

ANNES I

The Script
for my U-Dan-dt

Henry Zund

(1) You wake up feeling wonderful. But also, in some indefinable way, strange. Slowly, as you lie there on the cool bedspread, it dawns on you that you have absolutely no idea where you are. A hotel room, by the look of it. But with the curtains drawn, you don't know in what city, or even what country.

[MORE]

(2) Then the blank of WHERE AM I? balloons into the bigger, the total blank of WHO AM I? It's a question without an answer. Your memory is an open book--with every page blank. You have no name, no known address, no memories of friends or relatives or schools or jobs. You have

AMNESIA

C 1984

(3) What's a person to do in such a situation?

>

(A) GET UP/ GET OUT OF BED/ RISE/ ARISE

or (B) SLEEP/ RETURN TO SLEEP/ TRY TO SLEEP

[(B) leads to Node 2.]

[(A) continues in Node 1.]

(4) You get out of bed, and as you do, you realize, from a glance at your naked body, that you are white, male, and

reasonably well-put-together. But what about your face? That's part of anyone's identity that should be proof against amnesia. The mirror over the dresser is angled so you can't see yourself from where you stand. So you decide to take a simple test, closing your eyes and taking an inventory of how you think you ought to look.

[MORE]

(4) Your hair--is it light or dark? Long or short?

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(5) Do you have a beard? Or a mustache? Or neither?

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(6) What is the color of your eyes?

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[Whatever answers are made to (4), (5) and (6), a contrary description is offered now, as in the following multi-valent script:]

You could hardly be more completely mistaken! For when you look in the mirror, the stranger you see there has (long, short), (blond, black) hair. (He has a full beard. /or/ He has a mustache but no beard. /or/ He has, at most, a five o'clock shadow.) And his eyes are emphatically (blue, brown). So far you're scoring zero on the Know Thyself Questionnaire.

[MORE]

(8) There is a knock on the door. You almost say "Come in," before you remember that you don't have any clothes on.

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{IF response to 8> is GET DRESSED or PUT ON CLOTHES:}

(9) Good idea! But nowhere in the room can you see any clothes to get dressed in. Maybe you're a nudist? Or maybe . . . in the closet?

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[IF response to 8> is LOOK or LOOK FOR CLOTHES:]

(9A) Right. But look where? In the closet? In the bathroom? Under the bed?

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[IF response to 9A> is LOOK IN CLOSET or LOOK IN BATHROOM,. proceed to (11) or (12b). Other non-result-yielding reponses likely to occur could be:]

[IF response to any Node 1> is LOOK UNDER BED:]

(9B) There is nothing under the bed, not even dustballs.

[MORE]

[IF response to any Node 1> is LOOK IN DRESSER or LOOK IN DRESSER DRAWER or LOOK IN DRAWER:]

(9C) One after the other, you look through all the dresser drawers. You find a shoe-polishing rag that isn't even big enough for a loin-cloth and a slip of paper advertising Acme Invisible Reweaving.

[MORE]

[This reminder appears, if (9c) or (9d) were called into play:]

(10) The knocking is repeated, somewhat more loudly. You are beginning to feel just slightly desperate about the

clothing situation. "Just a minute!" you shout to whoever's knocking.

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[If response to 9A> or 10> is LOOK IN CLOSET:]

(11) There's nothing in the closet but an assortment of coathangers--and a spare blanket on the shelf.

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(If response to 11> is TAKE BLANKET or WEAR BLANKET:]

(12) You've just got the blanket wrapped round your waist and slung over your shoulder, toga-style, when there's one last warning rap on the door, and before you have time to ask who's there, a maid wheels in a trolley of linens. She takes one look at you, says "Oops, sorry," puts the trolley into reverse, and makes a dignified exit.

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[IF response to 9A> or 11> is LOOK IN BATHROOM or ENTER BATHROOM:]

(12A) You haven't made it halfway to the bathroom door, before there's a last warning rap and a maid comes in the door, wheeling a trolley of linens. She takes one look at you, smiles, and puts the trolley into reverse. You can see in the mirror over the dresser that you are blushing red as a beefsteak. Clearly, you weren't cut out to be a nudist.

[MORE]

[This continues (12A) or any > to ENTER BATHROOM.]

(13) You're in the bathroom. It has the usual amenities of a good but not over-fancy hotel--a small pink sink encased in formica that's pretending to be marble, a tiled shower, a toilet, a rack of towels. But no clothes.

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[If response to 13> is TAKE or WEAR TOWEL:]

(14) For lack of anything better you wrap a towel around your waist. It wouldn't pass muster anywhere but in a steam room, but it might keep you from being arrested for indecent exposure.

Are you done in the bathroom?

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[IF response to 14> is YES, move to (18); If NO:]

(14A) Well then?

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[If response to 13> or 14A> is LOOK IN TOILET or EXAMINE TOILET:]

(15) You lift the lid of the toilet and bend down to look inside. What you see is a dim reflection of your own unfamiliar face--looking very sheepish. What did you expect to find?

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[IF response to 15> is SHIT:]

(16) Suddenly a strange queasy feeling comes over you. You feel about to faint. The bathroom begins to spin. You fall

to your knees. You black out.

[MORE]

[Passage to Node 2, First Nightmare]

[PROGRAM NOTE: For reasons discoverable in a later node any use of the classic four-letter words in response to a > prompt, will result in the appearance of the script in (16), with suitable unpleasant consequences according to the circumstances. Here it leads to the first nightmare, Node 2, which can only be exited by following it to its bitter end.]

[Any non-obscene response to 15> yields:]

(17) A sense of humor is always useful in a crisis, but unless you've got something you want to do in the bathroom, don't you think you're wasting your time in here?

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[YES or RETURN TO ROOM or EXIT BATHROOM lead to (18).
The player also may think to TAKE TOWEL, in which case:]

(17a) [Same text as (14) above, but followed by > prompt.]

[Bathroom hoarders may respond to 14A> or 17> by saying TAKE BATH or WASH FACE or GO TO THE TOILET. To which there are curt replies, thus:]

(17B) You take a bath. [or] You wash your face. [or} You go to the toilet. But it hasn't solved any problems, has it? You still don't know who you are. You still don't have any clothes. And with each minute that goes by you can feel the level of your anxiety rising like water about to spill over a dam. You've got to DO SOMETHING!

>

{IF there has been no movement into bathroom, or IF there has been an exit therefrom; and/or IF there has been a request for help, such as ? (which means "Give me a hint")}]

(18) The important thing is not to panic. Consider what your options are. Consider your goals. Consider your resources. And don't, whatever else you may do, jump out the window. Speaking of windows, do you realize that the drapes have been drawn across the windows of this room--and you have no idea what's out there? You might be in Moscow. Or Bemidji. Or anywhere.

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[IF response to 18> is OPEN DRAPES:]

(20) Even without being able to see the Empire State Building off to the southeast, you would know by the sheer immensity of the view that you are in Manhattan. Skyscraper after skyscraper contests for light and air like the pines of a stone forest. It seems familiar, but only in the general way that a famous postcard view is familiar. You don't feel as though you belong in this city, as though you are a New Yorker.

[MORE]

(20) Now you know where you are. But when are you? What day is it? For that matter, what month, what year? It isn't winter, that much is clear from the greenery poking up out of odd parts of the stone forest. But the year? Maybe you could figure it out by presidents, since that part of your memory, the part concerned with public events, still seems to be functional. Let's see--Ford took over from Nixon. And after Ford there's been . . .Carter. That would have been in '76. And after Carter? Reagan, right. Then it started

getting hazy. Which meant that this was '81 at the earliest. Which proved what? That your mind isn't totally dysfunctional. The weird thing is that despite the panicky feeling that comes and goes you're not feeling so bad. In a way it was kind of enjoyable. This is probably how people would like to feel when they take a vacation.

>

[IF there is LOOK / EXAMINE ROOM command:]

(22) You take a deep breath--and a long look about the hotel room, starting with the writing pad on the dresser-cum-desk, where a sheet of the hotel's stationery informs you that you're a guest of the Sunderland Hotel. Beside the pad is the room key with a large red plastic tag showing your room number, Room 1502. To pass the time the hotel offers a choice between a teevee and a Gideon Bible. A ballpoint pen has been used as a bookmark in the Bible by someone with no respect for bindings.

[MORE]

(23) On the bedside table there is a dial phone that rests on top of a shiny cardboard brochure that bears the message: "Welcome to THE SUNDERLAND HOTEL--Your Gateway to the Wonderland of Manhattan!" It occurs to you, seeing the telephone, that the simplest solution to your problem might be to dial 911, the general number for all kinds of emergencies. Surely somewhere in New York City there was an organization equipped to clothe naked amnesiacs. Or would the cops just throw you in jail? Or worse, in the booby hatch? The best you could hope for, probably, once it was known that you

didn't have the means to pay your hotel bill, would be getting turned out on the street as a bum.

[MORE]

(24) Just then, as you're still looking at the phone and wondering who in the whole wide world you could call for help, it rings.

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[IF response to 24> is ANSWER PHONE, script continues; IF any other response is given, screen reads: "The phone's ringing. Aren't you going to answer it?"]

(25) "Good morning," says a woman's voice, after you say hello. "This is the Registration desk. You are aware, are you not, that the check-out time is twelve o'clock?"

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[If response to 25> is Y or N:]

(26) "If you haven't checked out by that hour, Mr. Cameron, we will have to bill you for another night. But if you wish to extend your stay, I can adjust your bill accordingly.

"Do you wish to continue your stay?"

>

[IF response to 26> is NO:]

(27) "Are you quite sure? The check-out time, as I pointed out, is in five minutes. Can you be packed and out of your room in five minutes?"

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[IF response to 26> is YES, or IF response to 27> is NO:]

(27A) "Very well. I assume you will want to put this on your American Express card?"

>

[IF response to 27A> is YESY, go to text (28); if NO:]

(27B) "No? But I have the slip already made up. If you wish to make some other arrangement I'll have to ask you to come down to the Registration desk now. Can you do that?"

(27B, continued, with break but on same screen:)

You can't, of course, not without clothes. So you tell her to put it on your American Express card, and that settles that.

[MORE] {go to (28)}

(28) I'll have a bellboy bring the readjusted bill to your room momentarily. Have a good day." She hangs up.

"Cameron." You test out the sound of the name she's given you. But can you be sure you are the Cameron who rented this room? Or, even supposing you did, can you be sure it's not an alias? Not everyone registers for a hotel room under his own name.

[MORE]

(29) Ah, but if this "Cameron" had paid with an American Express card . . . Then he was probably the genuine article. And if your own signature as "Cameron" gibes with the one on the receipt the bellboy is bringing. . . You saw a ballpoint pen somewhere just a moment ago--where?

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[IF response to 29> is IN BIBLE or IN GIDEON BIBLE:]

(30) You take the pen from where it had been marking a page in the Bible, and you notice that the page so marked has been scribbled on. It is the page on which appropriate texts are cited for those with special needs: For those who mourn; For those in ill health; etc. The list of texts commended to "those in doubt and uncertainty" had been crossed out, and above the deleted citations of chapter and verse someone had written "John I, i."

[MORE]

(31) If you remember John I,i rightly, it seems oddly irrelevant to the needs of those in doubt. But never mind. Your first object is to produce a specimen signature as Mr. Cameron. But first you must give him a first name. You think of the five commonest, or likeliest, names for a Cameron to have, and practice each one as a first name to go with Cameron.

The five first names you use for this experiment are:

- > 1.
- > 2.
- > 3.
- > 4.
- > 5.

[PROGRAM NOTE; IF one of these five names is John, the program must remember this and make note of it at the appropriate junctures ahead.]

[When five names have been supplied:]

(32) The promised bellboy soon appears, and wrapping [IF Blanket or Towel have been taken at 11> or 13> below, that word is inserted here:] your towel {or: your blanket} more securely about your waist, you answer his rapping on the door. He presents you with the readjusted American Express credit slip. "One moment," you say, and take the credit slip over to the desk where you have been practising the signatures of [insert five names, separated by commas, given at >31, with an 'and' before the last of the series] Cameron.

[MORE]

[IF still naked; i.e, if neither towel nor blanket were taken at 11> or 13>:]

(32A) The bellboy knocks on the door, and you position yourself behind it in such a way that when you open it a crack to take the readjusted credit slip, he will not see that you are naked. You consider asking him to help you get some clothes, but a combination of shyness and common sense prevent you. First things first: "One moment," you say,

[Text continues from this point as in (32) above.]

[MORE]

[IF the name "John" was included in the list of five names as a response to 31>:]

(33) The two signatures correspond completely--not just the last name, but the peculiar way you've written the "J" of John. Had that been more than a lucky guess? In any case, you have a name now: John Cameron III. Which proves what? 1. That this is your room, and 2. that the name was probably your real name, not an alias, since who can get a credit card for a phony name?

The bellboy makes a significant cough. He must be waiting for a tip.

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[IF "John" was not among the names given in response to 31>:]

(33A) The signatures match. At least the way you've written "Cameron" is the same on both the practice sheet and on the credit slip. It turns out that your first name is John. John Cameron III. Which proves what? [Text continues the same as in (33);]

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[IF response to (33a) or (33b) is either THANK YOU or begins with the phrase I'M SORRY (and continues with any other string of words):]

(34) The bellboy leaves with a discontented mumble, and you are left alone to consider what John Cameron III's next move should be. Clothes are surely the first priority. Think: have you looked everywhere in this room and the bathroom where there might be clothes?

[This allows a movement back to (11), (13), or an altered (23) with a >prompt instead of a [MORE] at its conclusion. It also allows a movement forward for the closer examination of the Bible, the hotel brochure, for watching the teevee, or for using the phone.]

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[IF the reponse to 33> or 33A> is impolite--i.e., if either THANK YOU or I'M SORRY are omitted--the text that follows is exactly as given in 34b above, BUT the bellboy becomes a potential enemy, and there is then a one-in-four probability, any time one enters Node 6, the Lobby, that the bellboy will see you and try to make trouble. The nature of the trouble will be conditional upon the point one has reached in the text. A belated tip can also affect the bellboy's friendliness or enmity.]

{PROGRAM NOTE: The next set of text/screen parenthesized headings are in no way intended as a narrative sequence. They might have been called on much earlier, and they can be repeated at will whenever one is in Node 1, though the TEEVEE will respond with a different repertory of "programs" depending on whether a Day or Night mode is in operation. This is true of any teevee in any node. It may turn out that teevee watching is, like the nightmare of Node 2, a node of its own, but for now I'll treat it as a possibility within this node that may occur, with variants, in other nodes.]

[IF response to foregoing or ensuing > is WATCH TEEVEE or TURN ON TV:]

(35) But enough of dealing with problems. Enough of thinking
You decide that what you need right now is a warm mental
bath--so you turn on the teevee. It's tuned to the
hotel's own cable channel, and the screen fills with the
heaving breasts and writhing limbs of a closed circuit X-
rated movie. You feel just enough arousal to know that
your sexual orientation is definitely heterosexual--but
for the moment all that naked flesh only reminds you more
vividly of your own sartorial dilemma. You look at the

pushbutton dial of the teevee, which gives you a choice of ON/OFF or FORWARD to the next channel on the dial.

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[IF response to 35> is OFF:]

(36) You turn the teevee off. Now what?

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[IF response to 35> is ON:]

(36A) The teevee is on already. Boy, you really are suffering from amnesia. If you want to watch another channel just push the F (for FORWARD) button.

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[Each subsequent use of F for FORWARD results in a movement forward to a new channel, with the appropriate script from those that follow, beginning with Channel 2.]

Scripts for DAYTIME TELEVISION

On Channel 2 there is an ad for Kool-Aid, and then a re-run of WHEEL OF FORTUNE resumes. The three contestants are trying to guess the letters of someone's name. There's no T in it, no S, no N.

Channel 4 has a news program. The President of El Salvador wants more money for his country's defense. Reagan and the Soviet Union have unkind things to say about each other. Two people died in a fire in the Bronx. The weather will remain sunny.

[The above three texts takes 15 minutes of "viewing time."]

Channel 5 has ads for soap and toothpaste and floor wax, and then a talk show host resumes his interview with an actress starring in a new prime-time soap opera, who feels that her role is helping her to grow in unexpected directions.

Channel 7 also has a news program. The Soviet Union says that Reagan is obstructing plans for disarmament talks, but Reagan says it's the Soviets who are to blame. The President of El Salvador has asked Congress for money for arms. Two people died in a fire in the Bronx. The weather is bright and sunny.

Channel 9 is showing a re-run of FAMILY FEUD. Host Richard Dawson is speaking: "100 people surveyed, top five answers are on the board--here's the question: Name something you would expect to find in a pawn shop window." The question seems to ring a bell. Is it possible you've seen this same program before? Before either contestant can answer, you take up the ballpoint pen and jot down what you think the number-one answer will be.

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[Whatever reponse is to >, text continues:]

The first contestant says "Jewelry" which turns out to be the number-three answer. The other contestant says "Cameras," and that's number five. "Watch" turns out to be the number one answer. You continue watching the program, and every answer seems familiar. Your favorite color of jellybean: red. A food that children refuse to eat: liver. The number of hours per day you watch tv: three (although one contestant lays claim to six).

Channel 11 is showing a lot of advertising interspersed with clips from an old black-and-white movie.

Channel 13 is playing SESAME STREET. Today's sponsors are the letters M and N, and the number 9.

[Total combine viewing time for all channels--one hour.]

[NOTE; IF player immediately tries to go FORWARD round the dial again;]
You are back at Channel 2, but the cumulative effect of so much daytime televisions overwhelms you. You feel yourself nodding off.
[This acts as entry to Node 2, First Nightmare.]

[NOTE: if player should later in the game turn on any tv in this or any other node, the above scripts for each channel will be repeating--with the following random variations for each channel;]

On Channel 2: instead of Kool-Aid, the program may have Coke, Pepsi, or Crystal-Lite for a sponsor, and other letters (consonants only) may be substituted for the three given.

On Channel 4: instead of El Salvador, any of the following countries may be given: Guatamala, Honduras, the Phillipines, Chile. The number who die in the fire may be 2,3,4, or 5, and it may take place in Brooklyn, Queens, or the Bronx.

On Channel 5, instead of advertisers for soap and toothpaste and floor wax, the products advertised may be any three of the following: shampoo, toilet paper, canned spaghetti, frozen waffles, soup, disposable diapers, hand lotion, ice cream, potato chips, wine, vitamins.

On Channel 7: The country asking for money, and the number of

dead in the fire, and the borough in which it takes place, should be changed to correspond to the changes made in Channel 4's news program.

On Channel 9: Only the first sentence is repeated, once the longer (things in a pawnshop) script has been run through.

On Channel 11: remains the same.

On Channel 13: the "sponsoring" pair of letters and number are freely varied to any other letters and number.

NIGHTMARE 1

1. You are dreaming. You are dreaming that you have been asleep and that you wake to find yourself in a strange hotel. The only light in the room comes from the hotel's gigantic neon light that glows a baleful red outside the window. "X," a voice whispers in the crimson twilight, "X, are you there?" You know that you are X and that you must answer the voice truthfully, but your mouth is dry, your tongue paralyzed with fear. "Come here, X," the voice insists. "Come here to me, in the mirror."

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[IF there is any response to 1> except GO TO MIRROR, the result is;]

- 1A. You tell yourself to {.....[Quote response to 1>].....}, but something prevents you. Your acts seem not to be your own. And the voice repeats its command: "Come here, X. Come here to me, in the mirror."

[IF response is GO TO MIRROR or COME TO MIRROR:]

2. Obedient to the voice, you go to the mirror. The figure in the mirror leans forward to peer at you intently. He is dressed all in white, like a bridegroom or a ghost. And though he has no face--only eyes that stare anxiously from the smooth ovoid of his head--he smiles, recognizing you. "Excellent," he whispers. "Now come with me--before the store closes." In the mirror you see him turn away from you and walk toward the door of the room, where he pauses to look back at you, and to beckon, with his raised hand, for you to follow.

NIGHTMARE 1

[IF there is any response to 2> except ENTER MIRROR, the result is the same dream-paralysis message as (1A) above. As a hint, however, if player writes FOLLOW HIM, the result is:]

2A. You cannot follow him without entering the mirror.

[If response to 2> or 2A> is ENTER MIRROR.]

3. As you enter the mirror, the beckoning figure vanishes. You follow him out of the room and catch another glimpse of him at the far end of the corridor. You run toward him and reach his side just as the subway is pulling into the station. The doors open with a shudder. "Come," says the faceless figure, putting his arm about your shoulder. "You mustn't be late your first day at work." If you wished to, you could not resist his greater strength. You enter the empty subway car. "Quickly!" Your companion hands you a spray can of black enamel. "Before the police come and you're arrested--write a graffito. Quickly!" You aim the can at the the one window of the subway car that is not already a palimpsest of disposable identities. Then you press the nozzle and write:

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[IF the graffito written in response to 3> contains any proscribed obscenity (e.g., FUCK, SHIT,etc.) the result is not a fainting spell and a plunge into this nightmare, since we are already in the nightmare, but instead the following sequence leading to an awakening and escape from the nightmare:]

4. No sooner have you sprayed your offensive message on the subway car's window, than Mayor Koch bursts upon the scene, with an entourage including two policemen, a press photographer, and the head of the Mayor's Commission to Keep

the Subways Clean, who is no less a celebrity than _____.

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[The player can appoint whomever he wishes to be Commissioner, and that name will be incorporated at appropriate moments in the text that follows.]

5. The press photographer takes a picture of you standing handcuffed between the two policemen in front of the offending graffito. "Ladies and gentlemen," the Mayor announces. "Today we eliminate once and for all the problem of graffiti in our subways. Comissioner [Last Name from 4>], please take the guilty party away.

[MORE]

Commissioner [Last Name from 4>] and the two policemen assist you out of the subway car and down several flights of foul-smelling steps to the underground tattoo parlor of Tarantula Jack. There, as the policemen hold you down, Commissioner [Last Name from 4>] tells Tarantula Jack that your forehead is to be tattooed with the same words you sprayed on the window of the subway car. Your struggles are useless as the tattooist's buzzing needle sets forth its everlasting reminder of a punishment truly suited to its crime. When the work is done, Commissioner [Last Name from 4>] holds up a mirror to your face--and you wake, screaming.

{This represents one possible exit from Nightmare Node, and should be followed automatically by the basic description of the locale from which the player entered this node.}

[IF the graffito written in reponse to 3> is simply X, the result is also an exit from the Nightmare Node, with this text:]

NIGHTMARE 1

6. You spray a giant X across the window of the subway car, then return the spray can to the figure who had given it to you--and who is no longer faceless. Yet the face he now has is somehow more frightening than his earlier facelessness--for it is your own face. He has taken it from you, along with your name, and left you nothing but this scrawl on the subway window. You press your hands to the featureless ovoid that grows from the stalk of your neck and try, mouthlessly, to scream. You wake, trembling and covered with sweat.

[IF there has been any other reponse to 3> than these, the Nightmare continues as follows:]

7. The subway car screeches to a stop at 34th STREET, where you are able to enter Oldman's Department Store directly from the subway platform. "I'll have to leave you here," your companion tells you, "but the Personnel Office is on the 13th floor. And there--" His featureless head nods toward the purring escalator at the center of the deserted sales floor. "--is the escalator. See you later. . . . X."

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[The only viable response to 7> is GO TO ESCALATOR; all other responses yield :]

- 7A. You try to {Quote reponse to 7>}--but you can't. Your acts don't seem to be under your own control. An elderly floorman approaches you and asks if you are looking for the escalator. You nod. He points his bony finger toward the purring, gliding steps. "It's right there, sir," he informs you.

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[IF response is GO TO ESCALATOR or TAKE ESCALATOR:]

8. You take the escalator up to the main sales floor, which

smells rather cloyingly of perfume. An elderly saleswoman smiles at you from behind a cosmetics counter--and points at the ascending escalator.

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[IF response to 8> is anything but GO TO/ TAKE/ RIDE ESCALATOR, the text for 7A is repeated--on this floor and for the rest of way up to the 13th floor.]

9. You take the escalator to the second floor, where four female mannikins have been grouped in a tableau representing an outing to the beach. Each of the mannikins has lifted her plaster hand to point to the upward-bound escalator.

>

[If, repeats conditions set forth after 8>.]

10. You take the escalator to the third floor, which is devoted to displays of men's fashions. On the counter just before you a single leather glove on sale for \$12.95 points to the Up escalator.

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11. You take the escalator to the fourth floor, where a placard informs you that the Les Delices has been closed for renovation. Another placard shows a hand pointing, with no explanation toward the Up escalator.

>

12. You take the escalator to the fifth floor, where a white-haired salesman stands daydreaming behind a counter displaying all kinds of cutlery. "Could I interest you in a knife, Sir?" he asks wistfully.

>

NIGHTMARE 1.

[IF response to 12> is YES or BUY KNIFE:]

12A. "Very good, Sir. This--" He holds a a knife with an 8-inch stainless steel blade to your throat. "--is our very best all-purpose carving knife. And this--" The carving knife drops from his hand, and he takes another, smaller kife from the counter. "This is a superb knife for boning chicken." He lunges at your with the knife, which makes a long gash in the sleeve of your white coat--but does no more significant harm.

>

[If response to 12> is NO:]

12B. "No? You won't even look at my knives?" The white-haired salesman sighs. "I don't know why I waste my time. All these years, and all these knives, and never once. . . never once. . ." He picks up the largest of the knives from the counter and, with a really remarkable steadiness of purpose, slowly positions it over the left-hand breast pocket of his suit and commits suicide. "I'm sorry," he says, with his last dying breath. "I tried to be a good salesman. I did. . . my level . . . best."

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[The only effective response to 12A> or 12B> and another possible response to 12>, is TAKE ESCALATOR. For which, the result is:]

13. You take the escalator to the sixth floor, where the management of Oldman's announces, on a large poster that it is proud to be selling, in cooperation with the Sistine Chapel, a collection of priceless Fine Art Reproductions, in-

NIGHTMARE 1.

cluding a gigantic full-color reproduction of the Hand of God from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. The Hand of God is pointing to the Up escalator.

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14. You take the escalator to the seventh floor, which seems to be an empty warehouse. Luxuriant growths of cobwebs festoon the light fixtures. Unmarked boxes and bundles are piled everywhere. The disembodied arm of a mannequin lies in the dust, its finger pointing with modest insistence to the UP escalator.

>

15. You take the escalator to the eighth floor, where Oldman's Hair-Styling Saloon is situated. "Hello!" says the chief hair stylist, an elderly man with a waxed mustache like the artist Salvador Dali. "I see we have our work cut out for us today! Sit down, please." He gestures toward a low chair next to the shampooing sink. You shake your head. You don't want a shampoo. The hair stylist insists.

>

[If reponse to 15> is SIT/ SIT IN CHAIR/ GET SHAMPOO:]

- 15A. "This won't take more than five or six hours," the aged hair stylist assures you. "We simply have to remove all these facial growths and seal these unsightly pores with sealing wax and then fill in these repulsive cavities. My, what large nostrils you have! But with your nose removed they won't be a problem any longer. Then we'll take care of your eyes with some industrial-strength eye-cover. The better stores these days prefer mannequins with perfectly blank

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faces. Eyes are out, didn't you know that?"

[MORE]

15B. While the old hair stylist chattered away, his clippers and trimmers and gougers and sanders and sealers clipped and trimmed and gouged and sanded and sealed until, just as he'd promised, you have been completely remodeled in the new blank style. "Now, isn't that a lot better," the old man says, holding up a mirror for you to see your now so much more geometrical face. "I'm sure the Personnel Department will hire you right off the bat--and assign you to work in one of the front windows. Well, have a nice day." And he points you toward the Up escalator.

[IF reponse to 15> or 15B> is RIDE ESCALATOR, the text continues:]

16. You take the escalator up to the ninth floor, where an elderly salesman insists on giving you a demonstration of the [Name of computer for which the disc is adapted] computer. The salesman shows you how easy it is to boot a disc, and then some words flicker down the face of the screen. "That is a riddle," the salesman explains, "and you must solve it." The lines on the screen are:

Although I talk of no one and
Of nothing else but me and mine,
I hope you will not understand
Just who I am until the line
Revealing all my taradiddle
As the substance of _ _ _ _ _.

>

{IF response is other than A RIDDLE, the text is:]

16A. I'm afraid that's not the answer. It's a very simple riddle really. Almost everyone gets it right away. Keep

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trying.

[If response to 16> or 16A> is A RIDDLE, the text is:

16B. "Very good! You see how easy it is to use a computer? And when you've finished, just remove the disc from the disc drive, like so--" But instead of removing the computer's disc, his fingers open a flap in your right side, just beneath your liver, and he removes your own software. "The program stays on ROM--that is, on Read-Only Memory--until you throw the switch. Now, where do they put the switch on this model?"

>

[IF reponse to 16B> is HERE or FIND / LOOK FOR SWITCH:]

16C. "You've got it? Good: I'll switch it off." He reaches behind your neck, and the last thing you remember are his fingers on the switch of consciousness as he turns you off. You awake with a cry of protest .

[This represents another possible exit from Nightmare node.]

[IF response to 16, 16A, or 16B> is RIDE ESCALATOR:]

17. You take the escalator up to the tenth floor, which seems to be an assembly area for the store mannequins. Some stand in front of full-length mirrors trying on and taking off different styles and positions of limbs. "Hello," says one particularly attractive blonde, jutting her hip to the side in a traditional posture of greeting. "My name's Hugette, what's yours?" You try to answer her question, but you appear to have lost the use of your voice. Hugette seems not

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to notice. "My full name," she continues, "is Hugette Wadju-Paiffer, with a hyphen. You have a very attractive head. Do you mind if I try it on?"

[MORE]

Taking your silence as her permission, Hugette takes a good grip on your head and slowly unscrews it from your neck. Then she gives it to you to hold while she tries to unscrew her own head. "Oh dear," she complains. "It's stuck! Help me, won't you?" You set your head down on the counter behind you and take a firm grip on Hugette's head and try to twist it loose, but it's stuck to her neck as solidly as the cap on a jar of pickles. "Stop!" she shrieks. You stop twisting-- and then realize she did not mean you. She was yelling at the mannequin who has taken your head from the counter while your back was turned and is now running away with it up the escalator.

>

[If response is RIDE ESCALATOR:]

18. You run up the escalator's moving steps to the eleventh floor and arrive on the sales floor just in time to see the mannequin with your head under his arm taking the steps of the upbound escalator two at a time. A burglar alarm begins to shree. An aged security officer catches hold of your wrist and asks you where the fire is. The only answer you can give, voiceless as you are, is to point to the escalator where the thieving mannequin bears away your head in triumph. "I'm sorry, young man," says the security officer. "But we

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can't have people going about the store without their heads or their shoes. That's the rule here at Oldman's. You'll have to come along with me."

[If response to 18> is NO or RIDE ESCALATOR UP or REFUSE:]

19. You won't? You won't!" he shouts at you. But you've already broken his grip and are running up the escalator to the twelfth floor, which is given over to Oldman's Shipping Department. None of the department's staff is anywhere in sight. You are standing in the midst of hundreds of boxes of all shapes and colors, each stamped with Oldman's ornate monogram. Faintly, from one of those boxes, you can hear your head calling to you: "Help! Help me get out of this box. I'm suffocating. Help!" Your voice grows weaker, and your own strength is ebbing rapidly. It seems so unfair--to have got this close to the Personnel Department and then to fail. You tell yourself you must find your head and take it up the last flight of steps to be interviewed.

>

{IF response to 19> is OPEN BOX or SEARCH FOR/LOOK FOR HEAD:}

20. You open the box nearest at hand. It contains a ceramic vase, jade green with dark specklings. It won't do for a head.

[The same response as that which yeilded test (20) will produce, in turn:]

- 20A. You open another box. It contains a basket imported from Thailand. It's just about the right size for carrying your head, once you find it, but that's small consolation.

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20B. You open a third box. It contains a large Gouda cheese from the Gourmet Grocery Department.

20C. You open yet another box. It contains lingerie in a style you would not have supposed Oldman's would stock. You begin to feel discouraged. It's been several minutes since you've heard so much as a whimper from your detached cranium.

20D. You open a fifth box, which seems too small to contain your head. But there it is, still alive! Its eyes look up to you gratefully. Its lips smile. And then, with horror, you realize your mistake. This isn't your own head. It's an identical head that's been substituted for your own. This head belongs to . . . to . . . His name is on the tip of your tongue. But of course without a head you are also without a tongue. You wake, gasping for breath, and instantly the nightmare fades from your memory.

{End of Nightmare node}

{There is one another fork, going back to text (18), if the player responds to 18> with FOLLOW SECURITY OFFICER:]

18A. The security officer takes you to a fitting room at the side of the sales floor and deftly fits a spare head into the empty socket in your neck. You look at yourself in the mirror. To your surprise you are now a man of sixty or seventy years, and a cousin if not the twin of the security officer, who welcomes you with a smile to your new place of employment. At last you have a mouth and are able--even as you wake from the nightmare--to scream.

[Exit from Nightmare node.]

[IF response is LOOK/ READ BROCHURE:]

1. You take the brochure from where it lies beneath the telephone, breathing a prayer as you do that it will be able to live up to the promise boldly printed at the foot of the stiff cardboard cover: How We Can Help You Enjoy New York.

The cover is mostly given up to an artist's rendering of the Sunderland Hotel viewed from the vantage of a low-flying helicopter. It is essentially a ziggurat, its upper stories overlain with curlicues of ornamental stonework. These, and a swimming pool on the penthouse floor of the ziggurat, have been rendered in great detail by the artist's pen, while the ground floor, which covers a full block of 5th Avenue, is an impressionistic blur of shoppers and shopfronts, probably by way of playing down the fact that the entrance, around the corner on 53rd St., is quite modest, nothing but a canopy with the hotel's name. It doesn't seem familiar--but no one except a helicopter pilot or a pigeon would ever see the building from this privileged angle, so its strangeness is not to be wondered at.

[Here it would be possible to insist that the player write OPEN BROCHURE just by way of being tricky. Otherwise a Return command could continue the text;]

2. You open the brochure to a two-page spread of photos representing the various amenities of the hotel: its cheerful staff; its spacious lobby; the Rathskellar, a bar decorated with murals of carousing peasants, with waitresses in dirndl dresses; a tray with a champagne bucket and two brimming glasses (symbolizing the possibilities of Room Service); a couple tanning on deck chairs at the side of a swimming pool

(one of the features, the copy made clear, of the Sunderland Sauna and Health Club on the penthouse level of the hotel), and--the Sunderland's most peculiar feature, the inspiring All-Faith Chapel on its second floor. The chapel had been built, the brochure explained, at the insistence of the vestrymen of St. Annette's, the church that had been demolished in 1924 to make room for the Annex to the Sunderland that had since become its front entrance. One of the special features of the All-Faith Chapel was a large altarpiece painted by Maxfield Parrish showing all the races of mankind united in the worship of a Supreme Being. It was also noted for having been the site of two of Barbara Hutton's weddings.

Who was Barbara Hutton? you wonder. She must have been famous or the brochure wouldn't be talking about her. But the name seems to belong to that part of your memory erased by amnesia. Maybe she was someone you've actually known. Either that or she's no longer so famous. The Sunderland has obviously seen palmier days.

[Again, it's necessary to command TURN PAGE.]

3. You turn to the next page, which gives a menu of the psuedo-German specialties available from the Rathskellar through Room Service:

Das Hamburger Hamburger \$7.50

Der Frankfurter Frankfurter, mit Kartoffelsalat \$6.00

Das Spiegelei (one egg, \$4.00; two eggs \$6.50)

Die Apfeltorte mit Schlagobers \$5.50

Ein Tasse Kafe \$3.50

With a single fried egg going for \$4.00, the Rathskellar is obviously no bargain basement, but there's no need to starve so long as you can order a meal from room service.

[Again, a TURN PAGE command is required.]

4. The next page of the brochure is a pitch for the Sunderland's Sauna and Health Club on the penthouse level. Photos show a pair of swimmers paddling in the hot-tub sized pool, a sauna with three tiers of wooden benches, a masseur at work tenderizing a large slab of meat, and a male model grimacing at a barbell. The copy advises visitors that they can enjoy the facilities of the Health Club for only a small surcharge of \$20, billable to their room if they bring their roomkey with them.

[Again, the player must TURN PAGE]

5. On the last page there are instructions for using the phone to reach the hotel's various services:

Registration / Cashier Dial 3

Room Service Dial 4

Valet Service Dial 5

Bellman Dial 6

Security Dial 7

Another Room in the Hotel Dial 8 + Room Number

Local Phone Numbers Dial 9 + Number

[Concerning use of phone in hotel room. Since TAKE is inappropriate as a command, I think we have to assume that DIAL and a number will suffice for making phone calls from Room 1502. Impossible to second guess all the things a player might request from the Hotel's services, but the likeliest requests are for CLOTHES specifically and HELP in general. Assuming the following numbers are dialed, the player will receive the following responses for a > command of ASK FOR CLOTHES/ ASK FOR HELP or BRING CLOTHES.]

[IF 3 is dialed:]

6. "Hello, this is the front desk. Can I help you?"

[If player only says YES, or gives any response but those above, either to the front desk or to the other hotel employees answering the phone, the response is only:]

"I beg your pardon?"

[If player writes ASK FOR CLOTHES / HELP:]

"Im afraid that's not really within the hotel's capabilities, sir. Bloomindale's is only a few blocks away, on 59th and Lexington, and they have a wide variety of clothes to choose from. I'm sure you can find something there to satisfy your needs. Have a nice day. Good-bye."

[If 4 is dialed;]

7. A man's voice answers the phone: "Room Service here."

[For extraneous commands, use "I beg your pardon text as in (6) above.]

[If player writes ASK FOR HELP / CLOTHES / BRING CLOTHES]

There is a long pause during which you think you can hear a sound of muffled laughter. Then the man on the phone says, "Anything you say, sir. You just stay where you are--and we'll help you as soon as we can."

[NOTE: The player can also order food from Room Service from the menu printed in the brochure. So, after command DIAL 4 and the first text above, the player can

write; ORDER HAMBURGER / FRANKFURTER / etc. And after ten moves inside Room 1502, or the command WAIT, the following sequence occurs:]

There is a knock on the door, and without further ado a bellboy enters with your order, steaming under a silver bell. The bellboy places the tray of food on top the dresser and then pauses with an expectant look.

[If the player still has the dollar bill from the Gideon Bible it is possible to TIP BELLBOY, in which case:]

The bellboy murmurs a thank-you and leaves you to the enjoyment of the Rathskellar's cooking.

[If player writes EAT anything with the attribute of eatability, the text is simple:]

Mm!

[If no tip is given to the bellboy after he "pauses with an expectant look", then:]

The bellboy sighs in the manner of one whom life has schooled to frequent adversities and leaves you to the enjoyment of the Rathskellar's cuisine.

[If 5 is dialed:]

8. A woman's voice answers the phone: "Yeah, what is it?"

[If player asks for CLOTHES or Help;]

There is a long pause, and then, in a considered, not unfriendly tone of voice, the woman says, "You got to be kidding," and hangs up.

[If 6 is dialed:]

9. The phone rings repeatedly, but no one answers.

[If 7 is dialed:]

10. At the third ring the phone is answered and a deep male voice rumbles the word, "Security."

[If CLOTHES or HELP are asked for:]

"Sorry, Bud, that ain't a job for Security."

[If 8 plus any other number is dialed, there is a 50/50 chance of getting either no answer or a busy signal. With the appropriate sound effects if available. Indeed, no text is necessary if we have the sound effects, just the sound itself will do the job. Until the command: HANG UP. If no sound effects, then the text is either:]

11. The phone rings repeatedly without being answered.

[Or;]

You get a busy signal.

[If 9 plus a number from the Address Book is dialed AND IF the player has not legitimately got the Address Book in his possession:]

Now how did you happen to think of just that number? Has your memory's been restored?

[If answer is YES:]

Well, that was a quick recovery. Now that you can remember exactly how you got into this situation, it's clear what you've got to do. Do it. And congratulations!

[End of Game}

[If answer is NO:]

Then you must have been cheating. Were you cheating?

[If answer is YES:]

Well, at least you're willing to admit it. We'll take up where we left off, shall we? But remember--DON'T phone

numbers in the Address Book before you've got the Address Book!

[If answer is NO:]

Then how did you come to know the number you just dialed?
Well, never mind. We'll let it pass--this time.

[If despite this warning the player dials the numbers in the Address Book before it is in his possession, then the text is simply:]

CHEAT!

[And the game ends.]

[One final possibility, vis-a-vis using the phone. The player may dial numbers that aren't in the Address Book. In which case, the script repeats the procedure given for dialing 8 + another number, as described above--either a busy signal or endless ringing.]

[If command is LEAVE ROOM or EXIT, and if player is naked]

1. Despite the fact that you are not wearing a stitch, you go out into the corridor. You're at one end of it, near a lighted EXIT sign. Facing you is the door to Room 1501. On along the corridor the numbers of the rooms increase by increments of one. Some five doors away the maid's laundry trolley is parked, but the maid is not in sight. Farther down the corridor an arrow points left toward a bank of ELEVATORS.

[If command is GO TO/ EXAMINE TROLLEY;]

2. You walk down the corridor as far as the trolley. It is parked outside Room 1509, the door to which stands slightly ajar. Inside you can hear the purr of a vacuum cleaner. The trolley has stacks of bed linen and towels, a stock of bathroom supplies, and various bottles, brushes, and rags for cleaning.

[If command is TAKE SHEET or TAKE TOWEL, and then WEAR SHEET OR WEAR TOWEL, the player is switched to the "clothed" mode, detailed hereafter. Otherwise, if he continues to be naked:]

[If player attempts to enter any room (except 1502 or 1509:)]

3. The door to that room is locked.

[If he knocks on it.]

4. You knock, but no one comes to the door.

[If player tries to RETURN TO / RE-ENTER ROOM 1502;]

5. You try to return to your room, but the door is now locked. If you forgot to bring your key, you are in a decidedly awkward situation.

[If player has taken key, then he must UNLOCK door to ENTER ROOM. Otherwise, at this point--i.e., you are naked and have tried to return to Room 1502 but forgot to take key--a sequence begins which leads inevitably to arrest for indecent exposure and Node Z:]

[If command is ENTER ROOM 1509;]

6. Cautiously you enter Room 1509, where the maid who earlier came to clean your own room is busy vacuuming the carpet. Before you can begin to explain your plight, she looks up, mutters "Good Lord, another one!" and immediately goes to the phone, dials a single number, and says, "Max, we got a flasher in 1509. You better head right up. He looks dangerous."

[If command is SILENCE/ ATTACK/ or FIGHT MAID:]

7. You try to to silence the maid by brute force, but brute force doesn't seem to be your metier. Before you can do a thing to the maid, she's decked you with the receiver of the telephone. When you wake up, you are handcuffed and three policemen are arguing with the hotel staff whether you are to be wrapped in one of the hotel's sheets before being taken down to the squad car.

[IF command is LEAVE ROOM :]

8. You run from the room and stand indecisively by the laundry trolley. To your right is the bank of elevators. To your left, at the end of the cooridor an EXIT sign.

[If command is GO RIGHT or GO TO ELEVATOR/S:]

9. You run down the corridor to where there is a bank of four elevators. Just as you get there the doors of one of the elevators whooshes open, and a woman and a bellhop regard you with expressions of dismay and amusement, respectively. The woman begins to scream. The bellboy reaches forward to press the button that closes the elevator door. Everything seems to happen slowly, as though you were moving under water. You realize that in coming out into the corridor without clothes you have acted irrationally, and now you can't seem to control your actions at all. You stand rooted to the carpet, waiting for the inevitable, which arrives, quite soon, in the form of two uniformed security guards. The guards handcuff you and throw a sheet over your shoulders. Then you are hustled into a utility elevator and taken to a small room in the sub-basement of the hotel, where you are left to wait the arrival of the police. When the police do arrive there is a small altercation between them and the security guards as to whether you are to be allowed to leave the hotel wrapped in one of its sheets.

[If response to situations above is GO LEFT or GO TO EXIT:]

10. You head down the corridor to the door marked EXIT.

[IF response is OPEN DOOR or ENTER DOOR/EXIT:]

11. You go through the door and find yourself in a wide stairwell. The concrete steps and walls are painted battleship gray. You stand undecided whether to go up the

stairs or down. Then you hear a voice out in the corridor:

"He must have taken the fire stairs!"

{IF response is RUN/ GO UP/ DOWN STAIRS, the flights of stairs are "counted" by the computer in the way city blocks are kept track of, so:}

You descend a flight of stairs to the 14th floor landing.

On the landing above you hear the door bang open and the excited shout of one of your pursuers: "He's down

there. After him!"

[Or:]

You ascend a flight of stairs to the 16th floor landing. On the landing below you hear the door bang open and the excited shout of one of your pursuers: "He's heading up the stairs. After him!"

[Whereupon, the command to GO UP or DOWN must be repeated. A letter D may be sufficient. (Any attempt to reverse direction, going towards the pursuers, must be countered with a simple "You CAN'T go that way!") The ascending and descending pursuit sequences follow, without further explanation of command requirements.]

You mount another flight to the 17th floor. Your breath is already coming in short gasps.

Another flight up to 18. Your own bare feet are silent on the concrete steps, but your pursuers' footsteps echo loudly through the stairwell.

You stumble as you reach the 19th floor landing--and all at once they are on you. Your arms are whipped behind your back, and handcuffs are snapped about your wrists. You realize that any further resistance is useless, and you

submit to being led by the two security guards down the entire length of the staircase to the hotel's sub-basement, where you await the arrival of the police in a room the size of a broom-closet.

[Descending pursuit]

You bolt down another flights of steps to 13.

On the 12th floor landing you feel a kind of clutching sensation about your heart and have to grab hold of the metal railing to keep from falling over.

You stumble down one more flight of stairs to the 11th floor landing, where a sense of the hopelessness of your escape overcomes you. What will you do if you reach the lobby? Run stark naked through the streets of Manhattan? Then it's over. The pursuing security guards are upon you. You are put in handcuffs and led down the staircase to the hotel's sub-basement where you await the arrival of the police in a room the size of a broom-closet.

[PROGRAM NOTE; Any time the player is in Room 1502 and attempts suicide by jumping from the window:]

[If response to any > in Room 1502 is JUMP FROM WINDOW:]

Hey, come on, you're on the 15th floor. That would be suicide, and suicide is always a dumb idea.

[If > command is repeated despite this warning.]

All right, if you say so. The window isn't designed for opening, but that's not going to stop someone as desperate as you. You crank it to its widest opening, wiggle through, and plunge to your death.

[SOUND EFFECT]

[MORE]

Now you are dead--but that isn't the end of your problems. Because it turns out that there is an afterlife--and you are there. It is highly unpleasant, though strictly speaking it isn't hell. Not yet. You and a few thousand other naked anxious souls are standing on the bank of a misty black river, being stung by mosquitoes and bitten by large centipedes. Every few years a kind of canoe comes up to the shore, and an old man with a long white beard and eyes that glow like a battery-operated jack-o-lantern offers the waiting throng a chance to get into the canoe and be taken to the seat of the Last Judgement. But first you have to tell him your name. And you--and all these others--are the poor souls who died in a state of amnesia. You can't remember your names, and you can't get either to heaven or to hell until this old geezer, whose name is Charon, has checked you off his list. Each time he returns you have one chance to tell him what you think your name might be. Then, if you're wrong, you've got a

few years to think of another name that might be yours. Eventually in the course of all eternity, you'll probably come up with the name that corresponds to the name on his list. So, here's your first chance. Charon hands you your Emigration Card, and there's the blank you've got to fill in.

PRINT YOUR NAME HERE

[Any name but that of XAVIER HOLLINGS yields this text :]

"Sorry," says Charon, handing you back your Emigration Card. "I've got no pick-up order for anyone by this name. Better luck next time." Charon picks up his oar, and swats away the other lost souls gathered about his boat. You join in their collective groan as Charon's ferryboat vanishes into the mists of the river Styx.

[MORE]

Five years have gone by. Charon has returned in a mood of angry impatience. You fill out the Emigration Card:

PRINT YOUR NAME HERE

[Again, any name but Xavier Hollings yields the text above, which begins "Sorry," says Charon.]

[If response is XAVIER HOLLINGS:]

Charon examines your card, scratches his head, and hands it back. "So tell me, Xavier," he says, "what's your middle name?"

[Any reponse to this, also yields the text above: "Sorry..." There is therefore no way to break out of the endless repetitions of Charon's visit, unless a number is set as the upward limit. It would also be nice, if there were some way to intrude at least one more episode on the shore of the Styx for players restarting the disc after a suicide attempt--but I don't know if that's possible.]

[Assuming player has not yet left Room 1502:]

[If command is LEAVE ROOM or EXIT, and if player is not naked:;]

1. You are now at one end of a long corridor made to seem still longer by a wallpaper design of continuous horizontal stripes of chocolate brown and dusky orange. To your left, just after the door to your own room (which closes behind you with a faint Click!), is a door with a lighted EXIT sign above it. Facing you is the door to Room 1501. On along the corridor to your right the numbers of the rooms increase by increments of one. Halfway down the corridor there is a branching leftward and an arrow directing you to a bank of elevators. For the moment you are the only person in the corridor.

[If command is ENTER ROOM 1501 (or any other room farther down the corridor):]

2. The door to that room is locked.

[If command is KNOCK ON DOOR:]

3. You knock, quite loudly, but no one comes to the door.

[If command is RETURN TO / RE-ENTER/ ENTER ROOM 1502;]

4. You try to return to your room, but the door locked automatically when it was closed.

[If player has taken KEY he can UNLOCK DOOR and return to his room. If he writes SEEK MAID/ BELLBOY:]

5. You look for someone to help you get back into your room, but the corridor remains empty.

[If command is GO RIGHT or GO TO ELEVATOR/S:]

6. You go down the corridor to where there is a bank of four elevators. Between each pair of elevators is a panel with

buttons to summon either a DOWN or an UP elevator.

[If command is PRESS DOWN or UP BUTTON:]

7. You call for the elevator--and a moment later the doors of one of the elevators whoosh open, and a woman in a floppy hat and a bellboy regard you with expressions of disdain and amusement, respectively. "Really!" the woman protests as you step toward the elevator. The bellboy holds up his hand in friendly warning. "We're going down, buddy," he explains. "The gym is up on 20--and I'd suggest you use the stairs, until you've got some more clothes. The elevator doors close with a dull chunk.

[If, despite this advice, player again writes PRESS DOWN or UP BUTTON:]

8. After a short interval another elevator arrives. There is no one in it. You enter, and see, by the indicator light that it is going up. There are twenty buttons on the aluminum panel--the lowest marked L for Lobby, the uppermost PH for PENTHOUSE, and the others numbered from 2 through 19.

[If command is L or LOBBY or PRESS L, or any number from 2 to 19:]

9. The doors close. You wait for something to happen. Nothing happens. You continue to wait, and nothing continues to happen. Clearly this is a hostile elevator. You push the button marked OPEN DOOR. Zilch. The elevator begins to perform a very subdued string-orchestra rendition of "Put on a Happy Face." There is one button you still haven't tried, the red button marked ALARM.

[If command is PRESS ALARM or ALARM;]

10. At the first touch of your finger to the red button, a siren begins to wail, and the doors of the elevator open--to the astonishment of a pair of nuns carrying large canvas suitcases. At this moment your makeshift costume comes undone and falls to the floor of the elevator. As you stoop to retrieve it, the elevator doors close again, though the siren continues its shrill summons. It is fully five minutes before the doors of the elevator open again, but this time it is not the nuns you confront but two of the hotel's security guards, who have a pair of handcuffs ready. You protest your innocence as they lead you, handcuffed, to the utility elevator, then down to a small room in the sub-basement where you await the arrival of the police to the same muzak medley that began in the elevator.

[If response to 8> is PH or PENTHOUSE or PRESS PH BUTTON:]

10. The doors close, and the elevator rises with a little lurch. Its progress is marked by red lights that wink on and off behind the numbers above the door: 16, 17, 18, 19, and your destination, the Penthouse floor. The door opens and you step out into a narrow corridor. A sign in front of the elevator directs you (by an arrow pointing to the right) to the entrance of the Sunderland Sauna and Health Club. The door of the elevator closes behind you.

[If response to 1>, 2>, 3>, 4>, 5>, 6>, or 7> is GO TO EXIT or GO TO STAIRS:]

11. You go down the corridor to the door marked EXIT.

[If command is OPEN DOOR:]

12. The door open onto the landing of a wide stairwell. The concrete steps and walls are painted battleship grey.

[If command is GO DOWN or DESCEND STAIRS:]

13. You go down the steps. At the fourteenth floor landing you feel an odd vertiginous feeling. Foolishly you ignore the feeling, and as you approach the landing of the 13th floor you lose all sense of balance. The stairwell whirls about you. You clutch for the railing and collapse on the landing where you lie, an inert and unconscious heap.

[This triggers the node of the FIRST NIGHTMARE.
See text on page 19.]

[Exiting from the FIRST NIGHTMARE, the player is informed:]

13A. You awaken not where you fell, on the 13th floor landing of the Sunderland's firestairs, but in a hospital bed. Your arms have been fastened to the sides of the bed by canvas restraining straps. After you have struggled a little while, a nurse enters with a hypodermic. "Now, now, Mr. Hollings, none of that, or I will have to sedate you."

{If reponse is ASK EXPLANATION:}

13B. "There's really not much to explain, Mr. Hollings. You were found in the stairwell of the Sunderland Hotel, naked and unconscious, and taken here to Bellevue. Our security staff did a routine check to find out who you were--and when we discovered you were wanted on a murder charge in Texas, naturally we informed the police. I'm told you can expect to be here another day, and then the extradition papers will be ready."

[If response to 13A> or 13B> is I AM NOT HOLLINGS or SCREAM/ PROTEST/ FIGHT / STRUGGLE:]

13C. Protests and struggle are unavailing. Your restraints are strong, and the nurse remains unsympathetic. With a grim smile she plunges the hypodermic into your arm.

[This serves as entry to Node Z, Death and Texas.]

[If reponse to 12> is GO UP or ASCEND STAIRS:]

14. You mount the stairs slowly to the next landing. The concrete feels cold under your bare feet. You climb, in all, five flights of steps--and find yourself, at last, before a door marked SUNDERLAND HEALTH CLUB, Authorized Personnel Only.

[If response is OPEN DOOR or ENTER HEALTH CLUB:]

15. You find yourself on an asphalt and gravel rooftop. Immediately in front of you is a drained swimming pool surrounded by deck chairs made of brightly colored plastic tubing. Beyond the deserted pool is the penthouse proper, a flatroofed, windowless brick structure with a metal door from which the weather has almost entirely peeled away the lettering: S DE AND SAU & HE LT LUB.

[If reponse is GO TO METAL DOOR, or GO TO DOOR:]

16. Now you are standing in front of the metal door.

[If reponse to either 15> or 16> is OPEN DOOR or ENTER DOOR, this represents passage to a new node. Accordingly the numbering of the texts starts over from (1).

1. The door opens with a creak and you step into a small reception area furnished with cast-iron and vinyl armchairs, a water cooler with paper cups, a small formica desk with a stack of application forms, and faded posters of once famous

bodybuilders. A sign on the formica desk promises that someone will be "Back in 10 Minutes." You check out the second metal door, which opens onto a bank of four elevators. There are two other doors behind the desk. The one on the left is marked "Dolls," the one on the right "Guys."

[If response is OPEN LEFT DOOR / ENTER WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM;]

2. You enter the women's locker room, and a woman who seems to be in training for the Olympic hammer throw looks at you with the joy of combat already glistening in her eyes. "Not here , buddy," she informs you in a low voice. "This is the women's locker room. And you--correct me if I'm wrong--belong in the men's locker room." She points the direction with her thumb. "That way."

[If response is LEAVE LOCKER ROOM or RETURN TO RECEPTION AREA there is no further problem. If the response is ASK /LOOK/ KISS etc., there is one warning:

2A. "I'm warning you, Bozo: Out of here!"

[If there is then any command other than leaving the room;]

2B. "Okay, that's it." With a single, simple flowing motion remarkable in a woman of such size and strength, she springs up from the bench where she'd been tying the laces of her sneakers and lays you flat with a judicious karate chop to the side of your neck. You wake in the infirmary of a prison hospital, where a nurse informs you (1) that you're lucky to be alive after suffering a severe concussion when your head struck the floor of the gym, and (2) that you are awaiting extradition to Texas on a murder charge.

[If response to 1> or 2> is OPEN RIGHT DOOR/ ENTER MEN'S LOCKER ROOM:]

3. You are in the men's locker room. To your right are two changing areas formed by free-standing metal lockers. To your left are some sinks and a large mirror, with doors on either side. The door on the right is marked "Sauna," that on the left "Massage." Directly ahead are the showers, and beyond these a sign points the way to the weight room.

[If reponse is LOOK / EXAMINE LOCKERS:]

4. You take a quick tour of the lockers, opening and closing the metal doors quietly, hoping to find a forgotten or abandoned piece of clothing. Your search of the first alcove yields slim pickings: a plastic bag from a bookstore, a white sock with holes in both toe and heel, a broken shoelace, and a small brass key. Four of the lockers are padlocked. Yanking at the handles accomplishes nothing.

[MORE]

4A. You check out the second alcove of lockers and the fourth locker along the row produces the equivalent, in clothing, of a Minimum Daily Requirement: sweat pants, a Mickey Mouse teeshirt with its sleeves chopped off, and a pair of shower slippers. Just as you are about to slip into this outfit you hear the voices of two men entering the locker room from the direction of the weight room. You feel a panicky certainty that these clothes belong to one of them, and you stuff them in the plastic bookstore bag. You wish you could crawl into the bag yourself, so strong is your impulse to hide from these approaching strangers.

>

[IF response is anything but enter LEAVE LOCKER ROOM or ENTER / HIDE IN SAUNA or ENTER / HIDE IN MASSAGE ROOM or ENTER / HIDE IN LOCKER, the text is:]

5. You can't do that. You're paralyzed with fear. Nothing seems possible except to find somewhere to hide.

>

[IF response to 4A>. or 5> is LEAVE LOCKER ROOM:]

6. As you open the door to return to the reception area you can hear a woman's voice, and then a man's, discussing the relative merits of different brands of sneakers. Whoever had left the sign saying they'd be back in ten minutes has come back. Realizing that you can't leave the health club in the makeshift clothes you wore when you arrived, you close the door quietly--and feel again the same unreasoning dread, the same need not to be seen.

>

[IF response to 4>, 5> or 6> is ENTER MASSAGE ROOM]

7. The door to that room is locked.

[IF response is HIDE IN LOCKER:]

7A. You try and wedge yourself into one of the metal lockers but clearly they weren't intended for this purpose--or you weren't. Your shoulders are several inches too wide. Isn't there somewhere else you can hide?

[IF response is ENTER SAUNA:]

8. As you enter the sauna a blast of superheated air wraps your body in what feels like a suit of flames. Your heartbeat quickens, and the narrow confines of the steamy, pine-panelled cell bend and warp and tilt. You are barely able to keep yourself from falling against the iron stove and

its pile of heated rocks. You crumble onto the bench of wooden slats, and then

[MORE]

8A. But this "then" is like no other then. It does not follow the time that's gone before. Like a fluid under tremendous pressure, the memories suppressed by your amnesia overwhelm you. At some cue supplied by this hot dark cubbyhole, your past supplants your present life. You are experiencing DEJA VU!

[This would be a good place for either a sound effect or for graphics or both together. The sound effect should be something low-toned, slow, and spooky, and not a recognizable melody. The graphics should convey a sense of falling into an ever shrinking space, or a simulation of vertigo: maybe a series of expanding rectangles, timed to give the impression of someone falling down a stairwell? Nothing fancy, just enough to signal a trip to the Twilight Zone. The same combination of sound effect and graphics might also be used for entry into the Nightmare node.]

[The text (8A) triggers an automatic entrance to the node called Deja vu 1, with the text beginning: "You are locked in a cell..." and ending with text (5) of that node, which in turn triggers the following re-entry text:]

9. "Mr. Cameron, are you conscious, can you hear me?" A man's face is bending down close to your own. You do not recognize him. Gradually you realize that you are no longer in the sauna, but in another small room, where you are lying on your back on a masseur's table. The massage room, this must be. "He's opened his eyes," another voice says. "Yes," says the man standing above you, "but there's this funny dazed look in his eyes. The same thing happened when he went into the sauna last night, and I thought it was from drinking

too much. We had to carry him down to his room. But maybe he just can't take the heat in that sauna. Some guys can't." He turns his attention back to you. "Hey, Mr. Cameron--are you all right?"

>

[Whatever response to 9>, the text continues:]

10. "He's trying to say something," the other voice observes, "but the words are so slurred. . . Do you think he's still drunk?" The man above you bends over to sniff your breath. "Doesn't seem to be. No, I figure it's just heat prostration. Tell you what, Buddy, you mop up around the pool, and I'll give Cameron here a once-over-lightly, then help him into some clothes. There must be something he can wear in his locker. After that I'd appreciate it if you would steer him back to his room. Confidentially-" He lowers his voice to a whisper, but you are still able to hear what he says. "--if there is something seriously wrong with him, I don't want him shipped off to a hospital from here. It doesn't look good for a gym to have people leaving it on stretchers." "Right, boss, I get your message. If I have to, I can carry the guy down there. Does he have his room key on him?" The man nods. "It was on the floor of the sauna."

[MORE]

10A. The man who'd done most of the talking now begins to give you a very gentle massage. You find it strangely soothing. It's as though he were smoothing tensions from your mind and your muscles at the same time. You begin to be able to think more clearly. Now at least you have a

reasonable explanation of how you came to be in Room 1502 without any clothes. Apparently you've been a long-term member of this gym, for the masseur spoke of "your" locker.

[MORE]

10B. He rolls you over onto your stomach but instead of continuing the massage he turns on the sunlamp and leaves you alone in the room. The warmth of the lamp fills you with a strange peaceful passivity. You listen to the unmistakable crunch of steel through steel, and a moment later the masseur returns with a pair of metal cutters in one hand and a green canvas gym in the other. "Sorry to have to cut through your padlock, Mr. Cameron. But I remember how frustrated you got last night trying to remember the combination. I would of cut off the lock then, but you'd passed out in the sauna first. You feeling a little better now?"

>

[Whatever the response to 10B:]

11. The masseur lays his hand on your shoulder. "Now don't get agitated, Mr. Cameron? You're going to be just fine. Just steer clear of the sauna in future. And take salt tablets. Now I'll leave this bag here with you, and when you've got some clothes on, Buddy will help you down to your room. Okay?" You smile weakly and nod okay, and the masseur leaves you alone with the green canvas gym bag.

>

[IF response is LEAVE ROOM:]

12. You try to get up from the massage table, but you are only able to take two steps towards the door before your

knees have turned to jelly. That sauna really laid you out.

>

[IF reponse is LOOK / EXAMINE GYM BAG:]

13. It is a green canvas gym bag with an adjustable strap that allows it either to be carried by hand or hung from the shoulder. The cloth bears a Nike emblem. It doesn't seem to have seen much use.

>

[IF the reponse is OPEN GYM BAG:]

14. You zip open the bag and take out : a pair of levis; a tee shirt laundered from red to rosy pink; a pair of Adidas running shoes, well broken-in; a dog-eared paperback rhyming dictionary; and--Halleluja!--a small maroon address book.

>

[IF response is READ / EXAMINE ADDRESS BOOK:]

15. You take a hurried look through the pages of the address book. It is a small treasury of phone numbers. most of them identified only by initials, though there are one or two first names--a Lila T. and an Ana--and a couple other highly suggestive designations, such as "SEX" and "Drugs." Though nothing in the address book stirs your memory, you nevertheless are certain that it holds the key to your past life.

[This text marks the point after which the player will not be penalized for cheating if he dials numbers found in the address book. However, the contents of the address book will not be revealed in any greater detail than in text (15) above, and the player must have the actual address book in hand to know what numbers to dial. While he remains within the nodes of the Sunderland Hotel, any repeated command to READ / EXAMINE ADDRESS BOOK will only produce a repetition of

text (15).]

[IF the response to 14> or 15> is GET DRESSED / PUT ON CLOTHES;]

16. Quickly you put on the clothes that were in the gym bag. From the fit of both the jeans and the sneakers there can be little doubt that they are yours. Long use has molded them to your proportions as though they were custom-made. You slip on the tee-shirt last and look at yourself in the full-length mirror of the massage room--and you see, once again, a complete stranger. But at least he is a stranger with clothes on, and that's some improvement. There is a knock on the door, and the masseur asks you if you are ready to go back to your room.

>

[IF the response to 16> is YES:]

17. The masseur seems relieved when you follow Buddy, who has been given your gym bag, the plastic book store bag, and the key to Room 1502, out of the premises of the health club. You take the elevator down to 15, and Buddy leads the way to your room and unlocks the door for you. Once you are inside the door he hands you the two bags and the key and says goodbye--with a look in his eye that conveys his low opinion of men who make a habit of fainting in saunas.

[IF the response to 16> is NO:]

18. That's all right, Mr. Cameron. Whenever you're ready. Just take your time." Half a minute later, he raps again. "How about it, Mr. Cameron. Do you think you can make it back to your room?"

[IF the response continues to be NO, text (18) is repeated. IF the response to (18) is YES, then the result is text (17) above, and a return to the node for Room 1502.]

[IF the response to 16> is LEAVE ROOM--i.e., an attempt to circumvent Buddy's chaperonage--then:

19. "Ah, Mr. Cameron," the masseur says unctiously. "I'm happy to see your on your feet again. But I wouldn't feel right if I let you leave here by yourself. You need to go back to your room and get some rest. Buddy here has your key, and he'll see you to your door." You try to protest, but your words go unheeded.

[MORE]

[This is followed by text (17) above.

[The player is now back in the node for Room 1502, which is essentially the same as it was earlier with exceptions to be noted in the texts for that node. The script continues with the pages titled Room 1502 Revisited.]

[This is the node one enters after text (8A) above, on page 53.]

1. You are locked in a cell. It is bare and dark and smells of lives gone sour. The only light is a feeble fluorescent glow that slants in through the louvred grill in the iron door. You know the door is iron because you have been beating on it. Your hands are sore, and your right eye is swollen shut. You ache all over. Worse than the ache is the hunger, and worse than the hunger is the fear that you will never leave this cell alive. You begin to scream. You know it will do no good. You'll probably be beaten again--but you can't help yourself. You scream the same few senseless words over and over, a litany of terror:

>

[Any response to 1> yields the same result:] [Or, by way of throwing in a complication, it may be required that the same response must be repeated twice or three times, before it produces:]

2. At last your screams attract the attention of your jailer. The grill of the door is pushed aside, and his face appears, leering, in the aperture. "What's the matter, Juanito?" he asks in a drawling, twanging, Texas voice. You ask for food. His beady eyes shrink to pinpoints of sadistic pleasure. "Why sure, Juanito, you'll get fed--just as soon as you ask for it so's I can hear you. There's just two little words you got to say, and I'll bring you a nice big bowl of five-alarm chile. That's what you hispanics like, ain't it?" He emphasized the word "hispanics" with

heavy sarcasm--and waited for you to say the two words that will get you fed:

>

[If any response is given but "Please, Sir," the result is:]

3. "Sorry, Juanito," your jailer says, and slams the grill shut. You think: this is not possible, it is not legal, it can't go on. Not even the state of Texas can a prisoner be treated like this. You have not been charged with any crime. There has been no trial. One minute you were driving your car home, and the next a motorcycle cop was signaling for you to pull off to the side of the road. The worst of it is that no one knows you're here, in Santa Candelaria, and so no one will think to report you missing. Suddenly you understand the meaning of hell. There is no way out.

>

[Any response to 3> yields, three repetitions of:]

4. There is no way out.

>

[After the third repetition:]

5. And then, sudden as waking from a nightmare, this mine-explosion of memory is over. But was it really a memory--couldn't it have been, instead, some kind of waking nightmare? Aside from this one lurid glimpse of what may have been your past life you are able to remember nothing else about yourself or that prison. If that was what your life was like, maybe you shouldn't try to remember it. Maybe your amnesia is a blessing in disguise.

[This represents the end of the first Deja vu node. The

player returns to his point of departure, such as the sauna of the Sunderland Health Club.]

[IF response to 2> above is PLEASE, SIR, the result is:]

3A The jailer favors you with a gap-toothed smile. "You're learning quick, Juanito." He goes off and returns in a few minutes with the promised bowl of chile, which he hands you through the aperture in the door. Your mouth waters, and your hand is trembling as you dip the plastic spoon into the lukewarm chile. And then you see the large dead tarantula with which the jailer has garnished your dinner. You laugh, thinking of the classic line, "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!" And then you flip the dead tarantula off the chile and wolf down the congealed mixture voraciously.

[MORE]

3B. When the last smear of spicy grease has been licked from the bowl there are tears in your eyes. Tears of thankfulness for being fed, of shame for being reduced to such a condition. You think: this is not possible, etc. [From this point to the end of the node, the text is identical to the sequence above beginning in (3) and continuing through (4) and (5).]

[PROGRAM NOTE: The following texts follow the last text, (17), of the Health Club node. The player is now dressed; he has the Room Key, the plastic book store bag with gym clothes, and the green canvas gym bag in his possession. Many of the texts describing Room 1502 in the earlier node remain unchanged; only when the situation in the Room or in the player's mental framework differ significantly from the earlier node are new texts presented below. The first text should follow automatically after text (17) of the Health Club node--without, that is, the prior appearance of a > prompt.]

- (1) You breath a sign of relief as you close the door behind you. Room 1502 feels almost like home.

>

[IF response to 1> is LOOK / EXAMINE ROOM:]

- (2) The first thing you notice is the late afternoon light streaming across the skyscrapers of the city, flashing from windows and walls of glass. It is late in the day, and the sun low in the sky. You must have lain unconscious much longer than you supposed.

The thought of time cues another awareness: you are ravenously hungry.

But even as you head toward the phone to dial Room Service, you see the three large boxes that have been placed at the foot of the freshly-made bed.

[IF the response to 2> or a later > prompt in this node is LOOK/ EXAMINE BOXES:]

- (3) The largest measures 36" by 18' by 9"; the next largest is a round box 12" in diameter and about that deep; the third is the size of shoebox, Each box bears the name and slogan of JIFFY TUX EMPORIUM, For the Man Who's Fit to Be Tied.

>

[IF the response to 3> or a later > prompt in this node is OPEN BOX or OPEN BOXES:]

(4) In the largest of the boxes under a layer of white tissue paper is an all white tuxedo, together with the appropriate appurtenances; frilly shirt, cummerbund, and bow tie. The shoe-box-sized box contains, not surprisingly, a pair of shoes, white patent leather shoes no less. And the third box contains, you guessed it, a white silk top hat. There could be only one place anyone would ever wear this outfit--to his own wedding. Could the explanation for your amnesia be as simple as this? A last-ditch attempt to escape the state of matrimony?

[MORE]

(4A) But maybe they're not meant for you. Maybe they got delivered to this room by mistake. There's an easy way to find out. You slip the jacket on over your tee-shirt. It fits about as well as a rented tux could be expected to. In fact, if you were wearing the shirt instead of a tee-shirt, you'd almost think it was tailored.

>

[IF response to > in this node is DIAL ROOM SERVICE:]

(5) You'll need the phone for that.

>

[IF response is GO TO TELEPHONE/ FIND PHONE:]

(5A) You pick up the phone off the bedside table and see that the number for Room Service is printed right on the dial: 4.

>

[IF response to > in this node is DIAL 4:]

(6) After five rings a tired voice says, "Room Service. Your room number please?"

[IF response is 1502 or ROOM 1502, proceed to text (7); IF it's anything else:]

(6A) "Sorry, I didn't catch that. What did you say your room number is?"

[IF response is ROOM 1502 or 1502, proceed to text (7); IF it's anything else, repeat text (6A) once more, and if a room number still is not forthcoming:]

(6B) Room Service hangs up, and you are left with only the Dial Tone to dine on.

[IF response to 6> or 6A> is 1502 or ROOM 1502:]

(7) "Whadayuh wanna order?"

>

[The possibilities are given in the Rathskeller menu, page 32, so the viable responses are ORDER HAMBURGER, or simply HAMBURGER, and : FRANKFURTER, SPIEGELEI, EGG, EGGS, APFELTORTE, APPLE PIE, KAFE, or COFFEE. IF anything else is asked for with the word ORDER, the result is:]

(7A) "Sorry, we don't have that. How about a hamburger? Or eggs? Or a piece of apfeltorte?"

[IF an order is then placed from among the listed possibilities, the player will receive the order if he remains in Room 1502 for another ten > prompts and responses. The texts will then be those given on page 35, text (7), beginning "There is a knock on the door..." Except that as a refinement to that text, it would be nice if the actual food-item ordered could be cited instead of the "...leaves you to the enjoyment of {not "the Rathskeller's cooking", but:} "your hamburger," or "your eggs" etc. Finally, if the player neglects to command EAT within three > prompts after his food has been brought to him, there should be a reminder text, so:]

(7C) The food you ordered from Room Service is getting cold.

[IF the telephone is not in use; and IF four
> prompts have been made since entered this node:]

(8) The phone rings.

>

[IF response to 8> is GO TO PHONE/ ANSWER PHONE:]

(8A) You go to the bedside table and answer the phone with a rather tentative "Hello?"

"John!" booms a man's gravelly voice. "Where've you been, son? We've been down here in the lobby for the last couple hours, calling your room every five minutes." He goes on without waiting for your reply. "I guess that last margarita last night was your undoing. Well, no matter, so long as you're on your feet again. Have you tried on your white bib and tucker yet?"

>

[IF response to 8A> is NO:]

(8B) "Well, get moving, my boy! Your bride is starting to think you may be planning to leave her standing at the altar. So unless you want me to come up there with a shotgun, you get into them fancy duds and report to the lobby on the double!" He hangs up, and you wonder, fleetingly, if getting married is usually this easy. Why, it's like . . . putting on a suit of clothes.

>

[IF response to 8A> is YES:]

(8C) "Well then, what are we waiting for? I'm paying this damned preacher by the hour, and he's going to want time and a half for overtime pretty soon. Get on down to the lobby on

the double." He hangs up, and you're left thinking that getting married is almost as easy as . . . as putting on a suit of clothes.

>

{IF response to 8a> is anything but YES or NO:}

(8D) "Very funny, my boy, very funny. But let's leave the joking for after the ceremony, if you don't mind. I'm paying this preacher by the hour, and he don't come cheap. So move your butt on down here--and be wearing that wedding uniform. Your little ^{Alice}~~darling~~ says she is just aching to see you all in white." He hangs up, and you think: This isn't my life, this is a movie called ALICE AT THE SUNDERLAND HOTEL. And there is the costume for the White Rabbit in three boxes on the bed.

>

[IF there was a command to WEAR TUXEDO or to UNDRESS / GET UNDRESSED before texts (8) through (8D), the player will have been prevented from doing so by the following segue to text (8):]

(9) You are just about to slip off your jeans when the phone rings. After a moment's hesitation you answer the second ring with a tentative "Hello?" [Text then proceeds as after text (8) above.]

[IF response to 8D> , or to a later > prompt in this node is WEAR / PUT ON WHITE TUX / TUXEDO:]

(10) You're in such a state of befuddlement that you begin to put on the tuxedo over the clothes you're wearing.

>

[IF response to 10> is UNDRESS or GET UNDRESSED:]

11. Reluctantly--for it took so much trouble getting these clothes--you take off the jeans, sneakers, and tee-shirt that you are wearing and put them in the gym-bag, together with the change of clothes you put into the plastic book store bag. As you do so, the maroon address book catches your eye.

[IF response to 11> or any > in this node is to phone a number from the address book, it is from this point on possible to do so in the game without being rapped on the knuckles for cheating. However, until the player has left the Sunderland Hotel, he will get only a busy signal or no answer, as per instructions for text (11) on page 36--except for the following listings and numbers in the address book, for which he will receive the standard message to be found on pages __ through __.]

Permitted phone numbers in this node:

AA LJ5-5436

Drugs 555-8422

F^O 976-1212

H&R 207-7655

Kvetch 555-4685

[Such outside phone calls from Room 1502 must of course be preceded by a 9, and internal calls will continue to be handled as in texts (6) through (10) on pages 34 through 36.

[Another general proviso for the use of the telephone in this node and elsewhere: IF player tries to phone a number that is not part of the script, he gets the following text:]

(12) After two rings you hear the following recording: "I'm sorry but the number you have dialed is not in service at this moment. Please check your telephone directory and dial again."

[IF response to 11> is WEAR/ PUT ON WHITE TUXEDO:]

(13) With a sense partly of jumping off a diving board into a complete void and partly of self-amazement--as though you were a matador getting dressed for the first time in his suit-of-lights--you put on the white tuxedo. First the frilly shirt and the white bow tie, then the pants, which are held up by the novelty of braces instead of by a belt; then the cummerbund; white silk calf-length socks and the whiter-than-white patent leather shoes; and finally the white jacket and the white silk top hat. You step in front of the mirror to see if you look any more or less familiar--but you only look very white.

>

[IF response in this node is TURN ON / LOOK AT TV;]

(14) You turn on the tv, which is showing a soft-core porn movie over the hotel's own cable channel. It seems to you, theoretically, that this ought to be effective as dynamite for breaking up the log-jam of your memories, but while your imagination fully appreciates the movie's message, your memory remains inviolately blank. For all you know you could have been a virgin or another Don Juan with an entire catalog of sexual conquests.

{IF response is F or FORWARD:}

(14A) The F button that should tune the tv to the next channel doesn't seem to be working any longer.

[IF response is LEAVE ROOM:]

(15) You are just about out the door of the room when you remember to check in your pocket to see if you remembered to

take the room key. [Accordingly as the player has taken the key or not, the text continues "You have it." Or "You've left it back in the room."]

You return to get the key--and anything else you think you ought to have with you.

[PROGRAM NOTE: This is a chance for the player to TAKE a number of items that may prove useful. Some of these can be carried in his pocket, some must be put in the gym bag. If the player takes more than two large inventory items, he must take them in the bag or he will drop them. Here are the items he may choose to take from Room 1502:

Pocketibles:

Room key
Address book
Pen
Credit slip/ receipt
Dollar bill

Non-pocketibles:

Bible
Towel
Jeans
Sneakers
Tee-shirt
Book-store bag
(containing gym clothes,etc.)

[Of course, he can't TAKE the dollar bill if he's already given it the bellboy, and if the player has got UNDRESSED at text (11), then the jeans, sneakers, and tee-shirt are already in the gym-bag, as is the book-store bag. If the player tries to TAKE anything but the towel or the bible that belongs to the hotel--sheets, blankets, ashtray--he will be advised:]

(16) That belongs to the hotel, and your conscience won't allow you to take it. You seem to be a more moral person that you realize.

[At the second command to LEAVE ROOM:]

(17) You leave the room and close the door behind you. Then you head down the corridor toward the bank of elevators. One of the elevators arrives at 15 the moment you press the DOWN button. You get in and ride to the lobby without stopping at any of the intervening floors.

[PROGRAM NOTE: The first text in this node appears automatically--i.e., without the need of any reponse to > prompt--after text (17) on page 69. This text will reflect the clothing the player has chosen to wear, a choice that must be kept track of henceforward since many interactions will vary accordingly as the player is in the white tux or jeans and tee-shirt.]

(1) You step out of the elevator into the lobby of the Sunderland Hotel, and the first thing you see is yourself looking elegantly sheepish in your white tuxedo, for the doors of facing elevator are made of mirror-glass.

[Or, if player is dressed otherwise than in white tux, substitute for "looking elegantly sheepish in your white tux," "looking decidedly seedy in your jeans and tee-shirt."]

>

[IF response to 1> is LOOK ABOUT/LOOK LOBBY:]

(2) Mirrors seem to be the prevailing theme at the Sunderland--at least since the latest decorator got hold of it. There are mirrors on the walls, and mirrors encase the free-standing columns, and the three chandeliers that hang above the main reception area are formed of mirrors instead of crystal. Reflected and multiplied in all this silvered glass, the small body of the hotel's clientele become a multitude. To your right is the registration desk, and beyond it the exit to 53rd Street; to your left a news-stand and gift shop, and then a large curving staircase going up to the second floor. Beside the staircase a hand-lettered sign says;

The Sunderland Hotel

is happy to welcome

The Noise Abatement League

to the Big Apple.

Beyond the staircase, at the end of a mirror-lined corridor, is an entrance to the Rathskellar Bar and Grill, and at the far end of the corridor is the exit to 52nd St.

Directly in front of the elevator alcove in which you're standing is the main reception area. In the far corner of the reception area a lonely tv mutely displays the evening news to a man slumped in a wing-back chair. The man, who is dressed like a Texas businessman in suit and tie, with boots and Stetson, tilts back his hat to look at you. Then he stands up, smiling, and gestures for you to come to him.

[PROGRAM NOTE: For later commands of LOOK LOBBY, only the first part of the above description will appear--ending with "...become a multitude." Movement through the lobby can follow two parallel lines, according to the following schema:

53rd St. exit	Reception Desk	Elevators	Newstand	Staircase to 2	Raths- kellar	52nd St. exit
<	<	<	Reception area	>	TV	>

There is also a door between the Reception desk and the 53rd St. exit, that leads to a cubicle of safe deposit boxes.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: This may be the appropriate moment to begin to use movement-by-compass. So the player is facing west toward the reception area; North is to his right (53rd St. exit; South to his left (52nd St.); and behind him the blank wall ("You can't go that way.") of the elevator alcove.]

>

[If response to 2> is W, and IF player is wearing white tux;]

(3) "Johnny my boy!" booms the man in the Stetson, in a voice as abrasive as desert sand. "Wouldn't your dear old mother--God rest her gentle soul!-- be proud to see you now?"

He advances toward you grinning like a friendly skull, with his long, thin arms extended to embrace you, and before you can back away or offer any other protest the embrace is completed. Not what you'd call warm, just a short symbolic collision between your torso and his, with him maintaining the same cadaverous grin all the while. "Well, my boy," he says, releasing you, "how are you feeling after your big toot?"

>

{IF reponse to 3> is GOOD/ OKAY/ FINE/ ALL RIGHT:}

(4) "Wish I could say the same for myself, but that's no matter now. Say, why that funny look? Something wrong with what I'm wearing?" You shake your head, and go on wondering how anyone who'd ever met this man--as you must have in the life you can't remember--could ever forget him. For he is memorably ugly.

>

[IF reponse to 3> or 4> is WHO ARE YOU? or WHO AM I? or if it begins with the command ASK:]

(4A) "Hey, Johnny boy, this is no time for dumb questions like that. I got a go down to this here rats' cellar and fetch back that preacher. Meanwhile you'd better go up to the chapel on the next floor and smooth things over with the little lady. I think she was starting to worry that you was going to leave her standing at the altar a second time, but I told her, 'Honey,' I said, just joking like, 'if that Cameron boy walks out on you this time with another dumb excuse like the last one, he's going to have to answer to your daddy.'

And then, Johnny, I showed her what I was packing--" The man held⁵ open the jacket of his suit to reveal a shoulder holster from which the butt of a small hand gun projected⁸. "--and that seemed to ease her worrying a whole lot. Nuff said, my boy? Do you take my meaning?"

>

[IF reponse to 4A> is YES:]

(5) "Glad to hear it. Cause I wouldn't want to have to do anything to make my little cactus blossom unhappy. You've given that poor gal enough trouble to last her a lifetime, and from here on out, Mr. Know-It-All Cameron the Third, you're going to do right by my little Alice--or my name ain't Luke Dudley. Now scoot on up those stairs and give her some of that sweet talk that got the two of you into this situation."

[IF response to 5> is LOOK LUKE DUDLEY, or IF to earlier > prompts it is LOOK MAN:]

(6) He is a tall thin man with an expression of "good humor" so forced that his smile seems to be achieved the way some facelifts are, with little fishhooks pulling the flesh into place. His black suit hangs loosely on his spare frame, and the few strands of hair that have escaped the band of his black Stetson are the color of dirty khaki. His eyes are small and he has a tendency to squint. The buckle of his belt spells out his name in big brass capitals: LUKE.

[IF reponse to 5> takes the form of a question--i.e., if it begins with WHY, WHO, HOW, or ASK:]

(7) Luke pats his concealed pistol. "I said 'Scoot,' boy, and when I say "Scoot" I'm not talking about by-and-by. I'm

saying 'Scoot now.'

[IF response to 2> is W, but IF player is not wearing white tux:]

(8) "Well, god damn," swears the man in the Stetson hat loud enough to be heard from the other side of the reception area. He strides toward you with an angry glint in his beady eyes. "Now where in tarnation is that white suit. I ain't shelling out five hundred bucks to get my little Alice looking like a proper bride and then have you showing up looking like a pig farmer. Nosiree!" He lays a hand on your shoulder and pushed you back toward the elevator alcove. "We are going right back to your room, and you are going to get dressed in your bridegroom uniform, and then by God you're going to do the right thing by my little Alice. Now get inside that elevator."

[IF response to 8> is GO INSIDE/ ENTER ELEVATOR:]

(9) The man in the Stetson--his brass belt-buckle identifies him as 'LUKE'--follows you into the elevator and pushes the button for 15. The doors woosh close and the elevator starts to go up.

>

{IF response to 8> is anything else but GO INSIDE/ENTER ELEVATOR, or IF response to 9> is a question beginning with WHO, WHY, HOW, or ASK:]

(10) The man spreads back the lapel of his suitcoat to reveal a shoulder holster from which the butt of a small hand gun projects. "Now I don't want any trouble out of you, Mr. smarty-pants Cameron the Third. This ain't going to be no shotgun wedding, but it might turn out to be a .38 calibre

wedding, if you insist on it.

[IF text (10) followed text (8) it continues:]

You are persuaded by his eloquence and get in the elevator. He follows after you and pushes the button for 15. The doors whoosh closed and the elevator starts to go up.

>

[Any response at all to 10> in either long or short form --except TAKE GUN or FIGHT MAN/LUKE--yields:]

(11.) The man pats his concealed weapon significantly and gives you a grin like a skull trying to be friendly. The elevator arrives at 15 and the doors open. He motions for you to get out, and then follows you to the door of Room 1502. "Now give me the key," he demands.

>

[IF the player has neglected to TAKE ROOM KEY earlier, or if response to 11> is I DON'T HAVE KEY/ I CAN'T:]

(12.) "You didn't take your room key when you left your room? God-damn, but you are a turkey. Johnny boy, I think you just plain aren't good enough for my little Alice, so say your prayers and make them quick." And with no more preface than that, the man in the Stetson takes the .38 calibre revolver from his shoulder holster and shoots you between the eyes.

(MORE]

{Text (12) leads directly to the same Hell that suicide led to--beginning with the SOUND EFFECT described on page 43 and continuing "Now you are dead...."}

[IF reponse to 10> is TAKE GUN or FIGHT :]

(13.) Unwisely you try to take the man's revolver by force. He proves to be much stronger than his spare frame would

suggest. Instead of the gun, you have to make do with a single bullet--right between the eyes.

[MORE]

[Text (13) has the same consequence as text (12)--entry to the node of Hell, on page 43.]

[If response to 11> is GIVE MAN/LUKE ROOM KEY;]

(14.) He takes the key from you and unlocks the door to Room 1502. "Now you get in there and change into that white monkey suit on the double--and then like the song says, you're going to the chapel and you're going to get married." He chuckles, and adds: "Going to the Chapel of Love!"

>

[If the player makes any response but ENTER ROOM:]

(15) God-damn, but you are a turkey. Johnny boy, I think you just plain aren't good enough for my little Alice, so say your prayers and make them quick." And with no more preface than that, the man in the Stetson takes the .38 calibre revolver from his shoulder holster and shoots you between the eyes.

(MORE]

{Text (12) leads directly to the same Hell that suicide led to--beginning with the SOUND EFFECT described on page 43 and continuing "Now you are dead...."}

(16) You quickly change into the white tuxedo, put the clothes you were wearing into the gym bag, and return with the bag under your arm to where your would-be father-in-law is waiting in the corridor. "Now that looks a whole lot nicer," he says when you're back in the elevator, "and I'll

bet it feels more comfortable too, don't it?" He presses the button for 2, and the elevator takes you to the second floor--and the entrance to the All-Faith Chapel. "Now you go in the chapel," Luke says, "and start getting into a romantic mood. I got to go down to that rats' cellar they got here and fetch back that preacher. Damned if this ain't more work than rounding up pigs from a corn patch!". You step out of the elevator, and the doors close behind you.

[If response to 7> is GO TO STAIRS, or if the player goes to the stairs by means of compass directions: one N ("You are back by the elevator." and two Es ("You are outside the newstand and gift shop.") and ("You are standing at the foot of the stairs." Then, IF the response to this sequence or to 18> below is GO UP/CLIMB STAIRS:]

(17) Halfway up the stairs an woman in a bright blue dress insists on giving you a mimeographed flyer with the headline: TOO MUCH NOISE CAN DRIVE YOU CRAZY!!! A large yellow button pinned to her dress shows her to be a member of the New York City Chapter of the Noise Abatement League. "The next presentation will be in just a minute or two!" she calls after you as you continue up the staircase. At the top you take your direction from an arrow pointing you to the All-Faith Chapel.

[IF player tries to continue going E after reaching the foot of the stairs {in the unnumbered sequence between texts (16) and (17), or IF he tries to go W from the elevator alcove, he errant ways are corrected:]

(18) You walk on past the stairs towards the 52nd Street exit, [or] Instead of heading toward the stairs, you turn left toward the 53rd Street exit, but you've not gone more than a few yards before you feel Luke's hand on your

shoulder--and his revolver pressed into the small of your back. "Lost your way?" he asks sarcastically. You let him conduct you to the foot of the stairs without protest. "To the chapel!" Luke advises, prodding at your back with the revolver.

>

[IF reponse to 18> is GO UP /CLIMB STAIRS, proceed to text (17).]

[The conclusion of this first lobby sequence should lead, by whatever routes taken, either to the Hell node, or to an automatic transition to the Chapel node. Some possible descriptive material has been eliminated from the narrative sequence; it will be found in the next Lobby sequence, during which the player will be more at liberty to move about without coercion.]

[The first text appears automatically after either text (16) or (17) on page 77 with no preceding >.]

(1) You are standing before a large rosewood door bearing a mottled brass nameplate declaring this to be the ALL-FAITH CHAPEL.

>

[If player attempts to move by compass commands, he will discover that he has entered the chapel no matter whether his command was N,S,W, or E. Of course, ENTER CHAPEL will also yield the next text:]

(2) You enter the chapel, which is dim and fragrant with the mingled scents of flowers and candlewax. It seems to be deserted.

>

[IF reponse in this node is LOOK CHAPEL:]

(3) The chapel is about twenty feet square, windowless, with a high coffered ceiling and a terra cotta floor. In the center of the room is a large round slab of marble too low to dine at but too high to be a coffee table. Grouped about it on three sides are pews of blond wood. Behind it is a lectern flanked by a vase of wilting gladiolas on a free-standing marble column and a large candelabra, its candles burned down to the sockets. The general effect is that of a funeral parlor without a corpse.

[MORE]

High up on three of the walls, forming a kind of frieze, is the All-Faith Chapel's chief claim to distinction, a much darkened mural representing all the faiths of mankind worshipping the Supreme Being, painted (a plaque behind the

lectern informs you) in 1938 by Maxfield Parrish. Christ, Moses, Mohammed, Buddha, Confucius, Martin Luther, and Mary Baker Eddy are represent^{ed} sitting down at or standing about a table and waving their arms, all seeming to be alarmed by the gold-and-violet sunset sky painted on the wall to their right or by the magenta dawn to their left, or possibly by the simultaneity of these events, although the servants who are waiting on this distinguished gathering seem entirely unperturbed.

>

[IF reponse to > in this node is PRAY:]

(4) You enter one of the pews nearest the central marble slab and kneel on the padded kneeler. You fold your hands and bow your head and close your eyes. You're all ready to say a prayer--but what do you want to say a prayer for?

>

[IF reponse to 4> is MY MEMORY or MEMORY or CURE AMNESIA:]

(4) You pray to have your memory restored--if not in whole, then for the least scrap of your past, a flashback from childhood, a face, a voice, a feeling--anything authentically belonging to your mislaid identity. And then you wait, trying to make your mind receptively blank. But a blank mind is hard to maintain. You begin to imagine memories you would like to have--your first communion, your bar mitzvah, your wedding day--and the image of each is so vivid that you might be seeing it in an album of family photographs.

>

[If response to the previous > prompts in this node is LEAVE CHAPEL:]

(5) Just as you decide to leave the empty chapel, the door opens behind you, and a woman's voice exclaims, "John! Oh my darling, you're here!" You spin around to confront the figure of a woman in a bridal gown.

>

[IF response to 5> is LOOK WOMAN:]

(6) She is wearing a floor-length gown of creamed white satin trimmed with lace and taffeta. A veil of yellowed lace obscures her face. She is of average height and has a well-proportioned figure--or a good dressmaker. Really, there's more of the wedding gown and veil in evidence than of the woman.

[IF response to texts (5) or (6) is WHO ARE YOU?]

(7) In answer to your question she laughs--and lifts her bridal bouquet to screen her already veiled face. "I am . . . a woman of mystery." Her Garbo imitation is first-rate.

>

[IF response in this node is ASK WOMAN/ALICE ABOUT LUKE:]

(8) "Oh darling, don't make me get into all that again. Can I help it if the man is my father? Once we're in Australia he can't bother us any more."

[IF response in this node is ASK WOMAN/ ALICE ABOUT MARRIAGE / WEDDING:]

(9) "Isn't it wonderful? I've always wanted to be married in full bridal regalia, and even if there's not to be a great crowd to see us, it's so much more solemn like this. And

more fun too. It's so sweet of you to go along with my whims. And I promise that tonight I'll go along with all of yours. Oh my darling, take me in your arms! Kiss me! Make me yours!"

>

[IF response in this node is LIFT VEIL:]

(10) You grasp the lower edge of the veil with a gentle firmness and raise it slowly--to reveal a pale, pretty, and slightly frightened face. Her eyes are fixed on yours imploringly, but she bites her lower lip, as though to keep herself from asking aloud the question that is in her eyes. But the eyes need no interpreters. Do you love me? they ask. Will you love me? Can you love me?

>

[IF response in this node is I LOVE YOU:]

(11) "Oh my darling, I love you too. More than anything in the whole world. You are my world. You're everything to me. Oh my love--kiss me!"

>

[IF response in this node is KISS WOMAN / ALICE, two text may result, depending on whether or not text (10) has appeared; that is, whether the veil is lowered or raised. If it is lowered, the result is:]

(12) You place your hands on her shoulders and incline your head until your lips meet . . . the yellowed lace of the wedding veil. It has a dusty smell with a faint overtone of mothballs.

[IF response in this node is KISS WOMAN/ ALICE and the veil has been raised (that is, text (10) has appeared:)]

(12A) Her lips meet yours eagerly, and the satin of her gown is crushed to the polyester of your tux. The invitation is irresistible. The kiss intensifies from perhaps to entirely. Something phony may be going on, but a kiss like this doesn't leave any room to doubt one thing--this woman wants you.

>

[IF response in this node is TELL WOMAN / ALICE ABOUT AMNESIA:]

(13) She laughs. "Well, that's nothing to worry about, darling. If you had herpes, that would be something else again." When she see that you don't laugh at her joke, she fingers her bridal veil nervously. "You're not serious, are you?"

>

{If response to 13> is YES:}

(13A) When you assure her that you are perfectly serious and that you're suffering from total amnesia and have no idea who she is, she smiles grimly, lifts her ^satin-gloved hand and slaps your face. "John Cameron, you are the most despicable liar I've ever known, and if you think you can worm your way out of our getting married this time, you are mistaken."

>

{IF response in this node is ASK ABOUT SELF/ MYSELF/ JOHN CAMERON, there are three answers that may be given. The second and third only appear when the question is repeated, after which the question meets the stone wall of text (14C). These answers are, in order of their appearance:}

(14) "What a strange question. What can I tell you about yourself that you don't know already? You're good-looking,

but I guess you know that. You're a great lover--but I'm not going to make comparisons. And you've told me you love me--and I've believed you."

(14A) "Are you serious? Maybe you think I blame you for what happened in Texas. But I know that wasn't your fault. You had to get away from that jail. It would have destroyed your soul. You simply have to stop thinking about all that--and think about Australia instead."

(14B) "What a vain creature you are, John! Why don't we talk about me for a change? How I feel about sacrificing my career for your sake? Do you realize I could go to jail for helping you get out of the country?"

(14C) In reply to your repeated question, she will only shake her head, as though at the annoyance of a persistent fly.

>

[IF response to 14A is ASK ABOUT AUSTRALIA:]

(15) "Oh, we're going to be so happy in Australia, John--I know we will. It may be hard at first, since we don't either of us know anything about sheep ranches--or are they called farms?--but we're young and strong and healthy, and our love will see us through our trials."

>

[IF response to 14A is ASK ABOUT TEXAS:]

(16) "John, you must try and forget about all that. Oh, I really wish you did have amnesia, so that you'd never be haunted by those terrible memories. Forget Texas, John. Pretend it never happened."

>

{IF response to 14A is ASK ABOUT JAIL:}

(17) "Oh John, please, this is our wedding day. It's not a time to talk about these morbid matters. That's over and done with. Try to forget. Try!"

>

[IF text (5) has appeared, but not any of the query-produced texts from (7) thru (17), and IF player gives command, once more, to LEAVE CHAPEL:

[And also IF player gives command to LEAVE CHAPEL after one or more of texts (7) thru (17); OR IF player responds GO AWAY/ ASK HER TO GO/ SAY GOOD-BYE/ I WILL NOT MARRY YOU:]

(18) "John!" the woman in the bridal dress shrieks, "please don't abandon me like this. I'll die of shame if you leave me now. Surely, whatever reason you may have for changing your mind, it's something we can talk about it. It's Daddy, isn't it? He's such a bully, I know. But once you get to know him he's really a sweet person, and in any case, John, once we're in Australia he won't be able to bother us any more." She throws herself on her knees before you and lifts up her arms (the same gesture in which you can see Mary Baker Eddy worshipping the Supreme Being in the chapel's mural) imploringly. "Please, John. Please say you'll marry me."

>

[IF response to 18> is NO / I WILL NOT/ NEVER:]

(19) Considering her almost hysterical manner up till now, she accepts your refusal with surprising dignity. "Very well then, I won't argue. But promise me at least this--promise that we can meet again tomorrow--just to talk. We can't talk now. Daddy will be here at any moment. I must go out and

tell him you've left me standing at the altar once again. I expect he'll be very mad for a while, so please stay in the chapel for another half hour or so, till we're out of the hotel. And then tomorrow at noon I'll meet you in that lovely hall of Tiffany lamps at the New York Historical Society. It will be a sort of anniversary for us. Please be there, John." She turns to leave, and then turns round again to hand you a small blue box bearing the words "Tiffany & Co." "Speaking of Tiffany," she says with a sad smile, "I almost forgot to give you this. I bought it with your money, so it belongs to you--until you decide that you want to put it on my finger."

>

[If reponse to 19> is TAKE BOX:]

20. You accept the box from her, and then in a flash of white satin and yellow lace she is out the door of the chapel.

[IF response is anything but TAKE / ACCEPT BOX:]

20A. When you do not at once accept the box from her, she mutters a fervent, "Oh, damn you!" and throws it at your feet. Then in a flash of white satin and yellow lace she is out the door of the chapel.

>

[If response to 20> or 20A. is LOOK BOX:]

21. It is nearly cubical. It is dark blue with silver lettering that says TIFFANY & CO.

[IF response to 20>, 20A>, or 21> is OPEN BOX;]

21A. You tilt back the hinged lid of the box and find, nestled in white velvet, a thick golden wedding band. An engraver has written in miniscule script within the band: "To my beloved wife Alice, from John."

[IF reponse to 20> 20A> 21> or 21> is FOLLOW ALICE/ WOMAN/ HER:]

(22) After a moment's hesitation, you spring forward to pursue her--and fall to the terra cotta floor, tripped by a kneeling pad. As you push yourself up from the dark tiles, a familiar vertigo overcomes you. Your body seems much too heavy a weight for your arms to raise and you slump back to the floor, watching the great octagons of terra cotta bend and warp, waver and grow black. Your last conscious thought is that you may be the first bridegroom ever to have fainted when left standing at the altar.

>

{If response to 22> is WAKE UP/ GET UP:}

(23) A dim faraway voice seems to be telling you to do something. But it is so far away and you are so comfortable, and there is a sunset above you, all with stripes of gold and indigo.

>

[IF reponse WAKE UP is repeated:]

(23A) The same voice calls to you. It is nearer now, an annoying buzz. You blink your eyes and shift your head--and see that a magenta dawn is silhouetting the poplars.

[IF reponse is once more WAKE UP:]

(23B) You wake up with a strange pain in your left arm. You realize that you have been lying on the terra cotta tiles for some time staring in a daze at the two wings of the mural frieze by Maxfield Parrish.

There is blood on the tiles where you were lying.

>

[IF reponse to 22>, 23>, or 23A is anything but WAKE UP, the result is;]

(23C) You can't do that. You're lying unconscious on the floor.

[IF reponse to 23B> is LOOK/ EXAMINE LEFT ARM:]

(24) High on your left arm, near the padded shoulder of the tuxedo jacket, the white polyester has been torn and blotched with blood that is still damp to the touch. When you remove the jacket to examine the wound there is a sharp twinge of pain in your shoulder. There is a larger blotch on the frilly shirt.

[IF reponse to 24 is TAKE OFF / REMOVE SHIRT:]

(24A) You take off the ruined shirt as well and see, to your relief that the source of these bloodstains is a superficial wound--an inch-long line drawn across the smooth flesh as though by a ruler. It represents, you realize, the path of a bullet. And though you did not see or hear that bullet fired you have no doubt at all that it was Luke who shot at you. Perhaps, if you had not stumbled over the kneeler, his bullet might have had a deadlier result.

Tentatively you move your arm. Any pronounced movement from the shoulder seems to start the blood flowing freshly from the wound.

>

[IF reponse to 24A is BANDAGE WOUND / SHOULDER:]

(25) Good idea, but what to use for a bandage?

[IF reponse to 25> is USE SHIRT / FRILLY SHIRT:]

(25A) Carefully you tear off the left arm of the bloodstained shirt and wrap it about the wound as a crude bandage. Your arm hurts but not much more than if you'd had a shot at a doctor's office.

Now to get dressed again. Except that it's missing its left arm the frilly shirt is still wearable. Or there are the tee-shirts in the gym bag--the plain red tee-shirt or the Mickey Mouse tee-shirt.

>

[IF reponse to 25> is USE TEE-SHIRT:]

(25B) Which tee-shirt--the Mickey Mouse tee-shirt or the red tee-shirt?

>

[According to EITHER/OR choice in 25B>:]

(25C or D) You tear the [Mickey Mouse OR red] tee-shirt into strips and wrap them about the wound in a crude bandage. Your arm hurts but not much more than if you'd had a shot at the doctor's office.

Now to get dressed again. You could rip off the arm of the shirt you were wearing and put that on again. Or you

could wear the other tee-shirt under the jacket of the tux. It's all up to your sense of what the well-dressed murder victim should appear in.

>

[Whatever the response to 25A>, 25C> or 25D>, the choice is registered by the "What Am I Wearing" Index, but the text is simply:]

(26) You're dressed again, and you're steady on your legs.

>

[IF response before 25A, 25C or 25D but after 23B> is LEAVE CHAPEL:]

(27) That wouldn't be advisable in your present condition.

[IF player tries to use anything but shirts as a bandage:]

(27A) That would not be a suitable bandage.

[IF reponse to 26> is LEAVE CHAPEL:]

(28) You leave the Chapel, taking your gym bag, and at that very moment in the alcove just across the corridor the doors of a down-going elevator open. You take the elevator down to the lobby and get out.

[This represents an automatic transition to the next node, Lobby Revisited.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: The following sequence represents a possible branch from the Chapel node that leads inevitably to an early end to the narrative. The later, Australian part of this sequence may also be entered via the New York Historical Society node. It comes into play if in reponse to the 18> in the Chapel node (page 85) the response is YES /OKAY / I WILL MARRY YOU / KISS WOMAN.]

1. "Oh my darling!" she cries, leaping to her feet and embracing you with all of love's tender fury and then some. "Oh my sweet eternal love!" Her lips meet yours, preventing any reply but a kiss, and then another kiss, and then, as though he'd been waiting outside the door of the chapel for this cue, the father of the bride enters with a preacher and two witnesses in tow. You recognize both witnesses: one is the cleaning woman who entered Room 1502 without knocking just after you woke up earlier in the day, and the other is the man, Buddy, who took you from the penthouse health club and sauna back to Room 1502.

[MORE]

The preacher, a thin white-haired man in a Roman collar, takes charge. He positions you and Alice before the marble slab of the altar. He directs Luke Dudley to stand behind his daughter--and to remove his Stetson, which he does with reluctance. Buddy and the cleaning woman take up a position in the center aisle, as though to be able to block you if you make a final bolt. The preacher begins to intone the wedding service from memory, only breaking stride to ask you your name.

>

[IF response to 1> is JOHN CAMERON, or JOHN CAMERON III:]

(2) "Do you John Cameron, take this woman to be your lawfully wedding wife, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, through richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, long as you both shall live?

>

[IF response to 1> is anything but JOHN CAMERON, or JOHN CAMERON III:]

(2A) "Very funny, Johnny-boy," Luke says to you. Then, to the preacher: "His name is John Cameron."

[This is followed by a second paragraph the same as text (2) just above.]

[IF response to 2> or 2A> is YES / I DO:"

(3) And so does Alice, after which she produces a small blue box from the lacy recesses of her bodice and hands it to Luke, who holds it out to you.

>

[IF response to 3> is TAKE BOX:]

(4) You take the box, which is warm still from its resting-place in your bride's bosom. It smells of lilacs.

>

[IF response is then LOOK BOX:]

(5) It is nearly cubical. It is dark blue with silver lettering that says TIFFANY & Co.

>

[IF response to 4> or 5> is OPEN BOX:]

(6) You tilt back the hinged lid of the box and find,

nestled in white velvet, a thick golden wedding band. An engraver has written in miniscule script within the band: "To my beloved wife Alice, from John."

Alice removes the glove from her left hand, and holds out that hand with the fingers spread to facilitate the ring's easier placement.

>

[IF response to 6> is PUT/ PLACE RING ON FINGER:]

- (7) You put the ring on her finger and repeat the words the preacher tell you to: "With this ring I thee wed." The preacher then pronounces you man and wife, and says that you may kiss your bride.

>

[IF response to 7> is KISS BRIDE/ ALICE:]

- (8) She lifts the veil, revealing a smile that seems more triumphant than blissful, but the kiss you then exchange has a wordless way of saying that you will soon be rewarded for your submission to the yoke of marriage.

And so you are. That night, after a small wedding dinner in the Rathskellar, you enjoy that reward and cement the bond of marriage in Room 1502. The next morning Luke arrives with a great deal of luggage and drives you to JFK airport, where you board a Qantas jet for Melbourne, Australia. As the jet lifts off the ground, a stewardess approaches you with a complimentary bottle of champagne. (You are both still wearing the clothes from the wedding.)

>

[IF response to 8> is DRINK CHAMPAGNE;]

(9) You enjoy the complimentary bottle, and then a second, and arrive at your destination in a mellow, accepting frame of mind. Within a week you have established your residence at the modest sheep ranch that Alice brings as her dowry. It is a hard but ultimately satisfying life, and your marriage is blessed with a son, whom you decide to name _____.

>

[Whatever response is given to 9>:]

(10) A year later Alice gives birth to your first daughter, and her name is _____.

>

[Whatever the response to 10>:]

(11) Then come the quints, and their names are:

> 1. _____,

> 2. _____,

> 3. _____,

> 4. _____,

> 5. _____.

[When something has been written to fill each of the five successively appearing blanks:]

(12) You live on, a prosperous hardworking sheep rancher, for many years, and gradually the feeling that there is a blank at the center of your life fades away. You almost forget the amnesia you suffered from so many years ago, and you no longer ask Alice questions about your earlier life, questions she always coyly avoids answering. "You don't

really want to know about those things, John," she would tell you, and then turn away to call to the children: "[Here print out the series of seven names from 9>, 10>, 11>], come get your supper while it's hot!" On your deathbed you are still wondering who you are and what you'd done and what your life might have been like if you hadn't married darling Alice and devoted your life to the breeding of sheep.

[End of node and of game]

[Here follows a series of alternate texts if the player tries to deviate from the path down which he is being railroaded in this node.]

[IF response to 2> or 2A> is anything but YES / I DO;]

(3A) "Johnny-boy," Luke reminds you, touching the bulge created by the revolver in his shoulder holster, "the man is asking you a question."

"I do," you say.

[This is followed by Text (3) from page 92.]

[IF response to 3> or 3A> is anything but TAKE BOX:]

(4A) "Johnny-boy," Luke prompts. "Take the box."

[This is followed by text (4) from page 92.]

[IF response to 4> is not LOOK BOX or OPEN BOX, or IF response to 5> is not OPEN BOX:]

(6A) "Johnny-boy," Luke says, with with his most cadaverous grin, "don't you want to know what's in the box?"

[This is followed by text (6) from pages 92-3.]

[IF response to 6> is anything but PUT / PLACE RING ON FINGER:]

(7A) "Johnny-boy," Luke says in the tone of a parent explaining something to a confused child, "the ring goes on her finger."

[This is followed by text (7) from page 93.]

[IF response to 7> is anything but KISS BRIDE / ALICE:]

(8A) "Johnny-boy," says Luke, repeating the preacher's suggestion and making it a command, "kiss the bride, you dork!"

Reluctantly you draw nearer to your bride.

[This is followed by text (8) from page 93.]

[IF response to 8> is anything but DRINK CHAMPAGNE:]

(9A) "Oh darling," Alice says in a cajoling tone. "Don't be so contrary. Look--it's Australian champagne! I'll bet you didn't know there was such a thing, did you?"

[This is followed by text (9) on page 94.]

{NOTE: This node follows automatically from text
(28), page 90.]

(1) You are in the lobby.

>

[If response in this node is LOOK LOBBY:]

(2) [Repeat the description of the lobby given as text (2) on page 70, only changing the last paragraph so that the text eliminates the presence of Luke, by changing the final paragraph of the text so that it ends with this emendation: "... a lonely tv mutely displays the late news to an empty wingback chair."]

>

[IF response is S:]

(3) You walk toward the 52nd Street exit as far as the newstand.

[IF response to 3> is LOOK NEWSTAND:]

(3A) The upper part of the newstand is given over to a display of gum and candy. The newspapers are stacked up to knee-height beneath this display. The New York Times has a headline about a terrorist bombing in the Middle East. The Post's headline is: MOB BOSS IN CASINO SLAYING. The headline on the Daily News is: SUBWAY STRIKERS BATTLE POLICE.

>

[IF response is TAKE NEWSPAPER:]

(3B) Which newspaper? There are three.

[IF response is TAKE TIMES /NEW YORK TIMES:]

(3C) Unseen by the newstand attendant, who is working a puzzle in a crossword magazine, you take a copy of the New York Times from the stack on the floor.

[IF response is TAKE POST:]

(3D) You pick up a copy of the Post, as though to study the picture of the slain mob boss, and when you are certain the newstand attendant has not noticed, you roll it up and put it under your arm.

[IF response is TAKE DAILY NEWS;]

(3E) As casually as you can, you pick up a copy of the Daily News from the stack on the floor, but your crime does not go undetected. "That's a quarter," says the newstand attendant, looking up from the crossword puzzle he'd been working. You pretend to dig for a quarter in your pocket. Then you ask if you can charge the paper to Room 1502. To your surprise he agrees. You sign a chit for one quarter and the newspaper is yours.

>

[IF response to 3C>, 3D>, or 3E> is READ NEWSPAPER, the text will differ according as the player has taken the Times, the Post, or the News; also to simplify matters the player will be limited to taking a single newspaper by opposing any command to TAKE TIMES after the Post has been taken (or whatever 2nd choice is attempted) with this text;]

(3F) You stoop to take a second paper but then think better of it. After all, you assure yourself, it will be basically the same news in any of the papers.

[But first, this text for any READ NEWSPAPER command:]

(4) The moment you shake out the newspaper to its full size a woman in a fur coat walks by, hitting the opened paper with her shoulder and knocking it to the floor. "Really!" she remarks with an offended look. "Must you stand right in the

middle of the lobby with your paper? There is a lounge, you know."

>

[IF player is to be able to read paper after this, he must first PICK UP PAPER .]

(4A) You bend down and pick up the paper from the lobby's carpet.

[IF the player won't take the hint of text (4) and command a movement W into the reception area before trying again to READ NEWSPAPER, text (4) can be repeated, substituting for "a woman in a fur coat" "an elderly woman," or "a woman on crutches,." using the random selection principle of the pedwell.]

[IF response to > is W:]

(5) You enter the reception area and find that you can't resist the invitation to relax offered by a large womblike sofa. Some yards away the tv makes a gentle, meaningless murmur, like the water of a brook. You notice that the bellboy who had brought the credit slip to your room is standing half-hidden by the draperies of a window alcove, watching the tv.

>

{IF response to 5> is READ NEWSPAPER, the text differs according to the newspaper taken. If it was the Times:}

(6) You skim through the news and reviews and ads in the paper, looking always for some hint of who you are--some special knowledge, some keenness of interest or hunger that would be a clue to the life you've forgotten. But all the news and reviews seem equally interesting and equally irrelevant. The baseball news evokes no sense of partisanship for one city's team more than another's. From

reading through the financial pages it seems pretty certain that you are not a banker or stockbroker, since there are many entire articles that make no sense to you at all. On the other hand, you do seem to know something about computers, to judge by your response to various ads for computer hardware and software.

>

[IF response to 5> is READ DAILY NEWS, or READ NEWSPAPER (and the News was the paper taken from stand):]

(6A) You skim the tabloid-size pages quickly, looking for clues to your own identity in the ads and photos. Were you ever the sort of person who would want to wear this 100% acrylic leisure suit with see-through mesh panels around the waist (only \$49.95 while the supply lasts)? Or would you be more comfortable in this 3-piece pinstripe suit? Do gold neck chains appeal to you?

This series of rather idle questions comes to an abrupt end as you turn to page 17 and see a blurry picture of your own scowling face. The hair is shorter, but there's no mistaking that face as anyone's but yours. The caption under the photo reads:

SEARCH CONTINUES
FOR ESCAPED CONVICT

Authorities in the Metropolitan area continue to look for Xavier Hollings, wanted in connection with the slaying of a guard while Hollings escaped two months ago from the Texas State Penitentiary at Revoltillo. Hollings, sentenced to two years at hard labor for possession of illegal substances, is believed to be armed and is considered dangerous.

>

[If response to 5> is READ POST, or READ
NEWSPAPER (and IF Post was taken from newstand:)]

(6B) You read various stories in the paper, with a growing sense that in some ways your amnesia must extend beyond the realm of your private life. So much of the world, as it is described in the news, seems strange past all belief. What kind of people would commit such atrocious crimes? The city seems like a pool of frenzied sharks, at least according to the Post. Has the world always been like this and you'd just not known? You find these questions so unsettling that you fold up the newspaper and put it in a trash receptacle. As you do, you catch a glimpse, in the mirrored wall, of the bellboy who had been watching tv --but who was now watching you.

>

[IF response, when in Reception Area via text (5),
is E:]

(7) You rise from the sofa, making the vinyl cushions sigh, and return to the newstand in the lobby.

[IF response, when in Reception Area via text (5),
is W:]

(8) You rise from the sofa, making the vinyl cushions sigh, and walk toward the large curtained windows overlooking Fifth Avenue. Because it is dark outside and bright within the hotel, the window glass acts as a yet one more mirror in the lobby's maze of mirrors.

>

[IF response to (8) is LOOK IN MIRROR:]

(8A) You look at your reflection and see that you are

wearing [Here, from the inventory of the clothes "worn" by the player at that moment, print a list of clothes, closing the list with an "and"; for instance, "... you see that you are wearing a white tuxedo, a Mickey Mouse tee-shirt, and white patent leather shoes."].

[PROGRAM NOTE: The above text (8A) should serve as a model for the use of mirrors wherever they appear in this or other nodes. The mirror always answers the command LOOK IN MIRROR with a simple inventory of what the player is wearing.]

[IF response when in Reception Area via test (5) is S:]

(9) You walk to corner of the reception area in which the tv is playing to an audience of one--the bellboy, who stands half-hidden in the draperies of a window alcove.

>

[NOTE: Only at this southern end of the reception area will the command WATCH TV yield text (10) below. Elsewhere in the reception area or in the lobby the result of WATCH TV is only:]

(9A) You are too far away from the tv to make sense of what you see--a series of talking heads, street scenes, and fleeting still-lives of the sponsors' products.

[IF response to 9> is WATCH TV:]

(10) You watch a newsprogram that is in progress--but you can't be said to listen to it, for a caucus of dissident members of the Noise Abatement League is carrying on a rather noisy argument over the League's platform, and the sound on the tv has been turned quite low.

You see a smiling reporter with a microphone standing outside a large stone building. Someone entering a limousine refuses to talk with him. Then there is a picture of a

burning apartment building being doused by the Fire Department. Then an advertisement for Total (which seems as familiar to you as the face of the Mona Lisa; your amnesia doesn't extend to television ads, apparently), and another advertisement for fur coats.

Momentarily your attention is diverted by the shouts of the contending factions of the caucus of the Noise Abatement League. When you look back at the tv you think you see your own face on the screen. The hair is shorter, and you seem very unhappy. Small wonder, for this fleeting portrait is framed, at the top of the screen, by the word WANTED, and at the bottom by a string of numerals. You strain to hear the announcer's voice and catch only the end of the report: " . . . killed during his escape from the Texas State Penetentiary at Revoltillo, where the prisoner was serving a two years' sentence for the possession of an illegal substance. He is believed to be armed and should be considered dangerous." This caution is followed by the weather report. Tomorrow will be another sunny day.

>

[IF response to 10> is to move N, S, E, or W:]

(11) Just as, in your alarm, you are about to retreat from the electronic bearer of this bad news, the bellboy, who had also been watching the news program, comes toward you. "Mr. Hollings?" he inquires with a smile of professional deference. Are you Xavier Hollings?"

>

[IF response to 11> is YES / MAYBE/ I DON'T KNOW:]

(12) "You should be more careful, Mr. Hollings. I mean, a white suit is kind of conspicuous for a man on the lam from a murder rap. The police have already been round once showing that same picture. You're lucky nobody but me recognized you. But I wouldn't push my luck staying on in . . . wasn't it Room 1502?" You are too startled to reply, and the bellboy goes on: "There was nothing about a reward for turning you in so I didn't say anything then. I figured I'd wait round and talk to you first. Maybe you could help me forget I saw you."

You realize you are being blackmailed.

>

[IF response to 12> is GIVE BOX/ RING TO BELLBOY:]

(13) Quickly the bellboy flips open the lid of the box. "Thanks, Mr. Hollings. Or I guess I should say Mr. Cameron. Thanks a whole lot. I served time in the slammer myself, so I wish you the best of luck."

[IF response to 11> or 12> is GO AWAY /IGNORE BELLBOY / NO/ GOOD-BYE / GET LOST, or a move N, S,E,or W:]

(14) "Gee, Mr. Hollings, I'm sorry to see you take that attitude." The bellboy strides across the reception area to the house phone. He dials a number and waits for an answer.

>

[PROGRAM NOTE: If player gives ring to the bellboy he is in no immediate jeopardy. If he has not given him the ring, he will be arrested by the police if he does not leave the lobby as quickly as possible; that is, without making any wrong answers to the password that will open the safe deposit box in text (23) below.]

{if response when in Reception Area via text (5)
is N:}

(15) You walk to the part of the lounge farthest from the tv and nearest the reception desk. The clerk at the desk notices you and calls to you. "Mr. Cameron, would you come here a moment please?"

>

{IF player has encountered texts (10) through (14)
and then moves to the lobby with a move E:}

(16) You follow the bellboy into the lobby and while you stand undecided whether to speak to him, the clerk at the reception desk notices you and calls out, "Mr. Cameron, would you come here a moment please?"

>

{IF response to 15> or 16> is E (from text 15) or N
(from text 16) or if it is GO TO DESK/ CLERK:}

(17) "Mr. Cameron, I thought I should tell you that a woman came to the desk about an hour ago and was very insistent that she be allowed to examine your safe deposit box. She said she was your wife, but she had no identification, and you weren't in your room, and at last she went away. I hope--if she was indeed your wife--that she was not too much inconvenienced. But we really can't allow anyone have access to the safe deposit boxes except those who've signed for them."

>

[IF response to 17> is ASK ABOUT WOMAN/ WIFE:]

(18) "I thought her a very attractive woman and quite smartly dressed. Of course, I did feel suspicious, having earlier spoken to the young lady, Miss Dudley, who had reserved the

[IF response to 15>, 16>, or 17> is LOOK DESK/ RECEPTION DESK:]

1. The reception desk, in keeping with the lobby's general insistence on mirrors, is formed of large sheets of black glass. The upper surface is kept tastefully bare except for a large bouquet of flowers so exotic only a florist would know their names and, just to the side of the bouquet, a stack of maps, each bearing the title STREETWISE MANHATTAN. A small pasteboard sign beside the stack of maps invites the guests of the hotel to take one of the maps with the compliments of the management.

>

[IF response to 1> is TAKE MAP:]

2. You take the map and slip it into your left hip pocket.

>

[IF response to 1> is LOOK MAP:]

3. It is an accordion fold map printed on stiff paper. Parklands are indicated by fuchsia, the surrounding Hudson and East Rivers by a dark shade of the green favored by mentholated cigarettes, and the city itself by a tannish gray crisscrossed by a white mesh of streets and avenues. This, then, is the haystack in which you are the needle.

>

[PROGRAM NOTE: To facilitate the player in acquiring a map, they can also be obtained at the 53rd St exit, by emending text (36A) on page 114 so:]

(36A) On a table just to the left of the revolving doors exiting to 53rd St. there is stack of maps, each bearing the title STREETWISE MANHATTAN. A small pasteboard sign beside

the stack of maps invites the guests of the hotel to take one of the maps with the compliments of the management.

[Response to 36A> to TAKE and to LOOK MAP produce identical texts to texts (2) and (3) above.]

[Similarly, modify text (32) on page 112 as follows:]

(32) Tpo either side of the exit are easy chairs. In one of them someone has left a copy of the Daily News. On a table next to this is chair there is a stack of maps, each bearing the title STREETWISE MANHATTAN. A small pasteboard sign beside the stack of maps invites the guests of the hotel to take one of the maps with the compliments of the management.

Through the glass panels of the revolving doors you can see the shifting lights of the evening traffice on 52nd Street and the occasional shadowy figure of a pedestrian walking past the hotel.

>

[Response to 32> to TAKE and LOOK MAP produce texts (2) and (3) above.]

[IF response to 15> through 20> on pages 105-06 is LOOK CLERK/ DESK CLERK:]

4. The desk clerk is a blond young man, probably in his mid-20's, who has gone prematurely bald and tries to disguise the fact by combing his sidehair over the bald spot. It only makes his baldness more noticable and pathetic. Is there (you wonder) some evolutionary reason for baldness? If not, why do genes do it?

>

[IF response to 4> is I DON'T KNOW :]

4A. That's all right--neither does Science.

All-Faith Chapel for your wedding and whom I understood to be your intended bride. Of course none of that is my business."

[IF response to 17> or 18> is ASK ABOUT SAFE DEPOSIT BOX:]

(19) "I can assure you that no one has had access to your box since you last locked it yourself. But if you would like to check for yourself, just step this way."

>

[IF response to 19> is STEP THIS/ THAT WAY or FOLLOW CLERK/ DESK CLERK:]

(20) The desk clerk unlocks the metal door of a cubbyhole of a room and you follow him inside. Two of the walls are given over to steel safe deposit boxes of various sizes. There is a small table with a wooden chair by it. On the table is a computer keyboard and a small monitor, which connects by a black electric cord to a kind of dashboard projecting from the wall.

"What is the number of your box, Mr. Cameron?"

>

[IF response to 20> is I FORGET/ I DON T KNOW / I CAN'T REMEMBER:]

(21) "That's all right," the clerk says. "I can easily look up the number of the box in the register at the desk. But I hope you haven't forgotten the password. The box can't be opened unless you type in the original password you entered into the computer. Now if you'll give me just a moment to look in the register. . ." The clerk leaves you alone for just a moment and returns to tell you that the number of your safe deposit box is 334.

[MORE]

He shows you where your box is, switches on the computer, types a few instructions on the keyboard, and leaves the room with this parting advice: "The security system will make allowance for as many as four errors--so do type carefully. Remember, the computer understands a blank space as another letter. If I can be of further assistance, I'll be at the desk outside." He leaves you in the small safe deposit vault, facing the alert-looking monitor of the computer, with its cursor blinking in front of the blank space where you are supposed to type in the password:

YOUR PASSWORD IS _ _ _ _ _.

>

[If response to 20> is 334:]

(22) "Very good," says the clerk. He shows you the position of the box you've named, switches on the computer, etc. . .
[The text that continues from this point is identical to last paragraph of text (21).]

[If response to 20> is any set of numerals other than 334, the text that follows is exactly the same as (22), but even if the player is able to give the correct password, the box will not open.]

[If response to 21> or 22> (or 2/> below) is WITH GOD:]

(23) With a click of instant recognition the little metal door of Box 334 springs open, and a message appears on the monitor before you:

YOUR SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX IS NOW

OPEN FOR EXAMINATION.

>

[IF response to 23> is LOOK / EXAMINE BOX /
SAFE DEPOSIT BOX:]

(24) You lift the gray metal lid of the box. The box contains a single 5 and 1/4 inch floppy disc in a plain paper sleeve. You feel equal pangs of curiosity and of disappointment. The disc may well have the answer to your basic question of WHO AM I? But money would have been more immediately useful. You feel like a kid who's unwrapped a Christmas present and has to say thank you for new underwear.

>

[Before returning to Lobby the player must
remember to TAKE DISC / FLOPPY DISC:]

(24A) You take the disc and put it in the gym bag (after ascertaining that the pockets of the white tux are too small).

[IF response to 24A is W or LEAVE ROOM or RETURN
TO LOBBY:]

(25) When you return to the lobby, gym bag in hand, the clerk looks up from the desk. You thank him and explain that you will have no further need for the safe deposit box.

>

[IF response to 21> or 22> is anything but WITH GOD:]

(26) There is a delicate grinding sound from the console on the wall and then the screen of the monitor flashes this message at you:

I'M SORRY. THAT IS NOT THE PASSWORD

THAT WILL OPEN YOUR BOX.

PLEASE TRY TO REMEMBER THE EXACT WORD OR WORDS

OR NUMERALS THAT YOU CHOSE TO BE THE PASSWORD.

the screen blanks out for a moment, and then offers you another opportunity:

YOUR PASSWORD IS _ _ _ _ _ .

>

[If a second incorrect response is given to 21> or 22>, and IF player had earlier in Room 1502 node chosen to LOOK BIBLE, and received texts (30) and (31) (on page 11):]

(26A) [The same text as (26) is repeated with this alteration:]

The screen blanks out for a moment, and you recall having read, earlier in the day, something that may nhave held a hint, perhaps even a hint specific to your present dilemma. But what was it? Something about "doubt and uncertainty." The curson on the monitor before winks on and off, inditferent to your dilemma:

YOUR PASSWORD IS _ _ _ _ _ .

>

[IF the conditions for (26A) obtain once more:]

(26B) [Text (26) is repeated with this alteration:]

The screen blanks out, and now you remember that it was when you'd looked at the Gideon Bible's lists of chapter-and-verses to be read by those with particular needs. The text commended to those "in doubt and uncertainty" had been crossed out and another text number hand-written in its place. You certainly quality on the score of doubt and uncertainty. What was that text?

>

[IF Bible is in inventory, and IF response to 26A> or 26B> is LOOK BIBLE:]

(27) You take the Bible from your gym bag, and find the page of recommended texts. Those in doubt and uncertainty are advised to read John I, i. You turn to the Gospel according to St. John, first chapter, first verse: "In the beginning was the Word, and the word was with God, and the word was God."

The monitor is still winking its cursor at your, waiting for you to fill in the blank:

YOUR PASSWORD IS _ _ _ _ _ .

>

[IF response to 2/> is WITH GOD, text (23) results.]

[IF response to 2/> is other than WITH GOD, text (26) results, but this is the last opportunity to make a mistake. If the player strikes out again, the result is;]

(28) Your fourth hunch is as wrong as the rest. The screen goes completely blank and a buzzer softly bleeps. A moment later the desk clerks steps into the room. "I'm sorry, Mr. Cameron, but I'll have to ask you to step back out into the lobby. If you still can't remember your password, you'll have to speak with the manager tomorrow. He's the only one empowered to circumvent the password system. Sometimes these modern improvements are more trouble than they're worth." Reluctantly you return to the lobby, and the clerk locks the door to the safe deposit room.

>

[PROGRAM NOTE: IF response to 26> is other than WITH GOD, and IF the player did not encounter texts (30) or (31) concerning Bible (from page 11) when he was in Room 1502 node, then text (26) will be repeated twice more, to be followed, IF there is a fourth wrong password offered, by text (28).]

* * * * *

[Now, going back through the Lobby Revisited node, by way of presenting texts fitted to likely but less "productive" > prompts:]

[IF response to 3C., 3D>, or 3E> (pages 97-98) is to ASK NEWSTAND ATTENDANT ABOUT anything, the result is:]

(3X) The newspaper attendant reacts to your question as though it were a fly that had landed on his nose. His cheek gives a slight twitch, and he continues working his crossword puzzle.

[IF response to 4> or 4A> (on page 99) is to ASK WOMAN ABOUT anything, the result is:]

(4X) She gives you a long, cold look, smiles, shakes her head in a manner to express a general astonishment at the variety of human nature, and proceeds on past you to the exit where her chauffeur is waiting.

{Descriptive texts for various compass moments in the Lobby and reception area:]

[After one unit moment West from either Newstand or from exiting from elevator (texts (1) through (4A) on pages 97-99:]

(5X) [Repeat text (5) on page 99, deleting first sentence, and beginning at "Some yards away. . ."]

[After one unit movement South from Newstand, two units movement South from Elevator:]

(29) You are at the foot of the staircase going up to the public rooms and the All-Faith Chapel on the second floor.

>

[IF response to 29> is LOOK or CLIMB/ GO UP STAIRS:]

(29A) There is a thick velvet rope strung across the stairs closing them off, and a hand-lettered sign explaining that the Noise Abatement League has ended its sessions for the day and that the convention suites are therefore closed for the evening.

[IF from (29) there is one unit movement further to the South:]

(30) You proceed down the corridor as far as the double glass doors leading to the Rathskellar. Any impulse to sample the Rathskellar's cooking is nipped in the bud by the darkness behind the glass doors and a notice that the restaurant is closed.

[IF response to 30> is LOOK:]

(30A) Only a short way ahead of you along the corridor are the revolving doors exiting to 52nd St.

[IF from (30) or (30A) there is one unit movement further to the South:]

(31) This is the 52nd St. exit.

[IF response to (31) is LOOK;]

(32) To either side of the exit are easy chairs. In one of them someone has left a copy of the Daily News. Through the glass panels of the revolving doors you can see the shifting

lights of the evening traffic on 52nd Street and the occasional shadowy figure of a pedestrian walking past the hotel.

>

[If response is TAKE DAILY NEWS/ NEWSPAPER;]

(32A) You take the newspaper.

[If response is READ NEWSPAPER and IF player has not yet received either text (6A) on page 100 or texts (10) through (14) on pages 102-04:]

(33) You sit in the chair where you found the newspaper and skim the tabloid-size pages quickly . . . [Text continues identical to (6A) on page 100.]

[If response to 31> through 33> is S or LEAVE/ EXIT HOTEL;]

(34) You leave the hotel through the revolving door and find yourself on 52nd St. A short way to the west is 5th Avenue. To the east is Madison Avenue

[PROGRAM NOTE: With this text the player exits the Lobby Revisited node and enters the node for Midtown.]

* * * * *

[Returning to a position beginning at texts (1) or (2) on page 9/, if movement is one unit N:]

(35) You head toward the 53rd exit, but as you pass the reception desk, the clerk behind the desk looks up and smiles: "Ah, Mr. Cameron, just the man I wanted to see." You give him an inquiring look, and he continues: [Text from this point identical to text (17) on page 105.]

>

[If player continues to move N from either 35>, 17>, 18>, 19>, or 25>:]

(36) You are at the 53rd. St. exit.

[If response to 36> is LOOK:]

(36A) Just outside the hotel a taxi has drawn up to the curb and the doorman is helping unload luggage from its trunk.

>

[If response to 36> or 36A> is N, or EXIT/ LEAVE HOTEL:]

(37) You are on the sidewalk beneath the hotel's canopy. To the east is 5th Avenue; to the west Madison Avenue.

[PROGRAM NOTE: With this text the player exits the Lobbyn Revisited node and enters the node for the neighborhood of Midtown.]

* * * * *

[If the player is at text (1) on page 97, or if he has returned to that position by the elevator bank after moving elsewhere by compass commands, and if he then commands PRESS UP BUTTON or ENTER ELEVATOR:]

(38) You press the button to call for the elevator, intending to return to your room and enjoy the benefit of a night's rest, or at last of some peace and quiet, but while you wait in the alcove a pair of policemen appear. One of them also press the button summoning the elevator. The other, meanwhile, regards you curiously. And why shouldn't he? Your clothes would inspire anyone's curiosity. The elevator arrives, and the cops get in. "Going up?" the second cop asks, holding the elevator door open.

>

[IF response to 38> is YES or ENTER ELEVATOR;]

(39) You get into the elevator and the doors close. "What floor?" the first cop asks you, his hand hovering over the double row of buttons.

>

[IF response to 39> is 15 / FIFTEEN:]

(40) "Pardon me," says the second cop, "but would your name be . . ." He consults a slip of paper he takes from the jacket pocket of his uniform. ". . . John Cameron?"

>

[IF response to 40> is YES / I DON'T KNOW:]

(41) "Well, that is a real convenience," he says. Then, turning to his partner. "Cuff him, Louie, and I'll read him his rights." By the time the elevator has gone up to 7 and down again to the lobby, you have been handcuffed and your rights have been read to you. You are not actually John Cameron III, as it turns out, but Xavier Hollings, and you are wanted by the state of Texas for murdering a prison guard while escaping from the State Penitentiary at Revoitillo.

[Text (41) represents a movement to Node Z, Death and Texas.]

[IF response to 40> is NO:]

(42) "Well, then I guess your name must be Xavier Hollings, and it just so happens we've got a warrant for your arrest. Cuff him, Louie, etc. [Text continues identical to (41).]

[IF response to 38> is NO:]

(43) The doors of the elevator close, and you breathe a sigh of relief. You watch as the indicator lights trace the

elevator's ascent to the 15th floor, where it stops.

[Compass commands in response to 43> function normally, and player can still leave the hotel. However, if he is foolish enough to PRESS BUTTON again after text (43) the result is:]

(44) You wait some time for another elevator, and when it arrives the same two policeman get out. "Just the man we were looking," says the first policeman with satisfaction. "Cuff him Louie, etc. [Text continues as in text (41) above.]

[IF response to 39> is anything but 15/FIFTEEN:]

(45) The policeman presses the button for the floor you've named, and the elevator doors close. As the elevator rises, he asks you, "Pardon me, sir, but would your name be John Cameron?

>

[Responses to 45> will be treated the same as those to 40> or 42>.]

Phone calls to address book numbers.

[NOTE: anywhere on the grid of Manhattan streets it must be possible to look for a telephone booth, and there should be a 50/50 chance that there is one where one is standing. If not, a block's walk in any direction will discover one. If the verb LOOK precludes the use of LOOK FOR, then perhaps SEEK will do the job. The sequence would then be SEEK TELEPHONE (or PHONE or PAYPHONE), with a 50/50 chance of finding one. Then one block in any direction, another SEEK PHONE, this time with success, though for the sake of realism, we might have one of the following texts for half the telephones that are found in this way:]

1. There is a pay telephone at this corner, but there are
| two
| three people standing in line to use it. You might have
| four

to wait quite a while.

[This can be followed with a response of WAIT--with 15 minutes gone on the internal clock--or by moving to another corner and a new SEEK command.]

2. There is a pay telephone at this corner--but it has been vandalized. [Give this a one in ten probability.]

[Then, once you've found a working payphone;]

3. There is a pay telephone at this corner. It requires a 25-cent deposit.

[To this one must repond with DEPOSIT/ INSERT 25 CENTS/ QUARTER.]

4. You hear a dial-tone. [Sound effect possible?]

[One responds with DIAL and an allowed number; that is, one from the Address Book. If any other number is given the text is;]

5. You receive a recorded message: "I'm sorry, but the number you have dialed is not in service at this time. Please check a directory for the correct listing and dial again."

AMNESIA / phone calls

[Sometimes an allowed number will be temporarily unreachable, and the result is:]

6. You get a busy signal and return the receiver to its hook.

[Sound effect possible?]

[Or:]

7. The phone rings repeatedly. {Sound effect?} But no one's home, or they're not answering. Finally you hang up.

8. [After either (6) or (7) it should be possible to TAKE QUARTER BACK, REMOVE QUARTER FROM COIN RETURN, or, I suppose, simply TAKE QUARTER should do the job. The text:]

You remember to take back your quarter from the coin return.

[These are the results of phoning various other "real" phone numbers listed in the address book.]\

{If 207-7000 --listed under "H & R" in address book:}

After twelve rings the phone is answered by a recording.

"Thank you for calling Harper and Row," the recording says.

"All of our lines are busy at the moment. While you wait for an operator to serve you, let me tell you about THE BUSINESSMAN: A Tale of Terror, a novel by Thomas M. Disch that Harper and Row has recently published. Newsweek's critic David Lehman writes: "In such earlier novels as "Camp Concentration" and "334"--and now again in "The Businessman"--Disch puts his storytelling skills squarely at the service of a highly charged moral vision, without reneging on his promise to dazzle and entertain us." At the end of the recorded message the line goes dead. Why is Harper & Row's number in your address book? Why is the sky blue?

[If this number is dialed a second time, the same message is repeated as far as the words "recently published." At that point instead of the Lehman quotation the text continues:]

Edna Stumpf, writing about this modern ghost story for the The Philadelphia Inquirer, says: "By means of a ruthlessly controlled tone--comic on the surface with a Vonnegut spaciness, horrific at the center (though with an elegance King never aspired to), and firm at bottom with a kind of ironic morality--Disch has achieved something quite new. He has combined cheap thrills, pity and terror, eerie mysticism, cautionary wisdom and social satire in 292 action-packed pages."

[If player calls 976-1212, listed in address book as F^O.]

After a single ring the phone is answered by a man who greets you with a cheery "Good day!"--and continues: "Currently 71 degrees in Central Park. The wind from the northwest at seven miles per hour. The relative humidity at 63 per cent. The barometer rising from 29 point 83 inches. The THI reading 74. The forecast for this afternoon, partly to mostly sunny skies, breezy conditions with highs reaching the low to mid-seventies. Tonight, completely clear, refreshingly cooler with lows dropping back to the low 60s. For tomorrow nothing but sunshine, pleasant temperatures, lower humidity all day long, highs around 70. On the Sound and south shore coastal waters wind is from the northwest, increasing from 12 to 25 this afternoon, wave heights at one to 2 feet on the ocean and one foot or less across the Sound, the ocean water temperature standing at 71 degrees. Thank you for calling!" The message end, and you get a dial tone.

CALL ONE [E.H., in address book]

[If LK5-2259 telephone number is called.]

After the second ring, a woman's voice answers the phone. "Hi!" she says brightly. "This isn't me, because I'm not here right now. This is my answering machine. Don't get angry. Just leave a message for me at the blip, and leave your number and I'll get in touch as soon as I can. Unless it's you, Luke. We have nothing more to discuss, so don't waste your damn quarters. Just go to hell."

A moment later there is a blip. Got a message for the answering machine?

CALL TWO ["Ana" in addressbook]

[If JK5-2783 is dialed, and call has "clearance"--i.e., if game circumstances do not require a busy signal or endless ringing;]

"Hello," a woman says, picking up the phone after the fifth ring.

"Hello," you reply, somewhat tentatively.

"John? Is that you?"

[Whatever reply is made, the script continues:]

"I had a feeling you might call tonight, isn't that strange? How the hell are you?"

[Whatever reply is made, the script continues:]

"Sorry, I missed some of that. I left a cigarette burning on the counter and had to go get it. Anyhow it's always wonderful to hear from you, and I didn't really mean what I said at Joanna's. Only you can be so infuriatingly

smug sometimes. Which isn't really your fault, I realize, just a side-effect of self-confidence. So what are you doing tonight? There's a bottle of vin plonk in the fridge, or three-quarters of a bottle anyhow. Want to share it?"

[If answer is NO;]

"Well then, go to hell, sweetheart. But before our ways part for the last time, I'd just like to say that I have never for one moment been taken in by your cock-and-bull stories about your so-called career. I don't know what you are, other than a pathological liar, but you are no more a helicopter pilot than I am a Eurasian spy. So before you try that line on anyone else, you better polish it. Good-bye!

[If answer is YES:]

"Great! How about eight o'clock, at my place?"

[If answer is WHERE IS YOUR PLACE? or ASK ADDRESS or ASK FOR DIRECTIONS:]

"My Lord, John, it hasn't been as long as all that, has it? Or are there so many of us you're stringing along that you can't tell us apart? Well, to refresh your memory I'm the one at One Sheridan Square. Apartment 6-J. I'll expect you at eight. Be there."

Before you can make any reply, she hangs up.

[If this number is called again, there is either a busy signal or continual ringing.]

CALL THREE ["J.L." in addressbook]

[If 555-8876 is dialed, and call has clearance:]

The phone is answered after a single ring. "11th Street Gallery," a woman's voice announces matter-of-factly. "Miss Lind speaking."

"Um. . . Hello, This is John Cameron. I don't know if you remember me"

This elicits a hoot of laughter. Then: "Remember you? Does the Pope remember to say his prayers? I think the real question is whether you remember me. But I won't complain. And I will pay back that fifty dollars any time you care to drop around. I suppose that's what you meant by 'remembering you.' Just give me some warning in advance so I can get to the bank. Which means that if you want it today, you'll have to wait till the gallery closes, at five, because I don't have anyone to relieve me. And I really shouldn't be on the phone. We're expecting a call from London, and the boss is glaring at me in a way I would have to call baleful. So I have to hang up. But I do want to see, so come by the gallery today or whenever you can. Take care, okay?"

[If response is OKAY or ASK ABOUT ANYTHING;]

You realize you are talking to a dial tone.

[If the same number is dialed again, it would always get a busy signal.]

CALL FOUR ["Lila T" in address book]

[If 555-2577 is dialed, and number has clearance;]

The phone rings such a long time that you have almost decided to hang up, when a woman answers. "Yes? Who is it?"

[If response is JOHN / JOHN CAMERON/ THIS IS JOHN CAMERON;]

"John, my goodness, what a surprise. I'll go see if Lila's in." Before you can put in a word, she has lain down the phone, and you can hear her calling, "Lila! Lila!" in a voice

that becomes ever fainter. You wait for a long while, and then the line goes dead.

[If response is anything else than the above:]

"Sorry, your name doesn't ring a bell. You must have dialed a wrong number." Before you can contradict her, she has hung up and all you hear is dial tone.

[If the same number is dialed again:]

After the first ring, there is a blast of the Tchiakowski Piano Concerto. Then the volume of the music is lowered, and a woman says: "Hi, this is Lila. I'm sorry I can't talk to you right now, but if you'll leave your name and number at the beep, and the time you called, I'll be in touch as soon as I can."

CALL FIVE ["S.P." in addressbook]

[If KJ5-5643 is dialed, and has clearance;]

"Hello," says another answering machine, in a deliberately mechanical voice, like Hal in 2001. "This is the New Theater of Silliness at 25 West 19th Street. Tonight's performance in Serbo-Croatian of Eugene O'Neill's STRANGE INTERLUDE has been vilified by Frank Rich of the New York Times as "Tasteless, incoherent, and strangely affecting." The Village Voice dismissed it as "pretentious, preposterous, and a landmark in experimental theater." Tickets cost \$35, and the curtain goes up at eight."

The announcement is repeated in what you suppose is Serbo-Croatian.

CALL SIX ["J.A." in address book]

[If 555-1314 is dialed;]

The phone rings three times. Then a man's voice says, "Hi. this is Dial-a-Laugh, and I'm Jerry Ackermann, stand-up comic and concert promoter, currently appearing at Nowhere in Soho. Let me tell you about my mother-in-law. My mother-in-law works in a bank, as an officer. She is an utterly humorless woman, which is a professional asset in a bank officer, but difficult for me personally, since I'm living with her until my career takes off. If you live a long time with a person without a sense of humor your own sense of humor slowly gets atrophied. You're never sure whether something is funny or only painful. Most humor is painful one way or other, but not all pain is funny. Well, that about wraps it up for Dial-a-Laugh today. Thanks for calling. Bye now."

The recorded message ends with a dull click.

[If this number is dialed again, the same message is repeated.]

CALL SEVEN ["SEX" in address book]

[If 555-4365 is dialed;]

The phone is answered at the first ring, and a woman's voice purrs from the receiver: "Oh, I feel so hot tonight, baby. I really need you to phone me. Would you phone me and let me tell you all the things I want to do with you? I just need to hear that sexy voice of yours on the phone, talking to me, driving me wild with desire. Oh baby! Oh baby! Yes, oh,

phone me, phone me right away, oh baby!" This was followed, after a certain amount of electronic pops and whistles, by another woman's voice. This woman seemed much calmer, even business-like though in a friendly way: "Hello, this is Wanda's Erotic Answering Service meeting all Manhattan's needs for aural sex since 1978. Wanda is busy right now, but if you will leave your name, telephone number, and MasterCard or Visa number at the next beep, Wanda will return your call at the first opportunity. Remember our motto: 'We're here because you're there.' Have a real hot time, and don't do anything Wanda wouldn't do!" There was a beep.

[If player responds by leaving name and numbers asked for, there is no result, one way or the other.]

CALL EIGHT ["D" in address book]

[If KL5-5413 is dialed and call has clearance;]

(1) The phone is answered after the third ring. "Hello?" says a voice that somehow calls to mind the image of Marlene Dietrich. Before you can answer, she continues. "This is Denise. Is that you, John?"

>

[IF response to 1> is anything but YES or THIS IS JOHN CAMERON:]

(1A) "I'm sorry. I think you've dialed a wrong number. Good-bye."

[IF response is YES or THIS IS JOHN CAMERON:]

(2) "Oh thank heaven you've called. I have been worried out of my mind. Why didn't you call? Are you okay? Do you need

money? Where are you? I'd come and pick you up, but I can't leave the apartment because the electrician is here. So I have to stand guard. You will come over right away, won't you? I've got to see you. There's so much to talk about. But I can't really go into any of that with the electrician trying so hard to look like he's not eavesdropping. Will you come over?

>

[IF answer is YES :]

(3) "Good. You remember the address, I hope?"

>

[IF response to 2> or 3> is NO or ASK ADDRESS:]

(4) She sighs a friendly sigh and says, "John, you're incorrigible. My address--now write this down, because I won't repeat it--is 49 East 89th. There's a new doorman now, so you'll have to ask for my apartment by the name of the person I'm subletting from, which is Colby. Apartment 35-F. Got that?" And in the pause while you are committing these details to memory she says "See you soon then," and hangs up.

>

1. 5th Avenue at 58th St.

There are certain buildings--the Pyramids, St. Peter's in Rome, the White House--that even an amnesiac would probably recognize. And here's another--the Plaza Hotel. One limousine after another pulls up to the brazen art nouveau canopy, like filings of money drawn irresistibly to a great Money Magnet.

{If response to > is ENTER PLAZA:}

1A Lobby of Plaza Hotel

You enter the Plaza, and the lobby is more splendid than the facade. Marble, gilt, carpets, chandeliers, potted palms--the works. A voice deep inside you says you belong here, but the look on the face of the liveried security guard says that you don't. You ignore the voice deep inside and leave with a sigh of regret.

2. 5th Ave. at 59th St.

Opposite the Plaza, alongside the park, is a rank of three horse-drawn carriages, living fossils of the era when the Plaza was first built and all these streets would have been teeming with as many classes of horses as of men. Now there are only these three sad hacks. The charge for a ride is written on the side of each carriage: \$17 for the first half-hour, \$5 per quarter-hour thereafter.

[IF response to > is RENT CARRIAGE or HIRE CARRIAGE, they move about town at the same speed as a person on foot, and the driver demands payment of \$17 in advance.]

3. 5th Ave. at 57th St.

Every block, every shop front, in this part of town seems to bear another Famous Name. This corner, which from a distance looked like a large granite tombstone, turns out on closer inspection to be none other than that celebrated breakfast club, Tiffany's. Inside each of the tiny windows in the fortress-like facade is a modest bouquet of tea-roses, each held together by about \$50,000 worth of diamonds, pearls, emeralds and rubies. An ideal low-cholesterol breakfast.

[IF player is so unwise as to respond to > with BREAK WINDOW or STEAL JEWELS he is informed that Tiffany's windows are unbreakable and that he is under arrest. Move to Node Z.]

4. 5th Ave. at 56th St.

(See Node MI-3, Trump Tower)

5. 5th Ave. at 53rd St. or 6th Ave. at 53rd St.

(See Node MI-5, Museum of Modern Art)

6. 5th Ave. at either 50th or 51st Sts.

Like a ghost from across the ocean a genuine gothic cathedral rears up out of the welter of midtown hustle and bustle, looking dark and spikey and disapproving of

everything going on around it. The center door stands open, where an occasional worshipper--or sightseer--slips in or out.

[IF response to > is ENTER CATHEDRAL:]

6A. [Status-line changes to read ST. PATRICK's Cathedral]
The moment you enter the cathedral a strange feeling comes over you. A combination of peace and uneasiness and guilt. But how can you feel guilty about a past you can't remember? The cathedral provides no answer to that question, but the feeling grows stronger. Waves of vertigo assail you. You'll have to sit in the one of the pews--or leave at once.

[IF response to > is SIT or PRAY:]

6B. As you collapse into one of the pews, a prayer rises from your sinful heart like a flame leaping from the wick of a candle. You realize that the world is nothing but a maze of wickedness and folly, a snare. You understand your true vocation and thank the Lord for your amnesia, which has freed you from a past life that must certainly have been sinful. You get up from the pew to find a priest so that you may offer the Church the rest of your life in service as a Trappist monk, dedicated to silence, chastity, poverty, and worship. // To the East, before the altar of the cathedral, is a priest. To the West the door stands open onto the glare of 5th Ave. The choice is yours.

>

[IF response to > is E, or EAST:]

6C. Your problems are over. Holy Mother Church has accepted you into the Trappist order, and for the rest of your long, devout, and holy life you will raise vegetables and praise God at a monastery in rural Vermont. Congratulations on your escape from a world of sin! [This script terminates play.]

[IF response to 6A> or 6B> is LEAVE or EXIT
or IF response to 6B> is W or WEST:]

6D. It is several minutes after you've left the cathedral before you feel steady enough to continue on your way. Better stay out of churches for the time being. You seem to over-react.

[IF despite this hint the player re-enters St. Patrick's, for a second visit the text bypasses 6A and prints out 6B and 6C as a single paragraph, eliminating the sentences at the end of 6B that follow the double virgule //.]

7. 5th Ave. at 47th or 48th Sts.

You pause to consider the hollow hulk of a store that once was called--according to the great ghostly letters of the sign that's been taken down--BRENTANO'S. Why do you have the feeling that this was once a book store? The dusty windows are empty. You must have lived in this city at some point to know that.

8. 5th Ave. at 42nd or 41st St.

Two large, smug lions flank the steps that lead up to the monumental triple triumphant arch of the main branch of the Public Library. This has got to be the world's

classiest set of bookshelves.

[IF response to > is ENTER LIBRARY, see text for Node U-2, PUBLIC LIBRARY.]

9. 5th Ave. at 34th or 35th St.; also Madison Ave. at 34th or 35th Sts.]

Somewhere in Manhattan there seems to be a piece of architecture corresponding to every period in history. This once here is definitely the High Renaissance. Lorenzo de Medici couldn't have asked for a nobler palazzo. Until you're right up beside it you would even guess that all these columns and cornices were the wrappings of a department store--because Altman's doesn't believe in vulgar ostentation like signs. Neither did Lorenzo the Magnificent, probably.

[IF response to > is ENTER ALTMAN's, go to Node MI-1.]

[NOTE to Programmer: There are two site-specific buildings at the corner of 5th Ave. and 34th St, Altman's and the Empire State Building. The Empire State Building, however, lies in the Chelsea neighborhood node, and so the text that describes it is generated only by one coming upon it from within Chelsea, while Altman's text (above) appears when one has been in the Midtown node.]

10. 42nd St. at either 8th Ave. or 7th Ave.

This block-long stretch of 42nd St. is one movie marquee after another advertising either the pornography of sex or the pornography of violence. Under these marquees are the pushers, pimps, muggers, junkies, hustler and whores

who represent the scuzzy reality the movies are glamorizing. They watch you go by, these denizens of 42nd St., the way the animals in a zoo watch the feeders coming with pails of meat, with surly hunger and a heartfelt curse for anyone on the other side of the bars.

[If the response to > is GO TO MOVIE, SEE MOVIE, or BUY TICKET:]

10A. What doublet feature do you want to go to? DAMES IN CHAINS with IRON THUMBS or BUZZSAW BIRTHDAY PARTY with BARTERED BRIDES?

[Whichever the choice, the next text is:]

10B. A ticket costs \$4.00/

[IF player has \$4.00 and responds PAY \$4.00 or BUY TICKET, he enters a node identical to that for Variety Photoplay (Node LRS-3).]

11. 7th Ave. from 43rd St. to 49th St. inclusive

Times Square--where the city's melting pot reaches a full boil. Every extreme of wealth and squalor rub shoulders here, and every conceivable hustle is in operation. Three card monte players pretend to pay out \$20 bills to their planted shills. Camera stores offer bogus reductions for counterfeit goods. Transvestites offer themselves for sale side by side with the prostitutes they are impersonating. And a sidewalk vendor wants to sell you a genuine gold chain stolen only five minutes ago from a woman standing in line to buy tickets to that long-running hit musical, 42ND STREET. "Check it out," he chants, shaking the chain in your face, "check it out."

[IF response to > is BUY CHAIN or CHECK IT OUT or ASK PRICE:]

11A. That was dumb. The cops have been waiting for the last fifteen minutes for someone to come along and compound the felony. A plainclothes detective flashes his badge and informs you you're under arrest.

[IF response to > is RUN or ESCAPE, there is a chance to get away, according to the table of probabilities governing encounters with the police.]

12. 6th Ave. from 45th St. to 55th St. inclusive

You are in a canyon of glass skyscrapes. Human-sized pedestrian-level shops have been eliminated by the larger demands of Corporate Image. The people seem to move faster here than anywhere else in the city, either because there are no shop windows to slow them down or because glass canyons make people feel anxious.

13. 42nd at either Park Ave. or Lexington

Grand Central Station. Crossroads of a million people. What are your chances, you wonder, of meeting someone who used to know you back in your real life? If you'd lived somewhere you'd had to commute from, they might be pretty good. You go into the central terminal and take a stand beneath the vast barrel-vaulted ceiling, waiting for someone to come along, clap you on the shoulder, and say, "John Cameron, you old son of a gun--where have you been keeping yourself?" But half an hour goes by, and the

only reaction you get are a few peculiar looks for being a stationary object in the middle of the flow.

14. Madison Ave. at 55th or 56th Sts.

In a city of strange sights this has to be one of the strangest. A gigantic office building in the shape of a chest of drawers had come to rest on what seems to be a gigantic pagan temple, complete with gilded idol. But who is the god being worshipped here? He carries a bundle of lightning bolts, but he's too slim for Zeus. Finally you have to ask one of the attendants of the shrine, who stands behind the marble altar to INFORMATION. He gives you a fishy look and tells you to keep moving.

15. 1st Ave. from 42nd St. to 48th St. inclusive

The great green glass slab of the UN Secretariat looms over the swooping shape of the General Assembly Building. Flags of member nations snap in the wind that comes in from the East River. For a moment you wish you could be just an ordinary tourist so you could enjoy the vista the way it deserves. But the vista includes twenty assorted policemen, and you get the feeling this is nowhere to loiter.

[IF, despite this warning, the players panhandles at any of the seven UN loci, there should be a much higher probability of his being arrested.]

16. 6th Ave at 40th, 41st, and 42nd Sts.

With the marble backside of the Public Library for a backdrop

here is a very unlikely swatch of Arcadia, a park as posh and demure as the nicest sort of cemetery. The social mix here is not so upscale as the scenery, being about equally divided between drug pushers modeling the latest styles of sweat-suit chic and more conventionally dressed and generally older people trying to read books and newspapers. Each group pretends the other does not exist. Along one side of this park a series of stand-up chess games is in progress.

[IF response to > is WATCH GAME or PLAY CHESS;]

16A. You approach the chess-players. There are four boards set up, but only three games in progress. An elderly bespectacled man with a scraggly beard and inveigling smile asks if you know how to play chess--and if you'd like to play a game with him? You nod yes. He explains that you must put up at least \$1, or as much as \$10. Your bet is forfeit if you lose, doubled if you win. "How much," he asks you, in a voice wheezy from years of cigarettes, "are you willing to wager, my friend?"

[A chess game is then played according to the rules of play established for Node GF1, the Chess Club.
[Then IF you lose chess game.]

16C. "That was a good try," the old man tells you. "But you need more practice if you want to beat Dmitri Rosenbaum! Here--" He gives you a card for Cafe Concentration Chess Club and Coffee Shop, located on West 11th Street in Greenwich Village. "You'll pick up some pointers there--and maybe even a bit of change. Tell them Dmitri sent you and they'll let you in the back room.

[IF you have been to Chess Club (Node GV-1 already, the text concludes;]

16D. You thank the old man for his advice and make no mention of having already discovered Cafe Concentration on your own. So much for chess. What's next on the day's agenda?

[IF you win the chess game:]

16C₂. The old man sees he's been beaten and reluctantly pays you [\$-amount double stake]. You tell him you'd like to play another game at the same odds, but he shakes his head ruefully. "No, if I let myself play for excitement I'd soon be out of business. But if you're down on your luck and think you can play at near-tournament level, you might be able to pick up a few bucks at this place." He gives you a card for Cafe Concentration Chess Club and Coffee Shop on West 11th St. in Greenwich Village. "The best players don't come in till after ten at night, and they've got a room in back to themselves. Tell them Dmitri sent you, and they'll let you in."

[IF you have been to Chess Club, Node GV-1, already, the text continues as in script 16D. above.]

"

1. | A black Cadillac
| A delivery truck | is doubleparked outside
| A car with diplomatic plates
| A police car

| a French restaurant
| a branch of Citibank | , and the traffic bottlenecked
| a coffee shop
| a Jewish deli

behind it is honking passionately.

2. A brand new highrise | apartment building | has been
| office tower

wedged into a narrow space between | a Burger-King
| a 4-story garage
| an elegant townhouse
| an old brownstone

and | a decrepit residence hotel.
| a vest-pocket park.
| a grim soot-blackened church.
| a fire station.

3. You are on a street of shops and small businesses: there's

| a drug store
| a deli | on the corner, then | a liquor store,
| a luggage store | a beauty shop,
| an OTB office | a cigar store,
| a book store,

| a bakery with twelve varieties of croissants,
| a florist with a small jungle of sickly spider plants,
| a hardware store with a frayed and faded Grand Opening
| banner flapping over the doorway,
| a xerox copy shop,

and | a seafood restaurant.
| a branch of Fanny Farmer.
| a Federal Express office.
| the main lobby of the office building housing
| this miscellany of shops.

4. You are almost run over by a bicyclist speeding east
on a street that goes One Way in the other direction.
Better pay more attention to the traffic and less to
the architecture. The traffic in midtown can be lethal.

5. Bending over to tie | your right
 | your left shoelace, you
realize that the sidewalk in front of this office building has
been paved with | octagons of terra cotta
 | massive blocks of slate instead of
 | bricks in a herringbone pattern
 | a kind of synthetic terrazzo
ordinary concrete.

6. | A shopping bag lady
 | A derelict is having a heated argument
 | A three card monte player
 | A hot dog vendor
with a policeman over the question of whether as a United
States citizen one does or does not have the right to plunk
down when and where one likes--even in front of
 | a jewelry store,
 | a bar, if that's where one's feet give
 | a bank entrance,
 | a Porsche showroom,
out. The policeman takes strong exception to this view.
You decide that this dispute is none of your business and
move along.

7. You hear what sounds like gunshots and look up and down
 the street with consternation. | A stylish woman
 | A businessman
 | A pizza delivery boy
 | A massage parlor tout
notices your alarm and gives you a knowing smile. "That's
just a truck backfiring." You remain convinced, even so,
that it was gunshots.

[These are to be generated at random, and if possible non-repeatingly.]

- | | | | | | |
|----|--|----------------|-----|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. | | A well-dressed | | | carrying an attache case |
| | | A bearded | man | | with close-cropped hair |
| | | A black | | | in a Panama hat |
| | | A tall dark | | | with a scar on his left cheek |

stops in the recess of a doorway to light		his pipe.
		a cigarette.
		a dead cigar.

- | | | | | | |
|----|--|------------------------|-------|--|------------------------------|
| 2. | | An elderly | | | with hair dyed bright orange |
| | | An obese | woman | | with an armfull of packages |
| | | An anxious | | | in a red dress |
| | | An obviously disturbed | | | in a Salvation Army uniform |

is standing in front of a window display of		summer clothes
		stationery supplies
		imported handsoaps
		bestsellers

carrying on a conversation with		a derelict.
		herself.
		a toy poodle
		a child in a wheelchair.

- | | | | | |
|----|--|---------------|--|---|
| 3. | | A boy | | in color-coordinated gym clothes |
| | | A girl | | with a baby riding in a canvas sling |
| | | A young man | | in a Fiorucci teeshirt |
| | | A young woman | | wearing a New York Yankees baseball cap |

walks by,		whistling " <u>Celeste Aida</u> ".
		engrossed in a paperback copy of <u>The Queen's Gambit</u> .
		carrying a radio playing disco music at top volume.
		licking an ice cream cone.

- | | | | | |
|----|--|--|--|---------------|
| 4. | | A nun in dark glasses | | |
| | | A blind man | | stands on the |
| | | A Mondale campaign worker | | |
| | | A gypsyish-looking woman with a sick child | | |

corner soliciting contributions		in a loud, whining voice.
		half-heartedly.
		with fierce insistence.
		by banging a tambourine.

- | | | | |
|----|--------------------|---------------|-----------------------------|
| 5. | A Puerto Rican | | a punk haircut |
| | A black | teenager with | a hunting knife on his belt |
| | A leather-jacketed | | a broken front tooth |
| | A Chinese | | mirror sunglasses |

asks you for	a quarter.	You pretend not to
	a match.	
	the time.	
	all the money you've got.	

understand him, and he walks away without a backward glance.

[NOTE: In (5.) there is clearly no interactive response called for.

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 6. | A very thin young man | with the deepest, Florida tan |
| | A beautiful woman | with a conspicuous gold neckchain |
| | A lovely girl | with sun-bleached hair |
| | A strikingly handsome man | with aviator-style glasses |

approaches you with a clipboard and asks if you would answer

questions for a survey about	the Democratic party platform.
	your favorite tv programs.
	frozen desserts.
	our policy in Nicaragua.

[IF reponse to > is YES or ANSWER SURVEY:]

6A. You answer the survey questions as best you can, but your interviewer becomes more and more impatient with your non-commital replies. You're both relieved when you've reached the bottom of the list of questions and can say good-bye.

[IF response to6> is NO:]

6A₂. The interviewer gives you a professional, chilly smile and moves on to the next random sample.

- | | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|--------|---------------|
| 7. | A construction worker | | rose |
| | A bus driver | with a | Harley emblem |
| | An Arnold Schwarzenegger lookalike | | mermaid |
| | A teenager in a black teeshirt | | eagle |

tattooed on his right forearm, is leaning against a lamppost, chewing expertly on a wooden matchstick.

8. A group of | elderly tourists
| Japanese businessmen is coming at you,
| foreign sailors
| screaming children

filling up the entire sidewalk and spilling over into the
street.

IIF they are asked for money:]

8A. They seem not to have heard a word you've said. They walk
on by, paying you no more heed than a stream gives to one of the
rocks in its path.

9.

1. You're on a street that is slowly but surely being gentrified.
 - | An antique store specializing in 50s bad taste
 - | A punk hair stylist
 - | A restaurant lit by pink neon
 - | A shop selling nothing but popcorn in various colorshas moved in between
 - | a hispanic barber shop
 - | a laundromat
 - | a beer-and-potato-chips grocery store
 - | the parlor of a "Reader and Advisor"
 - | that's been left in charge of a fat black catand
 - | a fish store with a special on salted cod.
 - | a bar that's been closed by the Board of Health.
 - | a store dealing in used office furniture.
 - | a coffee shop with a dusty sign asking you go be patient until its renovation is complete.
2. A pay phone. A vandalized pay phone: sorry.
3. A pay phone. You check out the coin return just in case there might be a quarter left inside. No such luck.

[IF player has 25 cents for a call, he can use the pay phone, according to the rules governing such matters. NOTE: all neighborhoods must be supplied with a sufficiency of pay phones.]
4. You are on a street of brownstone apartment houses, most of them in good trim. In the middle of the street
 - | a game of stickball is in progress.
 - | a work crew is filling in a large pothole with asphalt.
 - | a tall skinny black in a red bikini is doing some fancy roller-skating.
 - | a single pigeon investigates the remnants of a pizza crust.
5. Outside of
 - | a brightly-lit pizzeria
 - | the Rose of Erin bar
 - | a fortune-telling parlor
 - | a news vendor's shopspread open
 - | his guitar case to receive contributions and
 - | her

is belting out Broadway show tunes with professional pizzazz.
is singing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" in a tone
of whining self-pity.
is doing a creditable imitation of Boy George.
counting up the quarters accumulated so far.

[NOTE: All the locales mentioned in the lead-in phrase are Utility nodes, which the player can enter and carry out more complex interactions--to be detailed in the scripts for Nodes U-3 through U-6. These nodes must be enterable from all neighborhoods, though the script for the point of entry should vary from neighborhood to neighborhood.]

6. | On the stoop of an old brownstone
| On the sheet-metal platform outside a warehouse
| Outside a Puerto Rican grocery
| Inside a van parked along the curb

a boy in a black mesh shirt
a man in a hard-hat
an Archie Bunker type
a black teenager in a Michael Jackson teeshirt

is | keeping time to a song on the radio.
| crushing a beer can very, very slowly.
| yelling angrily at someone on the other side of the street.
| kissing a girl who is losing her Dolly Parton wig.

7. In the window of | a shoe repair shop | you see,
| a hispanic beauty parlor
| a mom-and-pop grocery store
| a defunct Chinese restaurant

taped to the soot-freckled glass, a postcard that seems strangely, even disturbingly familiar. "Welcome" it says, "to"--and then in very large letters--"SANTA CANDELARIA!" Each of the letters in the town's name shows a typical scene from a Gulf Coast town: an amusement pier, a mission church, a public garden. You find that you are having trouble breathing. Your legs feel weak.

[This is the entrance to Node P-2,
Second Deja-Vu.]

- | | | | | | |
|----|--|----------------|------|--|--------------------|
| 1. | | A teenager | | | terrible acne |
| | | A fat man | with | | a thin mustache |
| | | A Puerto Rican | | | his arm in a sling |
| | | A bodybuilder | | | a cut lip |

and wearing		a black beret			
		no shoes			is sitting on the
		khaki shorts			
		a Village People tanktop			

steps of a brownstone		half-asleep.
		reading the Daily News.
		smoking a cigarette.
		wiping sweat from his forehead with a red bandana.

- | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|--|---------|------|--|-------|--|--|----------|------|
| 2. | | A girl | | | short | | | chestnut | |
| | | A woman | with | | long | | | red | hair |
| | | A boy | | | curly | | | auburn | |
| | | A man | | | bushy | | | black | |

goes by, looking		like an ad for a new shampoo.
		woeful.
		for a dog called Solomon.
		very spaced-out.

- | | | |
|-------|--|--|
| 3. | | with blood on his shirt |
| A man | | with a black bandana headband |
| | | in an I Love New York teeshirt |
| | | with a briefcase clutched to his chest |

comes running pell-mell down the street and around the corner followed by a second man shouting "Stop him! Stop that thief!"

[IF reponse to 3> is PURSUE THIEF or CATCH THIEF, etc. and IF player has done any exercise, he may apprehend thief after ten blocks' pursuit zigzagging north and east. Sample scripts for such a pursuit:

3A. The man is running north along [7th. Avenue/ 8th Avenue ,etc, as determined by status lines}. Then as he

reaches [28th St. 29th St. etc., as determined by status line] he bears west, and momentarily you lose sight of him.

{After ten blocks of pursuit:}

3B. At last, at the corner of [status line for avenue and street] you overtake the man you'd been pursuing. He is too breathless to put up any fight as you pin his arms behind his back. A few moments later his original pursuer appears with a policeman in tow. "You've caught him!" he exclaims gratefully. He pumps your hand in a vigorous handshake and insists that you accept a cash reward of

	\$10.
	\$25.
	\$50.

4. | A pair of elderly gents
| A boy and a girl
| Two young men are standing in front of a
| Two old ladies
brownstone carrying on a polite conversation, as their
leashed | poodles develop a more intimate
| beagles
| mongrels
| wire-haired terriers
acquaintanceship, which the dogs' owners studiously ignore.

5. | A fat woman | with thick eyeglasses
| A young black girl | in garish clothes
| A bald man | in a bathing suit
| A thin kid | with a "No Nukes" teeshirt

is sitting | on an aluminum beach chair
| on the steps of brownstone
| a pile of bundled newspapers
| on the fender of a parked car

reading | a paperback copy of The Name of the Rose.
| a copy of Newsweek.
| The Wall Street Journal.
| a copy of a computer magazine.

[PROGRAM NOTE: 25 West 19th St. is on 19th St. between 5th and 6th Avenues, and thus lies within the Chelsea node. To reach it one must be at the corner of 19th and one of the two avenues, and then give a command: either GO TO 25 WEST 19TH ST. or (from 5th Ave.) W TO 25 WEST 19TH ST. or (from 6th Ave.) E TO 25 WEST 19TH ST. When one arrives there the first text is:]

1. You find 25 West 19th Street in the middle of the block on the uptown side of the street.

>

[If response to 1> is LOOK 25 WEST 11th ST.:]

2. 25 West 11th St. is a five-story brownstone about thirty feet wide that stands between a parking lot and a taller but almost equally narrow office building. Its first story is occupied by a beauty salon in a state of advanced redecoration. A broad flight of steps, flanked by wrought-iron balustrades, mounts steeply to the carved entrance portico. To the right of the entrance is a wide bay formed by two large plate-glass windows hung with white lace curtains.

[IF response to 1> or 2> is ENTER 25 WEST 19TH ST. or CLIMB STEPS/ MOUNT STEPS:]

3. You climb the steps to the entrance portico, where there is a row of doorbells each with a plastic nameplate beside it. The nameplate for the topmost doorbell reads: NEW THEATER OF SILLINESS .

>

[IF response to 3> is PRESS / RING DOORBELL /TOPMOST DOORBELL:]

4. You ring the doorbell, and after a short wait the buzzer sounds.

>

[PROGRAM NOTE: There should be a general requirement for this situation, i.e., for door that must be buzzed open. The player should have a limited time in which to respond to the buzzer by typing the command OPEN DOOR. If five seconds (or other desired interval?) goes by before the command is entered, the result is:]

5. You try to open the door but you're too late: the buzzer's stopped buzzing.

>

[The player must once again command RING DOORBELL until response is fast enough. When it is fast enough, the result is an appropriate entry text. In this case:]

6. You enter and find yourself at the foot of another flight of stairs. A voice calls down, pipingly, "Who's there?"

>

[If response to 6> is JOHN/ JOHN CAMERON:]

6A. "Oh, John, how nice. Mummy is in the bathtub, and I'm making imaginary cookies. I'll go tell her you're here."

[IF response to 6> is anything but JOHN/JOHN CAMERON:]

6B: "Oh, John, you can't fool me, I know your voice. Mummy is in the bathtub, and I'm making imaginary cookies. I'll go tell her you're here."

[IF response to 6A> or 6B> is CLIMB / MOUNT/ GO UP STAIRS:]

7. You climb the stairs to the second floor landing, where the door to apartment B has been left ajar.

[IF response is ENTER APARTMENT B:]

8. You enter a large loftlike space, in which the elements of a kitchen, a living room, and a toyshop are mingled in one bright-colored jumble. From another room, muffled, another voice calls to you: "I just got into the tub. Do be a dear, John, and read Cecily that nice book you got her. I won't be

long." A moment later, from behind a room-dividing bookshelf, Cecily appears with an aluminum cookie sheet full of imaginary cookies.

>

[IF response to 8> is LOOK CECILY:]

9. Cecily is at the age when children glow brightest--four or maybe five years old. She has that air of privileged playfulness that bright children share with royalty, a cheerful awareness that children are supposed to have fun, be coddled and admired, and call the shots. She holds out the cookie sheet and offers you a choice between an imaginary chocolate-chip cookie and an imaginary sprinkle cookie.

>

[IF response is TAKE IMAGINARY COOKIE (either kind):]

10. After a polite show of hesitation you take one of the imaginary cookies and profess an exaggerated satisfaction.

"Have another cookie," Cecily insists. "I can always pretend to bake some more."

>

[IF response to 10> is THANK YOU or TAKE IMAGINARY COOKIE, text (10) is repeated verbatim.]

[IF response to 10> is NO/ NO THANK YOU/ I'M FULL:]

11. "Now that you've had your fill," Cecily says, "I'll entertain you. Do you remember the book you gave me for Christmas with all the riddles in it? Well, you will have to answer three riddles before I let Mummy come out of the bathtub. Okay?"

>

[IF response is NO or any question beginning ASK CECELY ABOUT. . .:]

12. Cecily stamps her foot with beguiling petulance. "The riddles have to come first. That is the rule. Now, here is the first riddle ; [Text continues identical to (12A) :]

[IF response to 11> is YES/ OKAY/ ANSWER RIDDLES:]

12A. "Very well! Here is the first riddle. She closed her eyes for better concentration, and recited:

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives.
Each wife had seven sacks.
Each sack had seven cats.
Each cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives:
How many were going to St. Ives?"

>

[IF response to 12> or 12A> is anything but ONE or 1:]

13. "You're wrong! Cecily shrieks gleefully. "You're wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong! There's only one going TO St. Ives, all the others are coming FROM there. That one fools everyone so don't be disappointed. Okay, here's one that's even harder:

There was a girl in our town,
Silk an' satin was her gown,
Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
Guess her name, three times I've telled it."

>

[IF response to 12> or 12> is ONE/ 1:]

13A. Cecily pouts becomingly. "Oh, you KNEW the answer. You probably read the whole book before you gave it to me. Well, Ill ask you one from another book then.

There was a girl in our town, etc. [Text continues

identical to (13).

>

[IF response to 13> or 13A> is ANN or ANNE:]

14. "Oh, you knew that one because Mummy's name is Ann. You're no fun to play with at all. I'm going to bake some more cookies. You can just go sit and read the newspaper or watch the tv. I don't care."

[IF response to 13> or 13A> is anything but ANN / ANNE:]

14A. "You're wrong! You're wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong. The right answer is Ann, the same as Mummy's name. Silk AN' satin, gold AN' velvet, get it? Well, you're no good at riddles, I can see that. I'll go bake some more cookies. You can just go sit and read the newspaper or watch tv. I don't care."

>

[IF response 14> or 14A> is ASK CECILY ABOUT ANN / MOTHER:]

15. "I told you Mummy is taking a bath. Now don't bother me, this is a complicated recipe, and it takes my full concentration." Cecily scampers off to her own private space behind the bookshelves.

>

[IF response is LOOK ROOM / BOOKSHELVES:]

16. The one stable and somber note among the apartment's happy jumble are its tall bookshelves. You consider some of the titles of the exposed spines, and recognize many titles and authors that seem familiar, but only as the fame of a foreign city can be familiar though you've never visited it.

And then you do find one book, and a very thick one, that you can dimly remember having read, or at least begun. There was a beautiful girl in it, the daughter of a man who carved tombstones. Gerta her name was. You look inside the book--it is called WOLF SOLENT--and find the name on the first page you skim. You feel a fierce glow of accomplishment at having remembered something, even if it was only a character in a book. You continue paging through the long novel until a woman's voice addresses you: "John Cameron! This is a surprise."

[If response to 16> is HELLO / HI, ANN:]

17. "Hello yourself."

>

[IF response to 16> or 17> or any later prompt in this node after Ann's first text (16 is ASK ANNN/WOMAN ABOUT NEW THEATER OF SILLINESS):]

18. "Oh, that's pretty well defunct now, but we keep the apartment and the phone listed that way because my accountant says Cecily won't have to pay such high taxes if she's a corporation instead of an individual. And she likes being a corporation. It gives her something to brag about."

>

[IF response is ASK ANN ABOUT CECILY:]

19. "She's been having a few problems at school. One of her classmates has dyslexia and Cecily is jealous. She wants to be dyslexic too. Were you able to answer her riddles?"

>

[Whatever the response to 19>:]

20. She turns away from you, indifferent to your riddle-answering prowess, and begins vigorously to dry her hair with the bathtowel that was her turban. After it is all fluffed out into a great halo of damp blonde curls, she opens a cupboard compartment underneath the tv, takes out two brandy glasses and a bottle of brandy. She appraises the level of the bottle's contents. "There's just enough to finish off what we started," she announces, and pours the brandy into the glasses. She hands you one of the snifters and then holds up her own in a toast: "To what we started!"

>

[IF response to 20> is ASK ABOUT WHAT WE STARTED
or TO WHAT WE STARTED! or KISS ANN/ WOMAN or I
LOVE YOU:

21. Don't think, John Cameron, that what we started is still happening. You've had your chance. I'm after a long-term relationship. Not one where you pop up with a smile on your face looking for a free dinner and a place to crash and then disappear for a month. I'm not blaming you--you never pretended to be anything you're not. But you're a bum--a good-looking, personable sort of bum, but a bum for all that. Have you eaten? If you're hungry there's a big hunk of brie in the icebox. I carted it home from a party last night, so have all you want, it was free. Now excuse me a moment, I've got to put the Little Princess to bed. She's got a makeup call for six a.m."

[MORE]

[IF the player's appetite level indicates a high level of hunger, there is an additional message added to text (21):]

21A. The mention of the brie starts you salivating like one of Pavlov's dogs. You may have amnesia, but your tastebuds don't.

>

[IF response to 21 or 21A is GET BRIE/ EAT BRIE:]

22. Ann said the brie is in the icebox. Why not start there?

>

[If response to 22> or 21A> is GO TO/ OPEN ICEBOX:]

23. You go across the room to a corner that is predominantly kitcheny without quite becoming a kitchen, open the icebox and encounter a truly monumental wedge of brie gleaming in wrinkly plastic wrap,

>

[IF response to 23> is EAT BRIE:]

24. Sure enough--as soon as the plastic wrap is off.

>

[IF response to 23> or 24> is UNWRAP BRIE:]

24A. The brie is unwrapped, but even so it's too cold to release a really knockdown aroma.

>

[IF response to 24A> is SLICE BRIE:]

25. You find a knife on a nearby counter and slice off a sizable triangle of cold brie.

>

[IF response to 24A> or 25> is EAT BRIE:]

26. Even cold it is delicious. For a moment your whole life--both the life you've forgotten and the one you are blundering about it now--seems like one long detour from a worthwhile life devoted to making cheese. You eat some more, for it is truly a fine cheese, and Ann is a fine woman for letting you have some.

Just as you think this grateful thought, she returns from putting to Cecily to bed.

>

[IF response to 26> is LOOK ANN / WOMAN:]

27. She is beautiful with the beauty of the Ideal Housewife to be seen in advertisements for cooking oil and detergents, a bland, unglamorous beauty that ~~no~~ can neither be envied nor denied. She is the sort of woman whose single marital status (she's not wearing a wedding ring) seems like a freak of nature.

>

[IF response to 27> is PROPOSE TO ANN / PROPOSE / KISS ANN / MARRY ME / I LOVE YOU:]

28. "John, you're a darling, and you know how fond I am of you, but you must accept the fact that as lovers we belong in the past tense. It's over, and I'm engaged to another man, as you very well know, and he is jealous of you, and I don't blame him, so you see, you simply must stop coming round here. In fact I'll have to ask you to leave now, since Jeff is coming over to watch an old ^aBerman movie on the Betamax.

>

[IF response to 26>, 27>, or 28> begins ASK ANN ABOUT {anything}:]

29. "Oh, John, next you'll want to know why the sky is blue. No more questions. But in one way I am glad you came, since it gives me an opportunity to give you this." She holds out a slip of paper. "It's from a woman named Denise. She wouldn't give her last name, and she wouldn't explain how she got my number. But she was very insistent that if I should hear from you, to tell you to get in touch with her. So I wrote down her number. Though I do think supplying you with a new phone number is a little like carrying coal to Newcastle."

>

[IF response to 29> is TAKE PAPER/ SLIP OF PAPER:]

30. You take the slip of paper and glance at the number Ann has written down. KL5-5413. It seems vaguely familiar.

Ann goes to the door and holds it open, inviting your departure with a bittersweet smile.

>

[IF response to 30> is LEAVE ROOM/ APARTMENT/ 25 WEST 19TH ST.:]

31. You say good-bye, gather up your things, and leave.

[IF response to 30> is anything but LEAVE ROOM /etc.:]

31A. "John, please, don't make a scene. Jeff will be here any moment."

Reluctantly you gather up your things and go out the door she is holding open. She watches you go down the stairs and doesn't close the door until she has heard the door to the main entrance close and knows you are out on the street.

[PROGRAM NOTE: The player will encounter the User-Friendly Computer Store the first time he comes to or crosses Madison Avenue between 34th St. and 57th St. Through the rest of the game it will be encountered at that same corner, and enterable during business hours. However, the first encounter with the store and its appearance from the street are texts equally available for the "night mode" and so are the same day or night. Text (1) appears only the first time the player "sees" the store.]

(1) As you come to the corner of Madison Avenue, you notice, halfway down the block a shop front that seems somehow familiar. The sign above the front window, written in letters that imitate a dot-matrix printout, says:

USER-FRIENDLY
COMPUTER STORE.

>

[IF response to 1> is ENTER / LOOK STORE:]

(2) The store is half a block south from the corner where you're standing.

[IF response to 1> or 2> is GO TO STORE or S, and
IF this first encounter is in the Night mode,
when stores are closed :]

(2A) You walk down Madison to the entrance of the shop, but like everything else on the street it's closed for the night.

>

[IF response to 1> or 2> is GO TO STORE or S, and
IF this first encounter is in the Day mode:]

(2B) You walk down Madison to the entrance of the shop--and almost collide with a paunchy businessman coming out the door.

>

[If response to 2A> or 2B> is LOOK STORE/ USER
FRIENDLY STORE/ WINDOW:]

(3) There is a [brand-name of computer for which player's disk

has been made] computer set upon a pedestal in the front window of the store that has been programmed to simulate an aquarium. You recognize swordtails, angelfish, tiger barbs, and a seahorse among the fronds of seaweed. They swim back and forth, forth and back, back and forth, looking wise and cheerful, a lesson to all the hypertense executives that go by along the sidewalk never noticing this electronic utopia.

>

[PROGRAM NOTE: Here, if it wouldn't take up too much program space, you might like to include a flash of FISHIES.]

[IF response to 2B> or 2B + 3> is ENTER STORE:]

(4.) You enter the User-/Friendly Computer Store.

[IF response is LOOK STORE:]

(5) The store looks like it has either not yet opened for business or recently gone bankrupt. There are only a few computers in sight--an Apple, a Commodore, and an IBM PC Jr. The one other person in the store--a woman in what is almost but not quite a man's business suit--approaches you, and says,

[MORE]

[IF this is first visit to User-Friendlky Store:]

(5A) "How may I help you, sir?"

[Or IF player has entered node before:]

(5B) "Back again?"

[IF response to 5A. or 5B> is SHOW DISK/ASK FOR HELP:]

(6) The saleswoman examines the disk you show her. "This looks like any other floppy disk, sir. There are any number of machines it might have been made on--and of course it

will only run on a machine if it's been formatted to do so. I don't pretend to understand any more of it than that. You can try it on the machines we have here, and if it runs on one of them you can rent time for \$7.50 an hour. Would you like to try the Apple, the Commodore, or the PC Junior?"

>

[PROGRAM NOTE: The "correct" machine should correspond to the one for which the particular disk of AMNESIA itself has been formatted. In this script we will assume that is the Apple.]

[IF response to 6> is IBM / PC JUNIOR TRY IBM:]

(7) The IBM's disk drive whirrs earnestly, but the monitor remains blank. "Perhaps," the saleswoman suggests, "you'd like to try another machine?"

>

{IF response to 7> is only YES:}

(7A) "Which machine, sir?"

>

[IF response to 6> or 7> or 7A> is COMMODORE:]

(8) The screen of the Commodore refuses to acknowledge the presence of your disk in its disk drive. "Not this one," the saleswoman. "Another machine perhaps?"

>

[IF response to 8> is only YES, player gets text (7A).]

[IF response to 6>, 7>, 7A>, or 8> is APPLE:]

(9) The disk boots and the following message appears on the screen:

* HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL *

Do not access material on this desk

unless it is YOURS.

You will know if it is yours

only if you don't know who you are.

* * * * *

[MORE]

(9A) The saleswoman who has been looking over your shoulder gives a little sniff of disapproval after reading the text that appears on the screen. "Well, that certainly piques the curiosity, doesn't it," she comments levelly. "I assume you'll want to work in private if you do wish to rent time, and there is an Apple set up in its own little cubbyhole. As I said, the rental fee is \$7.50, cash in advance."

[MORE]

[The following text (9B) will appear IF the player does not have \$7.50:]

(9B) You check to see how much money you have, and see that it isn't enough. Either you'll have to find an Apple you can use for free or find a way to earn \$7.50. It's frustrating not to be able to access the disk immediately, but there is a look in the saleswoman's eye that says she is not about to bend any rules for you, so you take the disk out of the disk drive and take your leave. "I don't have the time now," you tell the saleswoman. Maybe later." She smiles stiffly as you go out the door to Madison Avenue.

>

[IF response to 9A> is RENT APPLE / TIME/ PAY
\$7.50/ PAY FOR RENTAL:]

(10) You pay the saleswoman for an hour on the Apple, and she leads you to a back room about the size of the hotel's safe deposit vault. When you're alone, you boot the disk into the Apple disk drive, and once again the monitor lights up with this introductory message:

* HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL *

Do not access material on this desk

unless it is YOURS.

You will know if it is yours

only if you don't know who you are.

* * * * *

When no more text is forthcoming, you press the RETURN key, and a new message appears on the screen:

Access to File 1 + n

controlled by correct answer to the following riddle:

Although I talk of no one and
Of nothing else but me and mine,
I hope you will not understand
Just who I am until the line
Revealing all my taradiddle
As the substance of _ _ _ _ _.

>

[If response to 10> is anything but A RIDDLE:]

(10A) The screen informs you that that is not the correct answer and poses the riddle again:

Access to File 1 + n

controlled by correct answer to the following riddle:

Although I talk of no one and
Of nothing else but me and mine,
I hope you will not understand
Just who I am until the line
Revealing all my taradiddle
As the substance of _ _ _ _ _.

>

[IF response to 10> or 10> is A RIDDLE:]

(11) You got it, and the pay-off is a screenful of text,
which you scroll through with increasing astonishment and
alarm:

[PROGRAM NOTE: It would be nice if it were possible to give the text that appears on the 'monitor within the monitor' a different character from the usual text of the game, either by reversing black to white, or by narrowing the margins, or ideally by having it appear within a screen-shaped "box". This rule would apply to those parts of texts (9), (10), and (10A) above that are said to appear on the monitor. The text should move forward by scrolling, if possible, rather than in numberable hunks of text, and the player can control his reading speed as he would ordinarily, by using a command to scroll text. As that command may vary, perhaps there should be an instruction, by the saleswoman or on the disc, saying what key to use to scroll the text. In this script I am setting the text on the disc with slightly narrowed margins.]

I am writing this message to myself on a rented Apple computer in Room 1502 of the Sunderland Hotel, but beyond that one certain fact everything else I might say about who I am or why I'm here is a matter of fatih and/or inference. I'm registered at the desk downstairs as John Cameron III, and my bill is being paid for by an American Express card in that name (no idea where the card is tho, dammit), but all my efforts to dig up solid info about this "John Cameron" have met with no success.

American Express insists my records are confidential and can't be divulged over the phone. The WHO'S WHO at the library shows no entry for John Cameron III. The name is probably an alia^s.

This much is certain: whoever I am, I'm suffering from a disease that causes a progressively worse amnesia. The nature and origin of that disease--and much else--~~and~~^{are} set out (presumably by myself, but that's where faith comes in, since I don't remember writing even yesterday's entry!) on files that are coded within this file. Access to these files is controlled by a series of riddles, similar to but harder than the riddle that opened this file. The need for "burying" this information will become evident as you/I continue to access earlier files. As for the riddles themselves, it seems that even in my amnesiac condition I have a knack for inventing doggerel riddles. God, I hope I don't end up discovering I'm a poet! I have, at this point, almost no memories of my adult life, though I do retain certain capabilities--such as basic programming skills--and general knowledge. There is also a grab-bag of what I suppose are childhood memories--streets and rooms and cooking smells and a woman's voice softly urging me to go to sleep. My mother's voice? I can remember watching DUMBO and wishing that I had his magic feather. I remember unwrapping a birthday present that had one box inside of another box inside of another box--but I can't remember what was in the last box. It's not safe

for me to continue writing. You/I will find what you need to know on the earlier files. I have nothing substantive to add. I'll deposit this in the hotel's safe deposit box and use the password that's keyed to John I, i. None of the other riddles concern the Bible, by the way, so don't think to find more "clues." I was able to guess them, so I guess you will, since I'm counting on you to be me. This is a weird situation.

[MORE]

(12) The text on the screen breaks off and is replaced by a second riddle:

Access to File 1 + n

controlled by correct answer to the following riddle;

With every question that I pose
The keener curisoity grows.
Who? I ask, and then, a moment later,
~~And why?~~ And ~~how?~~ And where's our waiter?
~~How come~~ ~~When~~
Who am I?

>

[IF response to 12A is anything but ? or A QUESTION MARK:]

(13) Wrong. Need a hint? The correct answer is some letters shorter. Guess again. [Reprint riddle as in (12) above.]

>

[Text (13) can be repeated truthfully for an answer of as few as two letters. IF a single-letter answer is given that is not a question mark, the text is:]

(13A) Wrong. Need another hint? There it is.

[Reprint riddle as in (12) above.]

>

[IF second riddle is solved correctly with either ? or A QUESTION MARK:]

(14) You have answered the riddle correctly and the monitor rewards you with another hunk of text:

~~Sorry about breaking off so abruptly, the of course you won't encounter the interruption till the end of the file under this. I realize now that I'm a virtual prisoner in this room. My self-declared friend "Alice Dudley" just appeared outside the door and got very impatient rattling the chainlock on the door while I secreted this disk. She brought a Chinese takeout, which I refused to eat, as I've developed the cranky suspicion that ~~she~~ aggravates my amnesia. When I complained, Alice informed me that she had brought me my "favorite" dinner--and I could not contradict her. She tells me we're engaged, that my amnesia has been triggered by pre-marital anxieties. ~~she~~ hints, moreover, that I'm a fugitive from justice--but won't provide details, because (she says) when she did so some short while back the discovery triggered my worst setback amnesia-wise. She may be telling the truth: I can't remember. Tho I don't trust her I don't doubt her essential good will towards me. Call it love, even. But it is an over-protective, manipulating love and I want no part of it. If she were to read this . . . Not much point in continuing a record of my quandary, yet I've come to feel so dependant on this disc. And I~~

Have become
herel
friend
personnel
she is doctoring my food
tells
she
she hints, moreover,
Suppose the disk is fake
is fake? or
suppose I will

haven't been able to solve the innermost riddles, tho I keep trying. For practice I've been phoning 555-8749. No idea what the place is, a book store maybe; in any case there's a different riddle each day. Found the number in my address book. Don't know why it seems to important to keep others from reading these files, but it does. Reading, or what would be worse, tampering with what's already been written here. (Tho can I be sure it hasn't been tampered with already?)

I have to get away, but without money or even clothes (I have sweat pants, a Mickey Mouse teeshirt, sneakers, and a smile) I don't feel very well-equipped to set off on my own. And Alice keeps promising, throwing out hints, asking me to wait "just one more day." Meanwhile I'm getting a lot of exercise in the hotel's rooftop . . . and in bed. Tonight, after we've made love and she's let her guard down, I will ask her what she knows about this Zane Bester. What would be the best way to put it? "Darling, would you happen to know if I'm really Zane Bester? And if so, who the hell is Zane Bester?"

* * * * *

The text breaks off, and a third riddle is posed, but no sooner has it appeared on the screen than the saleswoman informs you than another customer is waiting to rent the Apple you are using. You have just enough time to scribble down the third riddle before you must relinquish the machine. This is what you copy from the monitor:

I am Evolution's way
Of saying you've had long enough to play.
I'm the unveiling of the skull,
The barnacles sheered off the hull
To show the nobel wreck beneath,
As all shall learn who feel my teeth..

Who am I?

There's no time to answer that question now, but maybe by the next time you've booted this disk you'll have figured out the answer. You say good-bye to the saleswoman and leave the User-Friendly Computer Store.

*Prostitution couples me with death,
Ad. ~~to~~ ^{must} you ~~will~~ pay me till your final breath,
~~then~~ ^{then} ~~even~~ ~~any~~ ~~more~~ get to ~~know~~
A final slice of the temporary centre.
Who am I?*

[IF player is at corner of 77th St. or 76th St.
and 8th Ave (Central Park West) and gives command
to LOOK / LOOK NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY:]

1. The granite facade of the New York Historical Society stretches from 76th to 77th St. in a single crisp classical gestalt. Eight colossal Ionic columns rise from a fortress-like base, at the center of which the small entry looks like an afterthought, as though the architect only reluctantly had conceded the possibility that people might go in and out.

>

[IF response to 1> is ENTER MUSEUM / NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY:]

2. Inside the revolving door there is a desk, where a large sign informs you of the admissions charges:

Welcome to
The
New-York
Historical Society

admission

members	free
adults	\$2.00
senior citizens	\$1.50
children (12 & under)	.75

Tuesdays discretionary
(you must pay something)

The ticket seller looks up inquiringly from the paperback he was reading.

>

[IF response to 2> is BUY TICKET/ PAY \$2.00;]

3. The ticket seller takes your money, tears a ticket in half, and hands you the stub and a flyer with maps of each floor of the museum. There is a special exhibition of 20th

Century portraits of famous New Yorkers in the first floor galleries to your right and left. Ahead of you is a broad double-staircase mounting to the second floor.

[IF response to 2> is I AM A MEMBER/ CLAIM MEMBERSHIP:]

3A. "I'm sorry," the ticket seller says. "I didn't recognize you at first, Sir. Go right in." He hands you the stub and a flyer with maps of each floor of the museum. There is a special exhibition of 20th Century portraits of famous New Yorkers in the first floor galleries to your right and left. Ahead of you is a broad double-staircase mounting to the second floor.

[IF response to 3A> is ASK TICKET SELLER ABOUT SELF/ WHO AM I? / WHAT IS MY NAME?]

3B. The ticket seller gives you a very peculiar look. I'm afraid I don't remember the names of all our members, Sir. The faces, yes, I can remember the faces, but not the names." He hands you the stub and a flyer with maps of each floor of the museum. There is a special exhibition of 20th Century portraits of famous New Yorkers in the first floor galleries to your right and left. Ahead of you is a broad double-staircase mounting to the second floor.

[IF player tries to go from 2> to other parts of museum by compass commands and has not paid admission or claimed membership:]

3C. A guard points to the sign, and asks if you can read English. His meaning is clearly that you will not be allowed

into the museum without a ticket.

>

[IF response to 3C> is ARGUE WITH GUARD/ IGNORE
GUARD/ WALK BY GUARD:]

3D. The guard politely ejects you from the museum.

>

[IF player persists in trying to enter the museum
improperly, the third time he tries to evade the
guard, instead of 3D, the text is:]

4. This time it is not the museum's guard who prevents your
entrance, but a New York City policeman summoned by the
museum. He takes one look at you -- and unfortunately it is
a look of recognition. "Hot damn!" he exclaims, as he
draws ~~his~~ his revolver. "This is the bastard who killed that
prison guard in Revoltillo. Looks like I've just won a
citation. Hands up--Xavier Hollings!"

[IF response to 4> is RAISE HANDS/ SURRENDER/HAND UP,
you move to Node Z, Death and Texas.]

[IF response to 4> is E or LEAVE/ EXIT MUSEUM;]

4A. You react instinctively, spinning round and exiting to
the street. You've got to think fast: uptown, downtown, or
across the street and into Central Park?

>

[IF response to 4A> is literally to repeat UPTOWN,
DOWNTOWN, or INTO CENTRAL PARK:]

4B. You were too slow. The cop was right behind you, and
after a brief but effective display of karate you find
yourself face down on the sidewalk with your hands cuffed
behind your back. A woman who had been about to enter the
museum regards your prostrate figure with indignation.

The cop smiles at her and explains: "He tried to get into the museum without paying his admission, m'am." "How dreadful," she whispers, and enters the museum. In the distance you can hear the siren of an approaching policecar.

[MORE]

[The press of the RETURN bar moves the player to Node Z, Death and Texas.]

[IF response to 4a> is a compass command to N,S, or E, then the standard rules for pursuit by the police will go into operation, and the player has a chance to escape the police.]

[IF response to 3>, 3A>, or 3B> is N:]

5. You enter a gallery hung with portraits of famous New Yorkers.

>

[IF reponse is LOOK GALLERY/PORTRAITS:]

5A. Most of the portraits are of long ago businessmen. They don't seem particularly happy to be assembled here in a public museum with only each other--and you--for company. Surely it was not for this they'd hired the most expensive and dullest painters of their day.

[IF response to 3>, 3A>, or 3B> is S:]

6. You enter a gallery hung with the portraits of famous New Yorkers.

>

[IF response to 6> is LOOK GALLERY/PORTRAITS:]

6A. Most of these paintings are of women wearing magnificent dresses and hung with several small fortunes in jewelry. Each of them seems to be sizing up the others disdainfully, except for Mrs. Aloysius D. Brouwer, who looks with perfect

satisfaction into a full-length mirror. Whistler had her number, and no doubt about it.

>

[This represents the interactive limit of the N and S commands on the first floor of the Historical Society. The only viable direction from 5> and 5A> is to return S; the only viable direction from 6> and 6A> is to return N. From here E represents an exit from the museum. A compass command of W -- or a command to CLIMB STAIRS, GO UP STAIRS -- produces:]

7. You mount the staircase , which takes a ninety-degree twist to the left so that as you reach the second floor landing the library is on your right, and the the entrance to the Neustadt collection of Tiffany lamps is on your left.

>

[IF response to 7> is W:]

7A. You try to enter the library but it is closed.

[IF response to 7> is S:]

7B. You go back downstairs to the first floor. Many authorities do recommend going up and down stairs as good aerobic exercise.

[IF response to 7> is N:]

7C. You walk up to the door of the library's gallery, where a typewritten notice informs you that it is closed.

[IF response to 7> is CLIMB STAIRS/ GO UP STAIRS:]

7D. You go up to the next bend of the stairs where a velvet rope stops your further ascent. A sign informs you that due to budget limitations the upper floors of the museum are not open to the public. You return to the second floor landing.

>

[IF response is E, or ENTER NEUSTADT GALLERY:]

8. You enter the gallery devoted to the Neustadt Collection of Tiffany lamps.

>

[IF response while in gallery, that is, after having passed (8), is LOOK GALLERY:]

9. It is a single high-ceilinged hall from which every trace of daylight has been excluded. Each stained-glass lamp gives off its own warm multicolored glow. How can it be that so many lamps, all alight and crowded together, each so intense, should not flood the hall with the sum of their radiance? But the darkness here seems to exist quite independently of the light, a force in its own right.

[IF response in gallery is LOOK LAMPS:]

10. The lamps are beautiful in the self-evident way that a sunset is beautiful, or a coral reef, or water flowing over rocks. Each mortised piece of glass has its own focused loveliness, as a single flower does, or a single jewel. En masse, their effect is indescribable. You begin to feel as you did on entering the sauna, a giddiness and trembling, a sense of your mind speeding away from your will's control with a purpose all its own. But you don't faint. You just stand there spellbound, until you hear, close at hand, a voice that whispers, "John, darling John." You turn around. It is Alice. "Do you remember," she asks you, "the first time that I brought you here?"

>

[IF player never gives LOOK LAMPS response in this node, text (10) will not appear, and Alice will miss the rendezvous. IF the player simply commands WAIT FOR ALICE, the only result, until the museum's closing time at 5 P.M., is:]

11. You wait for fifteen minutes, but there is no sign of Alice. Strangely, you don't feel any impatience, for the Tiffany lamps are an endless source of wonder.

>

[IF the player continues to WAIT until the clock says it is 5 p.m.:]

11A. A museum guard informs you that the museum is closing and you must leave. Marvelling at how the time has flown (and wondering what had become of Alice) you go down the stairs and out to the street.

>

[If response to 10> is LOOK ALICE:]

12. She is again in white -- not a bridal gown today but a simple linen dress. In the gallery's faint light her pale tense face seems to glow from within like one of the lamps. Two strands of pearls form costly parabolas across the front of her dress.

>

[IF response to 10> is YES:]

13. "Then you must remember how we kissed beside this very lamp that you've been standing here staring at so long. And the vow we swore. Has it all come back?"

[IF response to 13> is YES:]

13A. She places her hands, gently, on your shoulders, and

tilts her head back, closing her eyes as she does so. She waits for your kiss.

>

[IF response to 13A is KISS WOMAN/ALICE:]

13B. "Does that mean what I hope it does?" she asks you when she has caught her breath.

[IF response to 13B> is YES, the player moves from this node to a modified version of the Australia node, that has the following segue/text that connects the following "exit" text to the existing Australia node at text (9) on page 94.]

13C. "Oh darling," she whispers, "we'll be so happy."

Once you've decided to put your fate in Alice's hands, everything moves forward with a dreamlike ease and smoothness and speed. You're married that afternoon before a justice of the peace, and that evening you board a Qantas jet for Melbourne, Australia. As the jet lifts off the ground, a stewardess approaches you with a complimentary bottle of champagne.

>

[IF response to 13> or 13B prompt is NO;]

13D. If looks could kill, the Neustadt Collection would just have acquired a corpse.

[IF response any time after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT LUKE:]

14. Your question makes her blush. She lowers her eyes. "He isn't really my father. I guess you sensed that, didn't you? He's the man who helped me get the passports made up. He has underworld connections I suppose. I don't know that much more about him -- and I don't want to. The shotgun

wedding scenario was all his idea. He said that with your amnesia getting worse every day that only an overt threat would get you moving. I was reluctant, but I went along with the idea for your sake, John. You've got to believe that."

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT AMNESIA:]

15. "You were already beginning to suffer the effects of it when we met, back in February -- though you didn't tell me about it till later. According to what you told me then, you sort of enjoyed not having an identity. You said it was like skinny-dipping. ^{It was} Only when you started forgetting things that happened in the last week, or last night, that you started to worry. Some mornings I'd have to explain the whole situation to you like you were an actor coming in to audition for a part. At first I didn't believe you. I thought the amnesia was just a put-on, like your cock-and-bull story about being a helicopter pilot.

>

[IF response in this node is ASK ABOUT FIRST MEETING:]

15A. "We met by modem. There was this computer bulletin board, called AppleSauce, set up for singles. A lot of flirting, a little dirty talk, and sometimes if things got serious, a blind date resulted. I guess I'd fallen in love before I'd so much as laid eyes on you."

>

[IF response in this node is ASK ABOUT APPLESAUCE/
BULLETIN BOARD or ASK FOR APPLESAUCE PHONE
NUMBER:]

15B. I'm afraid Applesauce is defunct now. It turns out that it had been set up on the mainframe computer of a big

insurance company, and when the company found out that was the end of Applesauce.

[IF response in this node is SHOW ALICE NEWSPAPER/
ASK ABOUT REVOLTILLO/ MURDER CHARGE/PRISON:]

16. "So you've found out about that, have you? Then you understand the real reason for going to Australia. I can't tell you any details about your escape or the guard you killed. I figure it must have been the shock of it that first activated your amnesia. Anyhow by the time we met you only had a couple memories left from that whole time. Something about a bowl of chili with a dead tarantula in it."

You remember the flash of memory that overpowered you when you entered the sauna at the Sunderland Hotel's Health Club, and you feel the same awful vertigo taking hold. Your legs tremble, and the glowing Tiffany lamps begin to do a slow waltz about the hall.

>

[IF response to 16> is RESIST/FIGHT VERTIGO:]

16A. The sensation of vertigo passes. Your legs are steady, and the lamps stop dancing.

[IF response to 16> is anything beginning with
ASK, TELL, or SHOW:]

16B. The vertigo becomes more profound. You fall to the floor in a faint --and wake, some time later, on a wooden bench in the museum lobby, where a concerned guard is trying to make you drink some water from a paper cup. Alice is nowhere in sight. "Just a sip," the guard insists.

>

[IF response to 16B is SIP/DRINK WATER:]

16C. The drink of water steadies you sufficiently that you are able to make your way, with the guard's help, downstairs to the lobby and out to the street, where you at once feel much better. Alice (the guard informed you) left the museum the moment you fainted.

[PROGRAM NOTE: IF the player re-enters the museum after text 16C he may do so, but he will not encounter Alice in the Neustadt Collection a second time, receiving, on a return trip, a modified version of text (10), so:

10X. The lamps are beautiful in the self-evident way that a sunset is beautiful, or a coral reef, or water flowing over rocks. Each mortised piece of glass has its own focused loveliness, as a single flower does, or a single jewel. En masse, their effect is indescribable. You begin to feel as you did on entering the sauna, a giddiness and trembling, a sense of your mind speeding away from your will's control -- and then you faint. The guard seems amused at your susceptibility to the beauty of the Neustadt Collection, but he refrains from making any kind of comment as he helps you downstairs and out to the street.

>

[IF response in this node is to ASK ALICE ABOUT any of the names the player may have drawn from the address book, or as a result of phoning the numbers in the address book (for instance, LILA/ MISS LIND/ 11TH ST. GALLERY/JERRY ACKERMAN/WANDA/ THEATER OF SILLINESS), the same text results:]

17. Alice shakes her head. "Sorry, that doesn't ring a bell for me.

[PROGRAM NOTE: There is a mistake in CALL ONE OF THE PHONECALL NODE, page 121, where toward the end of the first paragraph it says, "Unless it's you, Luke." Instead of Luke it should read Zane.]

[IF response in this node is ASK ALICE ABOUT DENISE:]

17A. Alice pretends to take an interest in one of the lamps, avoiding your gaze. "I can't really say I know anyone by that name.

>

[IF response in this node is WHO AM I?]

18. "Who are you? Why you're whoever you say you are. John Cameron, the last time I heard. Are you tired of that identity already? I hope not, after all the money I had to spend arranging the papers."

[IF response in this node is WHO IS XAVIER HOLLINGS? or ASK ABOUT XAVIER HOLLINGS:]

18A. Alice shakes her head , and smiles enigmatically. "Xavier Hollings is only a role you've played, one among many -- though I doubt that any of your other roles paid so well. It all started about a year ago when the real Xavier Hollings went down to Texas and got busted for drugs. Between the bust and his trial, while he was out on bail, he contacted you and got you to agree to go down there and stand trial for him --and serve his time, if you had to. You took his place, got sentenced to five years at Revoltillo. The idea for the switch came from when you'd been at college together and you'd substituted for him at some exams. Your physical resemblance must have been uncanny, but I've never laid eyes on the real Xavier Hollings. As soon as you went to prison, he had to go into hiding, and then, when you escaped, killing a

guard in the process, he was in a fix. And very pissed off with you, I would think. Anyhow now you know as much as *I* do about it. And you may appreciate a little better the wisdom of emigrating to Australia. How about it? Does a sheep ranch look more appealing now?

>

[IF response to 18A> is YES, move to Australia Node, as per text (13C) on page 175.]

[IF response is to 18A> is NO:]

18B. "Then you'll excuse me if I bow out of this drama before I'm arrested as an accessory. Thanks for the memory." There are tears in her eyes as she leaves the hall.

>

[IF response in this node is WHO IS ZANE/
ZANE BESTER? or ASK ABOUT ZANE/ ZANE BESTER:]

19. She looks stunned at your question. "How did you learn about--" Her surprise narrows to suspicion. "Your memory is starting to come back, isn't it?"

When you deny this, she takes a deep breath, squares her shoulders, and says, "I promised myself I'd never tell you this, but I guess there's no point now in trying to spare you. You are Zane Bester. You got into the mess you're in now about a year ago when a man named Xavier Hollings, an old college friend of yours, went down to Texas and got busted for drugs. Between the bust and his trial, while he was out on bail, he contacted you and got you to agree to go down there and stand trial for him --and serve his time, if you had to. You took his place, got sentenced to five years at

Revoltillo. The idea for the switch came from when you'd been at college together and you'd substituted for him at some exams. Your physical resemblance must have been uncanny, but I've never laid eyes on the real Xavier Hollings. As soon as you went to prison, he had to go into hiding, and then, when you escaped, killing a guard in the process, he was in a fix. And very pissed off with you, I would think. Anyhow now you know as much as I do about it. And you may appreciate a little better the wisdom of emigrating to Australia. How about it? Does a sheep ranch look more appealing now?

>

[IF response to 19A> is YES, move to Australia Node, as per text (13C) on page 175.]

[IF response is to 19A> is NO:]

19B. "Then you'll excuse me if I bow out of this drama before I'm arrested as an accessory. Thanks for the memory." There are tears in her eyes as she leaves the hall.

>

[IF response to 18B> or 19B> is FOLLOW ALICE, but isn't quick enough, as measured by the timer device:]

20. You're a little slow on the uptake this afternoon. By the time you reach the foot of the stairs you've already lost sight of Alice, and there's no sign of her on the street outside of the museum.

[This represents an exit from the Historical Society Node.]

[IF response to 18B or 19B is FOLLOW ALICE, and is made within the time limit set by timer device:]

21. You follow Alice, from a distance, down the staircase and out of the museum. She turns right and heads down for several blocks, turning right on 72nd Street. You quicken your pace, but when you reach the corner she'd turned out, there is no sign of her anywhere on the street.

[This represents an exit from the Historical Society node, and places the player at the corner of 8th Avenue and 72nd St., where a LOOK command will call up the description of Dakota Apartment Building; see Node UWS2.]

[IF player, after receiving text (10) --that is, after encounter Alice in the museum --has not generated one of the nodes that represent an exit from this node [texts (13C), (16B&C), (18A&B), or (19 &19A)], and IF the player has responded to ten separate>prompts since 10>, time will run out and he will, at any subsequent > which he begins with the command ASK, receive the following text leading to an automatic exit:]

22. Alice ignores your question and gives you a cutting look.

"All these questions, questions, questions are getting us nowhere. I guess I just couldn't face the fact that you've never loved me and never will. I thought your amnesia would give me another chance, the proverbial clean slate. So I let myself get involved in this ridiculous scheme. But it was a mistake. You really won't ever love anyone but . . ." She hesitated and then smiled. " . . . Denise. So if you've got any more questions about your miserable past, ask them of her. Her phone number is KL5-5413, and I'm sure she'll be delighted to hear from you. Good-bye and good riddance!" There are tears in her eyes as she turns round and leaves the hall.

{Efforts to FOLLOW ALICE should be dealt with as in response to text (19B) above.

[If player is at the corner of 72nd St. and 8th Ave. and command is LOOK / LOOK DAKOTA:]

1. This is the Dakota, a nine-story jumble of dirty yellow brick trimmed with dirtier terra cotta . The trim is black in the steeply gabled upper stories, tan at street level. There is enough bric-a-brac on its facade to illustrate the entire history of architecture since the year 1100 A.D., but all the ornaments and filagrees in no way diminish the building's general sense of menace. Hell could not have a less inviting entrance than the great gatehouse around the corner on 72nd St, where an elderly black-uniformed guard regards you distrustfully. He stands in the middle of a low stone-vaulted tunnel leading to an ornate altar screen that defends the residents of the inner hell from the predators of the hell without.

You have a dim memory--probably not from your own life but from newspapers you've read--that Yoko Ono and her son by John Lennon (what is his name?) live in this building, and that it was the location on which a famous horror movie was filmed.

>

[IF response to 1> is ENTER DAKOTA:]

2. "Stop right there," the guard advises you, as you step into the shadow of the tunnel entrance. "Visitors have to be announced. Who are you here to see?"

>

[IF reponse to 2> is COLBY:]

2A "And your name?"

>

[IF response to '2>' is ALICE DUDLEY/LUKE or ZANE BESTER:]

2B. "Sorry, there's no one here by that name." With this the guard retires into a kind of sentry box and begins speaking into a cordless telephone, glancing at you from time to time.

[IF response to 2> is YOKO ONO, SEAN LENNON, or ROSEMARY'S BABY:]

2C. "And who shall I say is calling -- the King of Siam? Get lost, buddy. We know how to take care of your kind." With this the guard retires into a kind of sentry box, where you can see him speaking into a cordless telephone.

>

[IF response to 2B> or 2C> does not involve movement away from Dakota, the result to any command involving the guard, such as ASK GUARD ABOUT X, is }

2D. The guard picks up a newspaper and ignores you. As you stand there, feeling resentful and frustrated, you feel a tap on your shoulder. You turn around to confront two policemen.

"We'd like to see a piece of identification," says the younger policeman.

Before you can invent an excuse, the older policeman smiles. "No need for ID. I recognize him. This is Xavier Hollings. Am I right, Mr. Hollings?"

Protest is unavailing. You are handcuffed and led to the squad car, where the arresting officer asks you, in a tone of

idle curiosity, the means of execution administered by the state of Texas.

[The above text (2D) represents a transition to Node Z, Death and Texas.]

[IF response to 2B> or 2C> is simply to try once again to ENTER BUILDING/DAKOTA:]

2E. You get as far the great wrought-iron screen that firmly communicates the fact that you won't get into the Dakota without the guard's cooperation.

>

[This leads to text 2D> unless the player moves away from the Dakota by compass command:]

[IF response to 2A> is CAMERON/JOHN CAMERON:]

3. The guard darts into a kind of sentry box, where you can see him speaking on a phone. He returns and grudgingly lets you enter the Dakota. "It's Apartment 44," he says, and gives you directions.

You cross the inner courtyard to the building's north-east tower block, and there after wasting some minutes waiting for an elevator that clicks and buzzes but never opens its doors you mount the wide staircase. The Dakota was built in an era of higher ceilings, and by the time you've reached the landing of the third floor, you're already breathing hard. You pause beside the open doorway of a vacant apartment that is being painted, then continue up to the fourth floor when you've caught your breath.

The door to Apartment 44 stands open.

>

[IF response to 3> is ENTER APARTMENT 44:]

4. You go through the open door, and find yourself in the middle of a long corridor. Before you is a Chinese table supporting a large yellow ginger jar. At the far end of the corridor to your right is a partly opened double doorway from which bright light spills into the hallway; to your left are doors to other rooms.

>

[IF response to 4> is EXAMINE /LOOK INSIDE JAR:]

4A. The jar contains three keys on a silver key ring and a small clear-plastic packet of yellow pills.

[The pills and the keys/key ring may be TAKEN. The keys will open the outer door to Apartment 44 if the player returns later (for this possibility see APARTMENT 44 REVISITED NODE below); IF the response to 4A> is an immediate SWALLOW PILLS:]

4B. You couldn't possibly get pills like these down without some kind of liquid assistance.

[If response to 4> is GO RIGHT or E:]

5. You go down the corridor and stop in front of the double door. Faint music seeps out through the crack -- jazz of a respectably denatured mellowness such as one can hear in stores or restaurants that are trying to lull you into overspending. The door is open only a crack and there's not much you can see but an expanse of Persian carpet leading to a draped window.

>

[IF response to 5> is OPEN DOOR and then ENTER ROOM:]

6. You enter a large room decorated with a lot of money -- not in its raw form but in the nearest fabric and wood equivalents. A few spindly antique chairs are aswim on a swirling sea of Persian carpeting. The wood-paneled walls are a hymn to money spent to no purpose but declaring itself spent, and four chandeliers hang from the ceiling with the same purpose in mind. All sense of individuality or personality have been scrupulously avoided. A bank lobby could not be more completely consecrated to its own inordinate Expense.

>

[IF response to 6> is SIT ON CHAIR/ WAIT:]

6A. You sit on one of the spindly chairs, listening to the bland music, and thinking of all the better ways this much money might be spent. For instance, at \$1.50 per slice, you could probably get one hundred thousand slices of anchovy pizza for the cost of the carpet alone. That would be 12,500 pizzas, and if each pizza is 1.75 square feet, then for the price of 260 square feet of carpet you could buy 21,875 square feet of anchovy pizza, which if stacked on this carpet would represent a solid mass of pizza seven feet high!

[IF response to 6> is LOOK BEHIND DRAPES/ LOOK OUT WINDOW:]

6B. The window look out across Central Park, where the leaves rustle, and people sit on benches and stroll and jog and walk their dogs and get suntans.

[IF response to 6> is HIDE BEHIND DRAPES:]

6C. Don't be dumb. The drapes are sheer white silk. You might as well try to hide behind your own shadow.

>

[IF response to 6> is HELLO?/ CALL FOR DENISE/ DENISE/ IS ANYONE HOME? or IF response to 6C> is HIDE BEHIND SHADOW or if either texts (6A) or (6B) have been elicited:]

7. Through a doorway concealed in the wood panelling a woman enters the room, carrying a cocktail shaker. "John," she says. "At last. You look quite well. I like you with

..... [your hair long OR your hair short OR a mustache].

[The blank is filled in, according to the player's appearance as determined in Node 4, at texts (4) and (5).

>

[IF response in this node is LOOK WOMAN/DENISE:]

8. She's beautiful, there's no getting round the fact. It's a beautiful ~~that~~ that has nothing to do with character. It's not a light in her eyes, or the grace of her manner, or the warmth of her smile. She's beautiful the way the sky is blue or blood is red.

>

[IF response in this node is TELL DENISE SHE'S BEAUTIFUL:]

8A. She smiles with a complacent candor, as though catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror. "Yes, I suppose I am," she says. She gives a professional toss to her head, making her dark hair bounce and show its highlights.

[IF response in this node is TELL DENISE YOU LOVE HER , or DENISE, I LOVE YOU:]

8B. She smiles with a complacent candor, as though catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror. "That's nice of you to say so." She gives a professional toss to her head, making her dark hair bounce and show its highlights.

[PROGRAM NOTE: Questions addressed to Denise in this node will have two answers, depending on whether she and/or the player have drunk the poisoned martinis. Basically, she stops being evasive and tells him the truth once she supposes he's poisoned. The pre-martini answers to the player's questions begin with text 9, to be followed by texts concerning drinking --and possible switching of the glasses--and then Denise's more candid answers to the same questions.]

[IF response in this node is ASK DENISE ABOUT DENISE/HERSELF:]

9. "There's little to tell. You once said to me, in an unguarded moment that my life seemed 'wasteful and frivolous.' Your exact words. I think you meant only that I didn't have a job. And I still don't, and I don't want one. Why should I? I have all the money I need."

[IF response is ASK DENISE ABOUT MONEY/APARTMENT/DAKOTA:]

10. "The Dakota is a good address, though of course it's on the wrong side of the park. With what I can save by living here I can afford my little condo at Vail. It would be nice never to have to budget, but on the whole I can't complain."

[IF response is ASK DENISE ABOUT CONDO AT VAIL, or any other noun the player may pick up from the text that the parser can't handle, one of the three following let's-drop-the-subject texts may appear:]

11A. Denise gives an impatient toss of her head, as though to say "Don't be irrelevant."

11B. Denise gives you a haughty look. "How utterly beside the point. Next I suppose you'll want to know my astrological sign."

[If response to 11B is ASK ABOUT DENISE'S SIGN/
ASTROLOGICAL SIGN:]

11Bx. "I'm a Pisces-- and you're a jerk."

11C. Denise yawns and waves away your question as though it were cigarette smoke.

[IF response is ASK DENISE ABOUT AMNESIA:]

12. "My dear, I'm not a medical doctor. Personally, I've been a little skeptical about your case. It seems so convenient. There are days when I'd like nothing better for myself than to erase my past. But I must make do with this."

She presses a concealed panel in the wall, and the wainscoting opens out into a small bar with two martini glasses. From the cocktail shaker in her hand she fills the glasses.

[See text () below, for continuation of this text.]

[IF response is ASK DENISE ABOUT ALICE:]

13. "Alice? Oh, you mean Alison? That poor plain girl who wanted to take you off to Australia. Wherever do you find these creatures? It seems clear that she was trying to take advantage of your amnesia to make you think you were engaged to me. She even approached me, and wanted me to cooperate in the imposture. That's really all I know about the woman."

[IF response is ASK DENISE ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP/
RELATION TO EACH OTHER/ OUR PAST TOGETHER/ US:]

14. "The less said about us and our relationship the better. If you must know, we split up as a result of your jealous

rages. Which is not to say that I am some innocent Desdemona. I gave you cause for your jealousy. But you subscribed to the double standard. It was all right for you to philander, but I was not to be allowed the same liberty. And that was the end of the relationship."

[IF response is ASK DENISE ABOUT SELF/IDENTITY/
XAVIER HOLLINGS/ JOHN CAMERON/ ZANE BESTER/ WHO AM I?]

15. She evades this question with an enigmatic smile. "That's a large question, darling. You've had so many identities at one time or another --a regular wardrobe-full of them. Why don't you ask me that question again after we've had a drink?"

She presses a concealed panel in the wall, and the wainscoting opens out into a small bar with two martini glasses. From the cocktail shaker in her hand she fills the glasses.

[See text () below, for continuation of this text.]

[If response is ASK DENISE ABOUT TEXAS/ PRISON/
ESCAPE:]

16. "Oh, on that subject, I think the moral of the story is very clear. Never go to prison. Because if you do, you'll naturally want to escape. And if you do escape. . . . Well, you can see what a pickle it's got you in. To be wanted for murder, I can't imagine what that must feel like."

With these words she glances down at the cocktail shaker in her hands. She gives the shaker a little shake, as though though it were a [percussion instrument] in a mariachi band.

"Please, let's not dwell on morbid subjects. or if you must, let's at least have a drink."

She presses a concealed panel in the wall, and the wainscoting opens out into a small bar with two martini glasses. From the cocktail shaker in her hand she fills the glasses.

[See text () below, for continuation of this text.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: If the player goes more than five or six "moves" from the point where Denise enters the room without generating texts 12, 15, or 16 --the pouring of the martinis-- then Denise will take the initiative, and the following text will appear instead of a >-prompt.]

17. "But really, my dear, this is too much like an interrogation. Let us at least have some refreshment."

She presses a concealed panel in the wall, and the wainscoting opens out into a small bar with two martini glasses. From the cocktail shaker in her hand she fills the glasses.

[See text () below, for continuation of this text.]

18. Just as she has finished pouring, a phone rings. Once again, Denise opens a concealed panel of the wainscoting, and from a shallow recess she produces a cordless telephone. She turns her back to you and hisses an impatient "Yes what is it?" into the phone. Then, after a pause: "I can't possibly talk about that now!" But her caller persists, and she turns back to you and excuses herself from the room. "I'll be back in half a minute," she promises, and goes out the door she'd entered from, which slides closed behind her.

[PROGRAM NOTE: The player can take advantage of Denise's absence in various ways. He can call up texts 6 thru 6D; additionally, he can search the paneling for other secret panels. But his most judicious use of the time would be to switch the two martini glasses, since the glass Denise intends for him is poisoned.]

[If SEARCH WAINSCOTTING/FIND SECRET PANEL/EXAMINE WOOD PANELING, etc.]

19. You run your hands over the wood paneling, but without knowing where or how to apply pressure, you find no secret panel. Denise returns and sees you running your hands over the walls. She smiles. "It's lovely wood, isn't it." She takes up the two glasses and offers one to you. "To your health!" she offers as a toast.

>

[If response to 18> is LOOK MARTINI GLASSES;]

20. The martini glasses are rimed with frost and filled to the brim with colorless fluid.

[If response to 18> or 20> is SWITCH GLASSES:]

20A. Carefully, so as not to spill a single telltale drop you switch the position of the two glasses.

Denise returns from the other room, replaces the cordless phone in its niche, and takes up the two glasses. She gives one of them to you, then proposes a toast. "To your health!"

She lifts the martini to her lips, but forebears to taste it until you have taken a sip.

[If response to 19> or 20A> is SIP/ DRINK MARTINI/TO YOUR HEALTH/CHEERS or other common toast:]

21. With your eyes fixed on Denise, you take a sip of the martini. She smiles and drinks from her own glass as though it contained Kool-Aid instead of gin. She sighs contentedly. "I needed that." You take another sip -- and her smile broadens to a grin. "You had questions you meant to ask me, didn't you, Xavier? Well, ask away, ask away!"

[IF response to 19> or 20A> is REFUSE DRINK/DROP
DRINK /POUR DRINK ON CARPET/ PRETEND TO DRINK:]

22. Denise allows her beautiful features to be ruffled momentarily by an expression of annoyance. She sighs. "It would have been so much neater, darling, if you'd let us poison you, but if you insist on more overt violence, very well." She goes to the door to the hallway and calls out, "Zane, would you come in here, please? Mr. Hollings refuses to be poisoned."

Before your jaw's had time to drop, a man enters the room. You almost don't notice the pistol in his hand in your astonishment at seeing his face.

[If response to 22> is LOOK MAN/ZANE/FACE:]

22A. Enjoy what you see, because it's the last thing you'll ever look at.

Zane's face is the mirror image of your own. [The information that fills in the following blanks comes from the user's self description when he looks in the mirror on page 2.] He has [long, short; blond, black] styled exactly like yours. His skin may be a shade paler, the chin a bit slacker, but otherwise you could be identical twins. The crucial difference between you at this moment is the expression on Zane's face, which can best be described as crazed.

The pistol in his hand fires. Everything goes black.

You are lying on your back, and your heart is pumping your blood out of your body instead of through it. You hear a voice, Denise's, asking, ever so faintly, if there are any other questions you'd like answered before you die.

>

ADD 22B
+ fight

[If response to 22A> is to ASK any of the questions that may also be asked in the regular post-martini mode, as many as four question may be answered by Denise before text 22B> appears:]

22B. Denise's voice fades to less than a whisper, and you achieve the truly total amnesia of death.

[PROGRAM NOTE: If the glasses have been switched as per text (20A), Denise can answer as many as six questions before the poison begins to affect her [see text () below]. Similarly, if the player has not switched glasses and has drunk the poisoned martini, he may ask six question before feeling the consequences [see text () below.]

[ASK DENISE ABOUT MARTINIS/DRINKS:]

23. "Most people seem to fear too much vermouth, but I believe in a one-to-four ratio. Otherwise one might as well drink raw gin, don't you think?"

[If YES or NO to 23>:]

23A. "Well, you're entitled to your own opinion."

[ASK DENISE ABOUT SELF/YOURSELF/IDENITITY/ WHO AM I?]

24. "What a classical question! It was, the classical Greeks, wasn't it, who said, 'Know Thyself'? Personally, I've never been that interested in philosophy."

[ASK DENISE ABOUT XAVIER HOLLINGS:]

25. "Xavier Hollings? Well, he's about your age. Looks a lot like you. Very rich -- or I'd never have married him. Oh, I'll admit it freely: I married him for his money and in that respect I haven't been disappointed.

[ASK DENISE ABOUT ZANE / ZANE BESTER;]

26. "Zane Bester? Well, he's about your age. Looks a lot like you. Probably a borderline psychotic, and I couldn't

swear which side of the border. He's great in the sack, though that wouldn't concern you."

[ASK DENISE ABOUT HERSELF / MRS. HOLLINGS / DENISE:]

27. "What would you like to know about Mrs. Xavier Hollings that you can't tell from the package? I grew up in Westchester, married, divorced, married again --and am soon to be widowed, if everything goes right. How's your martini doing?" Without waiting your reply she refills both martini glasses from the shaker and takes a long thoughtful sip from hers. "Oh yes, there's also this-- I'm an alcoholic. Alcoholics usually deny they're alcoholics, but I freely admit it. Here's mud in your eye." She empties her glass and regards you with a gaze that is not quite focused.

[ASK DENISE ABOUT ALICE/ALISON:]

28. "Her! I told her you would never go along with her ridiculous scheme -- but I hoped you might, since otherwise how were we to get around killing you?" Denise sighs. "All these rhetorical questions! If you're really concerned for the poor thing, she's in the other room now, dying. In a minute or two, you'll be able to see her --and comfort her, if you can think ~~of a way~~ ^{how to}. She did love you in her own misguided way."

[ASK DENISE ABOUT BETTE:]

29. "Oh, I'm glad you mentioned her. We have to phone her-- now. Tell me, what is her phone number at work?"

[If response to 29> is NO/ WHY? REFUSE/ I DON'T REMEMBER:]

"Never mind. I've got it written down somewhere. I do

14 Phone #

hope that in her case, your love's been properly requited, since we'll be depending on her to bring us that floppy disc.

[ASK DENISE ABOUT FLOPPY DISC /DISKETTE;]

30. "That's a question I should be asking you, since if we knew what was on the disc we wouldn't have to go to all this trouble, and suffer all this personal distress, to lay hold of it. What we assume is that at the core of the disc, under various onionskin layers of your amnesial ponderings, we'll find the formula of the drug that caused your amnesia. And what a wonder drug it is, eh? Its commercial potentials are staggering. Think what it could do for prison reform. Or simply for people who want to go on a holiday and really relax.

[ASK DENISE ABOUT US/ OUR RELATIONSHIP/ OUR PAST TOGETHER:]

31. "You really don't remember a thing, do you? Well, it's a simple and very familiar tale. Boy meets girl, boy woos girl, girl says yes, boy throws girl over. There, however, our tale took an individual twist, since at the time you announced to me that Bette had taken over my position as your fiancée, you were officially in prison. Meaning, Zane was. You were paying him some outrageous price to serve your time on a drug bust. When you gave me my walking papers, I packed my bag that night, flew down to Texas, and got married to my convict fiance. Zane was delighted to go along with the joke. After all, he was allowed a weekend's conjugal privileges.

[ASK DENISE ABOUT LUKE:]

32. "Luke is a dreadfully coarse man, and I've made it clear to Zane that I will not have anything to do with him on a daily basis once we've completed our present undertaking."

[ASK DENISE WHAT IS/ABOUT PRESENT UNDERTAKING:]

32A. "To prepare you, dear one, for the undertaker." She blushes. "I'm sorry , that's a dumb pun. Forgive me."

[If response anywhere in this node is FORGIVE HER/
DENISE.]

32B. Forgive her! Forgive Denise? You've got to be kidding.

[PROGRAM NOTE: If the response in the post-martini question period is ASK DENISE ABOUT TEXAS/ PRISON/ ESCAPE , go to text (33). Slightly modified, as (33A) it also serves to terminate the post-martini questioning, when the allotted number of questions have been asked (as per Program Note on page 195. If the player has not used up his allotted questions, this, even so, represents an exit from the post-martini question process.)

33. She considers her martini thoughtfully and then answers your question rather obliquely. "I've wondered myself at what point Zane decided to try to escape. I think it must have been before I flew down there and we got married. If he'd broken out before then, he could have returned to being himself, and the police would have been looking for Xavier Hollings, and you'd never have been able to resume your real identity or hope to inherit the Hollings fortune. But then I showed up, and we struck our deal. If I became Mrs. Hollings, then I could inherit as your next-of-kin. That's assuming, of course, that you'd be dead. Zane felt it would be easy to stage-manage your 'suicide.' After he'd escaped we tried to track you down through Alison, who'd been your go-between while you were in hiding. Alison persuaded us that

rather than murder you we should let you emigrate with her to Australia as Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. In your amnesial condition, Alison insisted you posed no threat to us, and I'm such a soft-hearted creature that I persuaded Zane and Luke to let Alison have a chance to do it her way. I suspect now they were just humoring me. In any case, Alison's scheme came to nothing, and we've had to return to our first plan, which is to kill you and pass it off as suicide."

She finished her martini, and looked up with an expression of polite interest, as though she were working at the information booth of a good department store. "Would you like me to mix some more drinks?"

[IF allotted number of questions have been used up, as detailed in PROGRAM NOTES on pages 195 and 198, the last answer Denise makes is extended with this variant of text 33, by demanding a [MORE] response instead of offering a >prompt.

33A. Denise fell silent for moment and stared into her martini glass intently, as though it were a cup of tea-leaves with your fortune in it. "Sometimes I do reproach myself for having taken the side of the bad guys in all this. You're obviously a nicer person than Zane, and usually as good or better a lay. My only excuse is self-interest. It wasn't the fury of a woman scorned. And I truly didn't want to have to kill you. The logic of the situation simply requires it. Once Zane had escaped, and killed a guard in the process, what other options were there? I've wondered myself at what point Zane decided to try to escape. I think it must have been before I flew ...etc. [Text continues as in (33).]

[PROGRAM NOTE: Before advancing beyond the question-and-answer session with Denise to the point where the narrative forks in two, according as the martinis were or were not switched, and Denise or Cameron is poisoned, I'd like to backtrack through the previous scene with Denise to fill in some response for likely prompts.]

[If response in this node is KISS / EMBRACE DENISE:]

34. Denise turns her head aside. "Another time, lover," she says. "Right now you need mouthwash badly. Don't you ever brush your teeth?"

[IF response is TELL DENISE ABOUT AMNESIA:]

35. Denise listens to your tale with growing impatience, and finally interrupts: "That's all very fascinating, I'm sure, and it will make for an unusual autobiography -- you can call it THIS I FORGET. But tell it to your ghostwriter, please, not to me." She pours herself another martini.

[IF response is TELL DENISE ABOUT BETTE;]

36. "Would you say you love her?" Denise asks with seeming indifference, when you've finished telling her about Bette.

[If YES to 36>]

36A. "Then you should be able, having loved at least once in your life, to face death with equanimity. Even nobility. So I've read. I couldn't tell you from personal experience." She pours herself another martini.

[IF NO to 36>:]

36B. "No?" Denise seems surprised. "That's not what you said the last time we met, lover. Then you were coming on like that damned radio station that plays love songs, nothing but love songs, all day long. What are its call letters?"

[IF response is TELL DENISE ABOUT SWITCHING GLASSES/ MARTINIS:]

37. You clear your throat preparatory to telling Denise that you've switched the glasses, but she cuts you short with a glance that reveals such depths of unconscious malevolence that you change your mind.

[NOTE: After text (33) is appeared, TELL DENISE ABOUT MARTINIS/ SWITCHED DRINKS, etc. produces a different text. See (~~xx~~) below.

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[IF response is LEAVE ROOM/ EXIT:]

38. You turn to leave, but the door has disappeared. Somehow, while your back was turned, the door was closed and now seems to be simply part of the wood panelling. You approach the wall and find the hairline fissure separating the door and its frame. "Don't break your fingernails," Denise advises. "It's locked."

[IF response is HIT/ FIGHT/ STRUGGLE WITH DENISE:]

39. Unfortunately Denise has studied karate, and you find yourself lying on your back on the oriental carpet, while she stands over you and smiles. She hasn't spilled a drop of her martini. "That's fun," she says. "Want to do it again?"

[If response is ASK DENISE TO UNLOCK DOOR/ FOR HELP:]

40. Denise laughs. It's a throaty laugh, at once good-natured and heartless, that reminds you of a famous movie star.

[If response is ASK TO SEE ZANE/ALISON/LUKE:]

41. "Oh, you won't be denied that opportunity. But all in good time. Meanwhile, eat, drink, and be merry. Or anyhow drink." She refills your martini glass, and her own, from the shaker.

[IF response, once text (15) has appeared, is
LOOK BAR/LIQUOR CABINET :]

42. You take a discreet look inside the bar. It contains bottles of good brands of scotch, bourbon, rum, and brandy, all empty. Even the bottle of Rumpelstiltskin Peppermint Schnapps is empty.

{If response to 42> is TAKE BOTTLE/S:}

42A. Surreptitiously you slip a bottle into your back pants pocket.

[Then, IF Denise is in the room when this text appears, add:]

However, you were not surreptitious enough. Denise notices and deftly removes the bottle from your pocket, replaces it inside the bar, and closes the panel concealing the bar. "Sorry," she says, "but that's part of the collection."

[If Denise was out of the room --via text (18)-- when text 42A appears, then upon her return, supplement text (21) as follows:]

(21+) ...Well, ask away, ask away!" She begins to close the bar but notices the missing bottle. Deftly she removes it from your pocket, replaces it inside the bar, and closes the panel concealing the bar. "Sorry," she says, "but that's part of the collection."

[PROGRAM NOTE: After text 33 or 33A, which ends with the question "Would you like me to mix some more drinks?"

If the player continues to try and ASK questions, the invariable response is:]

43. "You've asked enough questions for the time being. Now answer mine: do you want another drink?"

[IF response to 33>, 33A> or 43> is NO:]

44. "Very well, then we'll procede to the business in hand.

[If response to 33>, 33A or 43> is YES:]

45. She pours what is left of the martinis into the two glasses, empties her own glass with a gulp and a wince. "Now then, let's procede to business."

[Both texts (44) and (45) continue, without
>prompt:]

46. Almost as though it were a reply to what Denise had just said, your stomach makes a gurgling noise, like a clogged sink.

"Ah!" Denise says. "Can you feel it starting to work?"

You look questioningly at her, and she confirms what you'd suspected. "The martini you drank was poisoned -- or rather its glass was, the glass in your hand. The poison doesn't go to work at once, but when it does, I understand it can be excruciatingly painful. There is, however, an antidote, and we will provide you with it, but only on a quid pro quo basis. We want the floppy disc you took from your safe deposit box at the Sunderland Hotel. But I keep saying 'we' --and you don't yet know who 'we' all are. Let me introduce you, then, to an old friend you may have forgotten." She raised her voice: "Zane, you may come in now."

[IF response to 46> is THROW UP/ VOMIT/TRY TO VOMIT:]

47. You try to make yourself throw up, but will-power alone is not enough. "Even if you could vomit, my dear," Denise says, "it wouldn't do you that much good. The poison's

surely in your blood stream already. Only the antidote can save you."

[If response is THROW GLASS/MARTINI/DRINK AT DENISE:]

48. You indulge yourself in a petulant and futile gesture, throwing your martini at Denise. She gives you a contemptuous look, and you blush.

[This text cannot be repeated; if the same command is repeated, the player will simply be informed:]

48A. You did that moments ago. Don't you remember? Your amnesia must be getting worse.

[If response after 46> is TELL DENISE ABOUT SWITCHED DRINKS (for earlier response see text (37), page 201):]

49. "That was a thoughtful and prudent thing to do," she replies. "I begin to remember how I originally came to like you. However, your dilemma remains. The phone call that took me from the room was for the sole purpose of giving you an opportunity to switch your glass for mine. If you don't believe me, look at your glass. The poisoned glass has a teensy chip in its foot."

[IF the glass has not been thrown --as in text (48)-- and if response in this node at any time is LOOK/ EXAMINE GLASS:]

50. It is an ordinary martini glass. The stem narrows towards the foot, which is slightly chipped.

[If response is ASK DENISE FOR HER GLASS/ASK TO SEE DENISE'S GLASS:] {If that is too tricky for the parser it may be omitted, but it seems a likely thing for someone to ask.]

51. After drinking the last drops of gin, she hands you her glass. The foot of her glass has not been chipped.

AMNESIA/ The Dakota

[IF reponse after 46> or later > is TURN AROUND:]

52. You turn around and at once establish a well-defined relationship with Zane Bester. He has a gun, and you do not. The gun is pointing at your chest. It's not a good relationship.

[If text (46) has been called up, and two responses are made other than TURN AROUND, the following text automatically appears:]

53. "Turn around," says a voice behind you. Something in the tone of that voice seems uncannily familiar.

[IF response after 46> is LOOK ZANE, and the player hasn't turned round:]

54. Zane is behind you.

[IF response to 52> is LOOK ZANE:]

55. You look up from the gunbarrel to the face of Zane Bester -- and it is like looking into a mirror. He has [long/short; according to the self-description given on page 2] hair styled exactly like yours. His skin may be a shade paler, the chin a bit slacker, but otherwise you might be identical twins. The crucial difference between the two of you at this moment, however, is the expressions on your faces. His is a look of cruel amusement; yours (though you can't see it, you can feel it in the form of prickles of sweat) a look of fear.

[IF response after 46> is ASK ZANE/ DENISE FOR ANTIDOTE:]

56. Your request is met with laughter from both Denise and Zane. Then Denise says, "Surely, Xavier--you shall have the antidote as soon as your friend Bette has brought us that floppy disc. Now tell us--what is her phone number?

[IF response after 52> is DISARM/ TAKE GUN
FROM ZANE:]

57. You smile disarmingly at Zane, but he is not disarmed.

[IF response in this node is FIGHT/ ATTACK ZANE:]

58. You clench your hands into fists. You crouch. In your imagination you are juggernaut of feral energy, another Mohammed Ali, a human threshing machine. Then you consider, once again, the gun Zane is aiming at your chest, and you direct your imagination to more suitable imagery. Instead of tiger, try for fox.

[IF response after 46> is RUN AWAY/ EXIT/ LEAVE ROOM:]

59. You make a dash for the doorway. Zane, standing in the doorway with his gun aimed at you, is puzzled by your behavior -- but not daunted. As you try and run by him, he clips you over the head with the butt of his gun, and you fall, dazed, to the floor. You have a sudden remarkable insight into the meaning of the pattern of the carpet -- and then you fall unconscious.

[This represents a transition to the node of
ALISON'S DEATHBED.]

[In this node Zane will answer two questions, concerning Resemblance and/or Switched Identities, but to all other responses that take the form ASK ZANE ABOUT.... the result is one of the following texts:]

60. "Shut up," says Zane.

60A. "Can it," says Zane.

60B. "The quiz show is over," says Zane.

60C. "Enough questions," says Zane

[If response is ASK ZANE ABOUT PHYSICAL RESEMBLANCE/
SIMILARITY/ HIS FACE, or ZANE, ARE WE TWINS?:]

61. "That's a question we used to speculate about a lot back in our college days. I always figured we must have been born identical twins, then somehow got separated, cause the resemblance is just too complete. But you had your mother's word for it that that wasn't possible, and I had no way to ask my dad, cause he'd dumped me into a foster home when I was eleven and just disappeared. Actually he was doing time in the pen, but I didn't learn that till just last year when he tracked me down and laid out the whole crazy story for me. And it turns out that we are twins, sure enough. You want the details, ask Luke. But I thought I should tell you this much so that when and if I knock you off you'll realize that I'm not committing just an ordinary homicide. It'll be fratricide, my dear brother. How about that!"

[IF response is ASK ZANE ABOUT SWITCHED
IDENTITIES/ SWITCH/ EXCHANGE OF ROLES:]

62. "Originally, back in college it was my idea, and mostly it was just for fun and games. You were at MIT, and I was at Boston University, and we didn't move in the same circles. We traded girlfriends, I took a final for you in economics, and you returned the favor for me in French. I probably enjoyed being Xavier Hollings, more than you did being Zane Bester. You had the sportscar, the clothes, the pad. I had zip. I dropped out of school in junior year and headed west, and that was the last I saw of you till you tracked me down last year and made your proposition. I still had zip, but you'd come into a lot of money, so you could just keep

baiting your hook with more cash until I finally caved in and agreed to serve your jail term in Texas, whatever it turned out to be. But I'll tell you, all the time I was in that cell, exing the days off the calendar, I was thinking how I was going to fry your hash when I got out of there. Yeah, I had some strong feelings about you."

A crazed look comes into his eyes as he falls silent. His thumb cocks the hammer of the pistol. Denise looks concerned. "Not yet, dear," she counsels him. "Not till we have the floppy disc.

"You're right," he agrees. Then to me: "So when are you going to tell us that phone number, brother? Time's flying."

[PROGRAM NOTE: After there have been a certain number of responses -- six or seven--to >prompts following the appearance of text (33) or (33A), the following text will appear automatically:]

63. You feel a sudden sharp pain on the right side of your chest just below the ribcage. It feels as though an invisible dog just bit into your liver and tore off a hunk of it. You gasp with pain, and at once the invisible dog takes another bite of your liver and this time yanks it back and forth.

[IF player has not yet told them Bette's phone number, add:]

Denise nods with satisfaction. "Now you know that I wasn't kidding about the poison. If you want the antidote, we must have that floppy disc. Now what is Bette's phone number?

[IF response to demands for Bette's phone number is to TELL THEM PHONE NUMBER:]

64. Denise nods impatiently. "Yes, well, that's what we're asking you to do--tell us the number."

[IF response is KL5-0042:] and
[IF answer to demands for Bette's phone number
is any pattern of seven letters/ numbers
other than KL5-0042, or 555-0042, or other
555-equivalents:]

65. Denise repeats the number to herself, then leaves you in Zane's safekeeping and goes off to make the phonecall.

{PROGRAM NOTE: If player has not yet received the first part of text (63), it will appear at this point. The only possibilities while Denise is making the call are to ASK ZANE questions, to which he'll receive the answers cited above. Any attempt to TELL ZANE anything whatever yields:}

66. Zane doesn't seem to have heard a word that you've been saying. It's as though, as far as he's concerned, you were already dead.

[After there have been two >prompts since text (65) Denise automatically returns to the room, and there are two possibilities, according as the real phone number has been given or not. If the real number was given:]

67. Denise returns to the room with an expression of satisfaction. "She's coming over in a taxi," she tells Zane, "and she's bringing the disc. So give our friend his antidote. We want him alive to play with his software.

Zane nods and takes a small brown bottle from the pocket of his jacket. He tosses the bottle to you.

[IF response is CATCH BOTTLE:]

68. "Good catch," Zane says.

[IF answer to demands for Bette's phone number was any pattern of seven letters/ numbers
other than KL5-0042, or 555-0042, or other
555-equivalents:]

69. Denise returns to the room with an expression of great disgruntlement. Zane looks up questioningly. "Wrong

number," she informs him.

Then I say waste him now," Zane advises. "We don't need the disc that badly. We'll have all the rest of his money, when you inherit it as his wife."

"I know. But it's the principle of the thing." She turns to you: "Now listen, Xavier. You may think you're helping your girlfriend, but you're not. We'll get that disc from her one way or another. What is her phone number?"

[If response is correct phone number, then after two >prompts of time, go to text (67).]

[If response is other than correct phone number, the following Death by Poison exit from the game is the result:]

70. ^{reveal Betty's} Obstinate-ly you refuse to ~~tell Denise the~~ number ~~she~~ ~~asks for~~, and you are taken, at gunpoint, to a room at the far end of the corridor. There you are bound and gagged and left under the watchful eye of your doppelganger, Zane, who confides to you, just before you go into convulsions, "This is really a fascinating experience. I've seen a lot of guys die, but with you it's different. You look so much like me that it's almost as though I were watching myself die. I tell you, it's a creepy feeling." You bite the gag that prevents you from expressing your own very vivid feelings to him. There are cramps in your stomach, violent cramps that make your body jackknife spasmodically. A darkness clouds your sight, and a roaring fills your ears. You begin to choke on your own vomitus. The pain becomes unbearable and you lose consciousness several minutes before you are clinically dead.

[IF response to 55>, 57>, 58> or later > is
ZANE, SPARE MY LIFE/ BEG FOR MERCY/ PLEAD
WITH ZANE, ETC.]

71. Zane responds good-naturedly to your entreaties with a simple obscenity expressive of contempt, impatience, and a kind of diffident savagery. He does manage to pack a lot of feeling into just two monosyllables.

[IF response in this node is DENISE, SPARE MY
LIFE/ PLEAD WITH DENISE/ BEG DENISE FOR
MERCY, etc.]

72. Denise answers your entreaties in a reasonable tone. "Xavier, as soon as you're willing to cooperate withh us, I'll gladly give you the antidote, but you must be made to realize that we are in charge here. Think of yourself as a third-world country and of us as a superpower. Submit-- which is to say, buy time for yourself. While there's life, there's hope, and all that. Now tell us Bette's phone number. You don't have much longer to live.

[IF two more >-prompts appear after either texts (71) or (72) without giving them Bette's phone number, the result is text (70) and an exit from the game. Similarly, there should be some allotted total number of responses the player can make after the first demand for Bette's phone number. This demand can appear in texts (56), (62), (63), and (64).]

[Other responses that represent stalling for time, here and, indeed, throughout the game would include Prayer, so could there be an all-purpose set of prayers that can be called up in response to PRAY/ SAY A PRAYER/ PRAY TO GOD FOR HELP, etc. And to accommodate all three major faiths, the first text to appear at this response is a simple questionnaire:]

73. What is your religious faith?

Type C for Catholic, P for Protestant, J for Jewish,
or ? if you don't know or can't remember.

[IF response to 73> is C:]

73A. You close your eyes and pray. "Hail Mary, full of
grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary,
Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our
death. Amen.

[IF response to 73> is P:]

73B. You close your eyes and pray: Our Father which art in
heaven, hallowed by thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be
done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our
daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our
debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us
from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the
glory, for ever. Amen.

[IF response to 73> is J:]

73C. You close your eyes and pray, The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He
restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no
evil. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for
ever. Selah.

[IF response to 73> is ?]

73D. You close your eyes and improvise a simple prayer: Dear God, this is certainly an uncomfortable and life-threatening situation, and I'm relying on you to help me out of it. I realize you may not wish to intervene directly these days, so I don't ask for miracles. But a little luck? Some inspiration? Or a speed-up to the process of certain retribution that is bound eventually to make my enemies self-destruct -- that would be greatly appreciated. Thanks for everything you've done for me so far, and have a nice day.

[IF, finally, a player becomes so prayerful that he issues a PRAY/ SAY A PRAYER command four times in a row, his fervor will be rewarded with a brief mystical vision. Otherwise, however, these prayers have no influence on the action of the game, except in situations like the poisoned martinis, in which moves are being counted as a measure of time going by. The mystical vision for those who are prayerful is:]

73X. You close your eyes to pray, but before the first word of prayer can be uttered, a vision appears to you, a vision of God smiling and of something else, after that, that is indescribably lovely. It lights you up like a Christmas tree. You feel all shivery and at the same time terrifically strong. It's Beethoven, rock 'n' roll, and nightingales all wrapped in one. You open your eyes and the vision is gone. Nothing has changed in the world around you, but you've changed. You're a kinder, warmer, more loving person. Halleluijah!

[PROGRAM NOTE : the rest of the texts follow from text (67), page 209, where Zane tosses the bottle;]

[If response to 67> is other than CATCH BOTTLE:]

67A. The bottle strikes you in the chest and falls to the carpet.

[IF response to 67A> is PICK UP BOTTLE:]

67B. As you bend down to pick up the bottle, your knees get all rubbery, and the pattern of the carpet begins to bend and warp. But you ignore these distractions and take the bottle in your hand.

[If response to 68> or 67B> is TAKE ANTIDOTE:]

74. The antidote is inside the bottle.

[IF response to 74>, 68> or 67B> is OPEN BOTTLE:]

75. Your hands shake as you try to twist off the bottlecap. It goes round and round without ever coming off. A new spasm of pain racks your body. Involuntarily you clutch your stomach. Zane and Denise watch your increasing helplessness with amusement. "It's a shame Dad's not here," Zane say. "He'd enjoy this."

[If response to 68> 67B> 74> or 75> or later > is is LOOK / READ BOTTLE/ INSTRUCTIONS ON BOTTLE:]

76. It is a small brown bottle containing about an ounce of some kind of liquid. Raised white letters on the plastic cap say TO OPEN PRESS DOWN AND TWIST.

[IF response when possessing unopened bottle is PRESS DOWN (CAP) AND TWIST:]

76. By following instructions you have got the cap off the bottle.

[IF response to 76> is DRINK ANTIDOTE (FROM BOTTLE):]

77. You drink the contents of the bottle. It is sweet and syrupy, like the undiluted concentrate of some strange tropical fruit, not quite a mango, almost a papaya. Whether it serves its purpose as an antidote only time will tell, but one of its immediate side-effects is sleep--instant, deep, dreamless sleep.

[PROGRAM NOTE; Text (77) together with text (59) should represent the only exits, other than by death, once one has entered the wainscotted room and drunk the poisoned martini. Both lead to the same node, ALISON'S DEATHBED.]

IMPORTANT AFTERTHOUGHT:

[Since the player may not remember and may not have written down Bette's phone number, it should be possible at any point in this node to command LOOK LEFT WRIST/BETTE'S PHONE NUMBER:]

78. You push back your sleeve to see where Bette had written down her phone number. It is there but smudged with sweat, and you can't tell if the number is KL5--0042 or KL5-0047. For that you must rely on your memory.

[PROGRAM NOTE: This node is entered automatically from either text (59) or (77) of the Dakota node. The differing entry points only affect the texts that follow at one point, text (), in which Alison explains how the bad guys got Bette's phone number even without the player's revealing it.]

[For the first two commands issued in this node, whatever they are:]

1. You are sleeping a deep and dreamless sleep.

[After first two commands, if response is WAKE UP/ AWAKE:]

2. You begin to stir. You become aware of a general pain that seems portioned out to each limb and organ with complete fairness, making each equally miserable. Then your head begins to throb with a special focused aching that sets it apart as your worst and most unbearable pain.

[IF response to 2> is BEAR THE PAIN/ BE STOIC/STRONG / SWEAR/ CRY /DON'T CRY:]

3. Without willing it you find that you are crying. You force the tears to stop. You grit your teeth and try to think your way to the other side of the pain. You hear a low moaning sound. You're not sure whether it's you who's moaning or someone else. "God damn," you manage to whisper. It makes you feel marginally better.

[IF response is OPEN EYES/ LOOK ROOM:]

4. Painfully you force your eyes open. Above you a spider web of crackled white paint decorates the ceiling of the room you're in. It is a small windowless room, scarcely more than a closet.

[IF response is GET UP/ OUT OF BED/ SIT UP/ STAND:]

5. You try to elbow your aching body up out of the bed, but that isn't easy with your right hand cuffed to the metal

bedframe and the other hand cuffed to the body lying beside you on the bed. Your efforts to get up produce muted gasps and sighs from the person you are handcuffed to.

[If response to 5> is LOOK BODY/ WHO ARE YOU? HELLO:]

6. At your look of recognition, Alice Dudley smiles --a feeble smile and yet it seems to require as much effort as a bench press. She lifts her free hand toward her throat and whispers words you cannot understand. The hand falls limply to her chest. Wide strips of gauze are wrapped about lower ribcage to form a makeshift bandage.

[If response after 6> is LOOK BANDAGE:]

7. There is a bloodstain on the bandage at the level of the lowest rib. It is about the size of a silver dollar.

[IF the response LOOK BANDAGE is repeated in this node:]

8. The bloodstain on the bandage has become larger. It is now about five inches in diameter.

[IF response after 6> is TOUCH BANDAGE:]

9. Tentatively you touch the edge of the spreading stain of blood. It is warm and sticky. The bandage has slowed the flow of blood from the wound but not stanching it completely.

[If response to 6> is MOVE/GET NEARER WOMAN/ALICE:]

10. Awkwardly, because of the handcuffs, you twist round in the bed so as to be nearer Alice and better able to hear her. Her fingers brush across the stained bandage and come away smeared with blood. She touches your lips lightly as if sealing them to silence, and then her eyes close and her head falls back against the pillow. "Xavier," she whispers. "I

tried to save you. Now they'll murder both of us. Forgive me if you can."

[IF response to 6> is ASK or TELL ALICE/ALISON and if there has been no command of GET NEARER, so as to produce text (10), her words will be inaudible:]

11. She responds with a few faltering words too feebly spoken for you to understand more than a phrase or two: ". . . never meant to . . . when I went to your mother . . . can you forgive . . ." Sensing that you have not understood her, again she raises her hand toward her mouth, beckoning you to come closer.

[If response after 10> is I LOVE YOU/I FORGIVE YOU or KISS / COMFORT ALICE:]

12. She sighs. "That's kind of you, Xavier. I'll die much happier now."

[PROGRAM NOTE: Since Alison is dying, she won't have breath to answer every question that might be put to her, and since it isn't possible to second-guess the order of the questions asked, the texts of her replies to questions in this node each have a postscript appended. The postscript corresponds not to a particular text, but to its position in the series, from first to fifth, and concludes in every case with her death.]

[The first postscript is:]

13A. Alison draws a labored breath. She tries to move the hand that's cuffed to yours, but she is so weak that only the feeblest impulse is conveyed by the short steel chain that links you. And even that effort is too much for her to sustain. Her hand falls limp upon the bloodstained sheet.

[The second postscript is:]

13B. When she has finished speaking, Alison turns her head sideways on the pillow and looks at you lovingly. Her eyes

sparkle with a strange humor, as though she'd been told a joke in a foreign language, a joke that can't be translated or shared.

[The third postscript is:]

13C. The effort of speaking seems both to exhaust and to exalt Alison. With her eyes glittering, she gestures for you to bend still closer, and when you do, she whispers: "When I'm dead--" You try to protest, but she continues. "No, that much is sure, and it will be in minutes. And when I am, you must wrench my hand out of these handcuffs, My hand is small; I could do it myself if I had any strength left. Then with your one arm free-- But no, this is madness. You musn't risk your life to revenge my death. I care nothing for myself. And yet maybe it is your only chance. If--" But before she can complete this train of thought, she has fallen into a kind of faint, and when you've at last been able to revive her, she claims to have forgotten everything concerning her plan to be revenged.

[The fourth postscript is:]

13D. She is silent for a while, and then, almost as though speaking in a trance, declares, "But what a fine weapon it would be-- still wet with my life-blood, and wound tight about his wrinkled neck. I heard him tell that whore Denise how he likes bright ties. This would be bright enough--" She pressed her hand to the gauze bandage wrapped about her bleeding wound. "--and tight enough too. Do it, Xavier! Strangle Luke with these bandages wet with my blood."

[PROGRAM NOTE: IF possible, could the answer to the fifth question be broken off at some predetermined fracture line, so as to heighten the sense of suddenness? Assuming this is possible, I shall indicate this fracture point in each of the answers below, text (14) through () by a sign of reversed parenthesis with asterisks to either side: so, *)(*, signaling that the rest of the text does not appear. Instead the interrupted sentence ends with a dash, the quotes are closed, and a new paragraph presents the fifth and final postscript:]

13E. She stops speaking abruptly, like a radio that's had its dial twisted to an empty band. Her eyes stare vacantly at the crackled paint of the ceiling. Is she dead? You feel for a pulse in her wrist. There is none. Her own hand, cuffed to yours, dangles limply as you place your hand on her chest to see if her heart still beats. There is no heart-beat. She is dead.

[IF response after 13E> is PULL/REMOVE HER/ALICE'S HAND FROM HANDCUFFS/CUFFS:]

14. As she had suggested, you force the inert hand of the dead woman through the handcuff. It takes about the same application of pressure as getting a cork off a champagne bottle.

[IF response before 14> is REMOVE ALISON'S BANDAGE:]

15. With both hands cuffed, that isn't possible.

(IF response after 14> is REMOVE ALISON'S BANDAGE:]

15A. Carefully you unwind a length the gauze wrapped about Alison's corpse. A last flow of blood wells up from the fatal wound just beneath her left breast.

[IF response after 15A is LOOK BANDAGE, instead if texts (7) and (8) above, the text is:]

16. It is a thick, multilayered strip of gauze, about 8 inches wide and 4 feet long. The wound has imprinted it with a triple stain, dark, sodden, and indelible.

[PROGRAM NOTE: Since these answers are non-repeatable, there must be a text to prevent repetitions if Alice is asked what is essentially the same question. For instance, if she were asked both about "herself" and about "Alice," "Alison," etc., the result would be text 18 at the first asking, but at the second it would be:]

17. Alice looks at you confusedly. You realize that she has already answered this question essentially when you asked her about [key parsing word used at first asking of question].

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT HERSELF / ALICE /ALISON /HER NAME / ENGAGEMENT:]

18. "I'm not really Alice Dudley, you know. All that --the wedding, what I told you in the museum -- that was all lies. My real name is Alison Abrams. I was your secretary at Hollings Pharmaceutical Corporation, though my title--" At the cost of a deep shuddering breath, she manages to smile -- then goes on: "--my title was Executive Associate. I was never your fiancée. I never let you know how much I wanted to be either. Not until *)(* your amnesia began to take hold. I thought then I could deceive you into loving me. It was a cowardly betrayal of your trust. Try and forgive me. I did love you. I still do."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(*, as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT AMNESIA / SANTA CANDELARIA/ SHIMMER / LETHEUM:]

19. "Your amnesia was caused by a chemical agent that you isolated and called Letheum, after the river in Hades whose

waters cause forgetfulness. How you first got on the track of it was when you read in some weekly tabloid about this Texas town called Santa Candelaria where some local people had claimed there was an epidemic of amnesia. You went there and *)(* tracked down the culprit. It was the decay product of a dishwashing detergent called Shimmer. When Shimmer is stored at very high temperatures it degrades into Letheum. The people in Santa Candelaria who'd used the Shimmer that had been kept in one particular warehouse and who weren't careful about rinsing their dishes were the ones who started to develop amnesia. In those cases no one ever had total amnesia like yours-- because no one was systematically doctoring their food with it -- as I was doing to yours."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(*, as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT ZANE:]

20. "Oh please, Xavier, don't ask me about him. He's such a monster, and yet when I'm with him, and I see your face, and he speaks to me with your voice--" She shudders and closes her eyes, as though to erase a painful memory. "You see, Xavier, he seduced me, and then when I was in thrall to him he tried to make me . . . murder you."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(*, as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT DENISE:]

21. "When you first announced your engagement to her I almost stopped working for you. I knew, the moment I laid

eyes on Denise, she was a cynical, manipulative, little golddigger. But an accomplished sexual athlete, and so long as you were 'training' with her, she had you jumping through hoops. But after you'd switched places with Zane, and he'd gone to Texas to be tried and then was serving your sentence, you had to cut back on the amount of time you could give to Denise. You started tomcatting around, answering personal ads in the Village Voice, joining video dating clubs, and in the process you met Bette Binet. Falling in love with Bette finally opened your eyes to what a bitch Denise was, and is, and when you dumped her, she proved it. She went down to the prison where Zane was serving your prison term and got him to marry her, so that legally she what she'd been aiming for, the ring, and the license -- and the bank account. She won't have the family fortune till your mother dies, but meanwhile she's doing well enough. You don't live at the Dakota unless you are swimming in money."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(* , as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT HER WOUND/LUKE:]

22. "It was Luke who shot me -- but I've only myself to blame. I came intending to kill all three of them. Luke let me in. He must have sensed what I had in mind, or heard the little click my gun made when I took it from my purse and pointed it at his back. He spun around dropped to his knee and was firing at me before I could fire a single round. So I can't too much blame him for my murder. But the rape,

afterwards -- that did seem unnecessarily vile." *)(* She shuddered. "I shouldn't let myself think about him, but my mind keep returning to the same hateful moments, over and over."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(*, as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT (TRUE) IDENTITY/
WHO AM I? / YOURSELF/ XAVIER HOLLINGS :]

23. "You are . . . the most wonderful man I've ever known. Does your name make any difference? You're kind, and handsome, and sexy, and bright, and I'd have given anything to have been part of your life. Don't let them kill you, Xavier. Break out *)(* of here, and go to the police. You'll have to serve some time in prison, I suppose -- but not for the murder Zane committed."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(*, as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT JOHN CAMERON:]

24. "There was a real John Cameron, so I was told by the man who sold me your ID. John Cameron, Jr. died in a swimming accident, and instead of reporting it, his father, who was some kind of small time gangster, sold his identity. When the switch with Zane started out, you'd been *)(* content to make a simple trade. He'd be you, and you'd be him. But then there were attempts on your life. Someone had hired a hit-man to kill Zane Bester, and that's who you'd become. We

didn't realize that that someone was Zane himself. He had no intention of ever giving up the advantages that came with being the millionaire Xavier Hollings -- not until Denise appeared at the prison with a better plan."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(*, as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT FATHER / FAMILY BUSINESS / HOLLINGS PHARMACEUTICAL CORP.:]

25. "Your father was a strange man, by all accounts. I never met him, and you didn't see much of him, apart from very formal appearances at the dinner table. *)(* His fortune came from a patent for a popular sedative, Bromonine, but eventually his company produced a great range of pharmaceuticals. He died when you were ten, and the money went into a trust that provided a very nice income -- though the family fortune won't be yours until your mother's passed on. You've worked in the Research Division of Hollings Pharmaceuticals since you got your doctorate at M.I.T. and you had virtual carte blanche as to the direction of the research you undertook. Everyone seemed to think the laboratory was just a very expensive playground the company provided you to keep you out of management's hair. You didn't let anyone but me know about your work refining Letheum. And that's what that crew out there are after -- the formula for Letheum. And it is, potentially, worth as much as your father's patent on Bromonine. And that money would be yours at once. No need to wait for Mrs. Hollings to die."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(*, as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT MOTHER / MRS. HOLLINGS / INHERITANCE:]

26. "After Mr. Hollings' death your mother became obsessed with gambling. She spent all her time either at casinos or bridge tournaments or cruising the Caribbean on gambling ships, which is where she is now, according to her phone service. I suspect she's had the good sense to go into hiding. She does know about Zane's taking your place in prison -- she had to appear at the trial to ask the judge for clemency at the sentencing hearing. And she has every reason to be afraid of Zane and Denise, since you are her legal heir and Denise is yours. I hope she's found a good hiding place."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(*, as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> is ASK ALICE ABOUT BETTE:]

27. "Xavier, please, don't ask me to talk about her. The subject is too painful. *)(* I'd like to be able to say that I wish her well, but that would be a lie. Jealousy is like a cancer. It starts in just one part of you and slowly it invades every thought, every feeling."

[This text is followed by one of the postscript texts, 13A through 13D, or if it is to be the last question, it breaks off at the asterisk marking *)(*, as explained in the note at the top of page 220.]

[IF response after 10> IS ASK ALICE ABOUT anything or anyone not cited in texts (18) through (27), the result is the first, and then for a second "answerless" question, the second of the two texts, 28A and 28B. These are followed with the appropriate postscript texts, 13A through 13E:]

28A. She repeats your question to herself, frowning. Then she shakes her head in the manner of someone admitting defeat by a riddle. "But what you ask does make me think of someone I knew back in grade school, Gretchen Ludlow. She was always so nice to me. I was teased a lot by other girls, cause our family was poor, but Gretchen was always nice." She continues with a long vague rambling reminiscence of her friendship with Gretchen Ludlow.

28B. Something in the question, or in your tone of voice, seems to alarm Alison. "We must hide," she whispers, panicky with fear. "They'll be back soon." Then, sudden as the panic had come over her, it ebbs away, and she asks you, quite calmly, "Do you believe in an afterlife, Xavier?"

[Whether response to 28B> is YES NO or I DON'T KNOW:]

She nods, considering your answer, and then, not very lucidly, sets forth her own views and hopes concerning the possibility of an afterlife.

* * * * *

[PROGRAM NOTE: The texts that follow all assume that Alison is dead, as per text (13E). In this situation there are two possibilities. The player may refuse to follow Alison's dying advice to try and escape and to revenge her death on Luke, in which case patience alone will move him to the Endgame Node. Or he may try to fight with Luke, with some chance of injuring him, but none of being killed, and in this case too he will move to the Endgame Node. The first set of texts will deal with the more peaceable approach.]

[IF response after 13E> is CRY / REST / WAIT:]

29. You are too emotionally drained after the pathetic spectacle you've had to witness to do anything more than lie there on the bed, almost as lifeless as the corpse beside you, except for the tears that well up from time to time.

[IF response after 13E> is a repeated REST / WAIT:]

29A. You lie there unaware of how much time may have gone by since Alison breathed her last breath. You can hear voices in the outer corridor, and footsteps. The nausea you felt earlier, after your poisoning, is almost gone. A doorbell rings, or maybe it's a telephone. A moment later the door of the room is opened. Luke comes in and stands at the foot of the bed, squinting in the dim light.

[IF responses after 13E> has generated texts (14), (15A), and/or (16), three further time-goes-by prompts appear on the screen, in the simple form:]

30. Time goes by. You try and free your right hand, which is still handcuffed to the steel frame of the bed, but all your efforts are unavailing.

[THEN text 29A appears automatically.]

* * ** ** ** **

[PROGRAM NOTE: This means that the player may still be handcuffed to Alison corpse when Luke enters the room; OR, he may have his left hand free, AND he may also be in possession of the BANDAGE. In only the last two instances can be FIGHT LUKE effectively. But first to deal with the situation of his being still handcuffed.]

[If response to 29A> is LOOK LUKE / PRETEND TO SLEEP:]

31. With your eyes lowered so that Luke may think you are asleep, you watch Luke. He puts a hand on Alison's forehead, then on the back of her neck. When he has satisfied himself

that she is dead, he chuckles low in his throat. Then he mutters, "One down, two to go."

Another voice adds, "Or three." It is Zane. He is standing in the doorway, but with your eyes lowered, you cannot see more of him than his Gucci sandals and the cuffs of his designer jeans.

Luke turns round and asks, "You mean the broad?"

"Yeah, she probably knows almost as much as this bastard."

Luke chuckles. "If he's a bastard, then what's his twin?"

Zane seems more amused than insulted. "A son of a bitch, but I've never pretended otherwise. Wake him up. The doorman buzzed to say she's on her way up. Let's get this over with."

Luke gives your shoulder a rough shake. "Wake up, Hollings. Your girl friend's here. You got some riddles to answer.

[IF response to 31> is WAKE UP/OPEN EYES/FUCK YOU, LUKE/ SPIT AT LUKE:]

32. "He's awake," Luke notes dryly.

[IF SPIT AT LUKE, then add:]

He wipes away the gobbet of spit with which you greeted him.

[Then, for that and all other responses above;]

"You need help?" Zane asks.

"Yeah. You better have hold of his arm while I uncuff him from this stiff. He might still have some fight in him."

As Luke unlocks the handcuff about Alison's wrist, Zane takes a firm grip of your left arm, then wrenches it violently behind your back. Luke has your hands cuffed behind your back

a moment later. Then he removes the cuff that had secured your right wrist to the bed.

[IF response to 32> is STRUGGLE/FIGHT/KICK/TRY TO ESCAPE:]

32A. Struggle is unavailing.

[IF response is anything beginning ASK / TELL or FUCK YOU, LUKE / ZANE or any other obscenity, the rules governing the use of obscene words are suspended, and the text is:]

32B. "Listen," says Luke. "It talks.

"Yeah," says Zane. "That's just what we want it to do."

[Both texts 32A and 32B are followed automatically by:]

33. Zane pulls you up roughly from the bed, using the chain of the handcuffs for leverage. Then he marches you along the corridor and into a room you have not seen before, a kind of office with desks and chrome-and-leather chairs. You are forced to sit in the largest of these chairs, and the two men soon have tied you securely with a length of rope.

[This represents an exit from the Alison's Deathbed node to the Endgame node.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: The following texts are applicable when the player has managed to get loose from one set of handcuffs, and in addition have taken possession of the bandage, as per texts (14) and (15A). In these cases there are other possible responses following text (29A), when Luke enters the room.]

[If response to 29A> is HELLO, LUKE / FUCK YOU, LUKE / CURSE LUKE or anything beginning ASK or TELL LUKE:]

34. "Listen," says Luke. "It talks.

"Yeah," says Zane, entering the room behind him.

"That's just what we want it to do."

"And," Luke adds, pouncing on your freed left hand, "it got loose of one of the cuffs. But not for long."

He wrestles your hand behind your back and manages, with Zane's help, to cuff your wrists, tightly, together. You are too weakened by the poison in your system to put up more than token resistance. So much for heroism.

Zane pulls you up roughly from the bed, using the chain of the handcuffs for leverage. Then he marches you along the corridor and into a room you have not seen before, a kind of office with desks and chrome-and-leather chairs. You are forced to sit in the largest of these chairs, and the two men soon have tied you securely with a length of rope.

[This represents an exit from the Alison's Deathbed node to the Endgame node.]

[IF response to 29A is LOOK LUKE/ PRETEND TO SLEEP, and the player's left hand is free, as per text (I4) on page 220:]

35. Through lowered eyelashes, so that he may think you are still unconscious, you watch Luke. He puts a hand on Alison's forehead, then on the back of her neck. When he's satisfied himself that she's dead, he chuckles low in his throat. "It's sure enough a waste of a good woman to have her die so untimely. If she'd just held on another fifteen minutes I could still have had myself a bit of fun. Maybe . . ." He begins cautiously to draw back the bloodstained sheet with which you've contrived to pull up over your freed hand.

Luke notices that you and Alison are no longer handcuffed together, but, as you remain inert, he draws the wrong conclusion from the evidence. "Zane, come, look at this. She managed to pull her hand out of these cuffs.

That must of been what did her in. Zane?" Luke looks around at the doorway, but there is no sign of his son.

He begins, surreptitiously, to carress Alison's corpse.

>

[If response to 35> is STRIKE/ HIT/ ATTACK LUKE/
or BLUDGEON / WHIP / SMASH LUKE WITH HANDCUFFS
or simply FIGHT, or KILL LUKE; and IF player
has left hand free but has not TAKEN BANDAGE
as per text (15A) on page 220:]

36. Luke is so absorbed in the novelty of yielding to this perverse temptation (there can't be that many sins he hasn't test-driven) that he does ^{notice} not the small shifts of weight and wriggings by which you get your free arm in position to strike him. You take the dangling cuff in your fist, brass-knuckle style, and then with all the strength at your command you strike Luke a hammer-blow on the side of his head. His body falls limp on Alison's corpse --but only for a moment. Before you can strike him again he's rolled to the side, and your second blow only grazes his cheek. "Well, if it ain't Sir Galahad," he sneers, wiping the blood from his cheek, "galloping to the lady's rescue!"

[If response to 35> is STRIKE/ HIT/ ATTACK LUKE/
or BLUDGEON / WHIP / SMASH LUKE WITH HANDCUFFS
or simply FIGHT and IF player
has left hand free and has TAKEN BANDAGE
as per text (15A) on page 220:]

36A. (same as 36 above).

[IF response to 36> or 36A prompt is to repeat
STRIKE/ HIT/ ATTACK LUKE or its variants:]

^B
36A. With your right hand still handcuffed to the bed
your rage in ineffectual. Luke, out of range of your
blows, calls to Zane for help. In a few moments they have
subdued you, and Zane pulls you up roughly from the bed,
using the chain of the handcuffs for leverage. You are
too weakened by the poison in your system to put up more
than token resistance. So much for heroism.

Zane marches you along the corridor and into a room
you have not seen before, a kind of office with desk and
chrome-and-leather chairs. You are forced to sit in the
largest of these chairs, and the two men soon have tied
you securely with a length of rope.

[As with text (34) this represents an automatic
exit from the Alison's Deathbed node to the
Endgame node.]

[IF response to 35> is GARROTE/ STRANGLE/ CHOKE
LUKE WITH BANDAGE, or REVENGE ALISON or KILL LUKE,
and if player has left hand free and has TAKEN
BANDAGE, as per text (15A) on page 220.:]

37. Luke is so absorbed in the novelty of yielding to
this perverse temptation (there can't be that many he sins
he hasn't already test-driven) that he doesn't notice the
small shifts of weight and wriggings by which you get
your free arm in position to attack him. You will have to
wrench him backwards in a single motion so as to be able
to loop the length of bloodstained bandage about his neck.
One end of that bandage is wound tightly round your right
hand, the hand cuffed to the bed frame. You bide your

time, for you will only have one chance to catch Luke by surprise. He cranes his neck, the neck you'd so much like to strangle, to nibble at Alison's earlobe. Now?

[IF response to 37> is NOW / YES/ or repeats any command leading to text (37), such as KILL LUKE:]

37A. You grab a handful of his hair and wrench his head backward with all your force. In a moment you've managed to loop the bandage round his neck. He struggles away from you, but you pull the bandage tight. His arms and legs flail wildly, but you've drawn the bandage too tight for him to cry out. "This was Alison's idea," you confide to him as you draw the bandage still tighter, crushing his windpipe, "but I think it was a good one, don't you?" Gradually, like a wind-up toy winding down, his struggle ceases and his body goes limp. Is he dead?

[If response to 37A is YES / I DON'T KNOW:]

38. Yes --you release your hold on the bandage and check to see if he has pulse or breath-- he is dead. You've killed him, but it's a Pyrrhic victory, for before you can search his pockets to find the key to the other pair of handcuffs, Zane comes into the room. There is a gun in his hand, and a look in his eye of a boy who'd come downstairs on Christmas morning to find just what he'd asked for filling his Christmas stocking.

"Did you kill the son of a bitch!" he asks, delighted. As you ~~ve~~^{had} done, he checks Luke's corpse for signs of life. "You did! Well, how about that! You're tougher than I thought. Congratulations--and thanks. We won't have to

contend with him blackmailing us for the rest of his life, which he was sure to have tried. We'll have to think of a way to get rid of these two corpses, and yours too, probably. You got any particular way you'd rather be killed? If you cooperate with us, we'll make it as merciful as possible. Shot in the head? A drug overdose? You name it, we'll deliver."

>

[If response to 38> is anything beginning ASK/ TELL ZANE or FUCK YOU, ZANE or any other obscenity (the rules governing obscenity are suspended) or if response is SHOT IN THE HEAD/ DRUG OVERDOSE:]

38A. Zane makes no response directly related to what you've said, but, still aiming the gun at your head, regards you with a strange detachment. You realize that he is on some kind of drug.

He seems to be able to read your mind. "Cocaine," he says. "A whole damn suitcase of cocaine, all for our own private consumption, since once Denise inherits what you got coming, we'll be on easy street. No need to hustle then. We'll just be ordinary folks. I'll be able to have a dog. A dalmatian! I always wanted a dalmatian but Daddy wouldn't let me have one. Damn him anyhow!" He kicks Luke's corpse.

>

[If response to 38A> is anything beginning ASK/ TELL ZANE or FUCK YOU, ZANE or any other obscenity (the rules governing obscenity are suspended):]

38B: Again Zane ignores you. "Well, enough chit-chat." Even in his zonked-out condition Zane has no trouble in grabbing hold of your free hand and forcing it behind your

back, then cuffing your wrists together. You are too weakened by the poison and your struggle with Luke to put up more than token resistance. So much for heroism.

Zane pulls you up roughly from the bed, using the chain of the handcuffs for leverage. Then he marches you along the corridor and into a room you have not seen before, a kind of office with desk and chrome-and-leather chairs. You are forced to sit in the largest of these chairs, then, with Denise's help, he soon has bound you securely with a length of rope.

"Oh, by the way," he tells Denise, "before it slips my mind. This guy just did us favor. He killed my Dad."

She seems as pleased with the news as he'd been, but she scolds him for having indulged in cocaine when there is still so much to be done.

"I just wanted to enjoy what we're doing," he protests, flashing her a look of resentment.

[As with text (34) this represents an automatic exit from the Alison's Deathbed node to the Endgame node.]

* * *

[Going back to clear up various loose end:]

[If response to 37A> is NO, and Luke is still alive:]

39. No --you release your hold on the bandage and check to see if he as pulse and breath --he's still marginally alive. And before you can finish the job, Zane comes into the room. There is a gun in his hand, and a look in his eye of a boy who's come downstairs on Christmas morning to

find just what he'd asked for in his Christmas stocking.

"Did you kill the son of a bitch?" he asks, delighted. Then, as he sees Luke's eyelids flutter and hears the first groans of returning consciousness, his face falls. "Damn," he says. He pulls Luke's still-unconscious body off the bed and props him against the wall. Then he considers you with a strangely dazed look, as though you were a problem in higher mathematics and he hadn't yet learned to deal with the decimal system. You realize he's on some kind of drug.

[IF response to 39> is STRUGGLE / FIGHT / ATTACK ZANE / TAKE GUN FROM ZANE/ TRY TO ESCAPE, etc.]

39A. Zane fires a warning shot that hits the pillow on which Alison's head rests. A part of the pillow explodes into a little flurry of feathers. "Don't be dumb," Zane advises you. It seems good advice.

[IF response to 39A is again STRUGGLE/ FIGHT or a cognate:]

39B. Zane's warning shot was not a bluff. This time he shots you square in the forehead. "Bang," says Zane, "you're dead." And he's right.

[This represents an exit to the Purgatory node.]

[If response to 39> is anything beginning ASK/ TELL ZANE or FUCK YOU, ZANE or any other obscenity (the rules governing obscenity are suspended in this node and the Endgame node):]

39C. Zane makes no response directly related to what you've said, but sets to work solving the problem you've posed to him. Even in his zonked-out condition he doesn't have much difficulty in grabbing hold of your free hand and forcing it behind your back, then cuffing your wrists

together. You are too weakened by the poison and your struggle with Luke to put up more than token resistance. So much for heroism.

Zane pulls you up roughly from the bed, using the chain of the handcuffs for leverage. Then he marches you along the corridor and into a room you have not seen before, a kind of office with desk and chrome-and-leather chairs. You are forced to sit in the largest of these chairs, then, with Denise's help, he soon has bound you securely with a length of rope.

"You know what the son of a bitch almost did?" he informs Denise. "He got hold of Luke and strangled him half to death with the bandage."

"Pity he didn't have time to finish the job," Denise comments dryly. "Luke's going to be blackmailing us the rest of his life."

"Well then," Zane says brightly, "let's see that it isn't a long one." He leaves the room to finish the job that you began and returns, in less than a minute, to inform Denise that his father had posed has been solved.

[If response to 37> is NO / WAIT:]

40. You funk it, and the opportunity doesn't knock twice. Zane appears in the doorway and reprimands his father for not taking care of first things first, meaning you. He sees, as Luke had not, that you've got your hand free and he's able, with Luke's help, to wrestle your hand behind your back and cuff your wrists tightly together. [Continues as per last two paragraphs of text (34) on page 231.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: The texts follow from the exit-texts of Alison's Deathbed, texts (33), (34), (36B), (38B), and (40). There is only one variable in the present Node: if the player has entered via texts (33), (34), or (40), Luke is still alive and has to be accounted for; if player has entered via texts (36B) or (38B) Luke is dead. Texts that reflect one or the other alternative will be flagged as they occur.]

by a * in 2nd margin.

[IF response in this node is LOOK ROOM:]

1. A closer look at the room reveals some anomalies in its strictly-business style. Such as the dartboard crudely inked on the backrest of one of the office chairs, its leather riddled with tiny holes where darts have penetrated. A single small dart hangs limply from the bullseye.

On one of the metal desks there is [an Apple / a Commodore / an IBM; as per edition of the game] computer, the screen of its monitor alight and its cursor blinking. On the floor beside the desk is another [Apple / Commodore / IBM; as per edition of game] computer, which seems to have been in a collision, for the screen of its monitor has been smashed to smithereens.

[ADD, first time this text appears only:]

Denise notices that your attention is directed to the smashed monitor and volunteers an explanation: "I have a low threshold of frustration."

[Any command of STRUGGLE/ ESCAPE/ WRIGGLE FROM ROPE, etc. yields:]

2. The knots have been securely tied, and your struggles are useless.

[The first command in this node of ASK / TELL yields (IF Luke is alive):]



3A. "Someone had better act as welcoming committee to the young lady waiting at the door," Denise comments. "Would you gentlemen be so kind?"

When Luke and Zane have left the room, she turns to you. "My advice to you, Xavier, is to speak only when spoken to. Zane has been abusing a controlled substance, and he's not quite in his right mind. He may not hear a word you say, the way he didn't just now, or he may explode over a trifle."

[The first command in this node of ASK / TELL yields (IF Luke is dead):]



3B. Denise asks Zane to go to the hall door and welcome Bette. When he has left the room, she turns to you. "My advice to you, Xavier, is to speak only when spoken to. Zane has been abusing a controlled substance, and he's not quite in his right mind, as you may have noticed from the ~~harsh~~ way he dealt with his father. ^{is unkindly Denise} So don't, please, be provoking."

[Both texts (3A) and (3B) are followed automatically by:]

3C. A moment later Bette enters the room, with Zane behind her. Zane has a gun in his right hand, and a faraway look in his eyes.

When she sees you, Bette rushes forward to embrace your bound body. "John! John, thank heavens, it's you! When that other man came to the door, I thought for one awful moment that he was you, and that you'd lost your

memory again, or that I'd lost my mind."

Denise asks Zane, "Did she bring the disk?"

Zane nods and gives Denise the handbag he's taken from Bette.

[ADD, only if Luke is still alive:]

"Where is your father?" Denise asks.

"In the bedroom, mopping up." Zane replies.

[ADD: in both cases:]

"Good, the sooner this is all taken care of the better." She takes the floppy disk from Bette's handbag. "While I boot this into the machine, maybe you'd see that Miss Binet here is comfortably seated?"

"Be comfortable," Zane says, waving the gun at Bette, "have a seat."

Bette whispers in your ear that she loves you, then sits in the chair nearest you.

[IF response to 3C> is TELL BETTE YOU LOVE HER / BETTE, I LOVE YOU:]

4. "This is a touching moment," Zane says.

"Yes," Denise agrees. "I'm deeply moved by their courage and tenderness."

[IF response to 3C> or 4> is ASK DENISE /ZANE/ THEM/ TO LET BETTE GO / TO FREE BETTE/ TO SPARE BETTE'S LIFE or ASK / TELL BETTE TO LEAVE / GO:]

5. "Darling," says Bette, "I won't leave here except with you. All you have to do is help them to get the information they want, and then this woman has promised that we'll both be released unharmed, so long as we promise not to go to the police. I gave her my promise. Will you

give her yours? Please say you will."

[IF response to 5> is YES / I PROMISE / I WILL:]

6. "A wise decision, Xavier," says Denise.

[IF response to 5> is NO:]

6A. "Perhaps he does not trust us to carry out our promise," Denise remarks to Bette. "But really, why should we kill any more people that we absolutely have to? It's not that easy to dispose of corpses."

[IF response before disk is booted (text (8) below) is LOOK ZANE:]

7A. Zane catches you looking at him and winks. With his free hand he helps himself to a sniff of the cocaine that has put him, momentarily, into such a good mood. "This is really dynamite stuff. I'd share it with you, for old times sake, but you better keep your head straight for those riddles, pal. Sorry if that seems unfriendly."

[IF response before disk is booted (text (8) below) is LOOK DENISE:]

7B. Her forehead furrowed with concentration, Denise is consulting the instruction manual for the computer like a student having one last desperate cram before her final exam. She glances up to see you looking at her, and grimaces as though she'd caught you trying to copy her answers.

[IF response before disk is booted (text (8) below) is LOOK BETTE:]

7C. You exchange a look with Bette into which you compress screenfulls of unspoken meanings: I love you, and Hasn't it been great (assuming this is the end), and Let's

not assume this is the end, and Be brave but be careful.

[IF response is ASK DENISE ABOUT PLANS
/ INTENTIONS / ABOUT THE DISK /ABOUT BETTE /
ABOUT YOURSELF:]

8. "We've planned for various contingencies," Denise says. "But all our plans share a common objective, that we access the data on the disk you took from the safe deposit box at the hotel. Your assistant, Miss Abrams-- I should say your former assistant -- was able to sneak a look at the disk when you first began making it, but she was unable to discover the password that will unlock the files you've written. Each password apparently takes the form of a riddle, and we believe there are several such riddle-passwords on the disk, for the late Miss Abrams said that you became quite obsessive about making up riddles. If you cooperate by providing the answers to the riddles, then we'll let you and your friend Miss Binet use the false passports that ^{the safe} Miss Abrams told you of, when she tried to persuade you to go off with her to Australia. Miss Binet, will you agree to that?"

Bette nods.

"And you, Zane?"

"Sure, why not? Me and Xavier were good friends back in college. I don't want to murder the bastard if I don't have to."

"So you see, Xavier, how much there is to be gained if you'll only be trusting and cooperative. Now, let's begin, shall we?"

She boots the disk into the disk drive. The drive whirrs and then the first block of text appears on the screen. She reads what is on the screen, then looks round at you to ask if you're near enough the screen to read the first riddle.

[IF response is YES:]

9A. "Very well then," she says. "Read it and tell me what you think the answer is."

[IF response is NO:]

9B. Zane pushes the chair your bound in nearer to the monitor of the computer until the words come into focus.

"Now," Denise demands, "read what's there and tell me what you think the answer is."

[IF response to 8>, 9A>, or 9B> is anything but
READ WORDS/ SCREEN or LOOK SCREEN/ MONITOR:]

10. "Zane, would you help your friend to develop a more cooperative attitude?"

It takes four strong backhands across your face before Zane has persuaded you to read what is on the screen: *"Access to File 1 + n"*

[This segues into second paragraph of (10A).]

[If response to 8>, 9A>, or 9B> is READ WORDS/
SCREEN or LOOK SCREEN / MONITOR:]

10A. You read the text from the monitor's screen:

Access to File 1 + n
controlled by correct answer to the following riddle;

Although I talk of no one and
Of nothing else but me and mine,
I hope you will not understand
Just who I am until the line
Revealing all my taradiddle
As the substance of _____.

"Well," says Denise, what's the answer?"

[IF response to 10A> is A RIDDLE:]

11. "Yes," Denise agrees. "It's pretty obvious. I hope they're all so easy. Let's see." She types the answer you've given on the keyboard, and a large block of text appears on the screen.

[IF the player has already received text (11) in the User-Friendly node (pp. 162-64), ADD:]

11A. The text Denise scrolls through is the same that you read at the User-Friendly Computer Store, but you can, if you wish read through it again as you look over her shoulder. ~~Let the text on the screen be the same as the text on the screen.~~

[IF the player hasn't received text (11) in the User-Friendly node, ADD:]

11B. You read, over Denise's shoulder, the following text: ~~Let the text on the screen be the same as the text on the screen.~~

~~Let the text on the screen be the same as the text on the screen.~~
[Here (11A) or (11B)]
[Here ADD the text as it appears on pp. 162-64. Then at it's conclusion, go to text (12) below.]

[If response to 10A is not A RIDDLE:]

11C. Denise shakes her head. "No, you must think I'm dumb. The answer is obviously 'A RIDDLE.'" She types that answer on the keyboard, and a large block of text appears on the screen.

[Text (11A) or (11B) follows, as explained above, and these lead in turn to (12).]

12. The text on the screen breaks off, and is replaced by a second riddle:

Access to File 1 + n
controlled by correct answer to the following riddle:

With every question that I pose
The keener curiosity grows.
Who? I ask, and then, a moment later,
How come? And when? And where's our waiter?

Denise turns to you. "Got any suggestions?"

>

[IF response is anything but ? or A QUESTION MARK:]

12A. Denise mulls over your suggestion, shrugs, and types it one the keyboard. The monitor declares:

Wrong guess. Need a hint? The correct answer
is some letters shorter. Guess again.

{Text of riddle reapppears.}

>

[IF response to 12A> is incorrect:]

12B. Denise looks even more doubtful. As she poises her hand over the keyboard, Bette speaks. "No, wait, I think I know what the answer is. A question mark, possibily the single key on the keyboard. That explains it's being some letters shorter, because there would be no letters in the answer at all.

Denise nods agreement, and types: ?

It is the correct answer, and the monitor responds with another long unscrolling of text.

[This leads to either text (13A) or (13B) below.]

[IF reponse to 12> or 12A> is ? of A QUESTION MARK:]

12C. "Mm-hm," says Denise, and types: ?

It is the correct answer, and the monitor responds with another long unscrolling of text.

[This leads to either text (13A) or (13B) below.]

[IF the player has already received text (14)
in the User-Friendly node (pp. 165-66), ADD:]

13A. The text Denise scrolls through is the same that you read at the User-Friendly Computer Store, but you can, if you wish read through it again as you look over her shoulder.

[IF the player hasn't received text (14) in
the User-Friendly node, ADD:]

13B. You read, over Denise's shoulder, the following text:

[Here ADD the text as it appears on pp. 165-66.
Then at it's conclusion, go to text (14)
below.]

14. The text on the screen breaks off, and is replaced by a third riddle:

Access to File 1 + n
controlled by correct answer to the following riddle:

I am Evolution's way
Of saying you've had long enough to play.
I'm the unveiling of the skull,
The barnacles sheered off the hull
To show the noble wreck beneath,
As all shall learn who feel my teeth.

Who am I?

Denise says, "Good God, that's nothing but poetry!
It doesn't make the least bit of sense."

"Read it aloud," Zane suggests.

Denise reads the riddle aloud.

"You know what it could be," Zane says. "It could be Nemesis."

"Nemesis?" Denise repeats.

"Sure, it's the comet or meteor or black hole or whatever that killed all the poor dinosaurs. Just type it

in and see? I'll bet that's what it is."

"How do you spell 'Nemesis'?" Denise asks you. "Or do you have a better idea?" Clearly, she doesn't set much stock by Nemesis."

[IF response to 14> is NEMESIS:]

15A. Denise types NEMESIS on the computer keyboard, and it responds with the computer equivalent of a Bronx cheer.

[ADD Sound Effect if possible:]

The riddle reappears on the screen:

[Text of riddle reappears.]

"Any brighter ideas?" Denise demands of you.

[IF response to 14> is NO / I DON'T KNOW:]

15B. "You're a big help," Denise says sarcastically, and types NEMASIS onto the computer keyboard, and it responds with the computer equivalent of a Bronx cheer.

[ADD Sound Effect if possible:]

The riddle reappears on the screen:

[Text of riddle reappears.]

"Any brighter ideas?" Denise demands of you.

[IF response to 14>, 15A> or 15B> is BALDING / BALDNESS:]

15C. "If you say so," says Denise, and types [BALDNESS or BALDING, as per response] on the keyboard. It is the correct answer and unlocks another long scroll of your memoirs of amnesia.

[If the player has already received the following text in the User-Friendly node, ADD:]

11A. [as on page 245 above]

{If the player has not received the following text
in the User-Friendly node, ADD:}

11B. {as on page 245 above}.

{Both (11A) and (11B) are followed by the next
portion of floppy disk [text to come]}.

[At the end the end of the text, ADD:]

16. The text on the screen breaks off and is replaced by
a fourth riddle. Denise reads it aloud:

Access to File 1 + n
controlled by correct answer to the following riddle:

Without and within
I am skin after skin;
Core I have none,
And I shall be undone
By the slice of your knife.
It's a hell of a life.

Who am I?

"Well, that one doesn't seem so hard, does it?"

Denise observes.

"Yeah, I'd say it was pretty obvious," *Denise agrees.*
The answer is
HOOKER, right?"

"What?" says Denise.

"Well, it is a hell of a life when you come down to
it, and getting knifed is almost what you could call an
occupational hazard."

Denise gives Zane a peculiar look, then turns to you:

"Do you have a better answer to the riddle, Xavier?"

[IF response to 16> is YES:]

16A. "Then what is it?" she demands impatiently.

[IF response to 16> is NO:]

"Well, I do!" *she says.*

[IF response to 16> or 16A> is AN ONION:]

16C. "Of course," says Denise.

{IF response to 16> or 16A> is other than AN ONION:]

16D. Denise heaves a theatrical sigh. "Really, Xavier, you're no brighter than Zane."

"So you think you're so bright," Zane says ^{yes} ~~no~~ with a scowl. "What's ^{a better} ~~the~~ answer then?"

{Texts (16B) (16C) and (16D) are followed by:}

16E. Denise types AN ONION on the computer keyboard, and ~~the~~ another installment of your memoirs unscrolls down the screen of the monitor.

"Son of a bitch," says Zane angrily. He seems to take this as a personal defeat, and to allay that defeat he re-elevates his mood with some more of his dynamite cocaine.

[If the player has already received the following text in the User-Friendly node, ADD:]

11A. [as per text on page 245]

[IF the player has not received the following text in the User-Friendly node, ADD:]

11B. [as per text on page 245]

[Both texts are followed by the next portion of the floppy disk text [copy to come].

17. The text on the screen breaks off and is replaced by the fifth and final riddle, which is prefaced by a preliminary warning:

CAUTION

Access to File 1
controlled by the two letters that complete the answer
to the following riddle.
If a wrong answer is given, File 1 self-destructs.

At the end of struggle, I give peace,
A chance to breathe, another lease
On life. Receive me and achieve surcease,
For I am sweet AMNES__.

Denise frowns. "It almost seems too easy. There must be a trick." She turns round to look at you intently. "What do you think the two letters are, Xavier?"

You hesitate, fearful of what Denise and Zane will do once they have access to the last file, and you've lost your usefulness to them, such as it has been, as an advisor on riddles.

Zane places the pistol against the side of your head and releases the safety. "Are you going to answer the lady's question, or am I going to blow your head off?"

[IF response to 17> is I DON'T KNOW or BE
SILENT / REFUSE TO ANSWER / BLOW MY HEAD OFF:]

18A. Zane does not blow your head, but only a small hole through the middle of it. You die with the satisfaction of knowing yourself to be a better person than Zane, but it is a fleeting satisfaction.

[The request is not for the game.]

[IF response to 17> is IA or I AND A:]

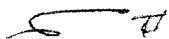
18B. "Yes, but it seems so obvious," says Denise. "I keep thinking it must be a trick."

Bette speaks up. "The answer could also be T and Y -- AMNESTY. It makes just as much sense. More sense, really. I wouldn't say that amnesia has been a very great source of peace in the present case.

Zane lowers the gun and walks over to the monitor.

He bends down and squints at the screen. After much blinking, he asks Denise to read the riddle aloud.

She reads:



"CAUTION

Access to File 1
controlled by the two letters that complete the answer
to the following riddle.

If a wrong answer is given, File 1 self-destructs.

At the end of struggle, I give peace,
A chance to breathe, another lease
On life. Receive me and achieve surcease,
For I am sweet AMNES__."

"And the wrong answer makes the whole thing blow up?" he asks. "Is there dynamite in it, or what? It doesn't make sense."

"A wrong answer," Denise explains patiently, "will cause the last file to be erased."

"And that's the file that has the formula with the stuff that gave him his amnesia?"

"Almost certainly, yes."

Zane turns to you. "Then you better produce the right answer, friend, or I'll give you peace." He brandishes his pistol. "A piece of lead."

"Which is it, Xavier?" Denise insists. "I-A or T-Y?"

[IF response to 17> is T-Y or AMNESTY:]

18C. Denise ponders this a moment. "Amnesty, yes, it makes as much sense as the other."

"More really," you insist. "I haven't had that much peace as result of 'amnesia'"

"I wish I knew what you two were talking about," Zane

says irritably. He lowers the gun and walks over to the monitor. He bends down and squints at the screen. After much blinking, he asks Denise to read the riddle aloud.

[Continue as per text 18B above: "She reads," etc.]

[IF response to 18B> or 18C> is AMNESIA or I-A / IA:]

19A. Denise considers your reponse, and then smiles craftily. "Do you really think I'd be so foolish as to fall into your trap? 'Amnesia's the obvious answer, and so--"

She types the letters T and Y onto the keyboard of the computer. The screen fizzles for a moment with a random pattern of X's and O's, and then a message appears:

File 1 Erased.

[IF response to 18B> or 18C> is AMNESTY or T-Y / TY:]

19B. Denise considers your reponse, and then smiles craftily. "Do you really think I'd be so foolish as to fall into your trap? 'Amnestymight be the right answer in other circumstances than this. But surely the name of this game is 'Amnesia'."

She types the letters I and A onto the keyboard of the computer. The screen fizzles for a moment with a random pattern of X's and O's, and then a message appears:

File 1 Erased.

[Both (19A) and (19B) are followed by:]

19C. "Bitch!" Zane screams enraged. "He tells you the right answer and you've got to type in the opposite. God damn you!"

His hands clench, and the pistol, its safety released, fires. The screen of the monitor shatters, and Denise's body slumps forward.

[ADD, after (19C) if Luke is still alive:]

20A. A moment later the door to the room is thrown open and Luke burst into the room with a gun drawn. "What in hell is --"

Zane spins around ~~and~~, with his neurons --and his gun--firing. His second bullet is as deadly as the first, and hits Luke neatly between the eyes. Luke's body is smashed against the doorframe, then rebounds forward. The gun falls from his hand and skitters across the floor to within inches of where Bette sits, watching the action spellbound by horror.

Zane's consciousness catches up with his reflexes and he moans, "Daddy! Dear old Daddy, what have I done!" He sinks to his knees beside his father's corpse, and begins to cry real tears.

[ADD, after (19C) if Luke is not still alive:]

*

20B. Zane's consciousness catches up with his reflexes and he moans, "Darling! Baby doll, what have I done!" He regards the pistol in his hand with horror, and throws it against the wall, where it fires a second time, its bullet ripping into the bulls-eye painting ~~ed~~ on the leather chair in which Denise had been sittted. Then he sinks to his knees beside Denise's corpse, and begins to cry real tears.

Bette, who has watched these events spellbound with horror, follows the direction of your gaze --to the gun which has skittered across the hardwood floor to within inches of where she is sitting.

[IF response to 20A> or 20B> is TELL BETTE TO TAKE GUN/ PISTOL or BETTE, TAKE THE GUN/PISTOL:]

21. Bette nods, and very slowly, as though she were reaching forward to feed a squirrel that might suddenly take fright and bound away, she bends forward and reaches for the gun that lies on the floor. When the gun is in her hand, she stands -- and Zane, with those real tears still in his eyes, but a strange smile on his lips, stands up, too.

[IF this follows text (20A), ADD:]

21A. The gun with which he killed Denise and his father is still in his hand, and the white powder that inspired those too-impulsive acts is still percolating through his system. He seems actually to be enjoying the situation. The same cannot be said for Bette, whose hand trembles as she watches Zane's hand, with the pistol in it, slowly rising like a cobra's head.

[IF this follows text (20B), ADD:]

21B. "Now, you wouldn't shoot an unarmed man, would you, Miss?" He takes a cautious step towards Bette, and she takes a step backwards. He reached into his back pocket and produces a knife that unsheathes itself from its handle at the press of a button. "Now, why don't you just return that gun to its owner? You're not a violent person

by nature." He holds out his free hand, as though he genuinely expects her to hand him the gun. He seems actually to be enjoying the situation. The same cannot be said for Bette, whose hand trembles as she watches Zane's hand, with the knife in it, slowly weave back and forth like a cobra's head.

[IF response to 21A> or 21B> is TELL BETTE TO SHOOT/
TO KILL ZANE/ TO FIRE or FIRE! / SHOOT! / KILL HIM!]

22. Bette fires. The bullet strikes Zane low in his chest. A thoughtful expression comes over his face, as though he'd been stopped not by a bullet but a new idea. "You did it!" he says wonderingly. "You won! Son of a bitch! I didn't think--" He considers the weapon in his hand. "For me, this is . . ." He staggers toward the desk and places the [knife / gun, as per text above] beside the shattered monitor and gives it an affectionate farewell pat. ". . . a genuine surprise ending." He touches his wound, and looks at the blood on his fingertips with fascination. Then he slumps on the desktop, and watches, dreamy-eyed, as Bette unties the ropes that bind you.

"You'd better leave by the back stairs," Zane advises. "Don't want the doormen to see you. And if you want me to take the rap for all the corpses, which I might as well, you better leave the murder weapon. Take the bullets out of it, if you don't think I can be trusted with a loaded gun." He gives a choking sort of laugh. "But take the disk with those damned riddles. Onion!

Damn." He dabs a finger in the wound again, as though taking his internal temperature. "I figure I've got about another five minutes. Wish I could hang around to see the headlines."

Bette finishes untying you. "What do you think?" she asks you. "Shall we do what he suggests?"

[IF response to 22> is YES:]

23A. "Yes," you say, and begin at once to act on the decision. You take the disk from the disc drive, remove the cartridges from [the gun/ both guns; depending on whether text (20B) or (20A) precedes this text], place the emptied [weapon/weapons] on the desktop where Zane has collapsed back against the shattered monitor. *

"There's a moral to this story, you know," Zane says as you and Bette heard for the door. "But I can't remember what it is. Cocaine can be a problem that way sometimes. Or maybe it's dying that does it. Anyhow, stay away from drugs, you hear?"

You promise to follow his advice and head with Bette for the back stairs. No one sees you leaving by the fire exit onto 73rd Street. The nightmare is over, and you're still alive. Bette has had the same realization. "Your place or mine?" she says, taking your hand.

[This represents an EXIT from the Endgame node and an entrance to the Epilogue node.]

[If response to 22> is I DON'T KNOW / NO:]

23B. "Darling, I know this may seem dishonest or cynical or whatever, but think about it. He seems sincere in his

strange way, and he probably is dying, and if he does, he won't just be blamed for the murders he committed here, but the police will probably suppose that they've got Xavier Hollings. Let them. Just be John Cameron the way you've always been with me, or if you don't like that name, you could change it legally to Binet."

"Hey, schmuck," Zane says. "speak up. The lady is proposing. "Do you want to marry her?"

[IF response to 23B is YES:]

24A. "Good," says Bette, "then that's decided."

She takes your "Yes" in a double sense, and you no longer oppose her advice.

You take the disk from the disc drive, remove the cartridges from [the gun/ both guns; depending on whether text (20B) or (20A) precedes this text], place the emptied [weapon/weapons] on the desktop where Zane has collapsed back against the shattered monitor.

*

[Text continues identically to (23A) above.]

[IF response to 23B is I DON'T KNOW / NO:]

24B. "You're being a stupid asshole, Xavier. Listen, you're the hero, and this is your happy ending and you're messing it all up. Say you'll marry the lady and get the hell out of here before the cops come. If you don't, the lady's got the means to make you."

"What are you suggesting?" Bette asks indignantly.

"I mean the gun in your hand. Use it to escort this schmuck out of here, and let me die in peace."

"He's right, you know," says Bette. "In general, I'm

opposed to violence, but this came may be an exception."
She points the gun at you. "I'm abducting you, darling."
"Please -- don't make it difficult."

In a spirit of ready compliance, you do what Bette tells you. You take the disk from the disc drive, remove the cartridges from [the gun/ both guns; depending on * whether text (20B) or (20A) precedes this text], place the * emptied [weapon/weapons] on the desktop where Zane has collapsed back against the shattered monitor.

[Text continues identically to (23A) above.]

[All texts should lead to Epilogue node, the text for which will follow, but which will be only minimally interactive. Basically it will explain the aftermath of the blood bath at the Dakota and allow the player and Bette to make some plans for the future and have one last kiss.]

[Text (1) follows automatically after exiting from the Endgame node.]

1. You wake up the next morning to the ringing of the cordless phone. You have been asleep on the sofa bed in Bette's apartment.

[IF response is LOOK APARTMENT:]

2. The apartment is just as you last left it. The drapes are fluttering in the breeze from the open window. The phone continues ringing. It is placed on the floor just beside the sofa bed.

[IF response is LOOK BETTE:]

3. Bette is not in the apartment. The phone is still ringing. It is placed on the floor just beside the sofa bed.

[IF response is GET UP:]

4. You push yourself into a semi-seated position, but you haven't the strength or the will for any larger exertion. The events of the preceding day have taken their toll.

[If response is LOOK PHONE:]

5. It is within easy reach on the floor beside the bed.

[If response is ANSWER PHONE:]

6. You pick up the phone and say , "Hello."

"I'm sorry to wake you, darling," Bette's voice replies, "but I simply had to call as soon as I saw the headline in the DAILY NEWS. They've brought out a special late edition."

>

[IF response to 6> is ASK BETTE ABOUT HEADLINE/ NEWS:]

7. "It covers the entire front page, in gigantic letters: SLAUGHTER ON 8TH AVENUE! Then in a smaller headline under that: FOUR DEATHS IN BIZARRE LOVE NEST TRAGEDY. Story on Page Three. Do you want me to read you the story?"

[IF response to 7> is other than YES:]

8. "Darling, you simply have to hear this! It's so astonishing. It seems that Zane didn't die the moment we left. He managed to record a kind of confession -- and he made out a will. I'll just read that part --listen!

[GO TO text (9) below:]

[IF response to 7> is YES:]

8A. "Well, first there's an explanation about how one of the victims was Xavier Hollings, who was an escaped convict who was wanted for murder in Texas, and it identifies the other three as his wife, Denise Hollings, and his former assistant at the Hollings Pharmaceuticals laboratory, Alison Abrams, and Luke Bester, who's described as a 'drug courier and underground confederate.' But here's the astonishing part. Listen!

[GO TO text (9) below;]

9. "'On the cassette Hollings dictated into a recorder in the office in which he lay dying amid these scenes of carnage, he describes how his confederate, Luke Bester, under the influence of drugs, had first murdered Miss Abrams in an effort to extort from her information as to the whereabouts of moneys she purportedly sequestered from earlier drug transactions, Failing at this attempt, Bester

is said to have threatened Hollings and his wife with a gun. A wild gunbattle ensued, in which both Bester and Mrs. Hollings were killed, and Hollings himself was mortally wounded.

"In the last minutes before he died, Hollings wrote a brief account of these terrible events, and then went on to dictate a will bequeathing his entire estate to his alma mater, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for the special purpose of doing research into the process of memory in worms, rats, and salamanders, an area of study in which Hollings felt a special interest.

"Since the death of Holling's mother four months ago, at a time when Hollings was already a fugitive from justice, Hollings's estate is estimated to be worth between forty and forty-six million dollars. Hollings is not known to have other close kin surviving him, and his bequest to M.I.T. is not likely to be challenged in court."

Bette pauses breathlessly, and then asks: "You're not disappointed, are you? I mean about the money. Forty million dollars is such a lot, but then it's not as though you'll suffer from the painful memories of your former affluence. And you're quite bright enough, even without a degree, to earn good money as John Cameron, and with what I make we'll soon be able to afford more than a studio, especially if you're willing to live somewhere besides Manhattan. I mean don't you think love is more important than money?"

[Whether response to 9> is YES or NO:]

10. Bette laughs cheerfully and says, "I knew you 'd feel the same way I do, darling. Don't leave bed. I'll be right home with the newspaper and a pint of Haagen-Daaz. What's your favorite flavor? No, don't tell me. I know."

End of Epilogue/ End of Game

[PROGRAM NOTE: For my own convenience I am writing the texts that follow not in the order they will be accessed by the player in the User-Friendly or Endgame nodes but in the order that the amnesiac author writes them, i.e., presenting the inner skins of the onion before the outer. Each text is identified by the riddle-password that will let the player read it.]

Text for Riddle whose answer is ONION:

The notebook in which I had been keeping a day-by-day journal of my amnesia has disappeared. Stolen? Misplaced and/or forgotten? With it is gone the metal cash-box in which I'd kept it locked -- and, at this point, virtually all first-hand memory of my past. I remember passages that I've read in the past few days in that notebook, but my concern in those pages seemed to be more with analyzing the process of my disease, a kind of progressive amnesia that I developed in the course of research into a small-scale epidemic of the disease in a town in southern Texas.

Even the recent past I remember spottily. What I can recall of earlier years is quite fragmentary. My memory is like a box of family snapshots, unlabeled and all jumbled together -- and the family is a stranger's. The most vivid face in these snapshots is a woman who must have been my mother, who was (according to the journals that have been stolen, or lost) recently in the hospital for major surgery. Miss Abrams, the young woman who has been helping me all through these difficulties in countless practical ways, tells me that it was the death of my mother, two weeks ago, that precipitated the more

severe memory-losses of recent days.

For instance, in the missing journal, I exhumed, in often tiresome detail, memories of my childhood and college years--the names of school fellows, the furnishings of houses I'd lived in, my course of studies at a university (in Boston? the notes were uncertain)--all in an effort to find a pattern in what kinds of memories are proof against the amnesia and what kind are likeliest to be erased. The pattern is clear enough in that regard. Skills, intellectual or manual, seem impervious. For instance, I've had no trouble creating this document on a computer, not yet of booby-trapping "File 1", nor in understanding the chemical formulae in that file. I can play the piano, draw tolerable likenesses, play a decent game of chess, and remember the plots of a hundred novels and movies. My memory of these fictions is usually much more circumstantial than Miss Abrams, even when it is a movie of recent vintage.

But this memory that serves me so well at these impersonal tasks is a sieve with regard to the details of my own life. Worse, the memories I do have are a palimpsest of contradictions. Even my name seems uncertain, for one of my few distinct memories of my college years is sitting down to take an exam in mathematics and writing, on the outside of the blue test booklet, the name "Zane Bester." ~~But~~ I have used the same name in making a video cassette (this is noted in the missing journals; the tape has vanished), ^a piece of ^{sexual} self-promotion ^{done through} ~~for~~ a video dating

service. BUT I've also made a second such cassette under the name of John Cameron, which is the name on all my current identification. Finally, the name my remaining memories most commonly insist is mine is neither of these, but Xavier Hollings. And even that is not the end of it, for in my journal I noted youthful memories of having a different last name than Hollings; but that could be accounted for ^{is} ~~by~~ my mother's ^{had} re-marriage ^{ed} and ^{there'd been} a corresponding re-christening for me.

~~Yes~~ I am fearful to go to the police or seek other "professional" assistance, for Miss Abrams (who alternates between extremes of helpfulness and ^{guardianship} ~~secrecy~~) assures me that I am a fugitive from justice, and that my amnesia is due in part to traumatic experiences in prison -- and in escaping from prison, and that each worsening lapse of memory has been associated with the return of those traumatic memories, on account of which there are areas of my past that she will not, for my own good, divulge to me. Or so she claims. I don't trust the woman, but I have no one else to trust.

I will take more care in disposing of this disk and its information than I took with the missing journal. Miss Abrams, fortunately, is a computer illiterate, and if I make this record in the frequent periods of her absence she is not likely to be able either to read it or make off with it. A single disk is easily hidden, So, as long as I retain my ability to program in BASIC. . . .

End of TEXT controlled by the password ONION

Text controlled by the password BALDNESS

I am in the classic situation of a man who must find some way to remember to tie a string round his finger so as not to forget ^{to tie a string round his finger.} . . and so on, in an endless vicious circle. Only by accident did I discover this disk with its incredible information, for since I made it my amnesia has become virtually total. I've no recollection of keeping the journal that earlier file speaks of, nor of reading that journal -- and why couldn't I have, as I said I would, at least set down what I then remembered ^{having} reading?

^{Alice Dally who}
~~Miss Abrams~~ (I presume ^{she} ~~is~~ is the same person referred to in that first file, ^{as Miss Abrams} tho I did not describe her there) now tells me we are engaged! When I reacted to the news as tho it were a sample of ~~her~~ black humor she became vindictive and threatening. She says she'll give me another week to marry her OR ELSE. Or else what? I wanted to know. Or else she'd let the police know my whereabouts. I tried to buy time, saying I'd consider the offer on its merits, and meanwhile insisted that she fill me in on her past, if she refused to tell me about mine. She then spun out a preposterous fiction about discovering me wandering in the country, in a state of delerium, and how we'd fallen in love as she'd nursed me back to health. She intends for us to fly to Australia on false passports and take up sheep ranching! If I weren't sure she was trying to con me, I'd have thought she was crazy. Both are probably the case. And me -- I'm not crazy? Only

after I'd had two hours to myself, in which time I was supposed to pack a suitcase full of clothes etc. to take to the hotel we're moving to ("Why must we move?" I demanded; "I can't explain, John. You must trust me!"), only then, rummaging through the things here in the apartment, did I discover the miniature time-capsule I'd made -- this disk and an address book with assorted phone numbers tucked away inside an old copy of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

Apparently the amnesia renews itself when I'm asleep, so before I sleep tonight in the hotel room we're going to, I must make some kind of arrangement to stow this disk and the address book somewhere they can't be pilfered from, as the earlier journal seems to have been. There is more than amnesia involved in all this, I'll swear to it, but the story in the earlier file, about my being an escaped convict, may be another piece of romancing on the part of this Miss Abrams -- ~~who now calls herself~~ Alice Dudley. But if I hide the disk and the address book too well -- and then forget having hidden them

Would File 1 have the answers I need? I didn't dare try to gain access to it, simple as the riddle that unlocks it appears to be, since it is designed to self-destruct if a wrong answer is given.

End of Text controlled by the password BALDNESS

Text for Riddle whose answer is A QUESTION MARK?

I have become a virtual prisoner of Room 1502 of the Sunderland Hotel -- but you may have no idea who "I" am, or no better idea than I do, or than you do, if you're me. I mean, I assume that you may be in the same fix I am, or even a worse fix. Facts, I better stick to facts. This afternoon my self-declared lover and fiancée "Alice Dudley", who may be someone else entirely, accordingly to what "I" have written on the files within this file --read on, and answer the next riddle, and read on some more!--anyhow, Alice Whoever appeared outside the door of 1502 and got very impatient rattling the chainlock while I secreted this disk, which I had just got booted into the [brand of computer, as per edition] computer}, having discovered the disk in a gym bag I'd deposited in the gym of the hotel, and having gone there thanks to a note I'd left in the Gideon Bible here in the room. If this seems confusing, excuse me, I feel confused. Anyhow I let this "Alice Dudley" in the room, and she came bearing a Chinese takeout dinner, which I refused to eat, from a paranoid suspicion (but certainly I am entitled to some degree of paranoia!) that my dinner might be mind-altering. Something has been altering my mind, and that's a fact! So I ordered an alternate meal from room service and while I was waiting for it, and Alice Whoever was eating moo goo gai pan, she explains that I'm engaged to her, and have amnesia (which I knew very well already, thank you), as a

the saying goes.

And maybe an answer to that is in the riddles. They may not be that hard to answer, I can't say, but if I can invent another now, to seal this bit of text inside its rhymes, that seems a kind of guarantee that whoever sealed the earlier texts with such riddles must be me! It may not be a proof in logic but it's a good probability. Let me see.

[End of text controlled by the password A QUESTION MARK]

[PROGRAM NOTE: The purpose of this node is to give the player somewhere safe to sleep. It can appear in any neighborhood node except in Midtown, Central Park, and the Upper East Side, and it may not appear at any point in the grid of Manhattan where a site-specific description is already in place, such as the corner of 72nd St. and 8th Ave. (the Dakota). To facilitate its usefulness to the player it should appear as soon as possible--let's say, within ten compass commands of his entering a neighborhood where it may occur. Once it has "appeared" at a particular point on the grid, it should remain fixed at that point through the rest of the story, so it can be returned to. However, unless a game is saved after the tenement is "in place", it will not necessarily appear at the same point on the grid in subsequent replays.]

[The Derelict Tenement first appears as described above, its text appearing automatically after the tenth compass command in a suitable neighborhood. The text appears automatically, without needing a command of LOOK:]

1. A strange feeling comes over you, such as you felt on entering the sauna of the Sunderland Hotel, a sluggish stirring of some buried memory. Something along this street, something seen out of the corner of your eye, some faint echo of your past life.

[If response to 1> is LOOK/ LOOK TENEMENT/ STREET:]

2. You look up at the facade of an old tenement building doomed very soon to the wrecking ball. Each window space frames a rectangle of gray sheet metal. The front door is off its hinges. From the darkness within there is a faint metallic glint.

[IF response to 1> is TRY TO REMEMBER/REMEMBER PAST LIFE:]

3. You try to remember, but at the first exertion of will power the faint sense of déjà vu vanishes. What was it that had provoked that glimmering? Is it that derelict brownstone tenement down the street?

[IF response to 2> or 3> is GO TO TENEMENT:]

4. You go nearer the abandoned building and see that the glint of metal inside the door comes from a row of gutted mailboxes. The steps leading up to the doorway seem to echo with the footsteps of some earlier visitor. Yourself? The feeling of deja vu becomes stronger.

[IF response to 2>, 3>, or 4> is CLIMB STEPS/
ENTER BUILDING/ TENEMENT:]

5. You mount the steps and squeeze round the door that hangs twisted from a single hinge. You find yourself in a cramped vestibule. The building once held (by a count of the gutted mailboxes) twelve apartments. The inner door of the vestibule stands wide open, allowing a view of a narrow, shadowy hallway.

[IF response to 5> is LOOK MAILBOXES:]

5A. All the mailboxes are empty, except the mailbox for Apartment 7, which contains a postcard addressed to Occupant. The postcard informs Occupant that his electricity will be shut off in two days if he does not pay his Con Edison bill.

[IF response to 5> is ENTER / GO DOWN HALLWAY, or S:]

6. You go through the open door and enter the narrow, shadowy hallway. There is a smell of must and wet ashes. Your feeling you've been here before is now almost a certainty.

[IF response to 6> is LOOK HALLWAY:]

7. The pattern of the peeling wallpaper -- pea-green rosettes and khaki-colored leaves against a background of

sickly ochre -- seems to come straight out of some childhood nightmare. Dismal -- but even in its dismalness there is a kind of fascination.

On the right side of the hallway is a door with a crudely painted letter A. Facing this door is a empty doorframe that allows a view of the desolation of what presumably was once Apartment B.

At the far end of the hallway is the staircase to the second floor.

[IF response to 6> or 7> is ENTER APARTMENT A or OPEN DOOR A or E:]

8. The door is locked.

[IF response to 6> or 7> is ENTER APARTMENT B or W:]

9. You enter what was once the living room of a railroad flat. A pair of windows that once looked out on the street have been covered over by sheet metal, but there are smaller windows looking onto an airshaft, and these admit a murky fraction of the day's light.

[IF response is LOOK ROOM:]

10. The room is empty, except for a ruined television set, its shattered screen spread across the warped linoleum floor like silvery autumn leaves.

[IF response is S, W, OR E:]

11. The light is so dim you walk into a wall.

[IF response is N:]

12. You enter what must once have been the bedroom of this apartment. At least it is a room with a bed, or the

remains of one. One corner has been charred, as though someone had tried to heat the building with it, but it is a very damp bed and the attempt was unsuccessful. Beyond the half-burned bed is another doorway.

[If response is S.W, or E:]

11. [as above]

[IF response is N:]

13. You enter the back room of the railroad flat. A pair of windows look out at a back lot embellished with a decade's, perhaps a century's, accumulation of broken bottles, viewed through the lattice ironwork of a rickety fire escape. There is a cast iron bathtub in one corner of the room, a doorless icebox sprawled on its back on the floor, and a poster on the wall that poses the question: "What if they gave a war and nobody came?" By the looks of this place the question was not posed soon enough.

[IF response to 13> is GO OUT WINDOW/ GO ON FIRE ESCAPE or N:]

14. You go out the window (which is easy enough to do, as there is no glass within the pane to hinder you) and set foot on the fire escape. Briefly, as the brittle metal structure collapses under your weight, you remember that you were in this building once before, and that then too you tried to go out on this fire escape, but you had the good sense then not to put your entire weight on it.

In itself the fall doesn't kill you, but the mass of rusted iron that collapses on you slowly crushes you to death. [This is an exit to the PURGATORY Node.]

[If response to 6> or 7> is N / GO TO STAIRCASE / LOOK STAIRCASE / CLIMB STAIRS:]

15. You go to the foot of the staircase and find there is only a foot and a head. Where the main body of the stairs would be is a gaping hole. From the floor above a pair of feral cats peer down at you with the complacency of secure ownership. They know the upstairs is theirs.

[If response to 15> is any verb with CAT/CATS/PUSSY:]

15A. "Meow," says the larger of the two cats. The other switches its tail thoughtfully.

[If there is a second response to 15> or 15A again using the noun CAT/CATS, PUSSY:]

15B. The larger cat loses interest in you and goes off to pursue more vital concerns. The other cat lies down for a nap. What a good idea, you think. Where might a cat --or a man, for that matter-- more safely enjoy an undisturbed repose than in this derelict brownstone? You file the idea for future reference.

[PROGRAM NOTE: (15B is a non-repeatable text; on any return daytime visit to this node, the other descriptions are in place, but a second reference to CATS produces only a repetition of text (15A).]

[If response to 12> (that is, if one is in the "bedroom") is SLEEP / REST /LIE ON MATTRESS and it is daytime and one's need-to-sleep index is high:]

{Also, IF one has reached the bedroom in this node's nighttime mode, and gives the same commands:]

16. You lie down on the charred and moldy mattress, close your eyes, and fall asleep almost instantly. You awake in the middle of the night, with an intense need to relieve yourself, which you do in the farthest corner of the

room, then return to bed and to sleep. In the last hour of the night you have a dream, and when you wake, to the first gray monochromes of dawn, you try to remember what you'd dreamt, for you know that the dream explained why, when you first saw this building, it inspired such a sense of deja vu. All you can remember of the dream, however, is a woman's face. She smiled at you, and spoke some words -- was one of them "Cheese"? -- and just as you were about to kiss her you awoke. So beautiful! The curve of her lips, the arch of her brow, the radiance of her hair, that smile: Perfection! You hope that the dream arose from some memory of the life you've lived, not from your imagination, for if there is such a woman in the world, then your life has a long-term purpose, love.

[IF player has already slept once in this node, and returns to "sleep" here again:]

16A. You do not find it as easy to sleep here as you did the first time. The smell of the mattress, the rustling of rats in the rubble, and sheer anxiety keep you awake. But at last you fall into a light doze, and again you dream of the woman you dreamt of last night, and again she smiles at you, and calls you by name: "John! John, where are you?" You awake, aching with the need to answer her question, to tell her you are here beside her and always will be. Then the feeling fades, and the mists of your amnesia erase all the particulars of her beauty. The gray light of another dawn reveals the dismal reality of your waking life.

Derelict Tenement / Utility Nodes

[If response to 12> (that is, if one is in the "bedroom") is SLEEP / REST /LIE ON MATTRESS and it is daytime and one's need-to-sleep index is not high:]

16C. You lie down and try to rest, but your mind continues to turn over at a high rpm. This is about as restful as a long-distance trip in the bed of a pickup.

[This text is repeated as many times as there are commands of SLEEP/ REST etc., each one using up 15 minutes.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: In the event that the player returns to the site of the Derelict Tenement after having encountered Bette (the woman of his dreams), he will discover that it has been torn down since his last visit, so that returning to the same place on the grid, and commanding LOOK TENEMENT/ ENTER TENEMENT, etc., the result is:]

17. Where there had been, so little time ago, the abandoned brownstone that had provoked in you such a sense of deja vu, there is now nothing but a building-sized gap in the row of facades. In the gap a bulldozer presides over a rubble of bricks and plaster. On the buildings to either side you can see the parti-colored cross-section of the apartments that were here, but are no more. One one of the walls at the third-floor level a calendar flaps in the breeze. It is too far away for you to see what year or what month the calendar still remembers.

Actually, the demolition seems to have improved things. It's opened a vast airy space. Maybe your amnesia works the same way. Maybe, by forgetting, you've let more sunshine into your life. Maybe yourself is not worth pursuing. But then you think of Bette, and you know you're wrong. Other parts of your past life may best be forgotten but not Bette. Not the woman you love.

[PROGRAM NOTE: The texts that follow represent the nighttime mode of this node. Only players who have first got as far as texts (1) and (2) or (3) in the daytime mode will be able to receive the nighttime mode texts that follow.]

[Upon returning to the grid location of the Tenement, IF the response is LOOK / LOOK TENEMENT:}]

18. There it is again, the abandoned building that had such a strange effect on you. The sheet metal in each window frame reflects a pallid glow from the streetlamp in front of the building. There is no one on the street and only distant sounds of traffic.

[IF response to 18> or simply IF one has reached the correct grid location, is GO TO/ ENTER TENEMENT/ BUILDING:}]

19. You go to the ruined brownstone and mount the steep front steps. You push aside the door that hangs on its single hinge and enter the pitch-dark vestibule. You feel your way to the open door that leads to the inner hallway.

[IF the player has MATCHES in his Inventory, and response to 19> or later prompt in the nighttime mode is LIGHT MATCH:}]

20. You try to light a match, but after the briefest flare it fizzles out, ~~but~~ ^{the} flare of the match was enough to have dazzled your night vision, and the blackness about you seems more impenetrable than before.

[IF response to 19> or 20> is WAIT:}]

21. You wait some moments in the vestibule so that your vision may grow ^{le}adjusted to the darkness, but the hallway ahead of you remains a blackness uniform and absolute.

[IF response to 19>, 20> or 21> is FEEL WAY ALONG/ THROUGH HALLWAY/ ENTER HALL/ GO DOWN HALL, or S:}]

22. Cautiously, feeling your way by brushing your fingers along the walls, you go down the hallway, breathing in its scent of dust and ashes. After many slow steps your hands encounter the doorframes of two facing apartment^s.

[IF response to 22> is ENTER RIGHT-HAND APARTMENT/
ENTER APARTMENT A/ or E:]

23. The door is locked.

[IF response to 22> or 23> is ENTER LEFT-HAND
APARTMENT/ ENTER APARTMENT B or W:]

24. You enter the front room of what was once a railroad flat. The faintest of lights filters through a pair of narrow windows that look out on an airshaft, but it's enough light to let you see, on your right, a doorway leading to the next room.

[IF response in this room is LIE DOWN/ SLEEP:]

25. The crunch of shattered glass under the soles of your shoes suggests that there might be better places to bed down than on the floor of this room.

[IF response in this room is E:]

26. Indecisive and afraid, you return to the hallway.

[IF response in this room is W or S:]

27. In the darkness you walk into a wall.

[IF response to 24> or 25> is ENTER NEXT ROOM or N:]

28. You go into the next room and see a rectangle of grayness on the floor. You test it with the toe of your shoe. A mattress. Beyond it is another doorway.

[IF response in this room is S:]

29. You return to the front room of the apartment.

[IF reponse in this room is E or W:]

27. (as above)

[IF response in this room is N:]

30. You enter the back room of the railroad flat. A pair of windows look out at a back lot faintly illuminated by the wash of light from the windows of other not-yet-abandoned tenements. The view is striped with bars of blackness -- the metal slats of a fire escape.

[If response in this room is GO OUT WINDOW/ GO ON FIRE ESCAPE/ or N:]

14. (as above, on page 4)

[IF response in this room is E or W:]

27. (as above)

[IF response in this room is LIE DOWN/ SLEEP;]

31. You lie down on the warped linoleum floor and try to sleep. After several minutes of increasing discomfort you realize that you won't be able to sleep on this floor. The memory of the mattress in the middle room beckons to you like a beacon in the night.

[If response in this room is S:]

32. You return to the room with the mattress.

[IF response in this room is SLEEP/ REST/ LIE ON MATTRESS, the result, as sometimes in the daytime mode, is:]

16 or 16A. (as above on ^{pp} 5 and 6).

[PROGRAM NOTE: In leaving the building, after sleep, the rooms are visible again, as in the daytime mode. Any room in the tenement can be used to change clothes, if they are in the player's inventory, or to eat food in the inventory. The light, however, is to dim to read by, whether in the day or night.]

Death and Texas / Utility Nodes

[PROGRAM NOTE: Various earlier nodes have exits to this one; all of them segue to this by presenting the following entrance text:]

1. Several months go by, during which ^{time} you are brought to trial for the murder of the guard you are charged with killing while escaping the State Penetentiary in Revoltillo, Texas. The prosecuting attorney, the judge, the jury, and even F. Lee Bailey, whom you hire to defend you, seem to think your amnesia is an imposture, the desperate invention of a guilty man. The prosecution calls your own wife, a woman named Denise, to testify that during most of the period after your escape you lived in hiding in her New York apartment, and she is able to produce several witnesses to confirm this. You cannot positively contradict her. You are sentenced to be executed either by a firing squad or lethal injection. Which is it to be?

>

[IF response to 1> is either FIRING SQUAD or LETHAL INJECTION, this is made note of for the final scene of execution below, and we move to text (2). Any other response (except for one, noted before text (1B)) yields text (1A) which will be repeated relentlessly until a choice is made:]

1A. You must make a decision: the firing squad or a lethal injection. Which will it be?

[IF response to 1> or 1A> is APPEAL VERDICT/ SENTENCE:]

1B. F. Lee Bailey takes your appeal to the highest court, but always the verdict and the sentence are sustained. At last the dreaded day is at hand, and you must choose the means of your execution. A firing squad or lethal injection -- which is it?

[Once a means of execution has been chosen:]

2. On the morning of the day you are to [EITHER: be shot/ receive the lethal injection] a guard comes to your cell on Death Row and announces that you have a visitor. He takes you to the visiting room, and there, behind the wire mesh, already wearing the black dress and veil of her mourning, is your widow-soon-to-be, Denise. "Oh, Xavier!" she exclaims as you come into the room. "My poor darling! How shall I ever bear this loss?" She presses her face close to the wire mesh and awaits your kiss.

[IF response is KISS DENISE:]

2A. Your lips meet hers in a kiss as chilly and formal as the swan carved from ice that appears at the end of a banquet. Yet when Denise draws back she seems as pleased and repleted as the proverbial cat that ate the canary. She wipes an imaginary tear from the corner of her eye with a cambric handkerchief embroidered with red and white roses.

[IF response while in visiting room is BITE/SPIT AT DENISE, or DENISE, I HATE YOU or any obscenity:]

2B. ^{it} ~~That~~ ^{-minded} may be a small/satisfaction, but you feel a ^{genuine} ~~small~~ glow of pleasure at ruffling Denise's black feathers. She hisses through the wire mesh that her ^{revenge} ~~final~~ ^{for this final insult} ~~satisfaction~~ will be ^{to} ~~in~~ informing the reporters after your execution that you were sexually impotent, a drug addict, and that her chief conjugal responsibility was to read you a comic book each night before bed. She leaves the visit-

ing room with a look of pure malice, and the guard escorts you back to your cell.

[This text leads automatically to text (7) below.]

[IF response to 2> or 2A> is LOOK DENISE:]

3. You search her face for some sign of genuine feeling but encounter a gaze of unyielding opacity. It is not that her eyes avoid yours; they are simply, and studiedly, noncommittal, like the eyes of a medical student performing an autopsy. For whose sake, you wonder, is she putting on this performance? Is she really your wife? And are you really guilty of the crime for which you're to be executed? If only you could remember!

>

[IF response while with Denise is ASK DENISE ABOUT DENISE/ HERSELF/MARRIAGE or WHO ARE YOU?]

4. "It's very brave of you, my dear, to stick to this silly story about your amnesia right to the bitter end, but surely with me there's no need for such an imposture. You ask me about myself as though we were strangers. I'm your wife, the woman you love and to whom you confessed your guilt."

[If response while with Denise is ASK DENISE ABOUT XAVIER HOLLINGS/ YOURSELF/ MYSELF/AMNESIA:]

5. Denise sighs. "Xavier, I refuse to go through this foolish imposture with you. You know who you are. You know what you've done. And now you must face the fact that you must die. Do please try to die with some style. That's all I have to say, except good-bye--and thank you you for a huge inheritance. I'll try and spend it the way

you'd want me to--on big cars and lovely clothes and rubies and emeralds." She leaves the visiting room with a flourish of her black crepe de chine mourning gown, and the guard leads you back to your cell on Death Row.

[This leads automatically to text (7) below..]

[IF response while with Denise is ASK DENISE ABOUT any other subject than those above, or TELL DENISE anything, there are five possible non-sequiter responses she may give, the fifth of which represents Denise's exit and the player's return to his cell on Death Row. These non-specific response are, in order:]

6A. "Dearest, please, there's no time to go into all that."

6B. Denise lights a cigarette and puffs smoke in your face. "I'm sorry, what did you just say. I didn't catch it."

6C. "Really, Xavier, that's something you'd best discuss with a clergyman. I'm sure they'll be sending one along soon. Your execution is only a few hours off."

6D. Denise affects to wipe away a tear with her cambric handkerchief. "Xavier, forgive me, but I don't think I can bear much more of this. My heart is simply breaking with the pity of it, and in any case I have to see the lawyers at three o'clock. It seems you won't be able to cut me out of your will--as you've tried to do behind my back. I'll inherit your estate willy-nilly -- and your mother's too, when she kicks the bucket. And I made the trip here today just to have the satisfaction of telling you myself." She waits your reaction with a taunting

smile.

6E. Denise rises from her chair. "So long, sucker. Have a nice afterlife." She leaves the room, and the guard escorts you back to your cell.

[This represents an exit to text (7), which appears next automatically, as it does for texts (2B) and (5) above.]

7. Back in your cell you await the hour of execution. The warden asks what you would like for your last meal. Your first request shock the warden, who is a man of simple, unsophisticated tastes. He explains that all previous condemned men have ordered either steak and potatoes for their last meal, or barbecued ribs, or roast turkey with stuffing. "So, which of those three will it be?"

[The choice of STEAK/ RIBS/TURKEY/NOTHING is stored in memory. Other choices register as NOTHING when the last meal is served in text (7). The next text appears automatically once a menu has been chosen:]

8. "You'll probably want to see a clergyman now. I forget: are you Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish?"

[If response to 8> is Catholic:]

8A. The warden bids you good-day, and a little later a Catholic priest comes to your cell. He hears your confession, and offers spiritual counsels suited to your circumstances.

[If response to 8> is Protestant:]

8B. The warden bids you good-day, and a little later a Protestant minister comes to your cell. He reads passages

from the New Testament to you, and offers spiritual counsels suited to your circumstances.

[IF response to 8> is Jewish:]

8C. The warden bids you good-day, and a little later a rabbi comes to your cell. He recites two or three of the more consoling Psalms, in Hebrew, and offers spiritual counsels suited to your circumstances.

[IF response to 8> is NONE/ GO AWAY, or an obscenity:]

8D. "That's about what I figured," the warden says, and bids you good-day.

[All four texts, (8A) through (8D), are followed, with {MORE} and them, after pressing Return, the last meal is served, according to the choice made in response to 7> above. All four last meals begin with text (9), then branch out to texts (9A) through (9D).

9. You spend the next hour preparing to face death and debating with yourself the pros and cons of capital punishment. If you could be sure you'd killed a guard while trying to escape from this prison, you'd feel less of two minds. Since you're not sure, you feel it isn't really fair to be executed. How much more humane, you think, to induce amnesia like your own instead of condemning men to death. On the other hand, given a choice between a quick and painless death and a lifetime of dying slowly here in Revoltillo. . . .

Your gloomy meditations are interrupted by the arrival of a guard with a covered tray. "Your last meal," he announces, placing the tray on a table. "Enjoy it."

Death and Texas / Utility Nodes

The guard leaves you alone. You uncover the dish and regard the last meal you're to enjoy in this life.

[MORE]

[IF response to 7> was STEAK:]

9A. A large sirloin steak confronts you, together with an abundance of french fries, and a single lettuce leaf symbolizing salad.

[IF response to 7> was RIBS:]

9B. The barbecue sauce on the slab of ribs is charred to the brown nearest black. There is a mound of french fries and a small paper cup of cole slaw.

[IF response to 7> was TURKEY:]

9C. Several slices of turkey breast are surmounted with a perfect sphere of stuffing over which has been ladled a great deal of thick pale gravy. A squat, neat cylinder of cranberry sauce accompanies this holiday dinner.

[IF response to 7> is NOTHING , or registers as such:]

9D. You are confronted with a bowl of cold chili garnished with a large dead hairy tarantula. An unsigned note accompanying this entree says: "We didn't want you to die without a chance to sample our famous Texas chili!"

[PROGRAM NOTE: Each of these last meals triggers its own deja vu experience and leads, too late, to the restoration of the player's memories. But for this to happen the player must EAT his last meal. Players who make any response to 9A>, 9B>, or 9C> except EAT, will receive the following encouragement:]

10. The guard looks in through the bars of your cell and sees you are not eating your last meal. "Come on, Hollings," he says encouragingly. "You're holding

everything up. Eat your last meal so we can get this show on the road." The guard goes away before you can make any reply, and you look down at the food on the plate. You begin, despite yourself, to salivate.

[This leads automatically to text (11), as does any EAT STEAK/RIBS/TURKEY/ CHILI/ LAST MEAL response to 9A>, 9B> 9C>, or 9D:]

11. You begin to eat your last meal. It is delicious! No, that is probably the wrong word. Objectively it is probably at the level of an average roadside diner. But subjectively it seems incredibly significant. You finish the last morsel on your plate--and then, like a bolt from the blue, it hits you -- a memory from your past life. A memory that makes you realize that you must be innocent of the crime for which you are dying.

[MORE]

[According to the choice of last meal, the memories the meal evokes differ.

[IF the last meal was STEAK:]

11A. You remember an earlier steak dinner you had with Denise. You remember the care and deliberation with which she cut into her own steak with the steak knife after you had told her that you had fallen in love with another woman and that your engagement was over. You remember her look of rage and her quick recovery as she told you that she understood and wished you every happiness with your new love.

[MORE]

[This leads automatically to text (12).]

[IF the last meal was RIBS:]

11B. You remember an earlier dinner of barbecue ribs you had at a diner somewhere in Texas. On the outskirts of a town called Santa Candelaria. From your table you could see back into the kitchen, where a fat counterwoman was sprinkling soap into an antique dishwasher. It was then you'd had the sense of Eureka, and the pieces of the puzzle had fit together. You remember the Odd Lots Discount Store and its great stacks of the detergent that had failed its test marketing and was being remaindered here and perhaps nowhere else. Shimmer the soap was called-- you'd seen the bright blue package in every one of the homes you'd been allowed to investigate. It had only been a hunch, but it had proved correct. It was Shimmer, or one of its decay-products, that had been responsible for Santa Candelaria's plague of amnesia!

[MORE]

[This leads automatically to text (12).]

[IF the last meal was TURKEY:]

11C. You remember a holiday dinner years ago. It was your first Christmas home from college. After the dinner you had mustered up the courage to ask your mother (your father was already dead then) if you were an adopted child. She had denied it emphatically, and asked you how you had come to have such a suspicion. You had not told her, then, about Zane. Only years later, when she had put up the bail to release you from the nightmarish prison cell in Santa Candelaria, only then did you tell her that

you had, if not an identical twin, a doppelganger, and even then she had denied you could be Zane's twin. "You're my son!" she insisted almost hysterically. "I will not have you suppose otherwise!"

[MORE]

[This leads automatically to text (12).]

[If the last meal was CHILI, and if response is anything but EAT CHILI, the text is:]

11D. Balefully you regard this last sadistic prank of the staff of Revoltillo State Penetentiary, and briefly you consider ways of disposing of the chili in a spirit of reciprocal spite. But then, to your dismay and astonishment, you experience a voracious hunger for the cold, congealed chili before you. Your mouth waters like a faucet, and every cell of your body screams: "Feed me! Feed me!" like the voices of a rioting cellblock.

[MORE]

[This leads automatically to text (11) and then (11E).]

[IF the last meal was CHILI, and IF response is EAT:]

11E. You look down at the dead tarantula, which you'd removed from the chili before eating it, and remember your first experience of prison. In Santa Candelaria, where, investigating the rumors of a plague of amnesia that had been reported in a weekly tabloid paper, you had incurred the enmity of the local sherrif. He'd framed you on drug charges, imprisoned you with a flagrant disregard of all your legal rights, and made you the butt of endless

sadistic jokes, such as serving you just such a bowl of tarantula-garnished chili. The horror of that squalid jail cell! The horror of it!

[MORE]

[This leads automatically to text (12).]

12. And then it all comes back in a rush, everything you'd forgotten, the entire tangle of events your amnesia had erased. And you realize that you are innocent! It wasn't you who murdered the guard. It wasn't you who escaped from Revoltillo. You're innocent of those crimes.

But this realization comes too late, for it is just then that the warden comes to your cell with the guards who are to ready you for your execution.

"Xavier Hollings," the warden asks solemnly, "do you have any last words?"

[IF response to 12> is I AM INNOCENT/ I CAN REMEMBER/
EXPLAIN anything TO WARDEN/ ASK FOR REPRIEVE/
TELL WARDEN ABOUT anything/ Indeed, to any response:]

13. The warden regards you with contempt and disbelief. "Come on, Hollings. You've only got a few minutes left. Try and show some dignity." You are led, protesting your innocence, to the place of execution.

[According to the means of execution chosen at texts 1>, 1A. or 1B prompt, this text continues, automatically, as follow:

[IF the means of execution is FIRING SQUAD:]

13A. A stake has been placed in the courtyard of the prison, and you are bound to it. A chaplain appears to offer you some last words of comfort, and he too refuses

to listen to your protests, as does the guard who offers you a blindfold and a last cigarette.

"It's just as well you don't smoke," he says, as he walks toward the group of six marksmen standing at the ready some ten yards away. "It's bad for your health. Says so right on the package."

The marksmen laugh appreciatively at his joke.

They take aim. You close your eyes. The order to Fire! is given.

You die.

[IF the means of execution is LETHAL INJECTION:]

13B. It is a small room glaringly lighted with about 500 watts of fluorescent light. The light gives a surreal intensity to the room's single item of furniture, a kind of dentist's chair that has been modified with a panoply of leather and canvas restraints. You are made to sit in the chair, and a guard secures the restraints.

"This is the first time we've ever done a lethal injection here in Texas. They say it's the wave of the future, but I don't know. I think there's something to be said for the traditonal way of doing these things. What do you think?"

The guard frowns thoughtfully at your protests of innocence and your frenzied attempt to explain the bizarre events that got you into this fix. "There's nothing I can do to help you, fellow. Talk to the chaplain."

Death and Texas / Utility Nodes

The chaplain assures you that only God can help you now. The chaplain leave.

A medical attendant enters the room. He makes a tourniquet below your biceps with a length of rubber tubing, and then when he has found a vein he injects the poison.

There is a tingling along your arm, a pain in your chest, followed by a sense of wonderful relaxation. You feel you still have breath enough to speak a single word that will be your last. You say it:

>

[Whatever the response to 13B>:]

13C. And then you die.

[PROGRAM NOTE: Since this node in itself will take some time to get through, the player should not have to go to the Purgatory node from texts 13A or 13C. These should be "final exits". Since the player may have to go through this node several times, the choice of a final meal with a corresponding memory will add not only more interest but even a small reward, a "clue" for the player returning to the game.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: Logically, the protagonist would not be likely to be found guilty of the murder of the prison guard, if he had reached the point in the game where he's met Bette, since she can testify that he was with her during the time he was supposed to be in prison. Therefore, once he's met Bette and is living in her apartment, would it be possible to deactivate the various "police traps" that would lead, earlier in the game, to the Death and Texas node? If it can't be done, so be it; but it'll be a glitch in the logic of the story.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: Here are the new texts you asked for for the Z Node, taking the player via suicide to purgatory.]

[Add to texts (8A), (8B), and (8C) on pages 15 and 16 a follow-up paragraph, the same in all cases:]

After the guard has unlocked your cell to permit the chaplain to leave, he lingers a moment at the steel-barred door. "A lady friend of yours asked me to pass this along to you. She said it's something you can use if you want to take care of the job yourself instead of having us professionals do it. She said it's painless. Don't think you'll get anywhere trying to rat on me. I'm officially off duty." He hands you a small white envelope, locks the cell door, and walks off down the fluorescent-bright corridor of Death Row.

[IF response to this is LOOK IN ENVELOPE:]

8F. The envelope, which is not much larger than a postage stamp, contains a pinch of fine white powder.

[IF response after 8F> is TAKE/ EAT/ SNIFF / SWALLOW POWDER;]

8G. The poison lives up to the guard's claims, and you die with a minimum of discomfort and ritual humiliation.

[MORE]

[This represents an exit from the Z Node and an entrance to the text on pages 43 and 44 of the main text, beginning "Now you are dead."]

[IF response to 8E> or 8F> is DESTROY
THROW AWAY, GET RID OF/ FLUSH POWDER:]

8H. The guard's temptation is a tempting one, but you are opposed to suicide on principle, and so to rid yourself of the temptation you flush the envelope and its contents down the toilet of your cell.

[This leads automatically to text (9).]

[IF response to 8E or 8F is REPORT GUARD
or anything beginning CALL / TELL/ ASK:]

8J. Your words echo emptily in the death cell.

[This leads automatically to text (9).]

[PROGRAM NOTE. One possibility remains -- that the player will keep the powder and sprinkle it on his last meal(s).]

[IF response to 9A through 9D> or to 10> is TAKE
POWDER/ SPRINKLE POWDER ON LAST MEAL, EAT
TURKEY WITH POISON/POWDER etc.:]

10A. The poison is so quick-acting that you're unable to judge whether it enhances or detracts from the flavor of what would have been, if you hadn't died first, your last meal.

[This represents an exit from the Z Node and an entrance to the text on pages 43 and 44 of the main text, beginning "Now you are dead."]

[IF response to 12> TAKE/EAT/SNIFF POWDER/ POISON;]

12A. Before you can ingest the powder in the envelope it is confiscated by an alert guard. "You can't cheat the state of Texas that easily, boy," the warden admonishes you. "You owe us a death, and you'll pay up on our terms." You are led off, protesting your innocence, to the place of execution.

[This leads automatically to texts 13A or 13B.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: The player may wish to change out of his white suit and put on the sneakers, jeans, and/or tee shirt in the gym bag, assuming he has these articles in his inventory. However, it is essential for him to be wearing the white suit in order to meet the Sidewalk Artist, who will encounter him after his meeting with Alison at the New York Historical Society and offer to change clothes with him. Therefore, there must be ways to discourage his wearing the sneakers/jeans/tee-shirt, beginning with the simple difficulty of finding somewhere to change clothes. He can change clothes safely in the Derelict Tenement Node, and in parts of Central Park. The texts that follow deal first with a safe change of clothes, then with means of penalizing the player for not wearing the white tuxedo, and finally with his exchange of clothes with the Sidewalk Artist.]

I. A Safe Change of Clothes.

[When the player is in any room of the Derelict Tenement, or in certain parts of Central Park (designated as safe in that node), or in other parts of town deemed to be safe, and IF he types CHANGE CLOTHES:]

1. You must first remove the clothes you're wearing in order to put on something else.

[Though the likeliest word to use for this purpose is "take off" I assume it would be confused with "take", so to undress he must REMOVE his clothes, item by item, or IF the command is REMOVE CLOTHES/ UNDRRESS:]

2. You are now naked.

[If command is REMOVE SHOES.

3. You're now barefoot.

[IF command is REMOVE TUXEDO/ WHITE TUXEDO/ TUX, but shoes are not yet removed:]

4. You can't get the cuffs of the pants, which are cut rather narrow, over the heels of your shoes.

[IF command is REMOVE TUX, etc. and shoes are off:]

- 4A. You take off the tuxedo and are left wearing only a white shirt and a white bow tie.

[IF command is REMOVE / UNTIE/ UNDO TIE:]

5. The knot is tricky but at last you get it undone.

[IF command is REMOVE SHIRT:]

2. (as above)

[Once the shoes are off, IF command is
WEAR / PUT ON SNEAKERS;]

6. You put on the sneakers. They fit like they were custom-made for your feet.

[Once tuxedo is off, if command is WEAR/
PUT ON JEANS:]

7. The jeans fit very tightly, and you have to hold your breath to get the metal button buttoned and the fly zipped. A moment later you find that it's unzipped itself, and you zip it up again.

[Once shirt is off, if command is WEAR/ PUT
ON TEE SHIRT:]

8. You pull on the rosy pink tee shirt. You notice that the cheap and often-laundered cotton has two large rips symmetrically located in each armpit.

[IF player has second thoughts, and commands
REMOVE TEE SHIRT:]

9. You pull the tee-shirt off over your head, enlarging the rips under the sleeves as you do so.

[IF command is REMOVE JEANS, and player is
not barefoot:]

10. Your jeans are too tight to get them off unless you're barefoot.

[IF command is REMOVE JEANS, and player is
barefoot:]

11. Your jeans are off. You breathe easier.

II. An Unsafe Change of Clothes

[PROGRAM NOTE: If the player commands REMOVE TUXEDO/ REMOVE JEANS /UNDRESS/ REMOVE CLOTHES while on the street or in public buildings, the will be arrested for exposute and sent off to the Death & Texas Node, as per following text:]

12. Your mental condition seems to have deteriorated well beyond amnesia, for suddenly, with no regard for who can see you, you remove your clothes and expose yourself to the curious gaze of several passers-by -- and a New York uniformed policewoman, who is not in the least fazed by the challenge you present. Before you can get back into a pair of pants she has your hands cuffed behind your back and has informed you of your rights, among which there is none that guarantees a freedom to undress in public.

An hour later at the police station the sergeant at the desk recognizes you as Xavier Hollings and he immediately informs the appropriate authorities in the State of Texas, where you are wanted for murder--a much graver charge than indecent exposure.

[This represents an automatic entrance to the Death & Texas node.]

* * *

III. Trouble Wearing Jeans

[IF player has changed into jeans, and then goes about city using compass commands, after ten compass commands , one of the following texts automatically appears;]

13A. "Hey buddy," a taxi driver calls out from the window of his cab as he drives by, "yer fly's open."

13B. A well-dressed woman walking by you in the opposite direction casts an expressive glance in the direction of

your crotch. You realize, even before you look down, that your fly is wide open.

13C. A leashed German shepherd being taken for a walk approaches you and sniffs at your crotch. You realize that the dog is trying to tell you something: your fly is open.

[IF response to any 13> is EXAMINE/ LOOK/ ZIP FLY:]

14. The zipper goes up and down but only on one of its tracks. When you sit down to try and fix the zipper you hear an ominous ripping sound, and then can feel the roughness of the curbstone through the wide rent in the seat of your jeans. The zipper proves unfixable. If you were a male stripper, you'd be paid for this sort of thing.

[IF response after 13> or 14> is WEAR/ PUT ON WHITE TUXEDO, and if that is in INVENTORY, first:

15. The tuxedo is in the gym bag.

[IF response to 13>, 14> or 15> is TAKE TUXEDO FROM GYM BAG:]

15A. The tuxedo comes out of your gym bag looking sadly wrinkled.

[IF response to 15A is WEAR/ PUT ON TUXEDO;]

15B. The ripped jeans are so tight-fitting that you have no trouble getting the trousers of the tuxedo on over them. It's not particularly comfortable but it's decent. You put on the jacket, too, as well, to be consistent.

[PROGRAM NOTE: Text (15A) seems logically necessary and a "safe" way to be dressed, but requires a modified version of the text for a later response of REMOVE TUX, since one

is no longer naked under the tux but wearing torn jeans.

Another point: the tux is treated as a single piece of clothing, in the parsing language, not as a jacket and pair of pants, and if the multiplicity of jeans and tee-shirt and tux combos proves cumbersome, he might be presented with a jumpsuit in the gym bag, that is, another one-piece outfit like the tux, but I don't like the idea since I think jumpsuits are silly, whereas everyone having jeans and a teeshirt will want to try them on, supposing them safer than a tux, and so they'll walk into the trap. Do you agree?]

[IF player neglects to put on the tuxedo trousers over the torn jeans, he can be allowed eleven more compass commands, just enough to return to where he'd changed into the jeans, and there change back into the tux. After the eleventh compass command, he will come up against the following automatic text, if he's not in a "safe" area or wearing the tux:]

16. Your casual style of dress hasn't gone unnoticed. There have been smiles, frowns, giggles, and now, as you come to the corner of [Print grid location], a policewoman who had been writing out a traffic ticket does a doubletake at your all-revealing jeans and quips, "Well, if it ain't Lord Godiva!" She snaps a pair of handcuffs on you and takes you to the nearest precinct house.

There the sergeant at the desk recognizes you as Xavier Hollings and he immediately informs the appropriate authorities in the State of Texas, where you are wanted for murder--a much graver charge than indecent exposure.

[This represents an automatic entrance to the Death & Texas node.]

[IF response while in torn jeans is to ENTER SUBWAY:]

17. You haven't got halfway down the steps into the subway when you encounter, coming in the other direction,

a Transit Authority patrolwoman, whose reaction to your style of dress is immediate and direct. She puts you under arrest and escorts you to the nearest police precinct house.

There the sergeant at the desk recognizes you as Xavier Hollings and he immediately informs the appropriate authorities in the State of Texas, where you are wanted for murder--a much graver charge than indecent exposure.

[This represents an automatic entrance to the Death & Texas node.]

[IF response after 13> or 14> is HOLD GYM BAG/ NEWSPAPER/ BIBLE OVER CROTCH or HIDE / CONCEAL OPEN FLY WITH GYM BAG or with any sufficiently large item in Inventory;]

18. With the [Item from inventory] you fashion a kind of fig leaf. It both conceals and calls attention to your problem, and when you try walking with the [Item from inventory] in position you look ridiculous. Worse, with each tentative step you take, you can hear the center seam on the seat of the jeans splitting. Fresh breezes waft across your ever-barer behind.

[IF response after 13> or 14> is HOLD any inventory item smaller than a bible OVER CROTCH or CONCEAL OPEN FLY WITH any too-small inventory item:]

18A. You don't seem to appreciate the size of the problem. Which, incidentally, is getting worse with each tentative step you take. You can hear the threads popping like far-off firecrackers: Bip! bip! bip!

[Neither 18> nor 18> will remedy the problem, and the same rules operate as if no attempt at concealment had been made.]

IV. The Sidewalk Artist

[PROGRAM NOTE: After the player has rendezvoused with Alison (and not just got a revolving door treatment without actually being face to face with Alison) at the Historical Society, and then exited from that node and gone by compass command W as far as Broadway, S as far as 60th Street, or taken at least two further compass commands in any direction after entering the Central Park node by a compass command of E (leaving compass commands of N without a payoff), he will encounter automatically the Sidewalk Artist and be offered a chance to switch clothes, and take up the same profession. Only by doing this will he encounter Bette. The three directions by which the Sidewalk Artist may be encountered require three distinct approaches, but these quickly converge into a unitary set of texts.]

[IF player comes to Broadway;]

1. You come to the wide expanse of Broadway and get halfway across it before the green light changes to red, stranding you on a median strip that has been provided with a double row of park benches for loungers who prefer the beauty of traffic to the quieter beauties of the parks nearby. As you stand there, waiting for the light to change, a voice hails you. "Hey there, you in the white tux. Come here!"

[IF player comes to 60th St.:]

1A. You come to Columbus Circle and continue on your way downtown past the heroic sculptural group that stands at the southwest corner of Central Park. As you stop for a moment to admire the nude marble boy who stand as though at the prow of a boat, his arms wide spread, his torso a poem on the subject of feeling good, a voice hails you. "Hey there, you in the white tux. Come here!"

>

[IF player enters Central Park, and gives
two further compass commands within the Park:]

1B. As you continue your stroll through the park, you find yourself following a path shaded by trellised vines. Sunlight dapples the gravelled path. In the distance, a horse canters along the riding path. Suddenly a voice hails you. "Hey there, you in the white tux. Come here!"

[IF response to above >s is GO TO / APPROACH
SPEAKER/ VOICE:]

1D. Where is he?

[PROGRAM NOTE: A compass command at this point represents an opportunity that knocked once and won't be repeated. Or if that seems too drastic a frustration, then let it be repeated at such a time as the player enters or (if he first is hailed there) re-enters Central Park in its daytime mode and has stayed there for five consecutive compass commands. This second chance can be done with only a minimum amount of additional text that indicates the Sidewalk Artist's recollection of the first non-productive encounter.]

[If response to 1A>, 1B> or 1C> is LOOK
or WHO IS THERE? WHO IS IT/THAT? :]

2. You look about to see who has called out to you, and see a young man seated on a park bench, who gestures for you to come nearer. He is wearing the classic uniform of a bohemian -- black pants, a black turtleneck sweater, and a black beret. His goatee matches his clothes. There is a sketchpad propped against the back of the bench, with a sign carefully handlettered on the page turned open to view:

YOUR PORTRAIT

IN CHARCOAL

\$10

The young man sees you reading his sign, and smiles. "I

like that white suit," he says. "It's classic." He holds out his hand to be shaken. "My name's Tony," he goes on. "What's yours?"

>

[IF response to 2> is GO TO TONY/ SHAKE HANDS/ HELLO, TONY:]

3. You respond to his overtures with a cautious friendliness, but from a strict sense of honesty you don't tell him your name, since you don't know it. He doesn't seem to mind your reticence, for he goes on to ask, "Want to have your portrait drawn?"

[IF response to 2> is JOHN / JOHN CAMERON:]

3A. Tony nods. "Yes, somehow you look like a [John / John Cameron]. "Want to have your portrait drawn, John?"

[IF response to 2> is ZANE/ZANE BESTER:]

3B. Tony nods. "Unusual name. Zane. Like the guy who wrote all those westerns, Zane Gray. Want to have your portrait drawn, Zane?"

[IF response to 2> is XAVIER/ XAVIER HOLLINGS;]

3C. Tony shakes his head. "Boy, that's a hell of a name to be stuck with. I don't envy you. Want to have your portrait drawn, Zane?"

[If response to 2> is I DON'T KNOW/ TELL TONY ABOUT AMNESIA:]

3D. Tony seems unfazed by your odd reply. "Well, that's certainly unusual," is his only comment. Then he asks you, "Do you want to have your portrait drawn, Mr. X?"

[To any other response to 2>, Tony will simply echo whatever word or words (which is likely to be a name of some sort), as follows:]

3E. "Uh-huh," says Tony. "Well, tell me, Mr. [echoes response to 2>, but not doubling the word "Mister" or "Mr." if that is part of response], would you like to have your portrait drawn?"

[If response to 3> thru 3E> is I'M BROKE/ I DON'T HAVE TEN DOLLARS/ NO:]

4. "Hey, if it's only a question of money, I'll do it for free. The thing is, I really get off on that white suit of yours. It makes you look like a statue. Classic, you know what I mean?"

With a bit more inveigling, Tony persuades you to take a seat on the park bench beside him while he does a sketch of you. He works quickly, keeping up a steady stream of chatter all the while concerning the fascination of your white tuxedo. In a few minutes he's finished the sketch and hands it to you to look at.

>

[IF response to 3> thru 3E> is YES:]

4A. "Great! Just take a seat here on the bench, and I'll I'll be done in a jiffy."

You sit on the bench, and Tony begins his sketch. He works quickly, keeping up a steady stream of chatter all the while concerning the fascination of your white tuxedo. In a few minutes he's finished the sketch and hands it to you to look at.

>

[IF response to 4> or 4A> is TAKE/ LOOK SKETCH:]

5. It is evident from his careful rendering of your tuxedo and the much-erased blur of your face that Tony's interest really is concentrated on your clothes and not on the person wearing them.

Tony apologizes for the poor likeness, and explains that his real ambition is to be a fashion designer. "I guess I'm just not cut out for this sort of work. Almost everyone who sits for a portrait decides not to buy it when they see it. Can you draw a good likeness?"

You tell him, quite honestly, that you don't know.

"Here," he says handing you a stick of charcoal and a kneaded eraser, "try it. Draw me."

[If response to 5> or 5B> is TAKE CHARCOAL / CHARCOAL AND ERASER:]

5A. You take the charcoal and the eraser and open the sketch pad to a blank page, observing, as you flip over his other sketches, that apart from their hair styles all the faces that Tony draws look exactly alike.

Tony assumes a serious expression and waits to be drawn.

[IF response to 5> is DRAW TONY:]

5B: You'll need the charcoal and the eraser to do that.

[IF response to 5A> is DRAW TONY:]

6. You poise the stick of charcoal over the blank sheet of paper and take a long careful look at his features. Then, with a few assured curves, you define the basic volumes of his head. The stick of charcoal seems of move

of its own volition. The thin lips, the pinched nostrils, the wistful gaze -- each detail is rendered with a few telling strokes. The effect, when you're done, is a good likeness, though too comical in its effect to register as flattering. But it certainly answers his question: You can draw.

Tony looks at your sketch. "That's okay," he admits. "It's better than my stuff. I'll tell you what. I got a proposition. I got forty bucks so far doing this. I'll give you twenty, plus this sketchpad, and the charcoal, and the clothes I got on, if you'll let me have that white tux. We're about the same size. I know a place in the park where we can switch clothes without anyone seeing. What do you say?"

[IF response to 6> is YES or ASK FOR THIRTY/ FORTY/ MORE MONEY:]

7. "Okay," Tony says brightly, getting up from the bench. "Just follow me."

[IF this is taking place on Broadway, the text continues:]

Tony sets off at a brisk pace east to Central Park, and you follow him.

[If this is taking place on Columbus Circle, the text continues:]

Tony leads the way around the base of the marble monument, and you follow him.

[If they are already in the park:]

Tony leads the way to a more deserted part of the park, and you follow him.

[Then, continuing on the same screen, the three streams re-converge, if possible without a new paragraph:]

....All the while Tony tells you about his experiences as a sidewalk artist and advising you as to the best places to set up in business. "Uptown is generally slim pickings. People are all in a hurry to get somewhere. The best place is the Village, and the best place in the Village is Washington Square. There's a lot of tourists there who don't think anything of spending ten bucks on having a sketch done. Some guys pick up seventy, eighty dollars a day. And you don't get hassled like you do up here."

At last you come to a part of the park where Tony judges it will be safe to change. He steps behind a thick stand of bushes and begins to take off his clothes.

"Come on," he says, "Strip!"

>

[IF response to 7> or 8> is STRIP /UNDRESS, etc., see PROGRAM NOTE next below:]

[IF response to 7> is GO/ STEP BEHIND BUSHES:]

8. You step behind the bushes, and hesitate. You feel embarrassed.

"Hey, come on," Tony urges. "Save the blushes till later. "

[PROGRAM NOTE: Getting undressed is the same at this point as in the "Changing Clothes" sequence above, texts (1) through (5) on pages 24-25 of Utility Node. Except that when text (2) "You are now naked" has been reached, it is continued by:]

9. . . . Tony has also got his clothes off and rolled into a tight bundle. "Here," he says, holding out the bundle of clothes. "The money's in the back pocket."

[IF response to 9> is TAKE BUNDLE/CLOTHES:]

10. "Not so fast," says Tony. "Let me have that tux at the same time. Not that I'm paranoid or anything, but that's the deal."

[IF response to 9> or 10> is GIVE/HAND TONY TUX:]

11. You exchange the two sets of clothing, black and white just like on a chessboard or in a cowboy movie, through the branches of the bush.

"Oh boy!" Tony exults. "A white tuxedo!"

You hope that he has a happier time in that tuxedo than you've had.

[IF response to 11> is WEAR / PUT ON TONY'S CLOTHES:]

12. You quickly slip into Tony's jeans, which are comfortably snug and--you check carefully--fully operational, with a zipper that stays securely zipped. The sweater is a bit smelly (Tony hasn't learned about deoderants) but a lot more comfortable than that starched shirt. You consider the beret doubtfully for a moment. It isn't you, whoever "you" may be, but for that very reason it should serve as a good disguise, and you've every reason to be in the market for a good disguise.

[PROGRAM NOTE: If the player decides to get dressed item by item, the above text can be broken into three parts that correspond to commands to: WEAR TONY'S JEANS/ WEAR TONY'S TURTLENECK SWEATER/ WEAR TONY'S BERET. IF player neglects either the sweater or the beret, let's remind him when he gives another command than WEAR ... :]

12A. What about the beret? [Or:] What about the sweater? [Or:] What about the beret and the sweater?

[[PROGRAM NOTE:] Without the jeans, of course, he'll be arrested for indecent exposure under the same texts that govern that possibility throughout the Central Park node.]

[If response to 12> is LOOK / CHECK FOR MONEY:]

13. You check the back pocket and find the agree amount of cash, [which is spelled out according to the bargain made at text (7): \$20, \$30, or \$40].

[If response to 12> or 13> is THANK TONY / THANK YOU, TONY / GOODBYE TONY / LEAVE TONY / or a compass command:]

14. "Hey wait," says Tony. "Aren't you forgetting something?" He hands you the sketchpad, the charcoal, and eraser. "Thanks for this tux. It fits almost perfect. And now I got to say goobye and so somewheres I can see myself in a mirror!" He sprints off along a gravel path, startling a pair of lovers who'd been putting some nearby bushes to another use than as a changing room.

[If response to 12> or 13> is ASK TONY FOR SKETCHPAD / CHARCOAL / ERASER, text (14) is given in a shorter form, deleting the first sentence:]

[PROGRAM NOTE: These are the main hoped-for responses and texts that facilitate a change of clothes. They leave the player in the middle of Central Park, alone, in his new black clothes, which should have the property of radically decreasing his chances of being recognized or questioned by the police, and which will allow him to meet Bette if he sets up in the business of being a sidewalk artist in Washington Square, as Tony has suggested. Other interactive possibilities exist and the likeliest should be provided for. For instance, in these intimate circumstances, some players may try to KISS TONY or behave even more recklessly, and if so the result might be another exit from the game into a career as a gay bartender? But that's a decision I'd rather leave to your sense of whether that would be too alarming to some players.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: Within the park there should be no specific grid-coordinates to refer to. The location script should simply read "Somewhere in the Park." Compass commands should be altered to make it more difficult to cross the Park along east-west routes, since if the regular grid system is preserved the park would be entered and exited with only three E or W commands. I have two alternate suggestions; either (1) double the grid on the east-west axis so that it takes two E commands to go from 8th Ave to 7th, 7th to 6th, etc.; or (2) let every other E or W command in the park actually take the player north or south (as though he were on a curving path). I think the latter method would give more realistic results. The only thing to avoid is having the player exit the park on the east side by "walking through" the Metropolitan Museum, so the park can't be entered or exited on the east side between 79th and 85th Streets.

[Inside the park, in the Daytime mode, a LOOK command should generate descriptions taken at random from the following pool of both generic and specific sights. On entering the park, the first two LOOK commands should be drawn from the generic pool; then are followed by a specific sight, a pattern that is repeated as long as one remains in the park. The result should simulate a long idle stroll and should correspondingly consume more time than walking on the street; say 10 minutes or 15 minutes per compass command, or if that's too much one hour for any three commands of LOOK in addition to regular pedestrian expenditure of time.]

Generic daytime sights

[IF response after compass command inside park is LOOK, then at random, but non-repeating, one of the following texts appears:]

1. A row of wooden benches borders the asphalt path. Some distance ahead there is a great convocation of pigeons, for word has got out that the Madonna of the Bread Crumbs has appeared and is distributing her bounty.
2. The path curves around a hillside where outcroppings of Manhattan schist just up from the earth. That schist is the stuff that supports all the skyscrapers of the city, the bedrock of all its wonders.
3. Off in the distance, to both east and west, above the

foliage of the trees, are the apartment towers that form a double-cliff of windows. It's funny how only here in the park do you begin to get an idea of the size of the city.

4. At a sudden swerve of the path you find yourself facing one of the biggest of the apartment towers that look down over the park. So many windows. Could one of them once have been yours? It's a question to which the windows offer no answer.

5. Out on a flat grassy plain a kid is trying to fly a kite. There's not really enough wind, but he gets it up anyhow. The white box kite rides the wind for a few minutes and then plummets suddenly to the meadow below.

6. You've come to a grassy hillside where sunbathers in assorted shades of pale and tan have spread themselves on towels and blankets to work on their tans.

[IF response is SLEEP/TAN:]

6A. You find a comfortable bit of turf for yourself and enjoy a half-hour nap in the sun.

7. You walk beside a stand of rhododendrons and azaleas in full bloom. The lush blossoms droop from the boughs, blessing you.

[IF response is PICK/TAKE BLOSSOMS:]

7A. The flowers in the park (you remind yourself) are for everyone to enjoy, and you virtuously resist the urge to pick them. And it's just as well you were virtuous, for look, isn't that a policeman on a motor scooter just up ahead? Sure enough.

8. There is a sound of hoofbeats behind you, and you are nearly run down by a young horsewoman in English riding clothes mounted on a roan stallion. You realize that you've been walking on the bridle path.

9. The path you've been following is dappled with sunlight and littered with acorns, which a fierce black squirrel is defending against the half-hearted forays of a bushier-tailed but less aggressive gray squirrel. You become fascinated with their quarrel.

10. A pair of novice roller-skaters hurtle by out of control and disappear with whoops of excitement round a bend in the path.

11. A woman with a savage German shepherd is sitting on a park bench reading a Silhouette romance. The dog snarls as you go by and strains at its leash. The woman doesn't look up from her paperback. You hasten by.

[PROGRAM NOTE: More generic descriptions can be added at need.]

Site-specific daytime sights

[PROGRAM NOTE: Because these are well-known landmarks in the park, it should be possible to exit to the Upper East Side and Upper West Side nodes in a realistic fashion from the sites that are near 5th Ave. or 8th Ave., as indicated following texts (5) and (6) below.]

1. You stand before a genuine fake medieval castle with turrets and battlements and a hot-dog vender wearily standing guard.

[If response is BUY HOT DOG:]

1A. "That'll be a buck," the vender tells you.

[If PAY ONE DOLLAR:]

1B. The vender squirts a stream of mustard on the frank and hands you your hot dog wrapped in a damp paper napkin.

[If EAT HOT DOG;]

1C. You eat the hot dog in the shadow of the castle.

[IF ENTER CASTLE:]

1D. The castle is closed to the public.

2. The path takes you along the shore of a small pond well stocked with rowboats that nobody in them knows how to row, but they seem to be having fun anyhow.

3. You come upon an avenue of weathered bronze statues of famous-long-ago statesman, generals, and public benefactors. All have become victims of history's king-size amnesia. Or maybe American History was never your subject.

4. You see an empty bandshell with rows of empty green benches facing it attentively. In the bandshell three teenagers are practising break-dancing to the blare of a ghetto blaster radio. Just behind you, scowling at this performance, a gigantic bronze bust of Ludwig von. Roll over, Beethoven!

5. You've entered the Central Park zoo by its rear entrance, and here, pacing its open-air cage disconsolately, is a polar bear. The thought of prison suddenly takes over your imagination completely. Why in the world are you wasting all your time in the park? There's Fifth Avenue just beyond the entrance to the zoo.

[A single compass command of E will take the player out of the park to the corner of 5th Avenue and East 62nd St.]

6. According to the plaque in front of it this is a genuine Egyptian obelisk. It even has its own name -- Cleopatra's Needle. You wonder: did Cleopatra wake up one morning, look out the window at the Valley of the Kings, and say, "Tony, we need a new obelisk."

[Two compass commands of E will take the player to the corner of 5th Ave. and E.79th.]

7. A steady procession of joggers are jogging around the cyclone-fenced waters of the Croton Reservoir. Adidas, Puma, Spalding, Nike--all the brand names flash by. You feel your own muscles hungering for the same exercise.

[IF response to 7> is RUN/ JOG/ JOIN JOGGERS:]

7A. You run until you've got your second wind and then your run for another quarter hour -- a full circuit around the reservoir that leaves you sweaty and feeling terrific.

[Players who have jogged in this way are guaranteed for the next 48 hours to succeed in any task that involves running, whether eluding the police or running after someone.]

Nighttime mode

[PROGRAM NOTE: Not much can be seen at night in the Park, but it is a relatively safe place to sleep. How about a one-in-five chance of not being found by a night patrolman? Texts for going to sleep, waking, and being arrested for vagrancy follow the few descriptive texts that are elicited randomly and non-repeatingly to a command of LOOK when one enters the park at night, or if night overtakes one there.]

{To commands of LOOK:}

1. There is a grayness of leaves overhead silhouetted by the dim glow of the night sky.

2. There's only enough light to follow the gravel path.
3. The trees block out all the light here, and you stumble into a trash barrel.
4. The myriad lights of a thousand apartments tower up beyond the silhouettes of the surrounding trees.
5. In the distance ahead you see the darkly glistening surface of a body of water.
6. The few lamps along the path create aureoles of brightness in the misty air. Beyond the lamps all is darkness and shadow.
7. The shadows thicken as you leave the path and thread your way through a tangle of bushes and scrubby trees.
8. A breeze stirs the silvery leaves of a gigantic poplar, making a soft hushing sound that blends with the endless thrum of the city's traffic.
9. On a park bench two derelicts lie asleep, cocooned in newspaper.

[If response to 9> is WAKE/ASK/TELL DERELICTS anything at all:]

- 9A. They're both dead to the world.

[IF response in nighttime mode is SLEEP:]

1. On the grass, or on a bench?

[IF response is ON A BENCH or SLEEP ON BENCH:]

2. The bench is hard and not designed for reclining. You try one position after another but your discomfort keeps you from sleep.

[IF response is ON GRASS or SLEEP ON GRASS:]

3. You find a spot of ground where the grass is long and

thick and free of rocks and there you fall into a dreamless sleep.

[PROGRAM NOTE: If the player has slept on the grass, he will wake promptly at six a.m. to the following text.]

4. You are awakened by birdsong. Your clothes are damp with dew, and your muscles are sore from sleeping on the ground, but you feel wonderfully rested even so. You stretch your arms, brush off your clothes, and leave the park as the first dog-walkers appear.

[PROGRAM NOTE: The player should exit the park in the morning at the same grid coordinates at which he entered the park the night before.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: IF the player has the bad luck to be discovered by a night patrolman (a one-in-five possibility?), then instead of text (3) being followed automatically by text (4), it is followed by:]

5. You are awakened by the beam of a flashlight. As you shield your eyes against the glare, a rough voice exclaims. "Hey, Louie, this ain't no vagrancy charge. This is that guy they're looking for in Texas, the one who killed the guard ina prison break!" You feel the cool steel of the handcuffs clip round your wrist, still thinking that this must be a dream. But fifteen minutes later, as you are being fingerprinted at the precinct house, you know it is no dream.

[This represents an exit from the Central Park node and an entrance to Node Z.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: Logically, it should be possible to work as a sidewalk artist in most parts of the city, but practically I think it's better to confine this activity to one particular place, so I've had Tony suggest Washington Square as the best place to set up in business. However, many players will probably try to drum up business elsewhere, so allowance must be made for them, if only a failure to attract customers. First, though, to set up the basic mechanism:]

[If player comes to Washington Square and command is LOOK or LOOK FOR/FIND BENCH:]

1. It is a sunny day, and Washington Square is full of people. Some sit in groups on the rim of the central waterless fountain; some play a conceptual version of volleyball without a net. There are dog-walkers and girl-watchers, rollerskaters and derelicts in various stages of disintegration. The paths are full of strollers, and the benches are packed with people eating bag lunches or reading newspapers or talking to each other or, one or two of them, to themselves. One corner of the park is given over to chess-players, and nearby a man with a sketchpad like yours is completing a sketch of a woman. When he is done, she pays him and takes the sketch. Then they go off in opposite directions, leaving the bench they'd occupied up for grabs.

[IF response to 1> is TAKE/GRAB/SIT ON BENCH:]

2. You occupy the vacated bench.

[Or, IF player is wearing beret:]

2A. You occupy the vacated bench and tilt your beret at an angle meant to suggest to passers-by that you are an artist.

[IF SKETCHPAD is in inventory, and if command after 2> or 2A is SHOW / DISPLAY SIGN/ OPEN SKETCHPAD TO SIGN:]

3. You open the sketchpad to the page bearing the hand-lettered sign:

YOUR PORTRAIT

IN CHARCOAL

\$10

You prop the sketchpad against the back of the bench, assume an artistic expression, and wait for a fish to take the bait. A few people glance at the sign as they pass by but none even slow down. Then there's a nibble. A pair of teenage girls, one blonde, the other brunette, comes to a halt some few feet from the bench and confers in whispers. "Can we see one of your sketches?"

[IF response to 3> is SHOW SKETCH/ SKETCH OF TONY or YES;]

4. You show them the sketch you'd done of Tony, and they confer again. The brunette seems eager to have you do her portrait, but she hasn't enough money. Reluctantly her friend loans her five dollars. "Okay," the brunette says, and sits down stiffly on the edge of the bench to pose. "But if ^I don't like it, I don't have to buy it. Okay?" You nod your acquiescence. "Should I smile?"

[IF response to 3> is NO:]

4A. "Oh, don't be so modest!" the blonde says, taking up your sketchpad with a laugh, and opening it to the sketch you'd done of Tony. "You did this?" she asks. You nod, and they confer again. The brunette seems eager to have

you do her portrait, but she hasn't enough money. Reluctantly her friend loans her five dollars. "Okay," the brunette says, and sits down stiffly on the edge of the bench to pose. "But if I don't like it, I don't have to buy it. Okay?" You nod your acquiescence. "Should I smile?"

{IF response to 4> or 4A> is YES / TELL /ASK HER TO SMILE / I DON'T KNOW:}

4B. "Yes, smile if you like," you tell her. At once her face freezes into the grimace such as usually only a dentist is given to know. She's ready for you to do her portrait.

[IF response to 4> 4A> or 4B> is NO/ BE NATURAL/ DON'T SMILE / STOP SMILING:]

4C. She complies with a nod, and slowly her face relaxes into an expression of dreamy tranquility. It is the face of an angel.

[IF response to 4A> or 4B> is TAKE SKETCHPAD / CHARCOAL:]

5. You open the sketchpad to a fresh sheet and take a stick of charcoal in your right hand. You consider the features of your sitter.

[IF response to 4B>, followed by 5>, is DRAW GIRL/BRUNETTE / DO/MAKE PORTRAIT / SKETCH / DRAWING or simply DRAW / SKETCH:]

6A. You draw exactly what you see, and the more exact your drawing, the more certain you are that it is not a salable commodity. This girl needs to go to modeling school. Or discover mirrors. Or stop smiling. But you might as well tell a skull to stop grinning. That smile is frozen in place. You finish the drawing, and she asks to see it.

[IF response to 4C>, followed by 5> is DRAW GIRL/BRUNETTE / DO/MAKE PORTRAIT / SKETCH / DRAWING or simply DRAW / SKETCH:]

6B. You rapidly sketch the brunette's angelic face, capturing the essence of her dreamy beauty. The result is somewhere in between a Raphael and a very expensive Valentine Day's card. You finish the drawing with a flourish, and she asks to see it.

[IF response to 6A> is SHOW / GIVE DRAWING TO GIRL / BRUNETTE:]

7A. She reacts to her portrait with a gasp of unbelieving horror -- and rips it out of the sketchpad. Her friend insists on seeing it and bursts into giggles. You ask politely for your \$10, and the girl's response is to tear the portrait into pieces and throw them at you. "You've got some nerve, asking money for that!" the brunette shouts at you. She hurries from the park, and her friend follows her.

[IF response to 6B> is SHOW / GIVE DRAWING TO GIRL / BRUNETTE:]

7B. She reacts to her portrait with an exclamation of pleasure. "It's wonderful! It looks just like me -- doesn't it, Jill?" The blonde takes the sketch. "Not bad," she concedes grudgingly. You ask for your \$10 and you get it --with \$1.50 tip besides. "Thanks so much," the brunette says. "I'm going to have it framed and give it to my fiance for his birthday." The two girls leave the park, and you remain on the bench, aglow with a sense of professional accomplishment.

[PROGRAM NOTE: The player may wish to go off and spend his earnings immediately, and then return to Washington Square at a later time to earn more money. Or he may stay open for business. In either case, his future customers need not appear in the same order, each representing a separate vignette, though for Bette to finally appear he must do portrait sketches of two more people. This is done as in text (3) above by displaying the sign in the sketchpad and then being patient (i.e., a command of WAIT or BE PATIENT). Washington Square is entered and exited by simple compass commands, but after the first visit with sketchpad in hand --text (1) above -- there is a briefer description, and then it's necessary to find an empty bench. First, the texts for a return visit, and for waiting for further customers; then the four vignettes.]

[IF one is returning to Washington Square and gives command of LOOK:]

8. Washington Square is just as it was the last time you were here, a big urban beehive. If anything, it's busier and more bustling right now. The bench where you made your first sketch has been taken over by a pair of women with identical sweatshirts saying FREE BERNHARD GOETZ. They are guarded by a pair of nervous German shepherds, who snarl as you approach.

[IF response to 8> ASK FOR BENCH / ASK WOMEN TO MOVE / TO LEAVE / SIT ON BENCH/BESIDE WOMEN:]

8A. As you approach nearer the bench, both German shepherds lunge for you. "Aus!" shouts one of the women, reining in the savage dog. "Aus, Klaus!" "Down, Bernhard!" her companion shrieks at her dog. "Sit down!" The first woman then smiles at you sweetly and suggests that you try to find a vacant bench elsewhere in the park.

[IF response to 8> or 8A> is FIND/ LOOK FOR VACANT BENCH:]

9. Nearer the central fountain you find a bench that isn't occupied, perhaps because the graffiti are unusually tasteless. You sit down and tilt your beret at an

artistic angle.

[If response to 9> is READ GRAFFIT:]

9A. You read the graffiti and blush with shame.

* * *

(PROGRAM NOTE: The above texts will serve for a return to Washington Square. The following vignettes of different people sitting for their portraits can take place either after texts (7A) or (7B) or after (9) or (9A), provided that the Sketchpad is still in one's Inventory.]

[First, as with text (3) above, it is necessary to SHOW/ DISPLAY SIGN or OPEN SKETCHPAD TO SIGN:]

10. You open the sketchpad to the page bearing the hand-lettered sign:

YOUR PORTRAIT

IN CHARCOAL

\$10

You prop the sketchpad against the back of the bench, cross your fingers, and pray that the arts will continue to be supported. Fifteen minutes go by, and so do a hundred or so people, but only a couple of them so much as glance at your sign.

[IF reesponse to 10> is CHANGE \$10 to \$5/\$15/\$20:]

10A. You decide to lower [or "raise"] your asking price and methodically erase the numeral 10 and write in its place [numeral in command].

[This doesn't alter one's chance of attracting a customer, or of that customer's deciding to pay for the completed portrait, but the amount that is paid (if it is) should correspond to the new asking price. An asking price over \$20, however, will mean that all commands of WAIT yield, text (11).]

[If response to 7A>, 7B., 9> or 9A> is WAIT / BE PATIENT / ADJUST BERET, one has a 50/50 chance of getting:]

11. You wait another fifteen minutes. Still not a nibble.

[Another command of WAIT/ BE PATIENT/ ADJUST BERET gives you another 50/50 chance at text (11), or with better luck one of the following four sitters, on a random basis.]

Sitter No.1, the Urban Cowboy

12. Finally one of denizens of Washington Square pauses before your bench to ponder your sign. He is about forty years old and that many pounds overweight, and he's dressed like Roy Rogers. His cowboy hat alone must have cost \$100 and the deaths of a large family of rabbits. "Howdy," he says. "Think you could do MY portrait, pardner?"

[IF response to 12> is YES/ YUP/ SIT DOWN, PARDNER:]

12A. The urban cowboy takes a seat at the other end of the bench and adjusts the brim of his hat. "Ya want to have me lookin' right at ya, pardner, or ya want my profile?" he asks.

[IF response to 12> is NO / GO AWAY:]

12B. The urban cowboy considers whether to take this as an insult, then spits neatly at a nearby pigeon, and saunters off in the direction of the chess tables.

[IF response to 12A> or 13B>is LOOK AT ME:]

13. He faces you and assumes a poker-faced expression.

[IF response to 12B> is PROFILE:]

13A. He faces the dry fountain at the center of the square, giving you a profile view of his face. You note the well-tended sideburns that extend down to the base of his jaw -- and a double chin that bears no resemblance to Roy Rogers' or any other famous cowboy's.

[IF response to 13> or 13A is TAKE SKETCHPAD / CHARCOAL:]

5. [Same as text (5) on page 47.]

[IF response to 13>, followed by 5>, is DRAW HIM/
COWBOY / DO PORTRAIT/SKETCH/DRAWING or simply
DRAW / SKETCH:]

14. You draw him, concentrating more on his hat and his sideburns, and leaving the features of his face as God made them, a bit amorphous and unformed. You do get his hat down pat. You finish the drawing and he asks to see it.

[IF response to 13A>, followed by 5>, is DRAW HIM/
COWBOY / DO PORTRAIT/SKETCH/DRAWING or simply
DRAW / SKETCH:]

14A. You decide to draw him warts and all. You do try to make the broad curve of his chin a graceful curve that complements the curve of his Stetson -- though it's no compliment to him. You finish the drawing and he asks to see it.

[IF response to 14> is SHOW HIM/ GIVE HIM DRAWING:]

15. He reacts to your portrait with a derisive snort. "Well, pardner, I'll give ya this. Ya can draw hats real purty, but ya got a lot to learn about drawin' faces. Here's for the paper." He peels off a single dollar bill from a thick roll. "Adios, pardner, and vaya con dios!" You pocket the dollar bill, chagrined but not angry. You know he was right.

[IF response to 14A is SHOW HIM/ GIVE HIM DRAWING:]

15A. His first reaction to your portait is ill-concealed dismay, but then he picks up the sketchpad to study it more carefully. "Well, pardner, I could wish I had a different shape of chin, but I reckon that's my own lookout. The drawin' itself ain't half bad. Here." He peels off a single twenty dollar bill from a thick roll. "Keep the change. Ya look like ya can use it." He takes the sketch and walks off, fingering his flabby chin with a thoughtful expression.

Sitter No. 2, the Dowager

[IF response is WAIT/ BE PATIENT, there is the same 50/50 of getting:]

16. Just when your patience is about to be exhausted, a woman stops to read your sign. She is tastefully dressed and has a wistful, worldly-wise smile. Her age could be anywhere from 40 to 60. "My portrait," she says, more to herself than to you. "It's been years since anyone has done my portrait. But why not. It wouldn't do to appear at the reception too early. Here." She looks inside her alligator handbag and takes out [amount of money on sign]. She hands you the money and sits at the other end of the bench. "You may begin," she says, "but please, young man -- be kind."

[IF response is ASK / TELL WOMAN anything at all:]

16A. The woman looks at your indignantly, takes back the money she put down before you, and says, as she walks off, "Really, young man, I was not paying for your . . . companionship!"

[IF response to 16>, followed by 5>, is DRAW HER/
WOMAN / DO PORTRAIT/SKETCH/DRAWING or simply
DRAW / SKETCH:]

17. You feel an almost voluptuous pleasure in drawing her face, as though it were not your charcoal moving across the rough paper but your fingers carressing her pallid brow, feeling the rondure of her high cheekbone, following the elegant curve of her long neck. And her lips! the sweetness of that half-smile! And the eyes, those gray liquid eyes, there's no way you can ever capture their beauty. At last you admit defeat and tell her you are done. She rises from the bench. "Thank you," she says, "that was most pleasant." She begins to walk away. "You are forgetting your portrait!" you call after her. She waves her hand dismissively. "It is much better like this, young man. I'm past the age when mirrors, or portraits, are of interest. But I still enjoy the attention. Good-bye."

Sitter No. 3, the Tourist from Minnesota

[IF response is WAIT / BE PATIENT, there is
the same 50/50 chance of getting:]

18. "You do pore-traits?" a twangy voice inquires, rousing you from a half-doze. You look up into the wizened face of man wearing a tarboosh-style hat with the emblem of the Fraternal Order of Shriners and his hometown embroidered on it -- St. Paul Minnesota. He is dressed in a bright plaid jacket and red Bermuda shorts, and the name badge on the lapel of his jacket says, "Hi, My Name Is

Bud!" You assure him you do portraits, and he takes a seat on the bench. "Well, I could use the rest," he says with a sigh. "I tied one on last night. You New Yorkers sure know how to have a good time. Well, what you waiting for -- do my pore-trait."

[IF response to 18> is TAKE SKETCHPAD / CHARCOAL:]

5. [Same as text (5) on page 47.]

[IF response to 18>, followed by 5>, is DRAW HIM/
BUD/ DO PORTRAIT / SKETCH/DRAWING or simply
DRAW / SKETCH:]

19. You begin to do his portrait but have only set down the first few lines defining the volumes of his head when his eyes slowly droop closed and he begins quietly to snore. His head remains erect, and you are able to continue drawing him. The wrinkles present an interesting technical problem but you manage to render them realistically without making him look like a giant prune. Finally only the eyes are left to draw. Should you draw him as he is now, with his eyes closed, or should they be open?

[IF response to 19> is AS HE IS NOW/ WITH EYES CLOSED:]

19A. You decide to draw just what you see. The result is a good drawing but rather comical in its effect. As you put in the finishing touches, he wakes up, blinks away his confusion, and asks to see what you've done.

[IF response to 19> is OPEN/ WITH EYES OPEN:]

19B. You decide to draw him as though he were awake, but you have difficulty drawing what you can't see. You erase your first attempt, but the second is no better. Before

you can start over again, he wakes up, blinks away his confusion, and asks to see what you've done.

[IF response to 19A> is SHOW HIM/GIVE HIM DRAWING:]

20A. "What in hell is this!" he says indignantly. "Is this your idea of a practical joke? Well, it's not funny, not funny at all." He gets up from the bench and totters off in a huff.

[IF response to 19B is SHOW HIM/ GIVE HIM DRAWING:]

20B. "Why, it looks just like me!" he says admiringly. "Maybe you went a bit overboard on the wrinkles, but the eyes seem to look right at you, don't they? Here's your money." He takes [amount of money on sign] from his wallet and gives it you in exchange for the rolled-up sketch. "Thank you, young fella. This will make a fine souvenir of New York City," he says as he leaves the park.

Sitter No. 4, the Bald Man

[IF response is WAIT/ BE PATIENT, there is the same 50/50 chance of getting:]

21. After only a short wait, a young man in a seersucker suit stops to read your sign. He seems to be only in his early twenties but he is almost totally bald. Only a fringe of wispy, mouse-colored hair remains. He starts to walk away, hesitates, returns, and asks in an embarrassed whisper, "Could you do my portait . . . and show me with a full head of hair?"

[IF response to 21> is NO / GO AWAY:]

21A. The young man blushes violently and hurries away.

[IF response to 21> is YES/ SIT DOWN/ ASK HIM
HOW LONG/ WHAT STYLE;]

21B. He blushes and takes a seat on the bench. "Just an average kind of haircut, 'sort of like Johnny Carson, okay? And do it as quick as you can. This is embarrassing."

[If response to 21B> is TAKE SKETCHPAD/ CHARCOAL:]

5. [Same as text (5) on page 47.]

[IF response to 21>, followed by 5>, is DRAW HIM/
BALD MAN/ DO PORTRAIT/ SKETCH/ DRAWING or simply
DRAW/ SKETCH:]

22. He has regular features and you are able to get his likeness quickly. You spend longer giving him his imaginary haircut that it took you to do the rest of the drawing -- and it's remarkable how much his appearance is improved by it. You finish the drawing and he asks to see it.

[IF response to 22> is SHOW HIM/GIVE HIM DRAWING:]

23. He looks at his remodeled face in respectful silence and then says, "Thank you." He takes a handkerchief from the breast pocket of his suit and wipes a tear from the corner of each eye. He takes [amount specified on sign] from his billfold and gives it to you in exchange for the portrait, which he again studies intently. "You've convinced me," he says, as he goes off, "to invest in a hairpiece. Thank you."

PROGRAM NOTE: The remaining texts concerning the player's career as a sidewalk artist will concern his first meeting with Bette. As mentioned earlier, he'll encounter her automatically after two of the four sitters have been encountered.]

[PROGRAM NOTE: Bette will appear automatically, via text (1) below, as soon as the player has done portraits of two of the four sitters in the Sketchpad node. OR: perhaps a better format would be as soon as he's earned money from two of his encounters with the sitters, since that will allow him the money to go off to the User-Friendly Computer Store and boot his diskette, while profitless encounters will probably keep him at work in the park until he's earned something for his work, and it would be possible for him to strike out the first three times at bat and so never get the pleasure of spending his earnings as a sidewalk artist before Bette comes along and rescues him from his profession. Should he not earn anything till his fifth sitter, or even then fail to earn something, the rule could be bent so that Bette appears anyhow, after the last sitter has exited.

[In any case, text (1) will appear automatically only after the following texts; (15), (15A), (16A), (17), (20A), (20B), (21A), or (23).

1. You flip the pages of the sketchpad back so as once more to display the handlettered sign and prop it against the back of the park bench. As you do so, you become aware that you are being scrutinized intently by a woman standing some twenty feet away. Hoping for another customer, you angle the handlettered sign in her direction:

YOUR PORTRAIT

IN CHARCOAL

\$10 {or other \$-amount, if
altered at text (10A, page 50}.

She approaches closer. You smile, and that seems to stop her in her tracks.

[If response to 1> is LOOK WOMAN:]

2. She is beautiful, vividly, but not as most women are, by design, or by fitting into the mold of one of the reigning role-models of the beau monde. She resembles no

other beautiful woman you can think of. Say instead that she is perfectly ordinary, with an emphasis on perfectly.

You are unable to stop staring at her--and she similarly has her eyes fixed on you. There is the strangest expression on her face, a look that is both stricken and joyful, as though she had encountered a ghost, but one whom she had prayed to see.

[IF response to 1> or 2> is HI/ HELLO/GREET HER, etc.:]

3. At your words of greeting, she smiles uncertainly and comes a few steps nearer the bench.

"You . . . draw portraits?" she asks in the tone of voice of someone first arriving in Oz.

[IF response to 1> 2> or 3> is ASK/ TELL WOMAN anything at all:]

3A. You have said scarcely three words to ^{her}~~you~~, when she cuts you short by raising her finger to her lips in a sign of silence. "No, please, don't talk. Just draw me, if you would. Please."

She sits at the other end of the bench, takes off the camera that she had been carrying by a strap round her neck, and places it beside her on the bench.

[IF player persists with any command of ASK/TELL:]

3B. You almost speak again but feel compelled to honor her request for silence.

[IF response to 3> is NO;]

4. "But your sign," she insists, "says otherwise." She sits at the other end of the bench and regards you defiantly. "Draw me! Go ahead. I will sit here and not

say a word. Draw me!"

She takes off the camera that she had been carrying by a strap round her neck and places it beside her on the bench.

[IF response to 1> 2> or 3> is ASK / OFFER TO DRAW SKETCH/ HER/ TO DO PORTRAIT; or If YES to 3>:]

4A. She sits at the other end of the bench and regards you wonderingly. "Very well, then draw me. I will sit here and not say a word."

She takes off the camera that she had been carrying by a strap round her neck and places it beside her on the bench.

[IF response to 4> or 4A> is TAKE SKETCHPAD/ CHARCOAL:]

5. You open the sketchpad to a fresh sheet and take a stick of charcoal in your right hand. You notice that your hand is trembling, and that your forehead has broken out in a cold sweat. You look at the woman before you and feel an indescribable sweetness.

[IF response to 5> is DRAW HER/ WOMAN DO/MAKE PORTRAIT/ SKETCH/ DRAWING or simply DRAW/ SKETCH:]

6. You place each line upon the paper as carefully as if your life depended on it, as if it were a tightrope on which you were balanced above an abyss. Slowly a likeness forms upon the sheet of paper. But it is no more than that, an amateurish scrawl, and the wild hope that first inspired you begins to fade, the hope that she will see in what you draw some pale reflection of these extraordinary feelings, this wonderful sweetness that can be, your realize, described--and by a single word.

The stick of charcoal snaps in your fingers, and at just that moment she bursts into tears. "John!" she cries aloud. "Dear living love! It is you! It is! Oh, John, I thought you'd left me. I thought you were dead. But you're alive!"

[IF response to 6> or 7A is EMBRACE / KISS WOMAN or I LOVE YOU:]

7. You melt in her arms like butter in a microwave. You fuse in a kiss. You love her, whoever she is, and you tell her so, and she says she loves you. That she should be feeling the same way about you is too good to be true. Your heart's a radio blasting out love songs. The whole world should know about this -- and a good section of Washington Square is getting a chance to.

She falls limp in your arms, and sighs with the bliss of releasing a tension too long sustained.

You realize you still don't know her name.

[IF response to 6> is ASK /TELL WOMAN anything at all:]

7A. Come on, this is no moment for talk. The lady is crying out for affection. Show a little tenderness!

[IF response to 7> is ASK HER NAME/ WHO ARE YOU?:]

8. "My name?" Her delight is clouded with bewilderment. "It's the same name it's always been. You don't suppose that I'd have married since . . . you went away. Where have you been, John? Why didn't you call? I've been so worried. And seeing you like this, drawing portraits on the street. I don't understand."

[IF response in this node after 6> is EXPLAIN/
TELL HER/WOMAN ABOUT AMNESIA:]

9. Without elaborating on all the vicissitudes you've been through, you tell Bette about about your amnesia. She is astonished, but not skeptical.

"I don't for a minute believe you killed that prison guard in Texas. In fact, I know you could not have, since at the time you say the prison break is supposed to have happened, we were together here in New York virtually every day. Clearly you've been the victim of some kind of plot. But it's also clear that it's dangerous for you to be seen in public. Come!"

She stood up decisively from the bench and slung her camera back round her neck. "We'll go to the place I've sublet on Gramercy Park. It's only a studio, I'm afraid, and you'll have to sleep on a convertible sofa. It's so strange having to explain all this to you. When I think of all the times that we --" She breaks off, blushing, and then laughs aloud. "But I'm so happy! Come on--" She holds out her hand to you. "Let's grab a cab."

[IF response to 9> is TELL/ASK about anything:]

9A. "Let's talk at my place, darling," Bette insists. "I'll worry till we're by ourselves."

She takes your hand and leads you from the park. On Sixth Avenue she hails a cab, and on the ride to Gramercy Park Bette dismisses all your questions with her kisses.

"What's so wonderful," she says as the taxi arrives at her address, "is that you've fallen in love with me at

first sight -- for the second time!"

[IF response to 9> is TAKE HER HAND/ FIND/GRAB
TAXI/CAB/ GO WITH/ FOLLOW WOMAN:]

9B. You takes her hand and follow her out of the park. On Sixth Avenue she hails a cab, and on the ride to Gramercy Park Bette dismisses all your questions with her kisses.

"What's so wonderful," she says as the taxi arrives at her address, "is that you've fallen in love with me at first sight -- for the second time!"

[PROGRAM NOTE: This represents an Exit from the Sketchpad or Washington Square node and an entrance to the node of Bette's Apartment. It will be presumed, unless the player thinks to TAKE SKETCHPAD, that he has left this behind in Washington Square in the excitement of meeting Bette.

{From this point on I think the player's odds of being apprehended by the police should be reduced to near-zero. Only for deliberate stupidities, such as indecent exposure, should he stand in jeopardy of arrest. To make this likelier, Bette can supply him with a wig and other means of disguise.}

a chance

[Texts for Bette's apartment will probably fall into three classes; those concerning his arrival and the first explanations; daily life and love; efforts to solve the mysteries of the story and to access diskette.]

[The first text follows automatically from texts (9A) or (9B) in Sketchpad node.]

1. You enter the lobby of a small apartment building identified by its canvas canopy as The Noblesse. You are introduced to the doorman as a houseguest who is to be admitted into the building at any time.

In the elevator going up to her fifth floor apartment your rediscovered beloved remembers that she has yet to tell you her name. She re-introduces herself, between kisses, as Bette Binet; single; age 28; a fashion photographer by profession; and a woman madly in love with a mysterious stranger, you. The elevator arrives at 5, and Bette leads the way to Apartment 5E, unlocks the door, opens it, and stands aside for you to enter.

[IF response to 1> is ENTER APARTMENT 5E:]

1A. You enter the apartment and Bette follows you inside. "Welcome home. Now, why don't you sit down and ask all those questions you're obviously bursting with. But first, do you want a drink?"

[IF response to 1> is AFTER YOU or ASK BETTE about anything:]

1B. Bette notices your hesitation to enter the apartment and enters ahead of you. "Come in," she insists. "There's no point standing in the hall to talk. Sit down, and ask all those question you're obviously bursting with. But first do you want a drink?" You enter the apartment.

[IF response to 1A> or 1B> is SIT:]

2. You cross the room to a sofa stacked high with pillows and sit down. What a luxury to be safe and secure! Bette

asks again if you would like a drink.

[IF response to 1A> or 1B> or 2> is YES /PLEASE:]

3. "I can't offer more than a glass of wine, I'm afraid," Bette says, crossing the room to the kitchenette in the far corner. She takes a bottle of white wine from the refrigerator and two wine glasses from the cupboard above. She pours the wine into the glasses and brings them to where you've taken a seat on a sofa stacked high with pillows. She gives you one of the glasses and sits beside you. "Well, what do you think of this place. Would you believe it sublets for twelve-hundred a month? I've had to learn to believe it."

[IF response to 1A> or 1B> is NO:]

4. You decline her offer, and together you sit down on a sofa piled high with pillows. "Well, what do you think of this place. Would you believe it sublets for twelve-hundred a month? I've had to learn to believe it."

[IF response in this node is LOOK APARTMENT:]

5. Betty's studio apartment represents, spatially, the Minimum Daily Requirement for a civilized life. It is not much bigger than your room at the Sunderland Hotel. It has a single large window with a view, striped by the open blinds, of Gramercy Park. The kitchenette in the far corner is equipped with a small refrigerator surmounted by a microwave oven. In the same corner is a round glass-topped table with two ice-cream-parlor chairs. The table clearly doubles as a desk, for it is strewn with letters, bills, and contact sheets and glossy prints of photos,

just as the sofa doubles as a bed when it is folded out. There is a large walk-in closet facing the entrance of the apartment, its door partly ajar, and another door to the left of that: the bathroom, presumably. There is a dresser to the left of the window, a tv facing the sofa, but the most notable piece of furniture in the room is a baby grand piano, its gleaming ebony lid raised high. It dominates the space as completely as an elephant would dominate a sheepfold.

[This is followed, but only after the first description, by:]

Bette notices that the piano has captured your attention. "Isn't it lovely?" she says. "It makes we wish I could play, but I can't at all. And the terms of the sublet are that the piano is not to go into storage, so there it stands, my mute baby grand. Do you play?"

[IF response to 5> is YES:]

6. "Wonderful! Play something, would you? I'd love to hear what my furniture sounds like."

[IF response to 5> is NO;]

6A. How can you be sure of that? Maybe you can but the amnesia's made you forget that you can. I'll bet it's like riding a bicycle, though. Try it!"

[IF response is MAYBE/ I DON'T KNOW:]

6B. "Of course, with your amnesia you wouldn't know until you actually try. Why don't you try? I'll bet it's like riding a bicycle."

[Texts (6), (6A), and (6B) all lead to:]

6C. You take a seat at the piano and place your hands on the keyboard. You let your mind go blank, and then like water rising from some deep artesian spring the music wells from you, filling the small apartment with a soaring melody. "John!" Bette exclaims. "Do you know what that music is?" You assure her you have no idea.

"It's the part of the Rachmaninoff piece that we played over and over on my stereo till the record was worn out. 'Polichinelle,' that's the name of it. You know what that means' don't you? Your memories aren't lost, they're just buried deep inside of you."

At just that moment the phone rings, and Bette excuses herself to answer it. It is the editor of a magazine she is doing work for. "This may take a moment, John. Make yourself at home. Have a bath if you like. Or if you're very tired, the sofa folds out into a bed." Bette takes the cordless phone to the table where the prints and contact sheets are spread and begins to talk business with her editor.

[PROGRAM NOTE: This gives the player an opportunity to explore the apartment, as per the texts you've already devised. He will find if he tries to sleep, however, that he is unable to. If the player makes more than ten moves in the apartment at this point without preparing a meal, and if he is not presently in the bathroom, text (7) is interposed:]

7. Bette holds her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone and says, "John, would you fix us something to eat? There are some packaged dinners in the freezer. Just make two of anything that looks good to you. I won't be more than a few minutes longer on the phone."

[IF response to 7> is to make a meal from the freezer, as soon as it is ready:]

8. Bette hangs up the phone and moves all her papers and photos from the table to the dresser. She sets the table, turns down the lights, and when you are both seated before your microwaved portions of [meal selected], she says, "Isn't it romantic?" She takes a bite of the dinner. "And would you believe, only four hundred calories!" She waits for you to sample your dinner.

[If response to 8> is EAT DINNER or EAT [specific dinner], the appropriate description of that dinner appears, followed by text (9):]

9. "Now," she says, laying aside her fork, "we can talk. I suppose you're bursting with questions. I know I am. But you're the guest, so you begin."

[PROGRAM NOTE: I think the preceeding texts effectively preclude texts responsive to commands of ASK/ TELL BETTE without the need for Bette to dismiss all his questions with "Later, darling." All the ASK / TELL texts that follow can be gone through while they're at dinner, or they may be elicited other times the player is with Bette in the apartment and they are both awake. For the sake of realism, there should be a record kept of questions that have been asked once, and if they are repeated, there should be a formula acknowledging the fact, such as, "I thought I'd already explained that," Bette replies. Then she repeats what she told you before:"]

[IF response after 9> is ASK BETTE ABOUT BETTE / HERSELF:]

10. She gives a brief humorous description of her youth in the suburbs, her early marriage and divorce, and her career as a fashion photographer. "Right now I'm about three rungs from the top of the ladder, but I doubt I'm ambitious enough to go all the way to the top. I'm not as good a politician as I am a photographer. The best

success I've had so far, as a matter of fact, are the pictures I took of you for MODA. There's one of them framed on top of the dresser."

[IF response after 10> is LOOK PICTURE/PHOTO ON DRESSER:]

11. The photo shows you in evening clothes standing before a wall from which the patterned paper is peeling. The contrast between your perfect formal attire and the dismal wallpaper is striking.

[ADD, if the player has earlier entered the Derelict Tenement node and slept there--text (16), pages 5-6:]

11A. Then you recognize the pattern of the wallpaper. You have seen those pea-green rosettes and khaki-colored leaves before. It is the hallway of the tenement where you'd slept and dreamt the dream that had faded from your memory till this moment. You look at Bette and realize it was her face you'd seen in that dream.

[IF response to 11> or 11A> is ASK BETTE ABOUT PHOTO/ PICTURE/ TENEMENT:]

12. "It was early last November, not long after we first met, at the F-Stop Cafe, that we discovered that derelict building and I took that lot of pictures. You were very reluctant to model for me, and it was only when I promised that the pictures would only go to magazines in Europe that you agreed. The editor at MODA is wild about your looks, by the way. He wanted me to shoot you for a cover for the June issue, and he couldn't believe you'd just disappeared. Neither could I, darling, neither could I."

[IF response in this node is ASK ABOUT FIRST MEETING/
or if response to 12> is ASK ABOUT F-STOP CAFE:]

13. "We met at a lunch at the F-Stop Cafe in Chelsea. You'd come there with a model who was working with me that day. I rather moved in on her, though it was plain to see it was no very serious relationship. Kimberley, your date, is a climber, and when she got to know you well enough to find out that your social position was non-existent, she lost interest. I thought it was thrilling to be romanced by someone so . . . reticent. I sometimes thought you might be a spy."

"For all I know I might have been," you say with a laugh. Then you pose another question to her:

>

[All response to 13> must begin ASK BETTE ABOUT. . .]

[IF response in this node is ASK BETTE ABOUT SELF/
JOHN CAMERON:]

14. I could tell you many things about the man I fell in love with, and he went by the name of John Cameron, but I never learned very much about the life-history of John Cameron. You said you went to school in Boston, but you didn't say at which university. You were quite knowledgeable about computers, so I assumed you used one in your profession, but it might have been just a hobbyist's interest. You did seem to have all the time in the world. If you'd had a steady job anywhere you wouldn't have been able to do the modeling for me. But you also seemed fairly well-to-do. You picked up the tab at a lot of

fairly swank restaurants, and you paid with an American Express credit card. So you did have some source of money. The theory I finally settled on was that you were one of those trust-fund babies who'd stepped into a fortune at age 21 and never had to do a day's work in his life. But that could have been wishful thinking on my part.

[IF response in this node is ASK BETTE ABOUT XAVIER HOLLINGS:]

15. "Who is Xavier Hollings?" she asks in return.

[IF response in this node is TELL BETTE ABOUT XAVIER HOLLINGS/ or (if in Inventory) SHOW BETTE NEWSPAPER:]

15A. "But you can't be Xavier Hollings," Bette insists, "not if he was in prison in Texas all the time that we were together here in New York. If the man who's wanted by the authorities looks so much like you, perhaps he's your twin, or just what's called a doppelganger. I knew a girl in grade school who looked so much like me it was uncanny. It can't have been you, the photos prove that, but I'm not sure they'd serve as an alibi. They're all shot indoors, mostly in a studio. I developed them myself, and the editor at MODA only saw them a month ago. There's nothing but my word as to when they were taken, and I'm not exactly an unprejudiced witness. Because I love you."

[IF response in this node is I LOVE YOU/ MAKE LOVE / KISS BETTE/ EMBRACE BETTE one of the following texts appears. They appear randomly, and all four texts should appear before the series is repeated. If these texts are

elicited more than twice in succession, however, the player finds he's exceeded his physical limits and the result is text (17) below.}

16A. The look Bette is giving you is like a written invitation, and you answer it with your own best body english. Her arms slip round your body. Your tongues take taste tests of each others' flesh. The temperature rises, the beat quickens, and one thing leads to another.

{Elapsed time for 16A: 1/2 hour.}

16B. Impulsively you kiss Bette, and she responds like a dam bursting. Her fingers claw your back, tangle in your hair, and touch all your buttons. Sensuality and love fuse into a single rocket to the moon. Woosh! And then you land on the moon and pick the flowers growing there and whisper endearments for who knows how long until it's time to return to the rocket and jet back to Earth for a soft landing in the tangled sheets of the unfolded sofa.

[Elapsed time for 16B, 1 and 1/2 hours.]

16C. Bette responds to your kiss with the delicacy of a blossom opening at the pressure of the dawn's first light. Time stops and you seem, as your kiss continues, to take flight into a fifth dimension where size and color and rhythm all get synchronized and the usual chirping sounds that tell you you're happy becomes a whole symphony orchestra announcing the same fact, and you're Arturo Toscanini. You lift your baton. The cymbalist poises her cymbals, and then BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

Philharmonic Hall is filled with wild applause.

[Elapsed time for 16C is 1/4 hour.]

16D. You kiss, and that kiss modulates into a kind of banquet, a love-feast , a smorgasbrod that seems to be replenished by its own devourings. You understand why the word 'carnal' refers not only to the joy of sex but to the pleasure, as well, of being a carnivore. Meat! Bar-B-Q spare-ribs! Loin of pork and breast of veal! Flank steaks! Roast beef au jus! And ladles and ladles of hot gravy.

[Elapsed time for 16D is 3/4 hour.]

[IF a lovemaking text is called for more than twice in a row:

17. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is pooped. Bette says not to mind, she has work she has to do in any case. While you replenish your depleted resources in the sofabed, Bette works alone at the table.

The next morning you wake up wonderfully refreshed, and find that Bette has left a note for you promising to be back from the day's shooting session no later than six.

[IF response in this node is RAPE BETTE:]

18. "John, stop, you're being too rough!" Bette protests, but you do not listen. She resists you, but you overpower her, and when you've concluded your joyless and brutal act of violence, Bette flees her own apartment weeping bitterly at your betrayal. "How could you?" she says, as she leaves you. "We were in love!" When she is gone you are overcome with guilt.

You have wantonly abused her trust, denied your own love, and shown yourself to be a criminal. That is your

judgement, and your verdict is quickly executed. You take the elevator to the top floor of The Noblesse and then mount the stairs to the roof. It is a ten-story leap, and you die instantly -- a kinder death than you deserve.

[This represents an automatic exit from the node of Bette's Apartment and an entrance to the Purgatory node.]

[IF response in this node is FUCK BETTE:]

19. You try to. But you can't. You try harder, but the harder you try, the less able you are. "You're trying too hard, darling," Bette tells you sensibly. "Why don't you watch tv or play the piano for a while, and I'll get some work done. She gives you a sisterly kiss and sits down at the table to examine a stack of what she'd earlier told you was junk mail.

[IF response in this node is ASK BETTE ABOUT (various things or places of which she has no knowledge, such as:) SUNDERLAND HOTEL, SANTA CANDELARIA, SHIMMER, MURDER CHARGE, PRISON, REVOLTILLO etc. her answers are, in order:]

20A. "I'm afraid I know no more about that than you do."

20B. She looks puzzled. "I wish I could be more helpful, darling, but I can't tell you anything about that."

20C. "That's another part of your past I had no share in."

20D. "You make me feel like Dr. Watson, darling. You've got all these clues and question, and I have no answers to any of them. I'm sorry."

[If response in this node is ASK BETTE ABOUT any of the characters she'd not met but whom the player knows of either through Alison or by looking in or using the Telephone Book, such as LUKE, DENISE, ZANE, ALICE, ALISON, etc., her response is to echo the name and then give one of the following replies:]

21A. [Repeats name]? Sorry, the name doesn't ring a bell.

21B. [Repeats name]? I don't think it's anyone I know.

21C. [Repeats name]? Sorry, that doesn't register.

21D. [Repeats name]? No, that just draws a blank with me.

[IF response in this node is TELL BETTE ABOUT
TELEPHONE BOOK/ ADDRESS BOOK:]

22. "How interesting," she says. "And what a source of clues! Do you have it with you?"

[If response to 22> is NO:]

22A. "What a pity. I hope you left it somewhere you can find it again. You ought to track down every person in that book. One of them is bound to know more about your pre-amnesia life than I do."

[IF response to 22> is YES:]

22B. "Can I see it?" she asks.

[IF response to 22> or 22B> is SHOW BETTE
TELEPHONE / ADDRESS BOOK:]

23. Bette examine the telephone book carefully.

"I recognize this number. It's Dial-a-Joke, isn't it? I call it every week or so, to hear the latest tape that Jerry Ackerman does for them. I think he's a scream. In fact, it was me who turned you on to Jerry Ackerman, and who gave you the Dial-a-Joke number. But none of the other numbers or names are familiar. Except SEX, that's familiar, ~~an~~^{an} idea anyhow. You must try to get through to all the numbers you haven't got a response from so far. The phone's right there." She nods toward the cordless telephone. "It's at your disposal any time."

[PROGRAM NOTE: If text (23) appears in the Daytime mode of Bette's Apartment, then it should be continued by text (23A). However, it is crucial the player get the KEYS and MONEY, so if the player hasn't thought to SHOW ADDRESS BOOK, then simply after a suitable number of interactions in this node (20? 25?), text 23A, should appear spontaneously, without the first phrase: "As though responding to a cue..."

23A. As though responding to a cue, the telephone rings. Bette answers it. It is an editor, who requires her immediate presence in a Chelsea studio. She protests that she can't possibly go there, but the editor is insistent. At last she agrees. As she fills a nylon satchel with camera equipment, she apologizes for having to leave you alone. "Here," she ~~says~~^{says}, "are a spare set of keys to the apartment. And some money." She puts the keys and five ten dollar bills on the table. "I'll be back as soon as I can." She kisses you good-bye but disengages from the kiss as it begins to be serious. "See you tonight!" she promises, and leaves.

[To have KEYS and MONEY in his Inventory, the player must TAKE them from table.]

[IF response to any text, such as (23A), that ends with Bette leaving when the player is awake, is FOLLOW BETTE/ GO WITH / ACCOMPANY BETTE or ASK TO do these things:]

24. "You're welcome to come to the studio with me, but I promise it won't be at all glamorous." You go with her despite this warning, and go through a purgatory of boredom and fidgeting as Bette takes photo after photo of a hand model modeling rings and bracelets. The hand model is an ill-tempered and dowdy woman with an abrasive voice -- and hands of remarkable elegance and daintiness. Bette

finishes the shooting, and you accompany her back to The Noblesse. "I did warn you that it would be dull."

[Text (24) and (24A) below represent the loss of the daytime hours on the day it takes place, and Bette and the player find themselves back in the apartment at 7 p.m.]

[If player on a later day again insists on following Bette from the apartment and going to work with her:]

24A. "Darling," Bette says with a sigh, "I know it's dreadful to have spend even a minute away from each other, but my job today is going to be just as dull as the last time. You really should put your time to better use. But if you insist, come along."

You insist, and have an even duller time of it than you did at the last shooting. Bette is apologetic as you return to the Nobless with her. "But a job is a job," she says. "Otherwise they wouldn't have to pay people to work, would they? We'd do it for the sheer fun."

[PROGRAM NOTE: The following texts are for times when both the player and Bette are in the apartment and awake. Each routine is self-contained, leaving the player in the apartment. There are also texts for Bette's and the player's arrivals home and for his waking when she's already gone off to work.]

[At midnight every night, or as soon thereafter as the elapsed time of the last text allows, the following text appears automatically:]

25. Bette's wristwatch emits a double beep. "Oh, look at the time. No wonder I can't stop yawning. If I'm to be at six tomorrow, I'd better to get to bed. There's no need for you to go to bed too, though. If you don't want to." You tell her you want to, and while she's bathing

you unfold the convertible sofa and plump the pillows. She emerges from the bathroom in a sheer, peach colored night-gown and slips slips between the sheets. You follow her into the bathroom, shower quickly, and join her in bed. Bette is asleep, and soon the power of her suggestion is irresistible. You fall asleep nestled spoonlike against her.

When you wake late in the morning, she has already gone off to work, leaving a note promising to be back at the apartment by dinner time.

[ADD, if player has not yet taken KEYS and MONEY following text (23A) above:]

She has also left you a spare set of keys to the apartment, and five ten-dollar bills.

[PROGRAM NOTE: As per the "Important Afterthought" noted on page 215 of the Dakota node, it would be useful for the player to have some means of remembering Bette's phone number in order to obtain the antidote to the poisoned martini. I suggested there that it be written on his left wrist, and here's a text to explain how it gets there.]

[The first time Denise leaves the player alone in the apartment, and he remains there for more than two commands, she returns automatically:]

26. "Thank heaven," Denise says, bursting into the room breathlessly, "you're still here! It just occurred to me that you might come down with a recurrence of your damned amnesia. And if you do, I don't want you to disappear again, darling. So roll up the left sleeve of your turtle-neck, please. This won't hurt, I promise."

[If response to 26> is ROLL UP LEFT SLEEVE:]

26A. With a felt-tip marker Bette writes her telephone number in large letters on your left wrist: KL5-0042. "That's what my mother used to do once I was old enough to cross the street by myself," she explains. "Only she wrote it inside the collar of my snowsuit, not on my wrist. I've got this ink on my hands by accident a couple times and it's nearly impossible to wash off. So there you are, tattooed with your old lady's phone number! Isn't it romantic? Do you want one to match it on your right wrist?"

[If response to 26A> is YES or ROLL UP RIGHT SLEEVE:]

26B. Bette quickly sketches two hearts united by an arrow on your right forearm. In one heart she puts her own initials B.B. She hesitates before initialing the second heart. "We'd better leave the second heart blank, darling, till we know for certain what your name is." She gives you a quick kiss and goes out the door.

[IF response to 26A is NO:]

26C. "That's what I love about you, darling, no false machismo. Well, I'm going to be late for the shooting if I don't get into a taxi now." She gives you a quick kiss and goes out the door.

[IF response to 26> is WHY?/ NO/ REFUSE:]

26D. "Oh, don't be such a stick-in-the-mud!" She takes a grip on your wrist and pushes up the sleeve.

[ADD text (26A) as given above.]

[If player is in Bette's Apartment at 5 pm on any afternoon, Bette will arrive home after the player's next command that keeps him within the apartment. Her arrival texts, (27) through (30), appear randomly and should not be repeated;]

First Arrival Texts

27. Bette enters the apartment with two Macy's shopping bags. "I got you some new clothes," she says, taking gift-wrapped boxes out of the shopping bags and setting them before you in a neat stack. "I just couldn't stand seeing you wearing that old black turtleneck any longer. And I also thought, what if today's his birthday? You can't be sure it isn't, after all. Go ahead, open them."

There are four boxes, wrapped (in order from top to bottom) in gold, silver, polka dot, and red paper.

[IF response is OPEN BOX, the parser will want to know which box, and to a command of OPEN BOXES it will insist they be opened one at a time.]

[If response to 27> is OPEN GOLD BOX:]

27A. In the gold box is a black turtleneck sweater with a Ralph Lauren label. Bette looks dismayed. "Oh dear, I told Ned to get anything but a black turtleneck. He must have misheard me." She blushes. "Ned's my assistant, and he loves to shop for clothes, so I sent him to Macy's with the shopping list."

You insist that it's a much better black turtleneck than the one you're wearing, and at once you change from the old black turtleneck to the new black turtleneck.

[IF response is OPEN SILVER BOX:]

27B. The silver box contains six pairs of cotton underpants, six white tee-shirts, and six pairs of socks in various dark colors. "You're a mind-reader," you tell Bette. "It's just what I wanted."

[IF response is OPEN POLKA-DOT BOX:]

27C. You unwrap the polka-dot box and find a pair of light blue poplin trousers with a matched belt. Bette insists you try them on at once to be sure the size is right. You do, and they are perfect fit.

[If response is OPEN RED BOX:]

27D. Shoes! Brown leather loafers with "Made in Italy" stamped in the instep.

"You used to have a pair of shoes just like that," Bette explains, as you try them on for size. "If they fit I want a kiss."

They fit.

[IF response to 27D> or to other 27>s is KISS BETTE, the result is one of the lovemaking texts (16A-D) on pages 72-3. If Bette is kissed before all the boxes are opened, the remaining unopened boxes can be opened at any later time.]

Second Arrival Texts

28, Sometime after five o'clock Bette comes home with a package from Woolworth's. She won't let you see what it is till after dinner, which you are delegated to select and prepare from the choices available in the freezer.

[IF the player makes and eats dinner, the following text appears after dinner is eaten:]

28A. After dinner Bette banishes you to the bathroom for five minutes, and when you come out you find she's spread the pieces of an enormous jigsaw puzzle over the glass-topped table. "You used to love to do jig-saws," she explains, "and you said it was because they put you into a kind of trance state. This is a 2000 piece puzzle that we've worked once already. But don't look at the picture on the box. My idea was that you might stir some of your buried memories by our working it together again. Do you want to try it?"

[IF response to 28A> is YES/ WORK /DO JIGSAW PUZZLE:]

28B. With Bette's help, you turn all the pieces right-side up, sorting out the edge-pieces and joining those together first. At the moment the frame is complete, you suddenly are able to envision the completed jigsaw and you describe it in detail to Bette: rowboats in the foreground clustered round a dock; the dark rippled water of a harbor or moat, and beyond the water a square-towered castle that must be somewhere in Europe, since it seems the genuine medieval article; and a great quantity of cloudless blue sky.

Bette shows you the picture on the box, and it's all there just as you've described it.

You continue working the jigsaw till well past midnight, and though you find it a pleasant pasttime you uncover no further buried memories. You go to bed with

Bette and dream of jigsaw puzzles. 4000-piece jigsaw puzzles, 5000-piece jigsaw puzzles, 6000-piece jigsaw puzzles . . .

When you wake late in the morning, Bette has already had breakfast and left for work.

[IF response to 28A> is NO:]

28C. "That's fine by me," says Bette, sweeping the pieces into the Woolworth's bag and depositing it in the garbage. "Personally I can't think of a duller way to spend an evening."

She takes the bag of jigsaw pieces out into the hall and deposits it in the incinerator chute. While she's gone you look at the picture on the empty box. Some rowboats on a lake with a castle behind it. It registers a zero on the seismograph of your memory.

Third Arrival Texts

29. "Anyone hungry for Chinese food?" Bette calls out as she enters the apartment. "I've butterfly shrimp, wor shu op, and chicken with almonds." She places three takeout cartons on the table and hands you a napkin and a plastic fork. "We'll just eat out of the cartons, okay? I hate doing dishes. What do you want to start with?"

[If any three of the dishes are named in response:]

29A. As you eat your Chinese dinner, Bette says: "For dessert, instead of fortune cookies, which I never get because I'm too superstitious, I rented a cassette of a Hitchcock movie that we almost went out to see at a

revival house back when we first started going out. But then a job came up, and I couldn't, and you seemed so disappointed. So tonight we'll see it. Would you like that?"

[If response to 29A> is YES:]

29B. After dinner Bette puts the rented cassette in the VCR that lives under the tv and you settle beside her on the sofa to watch Hitchcock's SPELLBOUND. Gregory Peck plays a man suffering from amnesia, and Ingrid Bergman is a psychoanalyst trying to restore his memory. It is delightfully old-fashioned and hokey. You and Bette begin to get the giggles halfway through the story, and by the end you are both weak with laughter.

"It does make you think, though," Bette says, wiping away her tears of laughter. "I mean, you were so anxious to see just that movie. Which means that for some reason you must have been interested in amnesia even then. I wonder why."

[IF response to 29A> is NO:]

"Good. Because I also rented a cassette of THE BROOD. It's an absolutely petrifying horror movie, you'll love it. Kronenberg is a sensational director."

After dinner Bette puts the cassette of THE BROOD into the VCR that lives under the tv, and you both settle down on the sofa to watch what is, in fact, an absolutely petrifying horror movie. Then, as an antidote, you decide to make it a double feature and you watch SPELLBOUND too. Gregory Peck plays a man suffering from amnesia, and

Ingrid Bergman is a psychoanalyst trying to restore his memory. It is delightfully old-fashioned and hokey, You and Bette begin to get the giggles halfway through the story, and by the end you are both weak with laughter.

"It does make you think, though," Bette says, wiping away her tears of laughter. "I mean, you were so anxious to see just that movie. Which means that for some reason you must have been interested in amnesia even then. I wonder why."

Fourth Arrival Texts

30. Bette arrives home to announce that she is suffering a PMS headache of monstrous proportions. She takes two aspirins, covers her eyes with a small black sleep-mask ("So you can stay up and read, darling," she explains.), gets into the unfolded sofa-bed, and falls into an uneasy sleep. You read a couple of back issues of The New Yorker until you've developed a headache in sympathy with hers, and then you, too, call it a night. "We're becoming a couple," you think happily as you drift off to sleep. "We get sick together!"

[PROGRAM NOTE: After the player has had a chance to spend four nights in Bette's company -- that is, after all four of the preceding "arrival" texts have been used (unless their use has been pre-empted by the player's having accompanied Bette to work, texts (24) and (24A) on pages 76-7), he will have to be contacted by Denise and lured to the Dakota for the endgame. Logically, it won't do to have Denise be able to phone him at Bette's apartment, since much is made in the endgame of their trying to extort Bette's phone number from him. And if Denise's number has been available for a long time, and is always busy or rings without being answered, he may not persist in calling it. Best to have him encounter Denise's phone number as a fresh possibility; which means (1) limiting access to the 25 W. 19th St. Node until he's made contact with Bette, and then allowing him five days of Bette's company till Denise answers her phone, or, (2), if he still lacks Denise's phone number by his fifth day in Bette's apartment, initiate the following sequence the first time he's alone in the apartment in the daytime, while Bette has gone to work.]

31. The phone rings.

[IF any response but ANSWER PHONE;]

31A. Listen! The phone is ringing!

[IF response is ANSWER PHONE:]

32. "John," says Bette excitedly, when you pick up the phone. "I've discovered a Clue! Isn't that wonderful?"

[IF response to 2> is WHAT IS IT / ASK BETTE ABOUT CLUE:]

33. "Do you know that picture of you that's on the dresser, the one with you looking so elegant against that dismal wallpaper in the abandoned building? Well, Ned was just packing up some of the clothes from that shooting to send them back to the designers, and he found this paperback mystery in the right front pocket of the suit you were wearing that day. It's a reprint of an old thriller by Cornell Woolrich called THE BLACK CURTAIN, and it's about amnesia. But that's not the Clue. On the

inside back cover of the book, you^v have written the phone number of someone called Denise, and I don't remember there being any Denise in your Address Book. But I'm sure it's your handwriting. Do you have a pencil to write down the number? Or can you remember it?"

[IF response is FIND PENCIL:]

33A. You find a pencil and a scrap of paper and return to the phone. Bette reads out the number, and makes you repeat it to be sure it's correct: KL5-5413. "I hope it's not Another Woman," she adds, with a nervous laugh, "but I'll have to wait till tonight to find out. We'll be shooting all day on Liberty Island. Models in swimwear climbing around on the scaffolding that the statue is wrapped in. VOGUE is thinking of doing a patriotic issue. Ah, here's the bunting now. Talk to you later." She hangs up.

[IF response is YES/ I CAN REMEMBER IT:]

34B. "The number is KL5-5413." She makes you repeat it to be sure it's correct. "I hope it's not Another Woman," she adds, with a nervous laugh, "but I'll have to wait till tonight to find out. We'll be shooting all day on Liberty Island. Models in swimwear climbing around on the scaffolding that the statue is wrapped in. VOGUE is thinking of doing a patriotic issue. Ah, here's the bunting now. Talk to you later." She hangs up.

[If response after 34A> or 34B> is CALL /
DIAL KL5-5413:}]

35. The phone is answered at the third ring by a woman with an agreeable, low-pitched voice, who says, "Hello, Mrs. Hollings here."

At last -- a bonafide connection to your past life! In your excitement you're momentarily at a loss for words, and the woman asks, "Who is this?"

[IF response to 35> is JOHN CAMERON, XAVIER HOLLINGS, or ZANE BESTER:}]

36. "Wherever in the world have you been, [John/ Xavier/ Zane, according to his response to 35>]? But no, don't say anything now. I could be overheard. I must see you at once, there's so much to explain, but you can't come here. The servants would recognize you, and the doorman probably has orders from the police to call them if you enter the building. Fortunately I've the use of a friend's apartment at the Dakota. You know where that is, don't you, on the corner of 8th Avenue at 72nd Street. Tell the guard at the door you want to see Colby. I'll be there in half an hour. Do you need money?"

[IF response to 36> is YES:}]

36A. "I'll bring what I can scrape together in the house. A thousand anyhow. Do hurry! I'm so glad to hear your voice. Take care." She hangs up before you can get in another word.

[IF response to 36> is NO:}]

36B. "Good, then I won't bother making a trip to the bank. Do hurry! It's so wonderful to hear your voice

again. You've no idea how I've worried. See you!" She hangs up before you can get in another word.

[IF response to 36 is ASK / TELL DENISE / MRS. HOLLINGS anything at all:]

36C. Before you've said five words, she interrupts. "Darling, it's really not safe to talk on the phone. In effect, I'm under surveillance all the time. But we can speak privately at the Dakota. Remember, the name to give the guard is Colby. See you within the hour. Take care." She hangs up before you can get in another word.

[PROGRAM NOTE; This same conversation should work if he phones Denise after getting her message in the 25 West 19th St. Node. The one thing that has to be emended is in the node of the Dakota, when the guard asks him his name, (text (2A), page 184) not only "John Cameron" should work as an open-sesame, but also "Xavier Hollings" or Zane Bester" or any of the three last names alone. Also in the first pre-martini exchanges between the player and Denise, she should not address him as "John" but as "Darling" and "Dearest," since it obviates a lot of needless explanations and/or confusions.]

[IF the player tries to repeat the call with a command of PHONE/DIAL KL5-5413;]

37. You get a busy signal.

[IF the player repeats the call a second time:]

37A. An answering machine answers at the second ring, and the same voice says, "The Dakota, 72nd and 8th Avenue. Ask for Colby. I'm on my way there now."

[PROGRAM NOTE; Well, if that doesn't get him to the Dakota, I don't know what will. One final necessity is to see that he does not bring the DISKETTE with him when he goes to the Dakota, but leaves it in Bette's Apartment. As he may be taking the diskette with him on trips out of Bette's Apartment to the User-Friendly node, he can't be prevented from taking it with him at all times, but he should be discouraged from taking his gym-bag and its contents with him habitually. to which end, let's insert a sentence into text (25) just after the first line at the

top of page 78:"plump the pillow." There, ADD:]

(25addendum) You see your gym-bag beside the baby grand and tuck it away out of sight in a corner of the walk-in closet.

[Then continue as on p. 78: "She emerges from the bathroom. That gets the gym-bag out of the way each night, and to bring the DISKETTE to the User-Friendly node on any succeeding day he'll have to TAKE GYM BAG FROM CLOSET. Then, if he commands, after being summoned to the Dakota by Denise, TAKE GYM-BAG FROM CLOSET:]

38. You take the gym-bag from the closet, but then, remembering that the registration clerk at the Sunderland Hotel had said that a woman identifying herself as your wife had tried to get at the contents of your safe deposit box, you decide to leave the diskette in Bette's apartment. It seems altogether possible that the woman in question was this "Mrs. Hollings". You know you can trust Bette; you know nothing about Denise, or "Mrs. Hollings" as she calls herself. You place the diskette on the music stand of the baby grand, with a hasty note to Bette, saying you are on your way to the Dakota.

Half an hour later a taxi has taken you to the corner of 8th Avenue and 72nd St.

[PROGRAM NOTE: If the player does not try and take the diskette, there is no need to propel him so summarily uptown, and he can be allowed to get there under his own steam.]

{PROGRAM NOTE: I realize now that among the subjects he will want to TELL BETTE ABOUT, the diskette and its riddles will rank high. So, to those texts that can be elicited at any time he's together with Bette, add one for TELL BETTE ABOUT DISKETTE:]

39. Bette's reaction is that of someone suffering from acute techⁿphobia. "Computers!" she says with dismay.

"Oh, I can't be any help to you at all with those things. I had to take remedial arithmetic in the summer after fourth grade because I couldn't deal with long division. I think it's wonderful that you're so clever with them, and I'm sure you'll figure out how to get the information you need, if it's there on that whatchamacallit, floppy disk. Of course, riddles are another matter. Not that I've ever been much good at answering riddles, either. Ned told the most awful one the other day when we were shooting a spread for SPORTSWEAR INTERNATIONAL. What's brown and crawls up your leg?"

[IF response to 39> is I DON'T KNOW/ I GIVE UP:]

39A. Bette giggles, and whispers in your ear, "A homesick shit. Isn't that awful? But don't blame me, I didn't make it up."

[If response to 39> is A HOMESICK SHIT:]

39B. Bette looks disappointed. "Oh, you knew it already. Maybe that means you read it where Ned says he did--in a novel by Elizabeth Jolley. Ned is crazy for Elizabeth Jolley."

[PROGRAM NOTE: It may be that the player will try to ASK BETTE FIRST RIDDLE, SECOND RIDDLE, etc. If so:]

40A. "Oh my, I'll have to think about that one."

40B. "Beats me."

40C. "That one is a poser, isn't it?"

40D. She spreads her hands in a pantomime of complete bafflement.

AMNESIA/ Further Phone Calls

1. [For the listing of J.A. at 555-1314]

"Jane Addams here. Sorry I'm not at home. If you'd like to leave a message, do so at the beep. And Bob, if this is you, you can get the contracts to me at five o'clock outside Altman's at 34th and Fifth."

At the beep you leave a simple sincere message:
"Hi, Jane. You'll never guess who this is. But I'll try and be there at five. Hope to see you. Bye for now."

2. [For the listing of A.A. at LJ5-5436:]

"Hello, thank you for calling American Airlines. How can I help you?" You hang up the phone and breathe a sigh of relief at knowing that the A.A. listing in the Address Book is not the number of Alcoholics Anonymous, as for a moment you'd feared it might be. That is not the kind of personal history anyone would like to start excavating.

3. [For the Chelsea H. listing at JL5-4312:]

"Hello, this is the Chelsea Hotel. How can I help you?" You ask to speak to a guest -- giving the first name that comes into your head -- and are told that there is no one by that name presently residing at the hotel. You hang up the receiver, reflecting that that was not a lot of information for a quarter.

AMNESIA/ Further Phone Calls

4. [For DRUGS listing at 555-8422:]

"Hello," says a tired voice. "This is the Belle View Pharmacy. Open 24 hours a day to serve the midtown's pharmaceutical needs. Can I help you?" You hang up the phone with a feeling of happy reassurance. It's good to know that 'DRUGS' should have such an innocent meaning.

5. [For F.B.I. listing of 555-2712:]

A tape recorded message answers the phone: "This is the F.B.I., the Art Deco hot spot that New York Magazine has called 'the Colonial Williamsburg of the Honkytonk Era.' Half price admission to all guys in Fedoras, and free admission to dolls in fur coats. The F.B.I. will be closed the rest of the summer for redecorating, but we'll be back in September, when our roster of entertainers will include the sensational new comedian, Jerry Ackermann." The message is followed by a few bars of the Prokofief march that had been the theme-song of the Forties radio program, The F.B.I. in Peace and War.

6. [For KVETCH listing of 555-4685:]

"Hello, you're reached the Complaint Department. Sorry there's no one here right now to listen to your complaints. If you'll state your complaint at the beep, we will get back to you as soon as we can. You have fifteen seconds." There is a beep, and then a fifteen-second silence -- time enough for you to leave a terse message on the tape. Yours is as terse as they come.

AMNESIA/ Further Phone Calls

7. [For listing of R.P. at 555-8749:]

"Hello," says a man's tape-recorded voice. "This is Ray. I'm not here right now. If you're calling for Jane, you should be able to get her at 555-1314. And Billy, if this is you, try and remember to record the Mets' game tonight." The line goes dead without giving you an opportunity to leave a message.

You exit the Sunderland with the feeling a POW must have when he cuts through the last strands of barbed wire separating him from freedom. It feels great to be a single faceless, nameless atom among the million others churning about in the grid of Manhattan's streets. It feels safe.

Here it is already nighttime, but the sidewalks are still teeming with people, and the streets are heavily trafficked and bright with the sum total wattage of so many streetlights, headlights, and lighted signs. In the windows of the darkened shopfronts you see yourself mirrored and feel an utterly inappropriate glow of vanity. The white tux makes you look like a refugee from the chorus line of a Thirties musical comedy, and in a peculiar way it serves as camouflage. People stare, but they're staring at the tux, not at you.

As you approach Fifth Avenue the brief bouyancy of feeling free gives way to ordinary what-now anxieties. You got no money, no credit card, nowhere to sleep (you certainly can't stay on at the Sunderland), and no visible means of support. Friends? There are phone numbers in the address book, and some of them must be the phone numbers of friends who'd be willing to put you up for a night, but you don't even have a quarter for a call. And maybe not all those phone numbers represent friends.

At the corner you watch a blind man with a tin cup slowly progress down Fifth Avenue, rattling coins at the

AMNESIA/ Transition to City Grid

milling pedestrians. Most of them are too caught up in their own busyness even to notice the blind man. A few do see him and veer widely around him, as though fearing the rattle of his cup. A black man pauses, considers, digs into his pocket, and drops a quarter in the cup. He notices you watching this act of charity, and as he walks by you a moment later he says, "There but for the grace of God, eh?" You nod your head thoughtfully.

First, a site-specific description, tied to its place on the grid, 39th Street & Madison (or Park?):

1. Description of Princeton Club here.

[If response to 1> is ENTER PRINCETON CLUB:]

2. You enter the lobby, fully convinced on the evidence of the empty matchbook, that you are an alumnus of the university and a member of the club. You take a quick scan of the interior and make a mental note to write to the Club's Board of Directors on the subject of the dangers of creeping seediness. Surely, such a venerable institution should not be allowed to sag into such a state of shabbiness. Perhaps contributions should be solicited for a Redecorating Fund. Just as you've begun mentally to frame this appeal, the doorman asks you what your business is. You explain that you believe yourself to be a member. He assures you that he has an infallible memory for faces and that you are not. You insist on seeing a list of the membership. When that list has proven that there is no John Cameron among the members of the Princeton Club, the doorman escorts you out to the street and bids you goodbye with a smile of withering condescension. You feel as though you'd been expelled from the university on the first day of your freshman year: it was a very brief career.

"John Cameron!" You look round to see who has called you in that deep, cracked voice. She calls again and you spot her, an immense woman wearing layer upon layer of dirty rags. She is sitting on the sidewalk across the

AMNESIA/ Princeton Club revision

street from the Princeton Club, surrounding by shopping bags.

You cross the street and ask the woman how she comes to know you. "We were lovers, honey," she confides with a sly smile. "Don't you remember?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember anything," you reply. "I have amnesia."

She confesses that she knows about your amnesia, for two weeks earlier you'd had a long conversation with her about it right here at her post of duty. At that time you'd given her a letter that she was to give you if you ever turned up again -- as you have now, thanks to the matchbook from the Princeton Club.

After some minutes of polite conversation about the perils and pleasures of being destitute in the world's greatest city, you take your leave of the shopping bag lady and open the letter you'd written to yourself: "Dear Self," it says. "In case you haven't been able to get into your safe deposit box at the hotel, the password comes from the first lines of the Gospel According to John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." Get it? With God. You will need what's in that box. So get it. Fond regards from Guess Who."

[If there is command to ENTER PRINCETON CLUB after this text has appeared:]

3. No sooner are you in the door of the club than the doorman recognizes you and ejects you onto the street. "Sorry, Mr. Cameron." (He's really good at remembering names, isn't he?) "This club is for members only."

AMNESIA/ Sights of the City

Rush Hour: Midtown and Wall Street/ 5 to 6 pm

1. As the offices began to empty of their workers and the stores of their shoppers, the sidewalks fill to overflowing.
2. Gridlock: uptown and downtown and crosstown east and west, as far as you can see in all direction, the traffic is snarled into one honking, fuming, immobilized tangle. Only pedestrians can get anywhere.
3. Through the crush of the rush hour a blindman moves forward slowly, rattling coins in a paper cup.
4. A policeman stands in the middle of the snarled rush hour traffic, blowing a whistle and waving his arms with no discernible effect.
5. A large crowd gathered at one corner peers into the stream of traffic inching its way past them and hopes their bus will soon appear upstream.
6. A woman loaded with shopping bags stands at the corner waving at taxis that already have fares.
7. High above the bustle of rush hour traffic, looking calm and philosophical, floats the beautiful Goodyear blimp.
8. Like a tortoise on a racetrack full of hares, a tired pretzel vender wheels his umbrellaed cart back to the warehouse.

[PROGRAM NOTE: These should appear if player is on street in Midtown or Wall Street and gives compass commands that don't produce a site-specific text. A second text appears after another five compass commands. Maybe set a limit of 2 to 3 texts per rush hour?]

AMNESIA/ Sights of the City

Site-specific texts

[PROGRAM NOTE: These texts fall into neighborhood/node clusters, but they aren't strictly grouped that way, since each text has its own clear address.]

1. 8th Avenue at both 33rd and 32nd Streets

You face the block-long staircase and colonnade of the main Post Office. The famous motto is carved in stone all the way from 32nd Street to 33rd: NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN NOR HEAT NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT STAYS THESE COURIERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS.

2. Battery Park

[PROGRAM NOTE: At any corner that borders Battery Park on either State or Battery Place the following text should appear, and the player then "slides" to the corner of State and Whitehall.]

You have come to the edge of Battery Park. The shimmer of the harbor draws you to the water's edge, and for a while you enjoy the city's noblest view out across the confluence of river and ocean to where Liberty, veiled this summer in scaffolding, holds up her torch to announce the country's single best idea. You leave the park feeling refreshed by the almost-sea air and find yourself at the southernmost street corner of Manhattan.

3. Nassau Mall: at the corners of Nassau and: Beekman, Ann, Vesey, Fulton, John, and Maiden Lane

You are on Nassau, a street that here has been converted to a pedestrian mall where a variety of shops and fast-food restaurants provide honey for the hives of Wall Street.

4. Nassau and Liberty

You stop to read the plaque fixed to the corner of the Federal Reserve Bank and are duly impressed by the

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information that five stories of this seeming Renaissance palace are below street level "with subterranean vaults resting on bedrock." In other words, the dollar is solid.

5. Louise Nevelson Plaza (corners of William and Liberty/ William and Maiden Lane)

With the side of the Federal Reserve Bank for a backdrop, the welded iron sculptures of Louise Nevelson Plaza make a desperate bid for the pedestrians' attention, but most of them walk past too abstracted themselves to notice all that Abstract Art is trying so hard to do.

6 Pine St. and Water/ Pine St. and Front

Giant letters on the side of one of a pair of white skyscrapers informs you that this is Wall Street Plaza. Wedged between the skyscrapers is a hunk of minimalist art: a big round aluminum coinslot with a big mirror-surfaced slug forever waiting to be inserted -- and when it is all New York will know its weight and fortune.

7. Wall St & Front/ Wall St & Water

100 Wall Street is like a good-looking woman at a party of raving beauties. Anywhere else you'd be impressed with it; here it's just another skyscraper.

8. Wall St. and William St

A free-standing plaque outside Citibank informs you that this was once the most expensive building in the city. \$1,800,000 was the record-setting pricetag. And that was before McKim Mead & White added their own Corinthian two-cents-worth on top of the Ionic original of 1842. Very classic.

Generic Wall Street texts

[PROGRAM NOTE: The generic texts are triggered by entry to a neighborhood, and appear at random every seven or eight compass commands, when not pre-empted by a site-specific text. After once appearing a text should not be repeated during that visit to the neighborhood. For our purposes "Wall Street" should be the area south of Chamber St. and Dover St. North of these boundaries are Tribeca and Chinatown, with a radically different character. The midtown area, where so much action takes place, and which has its set of rush-hour and lunch-hour vignettes, is probably better off without a set of generic scenes. These are best reserved for areas the player will only enter once or twice in the ordinary play of the game. Actually there's no need for the texts to appear randomly if that takes a lot more programming. Just letting them appear in sequence would work so long as they're not repeated.]

1. You would have thought, wouldn't you, that the Wall Street area would be populated entirely by men in gray suits, but no, looking around, the mix isn't that different from the mix of midtown. Even down here the melting pot is bubbling away.
2. There's no denying it: they built more beautiful buildings back when they were building these. There's something about carved stone that just makes a person feel noble.
3. A squirrel squats on the steps of a branch of Manufacturers Hanover calmly nibbling the remains of a seeded roll.
4. A long line of honking cars is stacked up behind a double-parked limousine with diplomatic plates.
5. As you cross the street you are almost run down by a bicycle rider darting out of the path of a taxi. You shout a futile protest after him.
6. A limousine drives by slowly, leaking the majestic choral movement of Beethoven's 9th Symphony. Somebody's feeling good about his portfolio.

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7. Waiting for the light to change, you overhear a discussion between two pin-striped executives on the likelihood of General Foods being taken over by the Phillip Morris Corporation. They both agree it couldn't possibly happen.

8. You watch a crane hauling bundles of iron beams from the street to the top of a new office tower under construction.

9. Crunch! A car backing into a parking place runs over an empty beer bottle and showers the pavement with shards of brown glass.

Generic sights of Chelsea

1. You're on a street that is slowly but surely being gentrified. An antique store specializing in 50's bad taste has moved in between a hispanic barber shop and a fish store with a special on salted cod.

2. More signs of gentrification. A shop that sells nothing but popcorn in various decorator colors, and across the street a restaurant with its name spelled out in giant pink neon letters: NEW COOKING.

3. A vandalized car rests on its wheelless axles outside a beer-and-potato chips grocery store.

4. To the west is a street of brownstone apartment houses, most of them in good trim.

5. Down the sidestreet a game of stickball is in progress.

6. Out in the street a work crew is filling in a large pothole with asphalt.

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7. You pass by a coffee shop with a dusty sign asking you to be patient until its renovation is complete.

8. Outside a fortune-telling parlor a street-singer has spread open her guitar case to receive contriubtions . She is singing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" in a tone of heartfelt but off-key self-pity.

9. On the stoop of an old brownstone a boy in a black mesh shirt is kissing a girl who is wearing lace gloves in the style of Madonna.

10. In the window of a shoe repair shop you see, taped to the soot-freckled glass, a postcard that seems strangely, even disturbingly, familiar. "Welcome to--" and then in very large letters -- "SANTA CANDELARIA!" Behind the letters you can glimpse a couple palm trees and a Mission-style church. You find you're having trouble breathing, and your legs are turning to silly putty. You'd go in the shop and ask them about this Santa Candelaria but a sign next to the postcard explains that the shop is no longer in business and it gives a number to phone for rental inquiries.

Generic scenes -- Greenwich Village

1. Bending over to tighten the knot in your shoelace, you notice that the sidewalk you've been walking on is paved with massive blocks of slate instead of ordinary concrete. Pretty.

2. You hear what sounds like gunshots and look around with consternation. A pizza delivery boy gives you a knowing smile and explains it was only a truck backfiring. You're not convinced.

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3. You're on a street of shops and small businesses: there's a drug store on the corner, then a book store, and a failing florist with a window full of sickly spider plants.
4. Another street of shops: a deli, a beauty shop, and a xerox copy shop.
5. A beer delivery truck is doubleparked outside a bar called Rose of Erin, and a taxi is very slowly squeezing through the seven-eighths of a lane left free.
6. You pass by a townhouse with a doorway of exotic wood that is as beautiful as a painting .
7. An imitation Hell's Angel roars by on a gigantic Honda.
8. Across the street a good Samaritan is trying to prop an unconscious derelict upright against the side of a building, but the derelict keeps slumping over.
9. You catch a powerful whiff of baking bread and feel the sluggish stirrings of memory. Then the smell is gone, and your past remains unrecaptured.
10. Two shirtless joggers in matching red jogging shorts with matching sculptured physiques go bounding by in the opposite direction.
11. A bevy of schoolkids is being herded by two teachers in the direction of a vest-pocket playground.
12. A young woman in an Adidas gym suit whizzes by in the middle of the street, and a few moments later a second roller-skater, male, whizzes after her.
13. An old woman totters along on an aluminum walker, carrying a sack of groceries, looking very determined. She gives you a smile, refuses your offer of help, and totters on her way.

Site-Specific Texts

1. Bellevue Hospital (1st Ave & 21st St.)

Bellevue Hospital. Just the size of the place is amazing. It's hard to take in the fact that that many people can all be sick at the same time.

2. Stuyvesant Square Park (2nd Ave at 17th, 16th, & 15th Sts.)

Second Avenue slices this park into two almost exactly symmetrical halves. Both have the basic amenities of greenery, horizontal space, and benches; each has the concrete basin of a dry fountain for a centerpiece. But only the western half of the park has a life-size bronze statue of peg-legged Peter Stuyvesant.

3. 4th Avenue at 8th St.

Out in the middle of the traffic, on a small concrete island, is a twelve-foot high iron cube that is slowly being made to revolve by the efforts of three young men. For a while you add your own horsepower to the group effort and the cube revolves a little faster.

4. St. Mark's Church (2nd Ave at 10th and 11th Sts.)

Behind a fence of sharp black iron spikes, standing in a churchyard paved with little hillocks of patterned brick, is the Church of St. Mark's on the Bowery. A poster urges you to "Join the Poets' Protest Against--" But the rest of the poster has been torn off.

5. 8th Street & 2nd Ave.

An elderly branch of the library stands beside an abandoned movie theater, and next to that is a store that has been put out of business (according to the poster pasted to its

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windows) by skyrocketing rents. You can almost feel the pressure of money from uptown pushing its way into the slums of the East Village.

6. (1st St. at Houston)

On the corner amid the debris of a street-widening project stands a small cube of a building dressed up as a Greek temple. Across the frieze is carved THE PROVIDENT LOAN SOCIETY. Provident? Make that "Defunct".

7. 14th St. & 6th Ave.

You stop to admire the imaginary living rooms in the three windows of a furniture store. They are furnished in the highly traditional bad taste of the quiz program WHEEL OF FORTUNE. It's so glitzy it ends up seeming innocent -- like a twelve year old girl imitating Madonna.

8. Union Square East (Park Ave So at 14th & 15th)

An old building --Klein's Department Store, according to a surviving street-level sign-- is being torn down, and its demolition has revealed a honeycomb of rooms painted in strident unlikely colors that had never till now seen the natural light of day.

9. Union Square West (Broadway at 18th, & 17th, St.)

The upper end of Union Square Park is given over today to a farmer's market. The wooden bins are piled high with eggplants and tomatoes, sweet corn and fresh basil, whole-grain bread and eggs from Jersey, cut flowers and potted plants.

10. Union Square proper (Broadway at 15th and 14th)

Union Square Park is sealed up for renovations. A bronze

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George Washinton mounted on a horse raises his right arm to give instructions to the hardhats who are laying the tiles of a new pavement.

11. West 64th Street at both 8th Avenue and 9th Ave.

Halfway along 64th Street in the middle of the block is a building that has been topped off with a miniature (but still very big) copy of the Statue of Liberty. A sign at street level offers this explanation: Liberty Warehouse.

12. 6th Avenue from 45th St. to 55th St inclusive

You are in a canyon of glass skyscrapers. Human-sized pedestrian level shops have been eliminated by the larger demands of Corporate Image. The people seem to move faster here than anywhere else in the city, either because there are no shop windows to slow them down or because glass canyons make people fell anxious.

13. Chrysler Building: Lexington Ave at 42nd & 43rd Sts.

You are stopped in your tracks by the Marlene Dietrich of New York's skyscrapers. It's the Chrysler Building swathed in a ton of stainless steel Art Deco trimmings and still looking like a million.

14. Lincoln Center: Broadway from 60th to 65th inclusive

Three giant marble boxes are grouped around a plaza with a fountain at the center. You gravitate toward the fountain, and while the sun makes rainbows in the spray, you squint at the two vast Chagall canvases displayed within the the largest of the boxes. A canvas banner identifies the building as the Metropolitan Opera.

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15. Flatiron Building: 5th Ave at 23rd & 22nd Sts.

Broadway's long diagonal here intersects with 5th Avenue and 23rd Street to create the towering pie-slice of the Flatiron Building,

16. Broadway at 24th St.

From the edge of the mini-woodland of Madison Square Park there is a splendid view of the entire aspiring shaft of the Empire State Building.

17. 6th Ave. at 26th, 27th, and 28th Sts.

A small forest of potted trees and shrubs line both sides of Sixth Ave. Palmettos, ferns, philodendrons and other emigrants from the tropics enjoy their last taste of summer sunlight before reporting to duty in the lobbies, offices and restaurants of the city.

18. 7th Ave. & 36th St.

"Watch out where you're going!" You step into the gutter just in time to escape being rammed by a wheeled garment rack full of next fall's fashions.

19. 8th Ave from 29th to 24th Sts. inclusive; 9th Ave ditto

You are at the edge of a vast tract of high-rise apartment buildings, all built to the same characterless specs, a monument to the bureaucratic mind.

20. Broadway at Astor Place

A crowd of twenty or so trendy youths have gathered outside the plate glass windows of a many-chaired barber shop to watch a girl's public scalping. Your heart goes out to her.

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21. Broadway at West 4th, Great Jones, Bond, Bleecker and Houston

This stretch of Broadway may be one of the oldest stretches of the city in terms of its buildings, but demographically it is probably the youngest. The boutiques and record stores and restaurants might just as well post signs warning away anyone over thirty.

22. Chinatown: Mott St. at Canal, Bayard, Pell, Park and Worth Sts.

Chinatown. Restaurants! Kao Wah, Kuan Sing Dumpling House, Mandarin Inn, Hong Fat Co, Hunan Garden, Kambo Rice Shop. In fact, aside from a few souvenir shops there is almost nothing but restaurants,

[IF player says ENTER RESTAURANT:]

You go into the restaurant whose menu most stirs your imagination and wait for five minutes to be told you will have to wait for a table. Then the maitre-d' returns to the staff's table where he resumes the meal you had so rudely interrupted. You take the hint and leave.

NIGHT IN THE CITY: Generic scenes for all neighborhoods

[PROGRAM NOTES: If out on the streets after a certain hour, the following texts should appear after each 7 or 8 compass commands if not pre-empted by a site-specific text.]

1. Renovations going on: you walk through a pitch-black, block-long tunnel of scaffolding.
2. A derelict lies sprawled and snoring in the entrance of a small office building.

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3. Far-off a fire engine begins its solo, slicing through the other traffic noises like the world's greatest soprano.

4. A hooker catches your eye from across the street and, when she doesn't get what she considers an appropriate response, accuses you of incest.

5. You're almost hit by a driver running a red light. The car has Jersey plates.

6. A cat regards you thoughtfully from its vantage on a second-story window sill.

7. A cabby has pulled over to the curb, turned on his Off Duty light and is eating a take-out order from McDonald's.

8. You yawn, and then because it felt so good you yawn again.

9. A vaguely sinister figure stands unmoving in a recessed doorway. As you get closer you see it's only a painted silhouette.

10. Somewhere a radio is playing salsa. While no one is looking you test your dancing responses and decide that they are functional but far from star-quality.

11. GRAND OPENING SALE! says the tattered banner flapping outside a store selling stereos and tvs. Some twenty different tv screens in the window give twenty different renditions of an ad for Liquid Drain-O.

12. You pass beneath a hard-working air conditioner and are sprinkled with drops of its perspiration.

[PROGRAM NOTE: Perhaps the generic night texts should be rationed out at a rate of four per evening and on a time-release basis rather than by number of compass commands. Say one every half hour between sunset at 9 pm and the hour when muggings commence.]

Site-specific texts

1. Bowery at Canal & at Hester

Here at its southern end the Bowery resembles an extension of Canal Street with a little spice of Chinatown. There are furniture stores, jewelry stores, stores for restaurant supplies, and a Chinese movie theater. Not a flophouse or a derelict in sight.

2. Bowery from East Houston to Grand Street inclusive

This is the deepest sub-basement of the culture of poverty, a street famous for being the bottom rung of the social ladder for most of the 20th century. Destitute men lie against the building like war victims waiting for burial. No bars or delis cater to their needs; only by its flophouses and pawn shops does the street acknowledge their existence.

3. Orchard St from East Houston to Grand Street inclusive

Block after block of cheap or cut-rate clothes are heaped on the wooden stalls in front of a hundred little shops. Orchard Street itself has become a mall for the shoppers foraging for bargains.

Revision for D 1.0

Page 4 / A

Instead of "Sorry, you may not walk that way here."

" / You can't go that way. / "

Page 5 / B

Change four marked phrases to:

How about saying that another way?

I can't interpret what you say.

How's that again?

Would you rephrase that?

Page 7 / c

Change marked phrase to:

Ah, that does feel better.

Page 7 / D

From where you're lying what you can see best is the pattern of wrinkles in the bedsheets.

Page 11 / E / Add further texts:

/ TURN TO

[IF response is LOOK/ READ/EXAMINE ~~AND~~ JOHN / JOHN I,1:]

You open the Bible to the bginning of the G^oospel according to St. John, and while the text is what you ~~XXXX~~ remembered it to be--"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God. . . ."--you receive a more tangible reward than

the wisdom that may lie in these words. For this page of the Bible had been marked with a dollar bill.

[IF response is LOOK/EXAMINE DOLLAR BILL:]

It is a rather old limp bill, with Washington's face on one side and the pyramid and eagle seals on the other. Its serial number is C56672493C.

Page 12 / F

Change text to:

It is a Simplex TV--a brand you've never heard of, or at least cannot remember.

Page 12 / G

Delete "all"

Page 12 / H Redo text:
four-drawer

The dresser is made of unconvincingly simulated wood, and the mirror above it is bolted securely to the wall.

On ^{top} of the dresser is

a supply of stationery with the Sunderland Hotel monogram,

a Gideon Bible,

the room key with its large green tag (designed to be unpocketable),
and a large black ashtray.

At the end of the dresser farthest from the window is a dial telephone,

and beneath the telephone the hotel's brochure.

[Note concerning revision H on previous page:

~~XXXXXX~~ The previous description should of course be a single block of text, but I've strung it out so that each Object that appears on the Object list may be separately coded. While I understand that the description must allow for objects to be removed from the top of the dresser, I hope it isn't necessary for each one to appear in a sentence all its own. All that's needed is a final item that can't be taken off ~~XXXXXX~~, so that the list always ends [and] a large black ashtray.]

~~Could you adjust the description on page 10,~~

Page 10 / J

And, at the far end of the dresser, a Gideon Bible.

Page 13 / K

Crouching, you enter the closet, and at once a sense of intolerable dread clutches at you, a claustrophobic reaction as real as steel manacles. You stumble, nauseated and dizzy, out of the closet.

Page 13 / L

When the drapes are closed and the room is restored to the original semi-twilight you woke to, you feel a little easing of anxiety. As though you hadn't simply shut out the view but had stopped time as well.

Page 14 (and all other instances when an object must first be taken to be used.)

First you must take what you would use.

Page 16 / N

[Text is okay if player has not found dollar bill in Gideon Bible. If he has it (and has taken it), then use this sequence instead:]

The bellboy makes a significant cough, and you remember the dollar bill you found marking John I, 1, in the Gideon Bible. The bellboy's expecting a tip. Should you give him that dollar?

[IF response is YES or TIP BELLBOY]

He accepts the ~~xx~~ tip with a murmur^{of} thanks and leaves you alone in the room to consider (Etc.)

[The tip should register in the global node, so that the bellboy's gratitude will lead to a timely warning upon a later return to the hotel.]

Page 18 / O

Delete "The bathroom is getting pretty boring."

[Then, for command to TAKE SHOWER:]

You step into the shower, slide the door shut, adjust the temperature to your liking, and taking a nice long lathery shower. Not that you really needed one that bad^{ly} but cleanliness is next to godliness after all. You dry off with a big fluffy towel. ~~And the problem remains - you have no~~
clothes.

Page 18 / Q

"First you must take what you would use.

For the various commands on this page:

That's done. Now wipe. Now flush. Good boy. Evidently
your toilet training has not been neglected.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

You wash your face, but when you're done you haven't washed away any of its strangeness. The mirror still presents you with the same enigma, only it's a little more pink.

Delete "thank you" from "That does not need to be washed."

[PROGRAM NOTE: Here is an assortment of revision and additions small and medium-sized, as I discussed with Don yesterday. They are keyed to the page and text numbers of my own manuscript.]

1 Delayed Entry to Vault

To create a one-day delay in getting the disc from the vault, it is necessary first that You should not be able to exit the hotel without first being summoned to the desk. Perhaps this means sliding directly from texts (15) or (16) on page 105 into text (17). Text (19) on page 106 should then be revised as follows:

(19) "I can assure you that no one has had access to your box since you last locked it yourself. However, as to your getting something out of it today, I'm sorry to have to tell you that the computer controlling the vault's security system has crashed and won't be working again until tomorrow. I do apologize for whatever inconvenience that may represent."

[IF response to 19> is ASK TO SEE/TALK TO MANAGER:]

(19A) "I can assure you, Mr. Cameron, that the manager can tell you no more than I have. Whatever is in your safe deposit box will still be there tomorrow or any later day. Be sure, in the meantime, not to forget your password."

At the other end of the counter the bell captain signals urgently to the desk clerk, who goes off with a final cringe of apology.

[On returning to the Sunderland the next day and going to the desk:]

(101) The desk clerk looks up and recognizes you. "Ah, Mr. Cameron, I'm happy to say the computer is functioning again. Step this way, please." He comes out from behind

the desk and unlocks the metal door of a cubbyhole of a room. You follow him inside. . .

[Text continues as per text (20) on page 106. Remember to allow You still to get text (18) if You ASK ABOUT WIFE. If having got the disk and having kept the room key in your inventory You then try to go to Room 1502, hoping the computer will still be there, You will be recognized and arrested.]

2 Map

[PROGRAM NOTE: The Map. Text (3) on page 105A should be revised to correspond to the new map, and the repeated trademarked name, STREETWISE MANHATTAN, should be changed to what the map's name is now to be, perhaps one that reflects the reduced scope of the simulation. Maybe: The Core of the Big Apple--Manhattan north to 110th Street.]

3 Bellboy's Revenge

[PROGRAM NOTE: If YOU neglect to tip the bellboy when he brings the credit card receipt to Room 1502, then at the point the player gets to the Lobby Revisited Node (after leaving the Chapel), the bellboy will have his revenge, as soon as YOU have issued two compass commands.]

(102) A short distance away, half-concealed by one of the mirror-encased columns, is the bellboy who earlier had brought the credit-slip to your room. He sees you and raises his hand as though in greeting. Considering that you stiffed him of his tip, this seems very friendly of him, and you lift your hand to wave back. As you do so, you hear the snick and feel the embrace of handcuffs about your wrist. "Xavier Hollings," says the arresting officer, "you're under arrest. Please come with me." You realize the bellboy wasn't greeting you, but pointing you out to the pair of policemen who now escort you from the hotel. "Thanks for the tip," one of the cops says to the bellboy.

"It's ironic," the bellboy observes in a tone of philosophic vindictiveness, "but if I'd been able to say the same thing to that cheapskate, I probably would have forgot his face right away and never have made any connection to his picture in the newspaper." The bellboy regards you with a happy sneer. "Maybe next time you're in a situation like this, you'll remember to tip, huh? Schmuck!"

[Exit to Death and Texas.]

4 Only One Newspaper

[PROGRAM NOTE: In the interest of economy, we'll have only a single newspaper, the Post. This will entail the following changes.]

Change text (3A) on page 97 to read:

(3A) The upper part of the news stand is given over to a display of gum and candy. Beneath this display there are are a few remaining copies of the New York Post, and on either side of this are small hand-lettered signs explaining that the Times and Daily News are sold out. The Post's headline is MOB BOSS IN CASINO SLAYING.

[Then, eliminate texts (3B), (3C), (3E), (3F), (6), (6A), and (6B), and for a COMMAND of READ PAPER or READ NEW YORK POST, the text should combine the first part of Text (6B) from "You read various stories..." down to ".... and you'd just not known?" Then continue:]

This very universal question develops a sudden personal significance as you turn to page 17 and see a blurry picture of your own scowling face. . . .

{Continue from here as per the end of text (6A) page 100.}

5 Head Wound in Chapel

[PROGRAM NOTE: Since the bandaging texts have been dispensed with, it would be reasonable to have the bullet graze the side of his head instead of his arm. Change the first sentence of text (23B) to "You wake up with a strange stinging sensation on the side of your head, a pain that seems geometircally precise." Continue with "you realize that you have been...etc." Change the last line to "There are flecks of blood on the tiles etc."]

[If response in Chapel node is LOOK EXAMINE SIDE OF HEAD;]

(103) Few churches are provided with mirrors, and this chapel is no exception. But though you cannot see what the problem is, you can feel it well enough -- an inch-long tenderness just above your right ear. A wound? Yes, for there is blood on your fingers after you've touched the area, though the blood is no longer flowing freely. You've been grazed by a bullet, and though you did not see or hear that bullet fired you have no doubt at all that it was Luke who shot at you. Perhaps if you hadn't stumbled over the kneeler, his bullet might have had a deadlier result.

[IF response is BANDAGE WOUND:]

(104) You have nothing suitable to that purpose, and in any case a bandage may not be necessary. The bleeding has already stopped.

[IF response in Lobby Revisited Node is LOOK SELF / WOUND/ SIDE OF HEAD:]

(105) In one of the lobby's many mirrors you check yourself to see if there is any visible sign of your recent brush with death. There's not a drop of blood on your white tux, and your hair seems to have served one of its evolutionary purposes as a natural bandage. It

certainly could use a shampoo and a good brushing (you do what you can with your fingers), but you don't like a disaster victim. Lucky fellow.

[IF response in later modes is LOOK WOUND/
SIDE OF HEAD:]

(106) There is only the slightest sensitivity left where the bullet creased the side of your head.

6 Computer in Hotel Room

[To the description of Room 1502, between texts (22) (objects on dresser/desk) and (23) (objects on bedside table) [pages 8,9] introduce a computer of the same brand the player is using --Apple, Coomodore, IBM, etc., so:]

(23A) To the left of the dresser is an Apple [or Coomodore, or IBM] computer on its own metal stand. You do a slow double-take. Have computers become standard equipment for hotel rooms in the same way that TVs are? Are you another Rip van Winkle? But no, there's a decal on the side of the monitor declaring that the computer is the property not of the hotel but of the rental division of the User-Friendly Computer Store at [address].

[If there is a command to LOOK COMPUTER:]

(23B) It is a Apple IIe with a black and white monitor and a double disk drive. Both drives are empty. A decal on the side of the monitor declares that the computer is the property of the rental division of the User-Friendly Computer Store at [address].

[If there is a command to LOOK FOR/SEARCH FOR
SOFTWARE/DISKETTE:]

(23C) You look absolutely everywhere you can conceive of looking for software that could be booted into the

computer, but your search is futile.

[IF there is a command to TURN ON COMPUTER:]

(23D) Without having to look for the switch, you reach behind the computer to turn it on, and then switch on the monitor. At the top of the screen you read

Apple][

--and without software that is all you're going to see on the screen. But you've learned one piece of information: you have used this kind of computer before.

[The computer is, of course, too large to be taken from the hotel room.]

7 "Clues" on TV

[ADD to text for Channel 7 news program (page 16), after "Two People died in a fire in the Bronx":]

Rioting continues for the fifth day at the State Penetentiary at Revoltillo in Texas, where prisoners are protesting the prison's food and its unsanitary conditions. There is some footage showing vats of stew cooking in the prison kitchen, the sight of which makes you continue to feel strangely queasy all through the weather forecast, which is for another bright and sunny day.

8 Death for Dawdlers

[PROGRAM NOTE: If after he's received Luke's phoned threat, text (8D), page 66, the player doesn't get into the tux and go down to the lobby in a reasonable number of moves, his number will be up. Luke will appear on the scene, so:]

You hear a key being fitted into the lock of the door and feel --too late-- a sense of urgency. A man enters the room, dressed like a Texas businessman in a suit and tie with boots and a Stetson. The gun in his hand, however, is not consistent with his western theme, being a very modest .38 calibre pistol.

"That's right, son" he says, aiming the gun at your chest, "you just freeze, and I will explain something about my character. I have never been a man to abide dawdlers. In fact, one time in Nashville, there was this waitress who took the better part of an hour to serve me a damned hamburger. I told her I was becoming impatient, and then I told her again. And then I lost my temper. Like this!"

The man shoots you twice in the chest, first through your liver and then through your heart. In the moments before your death, your killer offers some parting words of advice. "In the future, friend, don't dawdle. Dawdling never got anyone anywhere." He bends down and places your hands crosswise over the two bulletholes in your chest, straightens out your legs, and leaves the room with a tip of his Stetson.

A fly alights on your nose. For a little while you feel the tickle of its feet, and then you're dead.

[PROGRAM NOTE: These pages will reflect, and are keyed to Don's draft text for new mini-nodes dated 9/30.]

1. Going beyond 110th St. ,

North of 110th Street is Harlem, or Columbia, and north of those is the Bronx, and north of the Bronx is Yonkers, and then the Catskills, the Adirondacks, Montreal, the Arctic Circle, and finally the North Pole itself, but you decide, wisely, that venturing any further north in search of your identity or even a pleasanter life would be wasted effort. Wasn't it Horace Greeley who said, "Go south, young man"?

2. Computer in hotel room (new texts for this in earlier pages.

3. The F.B.I. at 69th and 1st

[Site-specific description:]

(201) Occupying half the street-frontage of a medium-new brick and glass condo is a night club called The F.B.I. Gilt-lettering on the plate glass window explains that the F.B.I. is "Manhattan's most authentic imitation speakeasy" and "New York's answer to Colonial Williamsburg."

[If response is ENTER F.B.I.:]

(202) You enter a low-ceilinged dim-lighted night club that looks just like all the night clubs in old Hollywood movies. The men at the bar and scattered about at the tables are dressed like gangsters, or businessmen, in suits and hats and ties, and so, oddly, are most of the women.

"Well, at last!" says an older man smoking a large cigar, as he grabs you by the shoulder. "What took you so long, kid? We're dying of silence. I called the union two hours ago--does it take you that long to put on a tux? For fifty bucks I should think you could move ass a little faster. Anyhow, siddown, siddown!"

Docilely you take a seat at the bench of a white baby grand. The man with the cigar raises his hands for attention and then announces into the microphone, "Guys and dolls, youse all are welcome to the Federal Bureau of Intoxication, with our pianist, J. Edgar Groover, ready at the piano to play your requests. Let's hear it for him, guys and dolls."

There is a smattering of applause. The spotlight narrows to form a tight circle of light framing your hands poised over the keyboard. From the audience a voice, blurred with whisky, calls out: "Play 'Melancholy Baby'!"

[IF response is other than PLAY PIANO/SONG/
MELANCHOLY BABY or LEAVE:]

(203) "Come on, Liberace, hit it!" the club manager hisses at you.

(204) [IF response is PLAY PIANO/SONG/MELANCHOLY BABY:]

You play the song the drunk requested, and segue from there to a Joplin-flavored variation on "Chopsticks." Then at the same drunk's request, "I Did It My Way," which develops into a kind of sing-along. You only have to think of the tune and your fingers take over. As the requests taper off, you're left more and more to your own improvisatory devices. The music moves you into a borderline realm where you feel that if you could just lock into a certain melody that keeps eluding you, you would be able to dredge up a crucial memory from your past. But you can never quite get there.

At 5 a.m. the last patron of the F.B.I. leaves his table and the manager gives your shoulder a shake. "Hey, buddy, snap out of it. You been playing "Honeysuckle Rose" for the

last two hours. There's no one left. Here take your tips." He hands you a brandy snifter containing exactly \$5 in bills and quarters. You ask about the fifty dollars. "Your check'll go through the union," he explains as he leads you towards the door. "If there's anything left after they take out your unpaid dues they'll send you the check." You leave the bar feeling ripped off, but what the hell, five bucks is five bucks.

[PROGRAM NOTE: For the above scripts to be operative, the player should arrive at the F.B.I. between 9pm and 12pm, and he will be reckoned to have had enough sleep for the night afterwards.]

[IF player tries to return to the F.B.I. later:]

(205) Occupying half the street-frontage of a medium-new brick and glass condo is a night club called The F.B.I. A piece of paper taped inside the window says: "The F.B.I. has gone fishin' in Florida. See all youse guys and dolls in 2 weeks!"

[If player phones F.B.I. after entry to node, he receives the original gone-on-vacation message.]

4. Hotel's computer crashes (handled on earlier pages)

5. Jane Addams rendezvous.

[PROGRAM NOTE: If the player makes the rendezvous at the Stock Exchange between 5 and 6pm, the usual description from the revised site-specific descriptions (page 3) ("A Roman temple? etc") is replaced by the following:]

(206) It is rush hour and the canyons of Wall Street are filling up with office workers, almost as though humanity were a fluid being pumped from the surrounding glass towers into the streets, from there to flow into the conduits of the subway system. You keep trying to make eye contact with the

women hastening by, hoping one of them will recognize you, but most of them don't even notice you, and the few who do look quickly away. You begin to feel strange . . . in a familiar and ominous way. As before, when you entered the sauna, the scene about you warps. Your sense of self slips away like a robe falling from your shoulders, and you must strain every ounce of will power you have simply to keep from keeling over. You become a particle in the human sea, a pair of walking feet without directing consciousness.

[MORE]

When consciousness returns you find yourself at the base of a gigantic mass of gray masonry--the pilings of a bridge that spans the East River. In the other direction from the bridge the sunset has tinted wisps of high cirrus clouds to a delicate shrimp-pink. You look about for a street sign and find that you are at the corner of Broome and Willett.

6. Luke kills you out of impatience (handled in earlier pages).
7. 2nd time you eat in a restuarant. Don's text is fine as it stands.
8. [Site-specific Description;]

(207) The New Theater of Silliness is housed in a building of whitewashed concrete blocks without windows. To the side of the entrance is a peeling poster that asks:

Is Your Life Too Tame?

Are You Lonely?

Have You Picked up Your Toys?

Then you're ready for a night at New York's cheapest
and most offensive Off-Off-Off- Broadway theater.

Nothing in your past experience can have prepared you
for the aggressive bad taste of the NTS
(formerly, the Wooster St. Hole in the Wall Dramatic Academy)
Warning: The Management of this theater is Not responsible!

Admissions: Only \$2.00!

[PROGRAM NOTE: Modify movie theater node for tickets and
entance. Then, at command to ENTER THEATER:]

(208) You enter a dark dismal vestibule that leads to a
second door, and that door is locked. As you stand there,
undecided, the door to the street bursts open and two
bulldog-jowled policemen enter, pistols drawn. You're
ordered to face the wall, and while one reads you your rights
the other searches you for weapons.

"What did I tell you, Louie. Didn't I say we should
stake out this joint? Didn't I say he'd return to the scene
of the crime? Am I right or am I right?"

"You're right, you're right, but why not just settle
his hash right here? We know he's guilty--why waste the tax
payers' money on a trial? When you think of what the
sombitch did. . . ."

"Louie, you shoulda been a philosopher. And I know just
how to make it look like a suicide. Take him in there."

You are led through the door that had been locked, but
which now is open, and stumble forward in the darkness. You
bump into someone--a woman, by the nature of the collision.
You knock your shin against a wooden board, and then are made
to mount a short flight of steps. A bright light comes on,
blinding you, and behind you Louie's amplified voice booms

out: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls, Children of All Ages, let's have a nice round of applause for this evening's fifteenth victim!"

There is some tepid applause, but also some murmurs of complaint: "He didn't look the least bit frightened!" "This is a cheat, I want my money back." "When does the show start?"

"Okay, okay, you want theater, we'll give you theater!" declares the false cop who'd frisked you. He shrugs off his police jacket and wheels a small throne to the center of the stage. Meanwhile the other policeman ushers you to a seat in the third row of the theater.

For the next three hours you watch as a small cast of amateurs lip-synchs Shakespeare's HAMLET as recorded, in Serbo-Croatian, by Yugoslavian Radio. The experience is oddly soothing, and you return to the streets of Manhattan with a sense that there really are more things under heaven and earth than you've dreamt of in your philosophy.

9. Electronic Arts Sure.

10. revision of Ann's apartment

"Tiny Tykes" Talent Town" is fine, and so is the phone message.

10. revisions of Ann's Apartment

[PROGRAM NOTE: Change text (16) page 151-2 to:]

(16) The one stable and somber note among the apartment's happy jumble is its tall bookshelves. You scan the titles to pass the time and your attention comes to rest, naturally enough, on a novel by Robert Crichton, called THE CAMERONS. Between that book and the next alphabetical-by-author novel on the shelf you can see the end of a white business-size envelope.

[If response is LOOK ENVELOPE:]

(16A) The envelope says only "Hold for John Cameron."
No address, no stamp. It is sealed with Scotch tape.

[If response is OPEN ENVELOPE:]

(16B) You open the envelope. It contains a short handwritten letter.

[IF response is READ LETTER :]

(16C) Dear John, the letter begins,

I have no reason to suppose you'll remember your precious Ann when you've forgotten everything else in your past, but you always used to find your way back to her like some salmon returning to spawn so I will go with my hunch and leave this note with her to pass on to you. Only to say this: I'm sorry I couldn't connect with you outside Tiffany's but I was being watched every minute and it would not have been safe. That danger seems to be past now, and if you want to meet me again I will go each day at noon to the New York Historical Society at 8th Avenue and 76th Street and wait for you upstairs in the Neustadt Gallery. I'm sorry

about what happened at the hotel. It was not my fault. I love you -- and I apologize for doing so. I realize that for you my love only represents an inconvenience.

(signed) Alice

[PROGRAM NOTE: Routing the player to the Museum in this way requires the following logical changes: (1) A different rendezvous arranged with Alice in the chapel, which she fails to keep (while retaining her giving him the ring); (2) Texts in Ann's apartment explaining the note and at the Museum explaining how Alice knows of Ann.]

[In the Chapel, change (19), page 86, from "And then tomorrow. . ." to:]

(19rev) And then tomorrow I'll meet you at the corner of 57th and 5th, outside Tiffany's. Please be there, John" She turns to leave, and then... [text continues the same]

[If he waits outside Tiffany's the next day, and gives the command LOOK FOR ALICE:]

(T-1) Hundreds of women pass by you, but Alice is not among them.

[In Ann's Apartment node, to command ASK ANN ABOUT LETTER:]

(16D) "You found that, did you? Cecily found it under the door this morning when she came home from her dance class. I know nothing more about it. I was going to give it to you when you left. I hope it's good news."

[If response is ASK ANN ABOUT ALICE:]

(16E) "The woman who wrote the letter, you mean? I know nothing about her."

[If response is TELL ANN ABOUT AMNESIA:]

(16F) "I'll give you credit for this, John. That is the most daring lie anyone has ever told me. Now let me tell you

one: I've got amnesia too. Mine is a very selective kind of amnesia. It's only you I've forgotten. So that makes us even, doesn't it, and we can say good-bye without any hurt feelings either way."

[PROGRAM NOTE: It will be necessary to change texts (29) and (30) on page 156. Replace them with:]

[If response after finding letter is to ASK ANN ABOUT anything for which there is no text in reply:]

(29rev) "Oh, John, next you'll want to know why the sky is blue. No more questions. Jeff's going to be here any minute. Please." She goes to the door and holds it open, inviting your departure with a bittersweet smile.

[If player has asked all legitimage questions, but has not found the letter on the bookshelf, and then asks a question for which there is no text:]

(29A) "Oh, John, next you'll want to know why the sky is blue. No more questions. But in one way I am glad you came, since it gives me an opportunity to give you this." She goes to the bookshelf and takes a Scotch-tape- sealed envelope from between two books. "Cecily found this under the hall door this morning when she came back from her dance class. In future please have your mail left at another address: I'm not a forwarding service."

She hands you the envelope, then goes to the door and holds it open, inviting your departure with a bittersweet smile.

[IF response is READ LETTER or anything but LEAVE APARTMENT, go to text (31A) page 156.]

[Change end of text (21) page 153, from "Now excuse me.."]

(21+) Now excuse me a minute. I've got to see that the

Little Princess is doing her homework." She leaves the room.

[In the Museum node, if ASK ALICE ABOUT ANN:]

"I don't know the woman from Eve. I found a letter she'd written to you once inside a desk drawer. I remembered the name on the letterhead. Out of jealousy, I suppose. When I couldn't get to Tiffany's at the time I promised, I left notes for you everywhere I could think that you might show up. And the one I left with Ann was the one that got through."

12. Entering "right door" in Tenement.

{If door is forced open after first "jammed" text:}

You force the door open by brute force and it slams into the wall behind it with a loud bang. Three young men regard you with a single expression -- fear. You try to assure them they have nothing to be afraid of, but something stops you. You notice, scattered over the torn linoleum, the shell casings of a long campaign of chemical assaults on the human nervous system, and you realize that you've discovered one of the city's notorious "shooting galleries." You notice, as well, that there is a gun in the hands of one of the young men, a gun pointed at you, and you feel a stronger need to offer some assurance, but your mouth is filled with blood and you can't say a word. As you fall to your knees, dying, the young man who shot you offers a sincere but ineffectual apology, "Hey man, I'm sorry, I thought you was a narc. You should'na come bustin in here like that. You know?"

He's right. You should'na.

13 & 14. Products in User-Friendly Store/ 11st St. Gallery

Both okay as is.

ANTI-PIRATE DEVICE

[PROGRAM NOTE: Since the number is on a disc, couldn't we wait till the player has taken possession of the disc in the game and is leaving the hotel with it before we lower the boom? It would be a somewhat more graceful intrusion. In either case, how's this?]

[As soon as the player is five blocks in any direction from the Sunderland Hotel after exiting from it, the following texts are activated:]

Imperceptibly the lights of the city dim, and the sounds of the nighttime traffic fade, all but one far-away siren. The effort of walking on the sidewalk suddenly seems an insupportable burden. You lean against a building and close your eyes. "Are you there?" a still, small voice asks.

[If YES:]

"Good. Then we can talk.

[If NO:]

"Ah, but you can't fool me, my friend.

[Both texts continue:]

. . . . You're there, and I'm here, and you must be wondering who I am. I am the voice of conscience. But don't be alarmed. This is the modern age, and I'm a modern conscience, and I'm willing to give you a lot of latitude. You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs and all that. However there is one crime I can't abide, and that is piracy. Wouldn't you agree?"

[IF YES]

"I'm glad we're in agreement.

[If NO:]

"No? You surprise me.

[both texts continue:]

. . . . Now, by way of ridding the world of the scourge of piracy, I'd like you to do me a small favor. You have a floppy disc in your possession. You may be using it at this very moment. The disc has a label, and on the upper right hand corner of the label there is a six-digit number. I'd like you to tell me that number. Don't just guess. Any six numbers won't do. Take your time and when you can, tell me what those numbers are.

[If correct numbers are given:]

"Excuse me," the still, small voice of conscience says, "for having interrupted you. "You can go back to what you were doing. But bear this one precept in your memory: to thine own self be true, and thou canst not then be false to any man!" The voice falls silent, and the street again becomes visible.

[If anything but the correct numbers are given:]

"I'm sorry to have to do this, just when you've got off to such a promising start. But there is a presumption of guilt in this case. Those six numbers should be known to you. I'm sorry, but I'll have to call in my enforcer."

You open your eyes to see the enforcer of the voice of conscience. He is wearing the costume of a medieval executioner and carrying an ax. He is deaf to your pleas. (In fact, he is entirely deaf, but he's learned to deal with his disability.) You are executed in the particularly cruel manner reserved for those who violate the laws of copyright.

[PROGRAM NOTE: Don wanted a text in Bette's apartment expanded, to emphasize the significance of the wallpaper in the photo. So, restore texts 11, 11A, and 12 to their original form (page 69 in the second of the two numbered series), and then add, after text 12:]

You realize that this photo is virtually a proof that you were here in New York and not in prison in Texas last November. If you have a doppelganger playing tricks on you, it had to be the doppelganger who was in prison, because when you returned to the tenement where these pictures were taken that awful wallpaper definitely triggered the buried memory of your earlier visit, and in fact (you now remember) you had dreamed of Bette the night you slept there. And if you were not in prison, then you didn't escape from prison -- and you are not a murderer! These might not be proofs that would stand up in court, but it feels good to have the moral certainty that you are not a felon.

Oct 6

Dear Don,

Here are texts I did, some (pages 1-7) before I got your express mail packet, and for the remainder in response to your pages--for which many thanks. I'm breaking off at Ann's apartment because I want to get to the PG before 5.00 when it closes. But there's not that much left to do. ~~xx~~ Only the adjustments to Ann's apartment require any real writing, and I can't improve on the 11th Street Gallery, though I'll run it through my own typewriter for form's sake.

Thanks too for putting together a scoring system. The ~~xxx~~ ^{two} things I'm concerned with are (1) the possibility a player will be able to deduce from the score he gets for moving in a certain direction whether that is a useful or dangerous direction visavis detection and/or survival (Could some kind of delay be built into the scoring so that the scores don't appear till a natural termination(Death & Texas; Australia, etc.)? and (2) Shouldn't there be negative scores, especially in scoring for character? As to coming up with rounded-off totals, why not just say that above a certain score is great, and below a certain score disgraceful. Some of the scoring possibilities will work like a pinball machine where you can keep racking up non-narrative points to (theoretically) exceed the optimum number of points from a simply narrative viewpoint. For instance, if you eat a lot and rack up survival points, or if you repeat high-scoring questions. I won't meddle with scoring (I've got a lot of city street descriptions still to do) until ~~x~~ you've been able to consider these questions with Charlie.

Best,

St. Paul's Chapel (replaces INT 150, page 48.7)

In the midst of all the ~~xxxx~~ Wall Street skyscrapers stands this lone noble survivor of another era. According to the plaque on the iron fence, St. Paul's Chapel is the only pre-Revolutionary War church still standing in Manhattan, and it was built when the city's population was something less than 25,000.

World Trade Center (replaces INT 149 page 48.7)

There it is, or rather there they are -- the two towers of the World Trade Center. Aside from its size, there's nothing that special about it. It may have replaced the Empire State Building as the tallest in the city, but for glamor the Empire State Building is still the all-time champion.

delete text for New York Telephone Bldg. int 132 page 48.7

Woolworth Building (replaces INT 124, page 48.7)

Outside the cathedral-like entrance of this gothic-styled skyscraper a tour-guide is explaining to a cluster ~~of~~ of tourists that between 1913 and 1930 this building, the Woolworth Building, was ~~x~~ the tallest in the world. "Even today," he points out, "only three U.S. cities have buildings taller." "And how tall is it?" one of the tourists asks him. "792 feet," he replies.

South Street Seaport (replaces INT 148, pages 48.7 & 48.8)

The South Street Seaport is a tourist attraction that today at least has not attracted any tourists. The sailing boats docked along the river are ~~like xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{equal in number to the people} who've come to look at them, and the concession area is like a ghost town.

Brooklyn Bridge (replaces INT 145, page 48.8)

The stone towers of the Brooklyn Bridge come into view some blocks to the north. The sudden sight of them is like a blast of Beethoven--familiar but still inspiring.

City Hall Park (replaces INT 135, page 48.8)

You've come to a small but well-tended park at the edge of the Wall Street area. At the uptown end of the park is a small palace of white marble. ^{You join a} ~~a~~ crowd ~~has~~ ^{that's} gathered on the steps to listen to Mayor Koch welcome a foreign dignitary to the city. The dignitary ^{follows Mayor Koch} receives the symbolic keys to the city and ~~goes~~ ^{goes} into the palace, which is City Hall. The crowd disperses.

delete text for AT&T Bldg & Museum of Holography (INT 109, INT 13)

Stock Exchange (replaces text for INT 31, page 49.4)

A Roman temple? No, the New York Stock Exchange, where all the wealth of the country turns into ~~numbers~~ ^{a sea of} numbers, constantly shifting and changing but always supporting ~~the fleets~~ ^{the fleets} of bankers and brokers who are its mariners.

delete New York Police Headquarters, Trinity Church, Athletic Club, and
American Stock Exchange (INT 42, 12, 57, 24) ^{p. 49.4}

Battery Park replaces text for INT 71, page 49.4)

ing
Look south from this thin strip of park here at the southernmost
in tip of the city you can see the Statue of Liberty, swathed in
x scaffolding while she's getting her once-a-century beauty treatment.

Cooper, John

John Cooper is a member of the American Bar Association and is a member of the American Bar Association's Committee on Professional Ethics. He is a member of the American Bar Association's Committee on Professional Ethics and is a member of the American Bar Association's Committee on Professional Ethics. He is a member of the American Bar Association's Committee on Professional Ethics and is a member of the American Bar Association's Committee on Professional Ethics.

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 70.5
thru 71.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 71.5
thru 72.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 72.5
thru 73.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 73.5
thru 74.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 74.5
thru 75.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 75.5
thru 76.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 76.5
thru 77.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 77.5
thru 78.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 78.5
thru 79.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 79.5
thru 80.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 80.5
thru 81.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 81.5
thru 82.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 82.5
thru 83.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 83.5
thru 84.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 84.5
thru 85.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 85.5
thru 86.5

Source text for Histown Source disc 6 pages 86.5
thru 87.5

PROGRAM NOTE: There are a lot of problems here, and a lot of texts that have to be deleted, for a variety of reasons. You may have had your own reasons for inventing some of these, but I don't want to have to explain my reason for each deletion, but they have more often to do with plot than simply with "style." The first one, for example: She tells him he says he had a strongbox at the Sunderland where he kept "sensitive" things. Now he might suppose that's the case, if he knows he has the strongbox, but his amnesia wouldn't let him know that, would it?

Another general consideration, here and in other nodes. You have to consider the effect of descriptions that will be repeated, as in in the text at the top of page 101.5, where they go to sleep. To repeat all that, each night, is like making them a pair of jigsaw toys. Repeated actions of plot nature have to be disposed of in a single sentence. Only can have "the full treatment." Do not-recountable events, ~~or those in which there's some loss~~ please take my blue-pencil seriously, and excuse me for lecturing in the repetition

turing you, but bear in mind that this is the second time I've had to make this lot of revisions, and I have to wonder why of all the things I mailed you it was just this lot that went astray. So, please send me a print-out of Bette's apartment as soon as you've implimented these changes.

Thanks.

(letters of texts corresponded to circled letters in margin of printout)

Text A

As Bette leaves for work, a thought strikes her. "Didn't you tell me something about your having had a safe deposit box at the Sunderland Hotel? And if so, shouldn't you try to find out what's in it? Excuse my playing the private detective, darling. It's your amnesia, I shouldn't interfere. Bye for now." She gives you a kiss and leaves.

Text B

Bette stops in the doorway on her way out of the apartment. "Today, darling, you ~~must~~ ^{to that} try and ~~be~~ ^{to that} ~~that~~ ^{to that} floppy disk whatever it is people do to floppy disks. Kick them? I'm sorry I don't have a computer you can kick your disk into, but there are stores in town where you can rent computers by the hour. I've been was for them." He gives you a kiss and leaves.

Text C

(Note: There is a logic problem in this case. If Bette has disk in her safe-keeping, how will he take it to User-Friendly Store and boot it? Or if this presumes he's done so, and read all but the last text on the disk, it still doesn't make sense for Bette to take possession of the disk. I did provide a text for when he's leaving from Bette's apartment for Denise's place, in which ~~xx~~ he reminds himself to leave the disk behind. For here, the best advice Denise can logically offer is this.)

"Darling, I've been thinking," Bette says, as she's about to leave for work. "About that disk you've got. Until you've learned everything that's on it, maybe it'd be better to leave it in the apartment when you go out. If your amnesia

should recur, which God forbid, and you should lose it . . .
~~XXXX~~
It's just a suggestion."

(Note: That's pretty unsatisfactory, and just as likely to
make the player take the disk with him as to leave it, since
too much prodding can produce the opposite effect that you're
trying for. Perhaps the most workable solution is to create
two texts for when he's reached the limit of the disk-text
he can read at User-Primarily. The first time after that
point that he tries to leave Bette's apartment with the
disk in inventory:)

As you start to leave the apartment, an obscure instinct
prompts you to leave the disk behind. You follow your
instinct and put the disk in the dresser, then go down to
the street.

(If that is repeated, you might add; "Again an
obscure instinct..." and "Again you follow..."
That's crude, but it's better than Bette's
suggestion, which he might not follow, since
after all there is still one riddle left unsolved.)
So I think you should implement that instead of
the "Darling, I've been thinking text.")

Text D

(delete this one. If he doesn't have the x disk, then he's
either left it somewhere he can get it, or somewhere he can't
get it, and Bette's 'reminder' isn't liable to alter the facts.
I mean, if it's lost it's lost, right? Maybe the best solution
to a lost disk, or one mislaid, is to have a policeman ~~XXXX~~

recognize and arrest him if he loses the disk. (That will avoid having to write contingency texts for the Endgame.)

Text E

Bette gives you a quick kiss good-bye and leaves for work.

Text F (page 101.5)

Late in the evening, Bette declares that she must be up early the next day for work. After you've each had a shower, you go to bed together ~~in~~^{on} the unfolded sofa and are soon asleep.

When you wake, late in the morning, Bette has already departed, leaving a note that says she'll be back by dinnertime.

Text G (page 101.6)

In the closet you find Bette's summer wardrobe. It's all very upmarket and Young Urban Professional. Cotton and silk predominate; synthetics are out.

Text H (page 101.6)

The dresser contains a jumble of socks, pantyhose, sweaters, tee-shirts, and ¹daintier underthings, all jumbled together in a great tangle direct from the laundrybag to the drawer.

Text I ^{pg. 6}
(101.7)

The sofa is open, exposing rumpled, floral-patterned sheets.

TEXT J (page 101.7)

Five stories below you can see the leaves of the trees in
Gramercy Park shimmering in the lamplight.

Text K (page 101.7)

Through the branches of the trees you can see the lawn and
walkways of Gramercy Park.

Text L pages 101.9 & 101.10

Please restore original text, without interactive link if
necessary. The details are crucial to the plot.

Text M (pages 101.10)

You lie down for a nap, but the light and xxx all the
adrenaline that comes from being in love keep you wide
awake.

Note XX

These three texts relate to possibilities that aren't
clear to me. But if they're necessary they must be re-done.
The third one seems to be IF he suggests or goes to bed
before the hour when she makes the suggestion. If so:

Text N

"You're going to bed -- at this hour? We'll never get to
sleep. Here, read a book." She hands you a copy of a
marvelous novel called Little, Big, and it keeps you up till
long after midnight. That night your dreams all happen in
the world of Little, Big.

Text A

The veal is ~~xxxx~~ sliced so thin it's a wonder that it simply doesn't dissolve into the mushroom sauce, and even with the ~~reduces the whole meal to only 245 calories.~~ You

Text B

The chicken is ~~xxxx~~ tasty, and the grapes look pretty, but the sauce hasn't managed to introduce them to each other.

~~You could almost think that Bette was less interested in her figure than in her interests.~~

Text C

Somewhere under a thin slice of orange and on top of the bed of rice is supposed to be a boneless breast of duck. and here it is! You slice it into two mouthfuls to make it last.

Text D

There are six snails in their own wee shells, and a thin slice of bread to sop up the ~~xxxxxx~~ garlic butter. "Would you believe only a hundred and eighty ~~calories~~ ^{calories}?" the ~~xxxx~~ empty carton ~~xxxxxx~~ asks. You would.

Text E

Quiche! And not just a wingy calorie-counted quiche, but a quiche of weight and substance. You enjoy it thoroughly.

(b)

NOTE: AM.

(I left youx a revision on this text with the revised pages I brought into the office last Friday.)

Text G (page 102.2)

Reverently you savor the ~~texture that~~ ^{texture that} lingers on the fabric. Then you makes sure that everything is back~~xxxxxx~~ ^{in place} exactly as you x found it. You wouldn't want Bette to think you're a snoop.

Text P

You re-set the ~~xxxx~~ alarm to satisfy yourself that it's in working order. Then, having been satisfied, you set the alarm back to where Bette needs it set.

NOTE:

I see from the page attached that we have set a text for Vette's phone number being on his wrist, and so there's no need-for the cop-out at the end of the poisoning sequence where after using the threat of the poisoning, Vette, when she can't make him tell her the phone number says she has the number herself on her Rolodex. I went along with that because I thought you hadn't set this. But since you have could you please restore the text I wrote in which she or XXXX can find the number written on his wrist. ~~I didn't~~
~~writing that~~ It's there in what I wrote. This is another
important one!

(TIMES SQUARE)

```
( #INT 42 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / Times Square-- where the city's melting pot reaches a full
  boil. Every extreme of wealth and squalor rub shoulders here, and every
  conceivable hustle is in operation. / / Three card monte players pretend to
  pay out $20 bills to their planted skills. Camera stores offer bogus
  reductions for counterfeit goods. / / Tranvestites offer themselves for
  sale side by side with the prostitutes they are impersonating. / " 0 *PAUSE
  *PRINT " OR CR / And a sidewalk vendour wants to sell you a genuine
  gold chain stolen only five minutes ago from a woman / / standing in line
  to buy tickets to that long running hit musical, 42ND STREET. 'Check it
  out,' he chants, shaking the chain in your face, 'check it out.' / " *TRUE
  *TO #CHAIN )
```

```
( #P.M ! *FALSE *TO #P.M )
```

RESIDENT-SUB-BLOCKS

**PROCESS-BLOCK

```
( 3 *VERB-IS? ! N-DO *GOTO-RE-ENTRY )
( 4 *VERB-IS? ! S-DO *GOTO-RE-ENTRY )
( 5 *VERB-IS? ! E-DO *GOTO-RE-ENTRY )
( 6 *VERB-IS? ! W-DO *GOTO-RE-ENTRY )
```

TRANSIENT-SUB-BLOCKS

```
( 1 *VERB-IS? *GLOOK 0 *NOUN-IS? 77 *NOUN-IS? OR AND AND !
  *TRUE *TO #P.M )
```

```
( 73 *VERB-IS? 77 *VERB-IS? OR 156 *NOUN-IS? AND 81 *VERB-IS? 169 *NOUN-IS?
  AND OR !
```

```
*IF #CHAIN *THEN
```

```
  *PRINT " / That was dumb. The cops have been waiting for the last 15
  minutes for someone to come along and compound the felony. A plainclothes
  detective flashes his badge and informs you you're under arrest. / "
```

```
  0 *PAUSE 2-NODE *GOTO
```

```
*ELSE
```

```
  *PRINT " / Chain? What chain? You don't see any chain here. / "
  *GOTO-RE-ENTRY *ENDIF )
```

```
( 7 *VERB-IS? 13 *VERB-IS? OR !
```

```
*IF 110 *NOUN-IS? *THEN
```

```
  *IF 65 #INT = 69 #INT = OR *THEN
```

```
    #C-NODE *TO #FROMWHERE 1PATRICK *GOTO
```

```
  *ELSE
```

```
    *PRINT " / You cannot see any cathedral. / " *GOTO-RE-ENTRY *ENDIF
```

```
*ELSEIF 43 *ADJ-IS? *THEN
```

```
  *IF 98 #INT = *THEN
```

```
    1PLAZA *GOTO
```

```
  *ELSE
```

```
    *PRINT " / You cannot see the Plaza Hotel. / " *GOTO-RE-ENTRY
```

```
  *ENDIF
```

```
*ELSEIF 101 *NOUN-IS? *THEN
```

```
  1LOBBY *GOTO *ENDIF )
```

```
( 7 *VERB-IS? 13 *VERB-IS? OR 108 *NOUN-IS? AND 73 *VERB-IS? 109 *NOUN-IS?
```

```

: 29ST *PRINT " / E. 104th St. / " ;
: 30ST *PRINT " / E. 105th St. / " ;
: 31ST *PRINT " / E. 106th St. / " ;
: 32ST *PRINT " / E. 107th St. / " ;
: 33ST *PRINT " / E. 108th St. / " ;
: 34ST *PRINT " / E. 109th St. / " ;
: 35ST *PRINT " / E. 110th St. / " ;

```

```

CASE: PST/AV 1ST 2ST 3ST 4ST 5ST 6ST 7ST 8ST 9ST 10ST 11ST 12ST 13ST 14ST
15ST 16ST 17ST 18ST 19ST 20ST 21ST 22ST 23ST 24ST 25ST 26ST 27ST 28ST 29ST
30ST 31ST 32ST 33ST 34ST 35ST ;

```

```

: ?GOTO DUP MAX-INT C@ > IF
  MAX-INT C@ - 1- 2* CTON + DUP 1+ C@ *TO #INT
  C@ *GOTO ENDIF ;

```

```

: SET-INT
  DUP *TO #INT *TRUE *TO #P.M
  7 * STREET + DUP DUP 4 + C@ *TO #AVE 5 + C@ *TO #ST
  6 + C@ *TO #SPECIAL ;

```

```

: NOGO *PRINT " / You can't go that way. / " ;

```

```

: TRYTOGO STREET + C@ ?DUP IF ?GOTO SET-INT ELSE NOGO ENDIF ;

```

```

: E-DO #INT 7 * TRYTOGO ;
: W-DO #INT 7 * 1+ TRYTOGO ;
: N-DO #INT 7 * 2+ TRYTOGO ;
: S-DO #INT 7 * 3+ TRYTOGO ;

```

```

: *PRINT-STATUS-LINE
  *BEGIN-STATUS-PRINT
  #AVE PST/AV *PRINT " / and / " #ST PST/AV
  *END-STATUS-PRINT ;

```

```

**ENTRY-BLOCK
  ( #INT SET-INT )

```

```

**RE-ENTRY-BLOCK
  ( *PRINT-STATUS-LINE )

```

TRANSIENT-SUB-BLOCKS

```

  ( #INT 10 = #P.M AND !
    *PRINT " / From a distance, the Guggenheim Museum might be a gigantic
of modern sculpture -- perhaps some demented artist's version of a
thunderstorm. Even up close, its huge spiral is enough to make you a dizzy
for a moment./ " )

```

```

  ( #INT 37 = #P.M AND !
    *PRINT " / Accustomed to the towering, relatively featureless blocks of
Manhattan apartment houses, you are startled to see what appears to be a
mansion with a generous garden. / / It's not a private residence, however,
but the Cooper - Hewitt Museum./ " )

```

not possibly be confused with that of a Holiday Inn./ " }

(HILTON)

(#INT 80 = #INT 76 = OR #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / The NY Hilton dominates the entire block from 54th to 53rd
-- a smaller city within a larger city./ " }

(MODERN ART)

(#INT 77 = #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / On 53rd St., next to the Sunderland Hotel, a glass tower
rises above the Museum of Modern Art -- New York's big MOMA./ "

O *PAUSE *PRINT " OR OR / Easily mistaken for a small palace, you can
barely see the tops of leather wingback chairs through the arched windows
of the University Club. / / Shoes and handbags fill the windows of Gucci,
each marked with the designer label./ " }

(SHERATON)

(#INT 71 = #INT 75 = OR #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / Another large hotel -- The Sheraton Center -- which you seem
to remember as something else./ " }

(21 CLUB)

(#INT 73 = #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / Midway down the block, across from the Sunderland, plaster
jockeys mark the 21 club, home of the most expensive hamburger in New York
City./ "

O *PAUSE *PRINT " OR OR / There is a poster here which catches your
eye. It announces a series of organ recitals at St. Patrick's Cathedral in
memory of James Renwick, the architect./ "

O *PAUSE *PRINT " OR OR / Cartier's is filled with lovely beads and
bangles for the very rich. It is awesome to think that the magnificent
building was once somebody's home./ " }

O *PAUSE *PRINT " OR OR / Next to the 21 club is a building that looks
like a giant toaster -- with the number 666 on it./ " }

(ST PATRICK'S)

(#INT 65 = #INT 69 = OR #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / Like a ghost from across the the ocean a genuine gothic
cathedral rears up out of the welter of midtown hustle and bustle, looking
dark and spiky and disapproving of everything going on around it. / / The
center door stands open, where an occasional worshipper-- or sightseer--
slips in or out./ " }

(METAL CLIMAX)

(#INT 68 = #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / The name of an office building -- The American Metal Climax
Building -- seems oddly obscene. Robot sex, perhaps?/ " }

(GRASS HUT)

(#INT 66 = #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / A restaurant engineered to look like a grass hut with a
group of giggling teenage girls in front./ " }

(R.C.M.H.)

```
( #INT 64 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / Radio City Music Hall -- its bronze doors hiding the largest
chandeliers and the best legs in the world./ " )

( SAK'S )
( #INT 65 = 1
  *PRINT " / Sak's Fifth Avenue./ " )

( #INT 61 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / A statue of Atlas bearing the burden of the world reflects
your own mood as you pass the entrance to Rockefeller Plaza./ " )

( #INT 60 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / Two twin granite and glass buildings, each a block long
confront you. One belongs to McGraw Hill, the other to Exxon./ " )

( #INT 54 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / Loud disco music emerges from the Metropole Cafe. Looking
past the shill guarding the door you see the bare breasts and blue / /
sequined hips undulating slightly off the beat -- but who cares?/ " )

( #INT 52 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / The entire block between 6th and 5th is lined with jewelry
stores, New York's Diamond Row./ " )

( #INT 40 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / On 44th street, the Harvard Club seems almost modest next to
the elaborate nautical facade of the NY Yacht Club -- formerly home of the
Americas Cup./ " )

( #INT 39 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / The faded elegance of the Algonquin Hotel still draws the
theatre and writing crowd for cocktails and dinner./ " )

( #INT 36 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / On 43rd, the Princeton Club and the Reverend Moon's
Unification Church face each other -- two exclusive membership only
institutions./ " )

( #INT 31 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / A building that looks for all the world like a ski jump and
the New York Telephone Company checkerboard of white marble and fake black
windows./ " )

( #INT 16 = #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / Lord and Taylor seems to be the kind of department store
your grandmother might have loved -- if only you could remember who she
was./ " )

( BRENTANO'S )
( #INT 53 = #INT 57 = OR #P.M AND 1
  *PRINT " / You pause to consider the hollow hulk of a store that once
was called-- according to the great ghostly letters of the sign that's been
taken down-- BRENTANO'S. / / Why do you have the certainty that this was
```

once a bookstore? The dusty windows are empty. You MUST have lived in this city at some point to know that. / " }

(BARNES AND NOBLE)

(#INT 57 = #P.M AND !

O *PAUSE *PRINT " OR OR / Here is Barnes and Nobles -- a store filled with what appears to be thousands and thousands of books. / / Across the street is Scribner's. Looking through the windows, you cannot be certain whether it is a retail establishment / / or the library of some exclusive club. / " }

(N.Y.P.L.)

(#INT 28 = #INT 32 = OR #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / Two large, smug lions flank the steps that lead up to the monumental triple triumphant arch of the main branch of the Public Library. This has got to be the world's classiest set of bookshelves. / " }

(ALTMAN'S)

(4 #INT = #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / Somewhere in Manhattan there seems to be a piece of architecture corresponding to every period in history. This one here is definitely the High Renaissance. / / Lorenzo de Medici couldn't have asked for a nobler palazzo. Until you're right up beside it you would never guess that all these columns and cornices / / were the wrappings of a department store-- because Altman's doesn't believe in vulgar ostentation like signs. Neither did Lorenzo the magnificent, probably. / " }

(42ND STREET)

(29 #INT = #F.M AND !

*PRINT " / This block-long stretch of 42nd St. is one movie marquee after another advertising either the pornography of sex or the pornography of violence. / / Under these marquees are the pushers, pimps, muggers, junkies, hustlers and whores who represent the scuzzy reality the movies are glamorizing. They watch you go by, / / these denizens of 42nd St., the way the animals in a zoo watch the feeders coming with pails of meat, with surly hunger and a heartfelt for anyone on the other side of the bars. / " }

(BRYANT PARK)

(#INT 23 = #INT 27 = #INT 31 = OR OR #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / With the marble backside of the Public Library for a backdrop here is a very unlikely swatch of Arcadia, a park as posh and demure as the nicest sort of cemetery. / / The social mix here is not so upscale as the scenery, but being about equally divided between drug pushers modeling the latest styles of sweat-suit chic and more conventionally dressed and generally older people trying / / to read books and newspapers. Each group pretends the other does not exist. / " }

(AIRLINES)

(#INT 45 = #P.M AND !

*PRINT " / An ideal spot for the would-be traveler. This block is lined with the offices of Quantas, British Airways, Northwest Orient, and Aeroflot. / " }

```
( #INT 69 = #P.M AND !
  *PRINT " / The Frick. Your mind is a mine of facts about this museum.
You know it's chock-full of Holbeins, Turners, Rembrandts, Titians. You
know about the steel magnate, Henry Clay Frick, who built it as his private
palace in 1914, / / the last block-long mansion on 5th Ave. But you can't
remember a single fact about yourself. Isn't it maddening?/ " )
```

```
( #INT 74 = #P.M AND !
  *PRINT " / The Union Club's grey and white exterior suggests its age./
" )
```

```
( #INT 49 = #P.M AND !
  *PRINT " / Here you see the Temple Emanu-el. It resembles an
elaborately carved chunk of fog, though closer examination shows it to be
of grey limestone./ " )
```

```
( #INT 35 = #P.M AND !
  *PRINT " / Barbizon: This towering structure of brick and arches looks
like a cross between a townhouse and a cathedral./ " )
```

```
( 52 #INT = 53 #INT = OR #P.M AND !
  *PRINT " / Two stoical policemen are stationed outside the non-descript
entrance of a small brick fortress, supervizing the slow, revolving march
of some twenty protesters, all carrying placards denouncing whom? / / You
walk closer till you can read the placards. Ah yes, this is the Russian
delegation to the U.N./ " )
```

```
( 9 #INT = #P.M AND !
  *PRINT " / Dangling high above the traffic on the street are the steel
cables and the gondolas of the aerial tramway to Roosevelt Island. It looks
almost as much fun as a ferris wheel./ " )
```

```
( 19 #INT = #P.M AND !
  *PRINT " / Dangerfield's -- This looks like a perfectly reasonable
night club, but somehow you just don't respect it./ " )
```

```
( 4 #INT = 5 #INT = OR #P.M AND !
  *PRINT " / Bloomingdale's !/ " )
```

```
( #INT 91 = #P.M AND !
  *PRINT " / If it rested on its side, this building might be the steps
to a giant's doorstep; standing as it is, the modern - looking structure of
the Asia House./ " )
```

```
( #P.M ; *FALSE *TO #P.M )
```

```
**PROCESS-BLOCK
```

```
TRANSIENT-SUB-BLOCKS
```

```
( 1 *VERB-IS? *GLOOK 0 *NOUN-IS? 77 *NOUN-IS? OR AND AND !
  *TRUE *TO #P.M )
```

```
RESIDENT-SUB-BLOCKS
```

```
( 3 *VERB-IS? C( N) ; N-DO *GOTO-RE-ENTRY )
```

```
( 4 *VERB-IS? C( S) ; S-DO *GOTO-RE-ENTRY )
```