

A Division III

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Introduction

"Nostalgie de la boue," my grandmother whispered to herself one Sunday evening as my cousin, torn from the wet sandbox where she'd spent most of the afternoon, wailed in violent protest. Mud nostalgia, or as she later explained to me, in English, "longing for the mud." I pressed her later about what she meant that evening and where the phrase came from. Her response: "it's when you miss the nitty-gritty, miss being in the thick of it—something my mother said."

Only when I came to work on this project, and more so what to name it, did I again consider her mumblings. I searched on the internet. "A desire for degradation," states an automatically generated dictionary Google Card. Where the Card gets its information I can only guess: maybe a few reputable dictionaries, in English and French; or the most popular and clicked-on sites that link to the phrase; or if the search engine were to dig deep enough, tweets and Facebook posts and Instagram captions. Very few of the thousands of results that appear, however, link directly to the source of the phrase. I managed to find a poorly photocopied text of French playwright Émile Augier's 1855 play *Le Mariage d'Olympe* where the phrase originates. Criticizing how the nouveau riche so often revert to the base, depraved behavior of their previously poor life, one character, Montrichard, quips, « "Mettez un canard sur un lac au milieu des cygnes, vous verrez qu'il regrettera sa mare et finira par y retourner : la nostalgie de la boue." »

Reading the phrase in context, I was fascinated how far removed my grandmother's usage of the phrase had been from its original meaning, how she (and probably many others, including her mother) had repur-

An abridged version of this section is included in the on-line version of *Longing for the Mud* as introductory material.

As best as I can, I've translated this phrase as "place a duck in a swan-filled lake, and you'll soon find that the duck misses his home and will wish to return: it's mud nostalgia." I read the last three words with a bit of sarcasm.

posed the saying to suit their own alienating situation. Less about ogling decay, it was about homecoming. About immersing oneself gleefully, like a child in sand. And I too had wished to stick my feet and splash about in the muddy pool, which I had only ever seen its edges. Just whispered, resting in what was not said as much as what was.

To channel a phrase first coined by queer theorist Lauren Berlant, *Longing for the Mud* is an example of a “silly archive.” The high-brow and the low-brow are given equal consideration. Oral history testimony abuts animated GIFs. Archival photography of Little Canadas is placed next to a semi-fictional twenty-something’s journal entries. Historical documents and research exists alongside spam emails. Too often work regarding migrant stories prey on an instinct to “wallow in misery,” borrowing from Margaret Atwood’s description of Québécois literature in her book *Survival* (this quote is used within the piece, more as question than a statement of purpose). And in this wallowing, engagement with immigrants and with the experience of reliving history is not critically examined. Instead migrant lives are rendered, mostly and unfortunately by second-generation Francos, as things to be pitied from a distance. By framing the work as a freely navigable archive where research lives alongside the contemporary and historical quotidian, this objectification is mitigated. Longing, through its design (the imagined computer desktop of a descendant of Québécois migrants as he investigates the many paths and histories of that migration, built entirely on simple, lightweight HTML and Javascript), reenacts the process by which it was created and, more crucially, intimately involves the reader as an archivist themselves, overlaying images and text to form connections between various points in the history of Québécois migration and of a

younger generation's rediscovering of its familial past.

Longing for the Mud contains within it a smaller piece, *The History of the Humble Casket*. Modeled after the *Living Books* computer programs popular with many edutainment companies in the 90s and early 2000s, *The History of the Humble Casket* uses collaged archival photography and videos to form vignettes with which readers can interact and explore at will. Translated oral history testimony is presented as hypertexts, and readers are allowed to form narrative out of the numerous paths one can navigate through the hypertextual links. Every individual included in *The History of the Humble Casket* was chosen to highlight the most consequential and often disregarded elements of the history of Québécois migration. On the first screen readers encounter Elmire Boucher, whose life straddled the two major phases of Québécois emigration: the transitory lives of early female emigrées, and the later drive to plant more permanent roots in the U.S. Through her relationship with older sisters and aunts who stayed only a few years at a time in the States and whose purpose there was ultimately economic, using their meager pays in cotton mills to sustain their families back home in rural Québec and to supplement their dwindling incomes, the result of a recession and poor farming conditions, Elmire experienced the entire breadth of the migration movement. Marie-Rose Ferron, "the Little Rose," can be seen in the second vignette, surrounded by her typically large family and a statue of Jesus. A stigmatiste, Francos revered her as a representation of Catholicism's power and resilience in an adopted homeland that was often hostile to their faith and the very same kind of mysticism Mme. Ferron embodied and engendered. The innocuous artist Alma of the third and final screen slowly reveals to the reader a harrowing

See pages 33 & 34 for further information on *Living Books*.

secret history: the insurgence of the Ku Klux Klan into New England in the early part of the twentieth century. Eventually the reader takes the role of an unnamed member of the P.P.P.—the secretive, underground paramilitary force organized to repel the K.K.K.’s rise—in a simple text adventure, reflecting the truth that only stories and hearsay—words, not pictures—remain to evidence their existence, as happens time and again with so many elements of the Québec diaspora.

Although I could have very well created a separate program or app for this project, one that doesn’t exist on the web, I purposely did not do so. Firstly, accessibility is a chief concern. Anyone with a computer and an internet connection can view this piece, filled with stories that too often are cloistered within university libraries or buried within far-flung, seemingly unrelated archives. Secondly, my hope is that through hearing and reading and interacting with the diverse stories of the Québec diaspora one is moved to look elsewhere on (and off) the internet, compelled to utilize the very tools that aided the research of my project and underpinned its inevitable construction to be historians and archivists in their own right. Or in the very least, the reader will come to understand that in the digital age sites of archive have democratized to the point that even a computer desktop, whether imagined or real, holds the potential to be a powerful source of history and narrative.

Influence and Precedent

Longing for the Mud was built as an homage to the almost 40-year-long lineage of digital works that precede it. From 90s edutainment games to the earliest hypertexts like Shelley Jackson's *Patchwork Girl*, *Longing for the Mud* is indebted to the endlessly inventive works of the past half-century, especially those that blur fact and fiction, that upend notions of history and of the archive, and that toy with and succeed at developing novel, exciting narrative forms which only service its contents and augment them—and not distract, as can happen with the kinds of formal experimentation required of the medium.

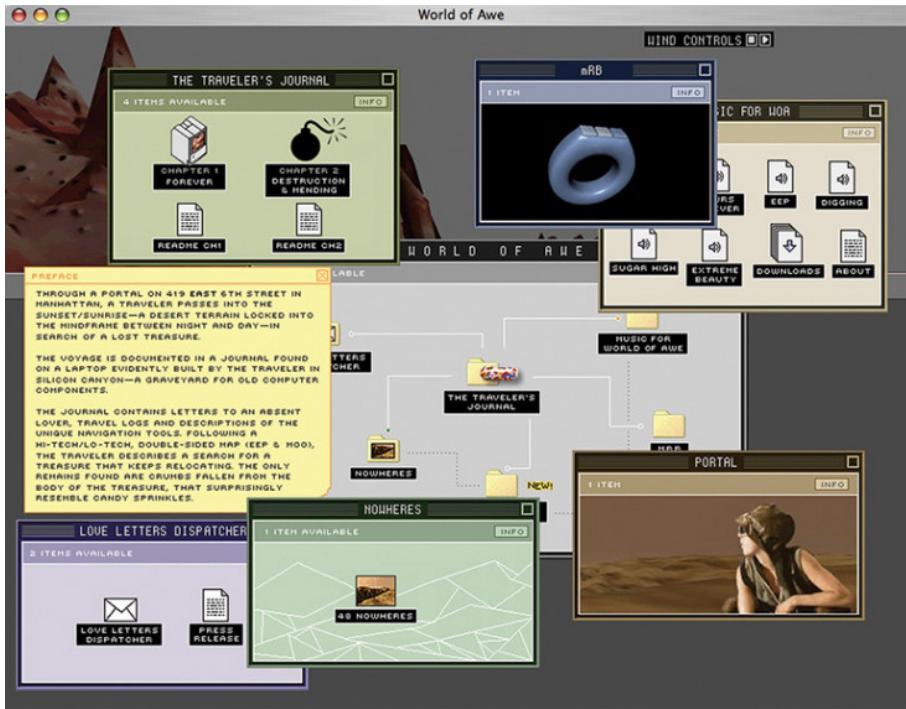
The Atlas Group & World of Awe

In 1999, artist Walid Raad created The Atlas Group, an outlet for his ever-expanding artistic exploration of the Lebanese Civil Wars. The goals of the Group, a fictional research entity with an academic veneer of legitimacy, are stated on the first page of its archives: “to research and document the contemporary history of Lebanon.” While everything in the archive is a unique creation by Raad, the Atlas Group archive website makes a distinction between “found” and “fabricated” objects within the archive, blurring the real and the fake and complicating the concept of “truth.” Raad’s project then asks: How are archives constructed and what are their goals: strict factual accuracy or emotional resonance and being true to human experience? The same question applies to *Longing for the Mud*, a reaction against the kind of poor archival work that has been done around the Québec diaspora. Moreover, the two pieces speak to and offer solutions to the nagging

<http://www.theatlasgroup.org>

questions, What do we do with holes in history? Do we fill them with supposition, fabrication, and guesswork, or do we leave them blank?

Yael Kanarek's *World of Awe* greatly influenced *Longing for the Mud*'s



An excerpt from Kanarek's *World of Awe*. The influence of the piece on *Longing for the Mud* is most apparent in the icons and windowing systems.

aesthetic choice of viewing the computer desktop as an archival site.

The piece envisions a narrative about an unnamed traveller on the search for treasure. All the narrative elements unfold within the files and folders of a salvaged computer, diary entries and love letters are scattered about, often hidden beneath many layers of text and images.

The reader, just like the narrator, becomes a treasure hunter, digging for epistolary morsels and connecting disparate artifacts into the semblance of a narrative whole. My project attempts the same. Narrative in *Longing for the Mud* is formed more so from the numerous paths one can take through the folders of the computer and through the dialog trees of *The History of the Humble Casket* than from any one of

its individual parts.

Oregon Trail II & Living Books

As much as I am attempting to build an archive of sorts, I am also trying to educate, both through the content of my project and its mechanics. Emulating older edutainment games and programs allows me to toy with an already established and familiar form in order to discuss a much more intimate, in-depth topic. The ubiquity of these educational programs will aid in overcoming what I see as the chief obstacle: the often unsettling novelty of hypertexts.

See pages 33 & 34 for further discussion of *Living Books* and how they are implemented into the project.

I remember playing *Oregon Trail II* in the computer lab during third grade U.S. History. Every character was a caricature, speaking in tongue-in-cheek histrionics. To me they served the game more so than the history the program was trying to portray—a passing dis-



Left, a screenshot from 1995's *Oregon Trail II*, published and developed by MECC. Top, a screenshot from *Longing for the Mud's The History of the Humble Casket*.

traction on the way to scoring points. Thinking back on *Oregon Trail II*, I wondered whether I could eschew the traditional game elements and focus on refashioning those character interaction sections I found so lacking into something much more engaging. *The History of the Humble Casket* is such an attempt.

Research, Historical Texts & Oral Histories

It is not often that, when asked to list one's influences, one names that which they despise or those ideas which seem antithetical to their work. One sees an influence as a positive force, an additive factor in the creative process, something to build upon. Yet it is equally reasonable to regard influences as drivers, both positive and negative, of work, things that push any project further.

I count the numerous historical tomes I read in preparation for this project as influential, if only for their inadequacies and shortcomings. Ponderous and full of unfeeling facts and figures, these books, like Roby's *The Franco-Americans of New England* and Chartier's *Histoire des Franco-Américains*, are missing an essential bit of humanity, as many of these research texts utilize newspapers as their principal source of material.

It was only until I discovered various oral history collections—Doty's and Rouillard's in particular—that I discovered what I most desired out of my research. For the first time, these migrants were speaking in their own words and, seemingly, directly to me. They were freed from

the page, no longer filtered through an ever-bleak academic lens. It was as though my grandmother's mother—a woman I've never met—came to life once again to make whole stories I'd only gleaned from my grandmother's carefully dispensed morsels of family history.

Motivations

In the age of the self, where one's life is continually recorded on-line, one could argue that the most radical act is to look elsewhere, outside one's own experience, for compelling stories. My initial ideas for this project were based on this impulse, yet every idea felt lacking. There was no exigency to my ideas, no immediate need for them to be explored. With each new, though futile idea, the call of my own family's history and the history of the Québec diaspora grew louder and louder. But again I ignored its plea, having been convinced that writing about myself and my family was too prideful, too easy, and as self-centered as one could get.

Perhaps, too, a reluctance toward vanity is a particularly Catholic trait, and if so it is no mistake that pride is a sin, proscribed by the Church and God Himself. This antipathy to pride, as I've come to know it, is a survival technique, a way of insulating a community by limiting autonomy and disallowing any one person from splintering away. A common mistake is to think pride's inverse is shame, but instead it is the other extreme of modesty and silence. And through modesty and silence my ancestors were able to erect high walls and barriers. But, as stated in one of *Longing for the Mud*'s many journal entries, "language

is not a fortress...[b]ehind the battlement is where [it] goes to die."

See page 126.

The same could be said of a culture, of a people and its history. Thus I had resisted an almost innate urge to conceal my family's history to unearth it, resurrect it, and ultimately save it.

After settling on the diaspora, I came to realize I was investigating something in which I am so immersed that I am oft to forget its critical influence on my life. I still nonetheless resisted the desire to discuss my own intimate history with this mass migration. So I stayed opposed to talking with grandmother or any of her relatives and instead relied on old oral history testimony as a major source. Yet at the same time, in some small way I was in dialogue with my most immediate relatives. This tension, between not wishing to discuss family history and yet also being a second-generation participation in this migrant history, is most evident in the journal entries I wrote throughout the course of this project. It is also visible in the choices of oral histories I tried to highlight. I saw in Marie-Rose Ferron the embodiment of my grandmother's spirituality, in Elmire Boucher her hard-won tenacity, and in the unnamed P.P.P. member her zeal and fearlessness. Whatever circuitous path this project has taken, it has become at its core a love letter to my Mémé.

See pages 126 & 127.



Process

If I'm to be frank, over the course of this project I undoubtedly came under the spell of hubris. I've read all the books, I thought. I've gathered a sizable personal archive of photographs, texts, videos, and photographs, culled from various books and disparate archives. I've transcribed nearly 60 pages of text from French into English. From all these sources and all my knowledge, the project will build itself.

However much I had fixed myself on the Québécois as a topic, it was still hard to expunge an inherited dislike of discussing myself and my family. What will my family think of this work I've created? Will I ever show it to them? Is it too revealing?

Perhaps it was a difficulty of translation. Not of French to English, but of one personal experience to a more public form. Of one experience had in the real world to another in the virtual. Family history seems to live outside of time, and the memories associated with it contort, transform, disappear almost at whim. Mapping this family history onto a digital form—with its changing texts, its incorporation of images and video, its associative nature—is the best way of documenting what won't sit still. Nevertheless, it is a laborious feat.

In the end, I've come to understand that it's easy to be confident about one's knowledge of a topic, but it's another thing altogether to write about it. Yet all one needs to do is write, and the rest will come.

Translation

When I was living in Montréal, in 2009, I invited a few of my friends from the States to come stay with me. For every single one of them, English was their first language. As their host, I was their navigator to the alien city and its language. In no short time, I was asked to relay what I'd just said to a stranger on the subway, or annotate what I and a Francophone friend of mine were discussing. Or translate a passing sign or advertisement. Or make note of the subtleties of Québécois speech, why « on » more often meant “we” rather than the “royal one.” And each time I struggled to render it into English, excusing whatever nonsense came from my mouth with a terse “or something like that,” or “but that’s not what it means, exactly.” In the end, they were never satisfied with my explanations—and neither was I.

I never understood why I had struggled at the time to bridge my two languages. It may be that I too was struggling. Once or twice a day I was reminded of my foreignness. The grocery store clerk, after hearing my accent—strangely contorted and full of « anglicismes »—switched from French to English.

« Voulez-vous un sac ? »

« Non merci, j’en ai un. »

“OK, that will be \$12.54.”

Years later, when I read through the oral histories in the archives at the University of Southern Maine or in Jacques Rouillard’s *Ah les États!* or in C. Stewart Doty’s *The First Franco-Americans* or in the oral history archives at the University of Southern Maine, all sense of foreignness dissipated. I read these Franco’s words with ease and a fair bit of joy, like reading a dear friend’s text message. There came a point where the

project necessitated translation of these oral histories, for if the goal of the project was to document Québécois migration into the U.S. for those of my generation, many of whom sadly never learned French, then the our ancestors' word ought to be transcribed into English, the only other language many of us second- and third-generation Francos were ever taught. Otherwise, a more unfortunate loss than the loss of language would occur: that of memory and of history. Soon I understood I had very little difficulty translating these oral histories because the interviewees spoke in simple, unadorned French, the kind my grandmother or my great-aunts would speak around the house. Reading Adrien Phaneuf say, "My parents, they never had much, but it was just enough," I could imagine my Mémé admitting the very same, though perhaps muffled somewhat by the sound of the old vacuum or a roiling pot of soup. She has a way punctuating her daily, hum-drum chores with a ceaseless narration of her life and her family's history. If one were to spend enough time with her, one could be convinced that the pauses in her stories are calculated precisely enough so that her household tasks aren't forgotten, that the flow between the past and present remains uninterrupted. "When I was young," she would start, then toss the carrots into the water or run the vacuum over a particularly dirty patch of carpet. She'd continue: "my aunt told me how it was to work in those hot, hot mills." A dash of pepper, or the vacuum cord unraveling. One could also be persuaded—as I am now certain—that the language of the household and of the past are selfsame.

Roubillard 1986, 160.

Without any formal training or academic background, I must call

myself a “kitchen translator,” « un traducteur de cuisine. » It’s a position in which many second- and third-generation migrants find themselves—the private language, of the home and for the home, commingles and clashes with a more dominant language, which at every moment attempts to usurp the mother tongue (despite how hard those very same mothers fought to keep their langue maternelle safe). The tongue of our migrant mothers. The same tongue I had to contort to repeat our grandmother’s words, her house-bound words—though now in English—to my anglo-only cousins.

The project, therefore, is a project of translation, of depicting the past in an idiom more understandable and approachable to people of my generation. Just as I had done so many times across the kitchen table, translating her speech, I now transmute her language so that her history and the history of the Francos may live. While I may be letting French recede to the backdrop, what is left at the fore—encapsulating and saving memory, the more urgent task—remains.

“Mémé said not to eat too much before dinner,” dis-je, le traducteur de cuisine. “You’ll lose your appetite.”

Longing for the Mud contains only a smattering of French, in the form of private, bilingual journal entries. See pages 125-127.



Technical Overview

A friend recently asked me, “How did you get into coding, into writing stories using computers? Did read books about programming languages or take a class?” If I were prideful to the point of blind vanity, I would’ve replied by calling myself an “autodidact.” Instead I said in return, quite meekly, “I just played around, I tinkered.” I also had to admit to my friend that this interest in merging digital tools with the practice of storytelling is a recent one, one I’ve undertaken only with the past year and a half or so.

At its most elemental, the project is built upon the three basic components of most webpages: Hypertext Markup Language (or HTML), Cascading Style Sheets (or CSS), and JavaScript (or JS). That's it. No fancy, high-level programming languages like Python or Ruby or C, no downloading or installing files. One simply has to type in a URL in order to view the project, just as one would to watch a YouTube video or visit their own Facebook page. HTML is perhaps the most widely understood part of website architecture, as it's the raw data of any webpage and forms the scaffolding upon which CSS and JavaScript work. CSS instructs a user's browser how the raw data of HTML should look, like whether the background should be black, blue, or yellow, or how large paragraph text should be. Lastly, JavaScript, the most complex and powerful component of any webpage, tells a user's browser how HTML elements should act, in short.

For this project I utilized a few extensions and add-ons for JavaScript and CSS. I wrote CSS using Sassy Cascading Style Sheets (or SCSS),

For the most part, I will refer to each of these protocols by their standard abbreviations.

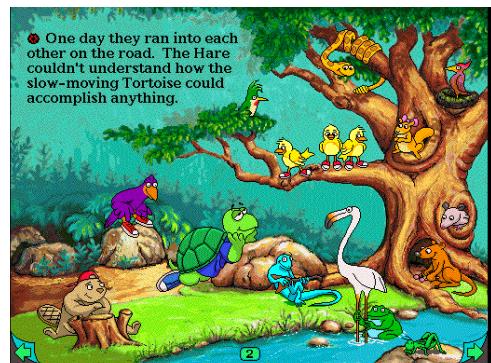
which greatly improves upon the almost twenty-year-old CSS protocol and simplifies the style coding process because, unlike plain CSS, it allows for nested rules and variables. Most browsers, however, cannot interpret SCSS. So after styling my HTML in SCSS, I compiled SCSS into intelligible CSS and minified it so that the page would load faster. As for JavaScript, I used the extension library jQuery and its user interface-focused sub-library, jQuery UI, as well as the plugin Typed.js. jQuery expands and updates the capabilities of the aging JavaScript, with easier event handling and function calling. Additionally many modern JavaScript plug-ins require jQuery, notably Typed.js. Typed.js, developed by Matt Boldt, emulates animated typing and is implemented primarily in the text adventure on the third screen of *The History of the Humble Casket*. An eventual goal is to make each instance of character dialog animated through Typed.js; however, I am currently unable to make Typed.js work with dynamic content as the most recent version utilizes JS variables rather than the more flexible jQuery handlers and, therefore, requires static, predetermined strings. jQuery UI is integral in achieving the illusion of an emulated computer desktop and its Graphical User Interface (GUI), allowing for the kinds of draggable and resizable windows one would find on any modern operating system.

Minifying means shortening the file to a single line without breaks or spaces, thus reducing the size of the file significantly.

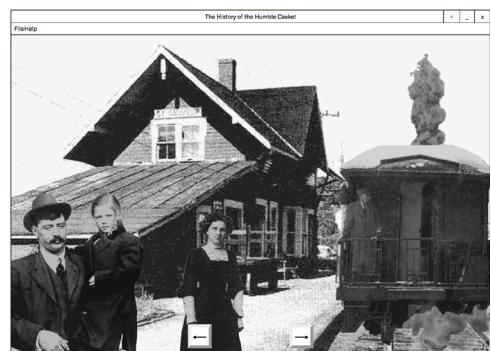
The History of the Humble Casket

The History of the Humble Casket forms the bulk of the piece itself, and therefore a bulk of the programming involved in making *Longing for the Mud* went into *History*. As noted, *The History of the Humble Casket* models itself on the *Living Books* video game series, produced by developer Brøderbund from 1992-98. The series took popular children's books of the time, such as those of Dr. Suess or Marc Brown's *Arthur* series, and turned them into interactive experience where the pages "come to life," replete with voice-acted characters and clickable events. The effect was that the already vivacious illustrations of children's books could be manipulated by readers, allowing readers in some part became a part of the story. Participation was limited, however, as reader's actions had very little effect on the story, and *Living Books* merely turned children's literature into computer playthings.

One aim of this project was to apply this interactivity to a more serious topic, to see if the *Living Book* model could be reconfigured to enliven stale academic texts. Moreover, a secondary goal was to see if it was able to expand and improve upon the model set by Brøderbund by introducing hypertext elements. This hypertext element would turn the story from passive plaything to serious narrative where reader input affects the ways in which the story is told and interpreted. This not to say that readers fabricate history. Readers, instead, through their interactions with the piece, connect a wide range topics and experiences together and navigate history in a free-form manner, as one would when reciting personal histories. In this way, the piece



A screenshot from Brøderbund's 1993 game *The Tortoise and the Hare*. Note the similarities between this game and *Longing for the Mud*'s "screens" below.



Both share the same navigation system (as exemplified by each's use of arrows), whose action is akin to flipping the pages in a book, allowing access to subsequent narrative chunks.

reflects not only history-making, but its later discontinuous collection and recollection.

AJAX Calls & JSON

All of the data for every screen in *History* is stored in a `.json` file and received by the reader's browser dynamically through an Asynchronous JavaScript and XML (AJAX) call for a `.json` file each time the reader clicks "Start" or one of the arrow icons within the program. JavaScript Object Notation (or JSON) is similar to Extensible Markup Language (XML) in that both are straightforward database files easily suited to most web applications. In the past few years, JSON has replaced XML for use in simple databases because of its unrestricted customizability and its similarity to JavaScript syntax for variables, strings, arrays, and objects.

Figure 1

```
{  
  "screen": [{  
    "screenTitle": "The Train Station at Rimouski",  
    "screenDescription": "",  
    "background": "images/train_station.gif",  
    "character": [{  
      "name": "Elmire Boucher",  
      "nameId": "elmire_boucher",  
      "titleName": "Elmire Boucher",  
      "age": "23",  
      "height": "262px",  
      "width": "125px",  
      "top": "",  
      "bottom": "0px",  
      "left": "275px",  
      "right": "0px",  
      "zindex": "2",  
    }]}]
```

`.json` files are organized as nested arrays of attribute-value pairs. In Figure 1 below, everything contained within `"screen":[...]` is an array of attribute-value pairs—for example, one value is `"screenTitle"` and its associated, stored value is the string `"The Train Station at Rimouski"`.

An excerpt of the `game_screen.json` file, which stores all the data necessary for *History* to run. Notably, it contains all the text strings for each character's dialog.

```
    "text": [
      "This train has been awfully slow, the slowest it's ever
      been. And <a href=\"javascript:void(0)\" onClick=\"changeText(5,
      currentCharacter)\">I've taken this many times</a>, yes I
      have.",
      ...
    ],
    ...
  ]
}
```

In short, when the reader clicks “Start” in *The History of the Humble Casket*, the function `fillScreen()`, located within the `game.js` JavaScript file, is executed. `fillScreen()` is for the most part an AJAX call that searches for and caches the `.json` file, `game_screen.json`. It then populates the screen with the appropriate number of characters and noncharacterobjects contained within the current screen’s `screen[currentScreen]` array by appending them as `.character` or `.noncharacterobject` divs to the div `.game_screen_characters`, which is contained by the `.game_screen` div and sits above the background. Then each character or noncharacterobject is styled according to the information within the `game_screen.json` file, with positioning, z-indexing (an element’s depth position along the z-axis), and the character’s image’s height and width stored as various JSON attributes. As seen in Figure 2, these values are stored in the variable `characterCSS` and then passed onto their respective `.character` div elements.

The variable `currentScreen` is stored each time the reader clicks “Start” or the arrow icons and refers to the index number of the currently visible screen.

Appending elements means attaching an element as a child within another element at the end of the new parent element. Put more simply, appending `Hello, World!` to this footnote entails adding it to the end of the footnote. Note that appending an element to a parent element does not replace anything that was previously contained within that parent element. Like this: `Hello, World!`

Figure 2

```

function fillScreen(delayLength, fadeLength) {
    ...
    $.ajax('game_screen.json')
        .success(function(data){
            $(".game_screen").css("background-
                image", "url(" + data.
            screen[currentScreen].background
                + ")");
            var characterLength = data.
                screen[currentScreen].character.
                length;
            for (i = 0; i < characterLength; i++) {
                $(".game_screen .game_screen_characters").
                    append("<div class='character' id='" + data.
                screen[currentScreen].character[i].nameId + "' charNum='"
                + i + "><img src='images/" + data.screen[currentScreen].
                character[i].nameId + "_character_icon.gif' title='"
                + data.
                screen[currentScreen].character[i].titleName + "'></img></
                div>");
                var characterCSS = {
                    "height": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].height,
                    "width": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].width,
                    "top": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].top, "right":
                    data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].right, "left": data.
                    screen[currentScreen].character[i].left, "bottom": data.
                    screen[currentScreen].character[i].bottom, "z-index": data.
                    screen[currentScreen].character[i].zindex
                };
                $("#" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].
                    nameId + "").css(characterCSS);
            }
            ...
        })
}

```

A truncated example of the function `fillScreen()`. The code for populating the screen with noncharacterobjects is missing as it's exactly the same process as that for characters.

When a reader selects a character with which to interact, the function

`openDialogBox()` is called and the div `.game_dialog` is appended to the `.game_screen`. In addition, click events are disabled for all other characters and noncharacterobjects *except* for the current character, and all non-active characters and noncharacterobject have their opacities set to `0.8` with a gray overlay placed on top of them. For the most part, the initial text of the `.game_dialog` is the first string contained within the "text" attribute of the current character's array within `game_screen.json`. An example data reference for the initial text of the first screen's first character, Elmire Boucher, would be `data.screen[0].character[0].text[0]`.

As can be seen in Figure 1, most of these text strings contain hyperlinked portions wrapped in anchor (or `<a>`) tags. These anchor tags each have an `onClick` event which calls the function `changeText(nextTextNumber, currentCharacter)`. The parameter `nextTextNumber` corresponds to the index number of the text string that will replace the currently displayed text.

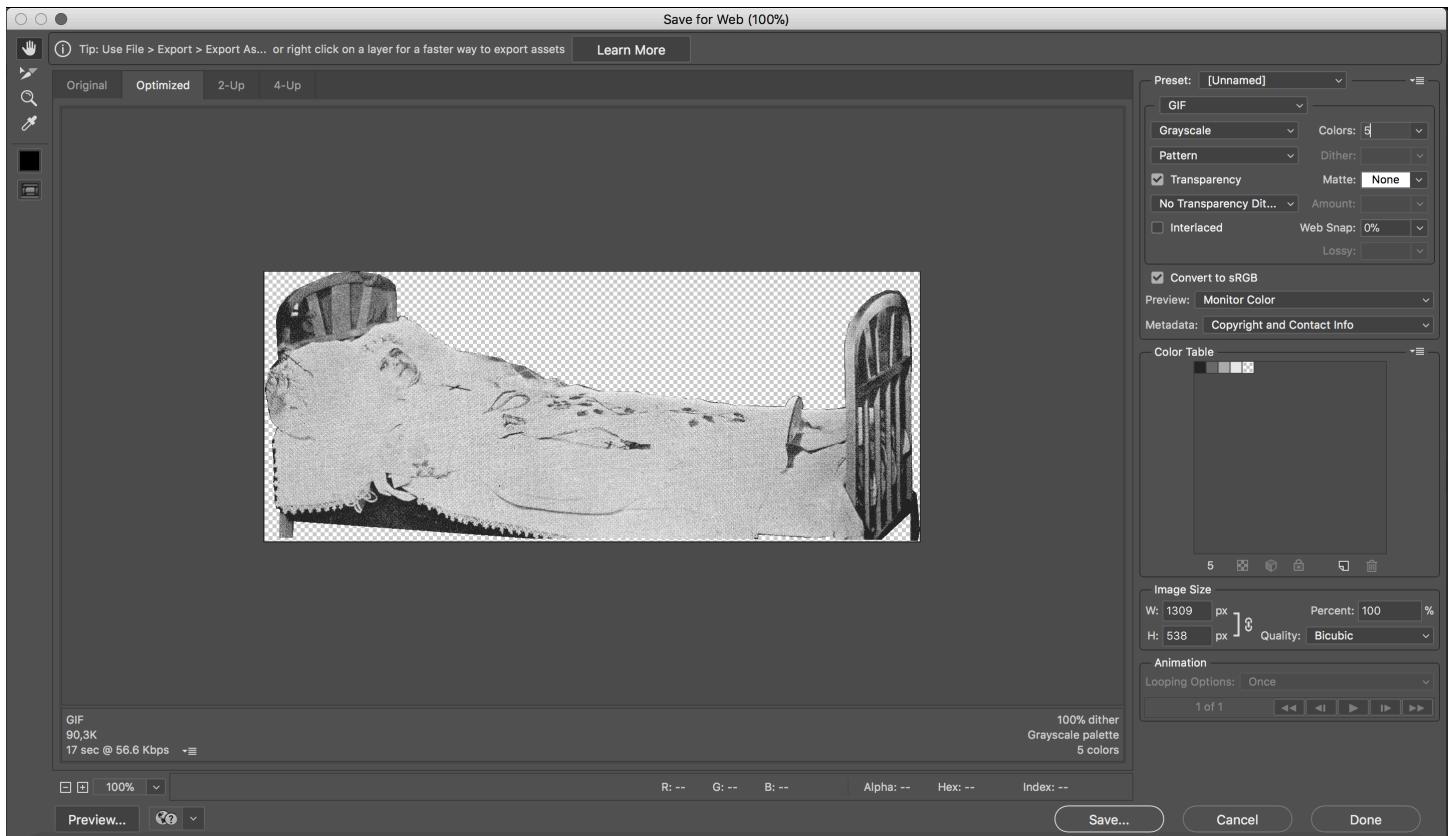
In short, dialog with characters acts very similarly to early, simple hypertext works like Shelley Jackson's *Patchwork Girl* or Michael Joyce's *Afternoon, a story*. Character interactions, more importantly, conform to the way in which hyperlinks work on the internet: links redirect readers to a new bit of text, and the original, linking text is lost or replaced in the process.

Every AJAX call through a function utilizes the function parameter of data to represent the entirety of the received JSON data.

Photographic Editing, Collage & “Retro” Aesthetics

All of the photographs contained in *History* were found in archives or through Google searches or photographed from history texts. They were then edited in Photoshop and were edited to emulate the limitations of the kinds of edutainment games *History* is trying to mimic. Each image is rendered in grayscale and reduced to only four colors. These four colors are then dithered so that it seems as though the image has eight colors. Through this process, these images become small in size and also imitate the strict restraints of many pre-32- and 64-bit systems. In order to also save on space and speed, the images are saved as .gif files, which tend to be smaller in size.

There are actually five colors, four grayscale colors and a transparency “color.”



Journal Entries

Included within the files and folders of the “computer,” journal entries reflect my own thoughts and feelings rummaging through the numerous books, images, videos, texts I gathered for my research on the Québec diaspora. The entries are meditative, bilingual ruminations on reliving and digesting history, often addressed to an ever-changing “you.” In one moment, the “you” is my grandmother. At other times, it is a nebulous call to all my ancestors of the migration. And the tone changes too, from pointed and accusatory to melancholic and sometimes nostalgic. Having these short pieces in *Longing for the Mud* help to ground the piece in the present and offer a window into the experience of rediscovering as a later generation migrant.

They are also, though indirectly, documents of process, written in conversation with the books, articles and oral histories that surround the project. As *Longing for the Mud* continues to grow and change, these journal entries will follow suit.



Planned & Unfinished Material

In 2000 performance artist Pope.L was mailed hair and skin purportedly extracted from Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s notebooks. Inspired by the ways in which Dr. King's body had become cut up, passed around, disseminated in both physical and digital formats, through advertisements and videos and photographs, Pope.L embarked on a project of documenting how the forces which had dispersed M.L.K., Jr.'s body, ideas, and image had done just the same to him. Pope.L turned to the internet, where time, history, and image are often scattered at will. After eight years, however, he abandoned the project. Of the ultimately "unrealized (or unrealizable) project," Pope.L said, "It's not that a particular artwork fails or succeeds, it's that we get to play in the hinge."

Rhizome 2017.

This project is a work-in-progress. I could finish it in a few month's time, or, as with Pope.L's work, it may last years, turn from mere project to passion or, in its most extreme, obsession. What I do know is that I am not finished with it, and it's not finished with me. It's in this "hinge" that *Longing for the Mud* operates as well, at one moment opening into new territory while at the very same time closing on another. It can change, it can shift. It can close altogether, whether it's finished or not.

The Imagined *History of the Humble Casket*

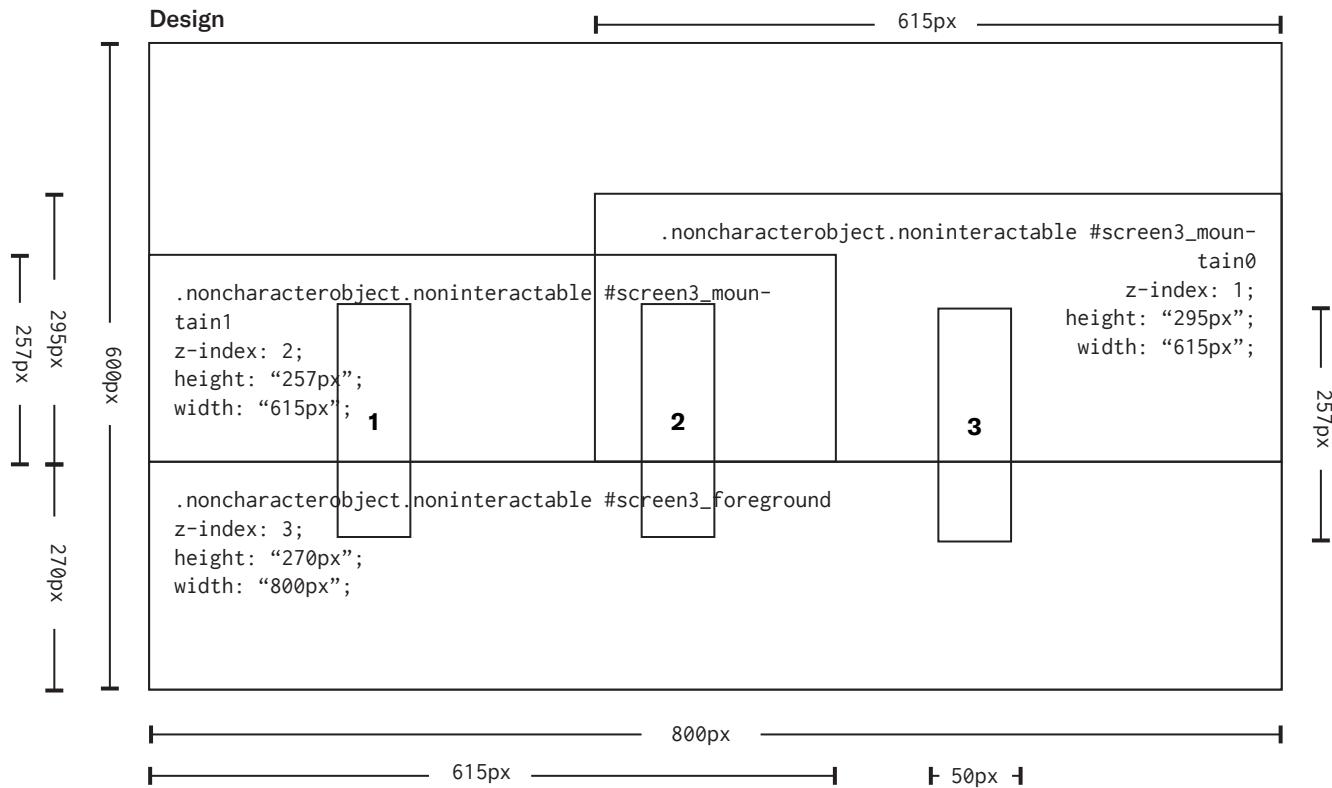
In its current state, the piece *The History of the Humble Casket*, like *Longing for the Mud*, is incomplete. If I had the time and resources, the piece would contain at least three more “screens”.

The first additional screen would allow readers to talk to three smokestacks from closed or demolished mills in New England that primarily or heavily employed Franco-American workers. These smokestacks would recount labor conditions in their respective mills, noting labor strife, wages, and workforce composition. They would also muse on the life of the towns in which they resided and remark on their opinions of Francos, echoing the wavering sentiments of their factory's owners.

The second additional screen discusses the conditions in tenement housing in many Little Canadas through New England's major cities. A mother who lives in the housing unit stands in front of a crowded tenement details her life history and more specifically the tenement in which she lives.

The final additional screen would discuss my own grandmother's house located in Norwood, Massachusetts. The house itself would talk to the reader and provide the reader with part-oral history testimony from my Mémé, part-history of Franco in Southeastern Massachusetts.

```
screen[3]
"screenTitle": "Three Smokestacks",
"screenDescription": "Three smokestacks from factories that at one time employed a large number of Franco-American workers, moments before they are to be demolished.",
"screenBackground": "screen3_background.gif"
```



```
1 : .character#screen3_stack0; z-index: 4; height: "275px"; width: "50px";
2 : .character#screen3_stack1; z-index: 4; height: "275px"; width: "50px";
3 : .character#screen3_stack2; z-index: 4; height: "275px"; width: "50px";
```

An example of the kind of planning necessary for each screen. Image positioning is more important, as the images are not directly manipulatable.

Audio & Music

As a writer and historian, I've increasingly come to see music as integral to my work. Music's instance on rhythm and structure, its tight internal consistency and economy, and its reliance on form that transforms into the most inventive examples of formal subversion, and its—the techniques of music-making lend themselves indelibly to the process of writing. As such, I've written works based on fugues, classical dance forms, and the sonata-rondo. I've transcribed dialogue into notated music, matching the pitches and rhythm of character dialogue to a score. I've used score marginalia as a narrative space. A more recent realization, however, is music's influence in history, history-making, and the writing of history.

A silent *Longing for the Mud* feels inaccurate. If my family is an indication, Francos, despite their reserved nature when it comes to their language and personal history, are a loud people. Moreover migration itself is a loud business. Bodies are moving. Trains are exhaling by the side the station. The mills in which so many Francos work were almost deafening. Finding and integrating the requisite ambient sound scape to the work will only enhance its narrative power.

Emails

After I implement the screens which I wish to be incorporated into the project, I want write a series of fictional emails between the narrator and a genealogist at an ancestry website. There has been little written or decided about this element of the project, however.

The Future of *Longing for the Mud*

Once I graduate, I will lose access to my student server, where *Longing for the Mud* is currently hosted. A lamentable reality, it also means I will have to search for alternatives, which may prove to give me greater freedom in choosing the direction of this project. What I do know is it will expand to include the oral history testimony of at least five more individuals, countless journal entries, and a wealth of my own curated archive of images, sounds, and videos.

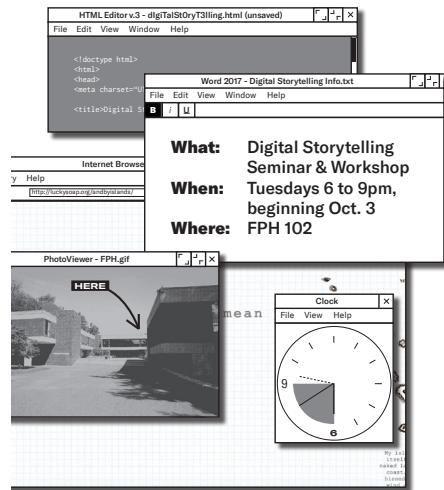


Advanced Educational Activities

Digital Storytelling EPEC

Overview

In the second semester of my Division III, I planned, organized, and facilitated an eight week EPEC course focused on the basics of writing stories for digital media. The course was built to introduce writers of all backgrounds to the medium. Though those with greater expertise in the field would be encouraged to share and grow their talents, the class assumed only a minimal understanding of digital media and forms, and it did not require any advanced technical know-how other than, for example, knowing how to use a web browser and how to navigate the internet. The class sessions, for the most part, alternated weekly between reading theoretical papers on the subject and examples of hypertexts and digital works and workshopping participant pieces.



Despite initial enthusiasm from those with whom I shared the class syllabus, very few people showed for the first few class sessions, and after the third class session no one attended any subsequent meetings. In retrospect, I could have advertised the course more widely and earlier. Unfortunately, the course began over a month into the semester, after many had already filled their schedules with courses and extracurricular activities, leaving little opportunity for my workshop.

The laxity of both the title and the topic could have contributed to confusion. What exactly is “digital storytelling” anyway? And what

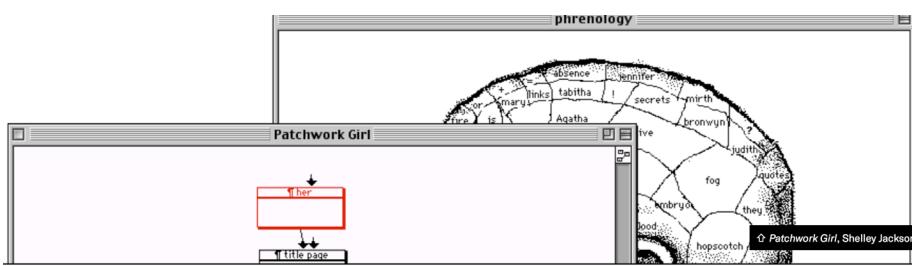
would a course with that topic look like? I would attribute this mostly with a general unfamiliarity with the term, though not the topic. There are students currently enrolled at Hampshire who, because of their youth, have not known a world without the internet, without smartphones and video chats, without widespread computer use. From the moment these students first launched a browser and visited their first website, they have always engaged with digital storytelling and the many forms it takes. It was my fervid hope that this course would rectify the term's foreignness and be as revelatory to them as the realization that we are all consumers and producers of digital narrative has been to me. Having taught this topic in small part when I was a teaching assistant for professor Kim Chang's *Crafting Truth* course, I should have expected to encounter such difficulty. These works, these forms are challenging and dense, and for many readers they have very few immediately apparent precedents. Encountering the seemingly alien, especially without any prior context, can be frightening. But it is taking that leap into the unknown that is the real work of a committed writer. It is unfortunate that I was unable to prove to my peers the merits of the strange, new medium of digital storytelling.

Even though the Digital Storytelling EPEC never quite took off, it will be exciting to see where this course goes. Whether it expands with many more examples and greater amount of time devoted to both workshopping and discussion of important texts. Whether it ventures further on-line and transforms into an on-line course that is open to all, replete with forum discussion and live chat and dynamic

commenting on works-in-progress.

Syllabus

The course syllabus was designed to be a living document where participants were able to add to it in any way they saw fit. Perhaps a student had found an interesting hypertext or had read a paper detailing the history of one of digital literature's many sub-genres. Those finds would be and could be added to the syllabus. Once the course had completed, the syllabus, then, would remain as an extensive resource for writers who wish to incorporate digital forms into their writing as the document would be maintained as a freely accessible on-line reference guide. This collaborative process reflects my desire for the course to build a writing community among its participants, whose varied talents would build upon each other and lead to truly transformative work.



Digital Storytelling

Tuesday 6-9pm
FPH 102
email: mjct15 (at) hampshire.edu

http://student.hampshire.edu/~mjct15/digital_storytelling

Oct 24 Week 4: Workshop 1

All work must be submitted by the Sunday night before a workshop date.

To submit an HTML, .mp4, .mp3, .png, etc. file: aucun fichier sélé.

To submit a url:

Students would submit work through the on-line syllabus itself, thus integrating student work into the course and feeding the ever-expanding syllabus. Allowing submission of workshop pieces through the on-line syllabus was also meant to help facilitate any of diverse formats students might employ in their work.

Annotated Bibliography of EPEC Assigned Readings

Week 3

“HARBINGERS OF THE HOLODECK”

It's only natural, given this week's focus on the history of hypertext, that the class reads Janet Murray's wildly informative chapter on the precursors to contemporary digital narratives. From pre-computer experiments in hypertext like Jorge Luis Borges' “The Garden of Forking Paths” to the latest virtual reality technologies, Murray brilliantly traces the trajectory of the medium, while reminding readers of storytelling's central importance to all these digital forms. Moreover, a latent revelation arises in Murray's writing: that no matter the medium or form, writers tell stories and continue to work from that same storyteller's toolbox to craft those stories.

Reading and workshopping weeks alternate; therefore, only weeks 3, 5 and 7 are annotated, as they were reading weeks.

Murray 2012, 33–72.

PATHFINDERS

Pathfinders is an exhaustive history of early digital lit pioneers and their seminal works, written by those very same digital trailblazers as a combination of history, oral testimony, and dialogue. Shelley Jackson, Judy Malloy, John McDaid, and others contribute personal accounts of their own work's creation, often revisiting decades old hypertexts and providing detailed, video-recorded “walkthroughs” using similar hardware those piece were built or presented. What's so exciting about this document, beyond its intimate ties with the creators of such seminal works, is that *Pathfinders* is itself a hypertext. Created using the Scalar format, the work allows for free navigation through

Grigar and Moulthrop 2016.

the interviews, videos, images, in a similar fashion to the hypertexts featured within it.

ERGODIC LITERATURE

Aarseth's seminal examination of ergodic literature, or literature which requires trivial effort from the reader in order to traverse (as opposed to video games, which require finer attention and reaction to consume), has laid the groundwork for many theoretical texts on hypertexts ever since its publication in 1997. Many of the works I've included in the course could be considered ergodic.

Aarseth 1997, 1-23.

ELIZA

I chose to include ELIZA mostly because Murray discusses the program within her chapter on the history of digital media. Joseph Weizenbaum's ELIZA, in response to a user's input, uses very simple natural language processing to parroting back questions like a psychiatrist would. The brilliance of this program is that from such a rudimentary set of rules one can create a narrative and evoke a visceral emotional response.

Wizenbaum 1966.

As noted in Murray's *Hamlet on the Holodeck* (2012), many people who spoke with ELIZA were convinced that her responses were coming from a real psychiatrist, possibly in another room, and not from a computer program (33-35).

UNCLE ROGER & HYPERCARDS

A similar impulse, familiarity, as that which compelled me to include the program Eliza as a reading moved me to add Judy Malloy's "Uncle Roger" and the Internet Archive's trove of Hypercards. Because both had been discussed in the prior reading, *Pathfinders*, it felt right, given the novelty of the genre, to require these pieces as readings. Had

I not, something would be lacking, for it's one thing to read about a hypertext, but it's another altogether to interact with and read one.

“Uncle Roger,” Malloy’s 1986 piece about a woman’s increasingly complex life in Silicon Valley, is as quintessential an example of hypertext as one can find. When one opens the webpage, one is greeted blocks of text with simple links, which when click direct the reader to other, associated text blocks littered with their own redirect links. While so many older hypertexts require defunct hardware or are not free, “Uncle Roger” is very much as it was when it was ported to the web in the early 90s: free and available to anyone with an internet connection.

HyperCards, the software developed by Apple in the late 1980s and upon which John McDaid’s *Uncle Buddy’s Phantom Funhouse* is built, were a precursor to today’s hypertext programs like StoryScape or Twine. A nearly uncountable number of early digital literature works were written using the “stack” technology of HyperCards. And thus by pointing students toward the massive collection of Hypercard programs emulated on the Internet Archive, it was my hope that, considering the immense number of them, students would be inspired by any number of HyperCard stacks.

<http://twinery.org.com/storyscape> <http://eastgate.com/storyscape>

Week 5

FROM ADDITIVE TO EXPRESSIVE FORM

Murray, in another selection from her book *Hamlet on the Holodeck*, asks readers of exploring the various strategies require to move from an additive form to an expressive one. Not only is Murray's investigations about interactivity and immersion important to digital works, they are also important to all writing. Murray demands that the reader truly consider the forms they wish to use and whether or not those forms service the narrative in meaningful ways—and is not merely added onto it. She argues that many early influential digital forms drew attention more to the form its rather than trying marry both content and form.

Murray 2012, 81-119.

“WHAT IS NEW MEDIA?”

Manovich's text is essential for anyone wishing to investigate new media. In this selection, he makes an argument that new media truly began with the advent of cinema and its manipulation of time and space and that such manipulations have translated into the digital realm and into contemporary culture.

Manovich 2001 , 18-61.

THE SHAPING OF HYPERTEXTUAL NARRATIVE

The primary goal of this reading was to consider the various shapes and paths hypertexts may take, as well as remind students of the immense amount of planning required of some of the most complex works of hyperlinked text.

Ciccone 1999.

EPITHELIA & CLARK'S 88 CONSTELLATIONS

Now that the course participants have some understanding of hypertexts and digital storytelling methods I believe that they can engage with more elaborate works. While the dwindling of Flash support across most major browsers jeopardizes many early hypertexts, *88 Constellations for Wittgenstein* survives. In it, one navigates Wittgenstein's life history and his philosophical idea by traversing the 88 stellar constellations. *Epithelia* explores the ways in which the internet resembles a body, in its collection and dissection, and is an exemplar of a marriage between a digital form and its topic.

Clark 2009; Yeregui 1999.

Week 7

THE PROBLEM WITH VIDEO GAMES

I hoped that Anthropy's chapter on what is and isn't "video game" would launch a discussion into video games in general. Beyond asserting that games can have narratives just as compelling and complex as some of the most beloved novels, I would also make the case that games have the added dimension of mechanics which allow for an additional narrative theatre.

Anthropy 2012, 1-21.

NAVIGABLE SPACE

Manovich's discussion of navigable space—and more generally the way space figures in narrative—is vitally important to those wishing to produce digital work. While Manovich utilizes the video games *Myst* and *Doom* to launch a discussion on how one approaches 3D space in a work, his explorations are just as applicable to text-heavy

Manovich 2001, 244-285.

digital works as they are to video games, for he reasserts the primacy of space as being one of the added dimensions and concerns in these new digital forms. Hypertexts, in Manovich's view, are not flat. Following the links within a hypertexts are like traversing the rooms of a house or crossing various forest paths.

ZORK & ANTHROPY'S "LOVERS"

Though both 1978's "Zork" and Anthropy's "Queers in Love at the End of the World" were released as games, I believe them to both be works of immense narrative depth—even if Anthropy's work last only ten seconds. These works tie back to course readings by presenting course participants with "games" that lack many of the traditional elements of contemporary video games. There are no images, audio, graphics. Just text and whatever the reader chooses to write or click.

Anthropy 2013; Anderson et al. 1978.

Crafting Truth Teaching Assistant

My Division III is as much a research project as it is an educational experiment. Through it, I want to impart my knowledge of the Québec diaspora, and of new narrative tools and forms, and any amount of interest it sparks in either—Québec migrant history or emerging digital forms—would be its greatest success. My time as a Teaching Assistant for Kim Chang's Crafting Truth course in Spring 2017 exemplifies my commitment to education, particularly toward evangelizing digital media as an exciting venue for writing and exploring history and non-fiction.

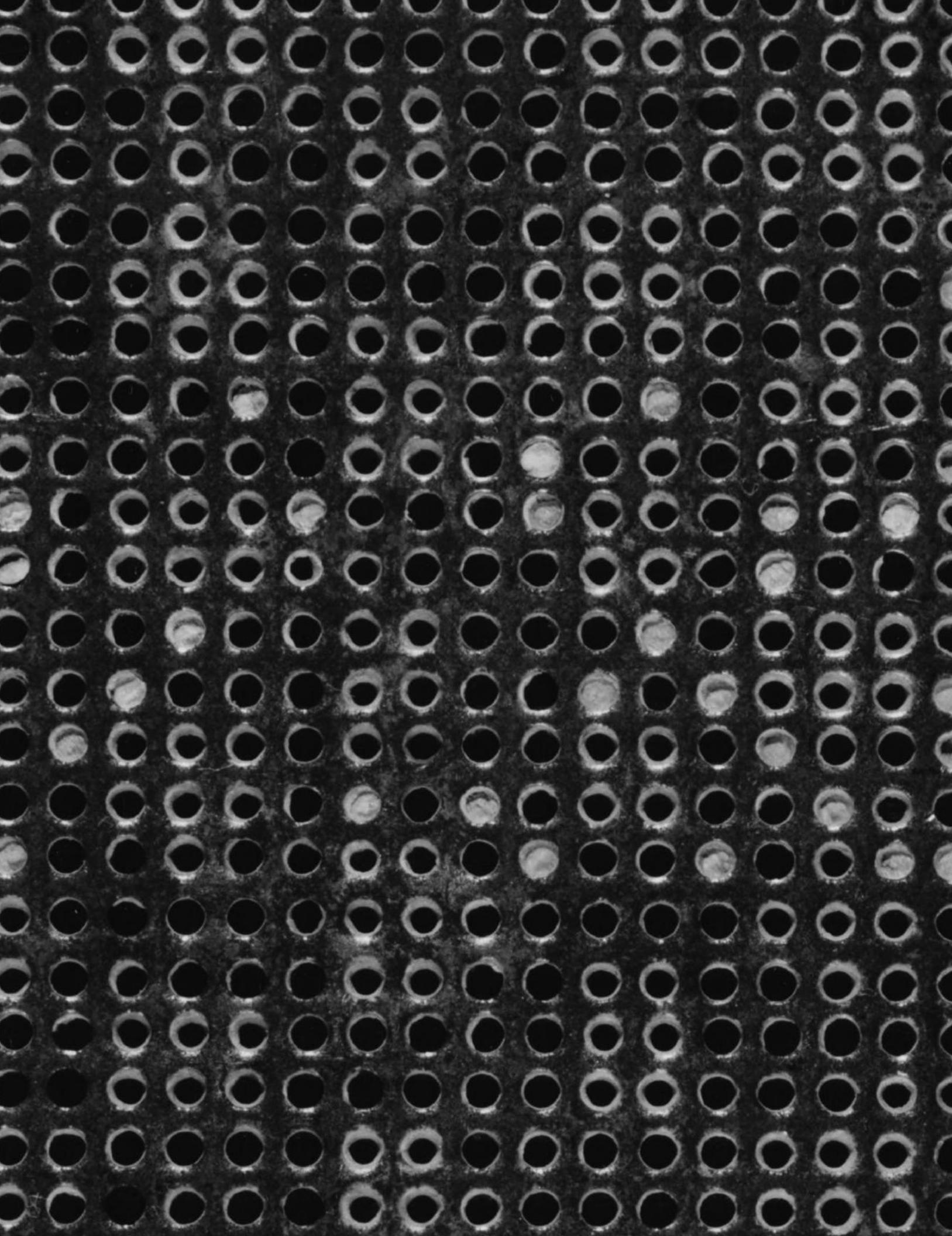
Throughout the course, I challenged the students to rethink conventions of narrative and the places where narrative could reside (in a text message, in a tweet, in the margins of a book). I tried to keep my distance during class discussions, moderating my level of involvement, intervening only when the conversation stalled, had quickly scanned over something of import, or seemed to be circling around a central point. I offered weekly TA hours, of which a few students availed themselves especially as the deadline for final projects neared. I also made it known that I would make myself available as a resource to any student who wanted to incorporate digital media into their works, and to my surprise and excitement, one student in particular wished to make a hypertext for her final project on memory. She was the web-like nature of hyperlinks as most akin to the way that memory functions. The project was built using Twine—my preferred hypertext tool for non-programmers and the main program I taught

in my Fall EPEC course—to generate a riveting piece that at once reproduced the mechanism of memory through associations and at another illuminated the failures of memory, the broken lines of thought.

While this one case was a success, it was the only indication that my ideas about digital forms and challenging conventions were taken to heart. It is difficult, despite my instance that now more than ever one engages with digital forms almost daily, to convince writers of the merits of them. It may be that these forms, which may include tweets or Facebook posts or simple webpages, are viewed as inferior, or perhaps too “low-brow,” to traditional forms and media, like a non-fiction essay in a print magazine for example. It may also be the case that none of the students saw these forms as necessary to their projects—to which I would contest that digital media are so malleable, so varied as to be applicable to nearly all research topics and stories. As someone so certain that the marriage of technology and narrative is a major, exciting path in storytelling’s future, it was disheartening to see so few students in the class utilize digital forms in any way.

These forms also require readers to recalibrate they ways they read, for their relative novelty and recent invention has left little time for collective models of understanding to built—unlike film and the novel, which have both had centuries of development, refinement and broad acceptance. Perhaps, given a few more decades and a deeper appreciation of video games, virtual/augmented reality, interactive webpages, and apps, a general lexicon will better help frame these digital forms

and will work to shed it of its jarring exoticism.



Source Code

Just as a score—with its staves, stems and noteheads, with its orchestration and program notes—is merely a set of instructions waiting for musicians to rouse it from the page, source code is a program waiting to be executed, rendered on screen by a browser or interpreted by a computer.

http://student.hampshire.edu/~mjc15/longing_for_the_mud/source.zip

Those younger than me already speak new, different tongues. They speak the language of video games, of mobile apps, of a wired world. While the older generation sits around the dining room table, thumbing through photograph albums and reciting family history, the newest generation sits in a room elsewhere in the house, sharing memes and playing games with each other on their phones.

This scene is not as dire as one might be lead to believe, though. While a gap does exists between generations, it is not an unbridgeable divide. Despite utilizing widely varying tools, the two groups, young and old, are engaging in one of our most precious talents: storytelling. My cousin, Daniel, discusses his day by showing me a meme that, in his words, “only a clarinetist would get, it’s a band thing.” Although not a clarinetist myself, he nonetheless revels in using the meme as a springboard to discuss a particularly amusing band practice. In the other room, my mother finds a yellowed photograph of herself. In it, her hair is short and jagged, and one might confuse her for one of her brothers. “My mother used to cut my hair, she used to cut all our hair,” she says. “She wasn’t particularly good.” And then, one after the next, everyone at the table offers cases for the impoverished family’s

thrift. Melted baker's chocolate snacks, shared bedrooms, powdered milk, hand-me-downs, and the rare pleasure of extravagance.

Through the cant of heirloom images and oral history on the one hand and of computer programs and windowing systems on the other, *Longing for the Mud* is the bridge that sings a common tune. I've included the source code here because, rather than simply providing a link to the completed site, I hope that one day someone will continue the world I started. I want someone else like me to go through this code, pick it apart, add to it, subtract from it, edit it. This is a history of fragments and erasures and remnants, and this project continues that long, arduous trail.

The source code is also a document of failure. The failure of memory, the fissures in the historical record. The failure to fully encapsulate migrant experience, let alone do so in under a year. The failure of la survivance, the Francos' ardent attempt to safeguard their language, culture, and religion.

All that failure will be undone if this project ever continues on after I've finished with it, whether someone is so inspired by it that they launch their own family history research or write their own hypertext or teach others about hypertext.

File Tree

```
audio
css
  jquery-ui.min.css
  longingforthemud.min.css*
  longingforthemud.scss*
email.json*
folder.json*
fonts
  Apple-2.ttf
  GT-America-Bold-Italic.ttf
  GT-America-Bold.ttf
  GT-America-Regular-Italic.ttf
  GT-America-Regular.ttf
game_screen.json*
images
  adrien_phaneuf_character_icon.gif*
  adrien_phaneuf_talking_head.gif*
  corina_ferron_character_icon.gif*
  elmire_boucher_character_icon.gif*
  elmire_boucher_talking_head.gif*
  favicon.ico*
  flora_ferron_character_icon.gif*
  florema_ferron_character_icon.gif*
  frame_noncharacterobject_icon.gif*
  game_icon.gif*
  game_screen_home_screen1.gif*
  game_screen_train_screen1.gif*
  game_screen_train_screen3.gif*
  icon_game.gif*
  irene_ferron_character_icon.gif*
  jesus_character_icon.gif*
  leaves-falling.gif*
  lucille_phaneuf_character_icon.gif*
  lucille_phaneuf_talking_head.gif*
  madame_ferron_character_icon.gif*
  marie-rose_ferron_character_icon.gif*
  monsieur_ferron_character_icon.gif*
  radio_noncharacterobject_icon.gif*
  rose-de-lima_ferron_character_icon.gif*
  screen0_smoke0_noncharacterobject_icon.gif*
  screen0_smoke1_noncharacterobject_icon.gif*
  screen0_train_noncharacterobject_icon.gif*
  moving_gif_placeholder.gif*
  tenement0_character_icon.gif*
  tenement1_character_icon.gif*
  tenement2_character_icon.gif*
```

* indicates original content.

```
train.gif*
train_conductor_character_icon.gif*
train_door_noncharacterobject_icon.gif*
train_station.gif*
woman_painting.gif*
woman_painting_character_icon.gif*
index.html*
js
    game.js*
    jquery-ui.min.js
    jquery.js
    main.js*
ppp_text_adventure.materials
    Release
        Cover.jpg
        Small\ Cover.jpg
        index.html
        interpreter
            dialog.css
            glkote.css
            glkote.min.js
            jquery-1.11.2.min.js
            ppp_text.gblorb.js*
            quixe.min.js
            resourcemap.js
            waiting.gif
        play.html
        ppp_text.gblorb
        style.css
txt.json*
typed.min.js
typed.min.js.map
video
```

/css

/css/longingforthemud.scss

```
@charset "UTF-8";

@font-face {
    font-family: "GT America";
    src: url('../fonts/GT-America-Regular.ttf') format("ttf");
}

@font-face {
    font-family: "Apple-2";
    src: url('../fonts/Apple-2.ttf') format("ttf");
}

@font-face {
    font-family: "telegrama";
    src: url('../fonts/telegrama.ttf') format("ttf");
}

body, html {
    position: fixed;
    top:0;
    bottom:0;
    left:0;
    right:0;
    font-family:'GT America', sans-serif;
    background-color: AntiqueWhite;
    background-image: url('');
    background-repeat: no-repeat;
    background-position: center;
    background-size: cover;
    margin: 0;
    -webkit-touch-callout: none; /* iOS Safari */
    -webkit-user-select: none; /* Safari */
    -khtml-user-select: none; /* Konqueror HTML */
    -moz-user-select: none; /* Firefox */
    -ms-user-select: none; /* Internet Explorer/Edge */
    user-select: none;
}

button {
    font-family: Helvetica, sans-serif;
    font-size: 14px;
    font-weight: bold;
    background: lightgray;
    color: black;
    border: 1px solid black;
```

```
&:active {
    background: white;
    color: black;
    border: 1px solid black;
}
}

#login-page {
    z-index: 9999;
    background: lightblue;
}

#login {
    position:absolute;
    top:0;
    left:0;
    bottom:0;
    right:0;
    margin:auto;
    width:300px;
    height:228px;
    text-align:center;
    background:white;
    z-index: 99999;
    border:1px solid black;
    & a {
        text-decoration:none;
    }

    & a:hover {
        color:gray;
        cursor:pointer;
    }
}

#password {
    padding: 7px;
    margin-left: 10px;
    margin-right:10px;
    border:1px solid black;
    background:white;
    border-radius:3px;
    /* -webkit-appearance: textfield */
}

/* containers */
.container {
    border: 1px solid black;
    background:white;
    padding: 0;
    margin: 0;
```

```
}

.header, .header_nav {
    padding: 5px;
    font-size: 10px;
    line-height: 10px;
    background: white;
    color: black;
    border-bottom: 1px solid black;
    z-index: 9999;
}

.header_nav {
    height: 8px;
    border-bottom: none;

    div {
        float: left;
        line-height: 8px;
    }
}

.window_buttons {
    margin-top: -10px;
    margin-bottom: 10px;
}

.window_title {
    float: none;
    text-align: center;
}

.email {
    display: none;
    position: absolute;
    top: -15%;
    left: 0%;
    width: 500px;
    height: 300px;
    z-index: 11;

    $email_headerheight: 40px;
    $email_contentmargin: 15px;

    .email_header {
        position: absolute;
        top: 0;
        left: 0;
        width: 100%;
        height: $email_headerheight;
```

```
        border-bottom: 1px solid black;
    }

.email_content {
    position: relative;
    top: $email_headerheight;
    left: 0;
    width: 100%;
    height: calc(100% - #{$email_headerheight});
}

.inboxes {
    position: absolute;
    width: 30%;
    height: 100%;
    left: 0;
    top: 0;
    border-right: 1px solid black;
}

.messages {
    position: absolute;
    width: 70%;
    height: 40%;
    right: 0;
    top: 0;
    border-bottom: 1px solid black;
}

.email_text {
    position: absolute;
    width: 70%;
    height: 60%;
    right: 0;
    bottom: 0;
}

}

.text_file {
    position: absolute;
    top: 0%;
    left: 0%;
    width: 425px;
    height: 550px;
    z-index: 14;

$text_headerheight: 40px;
$text_contentmargin: 15px;

.text_file_header {
```

```
position: absolute;
top: 0;
left: 0;
width: 100%;
height: $text_headerheight;
border-bottom: 1px solid black;
}

.text_file_content {
position: relative;
top: $text_headerheight;
left: 0;
right: 0;
bottom: 0;
width: 100%;
margin-top: 0px;
margin-right: 0px;
height: calc(100% - calc(${text_headerheight} / 2));
width: inherit;
overflow: hidden;
font-family: Baskerville, "serif";

.text_file_textbox {
    overflow-y: auto;
    height: inherit;
    width: inherit;

p {
    padding: 0 10px 0 10px;
}

p:first-of-type {
    margin-top: 0;
    padding-top: 10px;
}

p:last-of-type {
    margin-bottom: 0;
    padding-bottom: 10px;
}
}

.ui-resizable {
    display: none;
}

.folder_window {
position: absolute;
```

```
top: 50px;
left: 20px;
width: 500px;
height: 300px;
z-index: 14;

$folder_headerheight: 40px;

.folder_window_header {
    position: absolute;
    top: 0;
    left: 0;
    width: 100%;
    height: $folder_headerheight;
    border-bottom: 1px solid black;
}

.folder_window_content {
    position: relative;
    top: $folder_headerheight;
    left: 0;
    right: 0;
    bottom: 0;
    width: 100%;
    margin-top: 0px;
    margin-right: 0px;
    height: calc(100% - calc(${folder_headerheight} / 2));
    width: inherit;
    overflow: hidden;
    font-family: Baskerville, "serif";
}

.ui-resizable {
    display: none;
}

.game {
    display: none;
    position: absolute;
    top: 50%;
    left: 50%;
    width: 800px;
    height: 600px;
    z-index: 10;
    margin-top: -300px;
    margin-left: -400px;

$game_headerheight: 40px;
$game_contentmargin: 15px;
```

```
.game_header {  
    position: absolute;  
    top: 0;  
    left: 0;  
    width: 100%;  
    height: $game_headerheight;  
    border-bottom: 1px solid black;  
    z-index: 999;  
  
.header_nav {  
    border-bottom: none;  
}  
}  
  
.game_content {  
    // font-family: 'telegrama';  
    position: relative;  
    top: $game_headerheight;  
    left: 0;  
    width: 100%;  
    height: calc(100% - #{$game_headerheight});  
  
.game_interactions {  
    position: relative;  
    top: 0;  
    left: 0;  
    width: 100%;  
    height: 100%;  
  
.game_dialog {  
    width: 200px;  
    border: 1px solid black;  
    background: white;  
    pointer-events: all;  
    z-index: 999;  
    box-shadow: 5px 5px black;  
}  
  
.game_dialog-box {  
    padding: 5px;  
    font-size: 10px;  
    max-height: 100px;  
    overflow: auto;  
}  
}  
  
.game_loader {  
    display: none;  
    position: absolute;
```

```
top: 0;
left: 0;
right: 0;
bottom: 0;
width:100%;
height: 100%;
z-index: 99;
background-color: black;
}

.game_menu {
    position: absolute;
    top: 0;
    left: 0;
    right: 0;
    bottom: 0;
    width:100%;
    height: 100%;
    background-color: saddlebrown;

    .game_menu_logo {
        position: relative;
        top: 100px;
        left: 50%;
        margin-left: -150px;
        height: 150px;
        width: 300px;
        border: 1px black solid;
        line-height: 150px;
        text-align: center;
    }
}

.game_start_btn, .game_quit_btn, .game_about_btn {
    position: relative;
    top: 150px;
    left: 50%;
    margin-left: -50px;
    margin-bottom: 10px;
    height: 50px;
    width: 100px;
    border: 1px black solid;
    line-height: 50px;
    text-align: center;
    cursor: pointer;

    &:active {
        color: white;
        background: black;
    }
}
```

```
}

.game_screen {
    display: none;
    position: absolute;
    top: 0;
    left: 0;
    right: 0;
    bottom: 0;
    width: 100%;
    height: 100%;
    background-color: transparent;
    overflow: hidden;
}

.game_screen_nav {
    position: absolute;
    z-index: 9999;
    bottom: 25px;
    right: 0;
    left: 0;
    height: 50px;
    width: 100%;

    .game_screen_nav_btn_container {
        position: relative;
        left: 50%;
        width: 210px;
        margin-left: calc(-210px / 2);
    }
}

.game_screen_nav_btn {
    height: 30px;
    width: 30px;
    background: white;
    display: inline-block;
    line-height: 30px;
    font-size: 25px;
    text-align: center;
    cursor: pointer;
    border: 5px outset;
    margin-right: 25px;
    margin-left: 0;

    &:last-child {
        margin-right: 0px;
    }
}

&:active {
    color: white;
    background: black;
    border: 5px inset;
```

```
        }
    }

    #home-btn {
        display: none;
    }

    #left-btn {
        float:left;
    }

    #right-btn {
        float:right;
    }
}

.game_screen_train {
    display: none;
    width:100%;
    height:100%;
}

.ppp_text_adventure {
    display: none;
    position:absolute;
    top: 0px;
    left: 32px;
    background-image: url('/images/seasure_bitcrushed.gif');
    background-position: center;
    background-size: cover;
    color: white;
    font-family: 'Andale Mono', monospace;
    width: 700px;
    height: 420px;
    padding: 35px;

    & ::-webkit-scrollbar {
        display: none;
    }

    & a {
        text-decoration: none;
        font-weight: 900;
        color: black;
        background: white;
        cursor: pointer;

        &:hover {
            background: black;
            color: white;
        }
    }
}
```

```
        }
    }

.game_screen_character_interactions {
    display: none;
    z-index: 99;
    position: absolute;
    top: 50%;
    left: 50%;
    margin-top: -200px;
    margin-left: -200px;
    height: 400px;
    width: 400px;
    background: white;
    border: 1px black solid;
    color: red;
    z-index: 50;
}

.character_image {
    z-index: 3;
    position: absolute;
    top: 50px;
    left: 50px;
    height: 150px;
    width: 150px;
    border: 1px solid black;
    background-size: contain;
    background-repeat: no-repeat;
    background-position: center;
}

.textbox {
    z-index: 4;
    height: 100px;
    width: 300px;
    position: relative;
    top: 235px;
    left: 50%;
    margin-left: -150px;
    border: 1px black solid;
    color: black;
    background: white;
    font-size: 10px;
    overflow: hidden;
}

.character_name {
    position: relative;
    top: 0;
    line-height: 33px;
    padding-left: 10px;
```

```
    font-weight: bold;
    border-bottom: 1px black solid;
    height: 33px;
}

.textbox-text {
    position: relative;
    bottom: 0;
    top: 0;
    right: 0;
    left: 0;
    height: 47px;
    width: auto;
    overflow: auto;
    padding: 10px;
    margin: 0;
}

span {
    padding: 10px;
}

a {
    text-decoration: underline;
    color: tomato;

    &:hover {
        color: black;
        text-decoration: none;
    }
}
}

}

.game_screen_characters {
    & .character {
        position: absolute;

        & img {
            width: 100%;
            height: auto;
            cursor: pointer;
        }

        & img:hover {
            opacity: .9;
        }
    }
    & .noncharacterobject {
        position: absolute;
```

```
& img {
    width: 100%;
    height: auto;
}
}

& .game_screen_train_car {
    position: absolute;
    top: 0;
    left: 0;
    bottom: 0;
    z-index: 1;
}

& .game_screen_train_car_background_left {
    display: none;
    position: absolute;
    z-index: 0;
    top: 0;
    left: 0;
    bottom: 0;
    height:100%;
    width:50%;
    background-image: url(..../images/seasure_bitcrushed.gif);
    background-repeat: no-repeat;
    background-size: cover;
    -moz-transform: scale(0.8) rotate(313deg) translate(-90px, -26px) skew(145deg, 28deg);
    -webkit-transform: scale(0.8) rotate(313deg) translate(-90px, -26px) skew(145deg,
28deg);
    -o-transform: scale(0.8) rotate(313deg) translate(-90px, -26px) skew(145deg, 28deg);
    -ms-transform: scale(0.8) rotate(313deg) translate(-90px, -26px) skew(145deg, 28deg);
    transform: scale(0.8) rotate(313deg) translate(-90px, -26px) skew(145deg, 28deg);
}

& .game_screen_train_car_background_right {
    display: none;
    position: absolute;
    z-index: 0;
    top: 0;
    left: 50%;
    right: 0;
    bottom: 0;
    height:100%;
    width:50%;
    background-image: url(..../images/seasure_bitcrushed.gif);
    background-repeat: no-repeat;
    background-size: cover;
    transform:translate3d(10px,10px,10px);
}
```

```
//& .game_screen_background_left {  
//  background-image: url(..../images/game_screen_train_screen1.gif)  
//}  
  
}  
}  
  
.screen {  
  position: fixed;  
  left: 0px;  
  top: 0px;  
  width: 100%;  
  height: 100%;  
  z-index:98;  
}  
  
.screen#warning-screen {  
  background: tomato;  
  display: none;  
}  
  
.screen#loader-screen {  
  background: lightblue;  
}  
  
#warning {  
  border: 1px solid black;  
  background: white;  
  margin: auto;  
  position: fixed;  
  top: 50%;  
  left: 50%;  
  margin-left: -225px;  
  margin-top: -88px;  
  width: 450px;  
  height: 175px;  
  z-index: 9999;  
  display: none;  
}  
  
#warning img {  
  width: 100px;  
  height: auto;  
}  
  
#warning td:nth-child(1) {  
  padding-right: 30px;  
}  
  
#warning td:nth-child(2) {  
  padding-top: 12px;
```

```
    padding-right:30px;
}

.text {
    text-align:justify;
    padding: 15px;
}

/*
a#flower:hover span {
    display:none
}

a#flower:hover:before {
    content: "bitter fleur"
}

*/
.minimize-btn, .close-btn, .full-btn, .game_close-btn {
    float:right;
    background:white;
    border:1px solid black;
    padding-top:5px;
    padding-bottom:5px;
    padding-right:10px;
    padding-left:10px;
    margin-right:-6px;
    margin-top:-6px;
    margin-left:5px;
    cursor:pointer;

    &:active {
        background:black;
        color:white;
    }

    &.disabled-btn {
        color:gray;
        cursor: auto;

        &:active {
            background: white;
            color: gray;
        }
    }
}

hr {
    box-shadow:none;
```

```
border-bottom:1px solid black;
border-top:none;
}

.highlight {
    background:black;

    a:hover {
        color:gray;
    }
}

/* dropdown */
.navbar {
    position:fixed;
    z-index:99;
    width:100%;
    top: 0;
    left:0;
    right:0;
    margin: 0;
    background:white;
    border-bottom:1px solid black;

    ul {
        list-style-type: none;
        padding: 0;
        margin:0;
        overflow: hidden;
        background:white;
        line-height:100%;
    }

    li {
        float: left;
    }

    li a, .dropbtn {
        display: inline-block;
        color: black;
        text-align: center;
        padding-left: 15px;
        padding-right: 15px;
        padding-bottom:5px;
        padding-top:5px;
        text-decoration: none;
    }

    li a:hover, .dropdown:hover .dropbtn {
        background-color: skyblue;
        color:white;
    }
}
```

This “dropdown” section refers to an old method of creating/activating dropdown, context-sensative menus. It’s since been a depreciated feature, and I’ve yet to find any suitable alternative.

```
}

li.dropdown {
    display: inline-block;
}
}

.dropdown-content {
    display: none;
    position: absolute;
    background-color: #f9f9f9;
    min-width: 160px;
    border: 1px solid black;

    a {
        color: black;
        padding: 5px;
        text-decoration: none;
        display: block;
        text-align: left;

        &:hover {
            background-color: skyblue;
            color: white;
        }
    }

    span {
        color: gray;
        padding: 5px;
        text-decoration: none;
        display: block;
        text-align: left;

        &:hover {
            background-color: none;
            color: gray;
            pointer-events: none;
            cursor: default;
        }
    }
}

&:hover .dropdown-content {
    display: block;
}
}

/* tooltip */
.ui-tooltip {
    padding: 5px;
```

```
color: black;
background:white;
border-radius: 0px;
font-weight: bold;
font-family: 'GT America', sans-serif;
font-size: 10px;
box-shadow: none;
border: 5px dashed black;

&:before{
    content: "";
}
}

.ui-tooltip-content {
    font: 'GT America', sans-serif;
}

.ui-resizable-handle {
    display: none;
}

/* scrollbar */
::-webkit-scrollbar {
    width: 14px;
    float: right;
    margin: 0;
    padding: 0;
}

::-webkit-scrollbar-track {
    -webkit-box-shadow: none;
    box-shadow: none;
    -webkit-border-radius: 0px;
    border-radius: 0px;
    border-left: 1px solid black;
    border-top: 1px solid black;
    background: white;
}

.game::-webkit-scrollbar-track {
    border-top: none;
}

::-webkit-scrollbar-thumb {
    -webkit-border-radius: 0px;
    border-radius: 0px;
    border-left: 1px solid black;
    background: lightgray;
    -webkit-box-shadow: none;
    box-shadow: none;
}
```

```
}

/* icons */

.desktop_icons {
    position: relative;
    height: 100vh;
    width: 100vw;
    top: 36px;
    right: 0;
    left: 0;
    bottom: 0;
    padding: 0;
    margin: 0;
}

.icon {
    width: 50px;
    height: 75px;
    border: none;
    margin-top: (5px / 2);
    margin-bottom: (5px / 2);
    margin-right: (30px / 2);
    margin-left: (30px / 2);
    position: absolute;
    text-align: center;

    &:hover {
        cursor: pointer;
    }

    &:active {
        background: gray;

        .icon_title {
            background: black;
            color: white;
        }
    }
}

.icon_image {
    width: 50px;
    height: 50px;
}

.icon_title {
    font-family: ‘GT America’, sans-serif;
    width: 50px;
    height: auto;
    border: none;
```

```
background: rgba(255,255,255,0.8);
color: black;
position: absolute;
bottom: -1px;
text-align: center;
font-size: 8px;
margin-left:-2.5px;
overflow: hidden;
line-height: 10px;
text-overflow: ellipsis;
padding: 2px;

span {
    display: inline-block;
    vertical-align: middle;
}
}

.ui-icon, .ui-resizable-handle {
    display: none;
}

[contenteditable]:focus {
    outline: 0px solid transparent;
}
```

email.json

```
{  
    // this file is empty  
}
```

folder.json

```
{  
    "folder": [  
        {  
            "folderTitle": "Mathieu's Hard Drive",  
            "folderTitleId": "hdd",  
            "icons": [  
                {  
                    "iconTitle": "Documents",  
                    "isFolder": true,  
                    "folderPointer": "1",  
                    "isTxtFile": false,  
                    "textPointer": "0",  
                    "isPhotoFile": false,  
                    "photoPointer": "",  
                    "isVideoFile": false,  
                    "videoPointer": ""  
                },  
                {  
                    "iconTitle": "Videos",  
                    "isFolder": true,  
                    "folderPointer": "2",  
                    "isTxtFile": false,  
                    "textPointer": "0",  
                    "isPhotoFile": false,  
                    "photoPointer": "",  
                    "isVideoFile": false,  
                    "videoPointer": ""  
                },  
                {  
                    "iconTitle": "Photos",  
                    "isFolder": true,  
                    "folderPointer": "3",  
                    "isTxtFile": false,  
                    "textPointer": "0"  
                }  
            ]  
        }  
    ]  
}
```

Many of these attributes are redundant or unnecessary. Only the attributes that are true need to be included in the array.

```
        "textPointer": "1",
        "isPhotoFile": false,
        "photoPointer": "",
        "isVideoFile": false,
        "videoPointer": ""
    },
]
},
{
    "folderTitle": "Documents",
    "folderTitleId": "documents",
    "icons": [
        {
            "iconTitle": "journal-07-15-17.txt",
            "isFolder": false,
            "folderPointer": "",
            "isTxtFile": true,
            "textPointer": "1",
            "isPhotoFile": false,
            "photoPointer": "",
            "isVideoFile": false,
            "videoPointer": ""
        },
        {
            "iconTitle": "journal-07-27-17.txt",
            "isFolder": false,
            "folderPointer": "",
            "isTxtFile": true,
            "textPointer": "2",
            "isPhotoFile": false,
            "photoPointer": "",
            "isVideoFile": false,
            "videoPointer": ""
        },
        {
            "iconTitle": "journal-08-02-17.txt",
            "isFolder": false,
            "folderPointer": "",
            "isTxtFile": true,
            "textPointer": "3",
            "isPhotoFile": false,
            "photoPointer": "",
            "isVideoFile": false,
            "videoPointer": ""
        },
        {
            "iconTitle": "journal-08-29-17.txt",
            "isFolder": false,
            "folderPointer": "",
            "isTxtFile": true,
```

```
        "textPointer": "4",
        "isPhotoFile": false,
        "photoPointer": "",
        "isVideoFile": false,
        "videoPointer": ""
    },
],
},
{
    "folderTitle": "Videos",
    "folderTitleId": "videos",
    "icons": [
        {
            "iconTitle": "",
            "isFolder": false,
            "folderPointer": "",
            "isTxtFile": false,
            "textPointer": "",
            "isPhotoFile": false,
            "photoPointer": "",
            "isVideoFile": true,
            "videoPointer": ""
        },
        {
            "iconTitle": "",
            "isFolder": false,
            "folderPointer": "",
            "isTxtFile": false,
            "textPointer": "",
            "isPhotoFile": false,
            "photoPointer": "",
            "isVideoFile": true,
            "videoPointer": ""
        }
    ],
},
{
    "folderTitle": "Photos",
    "folderTitleId": "photos",
    "icons": [
        {
            "iconTitle": "",
            "isFolder": false,
            "folderPointer": "",
            "isTxtFile": false,
            "textPointer": "",
            "isPhotoFile": true,
            "photoPointer": "",
            "isVideoFile": false,
            "videoPointer": ""
        }
    ]
}
```

```

        "videoPointer": ""
    },
    {
        "iconTitle": "",
        "isFolder": false,
        "folderPointer": "",
        "isTxtFile": false,
        "textPointer": "",
        "isPhotoFile": true,
        "photoPointer": "",
        "isVideoFile": false,
        "videoPointer": ""
    }
]
}
]
}

```

game_screen.json

```

{
    "screen": [
        {
            "screenTitle": "",
            "screenDescription": "",

            "background": "images/train_station.gif",

            "character": [
                {
                    "name": "Elmire Boucher",
                    "nameId": "elmire_boucher",
                    "titleName": "Elmire Boucher",
                    "age": "23",
                    "height": "262px",
                    "width": "125px",
                    "top": "",
                    "bottom": "0px",
                    "left": "275px",
                    "right": "0px",
                    "zindex": "2",
                    "text": [
                        "This train has been awfully slow, the slowest it's ever been. And <a href=\"javascript:void(0)\" onClick=\"changeText(5, currentCharacter)\">I've taken this many times</a>, yes I have."
                    ]
                }
            ]
        }
    ]
}

```

"Women need to work, we have to.

There were sixteen of us, and our little piece of land was barely enough for us.",

"We sold our land for 400 dollars.",

"Many of my aunts have been in the U.S. for year, dozen of years in fact.",

"Mon dieu...",

"Where was I you ask? Visiting family in Rimouski. That's where I'm from, from Bic. A rocky hillside town with very little except meager farmland.",

"In New England, we're never cold like we were in Canada. The heavy, incessant winds lashing off the mountains. I'd have to wrap myself three, four times in coats just to go down the road to the store.",

"Some days, when it was cold and the roads were bad, we'd observe Sunday in our own way, in our own home.",

"My husband's cousins came to New England to make a quick buck.",

"When we arrived in Fall River, we lived across the street from a factory.",

"Every time we'd leave the house, the contractors would ask us, "You don't know anyone? A good weaver, no? What can <i>you</i> do?", Äu More often than not, we were hired on the spot.",

"We all started working at age 14. Every family I knew did the same. At age 14, they looked to put you to work some place --- any place really.",

"In 1903, they cut our salaries by 25%.",

"The rich cut our salaries because the factory owners realized that production was too expensive, and profits too low.

Many years later, most of those companies left for the South.",

"It was a lock-out. 152 factories shut their doors.",

"My sister worked for eight years, after which she was supposed to marry --- though she never wanted to let go of her job, and the money and freedom it afforded her!",

"It's extremely hot in the factories, and you must drink as much water as you can. Once, my sister drank nearly twenty litres of water in one day.",

"Papa told her, "That's no place for you. You have to save your energy, your health, even if you'll make less., Äu And not wanting to be sick on her wedding day, she quit.",

"I remember the trip on the train, the first time. There were sixteen of us, and we had two of our cousins with us as well. None of us spoke any English, save for Papa.",

"When we arrived, we were greeted by our aunt

As noted on page ??, all translated oral history testimony goes into the "text" array for each character.

Césarie, who fed the whole family a large dinner. How lovely and joyous she was!”,
 “The whole dinner she nursed an ever-rising loaf of bread.”,
 “After dinner, we went to stay with one of my mother’s great-aunts. We expected to stay many days there The next day, however, Papa found our own place to stay.”,
 “The whole neighborhood was under construction! Only one house had been finished.”,
 “Three days after we arrived, we were enrolled in school. The boys were sent to a parochial school. I was sent to the English school on account of my health, for it was much closer.”,
 “The parochial school was French. But they were required to teach the same program of study as public schools. However, some subjects had to be taught in English.”,
 “In all my classes, we paid allegiance to the flag as we arrived in the morning. Everything was in English. The textbooks, the assignments, my homework.”

]

},

{

“name”：“Adrien Phaneuf”,
 “age”: “35”,
 “nameId”: “adrien_phaneuf”,
 “titleName”: “Adrien Phaneuf”,
 “height”: “300px”,
 “width”: “150px”,
 “top”: “”,
 “bottom”: “-5px”,
 “left”: “-35px”,
 “right”: “0px”,
 “zindex”: “4”,
 “text”:[

“In 1898, my parents emigrated to Ware, Massachusetts. They came with the whole family, their mothers and fathers, their brothers and <sisters.”,
 “They came from Saint-Antoine-sur-Richelieu, where their parents had been farmers on either side of the River.”,

“I imagine at that time the money in their pockets never rang as loudly as those in the U.S. And so one day they must have realized that they had to look for new work, in manufacturing where the money was better.”,

“My parents, they never had much, but it was just enough.”,
 “People who worked the land were paid in produce. Our potatoes for your corn --- or as was the case with my parents, your crops for a month’s worth of groceries.”,

“Very often a woman moved to the United States because they had a friend or a cousin or an aunt who’d already made the journey and moved there.”,

“Always the same story: she’d move, settle down, find a job quickly (there was no shortage of work, I remind you), and write home to her sisters to come as well.”,

“A man by the name of Charbonneau, he convinced my parents to emigrate.”,
 “A Canadian by heart & a well-to-do funeral home owner, M. Charbonneau had emigrated to the States before anyone else, and because he was extremely popular he convinced many to follow after him.”,

“In my house alone, six women left Saint-Denis-sur-Richelieu for points south.”,
 “It was attractive. Women who barely had a cent to their names could, working in the

```
factory, have a salary more than any man's.",  
        "In between having children, my mother would work in the factories to support our ever-growing family.",  
        "My parents have always worked in cotton. My father was a weaver, my mother sewed garments.",  
        "She stopped sewing clothing after she got married, taking it up only occassionally when money was tight."  
    ]  
,  
  
{  
    "name": "Lucille Phaneuf",  
    "age": "12",  
    "nameId": "lucille_phaneuf",  
    "titleName": "Lucille Phaneuf",  
    "height": "300px",  
    "width": "105px",  
    "top": "",  
    "bottom": "-5px",  
    "left": "115px",  
    "right": "0px",  
    "zindex": "3",  
    "text": [  
        "I'm just a girl."  
    ]  
,  
  
{  
    "name": "Phillipe Guston",  
    "age": "53",  
    "nameId": "train_conductor",  
    "titleName": "Train Conductor",  
    "height": "163px",  
    "width": "75px",  
    "top": "",  
    "bottom": "138px",  
    "left": "",  
    "right": "176px",  
    "zindex": "6",  
    "text": [  
        "How can I help you?",  
        "Hey! You can't get on the train without a ticket."  
    ]  
,  
},  
  
"noncharacterobject": [{  
    "nameId": "train_door",  
    "titleName": "Enter Train",  
    "height": "170px",  
    "width": "67px",
```

```
        "top": "",  
        "bottom": "145px",  
        "left": "",  
        "right": "89px",  
        "zindex": "6",  
        "opacity": "",  
        "cursor": "pointer"  
    },  
  
    {  
        "nameId": "screen0_train",  
        "height": "346px",  
        "width": "269px",  
        "top": "",  
        "bottom": "30px",  
        "left": "",  
        "right": "-10px",  
        "zindex": "4",  
        "opacity": "",  
        "cursor": ""  
    },  
  
    {  
        "nameId": "screen0_smoke0",  
        "height": "346px",  
        "width": "269px",  
        "top": "20px",  
        "bottom": "",  
        "left": "",  
        "right": "-30px",  
        "zindex": "3",  
        "opacity": "",  
        "cursor": ""  
    },  
  
    {  
        "nameId": "screen0_smoke1",  
        "height": "",  
        "width": "200px",  
        "top": "",  
        "bottom": "-40px",  
        "left": "",  
        "right": "-40px",  
        "zindex": "6",  
        "opacity": ".5",  
        "cursor": ""  
    }  
]  
},  
{
```

```
        "screenTitle": "La Famille Ferron at Home",
        "screenDescription": "",
        "background": "images/game_screen_home_screen1.gif"

    "character": [
        {
            "name": "Marie-Rose Ferron",
            "nameId": "marie-rose_ferron",
            "titleName": "Marie-Rose Ferron",
            "age": "16",
            "height": "",
            "width": "",
            "top": "",
            "bottom": "-10px",
            "left": "194px",
            "right": "",
            "zindex": "15",
            "text": [
                "How can I help you?",
                "Hey! You can't get on the train without a
ticket."
            ]
        },
        {
            "name": "Flora Ferron",
            "nameId": "flora_ferron",
            "titleName": "Flora Ferron",
            "age": "",
            "height": "",
            "width": "",
            "top": "",
            "bottom": "170px",
            "left": "",
            "right": "471px",
            "zindex": "14",
            "text": [
                "How can I help you?",
                "Hey! You can't get on the train without a
ticket."
            ]
        },
        {
            "name": "Irene Ferron",
            "nameId": "irene_ferron",
            "titleName": "Irene Ferron",
            "age": "",
            "height": "",
            "width": "",
            "top": "",
            "bottom": "160px",
            "left": "",
            "right": "471px",
            "zindex": "13",
            "text": [
                "How can I help you?",
                "Hey! You can't get on the train without a
ticket."
            ]
        }
    ]
}
```

Characters who do not have text yet will respond with filler sample text.

```
        "left": "",  
        "right": "380px",  
        "zindex": "13",  
        "text": [  
            "How can I help you?",  
            "Hey! You can't get on the train without a ticket."  
        ]  
    },  
  
{  
    "name": "Corina Ferron",  
    "nameId": "corina_ferron",  
    "titleName": "Corina Ferron",  
    "age": "",  
    "height": "",  
    "width": "",  
    "top": "",  
    "bottom": "145px",  
    "left": "",  
    "right": "320px",  
    "zindex": "12",  
    "text": [  
        "How can I help you?",  
        "Hey! You can't get on the train without a ticket."  
    ]  
},  
  
{  
    "name": "Mme. Ferron",  
    "nameId": "madame_ferron",  
    "titleName": "Mme. Ferron",  
    "age": "",  
    "height": "",  
    "width": "",  
    "top": "",  
    "bottom": "120px",  
    "left": "",  
    "right": "245px",  
    "zindex": "12",  
    "text": [  
        "How can I help you?",  
        "Hey! You can't get on the train without a ticket."  
    ]  
},  
  
{  
    "name": "M. Ferron",  
    "nameId": "monsieur_ferron",  
    "titleName": "M. Ferron",  
    "age": "",  
    "height": "",
```

```
        "width": "",  
        "top": "",  
        "bottom": "105px",  
        "left": "",  
        "right": "150px",  
        "zindex": "11",  
        "text": [  
            "How can I help you?",  
            "Hey! You can't get on the train without a ticket."  
        ]  
    },  
  
{  
    "name": "Florema Ferron",  
    "nameId": "florema_ferron",  
    "titleName": "Florema Ferron",  
    "age": "",  
    "height": "",  
    "width": "",  
    "top": "",  
    "bottom": "105px",  
    "left": "",  
    "right": "63px",  
    "zindex": "10",  
    "text": [  
            "How can I help you?",  
            "Hey! You can't get on the train without a ticket."  
        ]  
},  
  
{  
    "name": "Rose de Lima Ferron",  
    "nameId": "rose-de-lima_ferron",  
    "titleName": "Rose de Lima Ferron",  
    "age": "",  
    "height": "",  
    "width": "",  
    "top": "",  
    "bottom": "100px",  
    "left": "",  
    "right": "-25px",  
    "zindex": "9",  
    "text": [  
            "How can I help you?",  
            "Hey! You can't get on the train without a ticket."  
        ]  
},  
  
{  
    "name": "Jésus",  
    "nameId": "jesus",
```

```
        "titleName": "Jésus",
        "age": "33",
        "height": "",
        "width": "",
        "top": "0px",
        "bottom": "",
        "left": "194px",
        "right": "",
        "zindex": "8",
        "text": [
            "How can I help you?",
            "Hey! You can't get on the train without a ticket."
        ]
    },
],
["noncharacterobject": [
    {
        "nameId": "radio",
        "titleName": "Play \"Silent Night, Åù on the Radio",
        "height": "",
        "width": "150px",
        "top": "",
        "bottom": "0px",
        "left": "0px",
        "right": "",
        "zindex": "6",
        "opacity": "",
        "cursor": "pointer"
    }
],
},
{
    "screenTitle": "A Woman Paints",
    "screenDescription": "",
    "background": "",

    "character": [
        {
            "name": "Alma",
            "nameId": "woman_painting",
            "titleName": "Alma",
            "age": "62",
            "height": "",
            "width": "",
            "top": "",
            "bottom": "-3px",
            "left": "",
            "right": "27px",
            "zindex": "3",
            "text": [
                "<a href='javascript:void(0)' onClick='startTextAdventure()'>hi</a>",
                "I'm painting a picture of a woman in a blue dress. She's holding a brush and a palette. The background is a soft, hazy landscape with rolling hills and a setting sun."],
            "fontStyle": "italic"
        }
    ],
    "backgroundImage": "https://www.freepngimg.com/thumb/blue_dress/10-blue-dress-png-transparent-image.png"
}
];
```

```
        ""
    ]
}
],
“noncharacterobject”:[{
    “nameId”: “frame”,
    “height”: “”,
    “width”: “”,
    “top”: “”,
    “bottom”: “-3px”,
    “left”: “”,
    “right”: “0px”,
    “zindex”: “2”,
    “opacity”: “”,
    “cursor”: “”,
    “pointerEvent”: “none”
}
]
}
]
```

index.html

```
<!doctype html>
<html>
<head>
<meta charset="UTF-8">
<title>matt james | longing for the mud</title>
<link rel="shortcut icon" href="images/favicon.ico" type="image/x-icon">
<link rel="icon" href="images/favicon.ico" type="image/x-icon">

<!-- jquery -->
<script src="js/jquery.js"></script>
<script src="js/jquery-ui.min.js"></script>
<link href="css/jquery-ui.min.css" rel="stylesheet" type="text/css">
<link href="css/jquery-ui.structure.min.css" rel="stylesheet" type="text/css">
<link href="css/jquery-ui.theme.min.css" rel="stylesheet" type="text/css">

<!-- font awesome -->
<link href="https://maxcdn.bootstrapcdn.com/font-awesome/4.6.3/css/font-awesome.min.css"
rel="stylesheet">
```

```

<!-- typed.js -->
<script src="typed.min.js" type="text/javascript"></script>
<script src="typed.min.js.map" type="text/javascript"></script>

<!-- custom -->
<link href="css/longingforthemud.min.css" rel="stylesheet"
type="text/css">
<script src="js/main.js" type="text/javascript"></script>
<script src="js/game.js" type="text/javascript"></script>

<script>
    // global variables //
    // global game variables
    var currentScreen,
        currentCharacter,
        hasJobFlyer = false,
        hasVial = false,
        hasSilk = false;

    function changeText(nextTextNumber, currentCharacterNumber)
    {

        $.getJSON("game_screen.json", function(data){
            $(".game_dialog#dialogBoxCharacter_" +
currentCharacterNumber + ".game_dialog-box").html(data.
screen[currentScreen].character[currentCharacterNumber].
text[nextTextNumber]);
        });
    }

    $(".game_dialog .game_close-btn").on("click", function(){
        $(this).closest(".game_dialog").remove();
    });

    function startTextAdventure() {
        $.getJSON('game_screen.json', function(data){
            $(".game_dialog#dialogBoxCharacter_" +
currentCharacter + "").remove();
            $(".game_interactions").css("z-index", "") .
css("background", "").css("opacity", "");
            $(".character, .noncharacterobject") .
css("opacity", 1);
            $("#" + data.screen[currentScreen].
character[currentCharacter].nameId).css("z-index", data.
screen[currentScreen].character[currentCharacter].zindex);
        });

        $("#woman_painting").hide();
        $(".ppp_text_adventure").delay(500).html("") .
css("background", "black");
    }

```

Functions which change/interact with dynamically created content are included in the index.html file rather than any .js file because .js functions fire onLoad and cannot work with content that is created after a page has loaded.

```

var typed = new Typed('.ppp_text_adventure', {
    strings: ["404 ERROR:FILE 'ppp_member.sprite' NOT
FOUND<br><br>^1000 Searching 'backup.dat'...^3500<br><br>No
image backup found.<br><br>'pppTeXtAdventure.z2.tar.gz' (1.4MB)
found.<br><br>Unzipping package: 0% ^500,ñà^500,ñà^500,ñà^500
,ñà^500,ñà^500,ñà^500,ñà^500,ñà^100,ñà^100,ñà^100,ñà^1
00,ñà^100,ñà^100,ñà^100,ñà^100,ñà 100%<br>-----
-----
<br><br>^2000Would you like to load 'pppTeXtAdventure v3.1.02'
instead?<br><br><a id='yes'>Yes</a> / <a id='no'>No</a>],
    typeSpeed: 10,
    startDelay: 300
});

$('.ppp_text_adventure').on("click", "a#yes",
function(){
    $('.ppp_text_adventure').html("");
    $('.ppp_text_adventure').append("<iframe src='ppp_
text_adventure.materials/Release/play.html' frameborder='0'
height='100%' width='100%' scrolling='no'></iframe>");
}
)
</script>

</head>

<body>

<!-- login page -->
<!--<div class="screen" id="login-page">
    <div class="container" id="login">
        <h1>Welcome Back!</h1>
        <p>Your last login in was two weeks ago.</p>
        <p><i>I've missed you, Francis.</i></p>
        <br>
        <a style="font-variant:small-caps;font-
weight:bold;font-size:20px;" id="enter">enter</a>
    </div>
</div>-->

<!-- dropdown -->
<div class="navbar">
    <ul>
        <li class="dropdown">
            <a href="javascript:void(0)" class="dropbtn"><i
class="fa fa-desktop"></i></a>
        </li>
        <li style="float:right;">
            <span href="javascript:void(0)" class="dropbtn"><i
class="fa fa-clock-o" aria-hidden="true"></i> <b><span

```

A remnant, a fossil of an old work which *Longing for the Mud* is based upon.

```
id="date" style="display: inline-block;"></span></b></span>
</li>
</ul>
</div>

<!-- desktop -->
<div class="desktop_icons">
    <div class="icon folder_icon" id="hard_drive_icon" folderPointer="0">
        <div class="icon_image"><i class="fa fa-hdd-o" aria-hidden="true" style="font-size: 35px; line-height: 50px; align-content: center;"></i></div>
        <div class="icon_title"><span>Mathieu, Ås Hard Drive</span></div>
    </div>
    <div class="icon" id="game_icon">
        <div class="icon_image"></img></div>
        <div class="icon_title"><span>The History of the Humble Casket</span></div>
    </div>
    <div class="icon txt_icon" id="free_writing_txt_icon" textPointer="0">
        <div class="icon_image"><i class="fa fa-file-text-o" aria-hidden="true" style="font-size: 35px; line-height: 50px; text-align: center;"></i></div>
        <div class="icon_title"><span>Free Writing.txt</span></div>
    </div>
    <div class="icon" id="email_icon">
        <div class="icon_image"><i class="fa fa-envelope-o" aria-hidden="true" style="font-size: 35px; line-height: 50px; text-align: center;"></i></div>
        <div class="icon_title"><span>gEmail v2.3</span></div>
    </div>
</div>

<!-- windows -->
<div class="email_container">
    <div class="email_header">
        <div class="header" style="border-bottom: 1px solid black;">
            <div class="window_title">email</div>
            <div class="window_buttons"><div class="close-btn">x</div><div class="minimize-btn">_</div><div class="full-btn">+</div></div>
        </div>
        <div class="header_nav">
            <div class="menu">
                <div>File</div>
                <div>Help</div>
            </div>
        </div>
    </div>
    <div class="email_content content">
        <div class="inboxes"></div>
        <div class="messages"></div>
        <div class="email_text"></div>
    </div>
</div>

<div class="game_container">
```

```
<div class="game_header">
    <div class="header" style="border-bottom: 1px solid black;">
        <div class="window_title">The History of the Humble Casket</div>
        <div class="window_buttons"><div class="close-btn">x</div><div class="minimize-btn">_</div><div class="full-btn disabled-btn">+</div></div>
    </div>
    <div class="header_nav">
        <div class="menu">
            <div>File</div>
            <div>Help</div>
        </div>
    </div>
</div>
<div class="game_content content">
    <div class="game_loader">
        <div class="loading_title"></div>
        <div class="loading_logo"></div>
        <div class="loading_bar"></div>
    </div>
    <div class="game_menu">
        <div class="game_menu_logo">The History of the Humble Casket</div>
        <div class="game_start_btn">Start</div>
        <div class="game_about_btn">About</div>
        <div class="game_quit_btn">Quit</div>
    </div>
    <div class="game_screen">
        <div class="game_screen_nav">
            <div class="game_screen_nav_btn_container">
                <div class="game_screen_nav_btn" id="left-btn">&larr;</div>
                <div class="game_screen_nav_btn" id="home-btn"><i class="fa fa-home"></i></div>
                <div class="game_screen_nav_btn" id="right-btn">&rarr;</div>
            </div>
        </div>
        <div class="game_interactions"></div>
        <div class="game_screen_characters"></div>
        <div class="ppp_text_adventure"></div>
            <div class="game_screen_train"></div>
            <div class="game_screen_background_left"></div>
            <div class="game_screen_background_right"></div>
        </div>
    </div>
</div>
</div>

</body>
</html>
```

/js

/js/game.js

```
// game //

$(function(){

    var ifGameHasBeenOpened = false;

    $("#game_icon").on("dblclick", firstPlay);

    $(".game_dialog").draggable({
        containment: ".game_interactions",
        stack: ".game_dialog"
    });

    $(".game .close-btn").on("click", function(){
        ifGameHasBeenOpened = false;
        $(".game_menu").show();
        $(".game_screen").hide();
    });

    function firstPlay() {
        if (ifGameHasBeenOpened === false) {
            $(".game").show();
            $(".game_loader").show();
            $(".game_menu").hide();
            $(".game_loader").delay(1000).fadeToggle(500);
            $(".game_menu").delay(1000).show(0);
            currentScreen = 0;
            ifGameHasBeenOpened = true;
        } else {
            $(".game").toggle();
        }
    }

    $("#left-btn").on("click", function(){
        $.getJSON('game_screen.json', function(data){

            if (currentScreen > 0) {
                currentScreen--;
                fillScreen();
            } else {
                currentScreen = (data.screen.length - 1);
                fillScreen();
            }
        })
    })
})
```

```
        console.log(currentScreen);

    });

});

$(“#right-btn”).on(“click”, function(){
    $.getJSON(‘game_screen.json’, function(data){

        if (currentScreen === (data.screen.length - 1)) {
            currentScreen = 0;
            fillScreen();
        } else {
            currentScreen++;
            fillScreen();
        }

        console.log(currentScreen);

    });
});

$(“.game_screen_character_interactions .game_close-btn”).on(“click”, function(){
    $(“.game_screen_character_interactions .textbox-text, .game_screen_character_interactions .character_image, .game_screen_character_interactions .game_questions, .game_screen_character_interactions .character_name”).html(“”);
    $(“.game_screen_character_interactions .character_image”).css(“background-image”, “”);
});

function fillScreen(delayLength, fadeLength) {

    if (delayLength === undefined) {
        delayLength = 2000;
    }

    if (fadeLength === undefined) {
        fadeLength = 500;
    }

    $(“.game_screen_characters”).html(“”);
    $(“.game_interactions”).html(“”);
    $(“.game_interactions”).css(“z-index”, “”);
    $(“.game_screen”).css(“background-image”, “”);
    $(“.game_loader”).show();
    $(“.game_screen_nav”).hide();

    $.ajax(‘game_screen.json’)
        .success(function(data){

            $(“.game_screen”).css(“background-image”, “url(“ + data.screen[currentScreen].background + “)”);

        });

});
```

```
var characterLength = data.screen[currentScreen].character.length;

for (i = 0; i < characterLength; i++) {

    $(".game_screen .game_screen_characters").append("<div class='character' id='" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].nameId + "' charNum='" + i + "'><img src='images/" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].nameId + "_character_icon.gif' title='" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].titleName + "'></img></div>");

    var characterCSS = {
        "height": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].height,
        "width": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].width,
        "top": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].top,
        "right": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].right,
        "left": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].left,
        "bottom": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].bottom,
        "z-index": data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].zindex
    };

    $("#" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[i].nameId + "").css(characterCSS);
}

if (data.screen[currentScreen].hasOwnProperty('noncharacterobject')) {

    var noncharacterobjectLength = data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject.length;

    for (k = 0; k < noncharacterobjectLength; k++) {

        $(".game_screen .game_screen_characters").append("<div class='noncharacterobject' id='" + data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].nameId + "'><img src='images/" + data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].nameId + "_noncharacterobject_icon.gif'></img></div>");

        var noncharacterobjectCSS = {
            "height": data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].height,
            "width": data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].width,
            "top": data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].top,
            "right": data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].right,
            "left": data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].left,
            "bottom": data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].bottom,
            "z-index": data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].zindex,
            "opacity": data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].opacity,
            "cursor": data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].cursor
        };

        $("#" + data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].nameId + "").css(noncharacterobjectCSS);

        if (data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].
```

```
hasOwnProperty('titleName')) {  
    $($("#" + data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].nameId)).  
    attr("title", data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].titleName);  
}  
  
if (data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].  
hasOwnProperty('pointerEvent')) {  
    $($("#" + data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].nameId)).  
    css("pointer-events", data.screen[currentScreen].noncharacterobject[k].pointerEvent);  
}  
  
}  
}  
  
if (currentScreen === 2) {  
    $(".ppp_text_adventure").show();  
}  
  
if (currentScreen != 2) {  
    $(".ppp_text_adventure").hide();  
}  
})  
.done(function(){  
    $(".game_loader").delay(delayLength).fadeToggle(fadeLength);  
    $(".game_screen_nav").delay(delayLength).fadeToggle(fadeLength);  
  
    $(".character img").on("click", function(){  
        currentCharacter = $(this).closest(".character").attr("charnum");  
        console.log(currentCharacter);  
        openDialogBox();  
    });  
});  
  
if (currentScreen === 0) {  
  
    $("#train_door").css("cursor", "pointer");  
  
    $("#train_door").on("click", function(){  
        currentCharacter = 3;  
        openDialogBox(2);  
    });  
}  
}  
  
$(".game_start_btn").on("click", function(){  
  
    $(".game_menu").hide();  
    $(".game_screen").show();  
  
    fillScreen();
```

```
});

function openDialogBox(textNumber) {

    if (textNumber === undefined) {
        textNumber = 0;
    }

    $.getJSON('game_screen.json', function(data){

//        $(".character, .noncharacterobject").not("#" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[currentCharacter].nameId).css("opacity", 0.8);

        $(".game_interactions").css("z-index", 998).css("background-color", "rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.5)");
        $("#" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[currentCharacter].nameId).css("z-index", 999);

        $(".game_screen .game_interactions").append("<div class='game_dialog' id='dialogBoxCharacter_" + currentCharacter + "'><div class='header'><b>" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[currentCharacter].name + "</b><div class='window_buttons'><div class='game_close-btn'>x</div></div><div class='game_dialog-box'>" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[currentCharacter].text[textNumber] + "</div></div>");

        $(".game_dialog#dialogBoxCharacter_" + currentCharacter + "").position({
            my: "right top",
            at: "left-10 top",
            of: ".character#" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[currentCharacter].nameId + "",
            within: ".game_interactions"
        });

        $(".game_close-btn").one("click", function(){
            $(".game_dialog#dialogBoxCharacter_" + currentCharacter + "").remove();
            $(".game_interactions").css("z-index", "").css("background", "").css("opacity", "");
            $(".character, .noncharacterobject").css("opacity", 1);
            $("#" + data.screen[currentScreen].character[currentCharacter].nameId).css("z-index", data.screen[currentScreen].character[currentCharacter].zindex);
        });

    });
});
```

/js/main.js

```
// windows
// buttons //

$(function(){
    $(".disabled-btn").off(".main");

    $(".close-btn").on("click.main", function(){
        $(this).closest(".container").hide();
    });

    $(document).on("click.main", ".full-btn", function(){
        $(this).closest(".container").css({
            "height": "calc(100vh - 20px)",
            "width": "100vw",
            "top": "25px",
            "left": "-1px",
            "right": "0",
        });
        $(this).closest(".container").draggable("disable");
    });
});

// email //
// json requests //
$(function(){
    $.getJSON('email.json', function(){
        // do something
    });
});

// jquery ui //
// draggable
$(function(){
    $(".email.container, .game.container, .folder_window.container").draggable({
        stack: ".container",
        containment: "window"
    });

    $(".icon").draggable({

```

```
    stack: ".icon",
    grid: [ 80, 80 ]
});

// resizable //
$(".email.container, .folder_window.container").resizable({
    minHeight: 150,
    minWidth: 200,
    stack: ".container"
});

$(document).tooltip({
    track: true,
    position:{ within: ".game" }
});
});
```

```
// navbar //
// dropdown toggle
```

See page 92.

```
// date & time //
function startTime() {
    var today = new Date();
    var h = today.getHours();
    var m = today.getMinutes();
    var s = today.getSeconds();
    m = checkTime(m);
    s = checkTime(s);
    document.getElementById("date").innerHTML =
    h + ":" + m;
    var t = setTimeout(startTime, 500);
}
function checkTime(i) {
    if (i < 10) {i = "0" + i};
    return i;
}

$(function(){
    $(document).ready(startTime());
});
```

```
// loader functions //
$(function(){
    $("#enter").click(function() {
        $("#login-page").delay(300).fadeOut("slow");
    });
});

// icons //
$(function(){
    $("#hard_drive_icon").position({
        of: ".desktop_icons",
        my: "right-15 top+2.5",
        at: "right top"
    });

    $("#game_icon").position({
        of: ".desktop_icons",
        my: "right-15 top+82.5",
        at: "right top"
    });

    $("#free_writing_txt_icon").position({
        of: ".desktop_icons",
        my: "right-15 top+162.5",
        at: "right top"
    });

    $("#email_icon").position({
        of: ".desktop_icons",
        my: "right-15 top+242.5",
        at: "right top"
    });
});

$(function(){
    var thisTextCount = 0;

    $(document).on("dblclick", ".txt_icon", function(){
        thisTextCount++;

        var nextTextNumber = $(this).attr('textPointer');

        $.getJSON("txt.json", function(data){
            $("body").append("<div class='text_file container text_file_window_" + nextTextNumber
+ " thisTextCount_" + thisTextCount + "'><div class='text_file_header'><div class='header'
style='border-bottom: 1px solid black;'><div class='window_title'>TextWriter - " + data.
text[nextTextNumber].textTitle + "</div><div class='window_buttons'><div class='close-btn'>x</
div><div class='minimize-btn'>_</div><div class='full-btn'>+</div></div></div><div class='header_
```

```
nav'><div class='menu'><div>File</div><div>Help</div></div></div><div class='text_file_content content'><div class='text_file_textbox' contenteditable='true'>" + data.text[nextTextNumber].textContent + "</div></div></div>");

    $(".text_file.container").resizable({
        minHeight: 150,
        minWidth: 200,
        stack: ".container"
    });

    $(".text_file.container").draggable({
        stack: ".container",
        containment: "window"
    })
        .click(function() { $(this).draggable( {disabled: false}); })
        .dblclick(function() { $(this).draggable({ disabled: true }); }
    });

    $(".close-btn").on("click", function(){
        $(this).closest(".text_file").remove();
    });

    if (thisTextCount > 30) {
        $(".thisTextCount_" + thisTextCount + "").css("left", "" + (300 + ((thisTextCount - 30) * 20)) + "px").css("top", (50 + ((thisTextCount - 30) * 20)) + "px");
    } else {
        $(".thisTextCount_" + thisTextCount + "").css("left", "" + (20 + (thisTextCount * 20)) + "px").css("top", (50 + (thisTextCount * 20)) + "px");
    }
});

$( "#email_icon" ).on("dblclick", function(){
    $(".email").toggle();
});

$.getJSON("email.json", function(data){
    $(".email").append(data[0]);
});

$(document).on("dblclick", ".folder_icon", function() {
    event.preventDefault();
    var nextFolderNumber = $(this).attr('folderPointer');
    console.log(nextFolderNumber);
    openFolderWindow(nextFolderNumber);
});

var thisFolderCount = 0;

function openFolderWindow(currentFolder) {
```

```
thisFolderCount++;
console.log(currentFolder);

$.getJSON("folder.json", function(data){

    $("body").append("<div class='folder_window container thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount +
+ "'><div class='folder_window_header'><div class='header'><div class='window_title'>" + data.
folder[currentFolder].folderTitle + "</div><div class='window_buttons'><div class='close-btn'>x</
div><div class='minimize-btn'>_</div><div class='full-btn'>+</div></div></div><div class='header_
nav'><div class='menu'><div>File</div><div>Help</div></div></div><div class='folder_window_
content content'></div></div>");

    var folderIconLength = data.folder[currentFolder].icons.length;

    for (i = 0; i < folderIconLength; i++) {
        $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + " .folder_window_content").append("<div
class='icon' id='currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "'><div class='icon_image'></
div><div class='icon_title'><span>" + data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].iconTitle + "</span></div></
div>");

        if (data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].hasOwnProperty('iconImage')) {
            $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + ".icon_image").append(data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].iconImage);
        }

        if (data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].isFolder === true) {
            $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "").addClass("folder_icon");
            $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "").attr('folderPointer', data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].folderPointer);
            $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + ".icon_image").append("<i class='fa fa-folder-o' style='font-size: 35px; line-
height: 50px; text-align: center;'></i>");
        }

        if (data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].isTxtFile === true) {
            $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "").addClass("txt_icon");
            $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "").attr('textPointer', data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].textPointer);
            $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + ".icon_image").append("<i class='fa fa-file-text-o' style='font-size: 35px; line-
height: 50px; text-align: center;'></i>");
        }

        if (data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].isPhotoFile === true) {
            $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "").addClass("txt_icon");
            $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "").attr('photoPointer', data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].photoPointer);
        }
    }
})
```

```

        $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + ".icon_image").append("<i class='fa fa-file-image-o' style='font-size: 35px; line-height: 50px; text-align: center;'></i>");
    }

    if (data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].isVideoFile === true) {
        $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "").addClass("txt_icon");
        $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "").attr('photoPointer', data.folder[currentFolder].icons[i].videoPointer);
        $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + ".icon_image").append("<i class='fa fa-file-video-o' style='font-size: 35px; line-height: 50px; text-align: center;'></i>");
    }

    $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "#currentFolder_" + currentFolder + "_iconNumber_" + i + "").css("left", "" + (i * 80) + "px").css("top", "0px");
}

$(".close-btn").on("click", function(){
    $(this).closest(".folder_window.container").remove();
});

$(".folder_window.container").draggable({
    stack: ".container",
    containment: "window"
});

$(".folder_window.container").resizable({
    minHeight: 150,
    minWidth: 200,
    stack: ".container"
});

if (thisFolderCount > 30) {
    $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "").css("left", "" + (300 + ((thisFolderCount - 30) * 20)) + "px").css("top", (50 + ((thisFolderCount - 30) * 20)) + "px");
} else {
    $(".thisFolderCount_" + thisFolderCount + "").css("left", "" + (20 + (thisFolderCount * 20)) + "px").css("top", (50 + (thisFolderCount * 20)) + "px");
}
});
}
});
```

/ppp_text_adventure.materials

/ppp_text_adventure.materials/Release/interpreter/ppp_text.gblorb.js

```
// this file contains a large encoded script
// unencoded, the script looks like this (in Inform 7):
"ppp_text"
```

The Woods is a room. "Somehow you find yourself in the woods. It is black, maybe just after one in the morning. North of you, through the thicket, there is a flickering glow. To the East, you hear heavy breathing." A rock is carried by the player.

A Glowing Light is north of the Woods. "In the direction of the flicking light, you can see intense orange and red hues, which paint the trunks of the streets all over. Circling shadows intermittently eclipse the bright mass."

Release along with an interpreter.

One of my greatest regrets with this project is not adding more to this text adventure. Built using the open-source program Inform 7, it places the reader outside of a Klan rally in rural Maine some time in the 1920s. The reader assumes the role of a local Franco-American who tries to disrupt the rally and rout the Klan from town (see pages 5 & 6).

text.json

```
{
  "text": [
    {
      "textTitle": "Free Writing.txt",
      "textContent": "<p>I feel lost, and when I say lost, I mean forgotten---perdu, you might say. And forgetting is an absence that holds within it, somewhat impossibly, a sense of what once was. The old cross taken off the wall and its dirty halo. The depressions in the rug d'un cher, vieux fauteuil, and beside it a pair of boot prints still muddy, drying. The vacant envelope, the fallow flowerbed.</p><p>And while one might think of forgetting as a passive thing, something that might happen in the cacophony of dreams, discarded by the most capricious parts of the mind like a mother in a fit jettisoning bills and necessary parts into the trash, it can be a willful act, too. <i>The house---the tradition...is a trap. Burning it down is viewed by some as a delightful temptation</i> (Margaret Atwood, Survival).</p>"}
  ]
}
```

The journal entries are all contained within the text.json file.

```

p><p><i>the enormous machines' infernal noise that, without arrest, would trigger the floors, walls and ceiling to tremble</i> (Armand Chartier, Histoires des Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle Angleterre, 1755-1990)</p><p>And I'm compelled to the holes in the past not for any selfish reason, but because these absences don't sit dormant and silent. They are restless and they shout back, wishing to be made whole. I know mending the fissures is impossible. Some things which are lost are truly gone forever. What little I can do will only quell the barking of what remains uncovered.</p>"
```

},

```

{
  "textTitle": "journal-07-15-2017.txt",
  "textContent": "<p><b>July 15, 2017</b></p><p>Each time I prepare to read from the formidable stack of books, letters, photographs I've amassed, I offer up a short length of rosary. A Hail Mary for the Lowell girls & their cotton lungs. A Benediction to the shuttered mills and the smokestacks that, in my dreams, are all suspended in the brief moment before they smack against the ground, before they burst into rubble and plunge into the earth. Perhaps, if the text is dense or bleak, I might pose the Mystery of Faith as a question, to myself and you. <i>The Anglo-Americans of the nineteenth century saw their work as a form of prayer</i> (Chartier, Histoires). Work for our ancestors was survival. I am tilling the Québec earth, riding all those trains between the Canadian hinterland and the burgeoning East Coast cities, d[oing] everything to avoid inhaling [a fine cotton dust sifting in the air] as it cover[s] [my] face (Chartier, Histoires). The Anglo-Americans of the twenty-first century see their work as a form of survival, or perhaps a distraction. They've learned from us.</p>"
```

},

```

{
  "textTitle": "journal-07-27-2017.txt",
  "textContent": "<p><b>July 27, 2017</b></p><p><i>On Easter Sunday, if you woke early enough, you would see the sun dancing in the sky as it once did in Canada</i> (Chartier, Histoires).</p><p>When you speak, I'm often convinced I can hear the whir of mechanical looms, the gears clacking, the waterwheel and the turbine hum; time condensed and crashing into itself---at once, here, in your country yellow kitchen, and also elsewhere: on the mill floor; in a silent pine grove outside Saguenay, bordered on all sides with cornfields and the hot scent of manure; on ships crisscrossing the Atlantic, some compelled by the wind, others by steam and coal, yet all by either desire or some damnable cruelty.</p>"
```

},

```

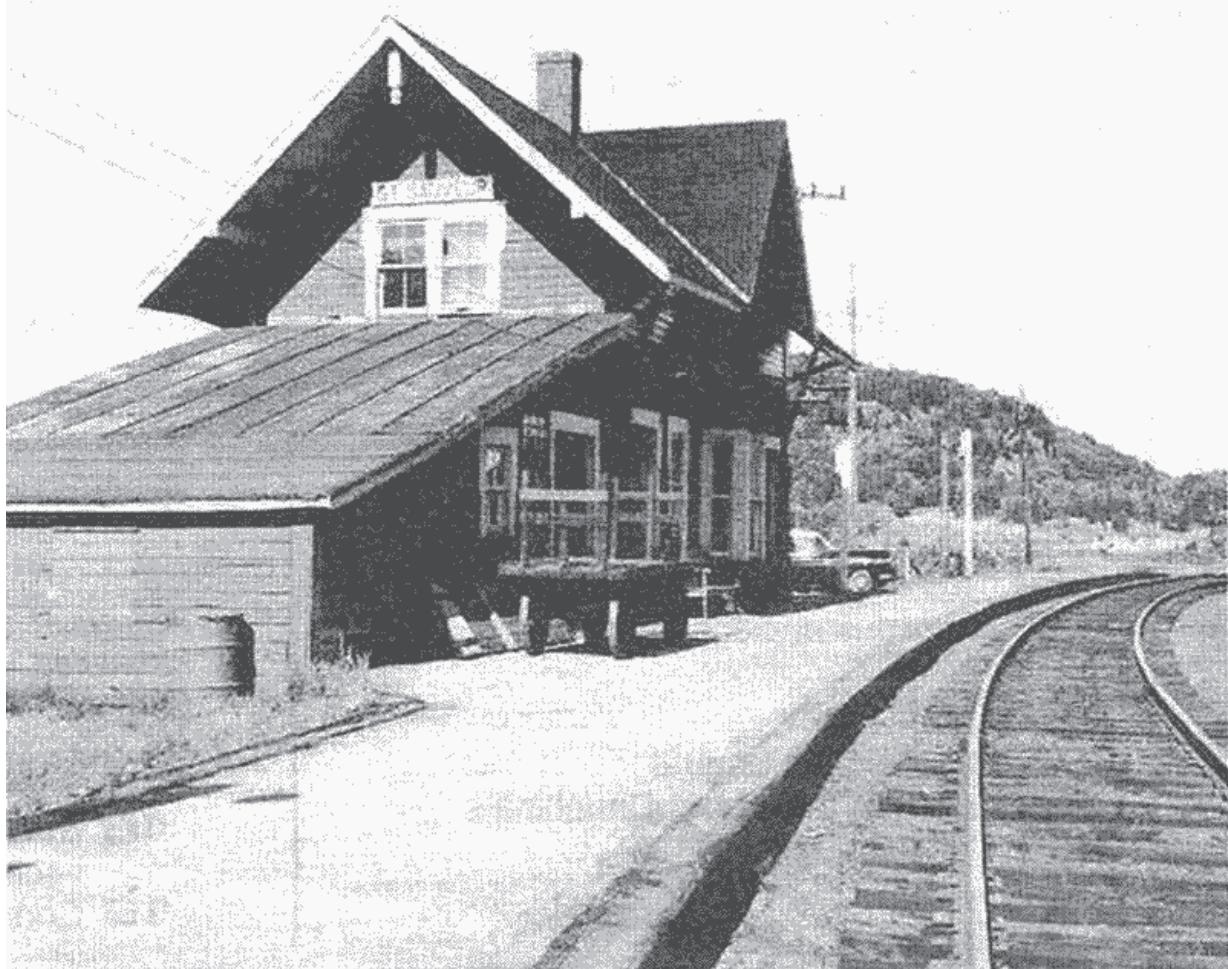
{
  "textTitle": "journal-08-02-2017.txt",
  "textContent": "<p><b>August 2, 2017</b></p><p>Pour nous, it's pronounced "me-me., Äù Like begging. It's pronounced that way because my cousins, when they were young, could not say Mémé because you never taught them to speak like you. That acrid tongue, one that steals as much from English as it does itself, dredging the banks of its Seaways, ses riviv®res & ses lacs (salés ou frais, glacés ou non; churning over and over, roiling with trout, whitefish, smelt, and fifty-nine concrete and limestone dams), for any refuse Cartier or Champlain or the fur trappers (your relatives, I remind you) tossed ashore. Like ataca (cranberries, from the people who once lived where the river narrows (the Huron, the Iriquois), among whom you count yourself; though we both know that's a violent lie, taken less by a wedding band than by sword and germ) which you fashion into tartines, poinsettias, & blood. Like bordage (the icy banks, the impassable winter water). Like how the cross is a (quiet) revolution.</p>"
```

},

```
{  
    "textTitle": "journal-08-29-2017.txt",  
    "textContent": "<p><b>August 29, 2017</b></p><p>Language is not a fortress. Many, however,  
are convinced it is, and fancy themselves its guardians. They cloister it within the parish's sanguine  
brick exteriors or let it echo against the limestone halls of the parochial schools, carved angrily  
into the wooden desks and chalkboards. Mathieu, Luc, Jean. Les mots frappaient sur toutes les main  
des enfants malcommodes. Behind the battlement is where a language goes to die, though, depleting  
its stores and starving itself in an imaginary siege against an enemy who was never just beyond the  
embankment, against an enemy who never has been and will never come. The only thing I feel language  
must defend itself against is its own demons and zealots.</p>"  
},  
  
{  
    "textTitle": "journal-09-13-2017.txt",  
    "textContent": "<p><b>September 13, 2017</b></p><p>I wonder, Is God no longer under our  
dominion? I can no longer hear Ses mots reverberating in all the church steeples, or glisant sur les  
langes des prêtres. Our church, a feared one. What for? Devotion (which some might call submission)  
and community (un mot sacré in the time of the self-made man).</p><p>I did a search. Of all the
```

/images

screen[0]



train_station.gif



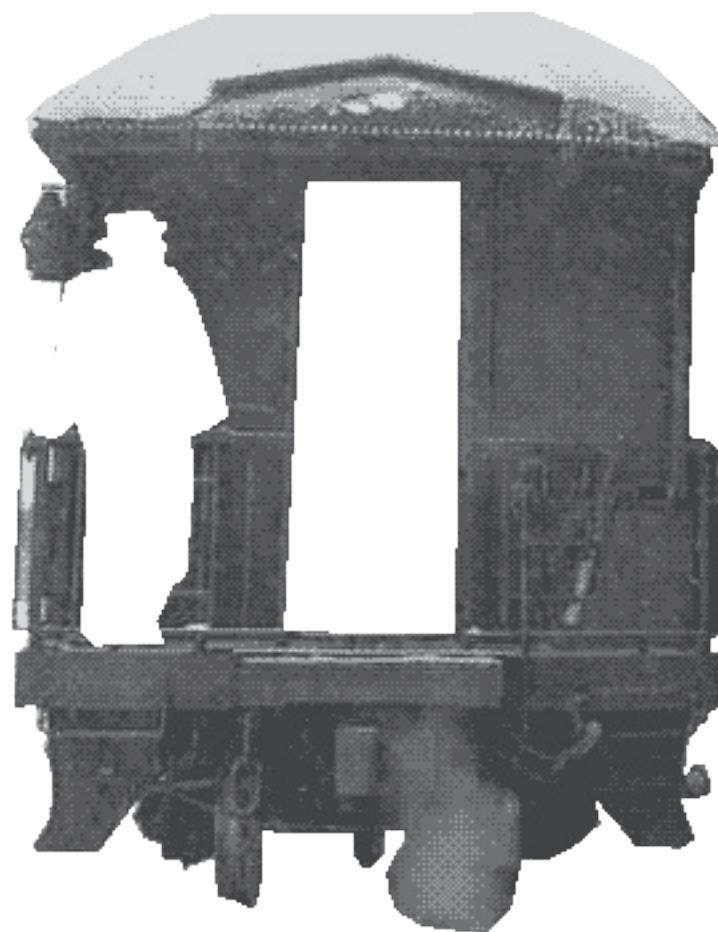
elmire_boucher_character_icon.gif



adrien_phaneuf_character_icon.gif



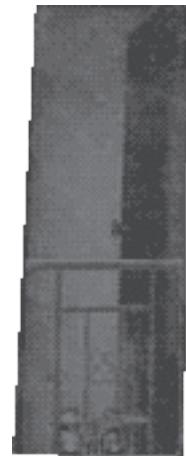
lucille_phaneuf_character_icon.gif



screen0_train_noncharacterobject_icon.gif



train_conductor_character_icon.gif



train_door_noncharacterobject_icon.gif



screen0_smoke1_noncharacterobject_icon.gif



screen0_smoke0_noncharacterobject_icon.gif

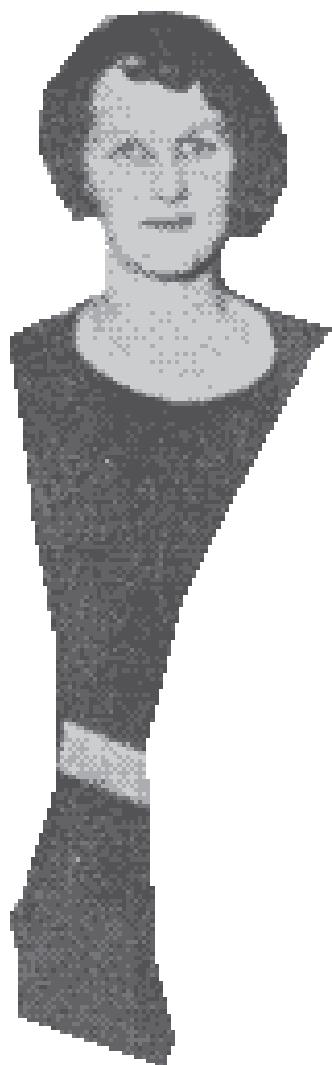
screen[1]



game_screen_home_screen1.gif



jesus_character_icon.gif



corrina_ferron_character_icon.gif



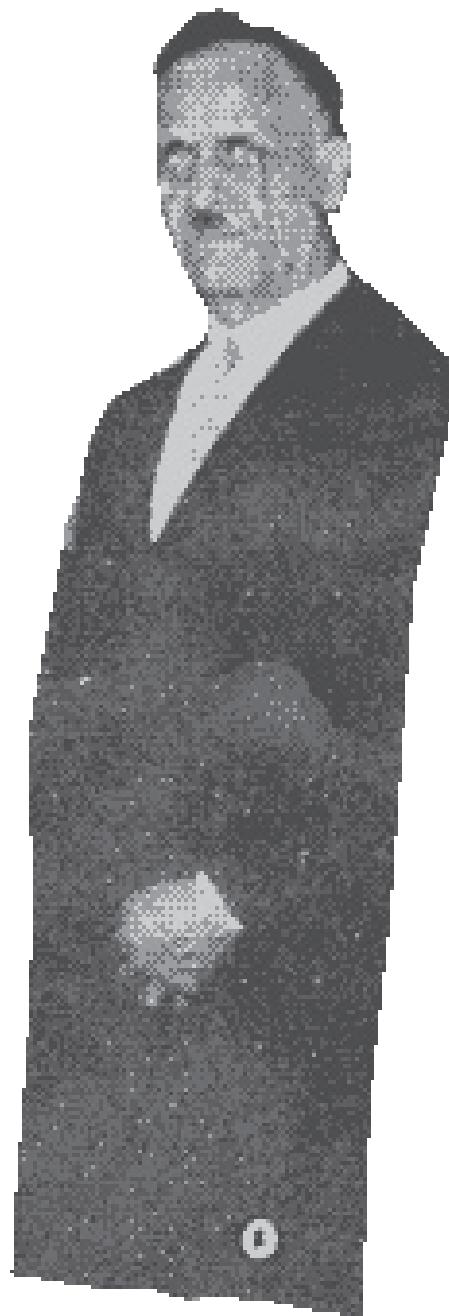
flora_ferron_character_icon.gif



irene_ferron_character_icon.gif



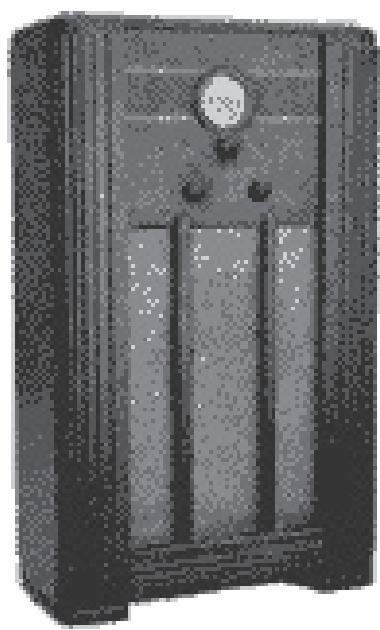
florema_ferron_character_icon.gif



monsieur_ferron_character_icon.gif



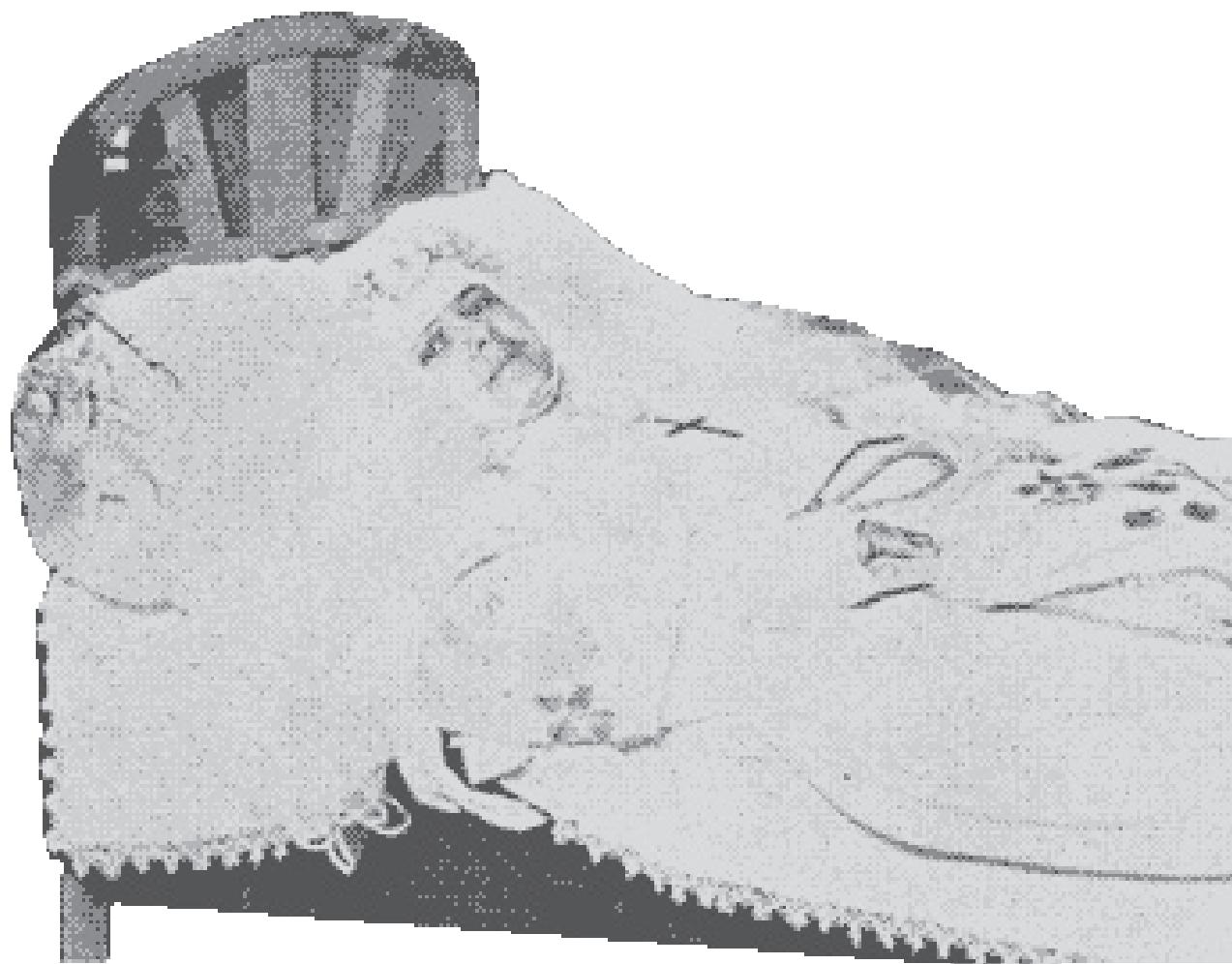
madame_ferron_character_icon.gif



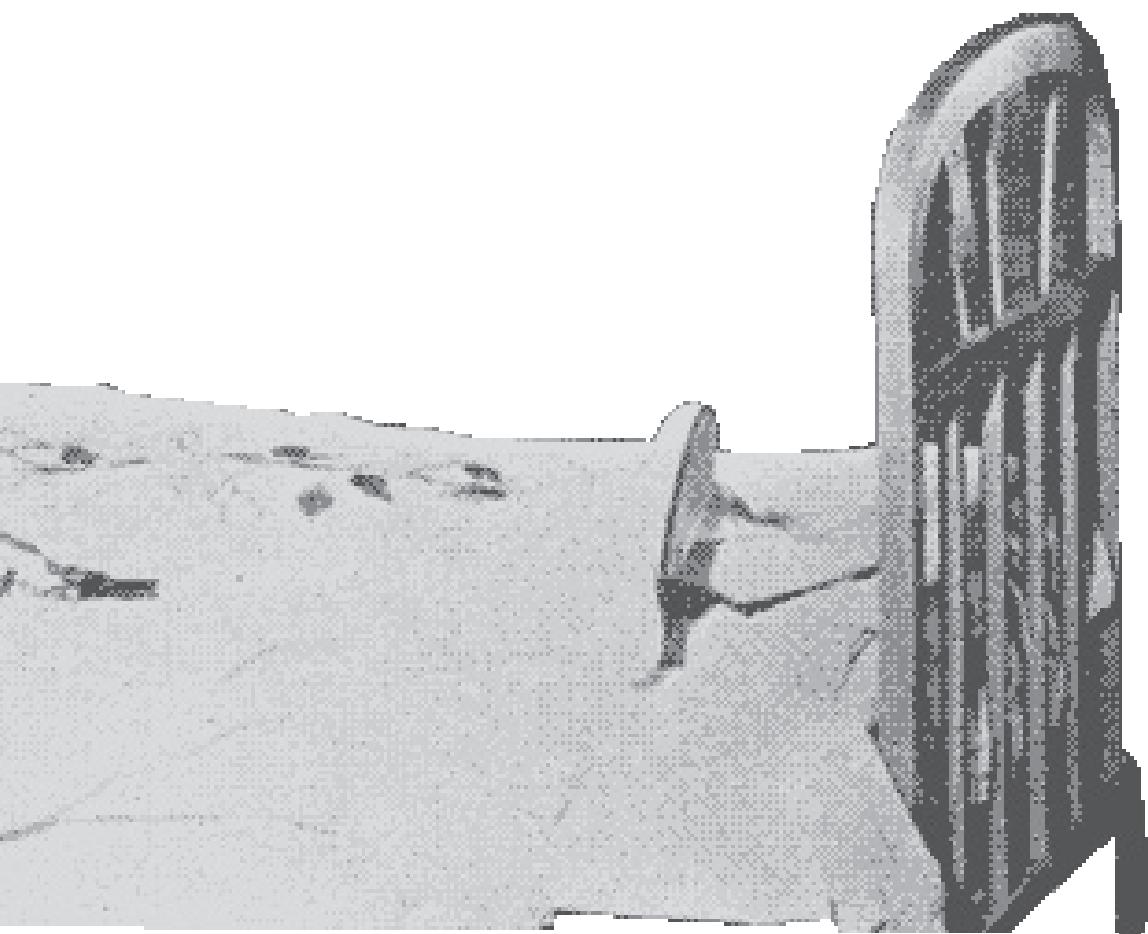
radio_noncharacterobject_icon.gif



rose-de-lima_ferron_character_icon.gif



marie_rose_ferron



screen[2]



frame_noncharacterobject_icon.gif



woman_painting_character_icon.gif

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