You wake up. It’s dark. You’re alone. You try... but you can’t quite remember how you got there. Through feel alone you meander toward what feels like a door. It opens with ease. What do you see?

(A) Rolling green hills peppered with small cottages and farmers. A castle can be seen in the distance.

(B) Earth. You immediately hold your breath before you realize you are on a space station of some sort.

(C) You are met with a cacophony of noise. Horns blaring and sirens wailing. It’s a city.... New York?

(D) Just another room. Books line the wall and the furniture is old. A grandfather clocks tolls nearby. Is it your house? Surely not....

*Actual title will be determined on last day of class.
You calmly accept the fact that lustrous object dominating your view is indeed Earth. Your eyes wander to the rest of the viewable space between you and Earth as well as to the room you find yourself standing in. Curiously, you find

(A) that the room you are in is man-made. Outside you see satellites in Earth’s orbit. Everything feels... normal – Earth is vibrant and blue, space is black and the sun is bright. Just as you begin to feel comfortable, a voice calls out nearby.

(B) Outside is Earth, sure, but something is wrong. Plauged by fissures and explosions, Earth is...dying. You begin to notice that you are not alone. Just above orbit are hundreds of individual space stations. Small shuttles are racing from the dying planet. Your ears kick in and you hear the roar of conversation – you are amongst a crowd of others. Someone taps you on your shoulder.

(C) While the familiarity of Earth is warm, you begin to notice other ships above Earth. They are clearly not human. Aliens? The designs are incredible. Captivated by this, you barely notice that the room you are standing in is also alien. Fear sets in. Just as you begin to panic, you look at your claws. I mean hands. CLAWS?!!
Earth is dying. The human race seems to be in the last stages of a planet-wide evacuation. You notice you are not alone – you are but one of a mass of people viewing the evacuation. Amidst the roar of conversation, you feel a tap on your shoulder. Whirling around you find

(A) the most drop-dead gorgeous person you have ever seen. They are saying something to you, but you fail to internalize anything other than their beauty. Their brow begins to knit. They’re mad. Suddenly you begin to realize they are saying ”What is wrong with you? We need to get out of here!” They grab your hand and whisk you away.

(B) a uniformed soldier. They seem to be annoyed at you. Finally you hear ”WHERE IS YOUR POST SOLDIER?” You look down. You’re in uniform. You’re also a soldier. However, the people around you are garbed in civilian clothing. You apologize to the soldier and begin walking the other way. People begin making way for you.

(C) a small child. He is begging for food. You notice that everyone around you, yourself included, are wearing rags. A set of bars keep everyone together and dominating figures stand just outside. You need answers. You need to get out of here. But how?
Whisked away by a person of unparalleled beauty – your hand in theirs. You both escape and leave the large crowd of people behind. Making it to an adjacent room, they pull you close to the wall and put a single finger to their mouth – their incredible eyes screaming ‘be. quiet.” You hear the rhythmic sound of marching footsteps pass by the two of you. Immediately both of you begin running again and you come upon a large clearing, it seems to be (A) a hangar. Shuttles are docking (from Earth presumably), while others are unoccupied. Your new friend seems interested in escaping – is this your opportunity? Can you trust this person? Can either of you fly? You both rush toward the nearest ship.

(B) a bay of elevators. There are people rushing to and fro – but no marching footsteps. No one seems to notice you two. Walking over to a directory, your new friend begins reading the elevator destinations. Their eyes eventually stop on ‘Storage’. You get in the appropriate elevator and it descends.

(C) a large expanse containing an astounding combination foliage – trees, flowers, and shrubs. This must be a haven for regrowing the plants saved from Earth. A small woman in a lab coat rushes up to you and quickly exclaims ”Doctor, where have you been? It’s been days since our last test!” Test? Days? Doctor?
So many trees – the color, the fragrance, it is overwhelming. You’re confused. You’re a scientist? What happened to you? Glancing at your companion, they offer only a wry smile. They turn to the small woman and begin to offer an explanation. “There was an... incident. Amnesia, among other things, seems to have resulted.” Turning to you, they begin to explain...

(A) ... but before a word escapes their lips – BANG. A loud crack fills the air and an electrifying buzz permeates the room. In the distance you see arcs of electricity jump wildly and beneath them, a warm orange glow. Fire. Your amnesia can wait – a fire spells death to the forest. Death to the final vestiges of greenery from Earth.

(B) “Sir, you are one of the leading scientists on Project Photosapein. Pioneers in the study of forced human-based oxygen production via quantum light packet reduction, our project aims to eliminate the need for oxygenated biomes. With Earth gone, this project is humanities hope for recolonization. I am your lab assistant and... you tested on yourself.”

(C) “You are a medical doctor tasked with treating the wounded from Earth’s evacuation. The last test yielded positive results and you went down to Earth to treat evacuees firsthand. I am so glad you made it back.”
Project Photosapien – humanities hope for recolonization. This feels unreal and yet, as you continue to look around the room, you realize how comfortable you’ve become. You look at your assistant and you cant help but feel crushed – did they help you because they had to? Or otherwise? Putting your thoughts aside, you inquire as to why you tested on yourself. Your assistant begins...

(A) “Leaders from the World Government began demanding results. With planet-wide evacuation almost complete, their patience grew thin. You believed we had succeeded. However, against my express wishes... you sought to prove yourself right. Injecting yourself with the latest serum... you...”

(B) “It wasn’t supposed to happen. You were training the new assistants and someone had questioned our progress. Your passion led to a heated argument. Your anger caused you to lose your head and... you injected yourself with the latest serum. We tried to rush you to the infirmary... but....”

(C) “Sir, we had discovered that the true goal of Project Photosapien is to only protect the elite. We were never supposed to save the whole human race. In defiance, you stole the final product. Staging a rouge experiment... you took it yourself. We need to leave and find a way to reproduce it from your blood.”
The true goal of Project Photosapien: Protect the elite. Even without your memory, this just doesn’t sit right. You aren’t at all surprised that you rebelled and took the serum yourself. Your assistant grabs your hand and leads you quickly to an office. Locking the door and maximizing the opacity of the windows, they lead you to a hidden backroom. Bewildered by the contents, you look at your assistant. They say two words: “Gear up.” You grab the following...

(A) Survival first. You grab a backpack and begin stuffing it with medical supplies. Additionally you begin throwing in non-perishable food. Finally you grab rope, a lighter, and an all-purpose Swiss Army knife. You are unsure where your journey may take you, but you know you must survive.

(B) A memory takes hold and you remember being a small child and riding airplanes. Autopilot kicks in – you grab a backpack and begin packing likewise. You grab extra clothes, various forms of entertainment, headphones, and some over-the-counter medicine.

(C) The best defense is a good offense. You begin strapping yourself with a large number of sharp objects (scissors, branch trimmers, etc.), along with syringes filled with who-knows-what. Finally you grab a few sets of zip-ties in case you need to detain someone.
Your backpack is stuffed to the brim with medical supplies, food, a rope, a lighter, and a Swiss Army knife. The goal: to reproduce the photosapien serum and administer it to the remnants of the human race. In particular, to do so without being caught. To start, you need to draw some of your blood. Hand-in-hand, you and your assistant rush out of the backroom and toward a nearby lab. Upon opening the door you are met by a small group of stern looking individuals. The leader smirks and begins, “Doctor. You show up at last...”

(A) You decide to lie. You feign a sigh of relief and exclaim “Sir, the space station has been compromised. I am confident my recent actions have been the result of a fugue brought on by an airborne pathogen related to a recent advancement in our research.” You hope they buy this and hope they leave quickly.

(B) You are a scientist – not a trained combatant. You don’t know how you’d fare in a fight but you decide you have to try. Recalling the contents of your bag, you begin to smile. You move to engage.

(C) There has to be more labs right? Refusing to engage physically or verbally with the group, you back out of the room and pull your companion with you. As the door closes, you wink at the smirking leader. Turning to the right, you and your assistant begin to sprint.
A chill runs down your spine. The silence following your last words begins to feel suffocating. As the seconds tick by, you begin to worry. Just as you begin to offer the truth, the leader of the stern-looking group cuts you off. “Advancement you say? This is good news. However, we cannot overlook a rampant airborne pathogen. We will move into a station-wide lockdown. Please remain in this lab until we come for you.” With that, the group moves quickly out of the door – locking it behind them. At least you are not a prisoner . . . sort of. You rush to the nearby lab equipment and your assistant draws a vial of your blood. They give you the vial and usher you to a nearby distillation machine. You turn to the machine. One problem. You didn’t even remember who you were . . . how are you supposed to know how to do this?

(A) You decide to admit ignorance. Hoping you have enough time, you reach for some nearby research notes. You know you are smart – you’ll find the answer. But is there time? That’s a problem for future you.

(B) No time. You insert the vial and begin working on the fly. You are a leading scientist – you’ve got to have good instincts. This way, regardless of if you succeed here, you know you’ll have enough time to find a way out of the lab.
You insert the vial and begin to work the distillation machine on instinct alone. You seem to start off great – your fingers are darting around with a mind of their own. However, success won’t come that easily it seems. You soon hit a wall in your progress. Frustration starts building within you – the future of mankind rests on these few moments. As you close your eyes to collect your thoughts, you feel a hand slip into yours. Opening your eyes, your lab assistant is smiling ear to ear. “Perfect!” you hear them say. They poke and prod for a bit and the machine rumbles to life. Bewildered, you look at your assistant. Their face – beaming a few moments ago – is now serious. “Now we need to find a way out of here.”

Looking around, you see a few options...

(A) There seems to be some sort of vent on the far wall. It looks big enough for a person to crawl through. It feels cliché, but it just might work...

(B) The locking mechanism beside the door doesn’t look too complicated. It may be possible to reach the wiring behind it and force the main door to open.

(C) You see a communicator on a nearby table. You could somehow get two security guards to your location. Assuming you could successfully incapacitate them, you and your assistant could swap clothes, walk out, and blend in. That’s a lot of if’s though...
Much like stereotypes, clichés exist for a reason. You walk over to the vent and inspect the edges – only a handful of simple screws. Rummaging through your backpack, you pull out the Swiss Army knife and begin to work on the screws. You become vaguely aware that the rumble of the distillation machine has come to a stop. Just as you manage to pull the vent’s faceplate off the wall, your lab assistant sidles up beside you carrying a medical case. How is a single medical case enough? As you both crawl into the vent, you look at them, “What, exactly, is the plan?” They respond matter-of-factly,

(A) The distillation produces an airborne agent. We need only release it into the main ventilation unit for the station. Unfortunately, we do not have enough to save the other space stations.

(B) The distillation produces a waterborne agent. We need to mix it in with the stations main water production plant. Only a little bit should suffice, meaning we should have enough for the other space stations – provided we can find a way to get it to them.

(C) The distillation produces small tablets of the serum. We can only save people on a person-by-person basis – though who we save is at our discretion. While we can’t save everyone, we can ensure that those at the top never enjoy the success of Project Photosapien.
A waterborne agent! Brilliant! You and your lab assistant begin bear crawling through the station’s ventilation system. You come to an open vent plate and your assistant suddenly gasps and stops short. They pull you close and you both peer through the vent plate. “That person... they were the ones behind the true goal of Project Photosapien! They embody all that is evil left in the human race...” You look down and see...

(A) A tall, broad shouldered man with a short, military haircut. An impressive presence, his facial features are flawless. He is laughing with others and his smile showcases his charisma. Wearing a gray pinstripe suit, you cannot help but feel you’ve made an enemy out of the wrong guy...

(B) A plain looking individual. Truly no remarkable qualities. Same goes for the group they are with – you struggle to identify any unique features. These are the bad guys? Suddenly their meeting concludes and each person’s appearances changes radically to a different person. They are shapeshifters!

(C) A woman. Cloaked in purple and crimson robes, you get the impression she is some sort of royalty. Others are knelt in front of her, they’re eyes aimed at the ground. She is addressing them with a powerful, commanding voice. You are going against a queen?
Shapeshifters!? You’ve never seen such creatures! What in the world is their goal with Project Photosapien? Do they intend to use it on themselves? Suddenly paranoia sets in – can you trust anyone? You look at your lab assistant. Your memory is still lost... do you know them? Their beauty... could it be on purpose? Everything thus far has been their idea. They whisked you away, they helped you escape to the lab, they ‘reminded you’ of your lost memory. What is happening? Why did they help you then? You look at your assistant... your only friend on this space station...

(A) You must confront them. You reach for the medical case your assistant is still holding. Confusion spreads over their face. Finally getting a grip on the case, you hold on tight and look into your assistant’s eyes. Who are you? Who are you really? Tell me!

(B) You decide you’ve no choice but to trust them. Would they have helped you escape the lab with the serum if they weren’t your friend? They could have given you over to the Shapeshifters right then and there. Is their goal truly the same as yours? You are hopeful that they are indeed an ally. If only you had your memory back... then you’d know the truth...
Looking at your assistant, you exclaim “Who are you?” Sadness washes over their face as they avert their eyes. “I will tell you the truth,” they say, “but now is not the time. However, fear not – for I am a friend.” They give up their hold on the medical case, giving it to you. “We must go,” they say before turning around and continuing through the vent. Perplexed, you continue with them. After a long while, your assistant reaches an opening and drops down into a new room. A few seconds behind, you tumble out of the vent as well. Picking yourself up off the floor, you come face-to-face with... yourself? Lost for words, you freeze. This other you steps forward and begins... “My real name a Szégdö. I am a shapeshifter.”

(A) I am an agent sent from our homeworld’s galactic government to subvert and take out a powerful organization of rogue shapeshifters. They endeavor to capture the rest of your species to sell off...

(B) I used to be one of them. However, once I heard they only wanted to save themselves, I shifted into your lab assistant in order to aid in the saving of your species. I could not watch your kind die...

(C) I am of mixed blood – my mother is a human and my father a shapeshifter. Due to this, I was unaccepted by my kind. I shifted into a human and grew to resent the shapeshifters. I cannot let them continue.
Incredible. A shapeshifter named Szégdö. Moreover, they used to be one of them. Betraying their kind, helping you, and risking their life to save humankind instead... you are overwhelmed by their courage. Their eyes remain fixed to the ground as their body shimmers and shifts back into the beautiful, familiar face you’ve come to love. “I’m so sorry for deceivin—” you step forward and wrap them in an a warm embrace. You look into their eyes and smile, “No need. I cannot fathom what you are going through, but I trust you. I don’t know why... but you chose to shift into my lab assistant. There must have been good reason.” Their eyes light up as a smile spreads across their face. Your own smile waxes into a grin, “let’s go save humanity together.” Your hands find theirs as you both turn to observe the room you’ve tumbled into.

(A) It seems to be a backroom leading into cargo bay. Personnel rushes to and fro, shuttles are loading and unloading. This may be an opportunity to figure out how to disseminate the waterborne agent to the other space stations.

(B) You realize its cold. A drop of water hits your shoulder. Looking up, it appears to be condensation. Looking around, it looks like... like a water production facility! What luck!
The murmur of far off conversation joins the marching of boots on the floor and the whir of shuttle engines. An announcement blares overhead, “Pilots for Shuttles Odyssey and Prisma en route to Stations 47 and 21 please begin cargo check.” It suddenly dawns on you – this is your opportunity to get the waterborne agent to the other space stations. Careful to avoid drawing attention to yourselves, you both slowly move toward a nearby control panel. A cursory glance shows only six active space stations. Question is, how do we disseminate the agent?

(A) Six space stations is too many to visit individually – we need more help. Could we explain the situation to a nearby pilot and possibly enlist their aid? You approach a nearby pilot...

(B) Six space stations sounds doable. However, its getting onto a shuttle that would be the difficult part. Almost in response to your thought, Szégdö’s body begins to shimmer. Two seconds later your standing next to a shuttle pilot.

(C) Poking around, you bring up the shuttle manifests. Szégdö points at something. “There! Chlorinated Colloidal Precipitate! That’s one of the substances used to purify water here. It must be bound for the water production facilities. If we introduce our agent into it, it might disseminate for us!”
Szégdö’s body became a spitting image of a shuttle pilot. Beneath their new nametag reads *Shuttle Odyssey* – the shuttle en route to Station 47. Suddenly a loud voice calls out “Captain Johnson, the Odyssey has been prepped. Why aren’t you on board?” Szégdö whirls around to address the new voice and simultaneously shoves you away from the control panel. Your assistant responds, “Sir, I was about to meet you at the Odyssey.” They projected this last part in your direction. Roger that. Unhappy about parting ways, you begin to move through the hangar. After traversing a small part of the hangar, you round a corner and bump into a uniformed man. Embarrassed, you look at the nametag and apologize quickly, “I am so sorry... Captain Johnson.” Your eyes grow wide.

(A) Remembering you have rope in your backpack, you move quickly to subdue the pilot. After a short scuffle, you manage to incapacitate them. Suddenly hear an alarm begin blaring.

(B) If you can keep him distracted while Szégdö gets on board, you both may be able to escape without having to bring harm to anyone. You grab Johnson by the shoulder and begin, “Sir, has anyone ever told you that you look like...”

(C) You immediately exclaim, “HELP! SOMEONE! THIS PILOT IS ASSAULTING ME! SOMEONE HELP!”
You grab Johnson by the shoulder and begin, “Sir, has anyone ever told you that you look like model?” Caught off-guard, Captain Johnson begins, “um... well, my mother used to tell me how gorgeous I’d be when I grew up... and one of my ex’s always commented on my smile... I guess smiles can be model-like... there was this one time...” Johnson began to mumble memories to himself. You think, did this really just work? You decide to test your luck and amp it up, “Sir, I know this is neither the time, nor the place, but I’d love to get a photo of you. I’ll call it, ‘A Pilot’s Life for Me’”. Grinning, Johnson nods enthusiastically. “Great,” you continue, “stay right here – let me grab my camera.” With him patiently waiting, you slink away toward the Odyssey. You make it aboard easily enough and find Szégdö in the pilots chair. Your shuttle makes it off the station quickly... but you encounter a shield. A bored voice echoes through the cockpit, “Shuttle Odyssey, verification number please.” You and Szégdö exchange glaces – what now?

(A) The charm worked last time. You grab the intercom to talk your way through the matter.

(B) You begin opening every compartment and looking at random documents. You hope the number is in here somewhere...

(C) Does this shuttle have blasters? Probably...
You begin frantically opening compartments and sifting through documents. Nothing is turning up. The seconds tick by – they feel like minutes. The voice returns, “Odyssey, verification number please.” After several minutes, you feel compelled to give them some number. You look at a document and just read off the first multi-digit number you see. Several seconds go by. The voice responds “Odyssey, that is incorrect. You have one more attempt.” At a loss, Szégdö grabs the controls and begins to turn the shuttle around. The intercom blares, “ODYSSEY, HALT OR WE WILL FIRE.” Szégdö floors it and shares a glance with you. Their mouth opens to say something and– darkness. Nothingness. A display of brilliant fireworks erupts in space as Odyssey explodes. Project Photosynthesis – humanities last hope – will never see the human race.

GAME OVER

nervously, the reader flips back to the last decision...

A bored voice echoes through the cockpit, “Shuttle Odyssey, verification number please.” You and Szégdö exchange glances – what now?

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(B) You begin opening every compartment and looking at random documents. You hope the number is in here somewhere...

(C) Does this shuttle have blasters? Probably...
You’ve already sweet talked your way onto the Odyssey, you doubt that will work with the shield operator. Szégdö begins looking through compartments for an identification number and accidentally presses a conspicuous amber button. A voice courses through the shuttle, “Weapon Systems Engaged.” The center console begins shifting into a miniature weapons panel. You look at Szégdö, “You fly. I’ll cover us.” The shuttle begins moving forward steadily. Your partner exclaims, “begin firing at the shield! It is meant to keep space debris away from the stations – it cannot withstand a plasma bombardment.” Doing as asked, you begin firing at the shield while the shuttle accelerates toward it. The cool blue of the shield heats to a red orange before finally fizzling out. Szégdö punches it and the shuttle shoots into the dead of space. Muting the intercom speakers, Szégdö gasps and points at a large ship leaving the space station, “That’s the Shapeshifter’s flagship... its coming our way...”

(A) You opt to take the initiative and turn the shuttle around to engage the flagship in a space battle.

(B) This may be your opportunity to get close and take care of the Shapeshifters once and for all. You seek to board the flagship.

(C) Project Photosapien is the primary directive. You need to get to the space stations as quickly as possible
As the hole in the shield begins to close, the Shapeshifter flagship threads its way through. Its engines glow white hot as it closes the distance. Recognizing your shuttles inability to escape, you and Szégdö realize that resistance is futile. Thus, you instead turn around and aim to board the ship – defeating the Shapeshifters is the only logical goal now. Within minutes your shuttle enters a docking bay and lands inside the flagship. As the boarding ramp of the shuttle lowers, you and Szégdö clasp your hands together. You both are met with an impressive sight – a wave of identical persons. What seems like hundreds of the same face, the same physique, the same impassive smile, all look at you. A column of emptiness lies between the masses, with a tight group of Shapeshifters walking your way. Its the same group you saw in the ventilation shaft earlier – the same evil leadership. They must be dealt with. But what now?

(A) You need time to think and plan. Let them take you both prisoner and strike when they least expect it

(B) You’ve a few items in your backpack. You could rush the leadership now and take them on directly.

(C) Quickly Szégdö pulls you behind them. You begin to object before realizing they’ve shapeshifted into an exact copy of the identical masses in the docking bay. Oh yes! Szégdö was once one of them...
Inside the Shapeshifter flagship, you are hidden behind Szégdö. The Shapeshifter leadership approaches the shuttle. Endeavoring to stay hidden as long as possible, you retreat around a corner in the ship. The conversation between Szégdö and the leadership is muffled but eventually you hear a thunderous roar of clapping and stomping. The sound of a thousand footsteps fill the docking bay and recede. You poke your head out and see an empty docking bay. Looking down at the floor, you see the smallest droplet of water. Then another. The trail must lead to Szégdö. You follow the droplets while dodging shapeshifters. You sleuth your way around the ship until the droplets terminate at a door...

(A) Its locked. You pull out your Swiss-Army knife and begin to try to and unlock the door. After a few failed attempts, the door opens. You peek inside – its the bridge of the flagship and a crowd has gathered.

(B) You look to the left and see a vent. You slip inside and meander to the other side of the door. Peeking through another vent, you see a meeting room with Szégdö and the leadership. The meeting begins...

(C) Opening the door, you are met with the sight of the ships prison level. Stretching out beneath you are rows and rows of cells. In the distance you see Szégdö behind bars and the leadership questioning them.
Peeking through a vent, you see a meeting room with Szégdö and the leadership. The leadership starts, “Szégdö, your actions so far have been... unorthadox. Your mission was to obtain Project Photosapien and bring it to us. Stealing a shuttle and escaping the sation’s shield – only to turn up here empty handed? Do you realize how important this serum is for us? Keeping our race alive is paramount... self generated oxygen will allow us to travel anywhere in the universe – we won’t need to tether ourselves to these humans for their bodies.” You suddenly begin to question how exactly these beings shift. The leadership continues, “we cannot allow Photosapien to get away. Staying with the humans is dangerous, if they find out we are vulnerable to... ”

(A) “...extreme heat, it may be the end of the Shapeshifters! Shifting within extreme heat... ”

(B) “...extreme cold, it may be the end of the Shapeshifters! Shifting within extreme cold...”

(C) “...extreme sound, it may be the end of the Shapeshifters! Shifting amidst the highest of pitches...”

“...will cause molecular breakdown. We must leave Earth as soon as possible! What have you done with Photosapien?!” Astounded by this revelation, you begin to retreat out of the vent...
As you retreat out of the vent, you think **so extreme heat is their weakness...**, but before you can think further, your bag shifts and spills its contents onto the floor of the ventilation shaft. A loud series of clinks and clangs ring through the vent. Wincing at the noises, you hear a voice, “What was that? Who’s there!?”. You gather as much of your belongings as you can and rush back through the vent and back to the locked door. You begin running away from the door as it opens, revealing the Shapeshifter leadership. With Szégdö in tow, they give chase. Rounding corner after corner, you finally come upon a room. Looking around, you see that its...

(A) ...a large storage area. A wall of this room is simply a window into space. The planet earth is in view and the sun is edging its way into a view...

(B) ...an engine room. You are welcomed by the thunderous roar of machines. Looking around, you see a sign: **DANGER**. Running over to it you see why... its the exhaust system for the flagship...

(C) ...a large, empty room. There seems to be a grid along the walls, floor, and ceiling. What in the world is this? Suddenly a voice booms into the room, “Welcome to the Holographic Projection Center.”

...suddenly an idea pops into your head... but you’d need Szégdö’s help.