

Jeffrey Scudder <your@dventur.es>

 **"imagine that you ware where you are"**  
8 messages

**Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
To: usual@dventur.es

Sat, Jan 14, 2012 at 9:03 PM

**Forwarded conversation**

Subject: "imagine that you ware where you are"  
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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 9:33 PM  
To: **JEFFREY.SCUDDER@yale.edu**

Hi Jeremy,

I would like to play. I live in Perth, West Australia.

Regards,  
Jessica

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From: **JAS** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 9:52 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

hey it's jeffrey, yeah lets play! would you like to play at 1030... in about a half hour? or schedule for a certain time sometime before monday...

JAS

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 9:55 PM  
To: JAS <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

Yes! But can you tell me a little bit more about it?

Jess

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From: **JAS** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 10:03 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

Yes, basically I start describing a situation for you and you can request how you would like to act in that situation. Ill respond by telling you what you do and what happens as a result, furthuring the narrative. Then we will continue, taking turns until we decide to end the game.

JAS

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 10:08 PM  
To: JAS <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

Cool!

And what medium is best? e-mail or Skype?

J

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From: **JAS** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 10:35 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

we can do either... email might be fun but so far ive done text, audio, video and in person... lets do email since it could last awhile and be at a nice pace...

JAS

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 10:38 PM  
To: JAS <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

OK, I'm ready when you are.

J

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 10:51 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

[Let's use brackets to talk outside of the story if necessary. So you may respond to my first turn, but remember you can't "do" anything, only request or mention your thoughts and actions, and I will advance the environment and your body for you.]

You are in a forest that is full of white birch trees. In your hand is a nice cup of coffee. It is slightly cold outside. You are wearing pajamas. There is a mouse on the ground a few feet away. You can't see anything outside of the forest. The only landmark near you is a rock sculpture... of a mouse, but the sculpture is the scale of a human, about your size.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:02 PM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

I don't want to leave the forest, is it getting late? Did I create the sculpture of the mouse?

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:07 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

You feel as though you belong in this forest. You can't really see the sun, and it seems like light is coming from all over, but it is a very faint light. It isn't light and it isn't dark. The sculpture of the mouse looks unfamiliar to you. You watch the mouse squiggle by the sculpture, and enter a small crack underneath it.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:11 PM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

I'm a bit tired and I wish I had my camera. How big is the crack? Will the mouse reappear - does he mean something?

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:14 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

I think about whether the mouse might mean something... and decide to peak into the crack, which is large enough to fit your head into. You drink some of your coffee and feel rejuvenated, then set it on the ground near the statue. Inside the crack it is very dark, but you can see that there is something small, white and shiny within your reach. You can't see where the mouse has gone...

You also can hear a bird land in a tree nearby.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:17 PM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

What is the small white shiny thing, can I reach it? Is the bird singing?

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:21 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

You put your hand into the crevice and grab the item. It looks like a ketchup packet, but there are no markings on it.

The bird isn't singing, but you can hear it ruffling it's feathers above. The bird is very large but you can see it's ribs from below - and it could probably eat you if it desired.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:22 PM

To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>

am i getting scared? is the packet heavy and what's inside?

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:27 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>

The packet is light, and fits in the palm of your hand. You rub the outsides and feel something, but you realize it probably isn't liquid. It is squishy. You do feel frightened by the bird, but the bird seems to be ignoring you for the moment.

The mouse comes out of the hole and stops at your knees. It looks up at you and the packet in your hand. You have another sip of coffee.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:32 PM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>

i feel like the animals mean something and perhaps want to take me somewhere... how endless are the birch trees? could the bird carry me?

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:34 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>

The bird looks big enough to carry you, but you would have to get its attention or tame it.

The mouse is still looking at you.

Your coffee is starting to get cold.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:36 PM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>

can i climb the birch trees to reach the bird and would the mouse come with me? what will i see on the horizon?

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:45 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>

You decide to climb a birch tree near the bird. You place the packet into your half full coffee cup. The tree is slightly scraping you as you climb. The mouse goes to the bottom of the tree and looks up at you.

When you reach the top, you look out and realize that you are on an island. There is about a half mile of birch in every

direction and water on the horizon. You can see a few similar birds in other trees around the island. You assume that the sun is directly above you, but there the sky is covered with clouds.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:51 PM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>

Do I want to venture to the ends of the island? What if I came across other people? I want to know more about the birds.

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>  
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:56 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>

[Only you can decide what you want, this is your primary power in this game.]

You think about what might be at the end of the island, and consider the fact that there could be people here, although it has been very quiet since you arrived. You analyze the birds further.

You don't see any flying birds... and are actually unsure if you ever actually saw the bird next to you land in the tree... or just happened to hear it's wings ruffle, causing the tree to shake.

You notice the bird only has one eye, directly in the center of its face.

It looks at you and notices you noticing it.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>  
Date: Thu, Jan 12, 2012 at 12:02 AM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>

I want to stay in the forest and for there to be magic. I want to be shaken by the bird, and also know what his cycloptic eye has seen.

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>  
Date: Thu, Jan 12, 2012 at 12:17 AM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>

You look deeply into the eye of the bird - but can only see it seeing you. You wish that something magical would happen.

The bird shifts it's body slightly, and you notice the bird's foot is attached to a metal chain which is nailed into the tree. "Ouch..." says the bird. You are surprised.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <[jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com](mailto:jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com)>  
Date: Thu, Jan 12, 2012 at 12:26 AM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <[j.a.s@j-a-s.info](mailto:j.a.s@j-a-s.info)>

I want to free the bird!

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Thu, Jan 12, 2012 at 12:44 AM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

[I have to meet a friend at the beach.... I think I am only just beginning to understand and have confused actions with desires, and my own actions with those of my surroundings.... I would like to play again, one day. I hope it will be possible.]

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Thu, Jan 12, 2012 at 12:45 AM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

[I am going to bed soon also - that is okay I think this story is actually going really well! I like how you ask questions about the environment and give me freedom to come up with a solution, but you can also be more specific with what you would like to do - Let's just keep it going in this e-mail thread and continue at our own pace - no rush to reply... deal?]

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Thu, Jan 12, 2012 at 3:42 AM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

[thats sounds amazing! i'm reinvigorated. i'm waiting to hear about the cycloptic birds ankle. no rush is perfect.]

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Thu, Jan 12, 2012 at 11:08 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

You decide that you are going to try and free the bird. You carefully plan to jump from your tree to the bird's tree. You leap to your destination, but the branch that you land on snaps immediately, and you fall 8 feet to the soft ground. You land on your back and the wind gets knocked out from you. You feel a little nauseous. The mouse runs over to you, jumps on your chest and looks into your face to see if you are alright.

The bird ruffles its feathers but is otherwise undisturbed.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Fri, Jan 13, 2012 at 5:12 AM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

I still want to free the bird and I have not forgotten the white packet I found in the sculpture. I want to ask the mouse what to do next.

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Fri, Jan 13, 2012 at 1:30 PM  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

"What should I do?" you ask the mouse. The mouse, realizing you are okay, jumps off your chest and runs toward your coffee cup. You turn your head to watch. It climbs into the cup and splashes around with the packet as it's fur becomes stained by coffee.

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From: **Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
Date: Fri, Jan 13, 2012 at 8:43 PM  
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>

I will get up (and be ok?) and consume the packet.

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From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <j.a.s@j-a-s.info>  
Date: Sat, Jan 14, 2012 at 8:20 PM  
To: usual@dventur.es



Screen shot 2012-01-11 at 11.18.42 PM.png  
24K

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**Jeffrey Scudder** <usual@dventur.es>  
To: jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com

Sat, Jan 14, 2012 at 10:20 PM

[Hey Jessica, I'm now running the games from this e-mail address. Sorry for the delayed response.]

You push yourself off the ground into a sitting position. You reach your hand over to the cup and grab the packet. You place the packet in your mouth and swallow it. Nothing seems to happen, but you can feel it moving down your esophagus. The mouse, poking out of the cup with it's feet on the edge, tilts its head and gives you a confusing look.

[Quoted text hidden]

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**Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>  
To: Jeffrey Scudder <usual@dventur.es>

Mon, Jan 23, 2012 at 9:00 PM

[sorry for the delay, i had an intense week serving jury duty]

i would like to make my way to the ocean. i would like to take my mouse friend if he would like to join me


[Quoted text hidden]

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**your adventures** <your@dventur.es>  
To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

Tue, Jan 24, 2012 at 4:17 AM


[np]

You start heading towards the 

 begins to fall.

Your stomach feels very unsettling.

Your mouse friend is your only company. The birds are scary at night.

 speaks to you quietly. Her name is Roger-ina.

[Quoted text hidden]

---

**Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

Tue, Jan 24, 2012 at 4:18 AM

To: your adventures <your@dventur.es>

what else does she tell me? i want to know how ancient she is and if she knows how ancient is the place we are?

On 24/01/2012, at 5:17 PM, your adventures wrote:

[np]

You start heading towards the <7DE.gif>

<014.gif> begins to fall.

Your stomach feels very unsettling.

Your mouse friend is your only company. The birds are scary at night.

<1C2.gif> speaks to you quietly. Her name is Roger-ina.


[Quoted text hidden]

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**your adventures** <your@dventur.es>

Thu, Jan 26, 2012 at 5:36 PM

To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

 "I was born just yesterday... want to talk to my parents?"

[Quoted text hidden]

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**Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell** <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

Thu, Jan 26, 2012 at 11:43 PM

To: your adventures <your@dventur.es>

i do, and will need to travel to where we are? are we also still going towards the sea?

On 27/01/2012, at 6:36 AM, your adventures wrote:

<1C2.gif> "I was born just yesterday... want to talk to my parents?"

[Quoted text hidden]




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**your adventures** <your@dventur.es>

Fri, Jan 27, 2012 at 3:06 PM

To: Jessica Eucalyptus Quinnell <jessica.quinnell@googlemail.com>

 "Yes we are going towards the sea, but my parents are somewhere else..."

[Quoted text hidden]