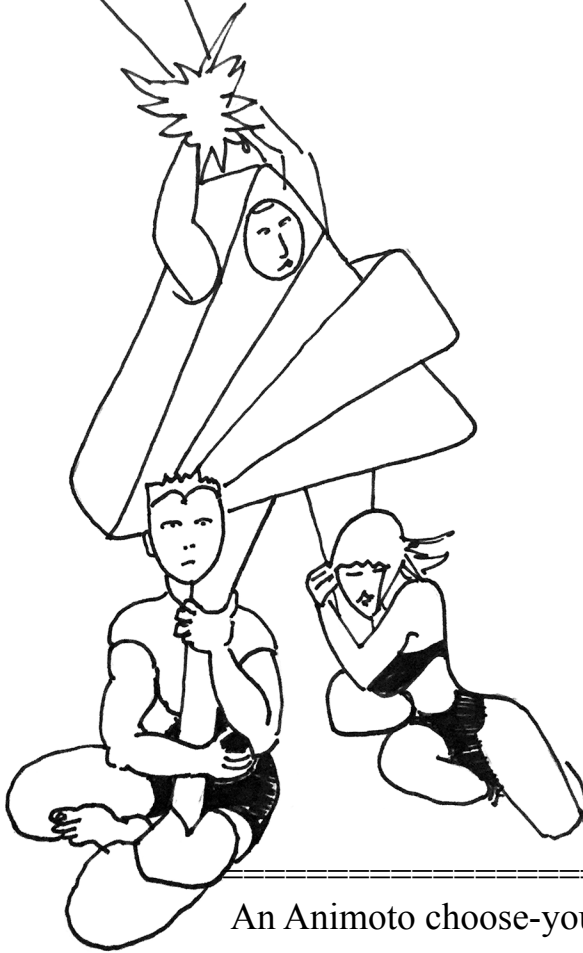


# Myagi es su Yagi



---

---

An Animoto choose-your-own-adventure

---

---

Jesse LaRusso





# Myagi es su Yagi

---

---

An Animoto choose-your-own-adventure

---

---

Jesse LaRusso







## *The beginning*

The day has finally come. You start your new job at Animoto today. The interview process left you feeling optimistic about this opportunity. Checking the time on your phone, you see that there is plenty of time to get ready. You get out of bed and begin your morning ritual. The commute on the subway was a little nicer than what you're used to. For your last job, there was an extra bus transfer that was such a pain. Now it's a straight shot to Astor Place on the 6.

You arrive at Animoto, go up the stairs, and ring the doorbell as you don't have your key yet. Will answers the door, "Hi, come in, welcome!"

After settling in, you decide to start your day setting up your computer (page 4), with some coffee (page 2), or with an office tour (page 3).



## *Coffee*

You approach the espresso machine in the kitchen, but there seems to be a sign over the pressure gauge.

"Out of order- electrical short. Stop filling up the water directly from the faucet"

Someone introducing themselves as Alex sees you notice the sign.

"Believe me, you don't want to get caught filling up the water directly from the faucet."

You shrug not knowing what that means, and go for plan b, filling your cup with regular brew coffee.

Back at your desk, you take a few sips. A sweet jolt of energy now courses through your veins. By the third sip and now you feel alert and ready to start the day. You decide to go setup your computer (page 4).

*Office tour*

"...and this is captain's quarters", Will continues to point out the names of all the meeting rooms in the center of the office floor plan, "...and this room is called war room."

You think about that room for a moment, looking at the Dr. Strangelove-esque decor. Between this room and the hatch, you jokingly think to yourself that this company seems to be fascinated by apocalyptic scenarios. The chance of such a thing happening here, in this safe city, seem remote.

Will also mentions that it is MYAGI week. People have arrived early to work on their hack projects and eat catered breakfast sandwiches. You decide to go setup your computer (page 4).

## *Setting up your computer*

At your desk a brand new MacBook pro sits in front of you, still wrapped in cellophane. You struggle to open it, resorting to your teeth to tear the little flap of plastic at the corners of the box. It gives way and pretty soon you have your shiny new computer in your hands.

The computer boots up and you do all the new computer things (changing your desktop background to a beautiful pigeon, etc.). The automatic update prompts you to restart your computer. As you're waiting for the computer to boot up, you sense a familiar buzz coming from your pocket. A new text. It's your brother "Hey are you OK?"

'Why wouldn't I be', you think to yourself. He's always worried about one thing or another. You reply, "Uh Yeah, why?".

After a few minutes, you glance back at your phone to see if he has replied. Your phone shows that your last message wasn't sent. It's really annoying when this happens. Looking at the top of your phone, you see you're on emergency mode. This office must not get good service.

As soon as you are set up with your new Animoto gmail account, a notification pops up alerting you attend Monday Morning Meeting in the atrium.

You kill some time looking at a few cat pictures on reddit, then go to Monday Morning Meeting.

As you take your seat on an orange chair in the atrium in front of the big TV, you are caught off guard by a deafening announcement.

"Monday Morning MeetINGS!", shouts Jason, startling the unprepared.

"This guy must moonlight as a comedian," you think to yourself as Jason warms up the audience by cracking hilarious joke after hilarious joke.

You see your photo appear on the screen. "We also want to welcome our newest employee."

A respectable round of applause gives way to your intro video. A montage of you interacting with cats and traveling

to foreign lands flashes across the screen. You remember spending about 20 minutes on the video and 45 minutes trying to pick out a song in the song library. Eventually, you settled on '1 in 4' due to it's uptempo jingly jangly sound. A wise choice, as more than one person is tapping their foot to the beat during the video. Another round of applause breaks out at the conclusion of the video, this time markedly less enthusiastic than the first one. You wonder for a second if you should have cut back on the cat scenes. "Fuck the haters," you think, shaking off the thought.

The meeting continues with an update on the current video landscape, and something about flywheels. Just when the meeting starts wrapping up, a popup appears on the screen. It reads, "WebEx has stopped responding."

A collective groan echoes through the room. A few people longingly look back at the catering table, which by now features a large pyramid of tacos waiting to be eaten.

"The wifi doesn't seem to be working," Cory mentions as a few people nod in agreement.

"OK," Jason concedes, "let's start lunch and we can troubleshoot the connectivity issues."

You wonder if you should slowly make your way to the back of the line (page 8) and risk there only being gluten free tacos left by the time you get to the catering table. Your other option is to rush ahead and cut in line (page 9) to secure your lunch.

*Back of the line*

You get in line behind Dan and chat with him for a few minutes about the pros and cons of New York sub sandwiches. Just when the conversation is about to enter bread-choice territory, the line clears up ahead of you. You get ready to run the gauntlet of condiments.

"Corn?", "no."

"Slaw?", "yes"

"Cheese powder", "hell yes"

"Sorry, we ran out of cheese powder."

You curse your decision not to cut in line, and head to a lunch table with your cheese-less tacos. A group of Animotoans approaches you.

"Hey, a group of us are going to the park. Want to tag along?", says Jenn.

You consider your options. You could decline and eat lunch at your desk (page 14) or go with the group and eat lunch in the park (page 11).

*Cut in line*

You manage to elbow your way to 3rd in line. You are a little disappointed at this, and make a mental note to set yourself up for first place next time. You pass through chipotle-style food assembly line adding to your tacos an assortment of pickled vegetables, slaw, lettuce, and some kind of cheese in powder-form. You get an extra plastic cup of chipotle mayo and head for the fridge to choose a drink. So many choices! You open the fridge and another person's hand reaches in first and grabs an asparagus flavored La Croix.

"This one's my fav", exclaims Allen as he cracks it open and takes a sip.

You decide to play it safe and grab a can of orange seltzer. On your way to a lunch table, a group of people approach you.

"Hey, we're headed to the park to eat our lunch. Want to come?", says Jenn.



You consider your options. You could decline and eat lunch at your desk (page 14) or go with the group and eat lunch in the park (page 11).

*Eat lunch in the park*

You follow Jenn, Aiven, Anna, Danny, and Emily out the door with your tacos in hand. A wave of hot air greets you as the ground floor glass doors open. Your eyes squint as they adjust to the morning sun casting an angle of light over Joe's Pub. It looks a little too fancy to be a place called Joe's Pub, you think. Returning to the present, you realize the group is half way down the street and you run past the halal cart to catch up.

At Washington Square Park, you walk by someone playing a grand piano for tips and an Italian ice cart. Giving up on finding an empty bench, the group decides to sit on the steps near the fountain.

You look around and everybody seems to be involved in their phones- a scene that would give Millennial-haters hard ons. You sense a little panic in the air. At that moment, you hear a familiar garbled klaxon from a nearby phone. It happens to another phone, and another phone, then your phone. You look down and see a public safety alert.

"Warning: environmental contamination outdoors. Stay inside until further notice"

A pair of police officers standing near the fountain shout out an announcement, "Please return to your homes or your jobs. There is a contamination; for your own safety stay indoors."

You approach one of the officers and ask them what's happening.

"Between you and me? There's somethin big goin down heeeah," the cop whispers to you in the longest of long island accents, "I've seen some sick bozos runnin around attackin people. Be ready to defend yourself."

The cops get into their squad car and take off around the corner.

"Defend yourself? What did he mean by that?" asks Aiven.

"I don't know, but we should hit up K-Mart on the way back to the office for supplies," suggests Anna.

"I think maybe we should just go back to Animoto like the officer said," cautiously advises Danny.

The group is split evenly on what to do and you are the tie-breaking vote. You have to pick between heading back to the office (16) and going to k-mart for supplies (17).

*Eat lunch at your desk*

Ahh your desk. Free from the chaos of human interaction. You take your first bite of taco while looking up the latest polls for the Georgia 6th special election. After looking a few numbers, a few predictions, and an overabundance of opinions, you switch gears and decide to check your email. The browser is spinning... nothing. You vigorously refresh the page. Still nothing.

"Internet's down, Will", John belts across the office.

First during MMM and then now? What the hell? You wonder if this is routine for this office. Just then, the lights flicker and go out. Only the red glow of the exit signs accompanies the natural light coming in through the windows. You decide to finish your tacos and wait it out.

As you are finishing up your lunch, you overhear Christine saying that there is a power outage at her friend's office a few blocks away. At that moment, you hear a familiar garbled klaxon from a nearby phone. It happens to another phone, and another phone, then your phone. You look down and see a public safety alert.

"Warning: environmental contamination outdoors. Stay inside until further notice"

After reading the message, you notice you have 1 bar of service. You decide to look up information online about the power outage (page 52).

Your news app slowly loads, revealing an alert about a potential outbreak in NYC of a strange, highly contagious infection. Reading further, you find out that it increases aggression in those infected. You moved to the wrong city if this is the zombie apocalypse, you think to yourself.

Sounds of panic come from the atrium. The news must have spread to the rest of the office. You decide to go out there and discuss options with your coworkers (page 18).

## *Heading back to the office*

The Animoto office is in complete chaos. People are struggling to contact friends and loved ones on their phones. Sunil and Dawn are boarding up the atrium windows. Henry and Gloria are pulling weapons off of the wall in throne room. Looking out the windows, you can see roving packs of infected people banging on doors and trying to climb in windows.

"Mmm. Maybe we should do something," suggests John dryly.

"We all know agile, right? Let's do a quick standup. Our sprint goal can be surviving this shit," suggests Paul Y.

Andre, Beth, Eric, Mitch, both Rebeccas, Sallianne, and Trevor all nod their heads in agreement.

"Ok we need suggestions for next steps," says Lauren.

You start to discuss options with your coworkers (page 18).

*Going to K-Mart for supplies*

You get flashbacks of Y2k as you walk through the aisles of K-Mart. Everything is either on the ground or gone. The shelves are empty. Anything remaining is being looted by a handful of scavengers. You were here just yesterday getting a bandana for the MYAGI engineering outing this week. It startles you how quickly reality breaks down in the face of crisis. You remember being amused at the hunting section of the store, as if New Yorkers routinely needed rubber target practice elk and duck whistles. Hmm. Maybe there's something useful in that section.

You head over to the hunting section and it mostly looks picked clean. Jenn pulls a bow and arrow out from behind the service counter. "This could come in handy later," she says with a grin. Danny nods in agreement.

"Ok, let's head back to the office," suggests Emily.

The group agrees and starts heading back to the office (page 16).



*Discuss options with your coworkers*

Ali steps forward, "I suggest we fortify part of the office. A dome is the most structurally sound shape to construct. A group of us built a dome some time ago, we can build it again."

"Didn't you take that apart though?" asks JCat.

Ali continues, "Yeah but I hid the pieces somewhere in the office. I can go find them and we can rebuild it into a shelter."

"I don't know if a cardboard dome is going to do much against these zombies," says Lindsay pointing out of the window.

"Ok, then, what do you suggest?" replies Ali.

Lindsay continues, "We have a bunch of electronic equipment in here. I say we build a radio transmitter and call for help. Even though there's no power, we can find a way to power it using other means."

"I don't know," says Yan, "How do you know someone will actually come? What if they get inside the office while we are messing around with a radio? Let's just barricade ourselves in the rooms and wait this thing out."

A few more less than worthy suggestions are made. Nobody can seem to agree on the course of action. Everybody decides to go their own way and pursue their own ideas. You have to decide whether you want to build a cardboard shelter and hide (page 22), build radio transmitter and call for help (page 48), or panic and hide in the unisex bathroom (page 20).

*Panic and hide in the unisex bathroom*

You and a group of people run and hide in the unisex bathroom. You lock the door and wait it out. Time passes and boredom sets in. Everyone seems to be slumped over taking a nap. Later that night, you hear a series of scraping sounds outside.

"Hey, wake up," you whisper to Stevie and Tal, who were recently fast asleep. "Do you hear that?"

"Hear what?" says Tal.

Just then, you hear a loud bash! Something is banging on the door! (page 21)

*Something is banging on the door!*

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The door seems ready to give way. Something is on the other side and it seems like it could do some damage.

The door starts to splinter as an axe head pokes through. Each swing of the axe creates a bigger and bigger hole. Suddenly, the axe is removed and a zombie Florence pokes her head through the hole, "Heeeeeeres Florence!"

The group gets chopped up into little pieces. How unfortunate.

THE END

*Build a cardboard shelter and hide*

Time passes and you take a step back to evaluate the work your team has done. The packing tape is holding the cardboard structure together well. There just might be hope for you after all. While the rest of the group is putting the finishing touches on your shelter, you decide to either collect food (page 25) or make weapons (page 23).

## *Make weapons*

You search the back of the office for anything that can be used as a weapon. "If only we had MacGyver here," you mumble to yourself.

"Did somebody say MacGyver?" asks Arijit who seems to come from nowhere. "Just give me some tape, string, and a yardstick."

A few minutes later, Arijit produces an improvised bow and arrow. You and your group spend the rest of the day collecting other kinds of weapons and you feel ready for anything.

Days pass and the zombie attack you expected never comes. Your source of food dwindles. You remember that amazing taco lunch after Monday Morning Meeting.

If you went to the back of the lunch line after Monday Morning Meeting, you ate less food and are now definitely feeling the hunger. You suggest to the group that you try to collect food (page 25). Otherwise, If you cut the lunch line, you were able to store enough calories to continue to

survive. Unfortunately, the others in the office weren't so lucky. All that time and energy spent producing weapons had consumed what precious calories they had stored. You end up being the sole survivor. Eventually a rescue team comes, but you spend the rest of your days wondering what would have happened had you made different choices.

THE END

*Collect food*

"We need a long term food supply," suggests Jesse.

"Well," says Maggie. "There are some cans in the hatch. Maybe there's actual food in there. We can add that to what we have in the kitchen and survive for a week or two."

"Yeah, a week or two, sure" says Marilyn. "But what about after that? We need to assemble a raiding party and confiscate food from the slack offices."

Everyone seems to be in agreement. Any improvised weapons laying around are gathered up, and a raiding party makes its way up the staircase.

Jon seems to have reservations, "Is this right? I mean, what we're doing?"

"It's either them or us, and I'll be damned if it's us", says Ed.

Kyohei replies, "Damn, Ed that's cold."



The raiding party makes its way into the slack office to find that it was empty. The pantry, on the other hand, was very full. Moisha, Lincoln, and Krister each filled their bags full of fancy startup food, and the group made its way back down to the 2nd floor and into the Animoto office. All the food was dumped on the atrium counters and the group gleefully sorted it.

"Kahsen, can you guard the front door?" asks Kyohei.

"Sure no problem" Kahsen replies.

Everyone was so immersed in the victory that they didn't notice the front door open. With the new key fob system, it must be someone from Animoto.

In walks Brittany in zombie form.

"Take her out!" yells Ed.

Kahsen replies, "I can't I'm a conscientious objector."

Ed and Kyohei both face-palm.

"We can't just kill her, we have to try to find a cure," says JP.

You decide to take some action and attempt to kill the zombie (page 30) or quarantine the zombie and try to research a cure (page 28).

*Quarantine the zombie and try to research a cure*

Paul S., being the ranking molecular biologist on the team, decides to begin research for a cure to this terrible disease. Fortunately, Brittany can be a test subject. For the rest of the day, Paul tries different formulas to isolate the harmful viruses in her system. Eventually, he tries a combination of Pamplemousse La Croix and jasmine green tea from the atrium fridge. "The antioxidants are working!" Paul exclaims.

Brittany has a different look in her eyes. She still seems feral like a zombie, but but something more human about her.

Mika suggest sending her out to see how the other zombies react to her. The group agrees and the door closes behind her. After some time, she is let back in.

"It seems they are not aggressive toward those who have been even partially affected by the virus," concludes Mika.

"So what do you expect we do?" says Mike M. "Turn ourselves into partial zombies?"

"It may be our only chance," says Paul.

Eventually the group is persuaded and they pass around a vial of liquid with which to infect themselves and then administer the partial cure.

The group survives, but with a questionable level of humanity remaining.

THE END

*Attempt to kill the zombie*

If you have previously acquired a bow and arrow, you can use the weapon (page 31) to try to kill the zombie.

If you don't have a bow and arrow, you will have to use your fists. You take a swing at the zombie, and it dodges easily, jabbing you in your chin, setting you up for a straight punch to your chest. You reel back, but quickly recover, putting your fists up and tucking your elbows in. The zombie tries a left hook, but you lean in and the punch sails behind your head harmlessly. Dipping your right shoulder, you put your whole body into an uppercut that takes the zombie off its feet. It hops up quickly, startling you, and head butts you. Feeling disoriented, you take a few steps back. The zombie closes the distance and give you a knee to the head. The last thing you think before you go unconscious is that you shouldn't have tried to step into the ring with a zombie.

THE END

*Use the weapon*

Your arrow strikes the zombie in a critical area, disabling it for good. Blood squirts out of the wound and into JP's eye. "Damn!" he says, "now it looks like I could be infected!"

You look at the bow and arrow in your hands. Life sometimes throws hard choices at you. You know this is a time like that. Do you use the bow and arrow and kill the infected (page 32) JP?

"I have another idea" says Cyndi. "I know JP is allergic to shellfish. There are some shrimps left over from the catered taco lunch. We can use those to repel him."

You wonder if instead of putting him out of his misery, you use the allergy to your advantage (page 33).

*Use the bow and arrow and kill the infected*

Your arrow strikes true, and kills its target. You all stand around in horror with the full realization of what happened setting in. How can we, in this time of need, abandon each other? Everybody seems distraught, and the only option seems for you to get some rest (page 34).

*Use the allergy to your advantage*

Blake, Noelle, and Patrik start throwing handfuls of shrimp at JP forcing him to cover his face to protect himself.

"Why are you doing this, I'm not a zombie yet," exclaims JP.

"Tell that to the shrimp, sucker," Rahil shouts.

Eventually JP retreats into tea room. Rachael and Ravenna move the couch in front of the door to confine him in the room.

JP bangs on the door to be let out, but he seems stuck in there and unable to escape.

Mike asks the group if we should rest (page 34) or try to secure the front door (page 35).



*Rest*

The group gets some much deserved rest, and doesn't notice the banging on the front door. Soon, the door comes off the hinges and falls to the ground. Dozens of zombies crawl over each other entering the room and running in random directions. There is no escape and survival is hopeless. You cling to the hope that maybe some of the others managed to survive.

THE END

*Secure the front door*

Matt L. and Matt C. decide to take on the task of fortifying the front door. As they reach the door, they hear grim and vile howling emirate from the depths of the front stairway. Martin decides to investigate. He cracks the door open just enough to squeeze out. A moment of silence passes, then a thump and a scrape. A rustling was heard next getting fainter and fainter by the minute. There could be no mistake, that was the sound of Martin being dragged to a place where one could barely comprehend. The last sound heard was sone of him screaming, "Upstairs! The dancers from upstairs!"

A familiar pounding echoed above the atrium. This time it wasn't a group of 20 somethings trying to get fit to 'Crazy in Love' or 'Get Me Bodied', but the hooves of an infected horde of bloodthirsty zombies wearing spandex shorts.

An occasion like this requires quick thinking. Cole, Megan, and JCam step up with a suggestion. Someone running on the treadmill can generate enough electricity to power an amplifier, projecting live bluegrass music throughout the office and out into Lafayette street.

"If my calculations are correct," says Cole, "It will create a knee slappin' aura that will repulse them."

The sound of power tools interrupts the conversation. Walking to the back of the office, you see Brad tearing apart all the desks. He seems to be extracting the metal and using it to form a giant solid ring 6 feet in diameter.

"What are you doing? What is this?" asks Jonas.

Brad lifts up the Darth Vader helmet he was using to protect his eyes, "We're going to take this on the elevator to the top floor and roll it down, crushing all the zombies in the stairwell. I call it... the flywheel of death."

The group decides to either repulse zombies using amplified bluegrass music (page 37) or support Brad's plan (page 38).

*Repulse zombies using amplified bluegrass music*

Blasting bluegrass music seems to be working. It appears the zombies can't stand it, and seem to retreat for awhile. Soon, though, the tempo slows. Each twang is a little slower than the last. The musicians' fingers are getting tired. As the tempo slows, the zombies become more active. They start pounding on the door. As the door breaks down, you and a few others manage to flee into the unisex bathroom (page 39).

*Support Brad's plan*

The group takes the steel flywheel into the elevator, hitting the button for the top floor. The elevator creaks as it strains under the weight of such an awesome machine of death. Ding! The elevator doors open and Brad rolls the wheel towards the staircase. Zombies are trying to make their way up, but are crushed as the wheel starts ripping down the staircase. There is not much left but little pieces of bone and flesh where the razor-sharp edges of the wheel have passed.

"I have GOT to get me one of THOSE," exclaims Wade.  
"Where should we go now?"

Cory suggests going to the roof through the nearby fire escape door.

The group makes its way to the roof (page 41).

*Unisex bathroom*

Barricaded safely in the unisex bathroom, your group seems to be safe now. You do a headcount. It looks like Akshay, Norris, Brendan, Jerome, Ryan, Adam, and you have managed to get here safely.

"What now? We're stuck in here. We're done for," says Brendan.

"I say we just relax and collect our heads," says Jerome.

"I say we bust some heads," says Ryan patting a softball bat on his palm. Adam nods slowly in agreement.

Akshay has another idea, "One time I saw a zombie movie where they acted like zombies and were able to sneak their way to safety. We can head to the roof and try to get rescued."

You seem to favor resting and collecting our thoughts (page 40) or trying to sneak out and find a way to the roof (page 41).

*Resting and collecting our thoughts*

The group relaxes and tries to come up with more ideas of what to do. Norris tries to take the weight off and sits down on top of the Dyson hand dryer. Its sensor detects his pants and revs up with a loud  
"VROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOoo!"

"Great," says Adam, "Now they'll all know we're in here."

Something is banging on the door! (page 21)

*Trying to sneak out and find a way to the roof*

As the group sneaks out into the infested office space, the zombies don't seem to notice at first. When you reach the back of the office, however they seem to wise up to your plan. They begin stumbling towards you.

"What do we do?" Cyndi asks.

"I have an idea," Akshay says as he reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out a portable speaker. He connects it to his phone and the familiar sound of MJ's Thriller blasts through the office. "You know what to do Norris."

Norris starts like he's going to do a freeze, but instead starts a sideways hand slide which transitions into an icy-ice. he pulls his knees up into a full back spin and keeps tapping to increase speed. Right when it looks like he is going impossibly fast, Norris starts sliding toward the zombie crowd doing stabbed windmills, zombies go flying as Norris's legs kick in every direction. "There's a clear path now, let's make a run for it!" says Akshay as they head for the fire escape (page 42).



*Make way to roof*

You and the group approach the door to the fire escape. You walk into the dark. Craning your neck to look up the fire ladder, you see a clear way to the roof. The group begins to climb up slowly. The wait was tense as there was no telling who or what may be out here stalking us. Before too long, the group reached the roof which looked clear of any zombies.

If you were able to send a radio SOS for help, you wait patiently for a few hours before a helicopter arrives over the top of a nearby building. You wave down the helicopter (page 44) in an attempt to be rescued.

Unfortunately if you were not able to send an SOS for help, there is no helicopter on its way to rescue you. You and the group wait patiently for the crisis to end. You hear a sound from behind the staircase outcropping. It is a voice. It's saying, faintly, "here kitty kitty."

Zombie Liz steps into the light with a dozen rabid-looking cats attached to her. She grabs one, and throws it at you in

a perfect spiral. The feral zombie cat is the last thing you see before you get eaten.

THE END

*Wave down the helicopter*

The helicopter rotates and angles for an appropriate landing on the roof of 440 Lafayette. The group breaths a sigh of relief. This might be the end of the nightmare. The helicopter lands and the pilot opens the side door, waving for us to embark. Before any of us can get on board, a figure emerges over the edge of the building. This figure looks familiar. Will recognizes them immediately, "It's the building owner. What are they doing?"

The building owner spews blood out of its mouth, clearly having become a zombie. It rasps, "I thought I told you to stay off the roof," as it punches through the helicopter's glass window, grabbing the pilot by the through instantly snapping her neck.

May and Meng both circle around the helicopter, grab the zombie by its feet, and hurl it over the side of the building.

"Quick before it climbs back up," shouts May.

The group quickly enters the helicopter, its blades still spinning on idle.

"We have no pilot. What are we going to do?" asks Chris.

"I've taken a few piloting classes," says James, "I can give it a shot."

"A few classes? No way," says Viv, "We need to pilot this heli together."

You agree to letting James pilot (page 47) or flying by committee (page 46).

*Flying by committee*

"Pull up!", Toan shouts.

"No! rotate this way", Sally yells as she points right.

The helicopter loses control and plummets to the street.  
Those who survive are eaten by zombies picking through  
the wreckage.

THE END

*Letting James pilot*

The helicopter rises shaky at first, but James manages to wrestle control over it. The helicopter rises up and above the city.

Mike O. suggests landing at a place he knows upstate.

"You're sure that wouldn't be imposing?" asks Mercedes.

"Of course not, MYAGI es su yagi."

The group erupts in laughter as the helicopter disappears into the sunset.

*Build radio transmitter and call for help*

"Ok," Lindsay says, "We first need to find one crystal clock oscillator. We should be able to find one of these in an older computer. It uses the mechanical resonance of a vibrating crystal of piezoelectric material to create an electrical signal with a precise frequency. This will be the heart of our transmitter.

"We need a circuit board- an Arduino breadboard will do just fine. We need a phone plug- we can look for one on the red phone in war room.

"Finally we need an audio transformer. I have no idea where we'll find one of these. Oh and we'll need a way to power this. A 9 volt battery will do fine. I've got a 9v battery clip from an Arduino project.

The group splits up trying to find all the correct equipment.

"Will this 8-channel Bi-directional Logic Level converter work as an audio transformer, Lindsay?" Tim asks as he looks up from the directed mixer under the atrium tv.

"Yeah. Looks like we won't be having any audio during Thursday presentations," Lindsay replies.

"Heh good one," Tim winks.

Eventually all items get found except for the 9 volt battery. You wonder what will be done about providing power to the transmitter. Thinking carefully, you realize you can connect a few rechargeable batteries.

The transmitter seems to be working fine, sending an AM signal that can probably be picked up by anyone in a 10 mile radius. The AM waves are longer than FM, and therefore more suited to cutting through the concrete and steel buildings that surround the office.

It's time to decide what kind of an SOS call to make.

You decide to either calmly request evac on roof (page 51), or to panic (page 50).



*Panic*

"HELP WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE! RESCUE US! 440 LAFAYETTE!", screams Carmela into the Apple earbud mic that is hooked up to the radio transmitter.

"Perfect," says Brian, "now we just need to wait."

The sun dips down low in the sky, shining beams of light through the back windows before disappearing behind West Manhattan. Another day comes, then another, but no rescue. You wonder if maybe you scared away any potential rescuer from coming due to your panicked message. You continue these thoughts as one by one, the group dies of starvation.

THE END

*Calmly request evac on roof*

"SOS, we are a group of healthy survivors that need assistance. Please send helicopter to roof of 440 Lafayette," says Carmela into the Apple earbud mic which is hooked up to the radio transmitter.

"Perfect," says Brian, "now we just need to wait."

"What should we do in the mean time?" asks Michelle.

"I think we need to fortify this area until help arrives. Let's secure the front door (page 35)." suggests Miraque.

*Look up information online about the power  
outage*

Your news app slowly loads, revealing an alert about a potential outbreak in NYC of a strange, highly contagious infection. Reading further, you find out that it increases aggression in those infected. You moved to the wrong city if this is the zombie apocalypse, you think to yourself.

Sounds of panic come from the atrium. The news must have spread to the rest of the office. You decide to go out there and discuss options with your coworkers (page 18).