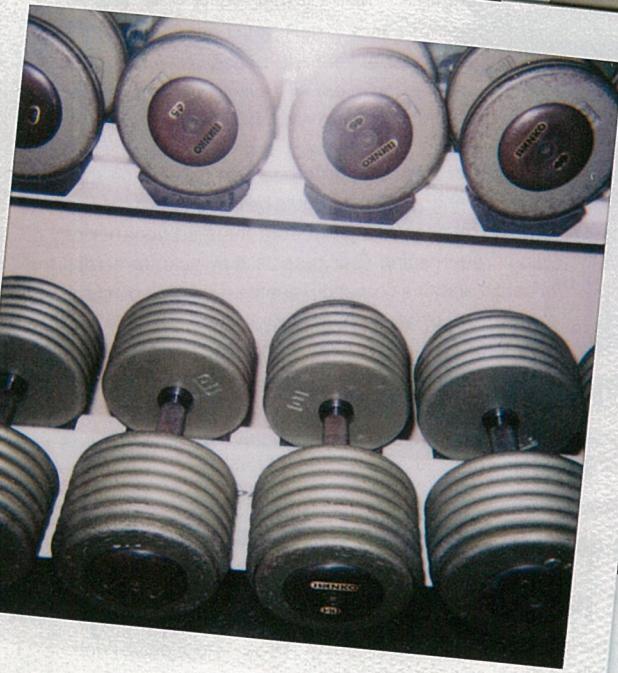
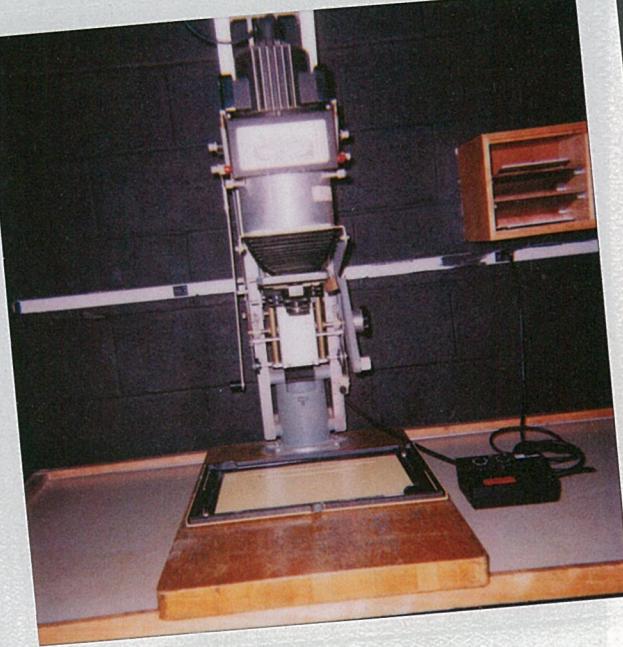


distorter



SLC? Turn to SA

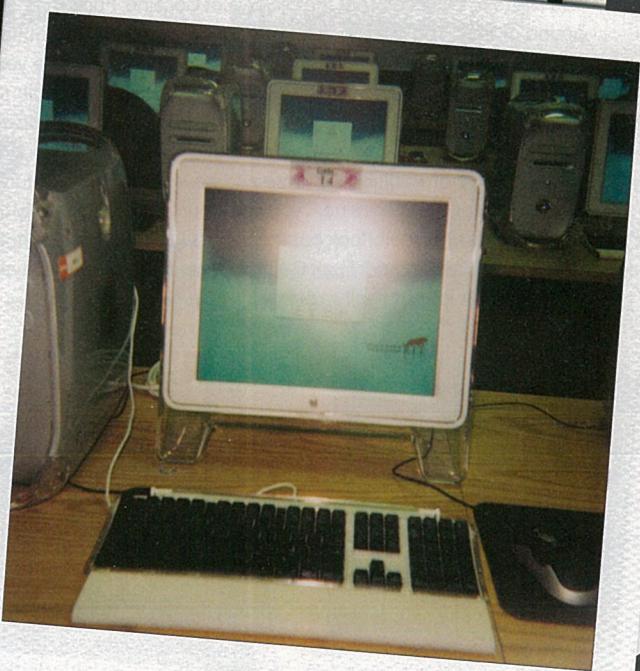


A Darkroom?

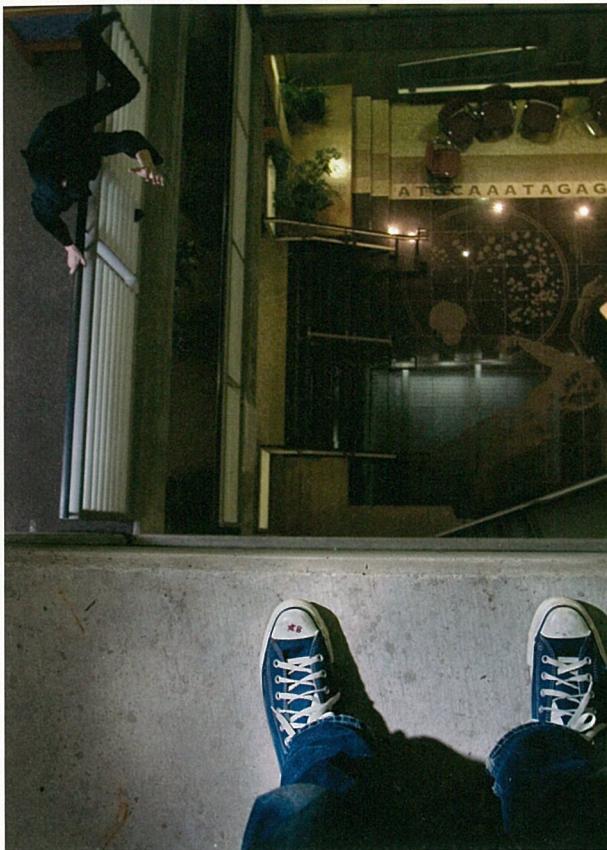
Turn to HA



Java Wally's?
Turn to 2A



Turn to 10A
A Computer Lab?

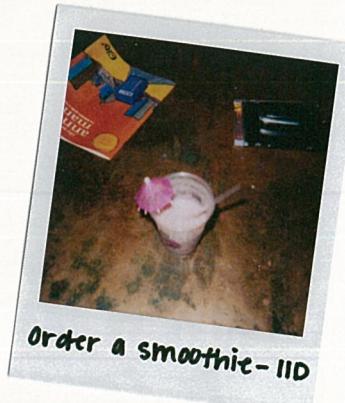


2A

You walk into Java's and look around. Plush couches, record covers on the wall, a smattering of contemporary artwork—the place feels pretty liberal. You like that. You check out the menu. Hot Cocaine. Fuck yeah. You like the sound of that. You like the idea of ordering a drink that identifies itself as a heated version of the popular, highly addictive drug. While your parents might have used real cocaine, you like the idea of being able to tell your kids when you were in college you were addicted to *hot cocaine*. Pretty badass of you. Pretty liberal. Obviously you're a freethinker not held down by the biases of traditional culture and beverage nomenclature. You get to the counter. "Hot cocaine," you say. Your hand sits casually in your left pocket while you coolly look out the window waiting for your hot imitation-drug drink. "We're out." Fuck George Bush. Facist. Everyone around you agrees. What is your backup plan?



order a coffee - 4A



Order a smoothie - 11D

2B

There is no more hope for your emo little heart so full of rage that it is empty, like hollow easter chocolate that would be preferable if only it were solid. In utter despair, you decide to jump from the third floor balcony of the science building. You imagine your guts as they splatter across the dark, shiny mural below and this somehow seems right. As you get ready to jump, a ninja appears out of nowhere (literally, nowhere) nearly startling you right over the edge. "Don't do it!" the ninja yells. You turn to see the ninja's shadowy form. "There's so much more to life than a senseless death. Come with me and I will show you the true way to live!" You look at the mural three floors below, and then you look back at the ninja.

**do you go away with the ninja to safety? - 14C
or jump from the third floor balcony? - 11A**



This miscreant's greasy disposition is unacceptable in most, if not all, social circles. You gladly dump the water on his head, safe in knowledge that you're doing the whole human race a favor. But, just as the first few drops land on the poor sap's skull, something awful happens. He suddenly starts smoking! And, as if pulling out his pack of cigarettes wasn't deviant enough, he suddenly explodes into a pack of hideous gremlins! Soon, the lab is filled with tiny little terrors, all of whom seem hell-bent on tearing you to shreds. It's time to throw down. Choose your weapon.

**samurai swords - 8B
Magic Flute - 12C**

3A

You add chemical A and toss the photo in... best hopes... Miraculously, an image appears. Huh... that's funny.

Laura is posed in the foreground, smiling and tossing leaves in the woods. But there is this dark pair of figures running through the background... is that President Simone? With an... administrative assistant?! Before you get too jumpy, it's best to ask Jason and make sure that's Simone. "Whoa man! It is President Simone! He's gotta be pulling a Lewinski! That's so cool! And ...creepy..." You now control incriminating photos of President Simone. What you do with them could change the face of RIT forever. You can bring them to Simone and confront him, or you can post them on Facebook for the world to see.



3E

You don't wipe it off—sweat is most definitely the safest bodily fluid that any human or plant can come in contact with, without committing a sin. "Hey," calls out the buffest body builder you've ever seen, "aren't you going to wipe that off?" You ignore him and start up your routine. "Don't you know that sweat can transmit HIV?" Before you can answer, he's picked you up and slammed you against the machine. He throws you a spray bottle and towel. He screams, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness, fool!" He spits on you. As he glares menacingly, you wipe his spit off with the towel and proceed to wipe down the machine. By the time you're done, you're feeling really nauseous. Apparently, something in his spit (steroids, perhaps?) acted as a catalyst when mixed with the sweat, and formed biological sweat weapons. You feel like you're going to puke your insides out. If this is contagious, half of RIT could have it by nightfall. Do you go to the health center?

if you go to the health center -13B

if you do not go -12B

3B

You receive two lightning-fast Roundhouse Kicks to the head from Law and Order (i.e. his legs). He kicks you so hard that you are removed from the time-space continuum. And thus you never existed.



3C

You scream, but as you do you see the hat of a Wally Walker appear over a bookshelf. On a constant search for notorious bibliofornicators, he starts heading in your direction. You look around for the ninja who has suddenly disappeared, and start praying that the Wally Walker doesn't know about your late night library escapades. He approaches you holding *Advanced Computer Programming Language*, a book you are very familiar with, and you break into a cold sweat. Holding your breath, he stares at you, and accuses you of brutally killing Ritchie. You claim that you didn't even know he was dead, but the Wally Walker, seeking vengeance, lunges at you with his standard-issue RITractable™ knife. He misses you, so you sprint off in a mad dash until you stop to catch your breath, trying to figure out where you are.

go back to the cover

3D

So, you've made it to the Fireside Lounge. Think you're pretty cool, don't you? Well, you know you're cool. You've been freezing for at least 15 minutes. You press the button next to the fireplace to start it up.

DISASTER!

The second you press the button, a massive flash-blizzard comes in and shatters all the windows. Thought you were so smart, pushing the fireplace button and all. Now the windows are broken. And you're still really cold. Gonna press the button again, genius?

Yes.

You're going to get frostbite if you don't -10C

No.

Maybe freezing to death isn't so bad after all -9C

4A

After thinking about it for a couple of minutes, you decide to order coffee. While the server goes to prepare the coffee, you see a ninja drop out of nowhere right in front of you. He looks at you and cups his fists and bows in martial-arts fashion. "Noble comrade," he whispers, "you have been identified because of your skills, and because of this I ask you for your assistance. The fetuses of the undead are approaching, and my order is

now only a few, doing our best to fight this menace. I alone can't defeat them. If you support and will aid me in this noble cause, meet me in the library." The server gives you your coffee. Just as you finish paying her and get your drink, you turn to talk to the ninja again and see he's disappeared. The server looks at you quizzically and asks, "You all right?" Do you:

Follow the ninja? - 14C or Venture off? - 13A



4B

Since you remember your parents telling you it's nicer to swallow, you close your eyes and force the toxic nuclear winter down your throat. You instantly get a brain freeze, and fall to the floor in pain. It soon spreads to the rest of your body, and you feel the coldest you've ever felt. You manage to get up and run to the door, looking for a place to get warm. You

Go to the Interfaith Center? - 9D

leave the building, but the Rochester April snowstorm makes you even colder. Shielding yourself against the blizzard, you trek to the SAU. You don't think you have much time left and drag your frozen body down the hallway. Desperately looking for help, do you:

or go to the Fireside Lounge? - 3D

4C

You turn your attention to Simone's wife. As you walk over to her you discover that she is working on a Sudoku puzzle. She looks over her shoulder with troubled eyes. "I can't quite seem to determine where the

If you've never done one of these, this is how it works: each row and column should contain the numbers 1-9 once and each of the blocks should contain each number once too. The answer is on the website, go check it out!

sixes go," she tells you. You feel sorry for her, so you say, "I'll show you where the sixes go, baby." This makes her smile.

		8	9					
5	2	7				3	1	
6	7				9			
		8	4		7			
1						2		
	3		6	2				
	9					6	2	
5	3			9	1	4		
				8	3			

end

SA

You're in the SLC. You've been waiting five minutes to get the machine, that golden calf of a machine that would give you the golden calves needed to win the heart of that insurmountably sexy figure in the mirror. You run in place to keep your blood flowing while waiting, but now that the guy in front of you dismounts from the Calvinator 670, you shift your legs out of neutral and make a dash for it. It shimmers and gleams like morning dew on the lips of angels. That's because it is covered in three coats of sweat.



Do you wipe?

Yes - 11E
No - 3E



SB

You opt not to clean this greasy kid next to you. Heck, it'd be a waste of your anti-grease water, which you spent a whole \$1.35 on. The greasiness quickly becomes overwhelming, forcing you to stand up and beat feet. As you're running away like a fat kid towards IHOP, you start feeling ill. You must have caught something from that ingrate in the lab! In retrospect,

you regret not dumping that water on his head. As you're walking home, you pass the Health Center. Decision time. On one hand, it might be a good idea to get a check-up. On the other hand, you really want to play World of Warcraft. Where do you go?

Health center - 13B

Azeroth - 4B



6A

You grab the bastard by the collar. Time to crack some skull. He looks familiar; you quickly recognize him as President Al Simone—but not before he slides out of your grip, punches you in the stomach and hurls a 20-pound weight like a frisbee into your face. Somewhat startled, you quickly jump back to your feet. A battle of epic proportions ensues, thanks to the boundless power of your imagination.



6B

Sweating and exhausted, you reach the home of Al Simone: Liberty Hill. You crush a row of azalea bushes in the process. You show him what you've got and he coils back in surprise by the sudden blow that has hit him. He immediately gets on his knees and pleads with you for sympathy. "I know what I did was wrong," he tells you, "and I apologize from the bottom of my... my... hey, would you like to BBQ?"

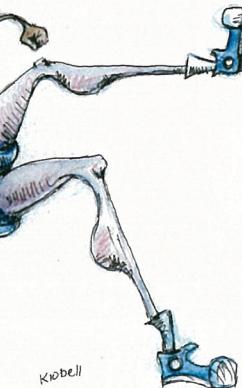
Do you grill?

Yes - 1SB No - 4C



You're both covered in blood as the battle reaches its climax. What do you do?

*Threaten to screw RIT's retention rate by dropping out - 9A
Fight his sorry ass all the way to Liberty Hall - 13C
Threaten to Sudoku his wife - 4C*



6C

You log in to World of Warcraft and start exploring the Molten Core with your level 60 Night Elf when you see legendary Chuck Norris, counting to infinity for the third time in a row. Upon seeing your 1337 self, he challenges you to a duel, which you accept. He immediately attacks you with his patented Roundhouse Kick to the Side of the Head Attack, dealing 120 HP of damage and leaving you stunned. You counter with a Heroic Strike, but it's blocked by Chuck's Beard of Amazing Fortitude. You pause to channel all your mana for one last spell. As you are doing this, Chuck powers up his +5 Total Gym of Smiting. Do you:

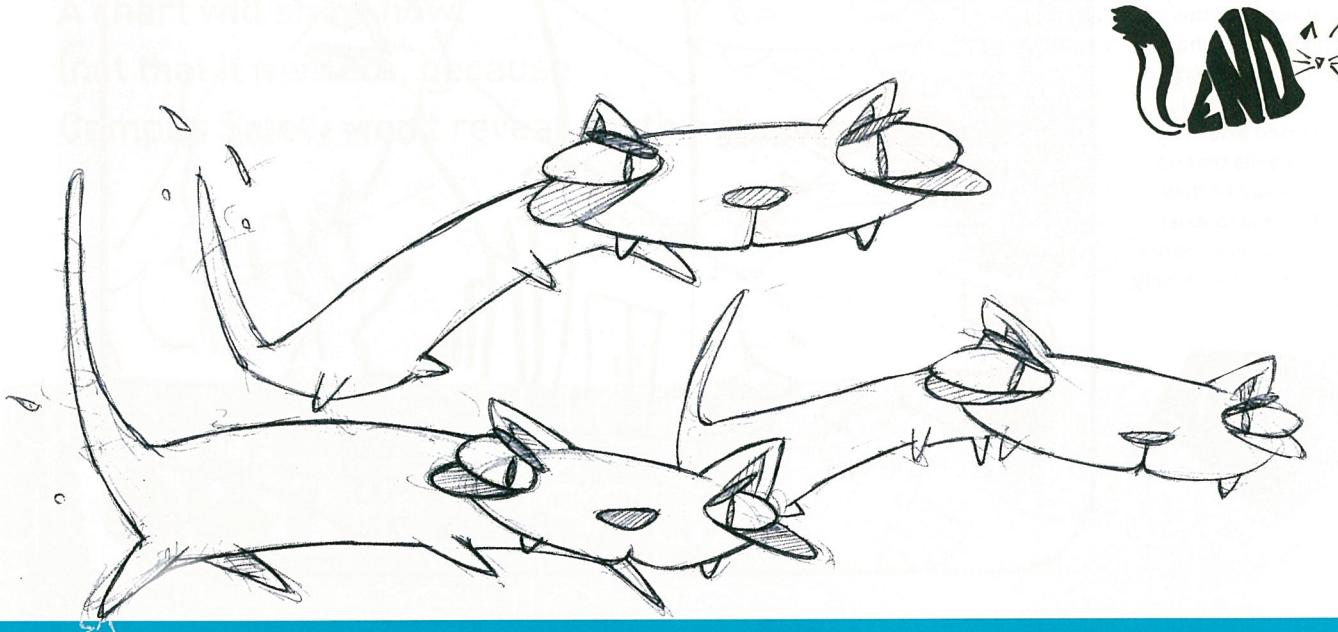
**gank chuck? - 11C
or get ganked by chuck? - 3B**



7A

You start running with the feral cats. Not because you are crazy, but because you enjoy it. You feel the wind rush through your whiskers, feel one with the great feline. You crave the rodent, fear the dog, and reject the conventions of the modern electric can opener. Because you are wild.

You are untamed, and finally free to feed from dumpsters and run amok with your catty kind. You become their king. You are master, finally, of all things feral cat. If only you'd known about this 20 years ago, you wouldn't have spent so much time sitting in math class.



END

7B

Before you make your way to see the king of RIT spirit, Mr. James Macchiano, you must first decide what to wear.

If you choose your brand new black and orange RIT sweatshirt from the bookstore, with black pants and then tiger stripe your fingernails and hair - 8C

If you choose snazzy burnt umber, pantone 167S, pants with matching shoes and an orange, pantone 14S, blazer with striped shirt of those colors - 15A

If you choose to wear nothing at all in hopes of swaying James with your oozing sexuality - 9C

7C

You scream like a two-year-old with a splinter, arms flailing in the air, and the billions of muscles in your legs stomping brutally into the floor. Overwhelmed by the spectacle, the machine-stealer runs for his life. Trailing him through the halls of the SLC, you finally corner him at the top of a stairway.

Here you notice the intimated old man is actually President Al Simone—but not before Ritchie, willing to give his life for the President, grabs you in a choke hold from behind. Your adrenaline rushes through your veins, provoking you to throw a second peed-your-pants-style hissyfit as well as Ritchie down the stairs.

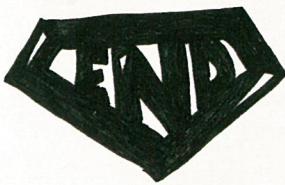
You bolt down to see if he's all right, seeing him lying at the base of the stairs breathing very loudly. You remove his mask slowly revealing what you think to be Anakin Skywalker and is reaffirmed when he states, "I am your father."

Don the costume and follow in your father's footsteps? 16A

or call Sports Information? - 12A

8A

So, through your daring exploits in the name of righteousness, you slay the horrors that plagued the campus and become the true savior of the universe. Streets, cities, stars and strata are named after you. The diabolical evils that no longer exist would (if they still existed) cease to exist at the mention of your name, all because you chose wisely, noble reader.



8B

You realize you cannot win against such staggering gremlin odds. You raise your sword into the air and speak: "The air, the wind, rustles. Birds sing, oceans crash, the fires burn. Now it is over. All will stop for me this day. How so I will miss them all." You plunge your sword into your stomach and let loose a scream of agony, struggling to complete the cut as you fall forward. Blood spills from your chest. You look around frantically for a second. The labbie, seeing your plight, approaches to aid you. He takes your sword and deliver a fast cut through your neck. You say nothing, but your last thoughts thank him for his kindness.

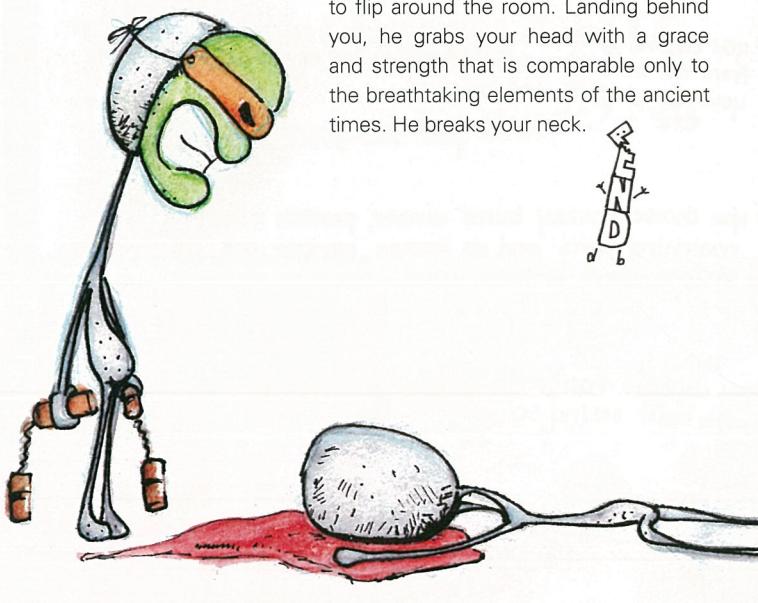


8C

As you walk into the RITreat James sees your flashy threads, but is instantly disgusted with your choice.

"Fool!" he screams, "The school colors are burnt umber and orange, not black and orange! You will rue the day that you chose your apparel so poorly!"

He dashes off in a flash and quickly returns in full ninja garb. Ninja-James proceeds to flip around the room. Landing behind you, he grabs your head with a grace and strength that is comparable only to the breathtaking elements of the ancient times. He breaks your neck.



9A

You are a statistic!

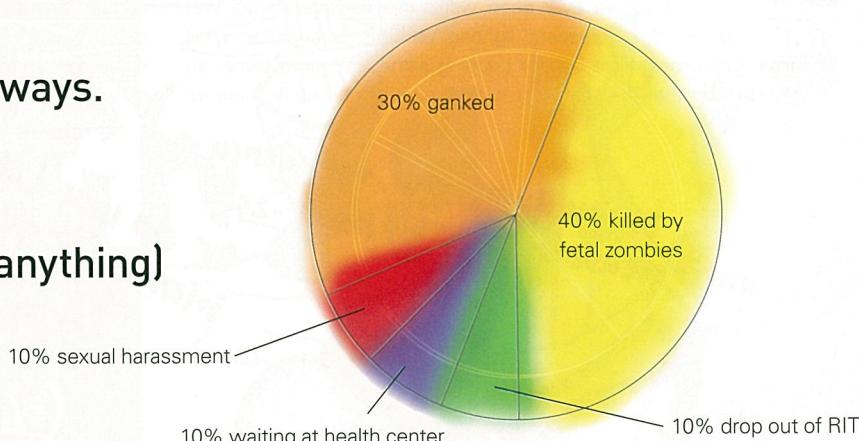
You got here lots of different ways.

A chart will show how.

(not that it matters, because

Campus Safety won't reveal anything)

end.



AB

9c

9D

You
have
been
blinded.

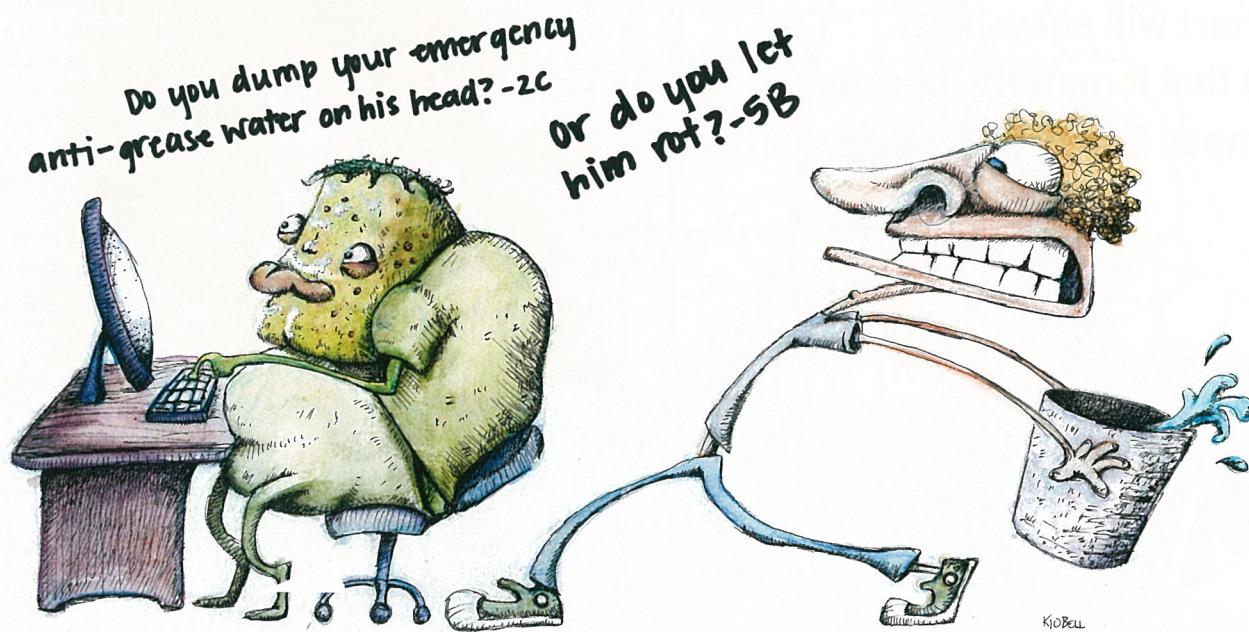
You join that 1.3% of people on Earth
who can't see color. In fact, you can't see
anything at all. But that's not so bad, right? I
can lend you my Genesis tapes, and we can
listen to Phil Collins together in the... dark. Or
maybe some Amy Grant. Think of this as a
blessing... You have a big shiny life full of soft
rock to look forward to! ^.^

end

10A

You're in the computer labs working on a project and minding your own business when the greasiest kid you've ever seen walks in. His face shines wet under the florescent lighting and his scraggly ponytail and neckbeard are literally dripping slime. He surveys the lab and decides that the seat next to your own is a prime location for

his filthy, filthy corpulence. He starts typing and frequently peeks over at your monitor. After a minute, he speaks. If you're a guy, he makes condescending comments about your work. If you're a girl, he grins creepily and offers his "expert" assistance. As he talks, his neckbeard sways back and forth, dripping a yellowish goo. You recoil in disgust and consider your options.



10B YOU FEEL A SHARP PAIN IN YOUR WOMB.

If you're a guy you're concerned because last time you checked you didn't have one. If you're a girl you swear you used protection. Damn that 9mm. The pain becomes so intense that your womb eventually explodes and fetal zombies emerge. They begin to eat you and not in a sexual manner. Thus you lie on the ground and bleed from the area where your uterus used to be or in the case of a guy, you bleed from the spot that used to hold your internal man organs. You begin to realize that abortion is not a bad idea. Abortion doesn't kill, fetal zombies do.

END.

10C

You decide to push the button once again. Considering how well pushing the button worked last time, this is probably a pretty stupid decision. And yet, you put your thumb over the button and slowly push it in. Nothing. You try again. Nothing. You vary your pushing speed and intensity. Nothing. Even a Chuck Norris-style roundhouse kick to the button produces absolutely nothing. So here you are, cold, bitter, completely disgusted, and with no hope of anything better. You reach into your green tunic and sort through your inventory: bombs, bow and arrow, various mystical triforce pieces...ah, there it is, the magical Ocarina. You bring the round, pointlessly obscure wind instrument to your lips and play a few notes at random. A blue light surrounds you, and you are whisked away, returning to the front cover to start your adventure anew.

[Go back to the front cover](#)

IIA

You take one last breath and leap over the balcony, falling as fast as a twelve year-old girl falls for Ricky Martin (roughly, at 9.8 meters per second squared). Even if, in your beleaguered state, you remember to take air resistance into account, this is still frighteningly fast. You close your eyes as you hit the floor. The soft floor. The unusually, unnaturally, and surprisingly soft floor. You open your eyes and find that the giant man inscribed in the atrium floor has lifted his hand and broken your fall. Remarkably, this state of affairs is not an unsettling one. You settle back and relax as the hand cradles you into eternity.



IIIB

You're minding your own business when frozen-fruit nuclear winter erupts in the tunnels. You spend roughly three months living in the tunnels in the bitter cold, eating only Sol's food and other students. You die a horrible, lonely death, only to be dissected by researchers and put on display in a museum in the year 2184.

**THEY EVEN
SPELLED
YOUR NAME
WRONG ON THE
PLAQUE.**



IID

Seeing as it's nice enough this time of year for something cool, you order a smoothie. You watch with interest as the server puts the ingredients into the blender. Slowly, you start developing an attraction. You smile and lean towards the server, who smiles back, piercings glittering in the unmotivated light coming from the ceiling. You're turned on. So is the blender. Back turned to the blender, the server looks at you, smilingly, asking, "Busy quarter?" Just as you start to respond, you notice a really high pitched whirring sound coming from the blender. The server turns to see the blender detonate. You watch in horror as most of the force causes the server's head to burst into pieces. As you try to shield yourself from the resulting explosion, particles of the fruit smoothie mix enter your mouth and you get knocked to the ground. Do you:

Spit? -9B

or Swallow? -4B



IIIC

*Nobody ganks Chuck Norris,
bastard. Not ever.
Now get your
ass over to 3B*

IIED

There's no way you're getting on that machine in its supreme state of sweatiness. You're pretty sure your FYE teacher told you that sweat can transmit HIV, and the HIV is one tough calorie to burn, so you turn off to go grab a towel. But someone might steal your machine! Apollo forbid. So you turn to the entirety of the up-buffering masses and exclaim, "I'm getting on this machine next, and if anyone steals it, they're getting skull-cracked! and having their neck stepped on." After taking some terrycloth from the bin, you return to find one sorry son of a bitch on your Calvinator 670. What do you do?

**skull-crackin' -6A
run away and hide -2B
throw a hissy fit -7C**

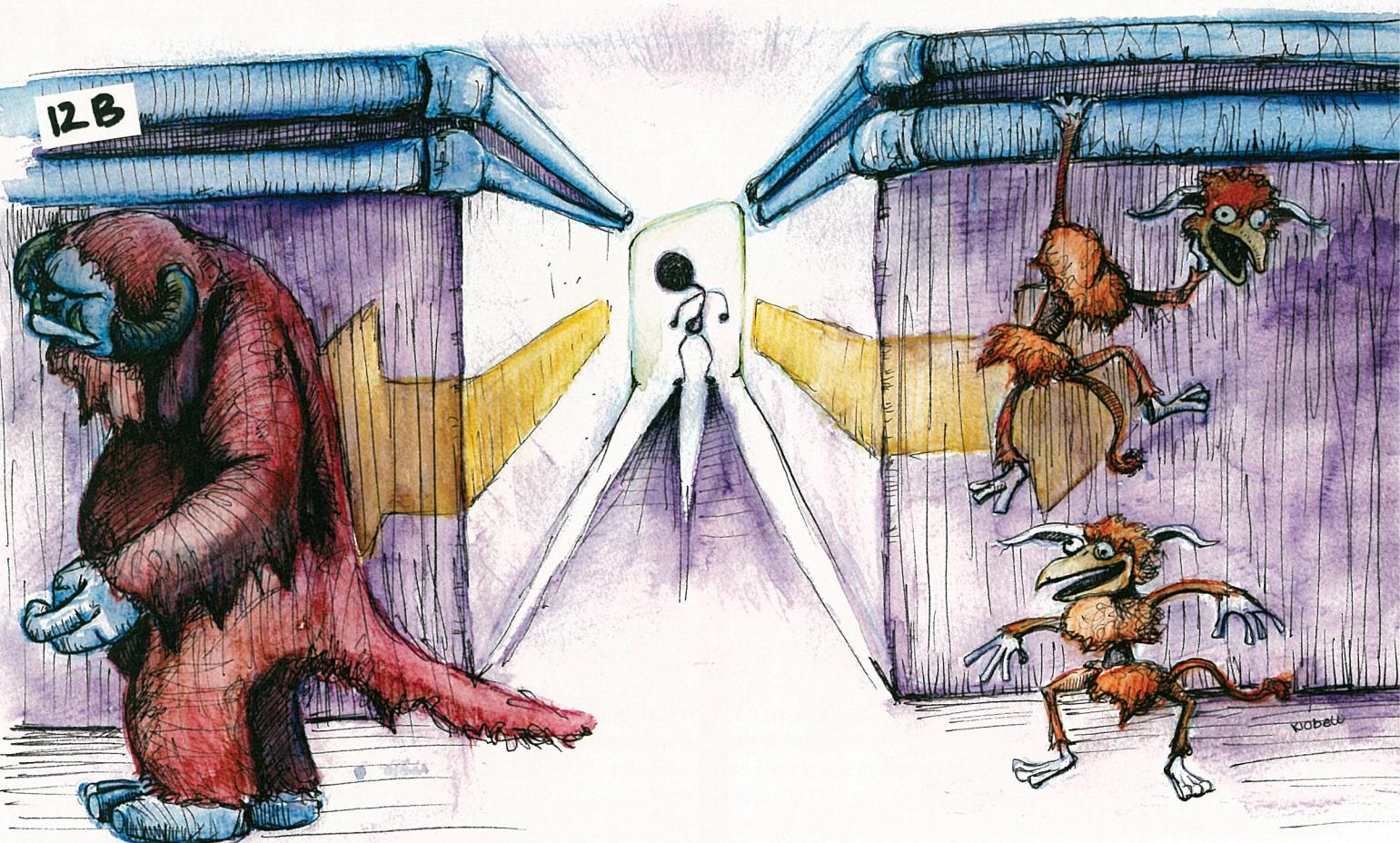
12A

Horrified, you quickly grab your phone and call sports information. Hysterical, you inform them of RITchie's situation. The lady on the other end sounds uninterested. After screaming at her about how horrible this discovery is, she replies "Oh. Ok. Thank you for informing us," and hangs up on you. Now, standing over RITchie's body you must decide what to do.

If you decide to run to SG President James Macchiano to tell him the horrible news -7B

If you continue on your way, realizing that the fire that is RIT spirit has been squelched -9B

12B



Of course you won't go. Who would betray a virus as powerful as the one you now possess? You can unleash it into the world like some ridiculous plan Krang may have come up with. The illness must be coddled and preserved. It gives you the power you've been looking for all your life. No more gym, no

more fitness bars, just good ol' wholesome disease to infect the weak. You leave the health center. Remembering what your mother told you about the wind making you sick (or was it the rain?), you descend to the tunnels so as to not increase the direness of your incurable disease.

Do you take a left?-7A
or do you take a right?-11B

12C

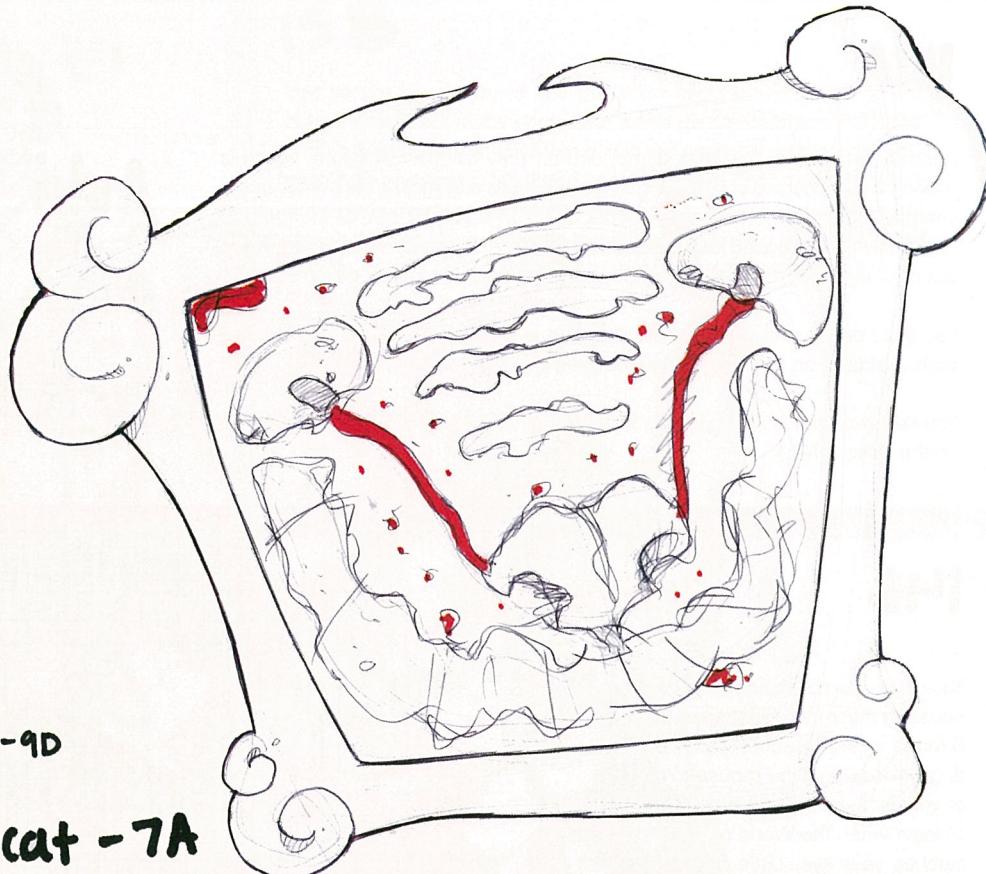


You pull out your magic flute and start playing Enya's "Only Time." The little gremlins are immediately enchanted by the soothing sounds of this instant-classic. You take advantage of their trance and lead them out of the lab, intent on exposing them to a fatal dose of sunlight. The gremlins follow eagerly. Everything is cool—until you get outside. Turns out, it's just another dark, gloomy day in Rochester. Seasonal Affective Disorder hits you like never before. The greasy-kid gremlins start laughing. Then, they drop you quicker than MTV dropped Janet Jackson's videos after the Super Bowl. In other words...

end

13A

You never trust a ninja, so you thank him and go to sit on a couch with your mocha frappe latte. You see the ninja continue to warn others, showing off some moves and elaborating on the fetus zombie story. You say to yourself: "If there are fetus zombies, why would they come to Rochester?! They would freeze to death; I know better." Thinking that you're too smart for any ninja, you start drinking your mocha frappe latte. The taste is intoxicating. You had planned on reading or surfing the web, but now all you want to do is drink more and more mocha frappe latte. It's orgasmic. You imagine that you own a house with a moat full of mocha frappe latte when, all of a sudden, you hear strange sounds coming from the wall. You look at the wall and see a large painting. What do you see in the painting?



Fallopian tubes - 10B

Nothing - 9D

Blood? That's odd.

The cheshire cat - 7A

13B

You are getting
sicker and
sicker with every
moment that
passes.

Besides, reporting the outbreak of biological sweat weapons is the responsible thing to do. Unfortunately, when you get to the health center, the line is out the door. A certain World of Warcraft server has been down for several hours, bringing a tidal wave of mental breakdowns crashing down on RIT. As you stand in line listening to the two boys in front of you heatedly argue over whether or not they really did see the effigy of Chuck Norris running through Ironforge right before it crashed, your condition rapidly declines. Your head feels like it's stuffed with waterlogged cotton, and you're breaking out into a cold sweat. You're hacking and coughing and your nose is running like a hooker's stockings. There is a horrible pain in your chest. Your limbs feel gelatinous. Your skin feels like it has the clap. Even worse, the line hasn't budged, and nobody is paying any attention to you at all. Do you:

Keep waiting in line? - 9A

or accept the futility of life and attempt suicide? - 2B

13C

Honestly, I've never in my whole life seen anyone pick a stupider chemical. Not only are your "artsy" photos of The Sentinel destroyed, so is all life in the Northern Hemisphere as a result of your careless chemical choice.

Who would've thought you could create a large scale Nuclear Winter in the process of failing Photo 1?

Thanks a lot, jerk. I was gonna see King Kong again tonight, too.



14A

Another long day in the cold, damp, dim pit they call the darkroom. Jason is mulling around behind you, singing to the Monkees and jiggling his photos in the chemical baths. You are setting up your baths on the other side of the room. It would have been a good idea to start developing your photos earlier in the week, but no... as usual, the pictures are due tomorrow and you haven't even started.

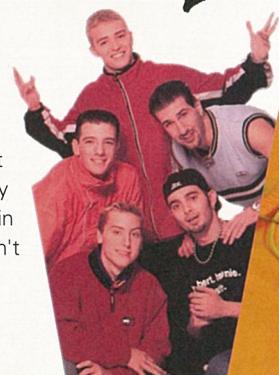
You start developing your photos; first one in the first bath, then the second bath... moving on to the third, you find it empty. Forgot to fill that one?

You see two bottles sitting on the floor, both unlabeled other than a big A and B on the sides. Uh-oh.

Add chemical A? - 3A
Add chemical B? - 6C
or add Pepsi? - 16B

14B

LO-RES N'SYNC



You run to your computer, fully intent on releasing these incriminating pictures of Simone to the facebook community at large. You wiggle the mouse to dispose of your N*Sync screensaver and prepare to login when the World of Warcraft icon catches your eye. Little beads of sweat begin forming on your forehead. You move your cursor to open Internet Explorer, but pause. That icon is peering into your very soul, cutting into your consciousness in exactly the same way that a spoon doesn't cut into steak. You cannot resist...

-6B



14C

You trust the ninja since ninjas are known for their strength in character. As you follow him into the library, you become paranoid and start seeing fetuses everywhere. You wonder why the ninja isn't spazzing or attacking the fetus zombies. Instead, he's standing relaxed with a grin on his face as he checks you out. "Would you like to get a cup of coffee?", he says. You wonder how the ninja can act so calm with fetus zombies on the prowl, but then you remember that you look especially hot today and are wearing that sexy perfume of yours. Before you can answer him, the ninja glows at you and says, "We just had sex." Bad ninja! You didn't notice because ninjas move so fast (that's an understatement). Do you...

scream? - 3C or giggle? - 10B

ISA

Before you can even set foot in the RITreat, James' spirit radar goes off. He dashes out into the hall to see you in all your glory and almost creams his pants. You begin to tell him about RITchie's unfortunate demise, but as soon as you open his mouth, he reaches out and touches you.



If James' hand finds its way to your nether regions - 9A

If he grabs your elbow as if to lead you to his office for something more private - 9B

If James tenderly pats you on the stomach - 10B

If he begins to rub your head, messing up your carefully done hair - 9D

If James begins to gently massage your chest - 9C

ISC

You approach Ritchie, taking note of the gruesome slash marks gracing the poor feline's wrists. Apparently, this little mascot didn't have as much spিRiT as the school's brochure indicates. You reach out your hands and pull off the head...

...and what you see is so graphic and disturbing that it forces you to die a graphic and disturbing death.

ISB

You accept his apologies and go to his backyard for some grilled delights and a dip in the pool. After a few games of Marco Polo, the BBQ's fired up. Smiling like that guy in the penis pill commercial, you each take ravenous bites out of some delicious BBQ meat you can't quite place. You aren't quite sure what Simone is saying, due to his full mouth, but you think it sounds something like "mmmmmm, slem sells!" Unsure, you let out a hearty laugh and take another voracious bite.



end.



11A

As you slip into the Ritchie costume, you feel the outfit cling to your skin like some kind of living being. Frightened, you try to take off the costume, but it is too late. You cannot remove it. Your personality changes as the costume becomes a part of you. Now, you are pleased to have large eyes, a big pink nose and big ears. Your sense of smell increases and you feel a sudden desire to swish your tail. Then, without warning, you begin to dance. You dance like a mascot, wild and crazy, malevolent yet beautiful, tantalizing and intimidating with twirling batons and a knack for the twist. Your smile is unbearable, ripping at your face's flesh as the muscles tense, smiling wider and wider. Covered in this suit of happiness, you can resist all but the urge to dance into the beautiful sunset.



11B

Damn. No Pepsi. Off to the vending machine, look at your meager change and decide that maybe processing this film is more important than cigarettes. Besides, you can always bum one off one of your professors. They owe you anyway. You return to the dark room to find it, well, dark. Darker than you left it. You step in and trip over something, landing hard on your back, spilling Pepsi everywhere. But what's this warm, sticky, viscous liquid. Almost smells like... no... no, it couldn't be. You flick the light switch. Gasping as you survey the scene before you. Ritchie lies prone on the ground, blood pooling and congealing in a slowly expanding puddle on the floor and mixing with Pepsi and spilled processing chemicals. Do you...

