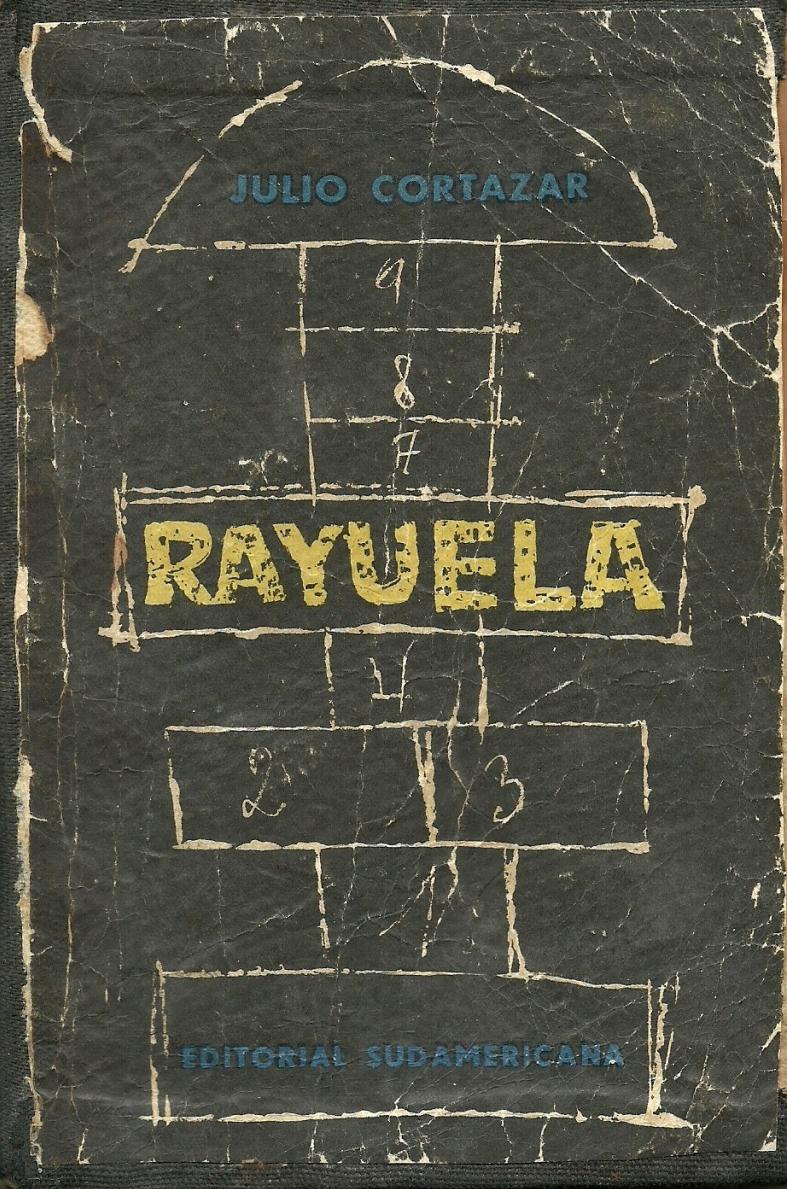


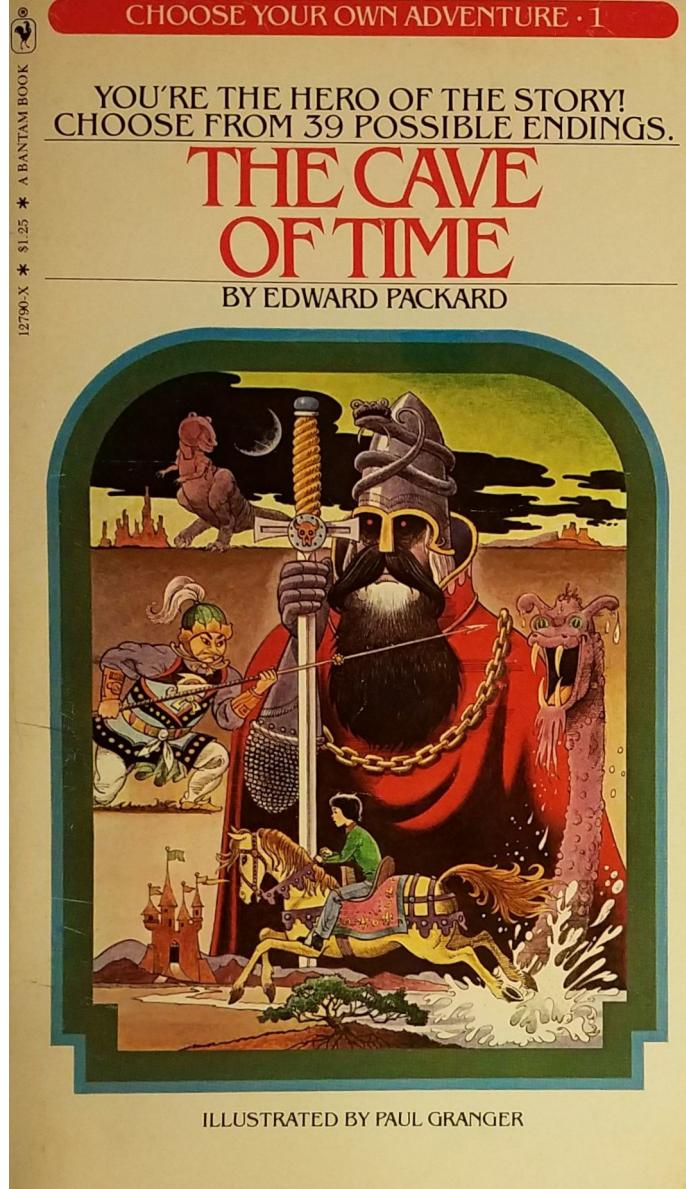
Poetics, Principles, and Histories of Parser-Based Interactive Fiction

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Some historical context...

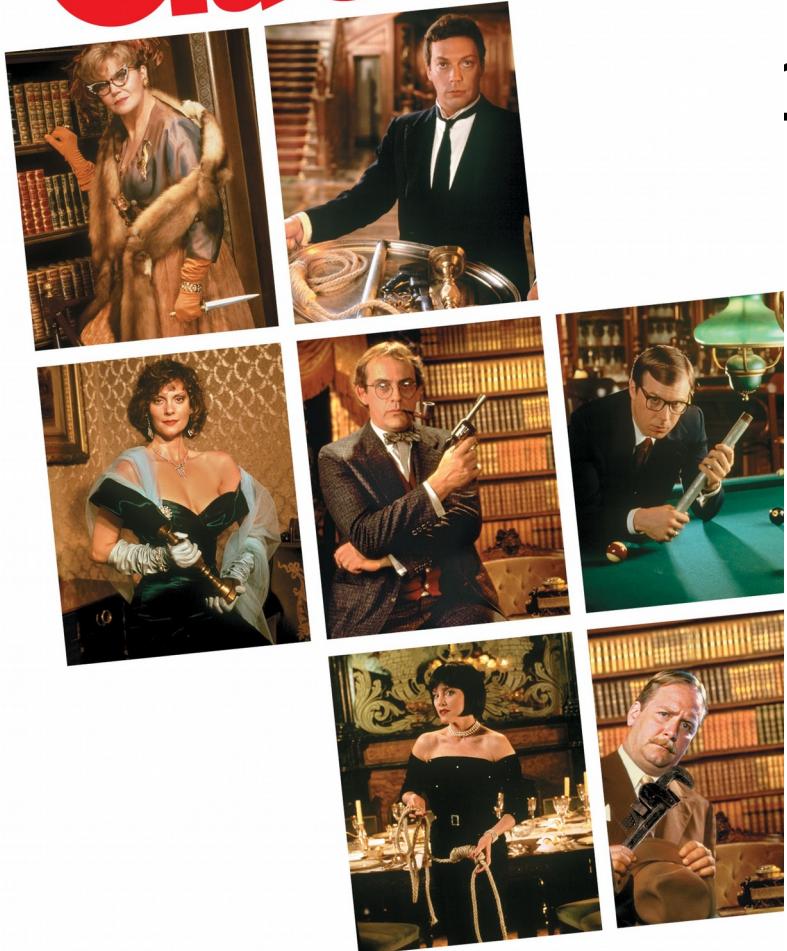


1963



1979

Clue® THE MOVIE

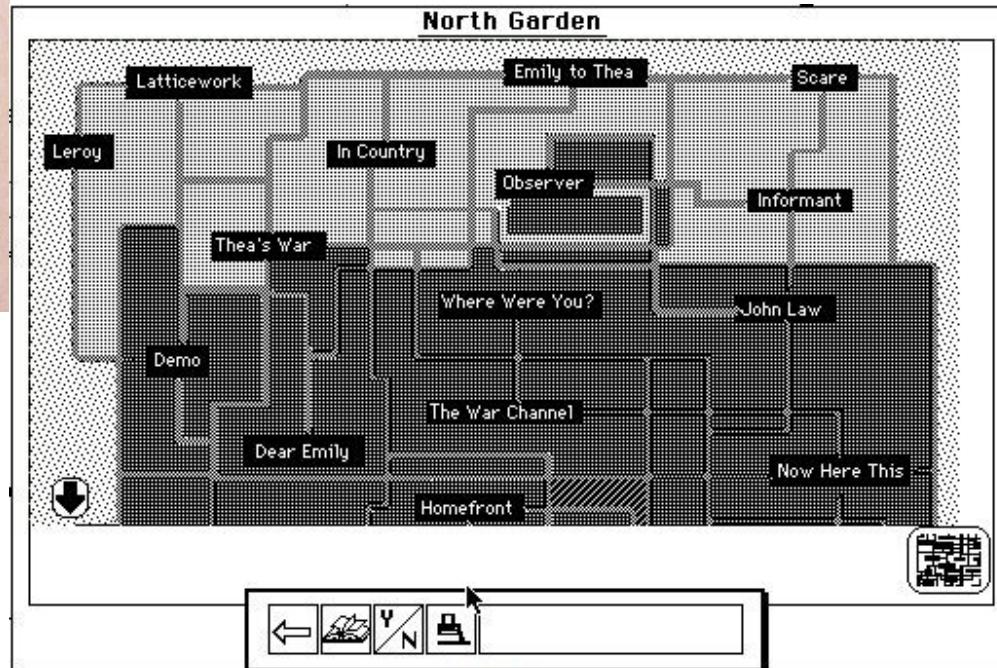
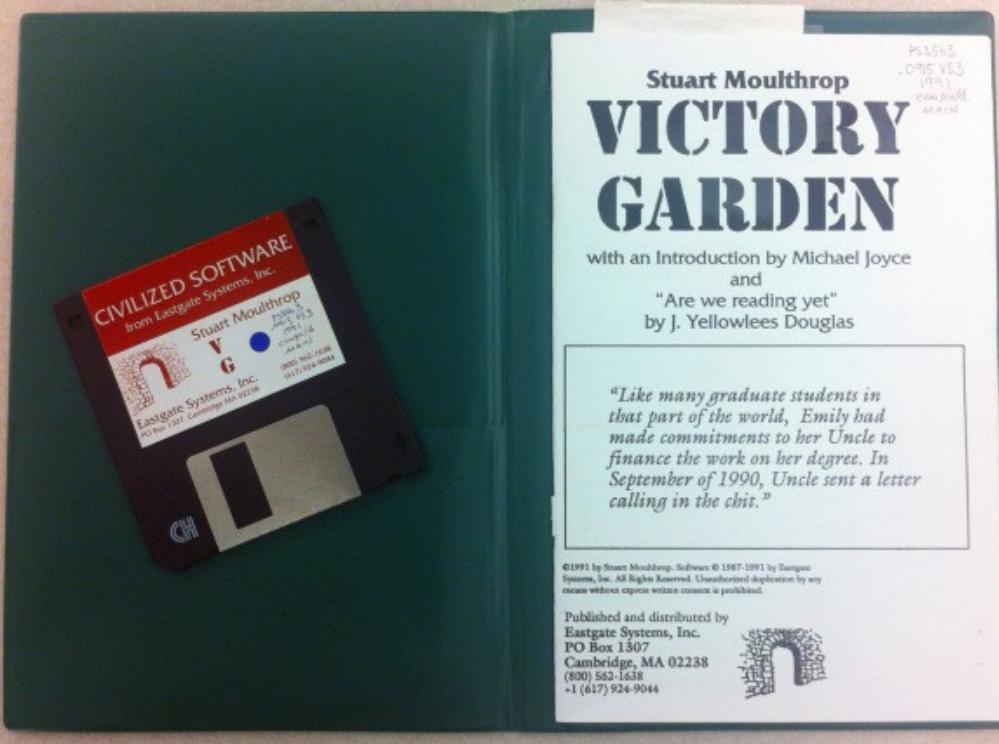


1985

2018



1992



A room of dark metal. Fluorescent lights embedded in the ceiling.

The **activity room** is in the north wall. The **lavatory entrance**, west, next to the **trash disposal** and the **nutrient dispensers**.

Her **photograph** is pinned to the side of over.

A bottle lies on the floor. A wrapper sticks

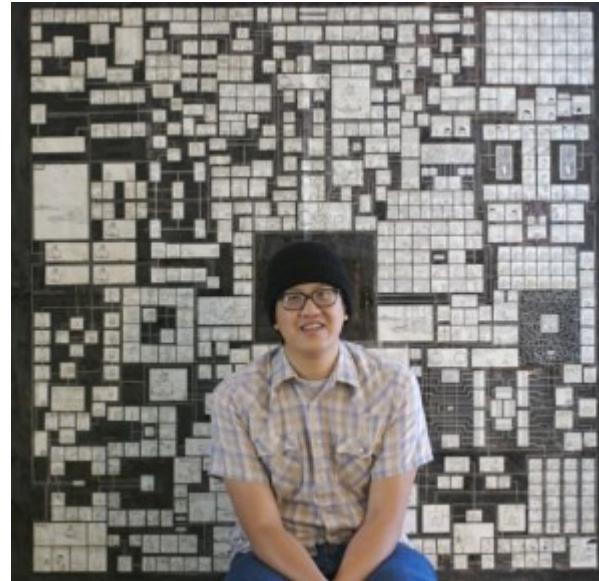
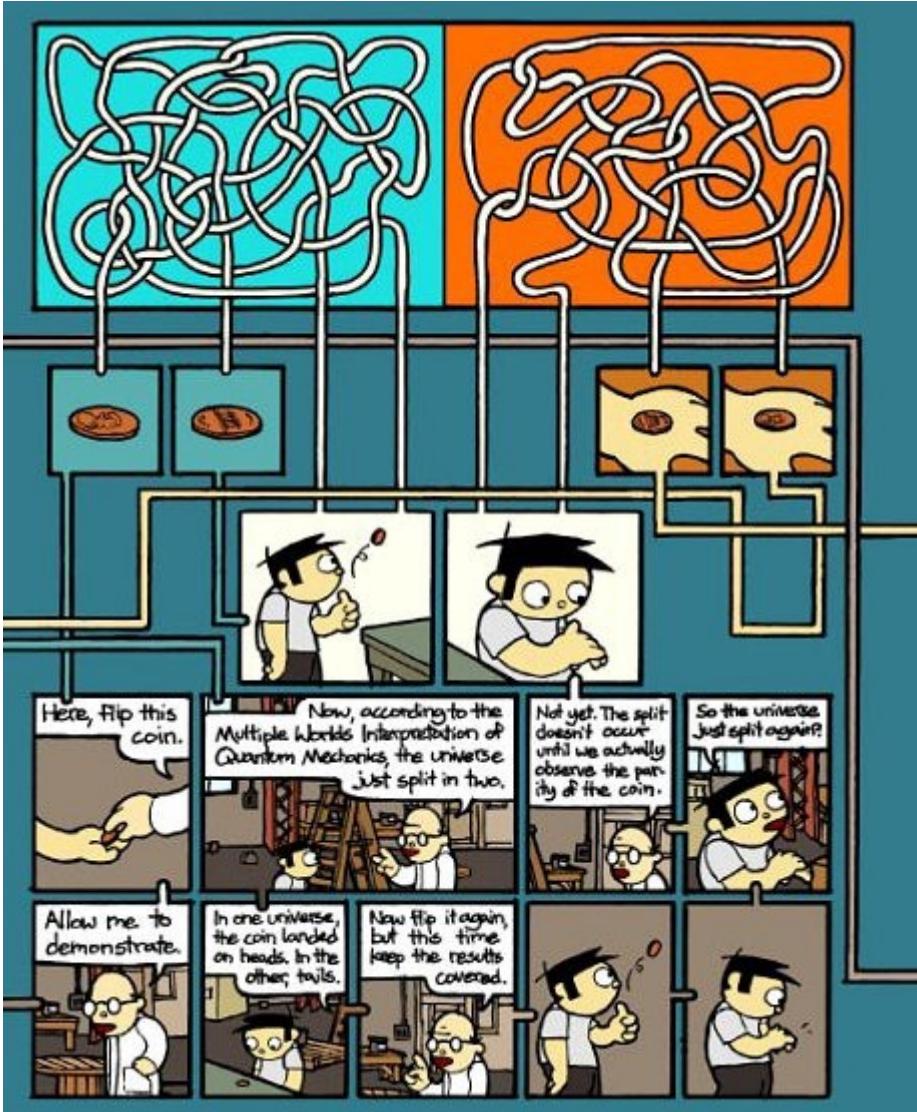
2012



inches

2017

2010



2011



2012

THE WALKING DEAD



A TELLTALE GAMES SERIES





2015

Fran Bow

2018

DETROIT

B E C O M E H U M A N



1975-1977

YOU ARE STANDING AT THE END OF A ROAD BEFORE A SMALL BRICK BUILDING.
AROUND YOU IS A FOREST. A SMALL STREAM FLOWS OUT OF THE BUILDING AND
DOWN A GULLY.
>ENTER BUILDING
YOU ARE INSIDE A BUILDING, A WELL HOUSE FOR A LARGE SPRING.
THERE ARE SOME KEYS ON THE GROUND HERE.
THERE IS A SHINY BRASS LAMP NEARBY.
THERE IS FOOD HERE.
THERE IS A BOTTLE OF WATER HERE.

>GET LAMP

OK

>INVENTORY

YOU ARE CURRENTLY HOLDING THE FOLLOWING:
BRASS LANTERN

>QUIT

DO YOU REALLY WANT TO QUIT NOW?

>Y

OK

YOU SCORED 27 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 360, USING 4 TURNS.
YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY A RANK AMATEUR. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.
TO ACHIEVE THE NEXT HIGHER RATING, YOU NEED 3 MORE POINTS.

.■

digital VT100



1977-1979

29

30

West of House

Score: 0

Moves: 0

ZORK II: The Great Underground Empire

Copyright (c) 1981, 1982, 1983 Infocom, Inc. All rights reserved.

ZORK is a registered trademark of Infocom, Inc.

Revision 88 / Serial number 840726

West of House

You are standing in an open field west of a white house, with a boarded front door.

There is a small mailbox here.

>open mailbox

West of House

Score: 0

Moves: 1

Opening the small mailbox reveals a leaflet.

>read leaflet

West of House

Score: 0

Moves: 2

(Taken)

"WELCOME TO ZORK!

ZORK is a game of adventure, danger, and low cunning. In it you will explore some of the most amazing territories ever seen by mortals. No computer should be without one!"

48

49

50

2019

Hotel Lobby

Exits: N S E

Now let's get to it already! Starting now, you're me, Hazel Greene, the swellest sheba ever to grace a gin joint. You're parked in the lounge of the prestigious Grand Poseidon Hotel with a gullet full of giggle water, and you've been making the bedroom eyes across the room at a fella who you're just about sure is that hot pepper pie of an artist who's been in all the papers lately.

Sure looks like it's gonna be a nifty night.

"RAID!"

Oh, phooey.

The lounge erupts into the kind of chaos you haven't seen since Komodo's last two-for-one stocking sale. Shrieks ring out. Patrons in various degrees of spliffication are fighting each other to get to the exits. The bartender bowls over some sheba in a mink on his way to the door, but a couple of bulls from the SPD scoop him up a few feet shy.

Now, the last thing you need is to get pinched with the old lady already on the warpath because of what you did to the Ford. And could the timing be any lousier? You JUST dropped half a clam on this drink, and you haven't even touched it yet.

- 1) Toss it out and beat feet for the doors.
- 2) Hide under the table and gulp it down.

Novels, Gamebooks, Interactive Movies,
Interactive Streaming Video,
Hypertext, Comics, Visual Novels,
Franchise Serial Video Games,
Indie Video Games, AAA Video Games ...

Parser-Based Interactive Fiction/
Text Adventures

Interactivity

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

At this, Winky howled even harder, her squashed-tomato of a nose dribbling all down her front, though she made no effort to stem the flow.

"Dobby has traveled the country for two whole years, sir, trying to find work!" Dobby squeaked. "But Dobby hasn't found work, sir, because Dobby wants paying now!"

The house-elves all around the kitchen, who had been listening and watching with interest, all looked away at these words, as though Dobby had said something rude and embarrassing. Hermione, however, said, "Good for you, Dobby!"

"Thank you, miss!" said Dobby, grinning toothily at her. "But most wizards doesn't want a house-elf who wants paying, miss. 'That's not the point of a house-elf,' they says, and they slammed the door in Dobby's face! Dobby likes work, but he wants to wear clothes and he wants to be paid, Harry Potter. . . . Dobby likes being free!"

The Hogwarts house-elves had now started edging away from Dobby, as though he were carrying something contagious. Winky, however, remained where she was, though there was a definite increase in the volume of her crying.

"And then, Harry Potter, Dobby goes to visit Winky, and finds out Winky has been freed too, sir!" said Dobby delightedly.

At this, Winky flung herself forward off her stool and lay face-down on the flagged stone floor, beating her tiny fists upon it and positively screaming with misery. Hermione hastily dropped down to her knees beside her and tried to comfort her, but nothing she said made the slightest difference. Dobby continued with his shouting shrilly over Winky's screeches.

"And then Dobby had the idea, Harry Potter, sir! 'Why doesn't

THE HOUSE-ELF
LIBERATION FRONT

Dobby and Winky find work together?' Dobby says. 'Where is there enough work for two house-elves?' says Winky. And Dobby thinks, and it comes to him, sir: *Hogwarts!* So Dobby and Winky came to see Professor Dumbledore, sir, and Professor Dumbledore took them on."

Dobby beamed very brightly, and happy tears welled in his eyes again.

"And Professor Dumbledore says he will pay Dobby, sir, if Dobby wants paying! And so Dobby is a free elf, sir, and Dobby gets a Galleon a week and one day off a month!"

"That's not very much!" Hermione shouted indignantly from the floor, over Winky's continued screaming and fist-beating.

"Professor Dumbledore offered Dobby ten Galleons a week, and weekends off," said Dobby, suddenly giving a little shiver, as though the prospect of so much leisure and riches were frightening. "But Dobby beat him down, miss. . . . Dobby likes freedom, miss, but he isn't wanting too much, miss; he likes work better."

"And how much is Professor Dumbledore paying you, Winky?" Hermione asked kindly.

If she had thought this would cheer up Winky, she was wildly mistaken. Winky did stop crying, but when she sat up she was glaring at Hermione through her massive brown eyes, her whole face sopping wet and suddenly furious.

"Winky is a disgraced elf, but Winky is not yet getting paid!" she squeaked. "Winky is not sunk so low as that! Winky is properly ashamed of being freed!"

"Ashamed?" said Hermione blankly. "But — Winky, come on! It's Mr. Crouch who should be ashamed, not you! You didn't do anything wrong, he was really horrible to you —"

It's easy to live
in your rights
and soldadurismo

on an appearance of extemism, more pay a high price to extricate him. I much prefer Emerson's article who maintain of gnostics in the midst of others their authentic

voluntary
punishment

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to what

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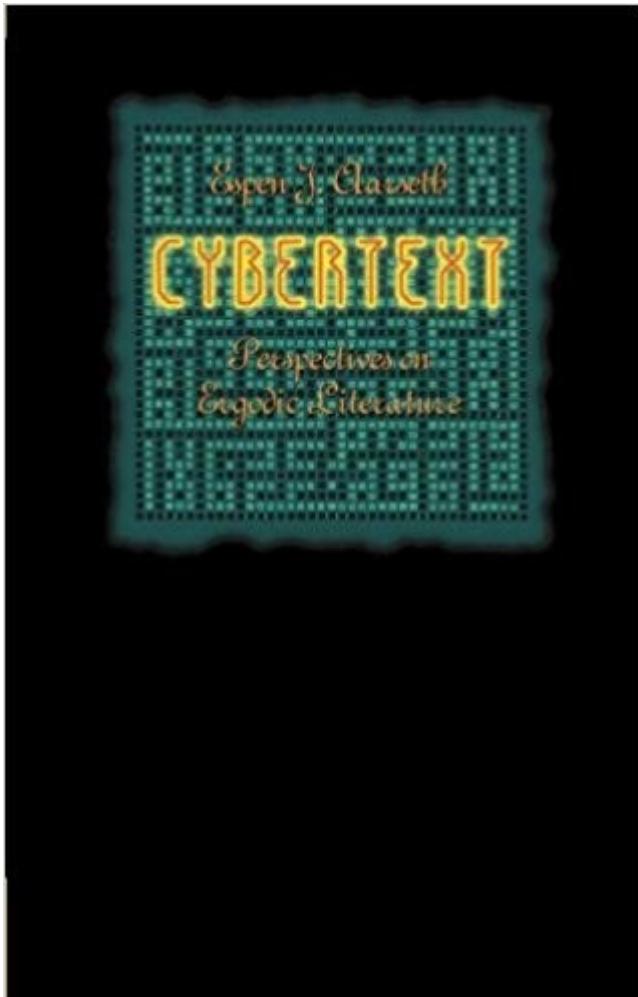
greatness
their
others

ain't
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Espen Aarseth, 1997



BEWARE and WARNING!

This book is different from other books.

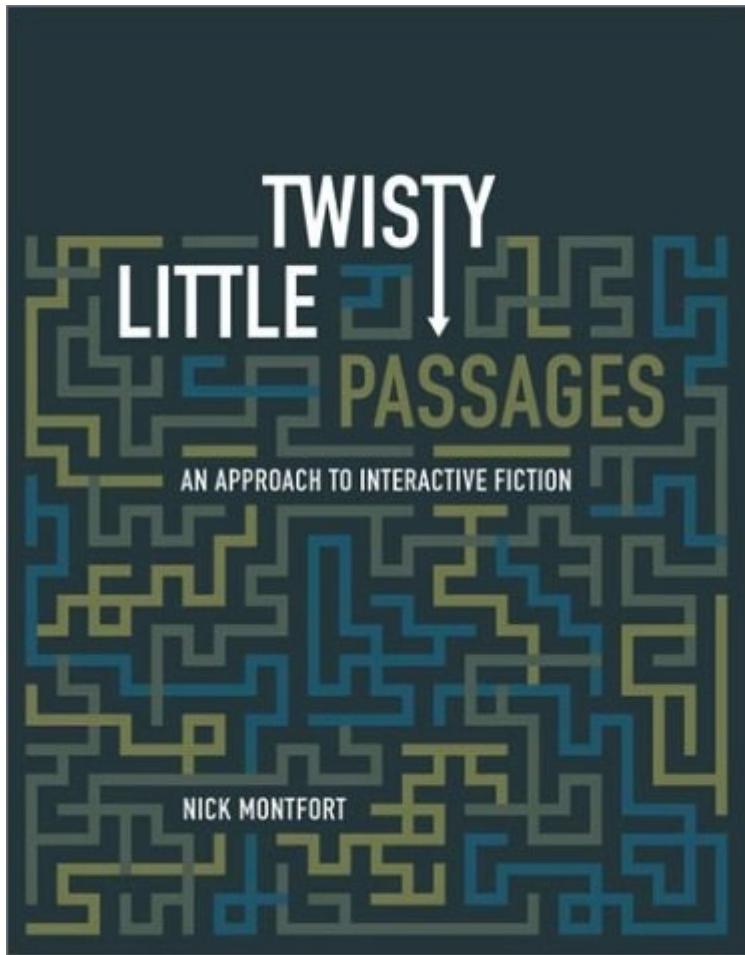
You and YOU ALONE are in charge of what happens in this story.

There are dangers, choices, adventures and consequences. YOU must use all of your numerous talents and much of your enormous intelligence. The wrong decision could end in disaster—even death. But, don't despair. At anytime, YOU can go back and make another choice, alter the path of your story, and change its result.

First you must choose the planet of your birth. The choice YOU make will determine a major part of your future. Try to choose wisely. As they say in another galaxy not too far from this one, Gleeb Foggo!

Good luck!

Me, 2003



I like to see it lap the Miles -
And lick the Valleys up -
And stop to feed itself at Tanks -
And then - prodigious step

Around a Pile of Mountains -
And supercilious peer
In Shanties - by the sides of Roads -
And then a Quarry pare

To fit its sides
And crawl between
Complaining all the while
In horrid - hooting stanza -
Then chase itself down Hill -

And neigh like Boanerges -
Then - prompter than a Star
Stop - docile and omnipotent
At it's own stable door -

Once cloud, now all memory my motion.
Amorphous creeping slow as sleep to a full
black gulping flood. The small five-fingered
blot enlarged beyond identity. Heavy, unslaked,
still hunting form. The hiding place,
the necessary horror.

Narrative

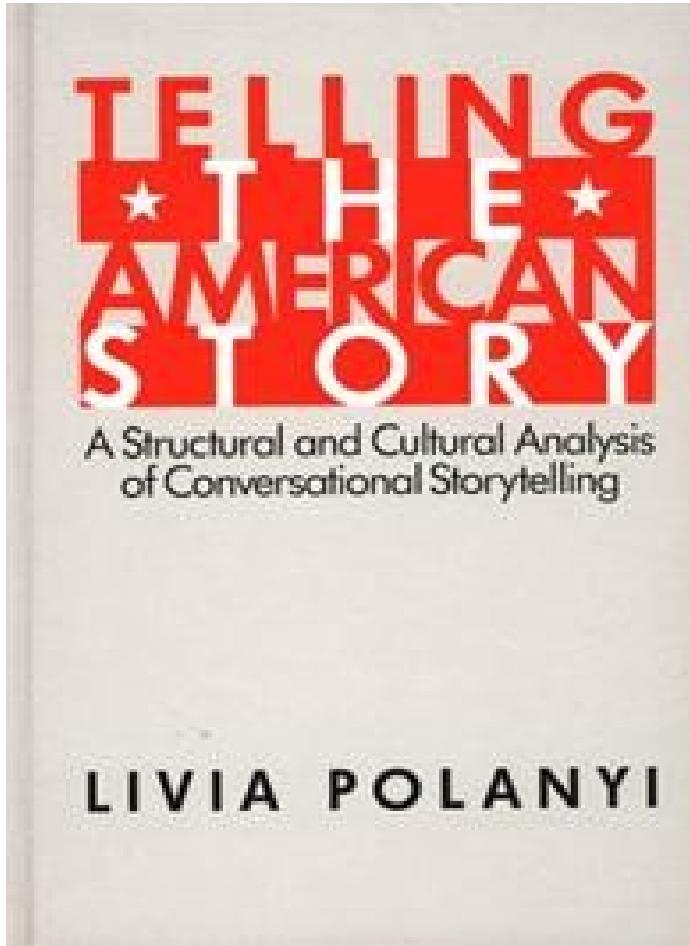
Are these narratives?
Consult your questionnaire!



Narrative:
A representation of one
or more events in sequence.

(A simple formalist definition.)

Story (in the most usual sense):
A narrative with a point.



Livia Polanyi, 1989

Narrative ≠ Life!

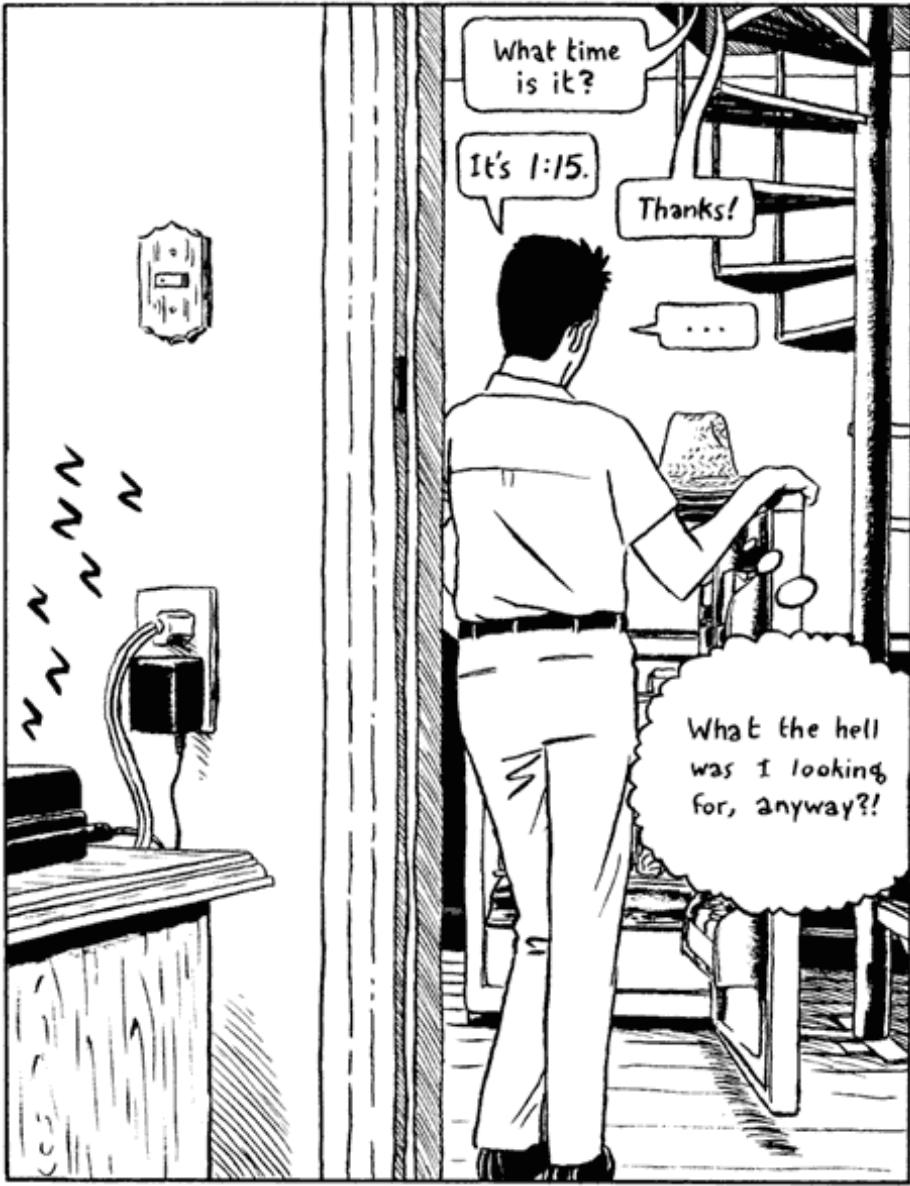
It's a representation.
It can be varied and told in different ways.

Expression

Content

Matt Madden, 99 Ways to Tell a Story

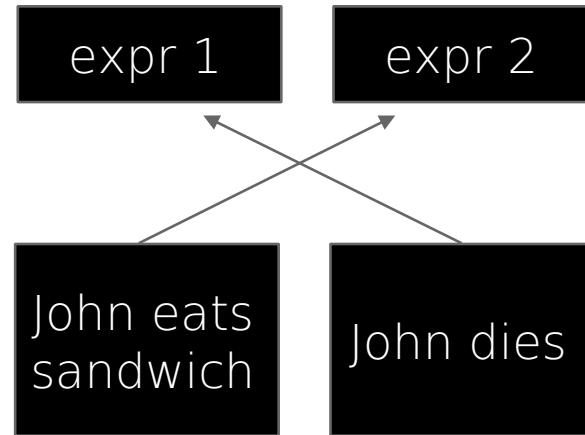
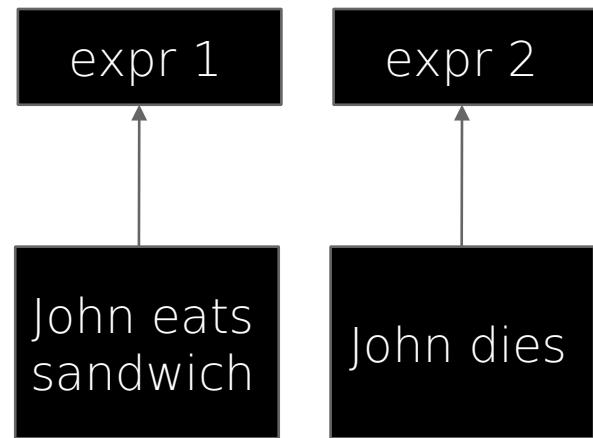




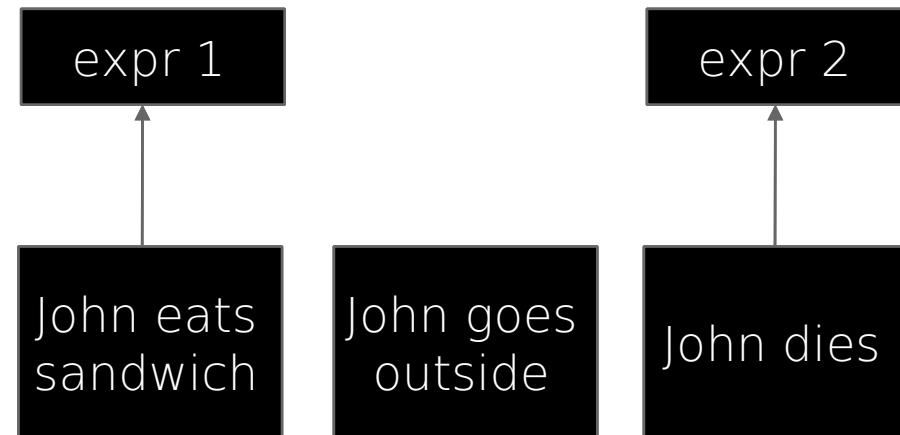
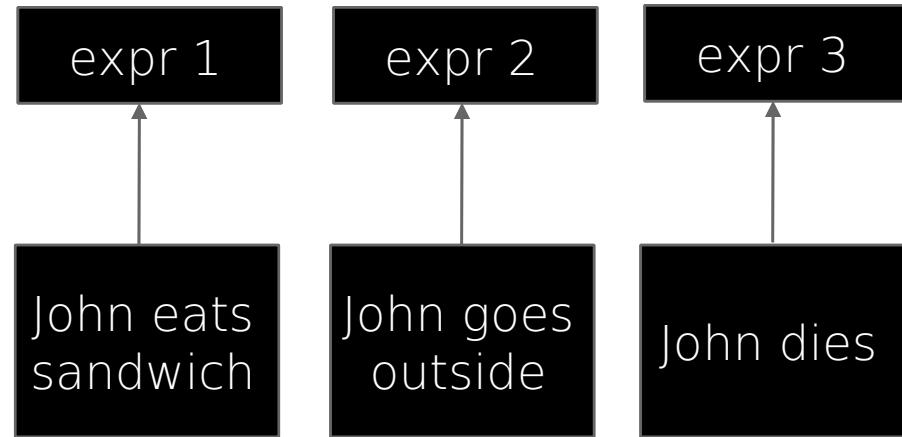
Gérard
Genette,
Narrative
Discourse
1980 (1972)

Narrative tense –
Order
Speed
Frequency
Narrative mood –
Distance
Focalization
Narrative voice –
Time of narrating
Narrator & narratee

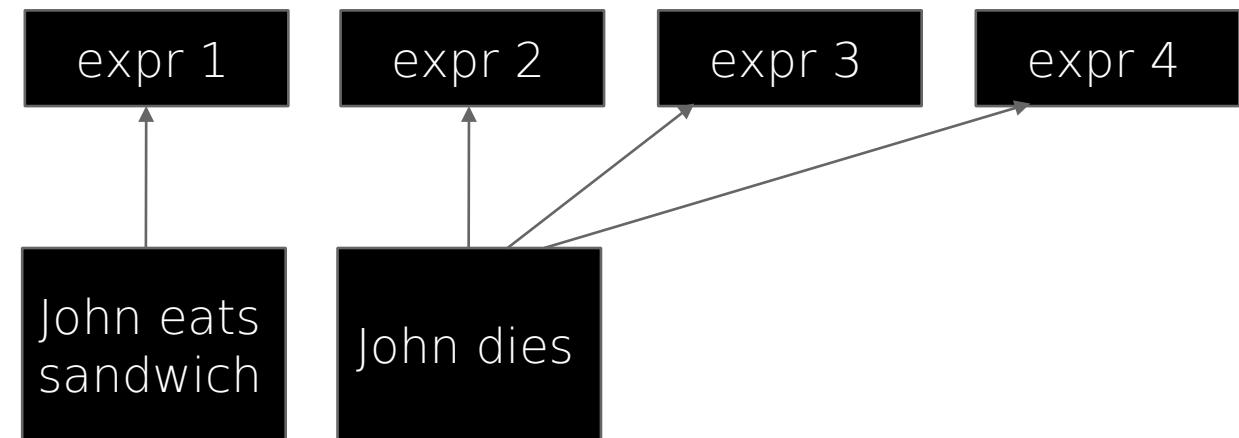
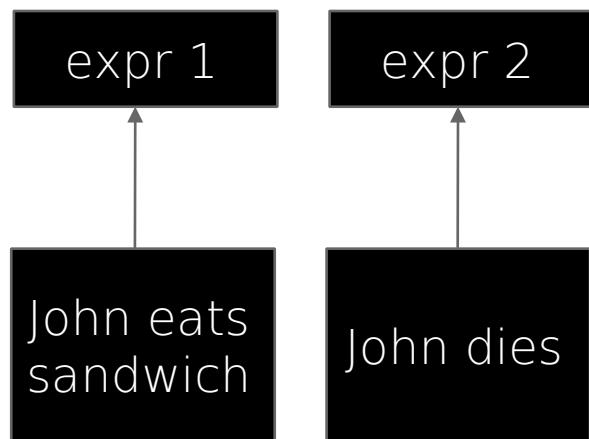
Order



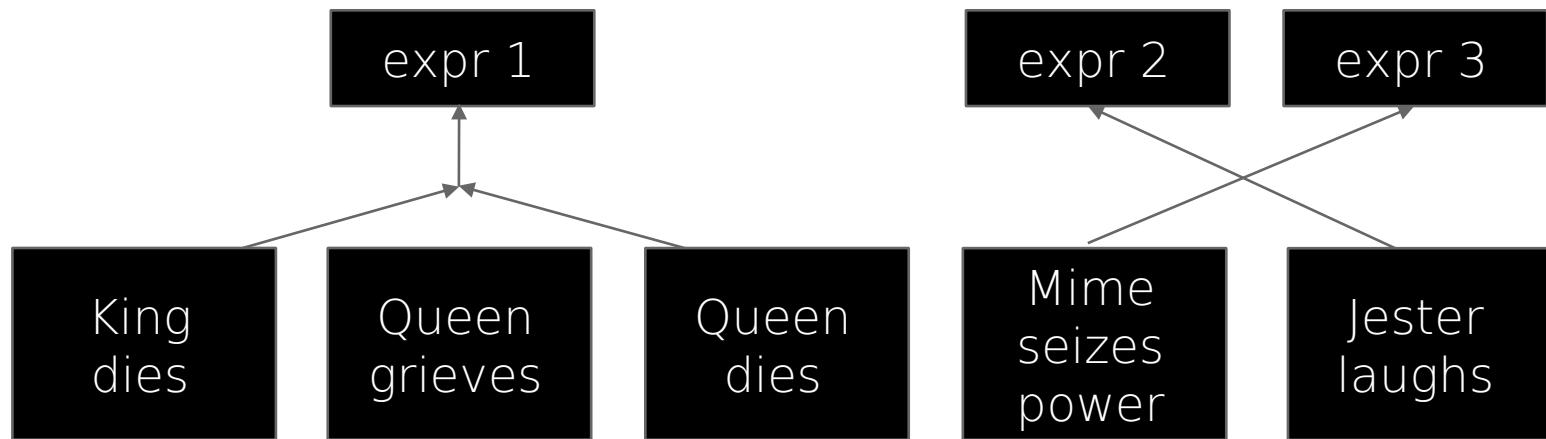
Speed



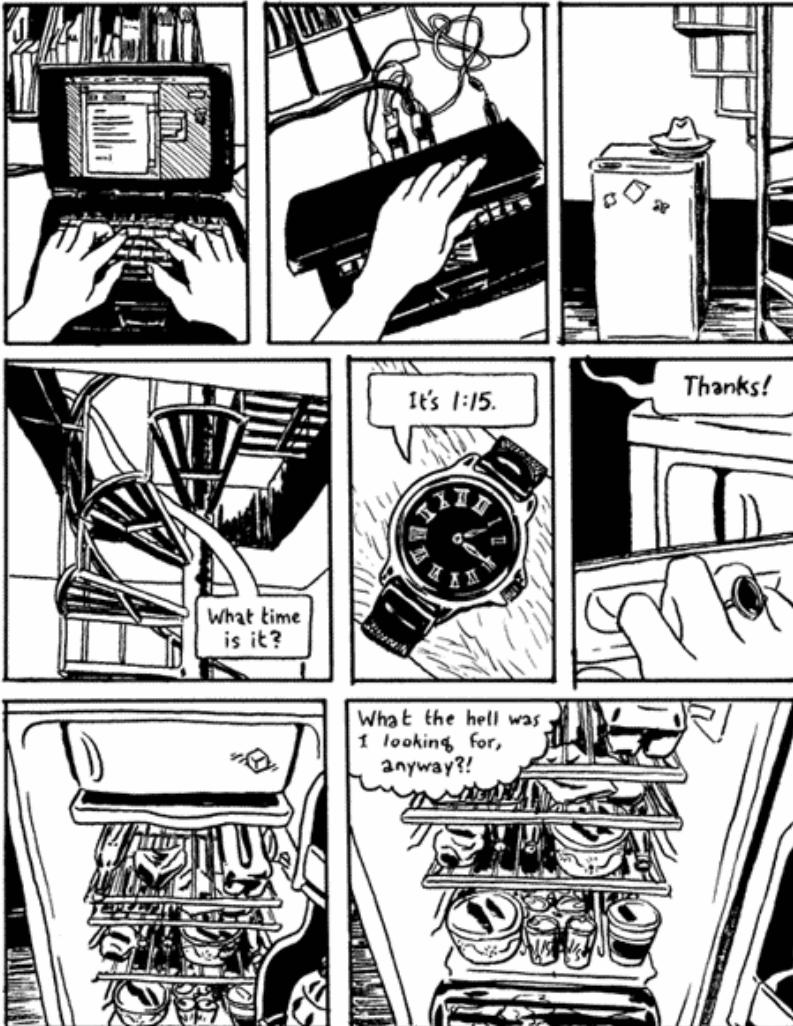
Frequency



Order, Speed, & Frequency



Focalization



Distance



Time of Narrating

The king dies and then the queen dies of grief.

The king died and then the queen died of grief.

The king will die and then the queen will die of grief.

The king dies – the queen will die of grief.

Narrator

I laughed after the mime seized power.

The jester laughed after I seized power.

The jester laughed after the mime seized power.

Narratee

You laughed after the mime seized power.

The jester laughed after you seized power.

The jester laughed after the mime seized power.

Time of Narrating, Narrator & Narratee

The king dies, the queen dies of grief, you seize power and I laugh.

I died. Then the queen died of grief, a mime seized power and my jester laughed.

The king will die, you will die of grief, a mime will seize power and the jester will laugh.

Gérard
Genette,
Narrative
Discourse
1980 (1972)

Narrative tense –
Order
Speed
Frequency
Narrative mood –
Distance
Focalization
Narrative voice –
Time of narrating
Narrator & narratee

Expression

Content

Very Brief Examples
(although we may discuss something else)

Tony stared into the empty glass. He ran his fingers through his hair and checked his watch.
“Don’t worry” the barman said, “She’ll be here.”

**“Let down your hair!” he said. So she did. In no time at all
she was entertaining men in her bedroom ...**

“I can’t believe that you’re making me do this,” said the mime.

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