

“Minutes”
a choose-your-own-adventure

START. You approach the front desk. Wishing to avoid any confrontations, you wisely show your UCID as you walk past. There's a nagging at the back of your mind, as if you had forgotten to do something . . . You decide to return to your room. *If you live in Section I, go to paragraph A. For II, go to B. III is paragraph C, etc.*

A. You descend into the basement and pause to get your energy back for the mile-long trek to section one. Why, oh why, did you decide to live so far away? You shake your head: you ask yourself that question every day. You check your mountaineering equipment to make sure you're ready to tackle the steep stairs. Just then, a deadly cast-iron steam-powered death robot emerges from section three and screams past you towards the kitchen!
To follow the robot, go to paragraph H. Otherwise go to paragraph J.

B. You enter the wilds of section two. The scent of brownies lingers in the air. You attempt to get some studying done, but sporadic cries of “Sex in Two” are breaking your concentration. It might not be a bad idea, though.
To pursue the idea of 'sex in two', go to paragraph F. Otherwise, go to paragraph G.

C. As you approach the section three stairs, you let out a gasp – one of the killer robots that was under secret development has escaped! It rolls down the stairs and trundles towards the kitchen.
To follow the robot, go to paragraph H. To continue into section three, go to paragraph K.

D. You go up the stairs, through the door, past Ted's office, and stop: the section stairs lead upwards into a black void. You reflect that this must be a sign: the section four presence at meetings is so slight that it has actually faded out of existence.
To continue into the void, go to paragraph L. To head toward the basement, go to paragraph M.

E. You open the door and head into section five. The sounds of a Bollywood song-and-dance number float from the RH apartment. You start up

the stairs to your room when you hear a clanking coming from the kitchen. It sounds suspiciously like a steam-powered cast-iron death robot.

To investigate the robot-like sound, go to paragraph H. To continue to your room, go to paragraph N.

F. With the prospect of “Sex in Two” at the front of your mind, you decide to play it safe and head down to the basement to grab an emergency condom from the box. As you approach, you notice the box is empty! Without adequate protection, you forgo the sex for now, but resolve to go to the SCC soon to get some more free condoms.

To go towards the kitchen, go to paragraph H. To go towards the rec-room, go to paragraph O.

G. You tune out the calls for “Sex in Two” and return to your work – but suddenly there's a knock on the door!

Since the identity of the person on the opposite side of the door is indeterminate until you open the door and observe them, choose any paragraph between P and T.

H. You arrive at the kitchen. There is the wreckage of a robot here. On examination, you see that the robot must have been rendered inoperable by a paradox: it's already fourth week, and yet the kitchen is clean, and members of the co-op are acting responsibly. The robot simply couldn't assimilate this kind of information. You have other ideas – maybe everyone went to Bartlett. There's a special guest chef from Belgium, after all.

To head to the rec-room, go to paragraph O. To head towards the green room, go to paragraph U.

J. You make your way towards section one. After a time, you make your way through the rec room. There is some sort of commotion here involving a lot of shouting.

To stop and observe the rec-room, go to paragraph O. If you're hell-bent on getting into section one, go to paragraph V.

K. You settle into your cozy section-three room.

There is a nagging feeling in your mind – perhaps it's *too* cozy? There'll doubtless be a rush for section-three rooms now that room changes are allowed. You are busily plotting the expected changes on your map, when there is a knock on the door!

Pursuant to Schrodinger door-answering framework, you are free to choose any identity for a visitor to your room. Continue to any of paragraphs P through T.

L. You cautiously move towards the void. You can see that the vague outlines of the section still exist – it must be that section four doesn't exist in the minds of the meeting-goers! You recall that whenever the section-four rep is called, there is an eerie silence for several seconds. You keep moving upward . . .

There's a rift in space-time! You're in some sort of horrible, demon-infested – oh, wait, it's the Tea Room in Snell. You just didn't recognize it because of the brand-new clock.

To quickly excuse yourself and run back to the safety of Hitchcock, go to paragraph O. To stay and be assimilated, go to paragraph W.

M. You end up in the basement hallway. Shouting is coming from the rec-room, and vaguely robotic sounds are coming from the kitchen.

For the rec-room, go to paragraph O. For the kitchen, go to paragraph H.

N. Ah, section five. Home sweet home. Everything seems in order around here, except for a rash of exploding radiators that soak the floors in several inches of water. But aside from that, right? While you consider the folly of putting modern heating or fire-protection equipment in a hundred-year-old dorm, a knock comes at the door!

It could be anyone! Use your favorite randomization device to choose a paragraph between P and T.

O. There are people everywhere, and all of them are shouting. It would appear that the recent space-time distortion has caused three movies to be shown at the same time here. One crowd chants “Amelie!” Another group calls for “The Jungle Book!” A small but vocal group maintains that is is

time for “Carmen: the Hip-hopera.” You suggest that maybe a dorm Netflix co-op would fix the problem? “What?” says a voice. “That doesn't make any sense. This is a scheduling problem, not a movie-procurement problem. Netflix is a good idea, though.” You've done your good deed for the day.

What else is there to do? You could go to the green room and see if anyone's there (paragraph U). Or you could go to section one, if you live there (paragraph V). Or you can stay here and watch movies.

P. It's Dave and Kat! Kat reminds you that she's having pizza-bagels for her study break, and that there are still tickets to “The Sparrow” to be had. Dave tells you that we'll be selling the “theoretically” t-shirts to the school at-large, and that he needs salespeople.

To stay in your room and see who else comes by, choose another paragraph among P through T. Else, go to the green room via paragraph U.

Q. Jordan arrives. He seems distraught about something. After calming him down, you hear him speak of a “hella exciting” event on the twentieth of this month: it's the inter-house tug-of-war. The winning house gets money, and we'll have a giant flag and a dancing amradillo and everything.

To stay in your room and see who else comes by, choose another paragraph among P through T. Else, go to the green room via paragraph U.

R. Elizabeth and Stainley are here. They are saying something about IM sports. Volleyball, football . . . There's suddenly something very interesting about the carpet. Eventually the talking stops, so they must have left. Physical exertion successfully avoided!

To stay in your room and see who else comes by, choose another paragraph among P through T. Else, go to the green room via paragraph U.

S. It's Joe. “Just wanted to come by to remind you that I can drive you places. I have a car.” He flashes a smile and a double thumbs-up, like he does. “And, just between me and you, I have a brilliant new social-chair plan. If cars are good, and Hitchcock-hitched is good, imagine if we hitch

Hitchcock people to cars! It doesn't get any better than that!" Double thumbs-up again. You nod.

To stay in your room and see who else comes by, choose another paragraph among P through T. Else, go to the green room via paragraph U.

T. Ah, it's Falco. He's come by to hand you a Bartlett comment-card. "You listen to me," he says. There's a glint in his eye that you haven't seen before. "If Bartlett goes to all-you-can-eat, we're all doomed! Doomed! Join in my massive comment-card-writing campaign – the world depends on it!" You take a comment-card. "Good, good! Return that to me as soon as you can."

To stay in your room and see who else comes by, choose another paragraph among P through T. Else, go to the green room via paragraph U.

U. The green room is different, somehow. You try to think of the appropriate word. There are no books and newspapers strewn about. There is no week-old food. The games are stacked neatly in their cabinet. The furniture is arranged in a rational manner. It's – clean! That's the word. Something is seriously wrong. Eric appears. "I started organizing our books, and I got a little carried away," he says. "That's what happens when you're the temporary librarian, I guess. Unfortunately, a temp is all we'll ever have, since my constitutional amendment was defeated." You nod sagely.

You can go to the rec-room via paragraph O. Or you can hang out here. Or you can do something else. I don't really care at this point.

V. Okay, after several detours and delays, you're in your room in section one. After a few minutes of work, there's a knock on the door. That's odd. Who could it be?

It could be anyone at all! It could even be the Boat, here to fix your computer. To find out who it is, consult any of paragraphs P through T.

W. You decide to stay in the Tea Room. The Snellians are coming ever closer, singing in frenzied voices. What will they do to you? This is clearly a ceremony that outsiders were not meant to see. There's only two possibilities: you will be assimilated into Snellian culture, or you won't be leaving here alive. Their eyes are blank: there's no

point in trying to reason with them. "I just wanted to see the new clock," you whimper. The singing is getting louder and louder. The Snellians crowd around you. Some start to grab at you. Suddenly, the door to the Tea Room bursts open! A hooded figure appears. "SILENCE," he says, in a voice loaded with authority.

The figure approaches you. Space is made for him. He looks at you.

"You and those in your house," he says, "have trespassed where you do not belong. For many years, I have been the keeper of the sacred knowledge, the knowledge that keeps our residents ever-satisfied with their selection of films. And you dare to try and take that knowledge and use it for your own ends?"

He pulls back his cowl. A wild-eyed Aneil stares at you.

"You would profane the sacred knowledge? We will not allow it. For too long have people defied that authority of the Netflix Czar, high priest of the Church of Film Queues.

"An example must be made."

"Yes!" the cries ring out. "An example, example!"

To be continued?