

Testing "Heated" by Timothy Peers

Test Date 8/28/2010 by Brad Buchanan

What follows is a complete transcript of *five* attempts at the game. I never complete it, and in fact I'm not sure I even got close. This is a very difficult game, and it doesn't always feel fair.

I might have responded better if I'd known it was a trial-and-error game at the beginning. A foreword or author's note to that effect would be helpful. This isn't the first work of IF I've played with several unwinnable situations.

However, I did feel that a number of puzzles were poorly clued, especially those in the office involving the boss. If I'm going to be manipulating a character in the game, I should be given resources to gather as much intel about that character as possible.

It didn't help that the exit to the reception area was unlisted, or that the soda machine puzzle appears to be broken.

I do need to say that this is a very competent game. I would guess that you've written IF before. You have a clean, readable writing style with just enough voice and a good dose of sardonic wit to match your protagonist. I also really like the first part of the game, before you leave home and even the puzzle with the car breaking down. I could see the game ending after fixing the car, with multiple endings depending on how put-together you are when you get to work. (I never found the iron, so I wouldn't have gotten the best ending. It should probably be clued that there is such a thing, since I wouldn't think such a slob would own an iron).

After getting to work, though, my frustration level continued to rise to match that of the protagonist. The game seemed bigger, but less complete at that point. Also, the play *style* changed and I felt like I lost sight of my objective. How are all these shenanigans helping me get a raise?

Anyway, with some work on clues and such, I look forward to playing the final release of this game. Good work.

Start of a transcript of

Heated

An Interactive Fiction by Timothy Peers

Release 1 / Serial number 100827 / Inform 7 build 5Z71 (I6/v6.31 lib 6/12N)

Identification number: //A763BF34-0A74-449D-9E4C-AE63239EE27B//

Standard interpreter 1.0 (1F) / Library serial number 080126

Standard Rules version 2/090402 by Graham Nelson

Undo Output Control version 1/090626 by Erik Temple

>restart

Are you sure you want to restart? yes

*This is my first attempt at the game. I spent several hours on this, and even resorting to the in-game walkthrough I'm not sure I got halfway to the end. Certain puzzles are extremely difficult. That said, this seems like a very well put-together game.*

Two of the hottest twins you've ever met lean into you, their lips parting with calm intent.

You can feel yourself breaking out in a light sweat, and you swallow hard as you work to keep your cool.

This is turning into the most amazing night of your life; what you do next will determine how your friends remember you for the rest of it.

What now?>BEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEPYour eyes crack open, and a blurry image comes to light. It's your ceiling. You sigh loudly, and slip into a melancholy place. Your alarm is going off, the twins are fuzzy memories and you need to get to work early.

*I personally had a very negative reaction to this – I immediately dislike the main character. If that's what you're going for, great!*

*Sp: melancholy*

You have one chance to prove to your boss that you aren't a slacker; you're on warning as is. You need to show up early, look sharp and be ready to get your

report in before the end of the day. You pull this off, and you are looking at your first raise since you can remember. You don't, and . . .

. . . eh whatever.

Please press SPACE to continue.

Heated

An Interactive Fiction by Timothy Peers

Release 1 / Serial number 100827 / Inform 7 build 5Z71 (I6/v6.31 lib 6/12N)

bedroom (on the bed)

What other people like to call lazy, you like to consider meditative; it shows in how sparsely decorated your room is. The walls are bare, outside of a shoddy closet built into one of them. Your garage-sale nightstand sits next to your equally impressive bed, bringing the entire motif of the room somewhere into the realm of "bachelor-crap-hole." To the south is your living room, and west is the entrance to your bathroom.

[For hints or other game information, type "menu" at any time]

On the nightstand is an alarm.

>menu

> About the Author

Note: Waiting and looking

Puzzle Hints

Puzzle Solutions

*Unless you're going for a certain dialect here, I'd clean up this paragraph:*

*"...you're on warning as **it** is. You need to show up early, look sharp and ~~be ready to~~ get your report in before the end of the day. **If you can pull this off, you'll be** looking at your first raise since you can remember."*

*Avoid wordiness:*

*"What other people ~~like to~~ call lazy, you consider meditative;"*

*This would be a good place for an initial description:*

*"On the nightstand is your present nemesis: the alarm."*

If you have any suggestions, complaints or bugs regarding this game, please email the author at Timothy.Peers@gmail.com

Please press SPACE to continue.

> About the Author

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Two things of note:

(1) If you feel that you have completed everything that needs to be done at a current time, and simply need to allow an hour or two (in game time) to pass; use the commands "wait for X minutes" or "wait for X hours."

(2) Looking and examining take no in-game time. Just like in real life, it doesn't take a full minute to scan an object and take in information about it. So make ample use of that; the clock is ticking.

Please press SPACE to continue.

About the Author

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On the nightstand is an alarm.

>x nightstand

It's an old, pine nightstand you picked up somewhere or other. It has several random etchings in its surface from previous owners and a few from yourself.

You notice a random etching of some kind of sea monster eating homework.

>x etching

That isn't here.

*Should just be implemented as a synonym for nightstand.*

>x nighstand

That isn't here.

>x nightstand

It's an old, pine nightstand you picked up somewhere or other. It has several random etchings in its surface from previous owners and a few from yourself.

You notice a random etching at the bottom of one of the legs that looks like a very wide, round W.

>g

It's an old, pine nightstand you picked up somewhere or other. It has several random etchings in its surface from previous owners and a few from yourself.

You notice a random etching 3r41n14c

>g

It's an old, pine nightstand you picked up somewhere or other. It has several random etchings in its surface from previous owners and a few from yourself.

You notice a random etching of someone really enjoying some kind of extremely long, hairy hotdog. It has the name "Niedorf" written underneath.

>x bed

What you generously call a bed is really just a mattress on top of a box-spring on the floor. Your carefully chosen sheets and pillows have almost the exact same tinge as your average heavy-trafficked sidewalk, and so you've been able to avoid ever having to wash them.

>get up

You get off the bed.

bedroom

On the nightstand is an alarm.

It sounds like a cat is choking on a very noisy piccolo somewhere nearby.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>x alarm

The alarm is blaring, making it hard to think. Its waterproof and battery operated (but it's literally impossible to get open).The large, red LCD display on the front reads "5:31 am". Somehow, you have to get this thing to shut up.

*"It's waterproof..." Use an apostrophe when you're contracting "It is."*

The alarm is switched on.

>\* It's or It is

That's not a verb I recognize.

>turn off alarm

The off button seems jammed. That's unsurprising considering it cost you two dollars four years ago.

The high, intolerable whine of your alarm grates at your nerves.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>eat alarm

Just the thought of eating the alarm makes you pause and contemplate your lack of college education.

*Good default response!*

You can barely think over the screeching of your alarm.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>x closet

Your closet is a finely aged nook in the wall. It has two magnificent balsa-wood sliding doors that are mercifully closed.

>open closet

You open the bedroom closet, revealing a pile of ratty old shoes and your work clothes.

EE

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>open alarm

That's not something you can open.

*Given the comment earlier about it being stuck closed, I think there should be a specific response here.*



The high, intolerable whine of your alarm grates at your nerves.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>break alarm

You bring your fist down on it with all of your might, bringing you peace at last. You toss the pieces aside, and begin pretending it never existed.

>i

You have nothing. You are wearing nothing.

>x me

You have a fine odor; mixed from only the choicest alcohol, sweat, and general mustiness. You currently have nothing on.

>look

bedroom

What other people like to call lazy, you like to consider meditative; it shows in how sparsely decorated your room is. The walls are bare, outside of a shoddy closet built into one of them. Your garage-sale nightstand sits next to your equally impressive bed, bringing the entire motif of the room somewhere into the realm of "bachelor-crap-hole." To the south is your living room, and west is the entrance to your bathroom.

>x shoes

You haven't ever thrown away a pair that you've owned. It's kind of gross at this point, piled just over two feet high and taking up the entire floor of the closet. God knows what sort of proto-civilization is brewing somewhere in there. It's been ages since you've looked.

>get shoes

You're out for a raise today, and those are not raise-getting things to put on your feet. Besides, you keep your good ones by the front door.

>get clothes

Taken.

>s

living room

Having used the majority of your income on pot, beer, and staying out of your house as often as possible, your décor has suffered. A beat up couch sits across from the television and milk crate combo that functions as your entertainment center. Other than that, you can see your kitchen to the west, your patio to the east, your bedroom to the north and the exit to this shit-hole to the south.

*My own taste is to hyphenate  
"beat-up."*

Your work shoes are here, waiting for you to put them on.

>get shoes

Taken.

>yell

A disembodied voice shushes you. That startles you for a moment, but you eventually recognize it as your common sense.

>xyzy

A hollow voice booms; and it's quite possible that it has exploded.

>eat shoes

Yes, the obvious answer is to eat your work shoes! Wait . . . No. No that isn't the answer at all.

*Another great default response!*

>e

You would tear up your feet if you went outside barefoot!

>w

kitchen

Undoubtedly the cleanest room in your house, mostly for lack of traffic. The cupboards are bare, the counters are dusty but show no signs of actually have anything prepared on them, your stove is entirely nonfunctional, and your refrigerator is a thing that keeps beer from becoming entirely room temperature.

>x cupboards

That isn't here.

*More synonyms to implement.*

>x counters

That isn't here.

>x stove

It was probably once a magnificent electric range, but now it's just a lumpy extension of your counter.

>x refrigerator

It's a little dented, a little worn, and on any given day virtually empty. It's shut. You can exit the kitchen to the west.

>x cupboard

They're just a series of ugly cupboards. The doors have been removed (where their ever any?) and they're all completely empty.

>x counter

Dusty.

>x floor

It's right below you.

>x ceiling

That isn't here.

>turn on stove

That's not something you can switch.

*Aww, no witty response here?*

>open fridge

You open the old refrigerator, revealing a lunch sack.

>get lunch

Taken.

>close icebox

That isn't here.

*Synonym, synonym.*

>close fridge

You close the old refrigerator.

>x lunch

Just your average brown paper sack.

>open lunch

You open the lunch sack, revealing a ham sandwich.

>i

You have a lunch sack, your work shoes, and your work clothes. You are wearing nothing.

>wear shoes

You put on your work shoes.

>e

living room

>e

You can't go outside in the nude! Well you could. It would just be a terrible idea, so you aren't going to.

>wear clothes

(you pulled the hanger out since you don't need it to keep your clothes neat anymore)

They fit great!

>e

patio

This is your patio. Really it's just the first patch of grass in your backyard, but you feel better if you call it your patio. Your backyard continues to the north.

A practically empty pack of gum is laying on the patio. Hm. Must have fallen out of your pocket at some point.

>get gum

Taken.

>n

east side of your house

This is the lawn on the east side of your backyard. You can see your patio to the south and your backyard continues to the north.

>n

corner of your backyard

This is the Corner of your backyard. Your backyard continues to the west and to the south.

>w

behind your house

You generously refer to this as your backyard, but it's just a few feet of grass behind your house. Your backyard continues to the east.

*These backyard locations are a red herring in an already difficult game. I would take them out.*

>e

corner of your backyard

>s

east side of your house

>s

patio

>w

living room

>s

front lawn

An unmanicured and patchy lawn leads up the the front of your house. Your driveway sits just to the east.

*I might combine this with the driveway location, since it doesn't serve any purpose.*

>x lawn

It's patchy and strewn with weeds.

>x weeds

It's patchy and strewn with weeds.

>e

driveway

Your driveway is little more than a patch of dirt worked into a part of your lawn. Fortunately it's not like it's making anything look worse.

You can see your car (closed) here.

>x car

a 1987, brown Buick Le Sabre sits in your driveway. The front right headlight has been missing since you bought it, and random bumper stickers line the back. You only drive it during the day, because you can't afford a ticket.

*Fix the double-space between "bumper" and "stickers."*

>x headlight

It looks like somebody pried it out at some point.

>x bumper stickers

These stickers have been added by the various owners of the car, some are extremely old. One reads "7 days with out Jesus makes one weak"

>\* "without"

That's not a verb I recognize.

>x bumper stickers

These stickers have been added by the various owners of the car, some are extremely old. One reads "7 days with out Jesus makes one weak"

>g

These stickers have been added by the various owners of the car, some are extremely old. One reads "Grass Ass or Gas!"

>g

These stickers have been added by the various owners of the car, some are extremely old. One reads "AMERICA-Love It Or Leave It!"

>g

These stickers have been added by the various owners of the car, some are extremely old. One reads "Bush/Cheney"

>g

These stickers have been added by the various owners of the car, some are extremely old. One reads "God was my co-pilot but then we crashed into the mountains and I had to eat him."

>g

These stickers have been added by the various owners of the car, some are extremely old. One reads "Grass Ass or Gas!"

>get in car

You have to open it to get in.

>open car

It seems to be locked.

>unlock car

What do you want to unlock your car with?

Sp: "without"



>i

You have a chewing gum, a metal hanger, and a lunch sack. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

>unlock car with hanger

That doesn't seem to fit the lock.

*This was a very sensible attempt, and deserves a custom response, like "Too bad the windows are up."*

>x clothes

A button down shirt and pair of slacks. They're a little wrinkly, but passable.

>search clothes

You find nothing of interest.

>search slacks

You find nothing of interest.

>x slacks

A button down shirt and pair of slacks. They're a little wrinkly, but passable.

>eat sandwich

You aren't hungry right now.

.

>in

You can't go that way.

>look

driveway

Your driveway is little more than a patch of dirt worked into a part of your lawn. Fortunately it's not like it's making anything look worse.

You can see your car (closed) here.

>w

front lawn

>s

You can't go that way.

>n

living room

>look

living room

Having used the majority of your income on pot, beer, and staying out of your house as often as possible, your décor has suffered. A beat up couch sits across from the television and milk crate combo that functions as your entertainment center. Other than that, you can see your kitchen to the west, your patio to the east, your bedroom to the north and the exit to this shit-hole to the south.

>x couch

This is an old couch that you bought at a yard sale years ago for fifteen bucks. There's a depression which you've carefully worked into it through your countless nights watching television. Other than that it has sat here collecting stains and dust since you brought it in; you don't even remember what the wall behind it looks like.

>pull couch

It is fixed in place.

>x wall

*I read in your walkthrough that you can "move couch," so this doesn't make sense.*

That isn't here.

>search couch

There is nothing on the old ratty couch.

>look under couch

You find nothing of interest.

You notice you only have 30 minutes left before you have to leave for work . . . if you want to be early anyway.

>look behind couch

I only understood you as far as wanting to look.

>x tv

An old standard-definition television. It's plugged into what might be the last working outlet in your house, and the last time you tried unplugging it you ended up showing yourself in sparks and almost destroying your TV.

The television is switched off.

>x milk crate

Just an ugly, beat up milk crate.

>sit on couch

You get onto the old ratty couch.

>look

living room (on the old ratty couch)

Having used the majority of your income on pot, beer, and staying out of your house as often as possible, your décor has suffered. A beat up couch sits across from the television and milk crate combo that functions as your entertainment

center. Other than that, you can see your kitchen to the west, your patio to the east, your bedroom to the north and the exit to this shit-hole to the south.

>n

You'll have to get off the old ratty couch first.

>get up

You get off the old ratty couch.

living room

>n

bedroom

>look

bedroom

What other people like to call lazy, you like to consider meditative; it shows in how sparsely decorated your room is. The walls are bare, outside of a shoddy closet built into one of them. Your garage-sale nightstand sits next to your equally impressive bed, bringing the entire motif of the room somewhere into the realm of "bachelor-crap-hole." To the south is your living room, and west is the entrance to your bathroom.

>w

your bathroom

It isn't in the best shape, but it isn't condemned either (mostly because as far as the city is concerned, this room doesn't even exist). It has the normal bathroom fixtures; a shower, a counter with a sink and mirror, and toilet. To the east is your bedroom.

On the bathroom counter is your keys.

*Tell Inform that the keys are plural-named. "On the bathroom counter **are** your keys."*

>get keys

You go to smoothly palm your keys, but the actual result of your efforts is knocking them right into the toilet with a soft "plop."

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>flush toilet

In your key-fueled rage, you flush them to their final reward and give work the big middle finger. Who needs a car anyway?

\*\*\* WHOOSH \*\*\*

Would you like to RESTART, RESTORE a saved game, or QUIT?

> undo

your bathroom

[Previous turn undone.]

It's frustrating when you can't get things right the first time (this will register after your first move following the undo).

>get keys

You try to fish your keys out with the hanger, but it's just a little too wide to let the hooked part catch them.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>i

You have a chewing gum, a metal hanger, and a lunch sack. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

>x gum

An almost empty pack of mint-flavored gum. There's one stick left.

>take shower

No point in doing that, you already got dressed.

>undress

That's not a verb I recognize.

>drop clothes

(first taking your work clothes off)

That's supposed to be done in the comfort of your own home.

>\* I am in the comfort of my own home!

That's not a verb I recognize.

>remove clothes

That's supposed to be done in the comfort of your own home.

>look

your bathroom

It isn't in the best shape, but it isn't condemned either (mostly because as far as the city is concerned, this room doesn't even exist). It has the normal bathroom fixtures; a shower, a counter with a sink and mirror, and toilet. To the east is your bedroom.

>x counter

*I'm not sure what the cause of this is; maybe a flag's been tripped because I've already been outside, or maybe a region forgot to include the bathroom?*

The bathroom counter hasn't been cleaned in years, and the layers of toothpaste scum around the sink alone says worlds about how long its been since you've had any company over.

>x sink

The sink was once a shining porcelain white. Probably. The filthy stainless steel faucet attached to it hasn't fared much better.

>x mirror

That isn't here.

>x me

You have a fine odor; mixed from only the choicest alcohol, sweat, and general mustiness. You currently have your work shoes and your work clothes on.

*This could use a witty response, or even better: Looking in the mirror could supply hints about what's left to do to be ready for work. Taking a shower, ironing clothes, etc.*

>x toilet

Your toilet sits largely unappreciated by cleaning supplies, which is even more apparent by the dismally tinted water.

*This description should probably mention the keys in the toilet.*

>get keys with hangar

I only understood you as far as wanting to get your keys.

*I know I spelled it wrong, but it would be sensible to add support for this phrase.*

>get keys

You try to fish your keys out with the hanger, but it's just a little too wide to let the hooked part catch them.

>bend hangar

That isn't here.

>bend hanger

Using all of your strength, you straighten out the hanger, leaving a hook on one end.

An odd odor wafts up from your lunch sack.

>x lunch

Just your average brown paper sack.

>x sandwich

Put together with the last things you had laying around in your fridge. The sandwich's ingredients were old to begin with, but once they got to room temperature they . . . Well the point is that it's an awfully foul sandwich at this point.

>get keys

You fish around in the slimy water for a few minutes using the hooked metal rod, and manage to snag your keys. After running them under scalding hot water for a while, you feel safe enough handling them to keep them on your person. The hanger, however, is disposed of.

>s

You can't go that way.

>w

You can't go that way.

>e

bedroom

>s

living room



>s

front lawn

>w

You can't go that way.

10 minutes left to get on the road and show up on time!

>e

driveway

You can see your car (closed) here.

>unlock car with keys

Finally, you're ready to hit the road! You creak the door open, scuttle in, slam the door shut, then open it again because it caught your seat belt, then slam it shut again. You pull your seatbelt over your shoulder, shove your keys in, and back out of your driveway squealing your tires.

This is it; today is make it or break it.

Your car zips along the freeway, dodging in and out of lanes as you put pressure on your gas pedal. You are going to make today happen, you are going to get that raise, and your boss will have no choice but to respect you! Then, you'll work the V.P. and get your own office, and maybe a cute little secretary . . . It would only make sense after the huge raise you're going to get! Maybe you coul--

A loud pop, followed by a roaring hiss pulls your thoughts back to the present. You watch in horror as a thin red needle begins to climb slowly towards the "H" on the temperature gauge. You just need to make it one more exit, you tell yourself, wiping the sweat off your brow.

And you aren't going to make that exit. Your car finally wheezes loud enough that you know it's time to pull over. You resignedly guide your car into the shoulder lane, sigh, and get out:

side of your car

Cars are whizzing by as you stand in the shoulder of the freeway wondering what you did to deserve this. Just to the north is the steaming hood of your car, which apparently popped open of its own volition, and to the south is your trunk. Where you are now is just a comfortable place to pity yourself.

You slam your fist on your car and say extremely rude things very loudly. This day, THIS DAY, of all days! There's just no dealing with it! Screw your car, screw your report and screw everything left to be screwed! You start the long trek home on foot, and vow to kick everything with the capacity to feel pain on your way home.

*I didn't realize the first time that this was due to my heat level being too high.*

Really you just mumble angrily for a few miles and end up with a terrible sunburn.

That's it. You tried. You really did. This isn't working out, and if one more shoe drops you're likely to have a stroke. Or kill someone. Or die of a stroke while killing someone. Gathering yourself, you wander nonchalantly out the front door with no intention of returning--stealing several varieties of common office supplies on your way out.

\*\*\* You showed them. \*\*\*

Would you like to RESTART, RESTORE a saved game, or QUIT?

> \* Well, that was bizarre. I mean, I suppose it counts as a story.

Please give one of the answers above.

Would you like to RESTART, RESTORE a saved game, or QUIT?

> \* Let's see if I can do better.

Please give one of the answers above.

Would you like to RESTART, RESTORE a saved game, or QUIT?

> restart

Two of the hottest twins you've ever met lean into you, their lips parting with calm intent.

You can feel yourself breaking out in a light sweat, and you swallow hard as you work to keep your cool.

This is turning into the most amazing night of your life; what you do next will determine how your friends remember you for the rest of it.

What now?>BEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEPYour eyes crack open, and a blurry image comes to light. It's your ceiling. You sigh loudly, and slip into a melancholy place. Your alarm is going off, the twins are fuzzy memories and you need to get to work early.

You have one chance to prove to your boss that you aren't a slacker; you're on warning as is. You need to show up early, look sharp and be ready to get your report in before the end of the day. You pull this off, and you are looking at your first raise since you can remember. You don't, and . . .

. . . eh whatever.

Please press SPACE to continue.

Heated

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bedroom (on the bed)

What other people like to call lazy, you like to consider meditative; it shows in how sparsely decorated your room is. The walls are bare, outside of a shoddy closet built into one of them. Your garage-sale nightstand sits next to your equally impressive bed, bringing the entire motif of the room somewhere into the realm of "bachelor-crap-hole." To the south is your living room, and west is the entrance to your bathroom.

[For hints or other game information, type "menu" at any time]

On the nightstand is an alarm.

>get up

You get off the bed.

bedroom

On the nightstand is an alarm.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBEP BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBEP BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBEP BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBEP

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>break alarm

You bring your fist down on it with all of your might, bringing you peace at last. You toss the pieces aside, and begin pretending it never existed.

>w

your bathroom

It isn't in the best shape, but it isn't condemned either (mostly because as far as the city is concerned, this room doesn't even exist). It has the normal bathroom fixtures; a shower, a counter with a sink and mirror, and toilet. To the east is your bedroom.

On the bathroom counter is your keys.

>use toilet

[The word "USE" is too vague, and in essence doesn't mean anything since only you can provide the context of your actions. To "USE" something, try things like "TURN the large white board", "TURN ON the television", "PUSH dismally tinted water", "EAT the small amount of water", "INSERT the iron INTO the toilet", "PUT pauline ON Bill's chair", ect.]

>push dismally tinted water

It is fixed in place.

>pee

You don't have to go right now.

*Good catch.*

>take a shower

You step into the shower, and let the warm water wash away the grime and funk you've collected overnight. All good things must come to an end, and as the water changes from warm to freezing, you step out and dry off.

[Your level of heat has cooled noticeably]

>look

your bathroom

It isn't in the best shape, but it isn't condemned either (mostly because as far as the city is concerned, this room doesn't even exist). It has the normal bathroom fixtures; a shower, a counter with a sink and mirror, and toilet. To the east is your bedroom.

On the bathroom counter is your keys.

>w

You can't go that way.

>e

bedroom

>open closet

You open the bedroom closet, revealing a pile of ratty old shoes and your work clothes.

>get clothes

Taken.

>wear clothes

(you pulled the hanger out since you don't need it to keep your clothes neat anymore)

They fit great!

>w

your bathroom

On the bathroom counter is your keys.

>get keys

You go to smoothly palm your keys, but the actual result of your efforts is knocking them right into the toilet with a soft "plop."

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>bend hanger

Using all of your strength, you straighten out the hanger, leaving a hook on one end.

>get keys

You fish around in the slimy water for a few minutes using the hooked metal rod, and manage to snag your keys. After running them under scalding hot water for a while, you feel safe enough handling them to keep them on your person. The hanger, however, is disposed of.

>e

bedroom

>s

living room

Having used the majority of your income on pot, beer, and staying out of your house as often as possible, your décor has suffered. A beat up couch sits across from the television and milk crate combo that functions as your entertainment center. Other than that, you can see your kitchen to the west, your patio to the east, your bedroom to the north and the exit to this shit-hole to the south.

Your work shoes are here, waiting for you to put them on.

>get shoes

Taken.

>wear shoes

You put on your work shoes.

>e

patio

This is your patio. Really it's just the first patch of grass in your backyard, but you feel better if you call it your patio. Your backyard continues to the north.

A practically empty pack of gum is laying on the patio. Hm. Must have fallen out of your pocket at some point.

>get gum

Taken.

>w

living room

>w

kitchen

Undoubtedly the cleanest room in your house, mostly for lack of traffic. The cupboards are bare, the counters are dusty but show no signs of actually have anything prepared on them, your stove is entirely nonfunctional, and your refrigerator is a thing that keeps beer from becoming entirely room temperature.

>open fridge

You open the old refrigerator, revealing a lunch sack.

>get lunch



Taken.

>close fridge

You close the old refrigerator.

>e

living room

>s

front lawn

An unmanicured and patchy lawn leads up the the front of your house. Your driveway sits just to the east.

>e

driveway

Your driveway is little more than a patch of dirt worked into a part of your lawn. Fortunately it's not like it's making anything look worse.

You can see your car (closed) here.

>unlock car with keys

Finally, you're ready to hit the road! You creak the door open, scuttle in, slam the door shut, then open it again because it caught your seat belt, then slam it shut again. You pull your seatbelt over your shoulder, shove your keys in, and back out of your driveway squealing your tires.

This is it; today is make it or break it.

Your car zips along the freeway, dodging in and out of lanes as you put pressure on your gas pedal. You are going to make today happen, you are going to get that raise, and your boss will have no choice but to respect you! Then, you'll work the V.P. and get your own office, and maybe a cute little secretary . . . It would only make sense after the huge raise you're going to get! Maybe you coul--

A loud pop, followed by a roaring hiss pulls your thoughts back to the present. You watch in horror as a thin red needle begins to climb slowly towards the "H" on the temperature gauge. You just need to make it one more exit, you tell yourself, wiping the sweat off your brow.

And you aren't going to make that exit. Your car finally wheezes loud enough that you know it's time to pull over. You resignedly guide your car into the shoulder lane, sigh, and get out:

side of your car

Cars are whizzing by as you stand in the shoulder of the freeway wondering what you did to deserve this. Just to the north is the steaming hood of your car, which apparently popped open of it's own volition, and to the south is your trunk. Where you are now is just a comfortable place to pity yourself.

[Your level of heat has risen greatly]

>s

boot of your car

Your trunk is shut tight. You popped it before you got out of your car, but it's stubbornly refusing to open. The rest of the back of your car is the same as it's always been, covered in stickers.

You can see a trunk (closed) here.

>i

You have a lunch sack, a chewing gum, and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

*Aaand right here I realize what happened in the first game.*

>open trunk

As usual, it's jammed. You can tell the lock has been released, so it has every reason to be open.

>chew gum

You open the last stick of gum, toss it in your mouth, throw away the pack and enjoy. Roughly exactly after you put it in your mouth it loses all flavor. You pull it out, stare at it for a minute and then roll it between your fingers deciding what to do with it.

>n

side of your car

>n

hood of your car

The hood of your car is popped open, and you can see a steady stream of heat coming from underneath the radiator cap . You can tell from how weak the steam is that your radiator is practically empty.

You can see a radiator (closed) here.

>open radiator

You open the radiator, revealing a small amount of water.

>x water

You can barely hear it bubbling, and you can tell that it isn't enough to keep your car cool.

>i

You have a lunch sack, a chewing gum, and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

This gum is pretty gross at this point.

>put gum in radiator

In an act of desperation, you try to fill the radiator with the chewing gum. Unsurprisingly, it doesn't help your current situation in the slightest.

>drink water

You pucker your lips up, stick them inside the radiator's opening, and suck for all your worth. You ignore the heat, pressing on (for some reason) in your (very puzzling) desire to sip every last drop of water from its scorching insides. Even as you feel the flesh peeling away from your face, you go on. The end results, however, are disappointing: you couldn't actually reach any of the water, and now you need immediate medical attention.

You're calling out today.

\*\*\* You're hospitalized \*\*\*

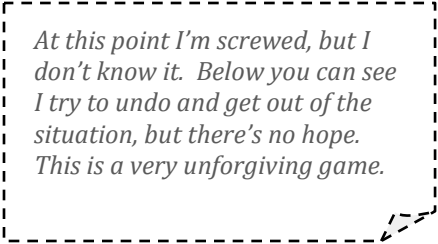
Would you like to RESTART, RESTORE a saved game, or QUIT?

> undo

hood of your car

[Previous turn undone.]

It's frustrating when you can't get things right the first time (this will register after your first move following the undo).



*At this point I'm screwed, but I don't know it. Below you can see I try to undo and get out of the situation, but there's no hope. This is a very unforgiving game.*

>n

You can't go that way.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>s

side of your car

You roll the gum around in your fingers and flick it casually over your shoulder.

>x car

It's your car, and it won't move.

>get in car

(the broken down vehicle)

You already did everything you could to keep this heap moving. You also already tried to pop the trunk from inside, and that didn't work. You even tried yelling at it until its guilt overwhelmed it and it got you to work on time, and that didn't work. At this point, you're immediate need is dealing with the situation you have going on with the radiator.

>s

boot of your car

You can see a trunk (closed) here.

>kick boot

(the trunk)

You give it a solid whack on the side, and to your relief, it squeaks itself slowly open.

>look in trunk

In the trunk is a jug.

>get jug

You grab the water jug in victory! You immediately spin around with the giddy joy of a child, and nick the side of it against a corner of the trunk. Of course, it starts leaking.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>n

side of your car

The jug is about half empty, and the jug is still leaking.

>n

hood of your car

You can see a radiator (in which is a small amount of water) here.

>fill radiator from jug

I didn't understand that sentence.

>pour water into radiator

Which do you mean, the small amount of water, or the stagnant water?

>stagnant

The jug isn't open.

The last of the water trickles out of the jug.

*Now my own temper is rising.*

>\* I presume that's it.

That's not a verb I recognize.

>undo

hood of your car

[Previous turn undone.]

It's frustrating when you can't get things right the first time (this will register after your first move following the undo).

>put gum on leak

That isn't here.

>i

You have a jug, a lunch sack, and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>z

Time passes.

You have 40 minutes left to if you still want to show up early, thankfully.

>wait 40 minutes

An odd odor wafts up from your lunch sack.

All your effort to be early, and now you have 20 minutes left just to be on time.

You have to get this thing moving in the next 15 minutes or you're going to be out of a job!

Ok, take a deep breath, you have 10 minutes left before all your efforts are completely wasted.

It is now 7:01 am.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

You call a tow truck, hang your head, and sit on the hood of your car. If there was ever a definition of "meant to be" then this is it.

\*\*\* Your car is dead \*\*\*

Would you like to RESTART, RESTORE a saved game, or QUIT?

> restart

*Thus concludes attempt #2. I'd suggest that you've lost about half of your audience at this point, or they've at least passed the two-hour judging mark.*



Two of the hottest twins you've ever met lean into you, their lips parting with calm intent.

You can feel yourself breaking out in a light sweat, and you swallow hard as you work to keep your cool.

This is turning into the most amazing night of your life; what you do next will determine how your friends remember you for the rest of it.

What now?>BEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEPYour eyes crack open, and a blurry image comes to light. It's your ceiling. You sigh loudly, and slip into a melancholy place. Your alarm is going off, the twins are fuzzy memories and you need to get to work early.

You have one chance to prove to your boss that you aren't a slacker; you're on warning as is. You need to show up early, look sharp and be ready to get your report in before the end of the day. You pull this off, and you are looking at your first raise since you can remember. You don't, and . . .

. . . eh whatever.

Please press SPACE to continue.

Heated

An Interactive Fiction by Timothy Peers

Release 1 / Serial number 100827 / Inform 7 build 5Z71 (I6/v6.31 lib 6/12N)

bedroom (on the bed)

What other people like to call lazy, you like to consider meditative; it shows in how sparsely decorated your room is. The walls are bare, outside of a shoddy closet built into one of them. Your garage-sale nightstand sits next to your equally impressive bed, bringing the entire motif of the room somewhere into

the realm of "bachelor-crap-hole." To the south is your living room, and west is the entrance to your bathroom.

[For hints or other game information, type "menu" at any time]

On the nightstand is an alarm.

>break alarm

You can't reach it from here.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>get up

You get off the bed.

bedroom

On the nightstand is an alarm.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>break alarm

You bring your fist down on it with all of your might, bringing you peace at last. You toss the pieces aside, and begin pretending it never existed.

>w

your bathroom

It isn't in the best shape, but it isn't condemned either (mostly because as far as the city is concerned, this room doesn't even exist). It has the normal bathroom fixtures; a shower, a counter with a sink and mirror, and toilet. To the east is your bedroom.

On the bathroom counter is your keys.

>take a shower

You step into the shower, and let the warm water wash away the grime and funk you've collected overnight. All good things must come to an end, and as the water changes from warm to freezing, you step out and dry off.

[Your level of heat has cooled noticeably]

>get keys

You go to smoothly palm your keys, but the actual result of your efforts is knocking them right into the toilet with a soft "plop."

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>e

bedroom

>open closet

You open the bedroom closet, revealing a pile of ratty old shoes and your work clothes.

>get clothes

Taken.

>wear clothes

(you pulled the hanger out since you don't need it to keep your clothes neat anymore)

They fit great!

>bend hanger

Using all of your strength, you straighten out the hanger, leaving a hook on one end.

>w

your bathroom

>get keys

You fish around in the slimy water for a few minutes using the hooked metal rod, and manage to snag your keys. After running them under scalding hot water for a while, you feel safe enough handling them to keep them on your person. The hanger, however, is disposed of.

>e

bedroom

>s

living room

Having used the majority of your income on pot, beer, and staying out of your house as often as possible, your décor has suffered. A beat up couch sits across from the television and milk crate combo that functions as your entertainment center. Other than that, you can see your kitchen to the west, your patio to the east, your bedroom to the north and the exit to this shit-hole to the south.

Your work shoes are here, waiting for you to put them on.

>wear shoes

(first taking your work shoes)

You put on your work shoes.

>e

patio

This is your patio. Really it's just the first patch of grass in your backyard, but you feel better if you call it your patio. Your backyard continues to the north.

A practically empty pack of gum is laying on the patio. Hm. Must have fallen out of your pocket at some point.

>get gum

Taken.

>w

living room

>w

kitchen

Undoubtedly the cleanest room in your house, mostly for lack of traffic. The cupboards are bare, the counters are dusty but show no signs of actually have anything prepared on them, your stove is entirely nonfunctional, and your refrigerator is a thing that keeps beer from becoming entirely room temperature.

>open fridge

You open the old refrigerator, revealing a lunch sack.

>get lunch

Taken.

>e

living room

>s

front lawn

An unmanicured and patchy lawn leads up the the front of your house. Your driveway sits just to the east.

>e

driveway

Your driveway is little more than a patch of dirt worked into a part of your lawn. Fortunately it's not like it's making anything look worse.

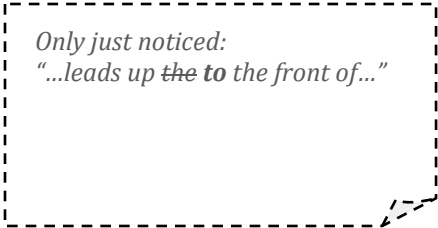
You can see your car (closed) here.

>unlock car

What do you want to unlock your car with?

>keys

Finally, you're ready to hit the road! You creak the door open, scuttle in, slam the door shut, then open it again because it caught your seat belt, then slam it shut again. You pull your seatbelt over your shoulder, shove your keys in, and back out of your driveway squealing your tires.



*Only just noticed:  
"...leads up ~~the~~ to the front of..."*

This is it; today is make it or break it.

Your car zips along the freeway, dodging in and out of lanes as you put pressure on your gas pedal. You are going to make today happen, you are going to get that raise, and your boss will have no choice but to respect you! Then, you'll work the V.P. and get your own office, and maybe a cute little secretary . . . It would only make sense after the huge raise you're going to get! Maybe you coul--

A loud pop, followed by a roaring hiss pulls your thoughts back to the present. You watch in horror as a thin red needle begins to climb slowly towards the "H" on the temperature gauge. You just need to make it one more exit, you tell yourself, wiping the sweat off your brow.

And you aren't going to make that exit. Your car finally wheezes loud enough that you know it's time to pull over. You resignedly guide your car into the shoulder lane, sigh, and get out:

side of your car

Cars are whizzing by as you stand in the shoulder of the freeway wondering what you did to deserve this. Just to the north is the steaming hood of your car, which apparently popped open of it's own volition, and to the south is your trunk. Where you are now is just a comfortable place to pity yourself.

[Your level of heat has risen greatly]

>s

boot of your car

Your trunk is shut tight. You popped it before you got out of your car, but it's stubbornly refusing to open. The rest of the back of your car is the same as it's always been, covered in stickers.

You can see a trunk (closed) here.

>kick boot

(the trunk)

You give it a solid whack on the side, and to your relief, it squeaks itself slowly open.

>chew gum

You open the last stick of gum, toss it in your mouth, throw away the pack and enjoy. Roughly exactly after you put it in your mouth it loses all flavor. You pull it out, stare at it for a minute and then roll it between your fingers deciding what to do with it.

>get jug

You grab the water jug in victory! You immediately spin around with the giddy joy of a child, and nick the side of it against a corner of the trunk. Of course, it starts leaking.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>plug leak with gum

That isn't here.

>x jug

A light blue water jug. Water is trickling pretty steadily out of a hole in the side.

>plug hole with gum

I only understood you as far as wanting to plug.

>put gum in hold

That isn't here.

>put gum in hole

You cram the gum over the hole, ensuring that it plugs it completely.

*Please please please implement  
the verb "plug" with two objects.  
I don't want to see this in the  
middle of a timed puzzle.*



>n

side of your car

>n

hood of your car

The hood of your car is popped open, and you can see a steady stream of heat coming from underneath the radiator cap . You can tell from how weak the steam is that your radiator is practically empty.

You can see a radiator (closed) here.

>open radiator

You open the radiator, revealing a small amount of water.

>open jug

You open the jug.

>pour jug into radiator

You fill up the radiator, scramble to get the lid on, throw the jug back in the trunk, close up your car and hop in. You jet out of the next exit and pull into work.

your cube

You drive in a zigzag through the rows of cars until you find a parking spot somewhere near where your office hasn't completely disappeared into the horizon. You hop out of your car, power-walk through the greeting area and rush to your cube in an attempt to look busy.

Sometime later you realize that your attempt to look busy has led you to spend more than a couple hours mindlessly looking up videos of famous people

*Very good move ending this scene right here.*

*"...disappeared **beyond** the horizon."*

passing gas on live television, webpages about things to do when you're bored at work and the latest articles on Whatopedia. As if waking out of a daze you look around at your surroundings, taking them in for the first time today.

Three bare walls, one very uncomfortable chair and your Gateway computer sitting on your desk. This small environment is where you spend three-fourths of your waking hours. You can go out to the cubes around your area.

*Do I just sleep a lot? Three-fourths of my waking hours is twelve hours a day, seven days a week. That's quite a job.*

On your desk are your phone and your report.

>x walls

That isn't here.

>x wall

That isn't here.

>x cube

your cube

Three bare walls, one very uncomfortable chair and your Gateway computer sitting on your desk. This small environment is where you spend three-fourths of your waking hours. You can go out to the cubes around your area.

On your desk are your phone and your report.

>x chair

This chair has been through so many slouches, frustrated spins and other general usage that it's barely functional. It rocks too loosely, the hydrolics tend to slip and cause it to sink constantly and then there's the general wear and tear that makes it entirely miserable to sit in for very long.

*Sp: Hydraulics. And if you want to get technical, most office chairs utilize pneumatics.*

>\* hydraulics

That's not a verb I recognize.

>spin chair

It is fixed in place.

>spin in chair

I only understood you as far as wanting to spin inside.

>slouch

That's not a verb I recognize.

>x computer

It's a newer model, recently installed in your cube to help productivity. As long as productivity is measured in Boobtube videos viewed, it has increased at least to the second power.

>x gateway

It's a newer model, recently installed in your cube to help productivity. As long as productivity is measured in Boobtube videos viewed, it has increased at least to the second power.

>view videos

That's not a verb I recognize.

>surf internet

That's not a verb I recognize.

>work

Which do you mean, your work shoes, or your work clothes?

>shoes

That's not a verb I recognize.

*Just for fun, it would be pretty awesome to have all the stupid slacker stuff implemented here. Spinning in the chair, making paper airplanes, chucking trash at the can.*

>x phone

You detest it. You weren't even given anyone's extension, resulting in it being used solely for inbound calls from office staff and management when they want to harrass you into doing menial tasks for them as they see fit.

*Sp: detest  
Sp: harass*

>call home

You put your thumb by your ear and your pinky by your mouth and play like you're making a phone call; sadly, nobody answers. You wonder if it would be more effective if you just found a phone with speed dial buttons and talked to whoever answers after you pushed one of them instead.

*"...talked to **whomever**  
answers..."*

>x report

The words on it swim in front of you, you can barely remember what it was for in the first place. You're going to have to get it together if you plan on getting this done at all, much less before the end of the day.

*"...remember what **is it** was for..."*

>get report

You reach out and cringe, stopping short and ultimately leaving it be. You aren't going to be able to focus on doing anything work-related until you get a some energy and focus.

*"...until you get ~~a~~ some energy..."*

>get phone

That's fixed in place.

*Really?*

>pick up phone

That's fixed in place.

>dial phone

You put your thumb by your ear and your pinky by your mouth and play like you're making a phone call; sadly, nobody answers. You wonder if it would be more effective if you just found a phone with speed dial buttons and talked to whoever answers after you pushed one of them instead.

>dial number

You put your thumb by your ear and your pinky by your mouth and play like you're making a phone call; sadly, nobody answers. You wonder if it would be more effective if you just found a phone with speed dial buttons and talked to whoever answers after you pushed one of them instead.

>get chair

That's hardly portable.

>out

center row east

Amongst the endless nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees, is your cube. It's unmistakable; it's the only one without motivational posters, printed out pictures of cats or out-of-date calendars filled with last year's latest celebrities. You can go in to your cube; The row continues to your west, and there's a hallway to your east.

>save

Ok.

>w

*Here I finally get wise to your game and give myself a save point. A foreword warning players to save often might be nice.*

center row

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

There's a bit of tape hanging off of the corner of one of the cubes.

>x tape

A two-inch piece of used tape you found, it's got some random bits of dust and hair on it, but it's still pretty sticky.

>get tape

Taken.

>w

west hallway

The noise of the office always catches you off guard. Hundreds of employees are on the phones, assisting customers by putting them on hold and eating sandwiches and working diligently to find more sandwiches. The hallway continues to the north and south, and you can see a row of cubes to the east.

Some worker rushes past you.

>i

You have a bit of tape, a lunch sack, and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

>eat lunch

Just the thought of eating the lunch sack makes you pause and contemplate your lack of college education.

The short messy blonde person coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>open lunch

You open the lunch sack, revealing a ham sandwich.

>eat sandwich

(the employee's sandwiches)

Yes, the obvious answer is to eat the employee's sandwiches! Wait . . . No. No that isn't the answer at all.

>eat ham

You aren't hungry right now.

.

>close lunch

You close the lunch sack.

>n

northwest corner

This is a fairly plain corner of the office. A row of cubes starts to your east, and the hallway continues south.

You dodge to avoid a technician hurrying past.

>e

north row

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

>e

north row east

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your west, and there's a hallway to your east. You can hear the bustle of the breakroom to the north.

>n

breakroom

There's plenty of people milling around, and a few tables next to a closed refrigerator with two, large glass doors that is surrounded by snack, soda and coffee machines. A large couch on one wall faces an old CRT television mounted up on the opposite wall next to the bulletin board. You can hear the chatter of people hard at work to the south.

You can see Frank here.

Frank leans against the wall.

The television is momentarily drowned out by a brunette worker laughing at something.

>open fridge

You open the work refrigerator.

>put lunch in fridge

You put the lunch sack into the work refrigerator.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

You step back as a technician squeezes by on his way to get some coffee.

>close fridge

You close the work refrigerator.

Frank whistles to himself.

>talk to frank

[To start a conversation, try to ASK Frank ABOUT something or TELL Frank ABOUT something.]



>ask frank about report

He puts up a hand, "Thanks, but I don't even like talking about my own work."

Frank leans against the wall.

>tell frank about report

He puts up a hand, "Thanks, but I don't even like talking about my own work."

>tell frank about car

Frank cuts you off, "Honestly man, you think I don't have to deal with that topic often enough just working for him?"

A weird looking worker buys something out of the snack machine.

>\* Wouldn't I tell him about my breakdown?

That's not a verb I recognize.

>ask frank about boss

"C'mon man, you know I don't talk about coworkers."

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

>ask frank about work

Frank shrugs, "Dunno man."

Frank whistles to himself.

>i

*I found Frank very difficult to talk to. There's lots of things I might **ask** Frank about or **tell** him about. It's not every day your car breaks down on the way to work.*

*Frank must have an opinion about his boss. Frank clearly wants to go home, but thus far, there's nothing to indicate that the boss is why he's stuck here.*

You have a bit of tape and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

Frank leans against the wall.

You step back as a tall man squeezes by on his way to get some coffee.

>kiss frank

Romeo dies in the end. Don't be a Romeo.

*Hehe. Nice.*

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

>frank, write my report

There is no reply.

Frank whistles to himself.

>punch frank

Violence isn't the answer to this one.

*This needs an equally witty response.*

Frank leans against the wall.

>get coffee

That's hardly portable.

*In my world it is...*

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

>look

breakroom

There's plenty of people milling around, and a few tables next to a closed refrigerator with two, large glass doors that is surrounded by snack, soda and coffee machines. A large couch on one wall faces an old CRT television mounted up on the opposite wall next to the bulletin board. You can hear the chatter of people hard at work to the south.

You can see Frank here.

>x people

Just a lot of people coming and going.

>x tablel

That isn't here.

>x table

That isn't here.

>x tables

That isn't here.

>x refrigerator

In the work refrigerator are a lunch sack and some meals.

>x meals

A great mess of take-out, lunch bags and other meals.

>x snack

It's a little overwhelming honestly, how little interest you have in all the crap they try to get you to pay for. The only machine that you've ever used is the Mo'Nerds Doo dispenser, which will happily crap out the foulest bile-colored beverage you've ever seen. However: taste, color and rightfully-earned social stigma aside--if you need a pick-me-up it's the tried and true method.

>x soda

You stare at the only machine worth your time. A lime-green tower of sheer awful. It screams EXTREME messages at you letting you know that you need to "JUST DOO IT!" and "SLAMCHUG IT!" Really it should just tell you that "IF YOU PUT IN A DOLLAR, YOU WILL GET ABJECT CRAP BUT IT WILL WAKE YOU UP!" It's covered in buttons, all offering the same exact soda.

>push button

Which do you mean, the red dispenser button, yellow dispenser button, blue dispenser button, green dispenser button, gold dispenser button, or silver dispenser button?

>red

The machine blurts, "An EXTREME soda requires an EXTREME dollar! SLAMCHUG IT!"

Frank whistles to himself.

>ask frank for a dollar

That isn't here.

>ask frank about money

He pauses "Now that you mention it, I might have a dollar on me. Tell you what, I have a big date tonight and could use some extra time to prepare . . . You find a way to get me out of here a couple hours early--say, three o'clock--without the boss noticing, and it's yours." He smiles, "Normally I'd just give it to you, but bud, I really need this favor. Please."

*Now we're getting somewhere. I have my next objective.*

>x frank

He's always fairly sharply dressed, good with the ladies and most importantly, completely apathetic to just about everything else. He's been here almost as

long as you, and you've both become known as the go-to guys for proper slacking etiquette.

>tell frank about lunch

"Nah, I'm good, thanks though."

*It occurred to me that if Frank ate my molding lunch, he would get sick and go home early.*

The television is momentarily drowned out by a tall man laughing at something.

>x tv

There's a commercial on about some kind of men's body spray.

>x couch

A nasty couch, upholstered in old and stained fabric.

>look

breakroom

There's plenty of people milling around, and a few tables next to a closed refrigerator with two, large glass doors that is surrounded by snack, soda and coffee machines. A large couch on one wall faces an old CRT television mounted up on the opposite wall next to the bulletin board. You can hear the chatter of people hard at work to the south.

You can see Frank here.

>x coffee

It's a little overwhelming honestly, how little interest you have in all the crap they try to get you to pay for. The only machine that you've ever used is the Mo'Nerds Doo dispenser, which will happily crap out the foulest bile-colored beverage you've ever seen. However: taste, color and rightfully-earned social stigma aside--if you need a pick-me-up it's the tried and true method.

>get soda

That's hardly portable.

Frank leans against the wall.

>get lunch

The work refrigerator isn't open.

>open fridge

You open the work refrigerator.

>get lunch

Taken.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

>give lunch to frank

Frank doesn't seem interested.

>frank, south

Frank has better things to do.

>frank, eat ham

There is no reply.

Frank whistles to himself.

>put lunch in fridge

You put the lunch sack into the work refrigerator.

>close fridge

You close the work refrigerator.

>s

north row east

>e

northeast corner

There's a lot of foot traffic here with the bathrooms being to the east, human resources to the north, cubes to the west, and the hallway continuing to the south.

You dodge to avoid a worker hurrying past.

>n

human resources

You're reminded of an OBGYN waiting room. There's an excessive amount of "natural" light from some kind of fancy bulbs, a small desk, a few magazines. You can head back to the office to the south.

*How the heck does my character know anything about an OBGYN waiting room?*

Pauline sits at a her desk, smiling unnervingly.

>ask pauline about money

You start on one topic, but everything keeps branching out until you find yourself venting and talking about your entire life's story and everyone involved in it. She discusses things with you, listens to you in full, smiles when appropriate and nods gravely here and there. When you are finished she thanks you for sharing your feelings and assures you that your issues will be addressed.

She reassures you that you have been heard.

There is no reply.

[Your level of heat has cooled noticeably]

>x magazines

They're just a bunch of out-of-date boring magazines. You couldn't force yourself to read them if you tried.

>ask pauline about frank

She reassures you that you have been heard.



She reassures you that you have been heard.

There is no reply.

>tell pauline about frank

This provokes no reaction.

>pauline, s

Pauline has better things to do.

>i

You have a bit of tape and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

>give tape to pauline

Pauline doesn't seem interested.

>s



northeast corner

>look

northeast corner

There's a lot of foot traffic here with the bathrooms being to the east, human resources to the north, cubes to the west, and the hallway continuing to the south.

>e

corporate bathroom

The bathroom is precisely as grey, sanitized, and feature-filled as every corporate restroom you've ever been in. Stalls line one wall, punctuated by urinals at the end; a long row of sinks line the opposite wall. The only exit is to the west.

*I saw something about soap in the walkthrough, but there's no mention of soap here or in the description of the sinks.*

A hand dryer is attached to the wall next to the sinks.

.

>x stalls

They line the wall.

>x stall

They line the wall.

>x sink

They're just sinks.

>x urinal

Just like all the other urinals you've ever seen.

>x dryer

(the hand dryer)

The hand dryer is a medium sized metal box attached to the wall. It has a button you can press to turn it on.

>push button

It rattles for a minute, but something seems to be blocking the air.

>look in dryer

(the hand dryer)

You can't decide if you see something inside of it or not. It's dark, and just slightly too small for you to fit your hand in to feel around.

>i

You have a bit of tape and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

>break dryer

(the hand dryer)

You give it a solid "whack" and something falls to the floor.

>look

corporate bathroom

The bathroom is precisely as grey, sanitized, and feature-filled as every corporate restroom you've ever been in. Stalls line one wall, punctuated by urinals at the end; a long row of sinks line the opposite wall. The only exit is to the west.

A hand dryer is attached to the wall next to the sinks.

.

You can also see an eraser here.

>get eraser

Taken.

>x eraser

It's been a while since you've even seen one. When is the last time you used a pencil, much less erased the errors you made with one? It's largish, pink, and rectangular.

>w

northeast corner

>s

east hallway

This hallway leads to the northeast corner to the north, a row of cubes to the west, and to the south the hallway continues on towards your boss's office and the elevator.

You can see a fire alarm here.

Some messy brunette technician rushes past you.

>x alarm

An older model fire alarm; the kind you pull on to activate. A Couch F5GX non-coded fire alarm pull station with a 10" bell mounted into the wall above it to be precise. You have no idea how you know that.

It's set to the off (read: not annoying) position.

>s

southeast corner

There isn't much traffic here. To the east is your boss's office, north is more hallway, and to the west is a row of cubicles. On one wall there is an elevator to the second floor, next to it is a small scanner.

You can see a boss's door here.

>x scanner

It's small and rectangular. It's glossy, black surface has an indent in the middle where it scans and reads fingerprints. You've seen your boss use it plenty of times.

>x elevator

It's an elevator. It has two doors, and by all appearances (going off of your general knowledge of elevators) has the ability to transport you from one floor to another.

>x door

It's practically a wood frame around some almost bullet-proof glass. You can't really see anything in the office though, and are pretty sure it was angled to have exactly that effect.

>use scanner

[The word "USE" is too vague, and in essence doesn't mean anything since only you can provide the context of your actions. To "USE" something, try things like "TURN the announcements", "TURN ON the iron", "PUSH the out-box", "EAT the ham sandwich", "INSERT the iron INTO the shower", "PUT the bottle ON your boss's chair", ect.]

>put hand on scanner

That isn't here.

*The hand scanner is too suspicious to be unimportant, but I was never given any motivation to figure it out.*

>x indent

That isn't here.

>put finger on scanner

That isn't here.

>open elevator

You try to get your fingers in between the doors, but even calling on all your hurculean strength doesn't help.

You dodge to avoid a brunette person hurrying past.

>e

You can't, since the boss's door is in the way.

>w

south row east

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

>w

south row

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

>w



southwest corner

This is a relatively busy corner of the office. People are working diligently to the east, with the Data Analyst's office to the south. The hallway resumes to the north.

>s

data analyst's office

You are basically in a walk-in closet. Cramped into this tiny area is a small and very messy desk, an old barely-functioning computer, a wall calendar and a stacks of boxes stuffed with papers. It makes you claustrophobic just thinking about spending more than a few minutes in here.

On the data desk are a small dispenser (in which are four sticky strips of tape) and a Bill's work phone.

On Bill's chair is Bill.

Bill scribbles some numbers down.

>x desk


It's basically a large metal table. You can tell he doesn't throw anything away as it's covered with old notes and spreadsheets.

>x computer

Covered in Expel spreadsheets, the numbers almost seem like they're physically attacking you.

>x calendar

It's over two and a half decades old. Bill has a thing about numbers that you never really understood, but he gets a kick out of the fact that he can reuse calendars every 28 years since the days line up again. You notice a small post-it note covering up on of the days.



*"...small post-it note covering up  
**one** of the days."*

>x post-it

It's blank.

>take post-it

Bill slaps his hand over the note and screws up his face, obviously hoping you didn't have a chance to read what was underneath.

Bill types away.

>x data desk

It's basically a large metal table. You can tell he doesn't throw anything away as it's covered with old notes and spreadsheets.

>x dispenser

It's a small, rectangular small dispenser that has pre-cut pieces of tape inside.

>x tape

(the bit of tape)

A two-inch piece of used tape you found, it's got some random bits of dust and hair on it, but it's still pretty sticky.

>x strips

You can't use multiple objects with that verb.

>x strip

It is sticky.

>x bill

Bill is a data entry guy through and through, and looks the part. He alternates between the intellectual hippy and the put-together D&D nerd. Today he's somewhere in between the two

>tell bill about tape

"I'm pretty busy, and you're not really helping."

Bill rubs his eyes and resumes working.

>ask bill about tape

Without turning away from his computer, he replies, "No idea."

>ask bill about money

Without turning away from his computer, he replies, "No idea."

Bill types away.

>ask bill about frank

Without turning away from his computer, he replies, "No idea."

Bill rubs his eyes and resumes working.

>tell bill about frank

"I'm pretty busy, and you're not really helping."

Bill types away.

>ask bill about report

He sighs, "Why? Do you have another one for me?"

*Well, it's a small bite, but it tells me Bill will be useless until after I get Frank home and get my soda and get my report.*



>n

southwest corner

>n

west hallway

>n

northwest corner

Some tidy technician rushes past you.

>e

north row

>e

north row east

>n

breakroom

You can see Frank here.

Frank leans against the wall.

>i

You have an eraser, a bit of tape, and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

>tell frank about alarm

""And knowing is half the battle!" Frank laughs.

*Figured Frank might just slip out  
when the alarm went off.  
Apparently not.*

Frank whistles to himself.

>ask frank about alarm

He yawns, "I'm completely out of the loop on that one, sorry bud."

Frank leans against the wall.

>tell frank about whole grain cereal

""And knowing is half the battle!" Frank laughs.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

A man buys something out of the snack machine.

>tell frank about fire

""And knowing is half the battle!" Frank laughs.

Frank whistles to himself.

>s

north row east

>w

north row

>w

northwest corner

The short weird looking man coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>s

west hallway

>s

southwest corner

>s

data analyst's office

On the data desk are a small dispenser (in which are four sticky strips of tape) and a Bill's work phone.

On Bill's chair is Bill.

Bill rubs his eyes and resumes working.

>n

southwest corner

>e

south row

You try to ignore a brunette technician as he argues with his coworker about something exceptionally nerdy.

>e

south row east

Just a bit away from you a short person slams his headset into his desk and curses.

>e

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>open door

You open the door since it's only locked when he leaves.

>e

boss's office

Here is your least favorite room in the building. It contains a comically oversized wall clock, a large and cluttered desk, a phone that's used far too often, and a computer that is perpetually stuck on various humor websites. Your skin crawls just standing here.

*It finally occurs to me to barge in on the boss without being summoned. You could have mentioned something about it being unlocked, or having a reason to go in.*

On the boss's desk are your boss's computer, a coffee mug, and a note of approval.

Your boss sits in his chair, working.

>x clock

this is a huge circular wall clock which is as aesthetically offensive as it is old. A small winding knob is on one side and it currently reads 12:40 pm.

*This is clued well. I did get the bit about winding the clock.*

>x note

This is just a generic sheet of approval. Your boss gives these out to his favor--eh, hardest working employees so that they can request time off.

>x mug

An oversized kiln-fired coffee mug. His kid probably made it, and his wife probably made him keep it. In its defense, your boss's greasy hands have given it a wonderful shine.

>x phone

An entirely unlabeled phone, and since you don't know anyone's extension by heart, it's also an entirely useless phone.

>x desk

The scratches in its surface tell you he's probably had this thing longer than he's worked at CorpoDivisionTech Inc. Its finish has all but been worn away, and the oak is showing through. There's a drawer built into it.

*"The scratches in **its** surface..."  
No apostrophe when using its as a possessive.*

>x drawer

It's just a rickety drawer built into the desk.

*Later, I completely forgot about the drawer. I hope it wasn't important.*

>x boss

(your boss)

He's overweight, grumpy and entirely uninterested in just about everything outside of his car. He has no problem pretending you aren't even talking to him, and it is beyond grating. He's sitting on his chair, doing whatever he does when he's in his office.

>ask boss about coffee

(your boss about that)

He looks right through you as though you weren't even there.

Your boss swivels in his chair a little.

>get coffee

Taken.

>out

But you aren't in anything at the moment.

>e

You can't go that way.

>w

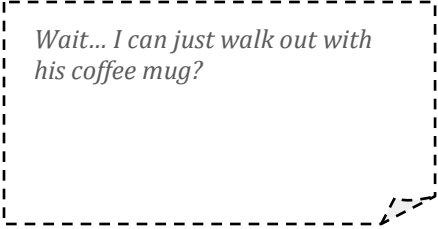
southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>e

boss's office

On the boss's desk are your boss's computer and a note of approval.



*Wait... I can just walk out with  
his coffee mug?*

Your boss sits in his chair, working.

The room goes silent as your boss stares at you for a moment, obviously wondering what you need.

>ask boss about coffee

(your boss about that)

He looks right through you as though you weren't even there.

>tell boss about frank

(your boss about that)

He ardently ignores you entirely.

>ask boss about coffee

(your boss about that)

He looks right through you as though you weren't even there.

Your boss glances at you, and then at the boss's desk. It's almost like you aren't even here.

>get note

Your boss slaps his hand over it, "I can't think of anything less probable than you ever getting your hands on one of these."

Your boss puts his hand up to you, then puts a finger to his lips. He dials someone and unleashes a barrage of expletives and then slams the phone down.

>wind clock

It's excruciatingly slow work, as it takes countless rotations just to move it a few minutes ahead. Your only saving grace is your boss's recent trip to the coast, he might not notice if you set the clock exactly 2 hours ahead. Need to get it done by 3:00 for Frank; it had better be worth all the stress.

*I guess reasoned argument is out of the question.*

*I'm not sure this was supposed to work the first time with the boss in the room.*

You wind the clock forward by 15 minutes. The clock now reads 1:05 pm, 15 minutes fast.

Your boss flicks something off his shoulder.

>g

Your boss glowers at you, "I am trying very hard not to find a reason to fire you right now, and the only thing keeping from doing it is the joy I will get from doing it later."

*And once again, I'm pretty much screwed here, though I don't know it yet.*

You try to explain that you saw something on Faux News about lagging time signatures caused by the weight of poor people throwing the axis of the Earth slightly off this morning, but he just snorts and waits for you to move away from his clock. You shy away defeated, watching as he resets the clock back to the correct time.

>undo

boss's office

[Previous turn undone.]

It's frustrating when you can't get things right the first time (this will register after your first move following the undo).

>e

You can't go that way.

Your boss swivels in his chair a little.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>w



southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>s

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>w

south row east

>e

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>e

boss's office

On the boss's desk are your boss's computer and a note of approval.

Your boss sits in his chair, working.

>wind clock

Your boss glowers at you, "I am trying very hard not to find a reason to fire you right now, and the only thing keeping from doing it is the joy I will get from doing it later."

You try to explain that you saw something on Faux News about lagging time signatures caused by the weight of poor people throwing the axis of the Earth slightly off this morning, but he just snorts and waits for you to move away from his clock. You shy away defeated, watching as he resets the clock back to the correct time.

The room goes silent as your boss stares at you for a moment, obviously wondering what you need.

>w

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>i

You have a coffee mug, an eraser, a bit of tape, and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

Your stomach rumbles.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>pull alarm

You casually pull on the fire alarm, setting it off.

>s

southeast corner

You can also see a boss's door here.

Your boss goes north.

>e

You can't, since the boss's door is in the way.

Just a bit away from you a person slams his headset into his desk and curses.

>open door

It seems to be locked.

You try to ignore a technician as he argues with his coworker about something exceptionally nerdy.

>n

east hallway

You can also see a fire alarm here.

Your boss is looking carefully at the fire alarm and the area around it. You've seen this side of him before, and he's out for blood.

From the glances he's shooting you, he seems pretty certain that you had something to do with it.

>n

northeast corner

Just a bit away from you a worker slams his headset into his desk and curses.

>w

north row east

>n

breakroom

You can see Frank here.

>give mug to frank

Frank doesn't seem interested.

Frank leans against the wall.

The television is momentarily drowned out by a medium-height person laughing at something.

>tell frank about clock

"And knowing is half the battle!" Frank laughs.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

*Throughout, I figured Frank might want to be informed of my progress. Hitting this default message made me suspect I was not on the right track.*

>get coffee

(the coffee mug)

You already have that.

Frank whistles to himself.

>s

north row east

>[I cut several pages of transcript here where I go to the menu and look for hints]

north row east

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your west, and there's a hallway to your east. You can hear the bustle of the breakroom to the north.

>s

You can't go that way.

The worker coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>w

north row

>s

You can't go that way.

>e

north row east

You dodge to avoid a tidy worker hurrying past.

>e

northeast corner

>s

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

The tidy brunette technician coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>s

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>x door

It's practically a wood frame around some almost bullet-proof glass. You can't really see anything in the office though, and are pretty sure it was angled to have exactly that effect. You note that the strike plate used to catch the latch to his office has been worn quite a bit. There's a lot of extra room in the center now; it's probably been screwed to the frame for a history of ill-fitting locks and latches.

>i

You have a coffee mug, an eraser, a bit of tape, and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

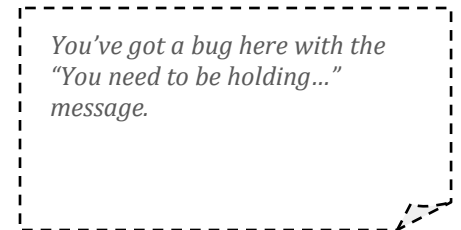
>put eraser in plate

Your manager to fit it in just so. It doesn't look like it's going to be very stable like that though.

>put tape on eraser

You secure it in place quickly, hoping nobody notices.

You need to be holding the bit of tape before you can put it on top of something else.



>\*?

That's not a verb I recognize.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>pull alarm

You don't want to press your luck.

>g

You don't want to press your luck.

>s

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

You step aside for a blonde worker who is glued to his cell phone.

>w

south row east

You try to ignore a worker as he argues with his coworker about something exceptionally nerdy.

>e

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

Some person rushes past you.

>e

boss's office

Your boss sits in his chair, working.

On the boss's desk are your boss's computer and a note of approval.

>wind clock

Without a word your boss brushes you aside and resets the clock back to the correct time. At this point he's simply pretending you don't exist, which is probably good for his blood pressure.

Your boss glances at you, and then at the boss's clock. It's almost like you aren't even here.



>wind clock

Without a word your boss brushes you aside and resets the clock back to the correct time. At this point he's simply pretending you don't exist, which is probably good for his blood pressure.

>e

You can't go that way.

Your boss puts his hand up to you, then puts a finger to his lips. He dials someone and unleashes a barrage of expletives and then slams the phone down.

>w

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>pull alarm

You don't want to press your luck.

>reload

That's not a verb I recognize.

>restore

Ok.

*And this pretty much concludes attempt three. Having ruined my first opportunity with the fire alarm, I figured I was out of luck.*

>i

You have a lunch sack and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

>e

east hallway

This hallway leads to the northeast corner to the north, a row of cubes to the west, and to the south the hallway continues on towards your boss's office and the elevator.

You can see a fire alarm here.

>n

northeast corner

There's a lot of foot traffic here with the bathrooms being to the east, human resources to the north, cubes to the west, and the hallway continuing to the south.

>e

corporate bathroom

The bathroom is precisely as grey, sanitized, and feature-filled as every corporate restroom you've ever been in. Stalls line one wall, punctuated by urinals at the end; a long row of sinks line the opposite wall. The only exit is to the west.

A hand dryer is attached to the wall next to the sinks.

.

>attack dryer

(the hand dryer)

You give it a solid "whack" and something falls to the floor.

>get eraser

Taken.

>w

northeast corner

>n

human resources

You're reminded of an OBGYN waiting room. There's an excessive amount of "natural" light from some kind of fancy bulbs, a small desk, a few magazines. You can head back to the office to the south.

Pauline sits at a her desk, smiling unnervingly.

>ask pauline about yankees

You start on one topic, but everything keeps branching out until you find yourself venting and talking about your entire life's story and everyone involved in it. She discusses things with you, listens to you in full, smiles when appropriate and nods gravely here and there. When you are finished she thanks you for sharing your feelings and assures you that your issues will be addressed.

She reassures you that you have been heard.

There is no reply.

[Your level of heat has cooled noticeably]

>s

northeast corner

>e

corporate bathroom

A hand dryer is attached to the wall next to the sinks.

.

>w

northeast corner

>w

north row east

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your west, and there's a hallway to your east. You can hear the bustle of the breakroom to the north.

You dodge to avoid a brunette technician hurrying past.

>n

breakroom

There's plenty of people milling around, and a few tables next to a closed refrigerator with two, large glass doors that is surrounded by snack, soda and coffee machines. A large couch on one wall faces an old CRT television mounted up on the opposite wall next to the bulletin board. You can hear the chatter of people hard at work to the south.

You can see Frank here.

>open fridge. put lunch in fridge. close fridge.

You open the work refrigerator.

Frank leans against the wall.

You put the lunch sack into the work refrigerator.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

You close the work refrigerator.

Frank whistles to himself.

>ask frank about money.

Frank shrugs, "Dunno man."

Frank leans against the wall.

>s

north row east

>e

*I continued to try and save my lunch, though I'm not sure it's important.*

*I didn't notice here that I hadn't gotten the correct response.*

northeast corner

>s

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>s

southeast corner

There isn't much traffic here. To the east is your boss's office, north is more hallway, and to the west is a row of cubicles. On one wall there is an elevator to the second floor, next to it is a small scanner.

You can see a boss's door here.

>x door

It's practically a wood frame around some almost bullet-proof glass. You can't really see anything in the office though, and are pretty sure it was angled to have exactly that effect.

>open door

You open the door since it's only locked when he leaves.

>x door

It's practically a wood frame around some almost bullet-proof glass. You can't really see anything in the office though, and are pretty sure it was angled to have exactly that effect. You note that the strike plate used to catch the latch to his office has been worn quite a bit. There's a lot of extra room in the center now; it's probably been screwed to the frame for a history of ill-fitting locks and latches.

>i

You have an eraser and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>e

You can't go that way.

>w

center row east

>w

center row

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

There's a bit of tape hanging off of the corner of one of the cubes.

The technician coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>get tape

Taken.

You try to ignore a person as he argues with his coworker about something exceptionally nerdy.

>w

west hallway

The noise of the office always catches you off guard. Hundreds of employees are on the phones, assisting customers by putting them on hold and eating sandwiches and working diligently to find more sandwiches. The hallway continues to the north and south, and you can see a row of cubes to the east.

>w

You can't go that way.

Just a bit away from you a person slams his headset into his desk and curses.

>e

center row

>e

center row east

The tidy worker coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>e

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>s



southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

You try to ignore a worker as he argues with his coworker about something exceptionally nerdy.

>put eraser in plate

You manager to fit it in just so. It doesn't look like it's going to be very stable like that though.

The messy brunette worker coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>put tape over eraser

I didn't understand that sentence.

>put tape on eraser

You secure it in place quickly, hoping nobody notices.

You need to be holding the bit of tape before you can put it on top of something else.

Some man rushes past you.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>pull alarm

You casually pull on the fire alarm, setting it off.

Some brunette person rushes past you.

>s

southeast corner

You can also see a boss's door here.

Hopefully your boss's door isn't able to lock this time around.

Your boss goes north.

>e

You can't, since the boss's door is in the way.

>open door

The tape holds and the door opens.

>e

boss's office

Here is your least favorite room in the building. It contains a comically oversized wall clock, a large and cluttered desk, a phone that's used far too often, and a computer that is perpetually stuck on various humor websites. Your skin crawls just standing here.

On the boss's desk are your boss's computer, a coffee mug, and a note of approval.

You can also see your boss's chair here.

>wind clock

You can't think of a single reason to risk angring your boss just so you play with his clock.

>g

You can't think of a single reason to risk angring your boss just so you play with his clock.

>g

You can't think of a single reason to risk angring your boss just so you play with his clock.

>x clock

this is a huge circular wall clock which is as aesthetically offensive as it is old. A small winding knob is on one side and it currently reads 11:53 am.

>wind knob

You can't think of a single reason to risk angring your boss just so you play with his clock.

>\* Okay, what? I can't wind the clock unless I know why?

You seem to want to talk to someone, but I can't see whom.

>restore

Ok.

>w

*And here I can't wind the clock unless I've tried the machine, then talked to Frank. This really annoyed me. End attempt #4.*

center row

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

There's a bit of tape hanging off of the corner of one of the cubes.

>get tape

Taken.

>w

west hallway

The noise of the office always catches you off guard. Hundreds of employees are on the phones, assisting customers by putting them on hold and eating sandwiches and working diligently to find more sandwiches. The hallway continues to the north and south, and you can see a row of cubes to the east.

You step aside for a messy weird looking man who is glued to his cell phone.

>n

northwest corner

This is a fairly plain corner of the office. A row of cubes starts to your east, and the hallway continues south.

>e

north row

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

>e

north row east

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your west, and there's a hallway to your east. You can hear the bustle of the breakroom to the north.

You step aside for a person who is glued to his cell phone.

>n

breakroom

There's plenty of people milling around, and a few tables next to a closed refrigerator with two, large glass doors that is surrounded by snack, soda and coffee machines. A large couch on one wall faces an old CRT television mounted up on the opposite wall next to the bulletin board. You can hear the chatter of people hard at work to the south.

You can see Frank here.

Frank leans against the wall.

>open fridge. put lunch in fridge. close fridge.

You open the work refrigerator.

You put the lunch sack into the work refrigerator.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

You close the work refrigerator.

A short worker buys something out of the snack machine.

>ask frank about money.

Frank shrugs, "Dunno man."

The television is momentarily drowned out by a technician laughing at something.

>get soda

That's hardly portable.

A technician buys something out of the snack machine.

>x soda

You stare at the only machine worth your time. A lime-green tower of sheer awful. It screams EXTREME messages at you letting you know that you need to "JUST DOO IT!" and "SLAMCHUG IT!" Really it should just tell you that "IF YOU PUT IN A DOLLAR, YOU WILL GET ABJECT CRAP BUT IT WILL WAKE YOU UP!" It's covered in buttons, all offering the same exact soda.

>push button

Which do you mean, the red dispenser button, yellow dispenser button, blue dispenser button, green dispenser button, gold dispenser button, or silver dispenser button?

>push red butotn

That isn't here.

>push red button

The machine blurts, "An EXTREME soda requires an EXTREME dollar! SLAMCHUG IT!"

Frank whistles to himself.

The television is momentarily drowned out by a tidy blonde worker laughing at something.

>ask frank about dollar

He pauses "Now that you mention it, I might have a dollar on me. Tell you what, I have a big date tonight and could use some extra time to prepare . . . You find a way to get me out of here a couple hours early--say, three o'clock--without the boss noticing, and it's yours." He smiles, "Normally I'd just give it to you, but bud, I really need this favor. Please."

>s

north row east

>e

northeast corner

There's a lot of foot traffic here with the bathrooms being to the east, human resources to the north, cubes to the west, and the hallway continuing to the south.

The tidy man coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>s

east hallway

This hallway leads to the northeast corner to the north, a row of cubes to the west, and to the south the hallway continues on towards your boss's office and the elevator.

You can see a fire alarm here.

Some man rushes past you.

>n

northeast corner

>e

corporate bathroom

The bathroom is precisely as grey, sanitized, and feature-filled as every corporate restroom you've ever been in. Stalls line one wall, punctuated by urinals at the end; a long row of sinks line the opposite wall. The only exit is to the west.

A hand dryer is attached to the wall next to the sinks.

.

>kick dryer

(the hand dryer)

You give it a solid "whack" and something falls to the floor.

>get eraser

Taken.

>w



northeast corner

You step aside for a person who is glued to his cell phone.

>s

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>s

southeast corner

There isn't much traffic here. To the east is your boss's office, north is more hallway, and to the west is a row of cubicles. On one wall there is an elevator to the second floor, next to it is a small scanner.

You can see a boss's door here.

>open door

You open the door since it's only locked when he leaves.

>put eraser in plate

You manage to fit it in just so. It doesn't look like it's going to be very stable like that though.

You step aside for a worker who is glued to his cell phone.

>put tape on eraser

You secure it in place quickly, hoping nobody notices.

You need to be holding the bit of tape before you can put it on top of something else.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>pull alarm

You casually pull on the fire alarm, setting it off.

You step aside for a tall worker who is glued to his cell phone.

>s

southeast corner

You can also see a boss's door here.

Hopefully your boss's door isn't able to lock this time around.

Your boss goes north.

>open door

The tape holds and the door opens.

>e

boss's office

Here is your least favorite room in the building. It contains a comically oversized wall clock, a large and cluttered desk, a phone that's used far too

often, and a computer that is perpetually stuck on various humor websites. Your skin crawls just standing here.

On the boss's desk are your boss's computer, a coffee mug, and a note of approval.

You can also see your boss's chair here.

>wind clock

It's excruciatingly slow work, as it takes countless rotations just to move it a few minutes ahead. Your only saving grace is your boss's recent trip to the coast, he might not notice if you set the clock exactly 2 hours ahead. Need to get it done by 3:00 for Frank; it had better be worth all the stress.

You wind the clock forward by 15 minutes. The clock now reads 11:54 am, 15 minutes fast.

>g

You wind the clock forward by 15 minutes. The clock now reads 12:10 pm, 30 minutes fast.

>g

You wind the clock forward by 15 minutes. The clock now reads 12:26 pm, 45 minutes fast.

>g

You wind the clock forward by 15 minutes. The clock now reads 12:42 pm, 1 hour fast.

>g

You wind the clock forward by 15 minutes. The clock now reads 12:58 pm, 1 hour and 15 minutes fast.

>g

You wind the clock forward by 15 minutes. The clock now reads 1:14 pm, 1 hour and 30 minutes fast.

Your boss arrives from the west.

>ask boss about alarm

(your boss about that)

He looks right through you as though you weren't even there.

>wind clock

Your boss glowers at you, "I am trying very hard not to find a reason to fire you right now, and the only thing keeping from doing it is the joy I will get from doing it later."

You try to explain that you saw something on Faux News about lagging time signatures caused by the weight of poor people throwing the axis of the Earth slightly off this morning, but he just snorts and waits for you to move away from his clock. You shy away defeated, watching as he resets the clock back to the correct time.

Your boss swivels in his chair a little.

>undo

boss's office

[Previous turn undone.]

It's frustrating when you can't get things right the first time (this will register after your first move following the undo).

>w

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

*Now that I've wound the clock  
some, but ran out of time, I know  
there's got to be another shot at  
getting the boss out of his office.  
I just don't know when.*

a tall tidy worker wanders by you in a zombie-like state.

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>menu

[ Another long section of looking up hints and/or solutions]

southeast corner

There isn't much traffic here. To the east is your boss's office, north is more hallway, and to the west is a row of cubicles. On one wall there is an elevator to the second floor, next to it is a small scanner.

You can see a boss's door here.

>e

boss's office

Your boss sits in his chair, working.

On the boss's desk are your boss's computer, a coffee mug, and a note of approval.

Your boss swivels in his chair a little.

>get mug

Taken.

>w

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>break mug

Violence isn't the answer to this one.

>x mug

An oversized kiln-fired coffee mug. His kid probably made it, and his wife probably made him keep it. In its defense, your boss's greasy hands have given it a wonderful shine.

>w

south row east

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

>w

south row

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

>w

southwest corner

This is a relatively busy corner of the office. People are working diligently to the east, with the Data Analyst's office to the south. The hallway resumes to the north.

>s

data analyst's office

You are basically in a walk-in closet. Cramped into this tiny area is a small and very messy desk, an old barely-functioning computer, a wall calendar and a stacks of boxes stuffed with papers. It makes you claustrophobic just thinking about spending more than a few minutes in here.

On the data desk are a small dispenser (in which are four sticky strips of tape) and a Bill's work phone.

On Bill's chair is Bill.

>ask bill about boss

"I'm sorry man, I don't have time to sit around and gossip."

Bill rubs his eyes and resumes working.

>n

southwest corner

>n

west hallway

>n

northwest corner

>look

northwest corner

*I think this is about where I saw the hint about "the one thing your boss loves more than anything in the world." There's been no mention of any such thing, so I went around asking people about the boss. Too bad nobody had any hints.*

This is a fairly plain corner of the office. A row of cubes starts to your east, and the hallway continues south.

>e

north row

>e

north row east

>e

northeast corner

>n

human resources

You're reminded of an OBGYN waiting room. There's an excessive amount of "natural" light from some kind of fancy bulbs, a small desk, a few magazines. You can head back to the office to the south.

Pauline sits at a her desk, smiling unnervingly.

>ask pauline about boss

You start on one topic, but everything keeps branching out until you find yourself venting and talking about your entire life's story and everyone involved in it. She discusses things with you, listens to you in full, smiles when appropriate and nods gravely here and there. When you are finished she thanks you for sharing your feelings and assures you that your issues will be addressed.

She reassures you that you have been heard.



There is no reply.

[Your level of heat has cooled noticeably]

>ask pauline about phone

She reassures you that you have been heard.

She reassures you that you have been heard.

There is no reply.

>s

northeast corner

>w

north row east

>n

breakroom

You can see Frank here.

Frank leans against the wall.

>ask frank about boss

"C'mon man, you know I don't talk about coworkers."

A tall person buys something out of the snack machine.

>ask frank about dollar

Frank sighs, "We covered this, man. It's yours as soon as you get me safe passage out of this joint by three o'clock."

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

>s

north row east

>menu

[Due to a complete lack of hints, I go back to the walkthrough].

north row east

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your west, and there's a hallway to your east. You can hear the bustle of the breakroom to the north.

>\* Okay, really? What mustang?

You seem to want to talk to someone, but I can't see whom.

>n

breakroom

You can see Frank here.

*Here, I go to the solutions and see for the first time references to a whole bunch of places and objects I'd never seen. Coupon in the breakroom? Guard? Parking Lot? Mustang? Receptionist? Where is all this stuff?*

*Thinking that I'm really going crazy, I start trying unlisted directions.*

Frank whistles to himself.

>look

breakroom

There's plenty of people milling around, and a few tables next to a closed refrigerator with two, large glass doors that is surrounded by snack, soda and coffee machines. A large couch on one wall faces an old CRT television mounted up on the opposite wall next to the bulletin board. You can hear the chatter of people hard at work to the south.

You can see Frank here.

>x bulletin board

It's just some framed corkboard stuck on the wall. It's covered in fliers.

>x fliers

Almost all of them are just advertisements for working at home for extra cash or local band gigs. However, amongst all the things that are boring and useless, there is an ad with a coupon for a free lunch at Peter Paul & Pizza.

You almost missed that ad amongst the rest of this crap entirely. You immediately set out examining the rest of the fliers, but they continue being extremely boring.

>get coupon

You rip the coupon off the flyer.

You step back as a technician squeezes by on his way to get some coffee.

>s

north row east

You step aside for a tidy worker who is glued to his cell phone.

>w

north row

a worker wanders by you in a zombie-like state.

>w

northwest corner

>look

northwest corner

This is a fairly plain corner of the office. A row of cubes starts to your east, and the hallway continues south.

>s

west hallway

>look

west hallway

The noise of the office always catches you off guard. Hundreds of employees are on the phones, assisting customers by putting them on hold and eating sandwiches and working diligently to find more sandwiches. The hallway continues to the north and south, and you can see a row of cubes to the east.

>s

southwest corner

>look

southwest corner

This is a relatively busy corner of the office. People are working diligently to the east, with the Data Analyst's office to the south. The hallway resumes to the north.

>e

south row

>look

south row

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

>e

south row east

>look

south row east

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

>e

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

You step aside for a brunette technician who is glued to his cell phone.

>enter elevator

You can't get into the closed elevator.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

You dodge to avoid a person hurrying past.

>look

east hallway

This hallway leads to the northeast corner to the north, a row of cubes to the west, and to the south the hallway continues on towards your boss's office and the elevator.

You can see a fire alarm here.

>n

northeast corner

>look

northeast corner

There's a lot of foot traffic here with the bathrooms being to the east, human resources to the north, cubes to the west, and the hallway continuing to the south.

>n

human resources

Pauline sits at a her desk, smiling unnervingly.

>look

human resources

You're reminded of an OBGYN waiting room. There's an excessive amount of "natural" light from some kind of fancy bulbs, a small desk, a few magazines. You can head back to the office to the south.

Pauline sits at a her desk, smiling unnervingly.

>s

northeast corner

You dodge to avoid a messy person hurrying past.

>w

north row east

>look

north row east

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your west, and there's a hallway to your east. You can hear the bustle of the breakroom to the north.

>n

breakroom

You can see Frank here.

>look

breakroom

There's plenty of people milling around, and a few tables next to a closed refrigerator with two, large glass doors that is surrounded by snack, soda and coffee machines. A large couch on one wall faces an old CRT television mounted up on the opposite wall next to the bulletin board. You can hear the chatter of people hard at work to the south.

You can see Frank here.

>s

north row east

>w

north row

>look

north row

Nondescript cubes and vaguely recognizable employees are on either side of you, typing away on computers and chatting into headsets. The row continues to your east, and you can head back to the hallway to the west.

>n

You can't go that way.

The blonde person coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>s

You can't go that way.



>w

northwest corner

Some worker rushes past you.

>n

greeting area

This is a bland room with a single half-circle desk taking up about half of it. The desk has the usual out-box, a phone with all sorts of buttons on it and rows of files on a shelf behind it. Recently all of the computers in the building were updated; the latest model Gateway computer sits behind the desk, binging at random in between crashing. You can experience the freedom of the outdoors to the west, or you can escape the crushing weight of making your own decisions to the south.

*And here, pages later, I finally find the greeting area. You can see I go south and north to double-check that I'm not crazy; the exit to this room is not listed in the northwest corner.*

You can see a receptionist here.

The receptionist dusts off the desk.

>s

northwest corner

>look

northwest corner

This is a fairly plain corner of the office. A row of cubes starts to your east, and the hallway continues south.

>\* No mention of the north exit here! No wonder I was stuck

That's not a verb I recognize.

>n

greeting area

You can see a receptionist here.

>x receptionist

She's been here forever, at least since you started.

>x phone

It's tied into all the internal lines, and can call just about anyone in the building. There's speed dial buttons down one side. There's for the VP, data analyst, reporting office and the boss.

>call boss

You don't own a cell phone and haven't memorized a number since . . . ever really. If you want to call anyone you're going to have to find a phone with speed dial buttons and press one of them.

>ask receptionist about boxx

"I really don't have much to say about that one, hon."

The receptionist answers the phone and in a sing-song voice and hangs up after a moment.

>w

parking lot

Dozens of rows of cars are parked haphazardly out in front of a large two-story building. There's virtually no decorative vegetation, the barest hint of a walkway, and only the most opaquely-tinted windows. CorpoDivision Tech Inc. has been where you spend most of your waking hours for almost three years now. The entrance is to the east.

You can see your boss's Mustang and a security guard here.

*It would have been so helpful for the existence of the Mustang to have been hinted earlier.*

The security guard does a quick inspection of the decorative vegetation. Satisfied, she turns her attention back to you.

>x mustang

Your boss made sure to line his car perfectly between two spaces, leaving half a car's width on either side. A new and garishly yellow Mustang, it wouldn't hurt if he flipped it into a ditch.

>x guard

She seems pretty intent on ensuring that nothing happens on her watch.

>ask guard about boss

"I'm just here to stare at cars, not to make friends."

The security guard glances at you and your keys. Satisfied you are not a security risk, she continues her watch.

>ask guard about mustang

"It's gaudy as Hell, to be honest with you."

The security guard surveys the area, resting her gaze on you.

>ask guard about lunch

She snorts, "I forgot my stupid lunch today, and can't cash my paycheck until after I get off tonight."

The security guard mumbles something about being hungry.

*Your clue finally shows up here. I read the solution before I could get to this puzzle, so I can't say much about whether it's well-clued or not.*

>give coupon to guard

She perks up, and snatches it out of your hands, "Now don't think this means I tolerate you, but I appreciate your efforts to not be completely irritating."

The security guard does a quick inspection of the walkway. Satisfied, she turns her attention back to you.

>wait 17 minutes

The security guard glances at you and the coffee mug. Satisfied you are not a security risk, she continues her watch.

The security guard surveys the area, resting her gaze on you.

The security guard mumbles something about being hungry.

The security guard does a quick inspection of CorpoDivision Tech Inc. Satisfied, she turns her attention back to you.

The security guard glances at you and your keys. Satisfied you are not a security risk, she continues her watch.

The security guard surveys the area, resting her gaze on you.

The security guard mumbles something about being hungry.

The security guard does a quick inspection of the entrance to the office. Satisfied, she turns her attention back to you.

It is now 1:00 pm.

The security guard glances at you and your keys. Satisfied you are not a security risk, she continues her watch.

*Besides reading the solution, how am I supposed to know what time the security guard takes her lunch?*

>z

Time passes.

Your stomach rumbles.

The security guard takes one last look around, glances at her coupon, and takes off to somewhere in the parking lot.

>look

parking lot

Dozens of rows of cars are parked haphazardly out in front of a large two-story building. There's virtually no decorative vegetation, the barest hint of a walkway, and only the most opaquely-tinted windows. CorpoDivision Tech Inc. has been where you spend most of your waking hours for almost three years now. The entrance is to the east.

You can see your boss's Mustang here.

>attack mustang with keys

I only understood you as far as wanting to attack your boss's Mustang.

>x keys

After everything you went through to get them? Not a chance.

>x keys

After everything you went through to get them? Not a chance.

>i

You have a coffee mug and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

>attack mustang



You quickly look around to make sure no one is looking, and then run your keys down the entire length of the car. That was extremely satisfying.

[Your level of heat has cooled noticeably]

>w

You can't go that way.

>e

greeting area

You can see a receptionist here.

The receptionist rummages through her files.

>tell receptionist about mustang

You have to bite your tongue. You don't want to say anything to her about the Mustang's new decor until after the guard gets back to their post; you want to keep suspicion to a minimum.

The receptionist types away.

>s

northwest corner

You step aside for a worker who is glued to his cell phone.

>s

west hallway

>s

southwest corner

>s

data analyst's office

On the data desk are a small dispenser (in which are four sticky strips of tape) and a Bill's work phone.

On Bill's chair is Bill.

>n

southwest corner

>e

south row

>e

south row east

>e

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

Just a bit away from you a technician slams his headset into his desk and curses.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

You step aside for a blonde worker who is glued to his cell phone.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

a tall man wanders by you in a zombie-like state.

>x door



It's practically a wood frame around some almost bullet-proof glass. You can't really see anything in the office though, and are pretty sure it was angled to have exactly that effect. You note that the strike plate used to catch the latch to his office has been worn quite a bit. There's a lot of extra room in the center now; it's probably been screwed to the frame for a history of ill-fitting locks and latches.

>i

You have a coffee mug and your keys. You are wearing your work shoes and your work clothes.

>\* Should mention the eraser

That's not a verb I recognize.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

a weird looking person wanders by you in a zombie-like state.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

Some person rushes past you.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

Just a bit away from you a brunette man slams his headset into his desk and curses.

>z

Time passes.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

Some technician rushes past you.

>n

northeast corner

The person coming up behind you says "Excuse me" as he bustles past.

>n

human resources

Pauline sits at a her desk, smiling unnervingly.

>s

northeast corner

>w

north row east

a tidy worker wanders by you in a zombie-like state.

>w

north row

>w

northwest corner

>n

greeting area

You can see a receptionist here.

The receptionist dusts off the time off sheets.

>e

You can't go that way.

>w

parking lot

You can see your boss's Mustang here.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

The security guard walks back from the parking lot and resumes surveying the area.

>e

greeting area

You can see a receptionist here.

The receptionist answers the phone and in a sing-song voice and hangs up after a moment.

>tell receptionist about car

Since the guard is back, you take the opportunity to inform the receptionist about your latest handiwork. You see her eyes open wide as you let her know about what some awful vigilante has done to your poor boss's car. She picks up the phone and starts dialing; he's going to break land speed records on his way to the parking lot.

The receptionist rummages through her files.

>s

northwest corner

Hopefully your boss's door isn't able to lock this time around.

>s

west hallway

>s

southwest corner

Your boss arrives from the east.

>e

south row

Just a bit away from you a person slams his headset into his desk and curses.

>e

south row east

>e

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>open door

The tape holds and the door opens.

>e

boss's office

On the boss's desk are your boss's computer and a note of approval.

You can also see your boss's chair here.

>wind clock

You wind the clock forward by 15 minutes. The clock now reads 3:56 pm, 1 hour and 45 minutes fast.

>wind clock

You wind the clock forward by 15 minutes. The clock now reads 4:12 pm. 2 hours fast, exactly where it needs to be to get your boss out of here in time for Frank's date.

>get note

Taken.

>w

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>close door

You close the boss's door.

>n

east hallway

*So, puzzle solved, right? Right?  
Maybe not.*

*I figured it would be prudent to  
pick up one of those notes.*



You can see a fire alarm here.

Your boss arrives from the north.

>n

northeast corner

>w

north row east

>n

breakroom

You can see Frank here.

>tell frank about time

""And knowing is half the battle!" Frank laughs.

Frank leans against the wall.

>tell frank about clock

""And knowing is half the battle!" Frank laughs.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

>give note to frank

Frank doesn't seem interested.

*How the heck to I explain to Frank that the boss will be leaving early and he can get out of here at 3?*

Frank whistles to himself.

>x note

This is just a generic sheet of approval. Your boss gives these out to his favor--  
eh, hardest working employees so that they can request time off.

>wait 40 minutes

Frank leans against the wall.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

Frank whistles to himself.

A weird looking technician buys something out of the snack machine.

Frank leans against the wall.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

Frank whistles to himself.

Frank leans against the wall.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

Frank whistles to himself.

Frank leans against the wall.

You step back as a technician squeezes by on his way to get some coffee.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

Frank whistles to himself.

A worker buys something out of the snack machine.

Frank leans against the wall.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

Frank whistles to himself.

Frank leans against the wall.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

You step back as a messy person squeezes by on his way to get some coffee.

The television is momentarily drowned out by a man laughing at something.

Frank whistles to himself.

You step back as a short worker squeezes by on his way to get some coffee.

A messy person buys something out of the snack machine.

The television is momentarily drowned out by a short person laughing at something.

Frank leans against the wall.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

Frank whistles to himself.

Frank leans against the wall.

A weird looking person buys something out of the snack machine.

The television is momentarily drowned out by a man laughing at something.

Frank sighs a little, obviously ready to go home.

Frank whistles to himself.

A worker buys something out of the snack machine.

No doubts your boss will find the tape and eraser in the strike plate on his final check before he leaves.

It is now 3:03 pm.

Frank leans against the wall.

>undo

breakroom

[Previous turn undone.]

*Wait, what the... oh \*\*\*\*.*

*Undo (below)*

It's frustrating when you can't get things right the first time (this will register after your first move following the undo).

>s

north row east

[Your level of heat has risen slightly]

>e

northeast corner

Some tall tidy person rushes past you.

>s

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

>s

southeast corner

You can see a boss's door here.

>x door

It's practically a wood frame around some almost bullet-proof glass. You can't really see anything in the office though, and are pretty sure it was angled to have exactly that effect. You note that the strike plate used to catch the latch to his office has been worn quite a bit. There's a lot of extra room in the center now; it's probably been screwed to the frame for a history of ill-fitting locks and latches.

>get eraser

You risked getting caught, and possibly fired, just to put it in. There's absolutely nothing to gain in taking it out.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

*Wait, I can't take the eraser back? Then why the warning about the boss noticing it?*

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>z

Time passes.

>wait 20 minutes

Some man rushes past you.

It is now 3:00 pm.

You dodge to avoid a messy brunette worker hurrying past.

>n

east hallway

You can see a fire alarm here.

No doubts your boss will find the tape and eraser in the strike plate on his final check before he leaves.

>n

northeast corner

>w

north row east

>n

breakroom

You can see Frank here.

Frank leans against the wall.

Thanks to your crafty time-keeping, your boss should be out of the building by now.

>tell frank about boss

"C'mon man, you know I don't talk about coworkers."

>ask frank about money

"Doesn't look like I'll be out of here on time. I'm sure you tried though, so I won't hold it against you." He sighs, "Here you go man, hope your day goes better than mine."

*And again, I'm mad. I tried to tell this guy so that he could get out on time. What a jerk.*

Frank hands you the dollar and wanders off dejected. You feel bad as he disappears; if only you could have helped the guy out.

>buy soda

Nothing is on sale.

>put dollar in soda

A deep mechanical voice booms "PLEASE MAKE AN EXTREME CHOICE!"

BZZzzrt



"THERE HAS BEEN AN EXTREME ERROR: CODE 9983."

>x soda

You stare at the only machine worth your time. A lime-green tower of sheer awful. It screams EXTREME messages at you letting you know that you need to "JUST DOO IT!" and "SLAMCHUG IT!" Really it should just tell you that "IF YOU PUT IN A DOLLAR, YOU WILL GET ABJECT CRAP BUT IT WILL WAKE YOU UP!" It's covered in buttons, all offering the same exact soda. It says that it has a dollar in it, and seems to be on EXTREME edge to dispense a soda.

>push button

Which do you mean, the red dispenser button, yellow dispenser button, blue dispenser button, green dispenser button, gold dispenser button, or silver dispenser button?

*Having read the solution, I push the buttons in order and kick the machine. It doesn't work.*

>red

It sounds like it started to drop something, but just made some noise instead.

>push yellow button

It sounds like the soda machine just reset itself.

>push blue button

that one didn't seem to do anything.

>push green button

that one didn't seem to do anything.

>push gold button

that one didn't seem to do anything.

The television is momentarily drowned out by a messy man laughing at something.

>push silver button

That isn't here.

>push silver button

that one didn't seem to do anything.

>kick machine

It loosens something a little, but not enough to make it drop.

>kick machine

It loosens something a little, but not enough to make it drop.

>push blue button

that one didn't seem to do anything.

>push green button

that one didn't seem to do anything.

>push gold button

that one didn't seem to do anything.

>push silver button

that one didn't seem to do anything.

>push yellow button

that one didn't seem to do anything.

A worker buys something out of the snack machine.

>push red button

It sounds like it started to drop something, but just made some noise instead.

You step back as a messy technician squeezes by on his way to get some coffee.

>kick machine

It loosens something a little, but not enough to make it drop.

>push red button

It sounds like the soda machine just reset itself.

>kick machine

It loosens something a little, but not enough to make it drop.

>push red button

It sounds like it started to drop something, but just made some noise instead.

>menu

[ I go back into the menu to see if I'm really crazy.]

breakroom

There's plenty of people milling around, and a few tables next to a closed refrigerator with two, large glass doors that is surrounded by snack, soda and coffee machines. A large couch on one wall faces an old CRT television mounted up on the opposite wall next to the bulletin board. You can hear the chatter of people hard at work to the south.

>press red. press blue. press yellow.

It sounds like the soda machine just reset itself.

that one didn't seem to do anything.

that one didn't seem to do anything.

>press green. press silver. press gold.

that one didn't seem to do anything.

The television is momentarily drowned out by a person laughing at something.

that one didn't seem to do anything.

You step back as a tall messy man squeezes by on his way to get some coffee.

that one didn't seem to do anything.

>hit machine.

It loosens something a little, but not enough to make it drop.

>menu

[Back to the solutions]

breakroom

There's plenty of people milling around, and a few tables next to a closed refrigerator with two, large glass doors that is surrounded by snack, soda and coffee machines. A large couch on one wall faces an old CRT television mounted up on the opposite wall next to the bulletin board. You can hear the chatter of people hard at work to the south.

>quit

Are you sure you want to quit? yes

*I just followed the instructions exactly, and it didn't work. What gives? I think the game is broken at this point.*

*I went and read the entire solution, from start to finish. There's even more stuff I haven't seen, but for the most part it seems I've done things correctly. Not sure where I screwed up, but I'm so done with this - I can't finish this game. Later.*