(re\_bell)

“The Library is holding a special exhibit today on rare Out-Of-Place-Artifacts. You find yourself so drawn to the allure of faux intellectual pseudo-archaeological cronyism that you cannot help but to attend. Lined up inside glass shelves are bizarre trinkets and artifacts of an unknown era. There’s golden planes, clay spacemen, a clearly fake looking ceramic nokia, and pictograms depicting an ancient Egyptian battery-looking object. It all looks kind of lame up close. Except…. On an isolated display away from the rest of the exhibit, there rests a small golden handbell. You find yourself drawn to its simple shape and display which contrasts the rest of the exhibit pieces. It’s name-plate reads: Revelation’s Bell Signaling The World’s End How lovely, completely un-foreboding and non-macabre. You notice how strange it is that this is the only piece not protected by any glass case, almost as if meant to be touched, meant to be held, meant to be rung. You are filled with an otherworldly temptation to ring this bell, as if an unseen force is pulling at your hands. Do you ring the bell?”

Y:

“You quickly and gently ring the bell and it makes a small tinkling noise… and then nothing else happens. Well, that was a bit underwhelming. Unless…”

#After three days, there’s a Game Over unique to this choice. See Game Over documents.

N:

“You bite down the intrusive urge and quickly leave the exhibit. That was a close one. You have no idea what you were so tense about, it’s not as if any of those “end of the world” trinkets and myths are actually real, right?”

(re\_rat)

“One day when passing by the Center for Bioengineering building, you notice a bunch of panicked students running out of the building, screaming in fear and shouting to “call the police!” Oh no! Could it be an armed robbery? A school shooter? A rabid animal on the loose?

Before you could further theorize on what is causing the ruckus, the ruckus causer in question breaks out of the glass windows of the building. Well, you were kind of right. It does happen to be a rabbid looking animal on the loose. Except that its a giant fucking mutant rat thing that looks like its half the size of a person. What has science done!? You…”

1: Confront the rat menace head on!

**#If Athletics is 10 or greater**

Pass:

“Die monster. You don't belong in this world! This rat creature, although large in size, is still a living being, susceptible to all other causes of death. Such as having the living shit beaten out of it. It's mano a rato time, baby! The rat meets your gaze and identifies you as its next victim and it quickly lunges at you. Its an audacious little bugger but so are you. You also lunge towards the rat in a display of lifting induced rage. The match was already over when the rat thought it could cross your path. In a single right hook, you make a direct hit between the rats eyes, the weight of the impact shattering its skull, killing it instantly. No one will believe you if you tried telling them what you did in school today. But that doesnt matter, even if there was no one to witness it, you can feel the overwhelming radiant confidence one would only get from shattering a giant mutant rat's skull. ( Your Charisma has increased by 3. You lost some stress. )”

**#If Athletics is less than 10**

Fail:

“Oh you brave stupid soul. Nobody fights giant rats and lives, especially on the west coast ( east coast is a different story…) Before you could ready your stance and utter a muffled "put ‘em up", the rat has already lunged and taken a gnarly gash out of your neck, severing your arteries and spine, killing you instantly. So ends your College Freshman life at University of California Santa Barbara. Not unceremoniously, in fact your demise was used as a catalyst to further investigate “ The Bioengineering department at UCSB is creating mutant cryptid superbeasts” conspiracy theory, sparking even more controversy than ever. So who's gonna tell your parents you were mauled to death by a giant rat? (Game Over)”

2: Run away like the rest of your compatriots and live another day

“There is no need to play the hero, especially when there is literally a huge ass rat monster thing on the loose! You perform a “gracious retreat” and hope that someone else will deal with this crime against nature. (You gained some stress)”

(re\_cat)

“While walking around in I.V, you notice the local stray cat that wanders between the Isla Vista Community Center and IV Bagel.It’s prowling in the wild grass bushes near the parking lot, looks like it's hunting for food, maybe it’s hungry. You’ve seen this cat before, it’s pretty unmistakable from its white and speckled long haired coat of fur. It looks remarkably fluffy. Dangerously fluffy. Do you feed the cat part of your lunch?” y/n

Y:

“You give the fluffy cat part of your ham bagel to which its scarfs down in a single bite. It seems to have gained your trust by the way it circles your legs. You decide to pet the cat. Oh! Now that’s fluffy! ( You lost $5. You have lost some stress )”

N:

“It looks like the cat is perfectly capable of finding its own food. Comparatively speaking, the cat seems to be doing fine for itself, as opposed to you, a poor broke starving college student.”

(re\_cult)

“While wandering around the STEM side of campus, you start to get an ominous heavy feeling… Could this be the fabled and dreaded “bad vibes” so many of your classmates talk about when they mention the Chemistry and Physical Sciences department? Around the corner, by the Chemistry building, you notice two twin doors have seemingly opened on their own ( or someone pushed the handicap button…), almost as if they’re inviting your presence in. Throwing caution to the wind, mostly out of your own dumb curiosity, you head on in to the building. The hallways of the building are dark, quiet and cold, even though class should still be in session at this time. You are startled by a loud bang behind you, you turn around to see that the double doors have shut. Well, there’s no going back now. You head to the end of the hall and see an open double door to a lecture hall auditorium. Low ominous chanting and bells can be heard beyond the door. You wander your way in only to see, not quite the most bizarre thing you've seen on campus but still pretty stange, what appears to be a demonic cult ritual being performed. There are around 20 or so people in black hooded cloaks, standing in a circle around some kind of magic circled adorned with candles. The projector is also on. The projector is displaying what appears to be a zoom meeting with other cultists members who couldn't make it to the ritual, online education sure is convenient. “Ph’nglui, ph’nglui…” The hooded figure in the center, which appears to be the leader, greets you… There appears to be a person lying on the ground in the middle of the circle with a knife through their chest. They may or may not be dead, nothing wrong in keeping a healthy positivity. Will you join in on their dubious ritual?”

N:

“You politely decline and ask where the exit is. The leader looks a little disappointed but seems to understand your hesitancy, they don’t want any hanger-ons after all, only true devotees. The leader gestures to one of the members who then politely escorts you out the building in a shared awkward silence. Well that sure happened.”

**#If stress is 80 or greater**

Y (Pass Stress Check):

“It kinda looks like they’re doing some dope ass shit. You decide to join them in their ritual. “Iä! iä! n'gha, ghaa!” Their leader cries in excitement as they throw their arms up in the air laughing maniacally. A member throws you a robe that so happens to be your size. You put it on and join the circle holding hands with the other members are you mouth the unknowable words to their chants. Every candle in the room burns out at once. The circle below your feet seems to glow red and purple. The ground starts to rumble rhythmically, this is no earthquake. It seems as if something truly evil has awoken from underneath UCSB... From the outside, the students of UCSB stand still in primal fear, as much as they could because of the earth-shattering tremors, as they witness the impossible... the unheard of. They stared upward. The sky is blood red with purple lighting crackling down. Black tar-like substance pours from the heavens above crashing down on earth. The students cower in fear and cover their ears as blood-curdling high-pitched shrieks reverberate seemingly from nowhere, as if the earth was screaming out in pain. A gargantuan, vanta-black like claw bursts forth from the earth and raizes the surrounding buildings. Whatever sick unnatural creature is prying its way above to our home. It’s figure, indescribable and non-euclidian in nature, the students shrivel up and perish from fear, the few remaining continue to cry and beg for mercy from whatever has arrived. Ah. Okay. Hmmm. So maybe this was a bad idea. Ahh well, at least there's no more tuition! GAME OVER”

**#If stress is less than 80**

Y (Fail Stress Check):

“Despite you wanting to join in on their ritual, the members seem to not agree with your “vibes” and they click their tongues in disgust. The leader shakes their head “Fhtagn, fhtagn…” It seems like you’re cramping their style and they’re asking you to leave. A hooded member grabs you by the arm and drags you to the door before tossing you outside. That almost felt a little insulting. (Maybe if you were to come back with some more stress…)”

(re\_jumped)

“On your way home, a scary looking man with a knife jumps you! “Give me everything you got! Money, phone, credit cards! Hand it over and you won't get hurt!” This guy seems serious and that knife is not just for show with the way he’s swinging it! No time to think, gotta act fast!”

1: Pay him $50 to fuck off

““I’ll pay you 50 dollars to fuck off.” You state calmly as you take out a handful of bills and causly stuff it in the man’s conveniently placed front shirt pocket. You pass by him without looking back and the man seems to have been stunned into silence. Well aren’t you the coolest? Too bad you gave away your own money you could have used, dumbass. (You lost $50. Your charisma has increased by 1.)”

2: Run away and cry for help!

“You break out into a sprint and hustle harder than a 80s stockbroker on a full square of coke. ‘Help!! I'm being robbed!!” you shout, but you run so quickly that your mugger is already completely out of sight with no sign of him ever being able to catch up with you. You’re effectively safe. It was logically the right thing to do and chances are if you asked anyone else what they would have done in a situation like that, they would also have run away and shouted for help. But despite knowing this, you can’t help but feel as if there was something you could have done, like maybe defend yourself… (You gained a lot of stress.)”

3: Fight him!

If fitness is 5 or greater ( pass)

“You picked the wrong brokeass college student, fool! You break out into a fighting stance and immediately start throwing hands! The man clearly didn’t think this far as he starts to act on the defense and retreats. Put ‘em up, aren’t you a man!? Before you could give him a loving parting shot, he runs away without putting up a fight while screaming that there’s some freak trying to kill him. You guess that's one way to put it… You realize this was all kind of pointless as you could have easily outrun him. But man do you feel just a little bit cooler for being able to defend yourself. Come back and fight, coward! (Your charisma has increased by 1.)”

3: Fight him!

If fitness is less than 5 (fail)

“Fuck you old man! You need this money more than he does! You instinctively try throwing punches… but for some reason you’re closing your eyes and none of your fists are connecting… The man doesn’t bother fighting back as it would cause more problems than anything else. He instead shoves you to the ground and steals your money out of your back pocket. He runs away laughing calling you a punk ass bitch. Okay so robbery isn't enough and they have to insult you too!? You hope no one actually witnessed all of that. (You lost $100. You gained a lot of stress.)”

(re\_blindjumped)

“On your way home, a scary looking man with a knife jumps you… for some reason he's wearing a blindfold… and he’s not facing you but still trying to mug you. “I can smell your fear!” he exclaims, frantically waving his knife around… away from your general direction. This whole situation is more amusing than anything.”

1: Mug him instead

“You're able to sneak behind him and grab his own from his back pocket. You’re able to make a clean getaway before he turns around. “That’s my wallet you bitch!” You run away, the adrenaline of doing something so heinous but hilarious causes you to burst out laughing like an edgy 13 year old who figured out how to type slurs that can pass through word censorship in an online children’s game. You’re still a little confused as to what just happened but at least you're a little less poor. (You gained $10)”

2: Simply walk away.

“Your footsteps are quiet enough that he doesn’t seem to notice you’ve already walked away. “You’re dead meat kiddo!” He yells while running in the opposite direction. Well that was weird.”

(re\_protest)

“While perusing the UCSB campus, you come across a large crowd, it looks like a heated protest with two sides meeting in the middle. What could be worth all the upset? Getting closer, you can start to see the signs and banners people are holding on either side as well as being able to discern their chanting.” “MILFS!” “MILFS! “MILFS!” “MILFS!” “DILFS!” “DILFS!” “DILFS!” “DILFS!” Oh, so that’s what this is about… Shouldn’t you intervene? You don’t want this to escalate and have it somehow turn into “The Great MILF v. DILF riots of 20XX”. You…”

1: Join the MILF side

“You decide to align yourself with the MILF-enjoyers, nothing wrong with that, you’re just being prideful of your tastes that's all. You just… really like moms… You join in on the chanting as you move to their side, the group is elated that another comrade came to join them in their true and just “Battle of the Sexes” Of course, nothing comes of this altercation and before you could come acquainted with your fellow mom-enjoyers, school security comes to break up the group and tells them to head home and think heavily about the impact of Freud and Psychodynamic Theory on the American youth of today. (Your Charisma has increased by 1.)”

2: Join the DILF side

“You decide to align yourself with the DILF-enjoyers, nothing wrong with that, you’re just being prideful of your tastes that's all. You just… really like dads… You join in on the chanting as you move to their side, the group is elated that another comrade came to join them in their true and just “Battle of the Sexes” Of course, nothing comes of this altercation and before you could come acquainted with your fellow dad-enjoyers, school security comes to break up the group and tells them to head home and think heavily about the impact of Freud and Psychodynamic Theory on the American youth of today. (Your Charisma has increased by 1.)”

3: Risk it all by saying both are good

**# If Charisma is less than 8**

(Fail Charisma Check)

““Both are good!” you try shouting, but your epiphany becomes drowned in noise of the fray. Surely there must be some soul here who can see the truth and stop the fighting, but its clear your words are not getting through to them. It seems as this will require not intelligence but your own show of character. Maybe some other time.”

**#If Charisma is 8 or greater.**

(Pass Charisma Check)

“Stop everything!! You alert everyone in the crowd to your presence with your booming voice. You announce you have a solution, a one true answer to their debate. “Both are good,” you state. The crowd starts booing and blowing raspberries. But before anyone could protest further, you start to explain your reasoning, not from a place of knowledge, but from heart and wisdom. And in a once-in-a-lifetime speech, you explain your reasoning, astounding all those in your visage, the wisdom and content of which is much too powerful and profound to write all of it here. The crowd roars into cheers and applause at your epiphany. People shake hands, embrace, and kiss each other in a state of euphoria. And in that moment it felt as if we were one step closer to world peace. You felt as if you had come to an eye-opening, enlightening, state of nirvana. ( You have gained 10 Intelligence )”

4: This is stupid

“This is stupid… You walk home, stunned in silence at what you just witnessed. (You gained some stress)”

(re\_lost\_student)

When walking around campus, you spot a confused looking student, probably a freshman, fidgeting between their phone and a flyer map of the campus. You can guess that they’re probably lost.

They lock eye contact with you and immediately walk up to you to make conversation.

“Hey, do you know which building room number #$@!% is?”

Are you able to help this poor freshy brother out?

1: Of course, its…

**#If Intelligence is 5 or greater**

(pass)

Using your general amount of knowledge, you are able to guide the young student to where they need to be on time. They give you a rushed thanks before running off. (Your Charisma has increased by 1)

**#If Intelligence is less than 5**

(fail)

(same as choice no 2)

“You respond that you genuinely have no idea where that room is and if a room like that even exists. Whatever they said had no numbers or was even in a language trembling English ( or human ). You shrug and they look a little disappointed.”

2: I genuinely don’t know

“You respond that you genuinely have no idea where that room is and if a room like that even exists. Whatever they said had no numbers or was even in a language trembling English ( or human ). You shrug and they look a little disappointed.”

3: Pretend to know where it is.

“You might have some auditory processing issues. Regardless, you feel a bit embarrassed to admit you have no idea what they just said. You give a hastily made and somewhat bullshit response to their simple question. They look at you with a squeamish suspicion, maybe they saw through you. They awkwardly laugh a bit before walking away. Great, now you look like an idiot. (Your Charisma has decreased by 1)”

(re\_run\_in\_traffic)

“Consider running in traffic. You are walking on the sidewalk with others until you come to a busy intersection. For seemingly no reason at all, you feel like running through traffic. Such an impulsive and suicidal thought that came from nowhere, are you seriously right in the head at the moment? Surely you’ll die if you were to do such a thing. Do it anyway?”

1: Seriously run through traffic.

“Here goes absolutely everything! As you charge headfirst in a full on sprint into the intersection, you can hear a mix of horrified cries, speeding cars and screeching tires. And before you could take another step further into certain death. A Silver 2022 Toyota Prius slams directly into you, at a speed and force so impactful, your body is severed in half, killing you instantly. It must have been going at least 100mph in a 20mph lane, those damn student drivers… Your blood and guts go flying like confetti and streamers as everyone in the vicinity is absolutely horrified and probably traumatized for life. And so your University of California Santa Barbara Freshman life comes to a close, with a bang! GAME OVER”

2: Are you fucking kidding me?

“Who would actually do such a thing. Well maybe some seriously depressed people, or tweakers. And you’re neither, right? So clearly you have no reason to do such a thing! Perhaps you should see a counselor.”

3: Ask others if they wanna see you run through traffic.

““Who wants to see me run through traffic!” You exclaim loudly to passerbys around you. Nobody responds, with most outright ignoring you while others give you a concerned look or stink eye. What could you have possibly expected from this kind of interjection? You feel the silent judging gaze of others cutting into you. This sucks, you might as well follow through and run into traffic anyways, it would hurt less. (Your charisma has deceased by 1)”

(re\_bakesale)

“It's nearing that time of the season again, ski lodge and hot spring season! Of course, there’s no way you could get to know anyone in such a short time space that would be generous to take you with them. Frats and sors have lined up in I.V with rows of tables with all sorts of baked goods, pastries and treats from all over southern california to appeal to all flocks of socal taste. Krispy Kreme, Dunkin’, Winchels, Portos, some ambitious students even brought coolers full of Dutch Bros, what… that’s… well that's quite the way to go for some frappes. They’ll all smile politely with the occasional “‘sup dude?” casual greeting, so that they can entice you to purchase a treat with the money going to their “charity” providing funds towards their fraternity or sorority coffer. Funds towards what? Why their yearly Big Bear trips of course! Come to think of it… you have been really craving something sweet at the moment. Will you sacrifice your dignity of funding their hedonistic escapades all for the sake of a sweet delicacy you can’t get in I.V? Of course you will, now pick a table!”

1: The girl’s Krispy Kreme table

Classic Krispy Kreme! Can’t go wrong with the poster child of raw sugar and early 2000s stock market value overestimation yuppism. The skinny, peppy, young girls show you all that they have available, looks colorful and dangerously delicious. You take 1 donut to go. The girls giggle and thank you for your contributions, (sucker). You take a bite… sugary, sweet, you were craving something of this level of fatty carbs. You suddenly feel you’re a bit more with the “in” crowd. (Your Charisma has increased by 1. You lost $3. You lost some stress.)

2: The guy’s Porto’s table

“Porto’s, eh? Porto’s… wait a minute!? The nearest Porto’s is all the way in Burbank, the OG place! Did they seriously drive all the way down there just to bring back some cheap sweets? Exactly how expensive are these pastries going to be? Is there really that dedicated to a crowd of Angelenos in UCSB who really crave the taste of Porto’s? It’s the first you’ve heard of it. The guys at the table act chummy enough, clearly trying to encourage you to purchase their hard earned wares. You might as well… You go for something a bit more hardy, a cheese danish. … It's not bad. The gaggle of frat boys thank you for your patronage. You are filled with a strange brotherly vigor. ( Your Fitness has increased by 1. You lost $3. You lost some stress.)”

3: The guys Dutch Bros table(?)

“Now here’s something you’ve never seen before, an ice coffee, frappe and slushie booth. Since it’s California, you don’t suppose something like this is too out of place. But wait a minute, Dutch Bros is a norcal/ bay area kind of chain, so what, how, or why the hell are they selling it here? The frat seems to be a collective of “a very certain type” of guys, with a kind of aura of neither being a normie or a cultured individual, but they look a little… behind the times. Oh of course! They’re from Fresno! That’s the only logical conclusion. Well, might as well. This frappe tastes “hella” artificial but there is kind of a charm to enjoying a traditionally normal treat in socal. The exchange of cultures has broadened your understanding of Californian cosmopolitan locals and customs. ( Your Intelligence has increased by 1. You lost 3$. You lost some stress.)”

(re\_fightclub)

“While on your way home, you find yourself walking upstream against the crowds of students making their way wherever they need to be. You feel someone shove against you, you can tell its crowded but not nearly crowded enough to warrant someone bumping into you. But when you tried to apologize, the person who bumped into you was nowhere to be seen. What you do notice however is there's a scrap of paper in your pocket that wasn't there before. “Looking for tough people, real badass type of people, can hold themselves in a fight kind of people. $1000 cash prize. Tournament style. No weapons, only rely on your fists. Whoever snitches gets stitches.” I.V Fight Club There's a time and address on the bottom Huh? Wha? They can’t be serious right? I thought we all stopped this Fight Club LARPing obsession in high school, right? It’s about toxic masculinity and anti-materialism, not “beating the shit out of dudes is cool” for christ's sake! But despite this… Your interest is piqued. If college is all about having life changing experiences then this is possibly a whole experience and a half awaiting you. Additionally… if they are not bullshitting, that looks like a tasty 1k, you could pretty much quit your job at that point and not have to work for the whole quarter! Will you do it?”

Y: Hell yeah!

If fitness is 15 or greater (pass)

“Well why the hell not!? Actually you can think of plenty of reasons why you would not but. That’s not the point. Sometimes the definition of ‘living a little” is beating up other random kids your age for the sake of entertaining other random sick kids your age, and this time there's cash involved, serious dough! You find your way to the place aforementioned in the flyer at the requested time. Its a small rotten looking old apartment that clearly is not a part of campus housing. It seems no one has followed you, but that doesn’t mean you can let your guard down. You knock at the door and wait a few minutes but there’s no answer. Maybe there’s no one home, unless… You slide the flyer under the door… and then the door opens to a tall dark man. He looks behind you to see if anyone followed you here, he then pats you down and confiscates your phone for the time being, you can have it back once your time is done here. He escores you into the building. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, this is really happening!! This is really happening!? There’s no turning back after this. This feels like the final hallway before a boss fight. With no save points. The doorman opens up another door in the back of the hallway, sounds of cheering and music can be heard from within. You are led into the door and down a dark staircase, its completely dark and the sounds of excitement and high energy music gets louder. What meets you at the bottom looks straight out of an early 2000s, gritty, creatively-bankrupt, gray-washed and mid-budget action movie. In this dimly lit cellar, there is a crowd of various people, mostly students that are making a ring around what you can assume is some kind of fight between two people. Oh look, they even have a dj, playing either The Prodigy or The Crystal Method, you can’t tell but from the underlying amen break and the mix of electronia meets metal meets embarrassingly edgy rap, it’s something late 90s to early 2000s-ish. A match ends as quickly as it started with the opponent being picked up and literally thrown out of the ring. They’re knocked out cold and clearly down for the count. Is that blood coming from their mouth? Are they legit dead!? This appears to be less of a tournament and more of an endurance match with a single guy versus anyone dumb enough to want to flex on them. The dude is massive, like an absolute unit of a guy who looks more like a failed experiment in human cloning than an actual student? Do they even go here!? That looks like no twenty-something year old. “Do we have any other challengers in here tonight? Anyone? Any takers?” After witnessing that, it makes sense that no one would come forward after witnessing that. “Oh yeah, you! You over there who just came in! Ladies and gentlemen it looks as if we have a brand new challenger tonight? Can they bring an upset to the match and be crowned the new champion of Climax of the Saturday Night Under the Glass Moon Hyped Jam 20XX!!” Ah, now you know why you’ve been summoned here/ You weren’t selected based on if you looked tough, you were selected to be a jobber, a jabroni if you will! They brought you here to lose? You’re not gonna give them the satisfaction are you?” No! You’re not! Who the hell do these people think they are!? Not because they’re holding a secret, definitely illegal literal underground deathmatch, but because they’re underestimating you as easy money! You stride up to the ring with all the swagger of every point of charisma you have on you and stare down at the opponent who is clearly twice your size, the two of you circle each other like tigers going in for the kill. Tonight you’re gonna show everyone here the fruits of your labor. Someone is getting sent home in stitches, and it's not gonna be you. The announcer throws their raised hands down and you hear a classic boxing bell ding. The absolute unit of a man immediately starts charging towards you with an intent to kill. Alright, you wild animal, you think you can kill me? l Better make it count. Better make it hurt. Better kill me in one shot. Mustering all the strength you can in your fists, through the result of vigorous training, accounting for every point of Fitness you have ever gained, you meet the beast’s charge head on with your own fist, which is seeimling now red and on fire for no reason whatsoever. This will probably knock them into next week, next month, next year, straight up into several calendars into the future, maybe? An audible punch echoes through the basement… You stand triumphant over your opponent who is still laying on the floor staring into the ceiling shocked as to what just happened. The crowd is losing their minds, hooting and hollering at the great upset that transpired before their eyes. Several people hold you up as you crowd surf the people chanting the name of their new champion of the Fight Club. The celebration is short-lived as the organizer, clearly upset that their bet didn't go as planned, throws you out of the building. There's a short pause before a heavy duffle bag is thrown out as well and nearly hits you. Well hot damn it looks like they weren’t joking about the prize money. Honestly if you were to wake up right now and it was actually all just a dream, you wouldn't be surprised. ( You lost a lot of stress. You gained $1000)”

Y: Hell yeah!

If fitness is below 15 (fail)

“Well why the hell not!? Actually you can think of plenty of reasons why you would not but. That’s not the point. Sometimes the definition of ‘living a little” is beating up other random kids your age for the sake of entertaining other random sick kids your age, and this time there's cash involved, serious dough! You find your way to the place aforementioned in the flyer at the requested time. Its a small rotten looking old apartment that clearly is not a part of campus housing. It seems no one has followed you, but that doesn’t mean you can let your guard down. You knock at the door and wait a few minutes but there’s no answer. Maybe there’s no one home, unless… You slide the flyer under the door… and then the door opens to a tall dark man. He looks behind you to see if anyone followed you here, he then pats you down and confiscates your phone for the time being, you can have it back once your time is done here. He escores you into the building. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, this is really happening!! This is really happening!? There’s no turning back after this. This feels like the final hallway before a boss fight. With no save points. The doorman opens up another door in the back of the hallway, sounds of cheering and music can be heard from within. You are led into the door and down a dark staircase, its completely dark and the sounds of excitement and high energy music gets louder. What meets you at the bottom looks straight out of an early 2000s, gritty, creatively-bankrupt, gray-washed and mid-budget action movie. In this dimly lit cellar, there is a crowd of various people, mostly students that are making a ring around what you can assume is some kind of fight between two people. Oh look, they even have a dj, playing either The Prodigy or The Crystal Method, you can’t tell but from the underlying amen break and the mix of electronia meets metal meets embarrassingly edgy rap, it’s something late 90s to early 2000s-ish. A match ends as quickly as it started with the opponent being picked up and literally thrown out of the ring. They’re knocked out cold and clearly down for the count. Is that blood coming from their mouth? Are they legit dead!? This appears to be less of a tournament and more of an endurance match with a single guy versus anyone dumb enough to want to flex on them. The dude is massive, like an absolute unit of a guy who looks more like a failed experiment in human cloning than an actual student? Do they even go here!? That looks like no twenty-something year old. “Do we have any other challengers in here tonight? Anyone? Any takers?” After witnessing that, it makes sense that no one would come forward after witnessing that. “Oh yeah, you! You over there who just came in! Ladies and gentlemen it looks as if we have a brand new challenger tonight? Can they bring an upset to the match and be crowned the new champion of Climax of the Saturday Night Under the Glass Moon Hyped Jam 20XX!!” Ah, now you know why you’ve been summoned here/ You weren’t selected based on if you looked tough, you were selected to be a jobber, a jabroni if you will! They brought you here to lose? You’re not gonna give them the satisfaction are you?” Uhhh. hmmm. yeah. You don’t… you don’t think this is gonna go over well. Actually you’re starting to regret even coming here. Let me out. Let me out. Let me out. Let me out! Did you see what that guy did to that dude, you’re definitely a goner! Like a pathetic startled gazelle, you dash through the crowd and back up stairs and run right out the door which slams behind you. You forget your phone on the way but it doesn't even matter anymore, that was a life or death scenerio baby and you chose to save your fucking skin! ( You lost $100. You gained a lot of stress.)”

N: Hell nah!

“This already goes without saying but this reeks of being a scam, this is practically spelling out, “come on over and get mugged!” But regardless if it’s true or not, this is still so lame! Come on guys, it's been almost 20 years since the novel and films release and it's still misinterpreted to death, really, in the current year of 20XX. Why don’t you go home and be a family man instead! You don’t have a “family” at the moment but your point still stands.”

(re\_lagoonrace)

“The local gym-rat, protein junkie, may-or-may-not-be tweaker has approached you with a challenge of epic proportions. A race from one end to another in the lagoon! … Well you suppose you’ve been suggested weirder shit at this school, but why they stopped and challenged you in particular is the most perplexing part about it, not even the lagoon race part, that’s normal compared to some other shit you’ve seen. The water might be freezing, toxic from bird feces, and you have no idea how deep it really is so drowning is also a possibility. You really have no reason to race this guy, you don’t even know them! Do you accept their challenge regardless?”

Y: I can swim circles around you, gym rat!

If Fitness is 10 or greater (pass)

“Both of you strip down to your underwear and perch yourselves above the water. A random passerby who wanted to watch this nonsense blows a whistle. On command both you and the athlete dive into the water! Your opponent talked big earlier about leaving you in the dust, er, seafoam, but it seems you’re able to keep up with them at breakneck speed. The cold, smell and murkiness doesn’t matter. All that matters is victory! You accidentally slap a duck on the way, but that doesn't matter!nYour physique and strength are proving their worth in keeping you in good form, propelling yourself without wasting a breath. You don’t know much about swimming but you might just freestyle it until you make it. Anyone who's watching can tell that this is quite the close race, the both of you are neck and neck! It looks like it could be a tie but — Goalllll! You were able to slam your body against the sandy surface first. And that’s that! Pay up protein head! Well… you were never betting on anything to begin with but you seemed to earn the respect of the athlete as well as a bunch of onlookers who were caught in the excitement. Everyones so impressed that they’re somewhat able to ignore how disgusting you look and smell. (Your Charisma has increased by 3. You lost some stress.)”

Y: I can swim circles around you, gym rat!

If Fitness is below 10 (fail)

“Both of you strip down to your underwear and perch yourselves above the water. A random passerby who wanted to watch this nonsense blows a whistle. On command both you and the athlete dive into the water! Already this looks like this was a terrible idea. Your form is awful, it looks like you’re putting all your effort into keeping afloat rather than swimming. The water's freezing temperature combined with its gnarly smell and texture are all together making this experience all the more awful! Who talked you into this? No one! You chose this stupidity out of your own accord! You pathetically doggy-paddle to the shore while your opponent has already decided to swim back to your starting place as a victory lap. You drag your shivering filthy, smelling body to the shore and barf out the excess water that got in your mouth. Everyone who was watching was too disgusted to give you cpr… You are never doing this again! (Your Charisma has decreased by 3. You have gained some stress.)”

N: Why would I do that…

“To be honest, this sounds incredibly dumb and kind of lame. You think about immediately turning around and leaving but you stick around because you’re kind of interested in watching this freak swim. The dude dive in head first and in a perfect breaststroke form is able to make an excellent pace to the other side. Well god damn, that dude wasn’t kidding!”

(re\_shrooms)

“Apparently one of your classmates that you’re on good terms with has an interesting hobby, or would you call it a side-hustle? They grow and dispense their own mushrooms, magic mushrooms that is! They’re offering to sell you a freshly cultivated batch that they’re willing to give you a small discount on since you’re chums. Oh god, you have no experience with psychedelics, with drugs of any kind! “Care to masticate on some dubious little, freaky, funky, fungi caps? Only $40 a pop but for you, my friend, i’m offering a discount on a count of our amiable relationship. What say you, my liege?” Do you take their offer?”

Y: Bottoms up.

“Just like the 35th president would say, “ I like your funny words, magic man.” You take a couple of shrooms and devour them quickly so you don’t fixate on the icky flavor. … Oh, oh alright, this isn’t that bad, that’s a relief. Come to think of it... You haven’t really realized it now but Santa Barbara is actually quite lovely. Oh my god this is actually amazing! You take time to do nothing but slowly stroll through the park. You find a spot to lie down on the soft, ticklish grass and look up to the heavens. The sky is maaaasive. Bright baby blue and populated by rolling, fluffy, cotton-candy-esque clouds. It looks like just for a moment, if you could turn off gravity, you could fall up and be consumed by the welcoming endless skies, swimming in the sea of clouds with the birds under the sun beams. The skies are one thing but the mountains!? The mountains are awe-inspiring! To think there would be these gargantuan green giants protecting the perimeter of the college. You can see the millions of dancing verdant scales that line the giant's backs known as “trees.” Not only that but some of these giants have tiny, speckled, white caps of winter adorning their heads. How long have they been here you wonder, thousands of years? Millions? Maybe beings of this magnitude can only be measured by means that exist outside of human comprehension, at least it feels that way. You giggle to yourself as tears roll down your cheeks. You feel as if you’ve awakened to a new found appreciation for our planet. It’s the only one that we know of in our observable universe and we have to treat it that way. Perhaps if everyone could feel the way you’re feeling at the moment, they can embrace their only home and realize the power and responsibility they have to protect it. ( You lost $30. You have lost a lot of stress.)”

N: I’ll pass…

“No thanks. You don’t trust eating ANY kind of mushroom that’s not portobello, shiitake, enoki, king oyster ect… Not just because some might be poisonous but because maybe you don't wanna trip balls! But you thank them for their generous offer.”