

START: One fine spring evening, you approach the front desk of Hitchcock, thankful for the great weather and for the fact that you are still able to control your own decisions, as far as you can tell. But you know this state of affairs can't possibly last long. You do a double take: *Wait, what? I don't know that!* But that's all the reaction you have time for before your legs move, seemingly of their own volition, carrying you past the front desk before you even have time to flash your ID! In the ensuing struggle with the diabolical extraplanar entity that has your mind in its grasp, you manage to wrest control of your decision-making process momentarily: Quick! Before it's too late? Which way do you want to go?

*To head back to your room, go to A. To do the sensible thing and try to find medical help, go to B. To see what's happening in the Green Room, go to C. To turn around and head to Bartlett, go to D.*

A: You make it back to your room without any problems. Apparently, whoever or whatever has taken control of your actions is content to let you carry out your decisions once you have made them, even if he/she/it won't let you make your own decisions very often. You wonder why Ben has to take the premise of "Choose Your Own Adventure" so seriously, and then immediately wonder what on earth you're talking about. Rather, what you're thinking about. You decide to check your email, and are startled to see that your job shelving books in the Regenstein has been cut. What was once your salary is being used to support the University's new policy of tearing down and subsequently rebuilding every wall on campus. You wail in grief and contemplate suicide. Thankfully, at this point, you are allowed a decision.

*To come to your senses and seek solace in the company of your sectionmates, go to E. To seek solace instead in the company of other peers with whose bathroom habits you are less intimately familiar, go to C. To give in to temptation and hurl yourself headfirst out the window, thereby defying housing policy with your final act and reaffirming the substantial role that scenarios ending in gruesome death have traditionally played in the "Choose Your Own Adventure" Series, go to B.*

B: Just kidding! You survive the fall, and are rushed to the hospital in critical condition. If that last sentence didn't make any sense to you, then read this one instead: You head to the hospital. Either way, you're now at the hospital. No doctors will see you, however, as they are all too busy attending to the gruesome spectacle of a man who appears to have been skinned alive by a local psychopath who apparently really wanted to be an O-Aide. Since your condition has miraculously stabilized and/or was stable to begin with, depending on how you got to this paragraph, you have no choice but to leave.

*To see what's happening in the Green Room, go to C. To see what's happening in Bartlett, go to D.*

C: You wander into the Green Room. Whaddaya know, it happens to be time for House Meeting! You've missed most of it, though; it's general announcements now, and Malika is talking about White Sox tickets. You should probably give her money or something. You try to move further into the room, but now a bunch of people are streaming past you to watch William Dix get ponded. You accidentally bump into somebody who looks to be about seven feet tall: at

first you think it's Graham, but it turns out to be Levi! "Hey, watch it, bub," he growls. "Wait a second! Didn't you once make fun of me for being short? I think it's time you learned some manners." You have no idea how Levi managed to get hold of industrial-strength growth hormones, but now is not the time for idle speculation. You dash through the crowd in an effort to evade Mega-Levi, weaving left and right, and somehow end up inside the Resident Heads' apartment. You seem to have lost him, but now Tom, Sam, and Grider are staring at you. "What fortuitous timing!" says Tom. "We need somebody to apply to be a Student Director so our O-Aides don't have to report to a horrible pre-professional stooge from outside the dorm. Will you do it?" "Don't listen to him!" says Sam. "Be a Resident Masters' Aide so that people will have something to eat on Monday nights. The dorm will starve without your help!" "Nonsense!" says Grider. "Be the new RCA instead! NSIT needs you to stop the Chinese government from hacking the Uchicago servers and censoring Google!"

*Wow, so many choices! You did just lose your job, and possibly a few bones, so you should probably take one of the offers. To apply to be a Student Director, go to F. To apply to be an RMA, go to G. To apply to be the RCA, go to H.*

D: You wander into Bartlett. Whaddaya know, it happens to be time for dinner! You have this nagging feeling that it wasn't actually time for dinner until you decided to go to Bartlett, and hope you didn't accidentally cause a cat in a box to die by making the decision that you did. Things really seem to have changed around here: There's signs everywhere about how Aramark has adopted green practices. On closer inspection, you realize that they've actually just covered all the food in a thick layer of green paint. So much for that. But you are really hungry...

*To decide that eating the paint-covered food can't be that bad for you, go to I. To give up on dinner and sit down at the House table, got to J.*

E: You head across the hall to see what everybody else is up to. One of your section mates has a prospie, which reminds you to sign up to host more often. The prospie's wide-eyed idealism makes you think back wistfully on a time when you too were young and innocent, and your suicidal urges begin to dissipate. Your friends are getting ready to go out, to show the prospie the wonders of college dining.

*It's peer pressure! Your only choice is to accompany them to Bartlett and go to D. You did get to have a marginally longer adventure, though.*

F: "Great!" says Tom. "You need nine letters of recommendation. Better get started!"

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

G: "Awesome," says Sam. "Let's get to work on roasting that lamb!"

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

H: "Cool!" says Grider. "Your first task is to delete everybody's email accounts."

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

I: You were wrong. It is that bad for you. You die a slow and painful death accompanied by much internal hemorrhaging.

*Go back to START, with fifteen minutes of resurrection sickness.*

J: On your way back to the House Table, you are intercepted by a furtive-looking guy in a trench coat who pulls you into a corner and then reveals himself to be a mid-level Aramark manager. He explains that Aramark wants the honest, gritty truth about the Bartlett dining experience, and they're willing to pay you good money to become a "secret diner." You start to protest that this job could not possibly pay enough if it involves actually eating Bartlett food, but he's already gone. You figure you'll cross that bridge when you get to it.

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