<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frame 001</th>
<th>Title Screen</th>
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<td>Remote Possibilities</td>
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<td>An Interactive Story</td>
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<td>By Ken Loge</td>
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<td><strong>Links</strong></td>
<td>Frame 002: HL – Click here for the adventure of your lifetime.</td>
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<tr>
<th>Frame 002</th>
<th>Introduction</th>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>You’ve just moved into a new apartment. You’re tired from unpacking boxes and trying to pound out the dents you added to the U-Haul, and right now you’d like nothing more than to sit back, eat some quality junk food, and watch a mindless television program. Fate seems to have other plans for you, however.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>In your eagerness to move away from your last address, which was plagued with too many roaches, rats, and an axe-wielding landlady who doubled the rent each month, you were careless in how you packed. Perhaps the greatest tragedy of your hasty packing efforts is your beloved remote control, which now lies in many pieces underneath the bowling ball you were sure would stay at the other end of the box with the amount of duct tape you used. Somewhat in need of a shower, but with fierce determination and a $5 bill in your pocket, you decide it’s time to buy a new remote control.</td>
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<td>You remember seeing a “Sperry Spendmoore Superstore” and “Pawn Palace” about three blocks from your apartment. You might check them out, you decide, but then again you could just <strong>stay home</strong> and operate the television without a remote.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Links</strong></td>
<td>Frame 003: HL – stay home</td>
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<td>Frame 004: HL – Sperry Spendmoore Superstore</td>
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Stay Home

You decide it’s best to stay home and worry about petty issues such as a broken remote control another time. It’s time to celebrate, so you cook up a big batch of your legendary tuna ramen salsa, open the two-pound bag of Doritos your former roommate didn’t hide well enough, and proceed to watch an episode of “Gilligan’s Island.” After consuming most of the tuna ramen salsa and having a good laugh or two you start to feel queasy. Then you recall that the tuna seemed to have an odd smell, and you suddenly come to the realization that the generic label was a lie, and the tuna wasn’t dolphin safe. You always liked the taste of seafood, but unfortunately you’re allergic to dolphin.

You reach for the phone, but you fall and get stuck on a bowling ball covered with duct tape. When you finally free yourself and get to the phone the room begins to spin and there’s no dial tone. Too bad the phone company hasn’t hooked up your phone yet.

As your esophagus begins to swell shut you recall uncle Arne, your relative from Norway, who reportedly died from ingestion of dolphin. He was allergic to it too. As you lose consciousness, you realize the bitter irony and your own unfortunate genetic legacy.

The End

Links
Frame 001: HL – The End

Sperry Spendmoore Superstore

After walking for nearly three blocks the Sperry Spendmoore Superstore seems like an oasis in the desert of mom and pop convenience stores you passed along the way. You’re convinced Sperry Spendmoore will give Wal-Mart a run for its’ money if it can afford the rising energy costs analogous to operating a theme park.

The 2:20 shuttle to “Vidiot Island” leads you to the moving sidewalk, and eventually to the electronics department where a full-scale replica of the Great Wall of China, covered with more than twelve million watts of television picture, illuminates your surroundings. You manage to find several remote controls within
your $5 budget, but Sperry Spendmoore’s Superstore only accepts credit cards, and you haven’t had one of those since you turned 21, and your friends convinced you to spend a weekend in Las Vegas.

The day is almost over and you’re really tired, but you want what you came for. You can’t decide whether to cry, leave Vidiot Island and find “Pawn Palace”, or go home.

**Links**

Frame 005: HL – Pawn Palace

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### Pawn Palace

After walking several blocks in sweltering heat and surviving a near miss with an ice cream truck you finally come face-to-face with a hand-painted sign that reads “Pawn Palace.” Entering through the main entrance, you walk through a beaded doorway into a large space that was probably the lobby of a hotel some decades ago, but is now so full of assorted antiques, bicycles, and unsightly junk that you can’t be sure. A very short man standing approximately three feet tall, wearing a tweed sport coat, and holding an ornate ebony cane looks up at you and says, “Hi. Welcome to Pawn Palace. What can I do for you today?”

You explain what you’re trying to find and he leads you to a table of used VCRs, television sets, and odd-looking radios. At the end of the cluttered table you spot a bin full of various remote controls. At first, all of them seem to be for every VCR brand except yours, but near the bottom of the box you spot a bright purple device with “Universal Remote” printed in unusual angular letters near the top. It appears to have some kind of screen built-in, and lots of colorful buttons, so it may be just what you’re looking for. Too bad the unit is a gaudy purple, one of your least favorite colors.

“Is this the only universal remote you have?” you ask.

With slight helium intonation in his voice, the storekeeper responds, “Universals? Just what you see in the box. But that one you got there is real good, yeah. I can see you really need it too, so I’d be willing to let it go for $10. A very reasonable price for a universal remote of that quality, don’t you think? It’s no cheap knock-off, either. That’s the genuine thing. Works great.”

You’re strangely intrigued by the device, so you offer five dollars, which the storekeeper reluctantly accepts, and you leave the pawnshop somewhat poorer, but satisfied you have what you need.

When you return home, you prepare a fine ramen meal, sit down
with a beer, and decide to see how well the remote works. A closer inspection of the device reveals that it seems to be something more than a remote control. There’s a small screen near the top of the unit, and dozens of multicolored buttons that have unrecognizable symbols printed on them. If you could just figure out how the thing works you could finally relax.

**Links**

Frame 006: HL – First Button

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<tr>
<th>Frame 006</th>
<th><strong>First Button</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td>You push one of the buttons on the remote. At first, the button flashes, then the screen lights up in a dim blue hue. Peculiar symbols in bright yellow appear on the screen, and two other buttons flash, one red, and the other green.</td>
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**Links**

Frame 007: HL – Red Button  
Frame 008: HL – Green Button

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<tr>
<th>Frame 007</th>
<th><strong>Red Button</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td>Just after you push the red button, the television switches on, and you see a picture of a field of stars on the television, as well as on the small screen on the remote control. A hexagonal grid appears, superimposed over the view of the stars, and you notice that the room around you has disappeared and that you’re sitting in some kind of strange chair. Two buttons are now flashing on the remote, a green button, and an orange button.</td>
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**Links**

Frame 008: HL – Green Button  
Frame 009: HL – Orange Button

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<th>Green Button</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Links</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Frame 009</td>
<td>Orange Button</td>
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<td><strong>Links</strong></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frame 010</td>
<td>Strange Chair</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Links</strong></td>
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