Foobar1024

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Actual game on <https://raymondnie.github.io/rhnie.me/phil_final/index.html>

Source code on <https://github.com/RaymondNie/FallaciousGame>

Play it before you read the game script below.

Overall

Boring Wednesday nothing as usual. Really nothing to do after dinner. I look outside my car window and cannot find anything that could inspire a night plan. Driving without any purpose in this little town is probably the only way to kill my night time. Nah wait, is that a new bar? Oh come on, why the bar has to have a name called “foo”. Probably not a new bar then because I just skipped it before…

Well, it’s time to check it.

Nah I would not go in a bar with such a stupid name.

But seriously, what can I do tonight? Watch Maple Leafs replay at home? Already knew the result of losing. Forget it. Just go check the bar then.

I park along the street and walk in it. Well nothing looks special. “Alone, Sir?” The waiter asked. “Yeah but get me a booth thanks.” I just don’t understand why people like to sit on all those barstools. So uncomfortable. “What do you want, sir?”...

“Just Bud Light please.” “No problem man.”

“Any recommendation?” “We got a foobar special drink. Wanna try?” “Sure.”

Waiting for my drink, [Random Event]

Thank god finally got my order. It tastes like nothing but at least better than water. Thinking about what just happened, [Random Event]

I start to feel a little bit sleepy with the help of alcohol. Deciding on whether leaving or not, [Random Event]

Time to go. Still got an 8:30 class tomorrow. What a foo bar.

Random Event 1

A handsome young man just come in and sit opposite me. “You wouldn’t mind, right?”

“Of course not. Chris here.”

“You already sat down man. But nevermind. Chris here.”

“James.” After a friendly handshake, James asked: “I’m a software developer. Work across the street. How about you?”

[option A] “Just a boring guy on a boring Wednesday night.” “That’s why you come to a bar”, he said, “But seriously what do you do?”

“A professor. Teach logic.” “Sounds interesting then”, he said, “Logic is fun. Then why are you bored?”

“It’s not that fun when you are the only guy in the classroom understand logic.”

[option B]“A professor. Teach logic.” “Sounds interesting then”, he said, “Is it fun?”

“Sometimes. But not fun when you are the only guy in the classroom understand logic.”

“I got it.” He says. “Professor that teaches logic. I think I got something fun for you though.” He asks the waiter for three plastic bottles, with a ping pong ball that he pulled out of nowhere. “I’m also an amteaur magician. Your drink is on me if you could guess where is the ball correctly.”

[choice 1A]

“OK I would not reject a free drink chance.”

“I will buy you a drink if I cannot get it right.”

Classic trick. Ball under the left bottle, reorder the bottles with crazy fast speed. It’s hard to follow all the moves but I think the ball is still under the bottle on the left. “Which one?”

“Bottle on the left.”

“Bottle in the middle.”

“Bottle on the right.”

“Are you sure?” He revealed the bottle in the middle/on the right/on the left(different than the option), nothing inside, “I’ll give you a chance to switch. What’s your choice now?”

Well, a Monty Hall problem now. This guy must have learned some logic before and trying to test me now.

Logic professor should have rational choice. “I’ll switch.” “Of course you will switch. A logic professor definitely knows Monty Hall problem and always switch.”

He is trying to trick me here. “I’ll stay.” “Not following the optimal choice from Monty Hall and think I’m tricking you? It doesn’t matter.”

He then reveals all the bottles and the bottle in the middle/on the right/on the left(same as the black part above) suddenly there’s a ball inside. “But you forgot I’m a magician.”

Oh come on. This is cheating. “No free drink Chris”, he says,

[response for choice 1A]

“But not that boring now right?”

“But you are such a good man so don’t worry, your drink is on me.”

“Thanks for that, James.” He stands up and say: “No problem. Thanks for your time though, finish my magic trick practicing. Saw that girl over there? That’s my actual target tonight.” I look at the direction he points to, well, seems like I’m just the warm-up round for James.

“Nice trick. Good luck and have fun then.”

Magic beats logic. Not surprising though, especially when your final goal is trying to pick up a girl.

Random Event 2

A young looking girl walks down and sits beside me, I notice that she is drinking from a “Minute Maid” orange juice box.

"Heya mister, I'm Sally nice to meet ya!" she exclaims.

"Nice to meet you miss, my name is Chris"

"Did you get separated from your parents?"

"Are you old enough to be in here?"

She laughs, "I'm already 21, engineering student in university. Just getting my daily intake of vitamin C if you were wondering about my drink"

A student. Shouldn’t mention I’m a prof then. It dawns upon me that I haven't thought about my nutrient intake in all the time i've spent in undergrad and postgrad life...

Maybe i need some vitamin C as well.

"Anyways, speaking about age, I have many friends who are just a few days off from being 19. They can’t come to this bar with me so I always just end up meeting creepy old people"

I wonder if she is referring to me specifically..

Loop: "I mean, what's the difference between 19 years and 18 years plus 355 days right?"

A: "The difference mam is 1 day." (Loop)

B: "By that logic you could continue and argue a baby should be able to drink!"

"Hmmm, I guess you're right. Critical thinking isn't my strong suit. Well It's time for me to get going now! See ya."

I wonder how long she would have kept going...

She was iterating the textbook example of the flaws of the fallacy of continuum without noticing the flaw herself.

"Take care Sally.” You should come to my class on some day, I think to myself. The university should put logic in the mandatory course list for engineering students.

Random Event 3

One of the guys standing in the middle of bar comes towards me. He takes off his red hood: “Gentleman, how are you? I’m Tong.” “Chris. Nice to meet you.” I replied.

“Do you come to this bar often?” “No. My first time in this bar.”

“Then as a frequent customer, let me tell you something interesting about this bar. The bar has some special relationship with Bud Light. Some say that the owner of the bar is actually the Bud Light CEO’s illegitimate child.”

“Are you serious? Never heard of these kind of news before.” “Not 100% sure but as a beer lover I’m quite reliable.”

“That must be hearsay. There are no DNA tests right?” “No but as a beer lover I’m quite reliable.”

“Did you see those beer bottles that the bartender is holding? It’s Bud Light and it’s the golden bottle. Those are limited editions, being produced 1 in a million and they got two of them here!” I follow his finger and to be honest, i cannot really distinguish whether the bottle is blue or gold, but the bottles do look special and different from the daily ones I normally have.

“Are you sure about that? Aren’t the gold editions just for Canada 150?” “Good question. I can say I’m 90% sure that one the bartender holding is gold. And it’s not for Canada 150 because that one is also a blue bottle. The gold version is 1 in a million, it even says so on their official website.”

As a professor who knows Bayes’ Theorem, I see an opportunity to win a bet here.

“I bet you a 20 dollars that the bottle there is blue.”

“I bet you a drink that the bottle there is blue.”

“Why? You don’t like this rumor?”

[choice 3A]

“It’s something called Bayes’ Theorem.”

“Nah I just don’t believe all these ridiculous things.”

Tong agrees with the bet without hesitation and calls the bartender. Well it’s a gold bottle. The bartender says: “You guys want to check the limited edition as well? It’s legit and the owner of the bar gave this one to me himself.”

[response to 3A]

“I told you Chris. I have learned Bayes’ Theorem before as well but the rumor is true man.”

“Sometimes even ridiculous things can be true.”

I’m a little bit disappointed, but I decide to ask the bartender: “Do you know about the thing about Bud Light CEO?” “Well, I choose to stay silence on that.” With a strange smile on her face she leaves us and goes back to work.

Tong takes his reward and thanks me for it, “At least we know more about the rumor man.” I throw my hands up in the air, trying to calculate how unlucky I am as I apply the Bayes’ formula in my head. It’s probably just not my day.

Random Event 4

[Secret Event. Please figure it out yourself.]

Random Event 5

A strong six foot man drops in and says hi: “Hey Chris, haven’t seen you for a while.”

Oops. Seems like I forgot this guy’s name. He probably realizes that as well.

He introduces himself again, ”I’m one of the fitness professional in the gym that you work out in. My name is Martin. “

“Hello Martin. Sorry for forgetting your name.”

“Hi Martin. I should go to the gym more often so that I can remember the name.”

He laughs and replies: “You definitely need to come to the gym more often.” We then talk about the gym, girls in the gym, girls in the bar, until being interrupted by the noise from the TV.

“News about Donald Trump again. The media focuses too much on Trump.” He said.

“I couldn’t agree more. But Trump calls it all fake news so It seems it doesn’t bother him.” “Yup Trump is trying his best to demolish the corrupted Washington D.C. and media are just too liberal and not on his side.”

“There are too many problems with Trump and that’s why the media puts their focus point on him.”

“What do you mean problems? Most of them are fake and being made up by the media.”

OK, I get it, Martin you are a Trump supporter. I’m thinking how I can apply red herring to avoid this conversation but he actually asks first:

“Chris do you support Trump? Don’t get brainwashed by liberal media.”

“No I don’t.” “Are you serious? It’s just ridiculous that you would believe all that fake news.” Martin seems to be disappointed, and continues: “I remember you saying that you are a professor that teaches logic yet it seems you still cannot think independently. Shame on you.”

He asks again, this time flexing his muscles, “Do you support Trump now?”

“No I don’t.” I finally get chance to give my reasons, listing some of Trump’s policies on immigrants and analyzing them for Martin. He seems to be impatient, insisting that all my points are just made up by the puppet liberal media.

“So brainwashed.” Martin stands up and leaves the booth angrily. I should probably get membership at a different gym.

“Pretend I do.” I don’t want to get into a bar fight with a fitness professional. Appeal to force is sometimes required in real life. We then talk about some local news in a friendly environment until he has to leave for an appointment.

Random Event 6

This beautiful lady comes and reaches her hand out, “Erin. Nice to meet you.” “Chris. Good to meet you too.” Well, I should’ve come to this foo bar more often.

She sits down.

She puts her hands on the table.

She looks at me.

Come on man, say something.

Well, she starts the conversation first: “Have you had dinner yet?”

“Just some salad. How about you?” “Salad as well. I’m vegetarian. Are you?”

“Sorry I am not.” “You should try it. You finished your first step by having only salad tonight.”

“I cooked a steak. How about you?” “I just had some salad. I’m vegetarian.”

She then continues to talk about the benefits of being a vegetarian, but I kinda lose interest in the conversation and just stare at her. Before my imagination start getting too strange, she interrupts my thought and asks: “Have you been convinced to become a vegetarian now?” As a meat lover I hesitate, but don’t really want to say no here.

“Might try it sometime soon.” “Excellent. You will thank me someday.”

“Nah I think I will stay stick with being a carnivore” “Well, can’t say I didn’t try.”

she laughs, “By the way, what do you do during the day?” “Oh I’m a professor who teaches logic.” “That’s really special. Logic. Emm...what are some interesting things you teach about?

Finally, my years of study have have culminated to this moment. Logic is such a huge topic though. I think of something that might be fun. : “Did you know that Hitler, the Nazi leader, is also a vegetarian?”

“Oh really? That’s surprising. But are you sure you are not making this up?”

“No definitely not. He doesn’t even drink.”

“Well, I do drink so that’s nice. Just sharing one habit with Hitler should be fine.”

“Don’t feel bad for yourself. You are actually in a classic fallacy called bad company fallacy, or guilt by association. Basically, just because you did the same thing as some bad people doesn’t necessarily mean you are guilty. For example, Hitler went to washroom and we do as well, right?”

“Wow is the kind of stuff that you teach? Sounds like fun.”

“Of course! In this situation, we actually have a specific Latin phrase for fallacies too, for example this one is called ‘reductio ad Hitlerum’. “

I’m so glad i could remember the Latin name, hoping that it sounds impressive.

Thinking of what part of logic should I introduce to her next, she says: “You are such a fun man. But I still cannot understand why Hitler was a vegetarian. Well, have to go now my friends are waiting me.”

Clearly she still doesn’t fully understand the fallacy.

“Have fun with your friends then.” She leaves, with a gorgeous back view, making me regret not asking for her number.

“I really enjoyed this conversation with you. I think I might need some advice for being a vegetarian in the future. Can I have your number?” She smiles and replies: “Nobody still texts anymore. Search my name Erin MacDonald on Facebook. The one in Ontario is me.” “No problem. Have fun then.” She walks away and I take out my phone instantly. Type the name and search.

\*\*\*\* you… That’s an 80 year old lady from Thunder Bay.

Random Event 7

This shady, overweight young man with a goatee just threw two coins on my table. “Wanna bet bro?”

“Explain the bet..”

“I never bet. Sorry bro.” “Don’t reject so quick. Let me explain in detail.”

“I got two coins here. “, he then waves his hand and call a waiter’s name, “My bro Tony works here and wants to give you a chance for free beer. Of course with some risk though.” His voice sounds so much warmer than that of a gambler. Tony then comes with two bottles of unknown brand lagers.

“Have you heard of prisoner’s dilemma? Two loonies, one for you sir and one for my friend Mike. You both choose one side and reveal at the same time. If you both choose head, two beers all on me; If one head and one tail, the guy with head needs to pay both beers; If you all have tails, just pay your own beers. Maximum 20 bucks and no taxes here bro. Sounds fair?”

“Let’s do it”

I would normally reject this proposal because the only way to avoid prisoner’s dilemma is not to be a prisoner. But that German bottle looks like some really good brand that I would like to try.

[choice 7A]

I choose head.

I choose tail.

Time to reveal... Mike chooses tail. Of course I didn’t get anything for free.

[response for 7A]

I put a 20 dollar note in the plate, give one bottle to Mike and leave one bottle to myself. I say: “Cheers man! You got me this time.” “Never trust anyone sir. It’s advice from a professional gambler.”

I put a 10 dollar note as well as Mike, take our own bottle of beer. “You don’t trust me as well.” I laugh. “Absolutely not! I’m a gambler.”

Mike then empties the bottle like in three seconds, says thank you again, leaves the table with his buddy Tony together. I then take a sip, and the lager really surprises me. Smooth, with some bitterness, exactly my type of beer. Didn’t take a long time to finish the whole bottle, and I realize I probably got something wrong with the gamble.

They were working together right? Well, seems like a logic professor got trapped by a logic problem then. Nevermind, the beer itself would still worth it, and I learned something important, don’t gamble with professionals.

Random Event 8

A middle-aged wealthy looking gentleman with ginger hair approaches me. “Having a good time here tonight, sir?”

“It’s been OK.” “Well still better than me, sir.”,

“Absolutely” “Glad you're enjoying yourself, sir.”,

he sits down and says, “because I have such a bad life man.” I scan through his face, and I see a crystal clear word “Depressed” floating above his head. “I just lost my job and my wife is cheating on me.” “Sorry to hear that man.”

“How this could happen to a gentleman such as yourself?”

I really don’t care about him but I’ll still ask him about his situation.

“Things never go well for me. Let me tell you my story so you might learn something from it and avoid becoming someone like me.”, he continues, “Could you buy me a beer first? Thanks.”

[choice 8A]

“Sure.” “That’s very nice of you.” He continues his sad story, talking randomly from family to work, and always repeats two specific plots: kid stole his car and insurance company refused to cover his drugs. I do get two useful advice from him: don’t have kids and don’t buy insurance, which I already knew before. He then asks politely again: “Could you buy me another beer?”[back to choice 8A]

“Nah sorry man.” He seems to be so pissed off, muttering how I’m such an inconsiderate person and not even a true Canadian and leaves. Such a low energy guy. I should never become a guy like him no matter what happens to me, I thought to myself, ignoring the fact that he actually got a house and a wife which I don’t.

Random Event 9

A caucasian male with a lot of things in his hands passes by and asks: “Do you prefer whisky or beer?”

[choice 9A]

“Definitely whisky.”

“Of course beer.”

He then puts down his whisky glass and start to write something on a piece of paper. “Well here it is. Close call but still, Ontario guys are just not as good at drinking compared to us, man.”

“What are you talking about?”

“May I sit down?” This obvious Quebecer asks politely and hands his paper to me, full of random numbers everywhere.

“Could you explain this a little bit?”

“Please have a seat and probably tell me what’s going on.”

“Sure. “ He points at the paper, “20 Ontario men in the bar and only 9 of them prefer whisky. But half of 6 Quebecois here like whisky over beer. A little bit lower than what I expected but still beat you guys.”

Such a pointless survey and have no idea what he wants to prove here. I notice that there are 2 other numbers on the paper, he explains to me as well: “The 0/2 is Ontario females and the ¼ is for Quebecoises. Still the number is disappointing but victory on both genders ha.”

Well, it’s 21st century and you should have an option called others in the gender column, and still why this guy wants to survey on these kind of things. People choose beer over whisky does not mean they are bad and drinking. But wait, this is even a Simpson’s Paradox.

“Yeah, Quebecers are just better in drinking whisky.” Whatever. Don’t want to waste time on this stupid question. “You have to admit right?”, he says,

[response for 9A]

“But you like whisky as well. Better than average Ontario men. Sante!”

“Learn the proper way to drink man.”

“Hey man you need to add up those numbers.” “What do you mean?” “If you add the numbers up, you would find 9 out of 22 Ontario people like whisky.” I take out my phone and open the calculator, “That’s roughly 41%, just more than the number 4 out of 10 from you guys.” “Are you serious? How can this even be possible?” “It’s actually something called Simpson’s Paradox. Only happen because too many Quebec females are here.” I point at the number 1/4 , and he probably understands the situation: “Ces femelles are just dragging us behind.

[response for 9A]

Men are just better. Just like you, also love whisky. Great work!” I’m not sure if he really understand Simpson’s Paradox now, but when I want to say something.

“But you must have hacked your calculator. You beer lovers just like cheating.” Why am I even wasting my time on this guy. I try to explain to him more, but

he just raised his glass on the table, chugs it and leaves. Completely ignoring the fact that I haven’t even raised my glass yet. What a strange guy but i’m glad he’s finally gone.