Start:

It’s almost midnight and you’re exiting the gates of the 16th St Mission BART station until you stumble across an unopened envelope left on the ground.

1. Do you pick it up and see what's inside?
2. Yes, because I am nosy.
3. No, I want to go home and sleep. (Go to path 1B.)

Path 1A:

Inside the envelope contains an anonymous love letter addressed to a man named Nick Harley, followed with a photograph of the man and woman. What a mystery she must be! I wonder what happened between them. Perhaps I am now suddenly emotionally invested. We got to help this girl send her letter to her boyfriend (assuming that he is)!

2. Should we Google the man’s name? “Nick Harley San Francisco” is pretty specific enough. Plus, I want to do the right thing.

1. Yes, I want to deliver the letter myself.
2. No, too much work to be involved. (Go to 1B).

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Path 1B:

You arrive home and get your nighttime routine started. You check for unanswered emails and texts from your colleagues and friends. Catch up on the latest news. Watch some Netflix.

2. Do you want to sleep now?

1. Yes, after a long day, I deserve it.
2. No, I can’t sleep yet.

2A:

You type in “Nick Harley” into the search browser and wait for your screen to finish loading the results. Odd that the screen didn’t flash loads of articles within a split second. Hm, weird of Google.

3. Do you click the first link that shows up?

1. Yes, click the first link.

2C:

You wake up and start the new day by getting ready for work. You got in your typical seven hours of sleep, slept like a complete baby. Woo, you must’ve been tired!

3. Come on, no time to waste! I got to commute to work and take BART and the metro transit soon. (Go to #7).

2D:

A part of me is still thinking about the envelope. Let’s Google if anything will come up: “envelope on ground San Francisco” in the search bar.

3. The screen finishes loading, should we view the first article?

1. Yes, let’s view the first article.

3A:

The lines bolded in red reads the following: **“NEW SEX TRAFFICKING SCAM: LOVE LETTERS USED AS BAIT, TARGETTING YOUNG MEN & WOMEN IN SF. ‘NICK HARLEY’ IS A CULT CURRENTLY UNDER INVESTIGATION.”**

4. What should we do with this new information? Report to the police?

1. Uh, yes, get to it!
2. No, not yet.

4A:

Okay, got it. Hopefully the location of the envelope we found will help the police in capturing the mastermind behind all of this and rescue the poor victims from that evil sex trafficking ring. Hurry!

5. Let’s call and report it right away.

4B:  
Hm, right. It’s late, and I have work first thing in the morning. So, maybe I should rest on it and call it a day. I can always search for more articles in the morning to gain more clarity. We shouldn’t be quick to jump to such conclusions about this certain “Nick Harley” dude.

(Go to 2C).

5:

I dial the # to the SFPD, but no one seems to be answering. Strange. I’m pretty sure I paid for my phone bill this month too. And aren’t these types of things supposed to be operating 24/7 too? Ugh, probably busy chewing their donuts.

6. Cancel the call. I’ll just call in the morning.

6:

Suddenly, there is an abrupt knock at the door. Who could be out in the neighborhood at this hour? It’s nearly 2:30am. This can’t be good news. But then again, SF is always full of surprises. As a native, I know at least a thing or two about this type of stuff.

7. Let’s check it out and see who’s at the door.

7:

You’re about to head to the front door, but before you unlock one of the knobs, you notice a note had slipped past the bottom rail. What could it be?

8. Let’s read it. It can’t be that scary.

8:

Again, in bold letters: “DON’T BE SHY. I KNOW YOU MISS ME TOO. --LOVE, NICK HARLEY”

9. What do I do?

9/Ending:

UM, I’M PANICKING AT THIS POINT! AM I IN DANGER? DID THEY FOLLOW ME HOME? AND FOR HOW LONG? HOW COME I DIDN’T NOTICE THE SOUNDS OF STRANGE SOUNDS OR THEIR FOOTSTEPS? AND MOST OF ALL, WHY DID I HAVE TO BE SO NOSY?

NOW, I WONDER WHAT IF I JUST MINDED MY BUSINESS BEFORE ALL OF THIS HAPPENED. I’M STUCK AT HOME AND FEAR OF LEAVING. I CAN’T DO THIS ANYMORE.