



Russian Roulette

Spin the chamber

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Summary: Don't trust russians

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Chapter I

Foreword

I take a deep breath, and close my eyes. As I exhale I feel tears welling up in my eyes. I try to compose myself, but I cannot stay calm. I know what I've done, this game. I know that when I entered it, that there was a diminutive chance I would return. When you play, you play for keeps. He put the revolver in my hand and made me grip it tight. "Take the gun", he said decisively. "Count to three." I was sweating. I could feel the sweat on my forehead and underarms. I could smell the terrified sweat dripping from my body. I was horrified and sickened, like I was part of a real life horror movie. My heart was beating rapidly; beating through my chest. I thought about what had brought me to this point in time, to this dark, sinister room in this horrifying stranger's house. The money he offered me to play, I never really thought about the real price I would have to pay. All I thought about was how much I needed the money. How much I would be amused when I won a silly game of roulette. Little did I know, he was Russian. "You made the deal, and now it's your turn." He whispered disturbingly in my ear. I looked at the gun, the long muzzle, silver and shiny. My fingers caressed the cylinder softly and I got an unsettling chill down my spine. I moved my fingered towards the hammer and felt a tear move down my cheek. I thought of statistics, they always reassured me. One in five chance, I repeated in my head, one in five, one in five. I started to panic. I couldn't do it; I couldn't pull the trigger on myself. I was afraid, petrified of what lay before me. One in five I kept thinking. I could hear him breathing calmly. "Say a prayer, sometimes it helps" he said. I closed my eyes again and took his advice. I was at wits end, so taking the advice of a stranger was my last option for savior. I prayed to God. I prayed that he would give me this one chance. That he would save me this one time. I thought about my family. What if I never get to see them again? What if I never even get to say goodbye? I prayed for mercy, to be saved for my family's sake. This made my eyes water and my weak eye lids let the tears fall once again. "No backing out. Do it, now." He said powerfully, "now". I looked up at him. His face was shadowed in the dim light as his dark, daunting eyes watched me intently. His hair was long and untamed. It looked dark brown or perhaps black. He had a distinctive scar just above his lip that in some way frightened me. He wore an odd leather jacket not like any I had seen before. It had patches of leather that looked like they had been sewn on by hand. He reached into one of the pockets and pulled out a cigarette. He placed it between his lips, reached into the back pocket of his grey denim jeans and took out an aged silver lighter. The lighter had the letters "J.S.W" engraved on the front. I wondered what they stood for, but it made no difference anyway. He opened the lighter and lit up the cigarette. I breathed in the smoke from the cigarette and it calmed me down slightly. I wondered why he was

doing this. Why he was playing this awful game with innocent people. Maybe he wanted to teach me a lesson. Maybe he wanted to teach me something about life; about how life, how everything can be taken away just as easily as it can be gained. Maybe he was trying to show me not to take what I have for granted, because in a second it could all just vanish before my very eyes. No, he did not come across as a person who sought to do good for other. No, he wanted to torture, to torment. He was an egotistical narcissist, who just simply wanted to frighten and terrify people. He enjoyed this. I had just figured him out; figured out his game, but it was too late. He turned his head slightly to the side, his eyes still piercing me. He could see that I was assessing him, trying to comprehend him. Then he had had enough. He grabbed the gun in my hand and spun the cylinder. I could hear the bullet turning round in the gun until it slowed down and stopped. Then he placed the gun in my hand once again. "No, please." I explained, "Please don't do this." He moved my hand with the gun up to my skull and pushed it hard on my temple. "Right there, do it." He said to me. I started to panic again, my heart began to race. The horror of what lay ahead petrified me. My life flashed before my eyes. I remembered all the memories with my parents, with my sister, my friends and I remembered how my life was so simple just yesterday. I wondered if I would ever see my family again, or the outside of this room, or even another sun rise. Every instinct inside me told me to pull the gun around on him and end all this, but I couldn't make myself do it. I was not like him; I was not a killer. So I took one more deep breath and composed myself. As I exhaled I gripped the revolver tight and closed my eyes. This was just a game to him. I was nothing more than a pawn on his chess board. I gave in to him, so now I must pay the price. Whatever happens is all in the hands of destiny. I cocked back the hammer of the gun and started to count. "One... Two... Three." So with nothing more to lose, with no more time to think it over or stress about it; I mustered up all the courage I had, and pulled the trigger.

Chapter II

Introduction

The dashes are projects available only for a limited amount of time. You can access to it if you are present at the school and logged in. You will only have a little amount of time to complete the dash from the moment the repo has been created. It's a little algorithmic project. After the time is up, it will be evaluated by the moulinette. If you succeed, you will earn the xp associated to the dash.

Chapter III

General instructions

- This dash has to be completed in C. The norme is not mandatory.
- You will have 42 minutes to complete this project.
- There are **n** men around a table playing Russian roulette.
- The revolver successfully fires after **m** pulls of the trigger, killing the player holding it.
- Given these parameters return which player survives...

```
int russian_roulette(int n, int m);
```

Chapter IV

Mandatory part

Russian roulette is a gruesome game. Play begins with a player spinning the chamber of a revolver and pulling the trigger. If the revolver does not kill them, then they pass the revolver to the player on their right. If it does kill them, the player on the right picks up the gun, spins the chamber and play continues. The game ends when a final person is left standing.

A group of gangsters get together to play a game of Russian Roulette. You have come to play with them, and you are providing the gun. What your competition does not know, is that your revolver is magic. Your revolver always has enough chambers to compensate for the amount of people playing in the beginning. Most importantly, the gun consistently fires a bullet from the same chamber in a given game. With this knowledge, write a function that can calculate with which seat you need to be in to be the last person standing.

Example:

```
./russian_roulette 3 4
1
./russian_roulette 10 5
2
./russian_roulette 100 82
82
```

Chapter V

Turn-in and peer-evaluation

You have to turn in your 'dash' on the git repo associated. The project will be entirely evaluated by the moulinette.

Good luck and remember to have fun!