.

*Your journal has been updated. To talk about “A small favor,” go to F. To try to pick his pocket, go to G.*

D: In accordance with the Second Law of Minutes, which states that anything that might explode, must explode, the plane crashes into Max Palevsky. You get there moments later to see dozens of students milling about the quads in confusion, looking in terror at the blackened remains of the once candy-colored dormitory. You pester people to find out what’s going on. It

turns out Jory Harris, William Dix, Ben Brubaker (who miraculously returned to life after last week's minutes) were all on board the plane, and all of them were killed in the crash. They were headed to Max for negotiations on a political issue of utmost delicacy: the crushing defeat Max Palevsky sustained in last year's scavenger hunt. The last thing anybody needed was the death of half the Hitchcock government. Now tempers were high and tensions were spiking. You may be wondering how you managed to assess the situation so accurately within just a few minutes of the crash. Good question. Why don't you wait until next time?

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

E: You head back towards the dorm, thinking you're finally going to get some sleep. Even allowing for some fluidity in the Minutes timestream, it's got to be like 3 AM by now. But it doesn't appear to be in the cards. As you approach the entrance of the dorm, you see Erica Fagin leading a group of prospies into the Green Room. Terror dawns on you as you realize she plans on subjecting them to slashfics. Just then, you see Josh Knox leading another group of prospies out of the dorm, carrying a sign that reads "Southside Late-Night Field Trip." Quickly, which prospies are you going to save?

*To attempt to save the sanity of Erica's prospies, go to H. To attempt to save the lives of Josh's prospies, go to I.*

F: He says "Cliff racers are eating all of Ralen's crops. I fucking hate cliff racers. Anyway, you can take the silt strider up there. Why walk when you can ride?"

*What are you still doing here? Stop reading the minutes and go play Morrowind.*

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

G: You drop into a crouch, thinking this will probably better enable you to pick his pocket, and immediately doubt your instincts, as he keeps starring at you, probably wondering what the hell you're doing. But it's too late to change your mind now. You sidestep around him slowly, until he's no longer looking at you, and open his backpack, wherein you see thirty-five cents, a pack of chewing gum, and *Saryoni's Sermons*. He doesn't seem to have noticed you, so you decide you might as well take it all, at which point he spins around, shouting "Die, enwah!", and punches you in the face. You go down for the count.

*Man, you suck. You should work on not getting fatigued as easily. But for now, you might as well go back to START.*

H: You arrive in the Green Room just as McQueen from *Cars* asks Autobot to check whether his engine is well-lubricated, and shout "Stop!"

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

I: You run after the prospies, and hurriedly convince them to follow you instead of Josh. Josh sees you, and his eyes narrow. Now it's you he's after. Run!

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