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JACK’S CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE SHEET!

Warning ! ! ! ! Do not read this sheet from beginning to end. This sheet contains many different adventures you can go on. From time to time as you read along, you will be asked to make a choice. Your choice may lead to success or disaster! Remember—you cannot go back! Think carefully before you make a move! One mistake can be your last... or it *may* lead you to fame and fortune!

START HERE

It was a gray and windy Saturday in Granville, Ohio. You wake up in your dorm room in Shorney Hall, a little hungry, very hungover, and reeking of cigarettes. You roll over in bed to see your roommate, face down in their bed, covered in vomit. You don’t remember a thing from the night prior, but from what you can observe in the room, y’all went fucking ham. You think about waking up your roommate to go grab a bite from Dirty Curty, but they look so peaceful in their alcohol-induced coma. Perhaps you should just let them sleep, and go grab some grub solo.

If you decide to wake up your roommate, go to (a.)
If you decide to go get food alone, go to (b.)

(a.)

Your roommate groans as you shake their shoulder lightly. It smells strongly of Slayter wings and New Amsterdam. They roll over and you suddenly discover that the person in your roommate’s bed is in fact not your roommate, but a tiny man you have never seen before. He appears to be just as confused by the situation as you are. He tells you his name is Hank, and that he needs to find his Juul pod ASAP, or else he’s going to punch a hole in your drywall.


If you decide to help Hank, go to (d.)
If you decide to tell Hank to get lost, go to (c.)

(b.)

You leave Shorney in a hurry, carefully taking the stairs to avoid the naked couple passed out in the elevator. As you step outside, you see your booger-eating Chem lab partner seated in Curtis through the fishbowl. She waves to you excitedly. *Not this bitch.* You weigh your options. You could easily keep walking under Curtis to avoid interacting with your chem partner, but where to from there? A Slurger from Slay is always an option, but you can’t have a burger for breakfast every Saturday. You could also always brave the long treacherous journey to Huffman for the same mediocre breakfast Curtis is offering.

If you decide Curtis, go to (e.)
If you decide Slayter, go to (f.)
If you decide Huffman, go to (g.)

More on back!

<div>(c.)</div>		
<p>You tell Hank that vaping is for pussies and immediately proceed to spark up a cig inside, blowing fat coud of smoke into his vomit-clad face. In response, Hank decks you across the face so hard you are immediately unconcious on the floor, and then punches a hole in the drywall. Furthermore, the lit cigarette immediately sets off the fire alarm, and Hank scurries out the door and down the hallway. When you finally come to, Campus Security looms over you, confused and dissappointed. Have fun writing your community values essay!</p> <p>The End</p>		
<div>(d.)</div>		
<p>You decide to help out Hank, since you suddenly recall spying a Juul pod in the Shorney parking lot. You pull him out of bed, drag him outside, and lo and behold, the fateful Juul pod lies dormant on the pavement. Unable to contain his excitement, Hank embraces you tightly, smearing vomit on your t-shirt. He tells you that as a reward, he can offer the contents of one of the pockets of his Patagonia. In one pocket, Hank has a bag of mushrooms, and in the other, he has a baggy of ketamine.</p> <p><i>If you decide to take the mushrooms, go to (h.)</i></p> <p><i>If you decide to take the ketamine, go to (i.)</i></p>		
<div>(e.)</div>		
<p>You reluctantly decide to slide to Curty with your weird Chem lab partner. But wait, a twist! Your lab partner already completed the whole lab for this week, and doesn’t care if you copy her answers! Moral of story, be nice to nerds or something, I don’t know.</p> <p>The End</p>		
<div>(f.)</div>		
<p>Slayter is a bit of a trek, but for that delicious slurger with chipotle mayo, you would traverse any terrain. But alas! You reach A-quad and find yourself face to face with hungry tiger, fresh outta the Columbus Zoo! You know you’re no match against the tiger, but hey, that burger is calling your name bro. Also, the tiger is a metaphor for your strained reltionship with your father or something. I don’t know, I should really pay more attention in my English classes. Anyway, the tiger eats your leg, and you get rushed to Whistler. Also, the tiger gave you COVID. Two weeks of quarantining in Good hall for you!</p> <p>The End</p>		
<div>(g.)</div>		
<p>You go to Huffman, the lunch menu is walking tacos, you chat up your boy Mukesh... Vibes are fucking great. You leave feeling fully nurished and ready to take on the day ahead. Congrats, you got the good ending.</p> <p>The End</p>		
<div>(h.)</div>		
<p><i>Buy the ticket, take the ride my dude.</i> You eat the whole bag of magic mushrooms and have a terrible, terrible trip. Like, seeing demons, piss your pants and wake up in the bio terrible. You did not transcend, you feel like a walking piece of shit. Don’t do drugs, kids!</p> <p>The End</p>		
<div>(i.)</div>		
<p>You proceed to do key bumps of K in the Shorney parking lot with Hank as freshman walk past in horror. You suddenly feel your body go numb and your legs give out. You and Hank lie down in the middle of the lot, laughing and talking about God and European politics. You now have a new best friend.</p> <p>The End</p>		
		<div>-Jack May, Sexiest Editor</div>
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