

House Minutes: The Choice is Yours

- I. You awake to find that House Meeting is nearly over. You miserable sod. Thought you'd *participate* in House-Life, be a *member* of the community. Well you fucked up. All you manage to retain is what Mr. Wood muttered about a "House Discussion" hosted by the Masters after the next debate. What debate? You don't know. Heck, you don't even know what month it is. A grumble interrupts your thoughts. It's your stomach. You need to eat. Go to VII. if you want to go to 4th Meal with Evan "I'ma be your best friend" Hernandez. Go to XXIV. if you'd prefer the sweet ambrosia that is Puppy Chow.
- II. GET OUTTA MY HOUSE!
- III. Contraception. It's a thing...right?
Go to XIV. for Gannonam Style
Go to XXI. if you equip the whip slip.
- IV. Glory unto the highest high. You hath chosen correctly. Now ascend to your room.
Go to XVI.
- V. The day. Sunday. The time. Three in the afternoon. The game. Football. American Football. You in?
Go to XV. if you play.
Go to XXII. if you bail.
- VI. Next week you'd better bring a snack.
- VII. After enduring the arduous trek to Pierce, you let loose upon the mounds of grease and fat found at 4th Meal. Waffles, fries, pretzel, milkshakes, tater tots, soda, burgers, omelets, cheeses. Your plate runneth over. No room for those savory Cheerios, as you can now secure the cereal formerly known as CheeriOats (Luke, ya blew it) at the realm of Bartlett. Halfway into Mt. Calorie a dark shadow passes over you. A dark voice whispers in your ear, "I am Sports."
Go to V. if you reply, "IM, too."
Go to XXII. if you flee like the academic that you are.
- VIII. It's not the multiple stab wounds that hurt. It's not the fingers that slash at your eyeballs. It's not the teeth that clamp down on your head. It's the loss of self-worth that follows having been just killed by a little 18 year old girl.
- IX. When you go home, you should knock on Wood.
- X. A thick brown miasma floats about the Section 1 floor. You hear a groan. Then silence. A feeble looking resident shuffles out of his room and gazes woefully at you. His face is pale and lifeless. "Do you have any Tylenol?" And with that his jaw falls off.
- XI. Your mad dash has led you to the Blue Room. It is here that students find solace from the amusical world on Tuesday from two to five and on the weekend. All you find here is the Condom Czar. And a kitty pool filled with varnish. And a collection of greased didgeridoos. And the handicapped kid from Glee decked out in black leather chains.
Go to III. if you're down.
Go to VII. if 4th Meal is sounding pretty good right now.
- XII. TWO! To? TWOOOO!!! Too? TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! Tu?
TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! 2?
TWOOooOoOooOOOOoOoOoOOOoooOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- XIII. You enter to find a battle of bankers, a fight of financials, a skirmish of stocks, a raucous of red tape, a war of resources (say it like a baby,) a clash of credits, an engagement of economics, an attack of allocation, a dispute of dollar, a... you get the idea. Jonathan Kowarski championing the Triangle Party, Micah Sperling leading the Onslaught of Balls, and Joe Anderson nobly Projecting his thoughts to all. They turn to you and in unison proclaim, "IT WILL BE YOU WHO DECIDES!" Where do the house funds go?
Go to XIX for a Pool Triangle
Go to XXVII for Ping-Pong Balls
Go to IV. for a GLORIOUS HOUSE PROJECTOR
- XIV. You awake to the cries of an infant. "It's your turn." Throwing aside the issues of the Sophist King Times that you use as blankets, you saunter off to the shrieks. It's a tough life. Not the one you wanted. But you aren't starving. You've still got leftovers you found in the trash at the Hearth Overground somewhere around here. Connections are how you get by these days. Removing your KyleStyle Strap-On, you enter the room where the sound emits from. "Calm down, Arley. Nothing to worry about." The year is 2023. Fuck the Mayans.

- XV. A UCHICAGO STUDENT PLAYING SPORT?! NOOO!!!! A RIFT IN TIMESPACE IS TORN OPEN AND YOU ARE INSTANTANEOUSLY SUCKED IN, ALONG WITH ALL OF REALITY AROUND YOU!!! THE FORCES OF CHAOS AND ORDER ARE ENGAGED ABOUT A WAR OF PULLING AND TUGGING (Like the one you should sign up for during Family Weekend) YOU INTO THEIR DOMAINS!!! MADNESS!!!! YOU DO NOT PERCIEVE AS YOU ARE NOT, BUT YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE TWO OPTIONS!!!
GO TO I. IF YOU
GO TO XXIX IF YOU DON'T
- XVI. The long corridor stands before you. In which section does your fate await?
Go to X. for Section 1.
Go to XII. for Section 2.
Go to VI. for Section 3.
Go to XXVI. for Section 4.
Go to IX. for Section 5.
Go to II. if you don't live here.
- XVII. I'm sorry. The good news is that WE HAVE MONEY! IN THE BANK!!
Proceed to the Green Room to celebrate.
Go to XIII.
- XVIII. Excellent. Sounds like you could use a cool down. You trek over to Logan at 7:30, drop a Hamilton like it's nobody's business, and pop a swat for some melodious voices. Some in Drag, some In Your Head. A one Leah Hirschfeld sits next to you. "Hey, have you filled out the Second City survey?"
Go to XXV. if you have.
Go to VIII. if you haven't.
- XIX. Redirect to XXVII.
- XX. You duck! You flip!! You slide!!! You never needed that P.E. requirement! You leap up to grab the recently replaced chandler in order to swing around and clock that accursed denizen of the deep with your hefty shoe. As you fly around you feel the trajectory getting a wee bit too tangential for your liking. *Crash* Darkness descends.
Go to XXVIII.
- XXI. Was it good for you?
Go to XVIII. if it was.
Go to XVII. if it wasn't.
- XXII. You summit Mt. Calorie and feel no better for it. 7/15. Almost halfway there. You hope these new reserves will aid this winter.
Go to XIII. to lug your lipid-filled mass to the Green Room
- XXIII. How the hell did you get here? Seriously. Can't read Roman Numerals?
- XXIV. The Puppy Chow is Good. Scratch that. The Puppy Chow is *the* Good. Capital "G" Good. Seriously, you just crawled out of the Cave and you can't see anything in this blasted light. But bad is right around the corner. A hand comes down upon your shoulder and latches on. "Where's the money?" Oh shnikes! It's that demon RMA! You said you'd pay the \$10 to the Opera, but you just fed your last bill to the Laundry Beast in Reynold's basement! Negotiating is not an option. You need a way out.
Go to XI. if you flight.
Go to XX. if you fight.
- XXV. "That's a good dear." At the conclusion you part ways and return to the Cock.
Go to XVI.
- XXVI. I hope you realize that you are filling a void. Await the disappearance of your peers.
- XXVII. Liquidate our assets into highly perishable goods?! You crazy. Go home.
- XXVIII. The world is dark here. Like Katie Soule's exercise in monotony. This is the end for you.
- XXIX. ...

It is written

