

Jeffrey Scudder <your@dventur.es>



Jeffrey Alan Scudder <jeffrey.scudder@yale.edu>
To: usual@dventur.es

Sat, Jan 14, 2012 at 9:03 PM

Forwarded conversation

Subject: **Imagine that**

From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <jeffrey.scudder@yale.edu>
Date: Wed, Jan 11, 2012 at 11:49 PM
To: jimhodges.home@gmail.com

you are inside a plywood room. There is a single light hanging down from a wire. The room is in the form of a cube, and is just large enough for you to stand up and move around a few paces.

[Hey Jim - let's play our next game by e-mail at our own pace. No rush to reply. We can use these brackets to have a meta conversation if necessary.]

From: **Jim Hodges** <jim@jimhodges.com>
Date: Thu, Jan 12, 2012 at 7:56 AM
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <jeffrey.scudder@yale.edu>

I'm very comfortable in this plywood space and imagine I built it specifically for myself...I'm daydreaming in the wood grain.

Jim Hodges
[917-826-2906](tel:917-826-2906)

On Jan 11, 2012, at 11:49 PM, Jeffrey Alan Scudder

From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <jeffrey.scudder@yale.edu>
Date: Thu, Jan 12, 2012 at 11:04 PM
To: Jim Hodges <jim@jimhodges.com>

Feeling relaxed, You sit down and gaze at the wood grain.
You can hear some footsteps getting louder from outside of the box.
You are startled when you begin to hear knocking on the outside.
The knocking disturbs the light and it swings gently, disrupting your appreciation of the wood grain.

From: **Jim Hodges** <jim@jimhodges.com>
Date: Fri, Jan 13, 2012 at 7:35 AM
To: Jeffrey Alan Scudder <jeffrey.scudder@yale.edu>

No one should be outside, I'm thinking and I feel a little scared and angry...I shout, "who's there?"

Jim Hodges
[917-826-2906](tel:917-826-2906)

From: **Jeffrey Alan Scudder** <jeffrey.scudder@yale.edu>
Date: Sat, Jan 14, 2012 at 8:22 PM
To: usual@dventur.es

Jeffrey Scudder <usual@dventur.es>
To: jim@jimhodges.com

Sat, Jan 14, 2012 at 10:27 PM

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

"Just plywood box service" the voice mentions back.

"I'm here to clean your plywood box..."

The voice sounds very unfamiliar to you.

[Quoted text hidden]

Jim Hodges <jim@jimhodges.com>
To: Jeffrey Scudder <usual@dventur.es>

Sun, Jan 15, 2012 at 8:22 AM

"....clean the box!?!" what the hell does that mean? My anger and alarm equally rise as I get to my feet.

Jim Hodges
[917-826-2906](tel:917-826-2906)
[Quoted text hidden]

a.dventur.es operator <usual@dventur.es>
To: Jim Hodges <jim@jimhodges.com>

Sun, Jan 15, 2012 at 2:32 PM

"Yes sir, I've gotta get inside there so I can clean it." says the voice. "Do you know where the entrance is?"

[Quoted text hidden]

Jim Hodges <jim@jimhodges.com>
To: "a.dventur.es operator" <usual@dventur.es>

Sun, Jan 15, 2012 at 3:11 PM

i'm very protective of my space, alarmed by the intrusion...i don't answer hoping the voice will go away.

[Quoted text hidden]

usual adventures <usual@dventur.es>
To: Jim Hodges <jim@jimhodges.com>

Tue, Jan 17, 2012 at 7:23 PM

A minute passes you by.

You hear a machine turn on from outside the box. It sounds like a mix between a vacuum cleaner and a small car.

[Quoted text hidden]

Jim Hodges <jim@jimhodes.com>
To: usual adventures <usual@dventur.es>

Tue, Jan 17, 2012 at 7:28 PM

i know i'm asleep and the sounds that have been disturbing me are actually not "real," but still my heart is pounding and i decide to roll over....

[Quoted text hidden]

usual adventures <usual@dventur.es>
To: Jim Hodges <jim@jimhodes.com>

Wed, Jan 18, 2012 at 5:08 PM

You are awake. The rumble of the machine has mutated into the sound of your phone vibrating against your bed. You open your eyes a small amount and assume the morning has come.

[Quoted text hidden]

Jim Hodges <jim@jimhodes.com>
To: usual adventures <usual@dventur.es>

Thu, Jan 19, 2012 at 9:13 AM

I'm groggy as the room comes into focus... the sound of wind...I reach for my glasses

Jim Hodges
[917-826-2906](tel:917-826-2906)

[Quoted text hidden]

usual adventures <usual@dventur.es>
To: Jim Hodges <jim@jimhodes.com>

Fri, Jan 20, 2012 at 2:20 AM

Accidentally
your thumb
smudges one of the lenses.

[Quoted text hidden]