

## #1: Choose-Your-Own-Adventure

*The beginning of a choose-your-own-adventure game.*

1) First, there is sound. A wet trickling that grows louder, and then gradually dies away. Then there is light, so bright that you see it overhead even through closed eyelids. There is a hissing sound, and cold air rushes over your wet skin. You realize that you are naked – and also that you can't remember ever having clothes.

Roll 2d6 to determine your hit points (HP). Select one gift from the following: Speed, Strength, Health, or Luck.

“Stand up.” The voice seems neither male nor female. Through slitted eyes you look around for its source, but you see only darkness beyond the circle of light above you.

Will you stand up (3a), or wait for your eyes to adjust to the light (2)?

2) You blink repeatedly, and soon you can see a tall, gray column to your right. Near the top there is a row of small blue lights, pulsing randomly. You sit up and turn to look at it more closely.

“Stand up.” You aren't sure, but it seems that the voice came from the vicinity of the pulsing lights. “Stand up, or be corrected.”

Will you stand up (3a) or ignore the voice (3b)?

3a) You stand slowly, and find that your legs feel lean and strong, despite being a bit shaky.

“Welcome. You are of Generation 8. You will now be compared.” Your eyes are adjusting a bit more now, and you can make out other circles of light in the distance. Slowly, the circles of light spread and then merge, until you see that you are in a huge room, with many gray columns. By each column there is a naked being. Some are standing, some are crouching, and some are lying on the floor.

Go to 6.

3b) You stare at the blue lights, trying to find some pattern in their pulsing. Your eyes are adjusting a bit more now, and you can make out other circles of light in the distance. Suddenly you feel a stabbing pain just behind your left ear. Instinctively, you wince and reach up with your left hand. Just as abruptly, the pain is gone.

Roll 1d6 for damage (-1 if your gift is Health). If your HP are 0 or lower, go to 20.

“Correction level 1 administered. Stand up.”

Will you stand up (3a), or wait to see what happens (4)?

4) You rub your ear, wondering how the pain could come and go so quickly, and how many levels of correction there might be.

“Obey all instructions. Correction can be severe. Stand up now.”

Stand up (5a), or see where this goes (5b)?

5a) You decide that you don’t want to find out what “severe” means.

Go to 3a.

5b) You stare at the blue lights defiantly. You’re not afraid of a little pain, and you won’t be threatened by some disembodied voice!

“Stand up. This is your final instruction.” You imagine that the voice sounds a bit irritated with you, and you take pleasure in that thought.

Unfortunately, it is also your last thought. There is the sudden pain again, then blackness.

“Intractable candidate terminated. Prepare remains for Generation 9.”

Go to 20.

6) “Follow the arrows.” A path of bright yellow arrows appears on the floor. It leads toward the far wall of the cavernous room. Already you can see others walking along their own paths. You also see a few who are immobile, lying near their columns. You begin walking, your feet slapping on the cool concrete of the floor.

The arrows lead you to a featureless gray wall. Just before the wall, at the end of your path of arrows, there is a small table. There are also tables about 2 meters to the left and right of yours. On the table, you see a large sheathed knife, a food ration bar, and a medical kit.

“Choose one item from the supply table.”

What will you choose?

\*I’ll take the knife – I want to be able to defend myself (7a).

\*I’ll take the food ration bar – I can’t remember the last time I ate (7b).

\*I’ll take the medical kit – looks like this might get messy (7c).

7a) You grab the knife and pull it from the sheath. The weight of it feels familiar

in your hand, but you can't recall any specific memories of handling a knife before.

Go to 7d.

7b) You pick up the food bar and unwrap it. The smell is familiar, but you can't recall ever eating it before. You break off a corner and begin chewing, while looking at the other two items on the table. They could come in handy...

Suddenly you feel a stabbing pain just behind your left ear. Instinctively you wince and reach up with your left hand. You stumble, clutching your head, then remember that this flavor is called "oatmeal raisin."

There is blackness, then nothing.

"Comparison concluded. Unsuitable candidate terminated."

## #2: Choose-Your-Own-Adventure

*An educational CYOA intended to teach data analysis to high school students, written in Ink scripting language.*

->intro

==intro==

This is it. Today's the day. It's the highlight of your summer vacation. Your friend Kat is finally making good on her promise to take you to visit her uncle, Detective Harper, at the police station.

And, naturally, she's late.

You tap your foot and check the time on your phone...again. As you look down, you hear footsteps pounding up the sidewalk. You glance up just in time to see Kat dashing toward you, her freckled face red and sweaty, her bright red curls bouncing.

"Hey, sorry! Sorry I'm late!"

\* [Give her a hard time.]

"C'mon, Kat, your uncle said he only had a half-hour to eat lunch and hang out. Now he's only got..." You check your phone again. "Twenty minutes!"

"I know. I'm sorry."

You sigh and shove your phone back into the top pocket of your backpack. “Whatever. Can we go in now?”

-> enter\_the\_station

\* [Let it go.]

“It’s ok,” you say, and slide your phone back into the top pocket of your backpack. “Can we go in now?”

-> enter\_the\_station

===enter\_the\_station===

“Absolutely,” Kat says. “I’m sure he’s waiting in the front hall to sign us in.”

Kat crosses the street and enters the tall, red brick building. You follow her inside.

It isn’t quite what you expected—it’s a lot noisier than you thought it’d be, and the gray-green tiles are much dingier than you’d expected--but then again, this is only the front hall. There are a few wooden benches against the walls, mostly empty, and a high wooden desk on the other side of the room. The woman behind it is frowning over her glasses at you and Kat.

“Can I help you?” she asks briskly.

You look to Kat, but Kat is staring around herself, frowning.

\* [Ask the woman about Detective Harper.]

“Yeah, we’re here to see Detective Harper?” you say. “Do you know where he is?”

She shrugs. “Probably upstairs. But you can’t go up there alone.”

->the\_bullpen

\* [Wait for Kat to talk.]

You wait for Kat to say something, but she doesn’t.

Finally she sighs and mutters, “He forgot again.”

->the\_bullpen

\* [Make up something silly.]

“Ma’am, we’re here to report the theft of two banana peels,” you say solemnly. “And an empty pack of chewing gum,” you add, as the woman’s mouth drops open.

“Excuse me?” she says in the frostiest tones you’ve ever heard.

->the\_bullpen

==the\_bullpen==

“Kat, is that you?”

You and Kat both turn. A tall, black woman with short-cut hair and a really snappy suit has just walked in.

“Oh, hi, Detective Jones,” says Kat.

“Did Joe leave you down here again?” She snorts and shakes her head. “Come on, I’ll take you up.”

The two of you and Detective Jones enter the elevator, and she takes you up to the second floor, to the bullpen.

You feel a tingle start somewhere around your toes and crawl its way up your spine. Ever since you were a little kid, you’ve wanted to be a detective. Now, you finally get to see how your heroes spend their days.

The elevator opens, and you stare at...a mess. The bullpen is crowded with desks at seemingly random angles. Each desk is covered with paper, and behind each desk is a detective making noise. Two of them are shouting into their cell phones, another three are yelling at one another, and the last is tipped back in his chair and snoring at a volume that would shame an elephant. Add to this the very dirty floor (the tiles downstairs look clean by comparison) and the wavering industrial light shed by a few naked, swinging bulbs.

Kat coughs slightly. You look at her and discover she’s blushing—which is quite the sight on a redhead. “It’s, um. I know it doesn’t look like much. Uncle Joe says there have been budget cuts.”

\* [It’s definitely not what I expected.]

“Well, it’s a little more...um...”

“It’s a mess,” supplies Kat helpfully.

“Yeah. Kind of.”

-> detective\_harper

\* [This is exactly what I expected.]

“It’s perfect,” you breathe, turning slowly around in a circle, to better catch every gritty, realistic detail.

“You are bizarre,” says Kat dryly. “Maybe you really should be a detective.”  
-> detective\_harper

==detective\_harper==

Detective Jones heads over to the three shouting detectives and starts yelling herself. Meanwhile, Kat steers you over to the desk on the far right, where Detective Harper is wrapping up his phone call. You can tell he’s Kat’s uncle by the fiery shade of what’s left of his hair.

“You little punk!” he bawls into his phone. “You get so much as a traffic ticket, and I’m gonna nail your...” He glances up and sees you and Kat standing there. “Your, uh, BUTT to the wall. Yeah, yeah, and the same to you!”

He ends the call and slams his phone down on the desk.

“Careful, Uncle Joe,” Kat says mildly. “You already broke two this year.”

Detective Harper pinches his nose and sighs. “Look, kids, I know I told you guys I’d give you the tour at lunch, but that’s just not gonna be possible today.”

\* [Be disappointed.]

“Oh, come on!” you protest. “Just a quick tour? Ten minutes? Five? Two?”

The detective grimaces and shakes his head.  
-> this\_case

\* [Be understanding.]

You swallow hard, but manage to say, “It’s ok, Detective. Your job’s important.”

“Yeah, yeah. Tell that to City Hall.”  
-> this\_case

\* [Ask him about the phone call.]

“What was all the yelling about?” you ask brightly.

“What, them?” Detective Harper, misunderstanding your question, waves over at the four detectives still arguing at the top of their lungs. “Somebody stole somebody’s lunch and they’re trying to figure out who. Happens twice a week.”

“Really?” You’d have thought a bunch of detectives could figure that sort of thing out...

Kat steers you back on track. “Why can’t you take us on the tour, Uncle Joe?”  
-> this\_case

==this\_case==

...cont.

### #3: Text Message Story

*The beginning of Episode 1 of a multi-episode chat story.*

Josh	Ok, ok, I admit it...
Josh	...you were <b>totally right!!</b>
Josh	Dating apps are the best! <3 !
Lisa	Haha yeah of course
Lisa	So u on a date now?
Josh	YES
Josh	Check this out
Josh	I'm sitting in this sweet convertible
Josh	Waiting for my <b>extremely handsome</b> date to grab some water
Josh	And then he's taking me to Raison d'Etre
Lisa	Raisin what?
Josh	The fancy French place!!
Josh	SO EXCITED
Josh	And he messaged me just a few hours after I downloaded that app
Josh	Asked me on a date and I couldn't say no
Josh	You are a GENIUS for telling me about the app
Josh	I should always listen to you
Lisa	Well duh
Lisa	Obviously I'm always right
Lisa	What kind of convertible btw
Josh	Ummm dunno
Josh	The silver kind? lol
Lisa	BMW?
Josh	Since when do you care about cars?
Josh	This guy would totally be your type though
Josh	If he wasn't gay I mean
Lisa	What do u mean
Josh	Well he's the CEO of a big telecommunications company
Josh	Tall, older guy, little gray at the temples, but really fit
Josh	I mean REALLY fit
Josh	He hugged me when we first met up
Josh	And I was like, oh God
Josh	The ABS, girl. The ABS
Josh	Even under the shirt I can tell

Josh	Jeezus I hope I'm that fit when I'm 40
Lisa	Dude's 40? Really?
Josh	Yeah I know
Josh	At first I was like, that's a little out of my ideal range?
Josh	I mean it's an over 20 year age difference I know
Josh	But then I saw his pic on the app
Josh	And I HAD to answer his message
Josh	It's not just his looks either
Josh	He just...smells...amazing
Josh	I don't know, you know when you meet someone
Josh	And they just give you that yummy feeling?
Josh	Oh my God and you should see his smile
Josh	I thought I was gonna melt right into my shoes
Josh	He kissed me on the cheek and I was like...
Josh	...my legs are jelly now...
Josh	...am I even going to make it to the car?
Josh	Seriously the chemistry is crazy
Lisa	So that's my type huh
Josh	Well, yeah, used to be
Josh	I know we've talked about this before
Josh	But I don't know what you see in Kelsey
Lisa	We've talked about this before?
Josh	Um yeah loads of times
Josh	I'm like trying to be supportive...
Josh	...but I don't get why you're dating him
Lisa	Well
Lisa	He's tall, athletic, classically handsome
Lisa	Takes me to fancy restaurants and buys me jewelry
Lisa	What's not to like?
Josh	Um
Josh	Maybe the fact that he is
Josh	A RAGING HOMOPHOBE
Josh	And your best friend since kindergarten is gay???
Josh	Look
Josh	I know you want me to give Kelsey a chance
Josh	And yeah you were right before
Josh	Maybe I'm a little hostile because I'm single and jealous
Josh	It's a lot harder for me to find a boyfriend than for you
Josh	But that's why I downloaded the app
Josh	And am going out with Mr. CEO
Josh	Aaaaannnddd even with all that...
Josh	Still think your boyfriend's a jerk

Lisa	What makes you say that
Lisa	Tell me everything
Josh	Uh same stuff as before??
Josh	He's always making gay jokes in class
Josh	And now he's started sending me these nasty texts
Josh	I still can't believe you told him I'm gay
Josh	It was seriously uncool to out me before I was ready
Lisa	U have any proof or anything?
Lisa	I mean how do I know you're not lying
Josh	SERIOUSLY, Lisa?
Josh	You're not gonna believe me?
Josh	It's like I don't even know you
Josh	But here
Josh	If you want PROOF
Josh	[sends screenshot]
Josh	Gotta go, Mr. CEO is coming back
Josh	Look I don't want to fight
Lisa	Me neither
Lisa	Have fun on your date
Lisa	And when you're done tell me everything
Lisa	Everything!
Josh	Lol ok ☺ <3 <3
	...cont.