

Can you make it without crashing?

You have an exam today, but you've overslept. You hurriedly get dressed, skip breakfast, and are on your way to class. Miraculously, the roads aren't jam packed and you get there with only a minute to spare. Your exam is on the 5th floor, but the line for the elevator is huge. You don't know if you can make the first trip up. You look towards the stairwell.

Wait for the lift (Go to Lime Green)

Take the Staircase (Go to Yellow)

You're in luck. You were the last person who managed to squeeze into the elevator. You make it to class.

Halfway through the exam, your eraser falls to the ground. Your teacher notices from the other side of the room. She begins to move towards you to pick it up. The paper is a lengthy one, and you can't afford to waste a second. But you don't really want the teacher to pick it up for you.

Of course you weren't going to wait for that elevator. Five floors are nothing. However, right as you're galloping up the fourth floor stairs, you misstep and land on your arms and knees. In a weird haze where you're determined to not let this fall keep you from being on time, you don't take enough time to recalibrate yourself before trying to forge on upwards. Disaster strikes! You slip again, hit your chin, and roll down the staircase. Five minutes later, slightly dizzy, you are being taken to the infirmary.

Pick up the eraser (Go to Light Blue)

Let Your Teacher Pick It Up (Go to Orange)

Go to another page and read an article that's probably better

Go back to the start

Your eraser has fallen to your right, and to pick it up you'll have to get off of your chair, or lean your chair on two legs so you can lower yourself enough. You obviously figure you don't have the time to get up, so you lean your chair just a little and reach as far as you can. It's not enough. You decide to lean a little more, reach just a little further... and in the next second your entire seat, with you, and all your exam materials crashes down in a heap. You can hear the rest of the class gasping, and then the laughter begins. What have you done? How will your honour survive this catastrophe?

Your teacher picks the eraser up, and you thank her elaborately. It's a little uncomfortable, but at least you didn't waste precious time. You finish the exam with only seconds to spare. You're pleased, so you decide to go grab a bite with your friends. The food court you want to go to is not too far, so taking your car seems silly. However, it is really sunny outside and you don't want to roast on a rickshaw.

Curse this writer for this wretched experience and end this now

Go back one step (Go to Lime Green)

Take your car (Go to Pink)

Take a rickshaw (Go to Purple)

The rickshaws are waiting just outside the gates, and you get one immediately. It is hot, but at least you've gotten to the restaurant safely. Safely? Weird thought. You disregard it, take a picture of the sizzling chicken rice bowl you've ordered with your phone's awesome camera and dig in. Your chauffeur has already called you twice because you didn't let him know you were staying around for lunch. You are in a bit of a rush now. The traffic is still terrible so you decide to walk to your car. While you're walking along the footpath, your phone rings again. Maybe your chauffeur is calling to tell you that he's moved the car somewhere else.

You all have to walk out of campus to get to your car. You don't take notice of the treacherous terrain you are traversing. Suddenly your feet get caught in the bars of steel covering a drain, and you trip. There's a weird sense of déjà vu as you're going down. Why does it feel like you've tripped once already today? You manage to break the fall this time. (Wait, this time?) You reassure your friends that you're ok. Then one of them says, "Dude! Your phone is in the drain!" Your heart stops. You crouch and press your face close to the bars just in time to see your lit up screen flicker and turn off as murky waters squeeze the life out of your most prized possession.

Pick up your phone (Go to Grey)

Keep walking to your car, he's probably where you left him (Go to Blue)

You've had enough, just turn the page over

Go back to the start

You reach your car and it's exactly where it was. You ask your chauffeur why he has been calling, and he says he was just calling to ask when you were going to be done. Rolling your eyes at his impatience, you lounge in your car on your way home. You notice a stain on your pants and wonder whether it's time to get a new pair of jeans.

You take your phone out to pick up the call. You're still hurrying across the footpath. With your phone in front, you completely miss the hole in the footpath (because Dhaka), and step right into it. There's that sense of déjà vu again. (Again?) For some inexplicable reason, you hold on to your phone tightly with both hands. That stops you from breaking your fall, and you burn through your jeans and thoroughly lacerate your right shin. Your phone begins to ring again before you can do anything else. You glare at your chauffeur's name, while searing pain shoots up your leg.

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