



# **An Extradimensional Entity's Guide to Primeoid Fashion**





**the florid  
widow**

**the  
quadruped**





**the surprise  
visitor**



**the  
becoming  
electrician**





**the  
calculator**

**the  
thermostat**

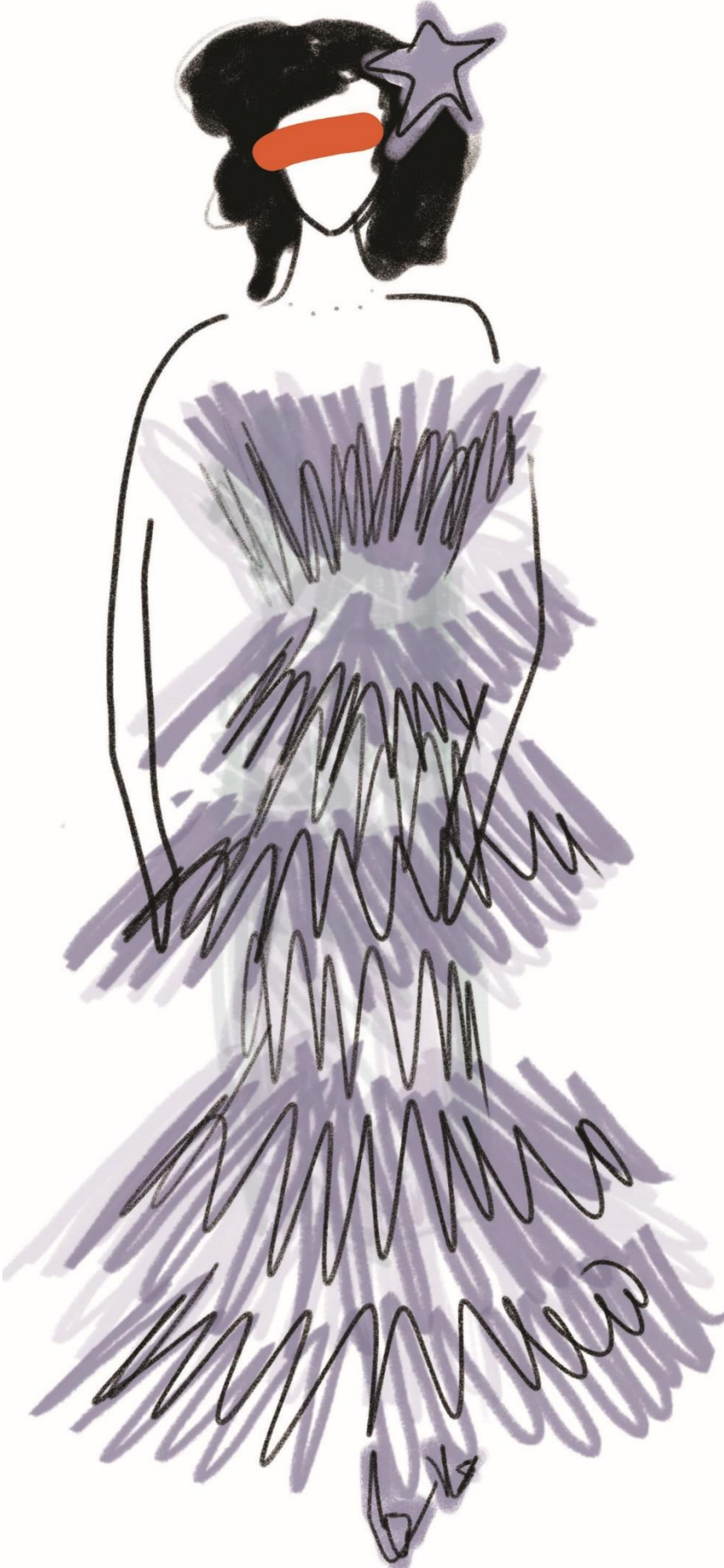




**the captain  
of finance**



**star queen**



# *Repeat the Ending:* the 2003 Transcript

Warning: the following transcript spoils elements of the newly-released version of *Repeat the Ending*. It's recommended that players read this document *after* completing the game.

*Repeat the Ending: The 2003 Transcript*

*[What follows is the “transcript” of 2003. As mentioned elsewhere, the individual who uploaded it remains unidentified. The transcript has been edited—perhaps use of the term “doctored” is justified—as there are no death or game over messages, even though these were common in the few playable portions of the game. Likewise, a playthrough would all but certainly have contained more glitches and errors. While some bugs have been retained, they may only be left as a representative sample. Perhaps the uploader meant to balance readability with faith to the originating text.*

*Since no one has ever reached the ending via gameplay, either some intrepid programmer fixed the problems in the code (no evidence of this exists after a decade), or else the story file was decompiled by widely available tools.*

*—Pauline Searcy]*

Start of a transcript of  
Repeat the Ending  
Copyright 1996 by Drew Cook  
Release 1 / Serial number 555555 / Inform v1502 Library 5/12  
Standard interpreter 1.2  
Interpreter 0 Version / Library serial number 951024

Bedroom

You open your eyes and stare at the pocked expanse of sheet rock before you. "Not this shit again," you say, referring expansively to the totality of matter, movement, and time. You keep turning up for these days, again and again, and the best that you can say is that things haven't gone downhill. Well, unless you die, 1996 is going to be better than 1995. You know what? It will be better even if you do die.

This is your bedroom, a white-walled, hollow cube sitting at the far end of a rickety metal trailer. A mattress lies flat on the floor, and a wadded-up blanket curls atop it. Your closet doors, which have been halfheartedly disguised as wood, open to an overwhelming pile of clothes that has spilled out of the closet and onto the bedroom floor. The mess is so anxiety-inducing that you haven't worn pants in days.

This bedroom occupies the north quarter of the trailer, and the only exit is a hallway to the \*SOUTH\*.

You can see an empty plastic bin here.

>examine bed

The mattress is bare—there is no sheet—because you are basically an animal.

>enter bed

That bed—your bed—is disgusting. You have to be bombed out of your mind on Trazodone before you'll consider getting into it.

>examine clothes

Your closet and its corresponding pile of clothes are a chaotic, ugly mess. If your closet is a mouth, then the clothes are its diseased, mottled tongue. There's no way you can touch the pile of clothes. It's too upsetting for a big baby like you. Pathetic.

>touch clothes

The mess makes you feel very uncomfortable. You are too afraid to even approach it.

>get bin

Taken.

>save

OK.

>put clothes in bin

The mess is really getting to you. Stop embarrassing yourself.

i

You are carrying:

- an empty plastic bin

- a pair of boxer shorts (being worn)

- a white t-shirt (being worn)

>take blanket

Start of a transcript of

Repeat the Ending

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Standard interpreter 1.2

Interpreter 0 Version / Library serial number 951024

>restore

OK.

>s



### Hallway

This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>examine me

No.

>diagnose

(yourself)

You feel tired.

>g

(yourself)

You can't even do the most basic things.

>w

### Bathroom

This is a cramped bathroom, as wide as a small bathtub. A toilet fits snugly between a plastic shower and a ramshackle wooden cabinet with faux drawers. A scored plastic sink basin is nearly subsumed in the cabinet's countertop, and a dingy mirror "graces" the wall behind it.

The bathroom is a dead end in many senses, and its only exit leads \*EAST\* to the hallway.

>examine toilet

The toilet, like the rest of your home, exudes an aura of misspent fortitude. It has been here a long time and has nothing but water stains to show for it.

>search it

Leave that alone, you creep..

>examine mirror

You aren't getting near that mirror, and you know it.

>examine reflection

You can't be serious. You're so scarred of that thing that you brush your teeth in the kitchen.

>e

### Hallway

This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>s

Kitchen

This is your bedroom, a white-walled, hollow cube sitting at the far end of a rickety metal trailer. A mattress lies flat on the floor, and a wadded-up blanket curls atop it. Your closet doors, which have been halfheartedly disguised as wood, open to an overwhelming pile of clothes that has spilled out of the closet and onto the bedroom floor. The mess is so anxiety-inducing that you haven't worn pants in days. The kitchen occupies the full width of the trailer and opens into the front room to the \*SOUTH\*. A narrow hallway leads \*NORTH\*.

>examine sink

This is a familiar, dual basin sort of kitchen sink made from stainless steel,. It lacks a garbage disposal, a truth that feels, somehow, pregnant with meaning. A couple of tumblers and forks hunker grimly under the spigot. One might think that the pair of drink glasses imply that you had a guest. To be clear: you absolutely, under no circumstances whatsoever, had, have, or will have a guest. You've almost convinced yourself that you like living this way. Perhaps, one day, you will succeed.

You hear a beep coming from the front room to the south.

>diagnose  
(yourself)

You note, with a crumpling heart, that this could go on for years. You might have decades left to live.

>listen

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>restore

OK.

>examine refrigerator

You take a break out of your busy morning to inspect your oven, refrigerator, and microwave. With a relief, you conclude that everything is in working order.

You hear a beep coming from the front room to the south.

>s

Front Room

The front room—who would call it a "living room?"—has a comfortable couch, a television, the FunStation, and the window (or A/C) unit. You spend almost all of your time here, mostly playing Japanese role-playing games and eating junk food. You leave to sleep, use the bathroom, and, in certain desperate circumstances, buy food or refill prescriptions. It's been like this since you were awarded disability. You're really doing great things with that outsized IQ of yours. It's quite an impressive collection of video games that you've gathered! You can escape the trailer via the front door (\*WEST\*) or else retreat to the kitchen (\*NORTH\*).

A telephone and an answering machine nest atop a tangle of cords on the floor.

The answering machine emits a menacing beep.

>examine machine

The answering machine is a large unit that accepts full-sized cassette tapes. It is currently beeping insistently, and the sound unnerves you. The only thing worse than loneliness is human contact. You can't think of a single soul who would want to talk to you. Perhaps it's the police? You should listen to it in case someone might be coming over, or else it's the police, or whatever. You might wonder: "why own an answering machine at all?" It's hard to believe, but back in the old days of booze, mania, and cocaine, you knew tons of people. Oodles of people, coming and going all the time. Sure, they all hated you, but at least you had a conversation now and then. At least someone would have noticed if you doed.

Once you've screwed your courage to the sticking place, you should PRESS PLAY.

The answering machine emits a menacing beep.

>press play

You reach toward the answering machine, but, try as you might, you just can't get near it. Who could have called? "Get out of my body bag," you mutter, backing away from it.

>diagnose me

Your teeth hurt, but you don't think there's anything wrong with them. You just don't feel like yourself unless something is hurting.

The answering machine emits a menacing beep.

>n

Kitchen

This poorly lit kitchen is a busy mess. It is dark because of two burned-out lightbulbs. A tall stack of dirty dishes teeters at the edge of the countertop in a very relatable way. Weirdo nerd trash covers the rest of the counter: comic books, rulebooks for old RPGs, blah blah blah. It's a worse mess than the bedroom closet, but that's not really a problem. Sooner or later, even you need to get dressed, but you've never been much of a cook. This room is usually just a waypoint between the hallway and the front room.

The kitchen occupies the full width of the trailer and opens into the front room to the \*SOUTH\*. A narrow hallway leads \*NORTH\*.

You hear a beep coming from the front room to the south.

>n

Hallway

This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>w

Bathroom

This is a cramped bathroom, as wide as a small bathtub. A toilet fits snugly between a plastic shower and a ramshackle wooden cabinet with faux drawers. A scored plastic sink basin is nearly subsumed in the cabinet's countertop, and a dingy mirror "graces" the wall behind it.

The bathroom is a dead end in many senses, and its only exit leads \*EAST\* to the hallway.



>save  
OK.

>turn on sink

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>restore  
OK.

>examine sink

This sink is umber-colored, a contrast to the tan countertop that it calls home. It has a small leak, which spills out in a small but steady trickle of droplets. Try as you might, you cannot fully shut off the flow of water. Fortunately, you can't hear the drip in the bedroom, since the sound would keep you awake at night.

>listen

You can hear the faint trickle of dripping water. It must be coming from the sink. Additionally, the constant churn of the AC unit in the front room is audible in every room of this trailer.

>diagnose me

The way people look at you, it's like you have a disease.

>examine trickle

While only a small amount of water is dripping into the sink, its flow is continuous. A deformed or rotted-out rubber gasket is likely to blame. There is clearly some organization lost to this process.

>diagnose trickle

There's no doubt about it. The leak is a very small source of entropic energy. You should be able to \*SIPHON THE ANEMIC DRIBBLE\*.

>siphon dribble

You make a slow, wide gesture toward the sink, and, at the end of your hand's arc, you feel the small but insistent buzz of entropic power contained in the \*ENTROPIC NUDGE\*. With it, you could likely apply a small amount of pressure to something or perhaps restore the shape of a crushed sugarcube.

>save  
OK.

>diagnose me  
You wonder sometimes if you did yourself permanent damage last year.  
How is your liver not busted? your thyroid? Kidneys?

You carry a tiny amount of order retrieved from a dripping faucet. You might be able to give a small object a gentle push, something that you apparently cannot do without magic.

>examine dribble

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>restore  
OK.

>e

Hallway  
This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>s

Kitchen  
This poorly lit kitchen is a busy mess. It is dark because of two burned-out lightbulbs. A tall stack of dirty dishes teeters at the edge of the countertop in a very relatable way. Weirdo nerd trash covers the rest of the counter: comic books, rulebooks for old RPGs, blah blah blah. It's a worse mess than the bedroom closet, but that's not really a problem. Sooner or later, even you need to get dressed, but you've never been much of a cook. This room is usually just a waypoint between the hallway and the front room.

The kitchen occupies the full width of the trailer and opens into the front room to the \*SOUTH\*. A narrow hallway leads \*NORTH\*.

You hear a beep coming from the front room to the south.

>s

Front Room

The front room—who would call it a "living room?"—has a comfortable couch, a television, the FunStation, and the window (or A/C) unit. You spend almost all of your time here, mostly playing Japanese role-playing games and eating junk food. You leave to sleep, use the bathroom, and, in certain desperate circumstances, buy food or refill prescriptions. It's been like this since you were awarded disability. You're really doing great things with that outsized IQ of yours. It's quite an impressive collection of video games that you've gathered! You can escape the trailer via the front door (\*WEST\*) or else retreat to the kitchen (\*NORTH\*).

A telephone and an answering machine nest atop a tangle of cords on the floor.

The answering machine emits a menacing beep.

>invest button with the entropic nudge

You cleverly reach out with the \*ENTROPIC NUDGE\* and push the play button on the answering machine remotely.

You hear the distorted sound of a human voice. "Hello," a disembodied speaker begins. "This is a message for Mr. Dee." There is a brief pause. "You are listed as the family contact for your mother, Christina Dee, and she has previously authorized Ouachita General to leave privileged messages for you at this number." Another pause. You begin to feel anxious, a kind of dreadful itch originating between the shoulder blades and radiating outward. You cannot reach it. "Your mother is in liver failure. Unfortunately, the damage is so profound that nothing can be done. So far as a transplant goes, I'm afraid your mother's... lifestyle makes her an unattractive candidate, though we haven't given up yet."

You sit on the couch, waiting for the voice to continue. "She's in intensive care, room 614. Visiting hours are between ten and two and from six to ten. Please stop by the nursing station when you arrive, as there are some important decisions to be made about her care. Slrry I don't have better news."

The answering machine's cassette player issues a valedictory click, then stops turning. Well, you always wanted her out of your life. Congratulations, you rotten bastard.

>diagnose  
(yourself)

You feel like you're living on borrowed time. Don't complain; you're the one who borrowed it.

>n

#### Kitchen

This poorly lit kitchen is a busy mess. It is dark because of two burned-out lightbulbs. A tall stack of dirty dishes teeters at the edge of the countertop in a very relatable way. Weirdo nerd trash covers the rest of the counter: comic books, rulebooks for old RPGs, blah blah blah. It's a worse mess than the bedroom closet, but that's not really a problem. Sooner or later, even you need to get dressed, but you've never been much of a cook. This room is usually just a waypoint between the hallway and the front room.

The kitchen occupies the full width of the trailer and opens into the front room to the \*SOUTH\*. A narrow hallway leads \*NORTH\*.

>n

#### Hallway

This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>n

#### Bedroom

This is your bedroom, a white-walled, hollow cube sitting at the far end of a rickety metal trailer. A mattress lies flat on the floor, and a wadded-up blanket curls atop it. Your closet doors, which have been halfheartedly disguised as wood, open to an overwhelming pile of clothes that has spilled out of the closet and onto the bedroom floor. The mess is so anxiety-inducing that you haven't worn pants in days.

>get clothes

It looks like your closet threw up on your floor. Just looking at the mess sends your anxiety through the roof. YOU CAN'T TOUCH THE PILE OF CLOTHES. You don't even want to be near it. Naturally, you have to be



babied like an African violet anytime you want to eat or dress or sleep because you can't seem to handle even the most basic life shit. Handle your business like a big boy or pack it in. That's it.

>i

You are carrying:

an empty plastic bin

a pair of boxer shorts (being worn)

a white t-shirt (being worn)

>search clothes

Why do you even bother? This is why you are here, with no friends, nothing to do, no life.

>s

Hallway

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>n

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>diagnose clothes

This closet, bereft of of all organization or order, might benefit from the right type of entropic energy.

>taste clothes

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>restore

OK.

>invest clothes with entropic nudge  
Ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous.

>restore  
OK.

>diagnose me  
You hate you.

>s

#### Hallway

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The kitchen occupies the full width of the trailer, and opens into the front room to the \*SOUTH\*. A narrow hallway leads \*NORTH\*.

>n

#### Hallway

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>w

#### Bathroom

This is a cramped bathroom, as wide as a small bathtub. A toilet fits snugly between a plastic shower and a ramshackle wooden cabinet with faux drawers. A scored plastic sink basin is nearly subsumed in the cabinet's countertop, and a dingy mirror "graces" the wall behind it.

The bathroom is a dead end in many senses, and its only exit leads \*EAST\* to the hallway.

>examine toilet

The toilet, like the rest of your home, exudes an aura of misspent fortitude. It has been here a long time, and has nothing but water stains to show for it.

>diagnose it

The toilet is the sturdiest structure in the trailer. If it were to break, it would yield a significant amount of order, but not even you are crazy enough to break your toilet.

>e

Hallway

This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>s

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The kitchen occupies the full width of the trailer, and opens into the front room to the \*SOUTH\*. A narrow hallway leads \*NORTH\*.

>examine stuff

(the weirdo nerd trash)

Even you can grasp the irony of collecting rulebooks for games to play with groups of like-minded people.

>dig in stuff

(the nerd stuff)

You poke around at the mess on the counter and find your wallet! Way to go, smart guy. If you ever manage to get some pants on, you can put it in your pocket.

>diagnose me

If you're going to live like this, you might as well drink.

>l

Kitchen

This poorly lit kitchen is a busy mess. It is dark because of two burned-out lightbulbs. A tall stack of dirty dishes teeters at the edge of the countertop in a very relatable way. Weirdo nerd trash covers the rest of the counter: comic books, rulebooks for old RPGs, blah blah blah. It's a worse mess than the bedroom closet, but that's not really a problem. Sooner or later, even you need to get dressed, but you've never been much of a cook. This room is usually just a waypoint between the hallway and the front room.

The kitchen occupies the full width of the trailer, and opens into the front room to the \*SOUTH\*. A narrow hallway leads \*NORTH\*.

On the kitchen countertop is your wallet.

>diagnose bin

Unlike you, the bin is clearly burdened with a great and heavy destiny.

>examine dishes

A formidable stack of dirty plates reaches from the countertop toward the ceiling. Looking at them, you are surprised by the number of dishes you own. It's not like you'll be hosting Thanksgiving dinner over here. Despite their varied origins (thrift stores and garage sales), the dishes stack cleanly and stably, one upon the next. This structure does not wobble or teeter, even when touched. Still, you are sure that you could shove them onto the floor or into the sink, had you the motivation or energy to do so.

>diagnose it

The dishes are not currently sloughing off any kind of organization or order, but you can sense a potential there. They've held up despite the chaotic mess in here.. If you could find a way to make them disorderly, there would likely be a lot of entropic bleed-off to siphon.



>save  
OK.

>push dishes  
Great idea if you want to scatter some order magic all over the floor. Find need a way to contain the energy first.  
>put bin under tower of dishes  
You push the bin against the kitchen counter. It is situated directly beneath and adjacent to the tower of dishes, which seem to quiver in anticipation.

>push dishes  
You feel the giddy rush that cats must feel when inching a water glass over the edge of a tabletop. The seemingly inviolate stability of the tower of dishes deteriorates midair, as small-but-growing spaces appear between each plate. Their fall is interrupted rather explosively by the flat bottom of the plastic bin, casting shards loudly but harmlessly against its walls.

This bin of broken dishes is engulfed in a seething morass of rapidly evaporating order. Within a matter of moments, it will be gone forever.

>save  
OK.

>diagnose dishes  
The bin is filled with dishes that have made a rapid and productive descent from order into disorder. You should be able to \*SIPHON THE SUBLIMATED ORDER\* from the bin.

Even without diagnosing the bin, it's clear that powerful order magic is escaping. Soon, it will be lost to the vastness of space.

>siphon odor  
You can't see any such thing.

>get order  
Taken.

The entropic power of the broken dishes is rapidly dissipating! In moments, it will be gone forever.

>siphon order

>examine order

>restore  
OK.

>siphon order  
You hold your hands above the bin as if it were a fire, drawing forth the lost order lurking among the broken plates. You can feel its power and can likely do something impressive with it. Since you won't be able to re-break the dishes, we'll only have one chance at using the \*SEETHING ORDER\* productively.

>diagnose me  
It's not normal, the way you're never hungry. No wonder you're so tired all the time.

You are carrying a significant amount of order and organization that was lost when a large pile of dishes shattered.

>n

Hallway  
This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>n

Bedroom  
This is your bedroom, a white-walled, hollow cube sitting at the far end of a rickety metal trailer. A mattress lies flat on the floor, and a wadded-up blanket curls atop it. Your closet doors, which have been halfheartedly disguised as wood, open to an overwhelming pile of clothes that has spilled out of the closet and onto the bedroom floor. The mess is so anxiety-inducing that you haven't worn pants in days.

>save  
OK.

>invest clothes  
(with the \*SEETHING ORDER\*)  
The pile becomes a sort of reverse avalanche, clothes flying upward to rest in shelves or roost on ladders. For the first time in a month or more, you feel a few seconds of—what would you call this?—peace or relief, perhaps.

You reach into the closet and pull out a pair of (mostly) clean jeans, filling out the look with white socks and a pair of black sneakers. You're now as ready as you ever get to face whatever might lurk outside this trailer. Your pleasant moment of reflection ends, as you remember you that any idiot can get dressed, even people crazier and dumber than you can. They even manage to wear pants regularly.

>examine me

You know without looking that you are dressed. Why bother?

>examine pants

Which do you mean, the pair of black jeans or the placeholder pants?

>placeholder pants

>s

Hallway

This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>s

Kitchen

This poorly lit kitchen is a busy mess. It is dark because of two burned-out lightbulbs. The place where the dashes once stood is a bald spot in the clutter, and reminds you of a crater. Weirdo nerd trash covers the rest of the counter: comic books, rulebooks for old RPGs, blah blah blah. It's a worse mess than the bedroom closet, but that's not really a problem. Sooner or later, even you need to get dressed, but you've never been much of a cook. This room is usually just a waypoint between the hallway and the front room.

The excitement of knocking a tower of dishes off the kitchen counter has gone the way of all excitement.

On the kitchen countertop is your wallet.

>get wallet

You pick up the wallet and put it in your back pocket.

>examine bin

Now drained of their order, the broken dishes have commenced their final rest in the plastic bin. Unlike you, the bin of broken dishes was able to make themselves useful.

>diagnose  
(yourself)

Is there anything more awful than a grocery store? Terrible, horrifying places.

>w

If you are seeing this message, response handling for going nowhere is broken. Please email [cook@cookspring.ack](mailto:cook@cookspring.ack) to report the problem.

>s

Front Room

The front room—who would call it a "living room?"—has a comfortable couch, a television, the FunStation, and the window (or A/C) unit. You spend almost all of your time here, mostly playing Japanese role-playing games and eating junk food. You leave to sleep, use the bathroom, and, in certain desperate circumstances, buy food or refill prescriptions. It's been like this since you were awarded disability. You're really doing great things with that outsized IQ of yours. It's quite an impressive collection of video games that you've gathered! You can escape the trailer via the front door (\*WEST\*) or else retreat to the kitchen (\*NORTH\*).

A telephone and an answering machine nest atop a tangle of cords on the floor.

>open door

It isn't something you can open.

>w

Front Yard

Your so-called front "yard" lies west of your front door beyond a short stair made of unstained pine boards. Your neighbors are a meth cook and an opioid addict with an abusive boyfriend. Back in the old, high-energy days, you would have been friends—or at least business partners—with both of them. Young and innocent days, those were.

It's a typical June day: wet air, wet grass, high nineties. Sparse, homely grasses struggle to push their way through clay-laden soil. The yard is an ugly place pocketed in a rather beautiful region of hills

and pine forests, and the relatively open area of the trailer park is, in fact, encircled by trees and low, rolling slopes. You can't help but feel that you are at the bottom of a crater here, as every nearby thing feels like—and, as a matter of fact, is—a step up.

If, for some reason, you would like to return to the trailer, it's to the \*EAST\*. Your car is parked in a bit of gravel to the \*WEST\*.

>w

#### Parking Area

This is a barren area where most residents park their cars. Since it is mid-morning on a weekday, there are few other vehicles here, and none besides yours are worth your attention.

Your homely car does its job, reliably carrying you around town. It gets excellent gas mileage, too. Don't you find it funny that it's a four door? Nobody will ever ride in the passenger seat, let alone the back seat. Your keys have been locked in the car. They are clearly visible through the window. Nice going, moron.

>examine car

It's the nicest thing you own. The only nice thing, maybe. Looking through the window, you can see your keys sitting resting on the passenger's seat.

>examine keys

Looking through the window, you can see your keys lying in the seat. Can you believe that when you were a boy, teachers thought you were a genius? Nice goong, mr. genius.

>enter car

We'll have to get the door unlocked first.

>unlock car

Wow. You've really cracked the code. Incredible.

>examine locking mechanism

The car locks and unlocks via a small rocker switch on the door-side armrests. It would require only a small amount of force to engage it and unlock the doors.

>diagnose it

The lock houses no entropic energy of any kind. That isn't to say that it couldn't be manipulated with magic.

>n

Wandering trailer parks and looking for friends is so 1995.

>e

#### Front Yard

The yard is an ugly place pocketed in a rather beautiful region of hills and pine forests, and the relatively open area of the trailer park is, in fact, encircled by trees and low, rolling slopes. You can't help but feel that you are at the bottom of a crater here, as every nearby thing feels like—and is—a step up.

If, for some reason, you would like to return to the trailer, it's to the \*EAST\*. Your car is parked in a bit of gravel to the \*WEST\*.

Your neighbor (the opioid addict, not the meth cook) runs across your yard with a terrified expression, passing from north to south. After a few seconds, her asshole boyfriend stomps in her direction, slowly but inexorably, like Mr. X from *Resident Evil 2*. Christ, what a dismal scene this place is. After years of looking, you've finally found somewhere you belong.

>follow neighbor

You can't see any such thing.

>s

Wandering trailer parks and looking for friends is so 1995.

>e

#### Front Room

The front room—who would call it a "living room?"—has a comfortable couch, a television, the FunStation, and the window (or A/C) unit. You spend almost all of your time here, mostly playing Japanese role-playing games and eating junk food. You leave to sleep, use the bathroom, and, in certain desperate circumstances, buy food or refill prescriptions. It's been like this since you were awarded disability. You're really doing great things with that outsized IQ of yours. It's quite an impressive collection of video games that you've gathered! You can escape the trailer via the front door (\*WEST\*) or else retreat to the kitchen (\*NORTH\*).

A telephone and an answering machine nest atop a tangle of cords on the floor.

>n



### Kitchen

This poorly lit kitchen is a busy mess. It is dark because of two burned-out lightbulbs. The place where the dashes once stood is a bald spot in the clutter. It reminds you of a crater. Weirdo nerd trash covers the rest of the counter: comic books, rulebooks for old RPGs, blah blah blah. It's a worse mess than the bedroom closet, but that's not really a problem. Sooner or later, even you need to get dressed, but you've never been much of a cook. This room is usually just a waypoint between the hallway and the front room.

The excitement of knocking a tower of dishes off the kitchen counter has gone the way of all excitement.

>n

### Hallway

This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>w

### Bathroom

This is a cramped bathroom, as wide as a small bathtub. A toilet fits snugly between a plastic shower and a ramshackle wooden cabinet with faux drawers. A scored plastic sink basin is nearly subsumed in the cabinet's countertop, and a dingy mirror "graces" the wall behind it.

The bathroom is a dead end in many senses, and its only exit leads \*EAST\* to the hallway.

>siphon leak

There's no doubt about it. The leak is a very small source of entropic energy. You should be able to \*SIPHON THE ANEMIC DRIBBLE\*.

>siphon dribble

You make a slow, wide gesture toward the sink, and, at the end of your hand's arc, you feel the small but insistent buzz of entropic power contained in the \*ENTROPIC NUDGE\*. With it, you could likely apply a small amount of pressure to something or perhaps restore the shape of a crushed sugarcube.

>e

### Hallway

This hallway is a narrow connector between the bedroom (\*NORTH\*) and kitchen (\*SOUTH\*). The walls and ceiling are covered in yellowed sheet rock. The floor has a smooth, wood-colored surface. Off to the \*WEST\*, a door opens into a cramped bathroom.

>S

### Kitchen

This poorly lit kitchen is a busy mess. It is dark because of two burned-out lightbulbs. The place where the dashes once stood is a bald spot in the clutter. It reminds you of a crater. Weirdo nerd trash covers the rest of the counter: comic books, rulebooks for old RPGs, blah blah blah. It's a worse mess than the bedroom closet, but that's not really a problem. Sooner or later, even you need to get dressed, but you've never been much of a cook. This room is usually just a waypoint between the hallway and the front room.

The excitement of knocking a tower of dishes off the kitchen counter has gone the way of all excitement.

>W

This trailer is trailer-shaped. You can only head for the hallway to the \*NORTH\* or else enter the front room to the \*SOUTH\*.

>S

### Front Room

The front room—who would call it a "living room?"—has a comfortable couch, a television, the FunStation, and the window (or A/C) unit. You spend almost all of your time here, mostly playing Japanese role-playing games and eating junk food. You leave to sleep, use the bathroom, and, in certain desperate circumstances, buy food or refill prescriptions. It's been like this since you were awarded disability. You're really doing great things with that outsized IQ of yours. It's quite an impressive collection of video games that you've gathered! You can escape the trailer via the front door (\*WEST\*) or else retreat to the kitchen (\*NORTH\*).

A telephone and an answering machine nest atop a tangle of cords on the floor.

>W

### Front Yard

The yard is an ugly place pocketed in a rather beautiful region of hills and pine forests, and the relatively open area of the trailer park is, in fact, encircled by trees and low, rolling slopes. You can't help but feel that you are at the bottom of a crater here, as every nearby thing feels like—and is—a step up.

If, for some reason, you would like to return to the trailer, it's to the \*EAST\*. Your car is parked in a bit of gravel to the \*WEST\*.

>w

#### Parking Area

This is a barren area where most residents park their cars. Since it is mid-morning on a weekday, there are few other cars here, and none besides yours are worth your attention.

Speaking of your car: it's a black Japanese sedan, approximately six years old. It does the job, reliably carrying you around town. It gets excellent gas mileage, too. It's funny that it's a four door because nobody ever rides in the passenger seat, let alone the back seat. It would seem that your keys have been locked in the car. They are clearly visible through the window.

>w

You are in a wide, open area near the center of the parking area, but the only exit that interests you is to the \*EAST\*. That's where your trailer is.

>invest lock

(with the \*ENTROPIC NUDGE\*)

Nicly done! You unlock the doors by gently pressing against the mechanism with the ENTROPIC NUDGE. Opening the door, you reach in and pocket the keys. Now you can get in the car and \*DRIVE\*.

Suddenly, you feel as though someone has stepped on your grave. If only! Turning away from the newly openable car door, you see a dead-eyed, black pit bull mix sizing you up. It is, perhaps, one hundred feet away. Slowly, you back away in the direction of your trailer.

#### Front Yard

The yard is an ugly place pocketed in a rather beautiful region of hills and pine forests, and the relatively open area of the trailer park is, in fact, encircled by trees and low, rolling slopes. You can't help but feel that you are at the bottom of a crater here, as every nearby thing feels like—and is—a step up.

If, for some reason, you would like to return to the trailer, it's to the \*EAST\*. Your car is parked in a bit of gravel to the \*WEST\*.

It seems that the hollowed out revenant of a dog has not followed you here, but you shouldn't return to your car unless you are able to defend yourself. As if to further spice up this crap day, the AC unit that cools your front room makes an ugly squealing noise, followed by a violent clack. Something has clearly broken, as the unit now sounds like a dryer filled with shoes. While it's no consolation—are you even consolable?—the motor must be wasting a great deal of kinetic energy.

>diagnose motor

It's in the process of tearing itself apart. How relatable! You probably have a minute or two to siphon the \*INDIGNANT WHOMP\* before the motor seizes forever.

>siphon indignant whomp

You reach out, gathering a potent amount of dispensable force. It can be released at any time: \*INVEST [something] WITH THE MOMENTOUS WALLOP\*.

>w

Parking Area

This is a barren area where most residents park their cars. Since it is mid-morning on a weekday, there are few other cars here, and none besides yours are worth your attention.

As you enter, the hound of ill omen begins to trot toward you. Its eyes are holes punched in the pasteboard façade of creation.

>save

OK.

>invest dog

(with the momentous wallop)

You thrust your palm forward, as if with an open-handed punch, and the dog is knocked back several feet. It lands with a decidedly non-metaphysical yelp. In fact, you see now that its eyes are brown and rather expressive. It doesn't even look like the same dog. Were its intentions friendly?

You've probably maimed a harmless and thoroughly mundane dog, you crazy bastard. You're not fit to be around decent people.

>examine dog

The dog, crumpled helplessly on the ground, looks at you pitifully. It furrows its brows above wide, frightened eyes. Sick. You make me sick.

>help dog

That's not a verb I recognize.

>restore

OK.

>pet dog

That's not a verb I recognize.

>dog, hello

There is no reply.

>smile at dog

That's not a verb I recognize.

>talk to dog

That's not a verb I recognize.

>enter car

You can't get inside the car before the dog gets to you. It continues to trot purposefully toward you, an emissary from the heat death of the universe.

>e

The dog is too close now. There's neither space nor time to complete any mundane action.

>run

You'll have to say which compass direction to go in.

>run e

The dog is too close now. There's neither space nor time to complete any mundane action.

>invest me with the momentous wallop

Start of a transcript of

Repeat the Ending

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Release 1 / Serial number 555555 / Inform v1502 Library 5/12

Standard interpreter 1.2

Interpreter 0 Version / Library serial number 951024

>restore  
OK.

>hide  
That's not a verb I recognize.

>invest dog  
(with the momentous wallop)

You thrust your palm forward, as if with an open-handed punch, and the dog is knocked back several feet. It lands with a decidedly non-metaphysical yelp. In fact, you see now that its eyes are brown and rather expressive. It doesn't even look like the same dog. Were its intentions friendly?

You've probably maimed a harmless and thoroughly mundane dog, you crazy bastard. You're not fit to be around decent people.

>in

It's a short drive to the pharmacy. Sunshine, children on bikes. Confederate flag decals on old cars. Such a backward, ignorant dump that you've trapped yourself in.

You pull into the parking lot, noting that there aren't many other cars here. One of the benefits of being disabled is that you can shop while most people are at work—a real perk for an agoraphobe like you. People assume you're lazy, too, which spares you the trouble of disappointing them down the line.

Turning off the engine, you climb out of the car and pocket your keys.

Pharmacy Parking Lot

The parking lots for these chain pharmacies all look the same. They wrap around the building's customer entrance, which is at one of its corners. The other two sides are occupied by the drive-thru windows and, as needed, space for cars to queue up. At the moment, the lot is significantly less than half full, with only a handful of cars parked here. There isn't much to do here beyond going \*INSIDE\*.

>save  
OK.

>in  
Checkout



This is a typical pharmacy check-out, with a large, electronic cash register on a laminated counter. A woman wearing a red apron stands nearby, waiting for customers. She glares at you over the top of a newspaper. The usual "impulse buy" temptations lie in wait on a nearby rack. You can hear a squeaky shopping cart rolling noisily somewhere to the south.

Since you've been coming here for as long as we've been taking lithium, you know that you can head directly \*SOUTH\* to reach the pharmacy counter.

A superhero action figure, still in the package, lies discarded on the counter. Perhaps a mother pried it from the clutching hands of her child, choosing to abandon it rather than buy it. It's a small, plastic representation of the comic book character Badman. He was your favorite as a child.

The cashier yawns loudly.

>talk to cashier

Talking to her would almost certainly creep her out. Don't be a creep.

>buy figure

You pull a couple of bills out of your pocket and pay for the action figure. You know, if Badman were real, he'd probably throw you off the top of a building.

>n

From here, you can only go OUTSIDE or else head SOUTH to the pharmacy.

The cashier loudly snaps her newspaper, then turns the page.

>s

Pharmacy

This corner lies beyond the various aisles of the pharmacy's shopping area, and features a waiting area with four straight-backed chairs, a blood pressure machine, and, of course, the star of the show, the pharmacy counter. Nearby, a payphone stands at the ready in case a customer must call their insurance company. An exhausted, frazzled-looking woman stands at the counter, arguing with the pharmacy clerk. Her speech is only intermittently coherent. A small boy—her son, obviously—sits near her right foot.

The frazzled woman rummages desperately in her black purse, as if something there might change her circumstances.

A shopper pushes a squeaky cart nearby, occasionally stopping to pick up an item.

>x woman

This young woman—younger than you—is arguing with the pharmacy clerk about refills and health insurance. It's hard to follow it all because the woman's speech is rapid and has an associative, run-on quality to it. As an authority on hard-won, useless truths, you deduce that she is a speed addict who crushes and snorts Ritalin. The pharmacy clerk, who is just doing her job, is getting nowhere explaining the realities of prescription drug coverage. A black purse dangles precariously from the woman's shoulder; she could drop it at any moment.

A boy of perhaps five is sitting at her feet. He is too young to be ashamed of her, but old enough to be embarrassed. You are old enough to feel second-hand shame. Here in the open, you are exposed somehow, you feel as though your heart has been hollowed, stretched over your head, that it is your face. What a weakling you are.

The young mother, clearly experiencing withdrawal of some sort, leans heavily against the counter. Her black purse seems dangerously close to slipping free of her shoulder.

A shopper pushes a squeaky cart down an aisle, vanishing from sight.

>examine boy

This young boy, apparently the son of the frazzled woman, sits on the floor near her feet. He holds a keychain and looks at it ambivalently. His mother likely hoped that it would distract him, but he is obviously over it. She doesn't know him very well despite their proximal lives. Habitual substance abuse occupies a lot of a person's attention, and frequently intrudes upon the thought-lives of its practitioners.

That kid is screwed, you think. A lifetime of behavioral problems and unfulfilling relationships awaits. It won't be less than a lifetime for you, and a life can be long. He looks irritated and bored. Angry. Embarrassed. He wants to leave but has nowhere to go and no way to get there. He loves her but can't find evidence that she loves him back. He can only take it on faith that she does. She says so, after all.

Once he's a little bit older, he'll tell himself that things will get better when he turns eighteen, when he moves out. You want to tell him the truth, cruel as it is: you nevr move out. Nobody ever moves out, not really.

The young boy tugs at the hem of his mother's jeans, but she does not look down. Instead, she shakes an empty pill bottle at the pharmacy clerk.

A shopper pushes a shopping cart into sight. It has a squeaky wheel, which suggests it is rubbing a bit.

>save  
OK.

>talk to woman

Start of a transcript of  
Repeat the Ending  
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Standard interpreter 1.2  
Interpreter 0 Version / Library serial number 951024

>restore  
OK.

>diagnose  
(yourself)  
Were you always this weak? Yes, yes you were.

A shopper pushes a squeaky cart nearby, occasionally stopping to pick up an item.

>examine cart  
It's a typical cart of chromed metal that you can find in many American stores. Like every other shopping cart we've seen, it has small black wheels of hard plastic or rubber. Like many shopping carts you've seen, those wheels seem to be in terrible shape, and at least one of them squeaks relentlessly. You wouldn't be surprised if its operator experiences some resistance while pushing it.

While the clerk steps away to consult with another employee, the frazzled woman exhales loudly and cracks her knuckles.

A shopper pushes a squeaky cart down an aisle, vanishing from sight.

>l  
Pharmacy

This corner lies beyond the various aisles of the pharmacy's shopping area, and features a waiting area with four straight-backed chairs, a blood pressure machine, and, of course, the star of the show, the pharmacy counter. Nearby, a payphone stands at the ready in case a customer must call their insurance company. An exhausted, frazzled-looking woman stands at the counter, arguing with the pharmacy clerk. Her speech is only intermittently coherent. A small boy—her son, obviously—sits near her right foot.

The woman turns around and looks at you, causing her purse to swing wildly from her shoulder. "Don't stare," she sneers, "I have a serious medical condition!"

A shopper pushes a shopping cart into sight. It has a squeaky wheel, which suggests it is rubbing a bit.

>examine wheel

Small. Hard. Loud. It's a squeaky wheel, but there's no grease in sight.

"Judson!" the speed addict snaps at the young boy at her feet, "be still!"

A shopper pushes a squeaky cart nearby, occasionally stopping to pick up an item.

>diagnose wheel

The wheel is, naturally, the source of the unpleasant squeaking sound. You should be able to attain a usable amount of kinetic energy if you \*SIPHON THE UNGODLY SQUEAK\*.

"Someone stole them from my car!" the emaciated woman says urgently, "They broke my window!" She pulls a scrap of paper from her purse, and waves it significantly.

A shopper pushes a squeaky cart down an aisle, vanishing from sight.

>z

You fidget nervously for a moment.

The frazzled woman rummages desperately in her black purse, as if something there might change her circumstances.

A shopper pushes a shopping cart into sight. It has a squeaky wheel, which suggests it is rubbing a bit.

>siphon squeak

Gathering entropic energy is difficult in public, since you don't want to act like a weirdo. Play-acting a disinterested glance at the noisy wheel, you silently will its inefficiency into a usable amount of kinetic energy. While it's a good deal more potent than the \*ENTROPIC NUDGE\*, you aren't going to be knocking a hole in the wall with it.

The young mother, clearly experiencing withdrawal of some sort, leans heavily against the counter. Her black purse seems dangerously close to slipping free of her shoulder.

A shopper pushes a squeaky cart nearby, occasionally stopping to pick up an item.

>invest woman

There it is. There you go. That woman needs—deserves—a good shove. Let her have it. Her knees buckle, and she is soon crumpled on the floor. It's not for you. It's for the kid, you tell yourself convincingly. You almost believe it, too, you big baby, tossing a fit. You bully.

Speaking of the kid: startled and worried by his mother's choked-back sobs, he starts crying, and boy howdy, he is not holding anything back. He's screaming, in fact, and you know that this isn't just about this trip to the pharmacy. It's about everything. He's fed up. He's had it with this place, with his dismal, messy home, with the father he doesn't really know, with his mother. He never knows what he's going to get, who she'll be, when he sees her. She might cry, she might yell, she might inexplicably fall into things, she might say stupid things like "It's not your fault I'm like this" and blah blah this and blah blah that. He's had it with the general incompetence of adults, every one of them unconvincing liars, unreliable, with their way of acting as if you are putting them out, imposing on them. You know this kid, and you know him well.

The mother raises her head, confused.

The noisy shopping cart, currently out of sight, has rolled to a stop. That customer must have reached the check out at long last.

The young boy shrieks at the top of his lungs, impotently striking his mother's leg with his tiny fists.

>give figure

Whom do you want to give the action figure to?

>boy

The boy looks at the toy. First with suspicion, then with surprise, and then with a profound warmth that is enough to move even the likes of you. Where was such a man in the long, humiliating hours of your youth? What is it you feel, looking at him, as the boy inspects the figure's cape and adjusts the rope and grapple in its hands? Is it warmth?

What are you saying? You are not good. You are not even sentimental. The kid and his toy don't make you happy. He makes you weak. People see weakness and then they get inside you, tear you all apart. You are a survivor. You are practical. You gave him a toy because he was in your way. That's all. They nearly had you, nearly got you, but you're smarter than that.

Without the boy's screams in her ear, the woman can concentrate enough to crawl out of the way.

The boy holds the toy aloft, then swoops downward with it as if dive-bombing an invisible enemy.

>buy lithium

This is it! You give the clerk your name, then hand over nearly all of your money. In return, she hands you a stapled-shut plastic bag containing a bottle of pills. Ripping open the small white sack, you retrieve a pill before swallowing it at a nearby water fountain.

Within moments, you're back in your car and speeding toward the hospital. The day is flying by: it's already dusk when you reach the hospital parking lot. Out on the blacktop, it's still June in Arkansas. Thick, hot air carries frog song from treetop to treetop, and soon bats will be carving erratic loops out of the sodium lamplight overhead. You're either too early or too late for visiting hours, which only goes to show that life, like poetry, is lousy with meaning.

Hospital Parking Lot

This is the hospital's large parking lot. Since it is on a gentle slope, it appears to reach beyond the horizon, lost to the curve of the earth. You stand near a white statue of Saint Rita of Cascia, Patroness of Impossible Causes. She is also the patron saint of abused wives, parenthood, and heartbroken women. St. Rita was levitated into the monastery of Saint Mary Magdalene by John the Baptist, Augustine of Hippo, and Nicholas of Tolentino, where she remained for the rest of her days. This statue features her whole body, head and all. Looking forward with a serene expression, she holds a crucifix adorned with roses.



You acquired this knowledge as a lapsed Episcopalian and crypto-Catholic. You never had the courage necessary to believe in something—anything—for long. What a dismal presence. You feel as if the parking lot—perhaps the whole building, too—is shrouded in bad magic. Unlucky magic. Maybe you shouldn't have come here. You don't even like your mother. That's because you're a bad person, naturally, and lucky that Saint Rita is not here to see you.

>diagnose  
(yourself)

It's like your mouth is full of dirt.

>in

You slink guiltily past Saint Rita of Cascia. The air is cool and still inside, and the light is gentle. A reception worker, seated behind a large counter, looks annoyed at your entrance. You are quickly told—before even reaching the counter—that daytime visiting hours are over, and that evening hours will begin in fifty minutes.

Forget about talking your way in. What could be worse than talking to you? You're all but certainly wild eyed, with that big untamable cowlick on the back of your head and three days' worth of stubble. It's a sad irony that you look more drugged out now that you've quit drugs.

Hospital Parking Lot

This is the hospital's large parking lot. Since it is on a gentle slope, it appears to reach beyond the horizon, lost to the curve of the earth. You stand near a white statue of Saint Rita of Cascia, Patroness of Impossible Causes. She is also the patron saint of abused wives, parenthood, and heartbroken women. St. Rita was levitated into the monastery of Saint Mary Magdalene by John the Baptist, Augustine of Hippo, and Nicholas of Tolentino, where she remained for the rest of her days. This statue features her whole body, head and all. Looking forward with a serene expression, she holds a crucifix adorned by roses.

Every second, the traffic on the bypass either rushes, lurches, or creeps by. The distant sound of engines, occasionally punctuated by horns, is neraly enough to drown out the music of nearby insects and frogs.

>examine rita

Rita looks forward and down, as if at you. Her slight smile reflects a quiet confidence in her opinions regarding the nature of the universe.

It's altogether unfathomable, in other words. At the base of the statue is an inscription: "By the divine love which consumed thy heart, hear our prayer."

>examine traffic

The illuminated brake lights of each passing vehicle begin to bleed into the next as the congested traffic starts and stops, speeding and slowing. Collectively, the traffic must waste a tremendous amount of kinetic energy.

The music of the many cars traversing the bypass is a single, held note.

>diagnose it

The traffic in total—a continuous flow of large, motorized objects—Is shedding a massive amount of kinetic energy. You probably can't control it, but when has sound judgement ever discouraged you? You might as well try to \*SIPHON THE INFINITE MOVEMENT\*.

The cars on the bypass seem unable to reach a fixed speed, instead braking and accelerating without discernible rhythm.

>save

OK.

>siphon traffic

You can't reach into the bypass.

>siphon infinite movement

As much as you love bad ideas, even you feel a little anxious about this. The traffic is wasting a massive amount of energy every minute. You've never before attempted to control such an incredible amount of wasted energy. Reaching out with your mind, you feel the cast-off kinetic power of every stop and start, every acceleration, every depress of the brake pedal. This power is almost... it's almost like drinking—absolutely thrilling—and you feel the hairs on your neck vibrating, singing. This is a kind of chemical, a false-yet-irresistible optimism.

You are already sorry—even sorrier than usual—that you will have to give it up.

>diagnose

(yourself)

Thank God you don't have any children.

You have harnessed the intoxicating power of an entire traffic jam and can use the \*ESOTERIC VELOCITY\* on either objects or yourself.

>save  
OK.

>jump  
You nearly fall from the top of the building.

>u  
If you are seeing this message, response handling for going nowhere is broken. Please email [cook@cookspring.ack](mailto:cook@cookspring.ack) to report the problem.

>d  
If you are seeing this message, response handling for going nowhere is broken. Please email [cook@cookspring.ack](mailto:cook@cookspring.ack) to report the problem.

>l  
This is a staging area for temporarily out-of-game objects.

You see an awl, a tropical cocktail, some polyhedral dice, a loaded revolver, a reactor access card, a brown paper sack, a reasonable idea, a bottle of benzodiazepines, a senior capstone paper titled "A Historical Overview of Ethical Theory and Self-Consolation as a First Principle," a dog-eared copy of *77 Dream Songs*, a sumptuous cheeseburger, a folio copy of *Enchanter*, and a porcelain frog.

>get frog  
That's hardly portable.

>get bottle.  
That's hardly portable.

>e

If you are seeing this message, response handling for going nowhere is broken. Please email [cook@cookspring.ack](mailto:cook@cookspring.ack) to report the problem.

>restore  
OK.

>u

That seems like the only way. It would take a lot of magic and involve quite a bit of danger, but at this intersection of magic-induced mania and your usual death wish, you are not so much deterred as tempted.

>invest me

(with the \*ESOTERIC VELOCITY\*)

Could it be that all along your problem was a problem of scope? A narrowness of vision? You could have had this all along, but your mind was too small to imagine it. You think—incredibly—that you might have missed out on something better than the world's indifference: its fear, its resentment.

You pull the power of the \*ESOTERIC VELOCITY\* deeper and further into yourself, into your sparking core. You vibrate. You hum. The world throbs.

>fly

Yes. You know—you know so much right now—how to do it. Bend the knees and push the world away. Climb a column of wet June air. Get above the trees. Get above something for once.

And then it runs out. You land heavily on the roof. It's over. You could probably cry, and likely will. This is what gets to you. Not your mother, just this coimc book bullshit.

Hospital Roof

This large, open area is mostly featureless. A tarred surface, undoubtedly waterproof, serves as a "floor". A nearby ledge beckons invitingly, as they are wont to do.

The only exit that a sane person would consider is a nearby door that presumably opens to a stairwell.

>diagnose

(yourself)

You are experiencing withdrawal symptoms: shakes, chills. Your joints hurt.

>save

OK.

>in

You open the door and make your way down to the sixth floor. The hallway is filled with the sound of many ventilators breathing in unison. You quietly push your way through the cold, treated air of the intensive care floor and enter your mother's hospital room.

The space is approximately the size of your kitchen, neither small nor large. It is dominated by a large, complicated-looking bed which is motorized for lifting and reclining its head and foot, and many tubes and wires are connected to its frame. At the center of all this machinery and electronics is your mother, who is either sleeping or unconscious. An uncomfortable-looking chair sits in a corner, and a window looks out onto the parking lot.

Plastic tubing is attached to your mother's face. Presumably, it extends down her throat. You sit in the chair, looking at her. Well, You've made it here at last, but what was the point? This machinery isn't your mother. If you didn't know that she was here, you wouldn't have recognized her. Your relationship is a pile of dishes tumbling from a modest height. Whatever it was that you could have or should have done, you won't be doing it now. It's too late. You can't change it now.

A horrible sourness crashes over you, and you feel wet with it. What were you meant to do? What was this supposed to be about? After a few miserable hours, you kiss your mother on the forehead, then drive home for a night—a life, really—of fitful, unsatisfying sleep. If you had the whole thing to do over again, you wouldn't.

#### Bedroom

You open your eyes and stare at the pocked expanse of sheet rock before you. "Not this shit again," you say, referring expansively to the totality of matter, movement, and time. You keep turning up for these days, again and again, and the best that you can say is that things haven't gone downhill. Well, unless you die, 1996 is going to be better than 1995. You know what? It will be better even if you do die.

This is your bedroom, a white-walled, hollow cube sitting at the far end of a rickety metal trailer. A mattress lies flat on the floor, and a wadded-up blanket curls atop it. Your closet doors, which have been halfheartedly disguised as wood, open to an overwhelming pile of clothes that has spilled out of the closet and onto the bedroom floor. The mess is so anxiety-inducing that you haven't worn pants in days.

This bedroom occupies the north quarter of the trailer, and the only exit is a hallway to the \*SOUTH\*.

You can see an empty plastic bin here.

\*\*\* You Have Repeated the Ending \*\*\*

Would you like to RESTART or QUIT?