

# Southwestern Garage



## Room Description

The floor is hard-packed dirt and the walls are of some type of sun-baked adobe brick, built upon a foundation of large unquarried rocks. An acrid, arid smell pervades the Room. On the wall, flanking a broken window, hang several items: a wheel-less bicycle frame, a coil of heavy twine and an old moth-eaten horse blanket; below the window are piled bags of powdered cement.

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## Events

1. You are beating a wet bathmat with a clothespin when Señor Loco Rancher bursts in the door with several of his rough-and-tumble ranch hands, who set about building a bonfire. “You are on my property, *amigo*,” the Mexican grins, “so I make you my property, *si*?” And he lays a branding iron in the flames.
2. You are checking the space/time continuum with a T-square and a stopwatch when several rough-looking outlaws enter; one of them carries a roll of carpet bound with a strip of paper reading ‘First Federal Weavings and Loom’ on his shoulder. Suddenly Sheriff Urp and his deputies burst in, hollering, “Hands up!” Urp grins, gloating, “Wal, if it ain’t the Hole-in-the-Hall Carpet gang. An’ I took ya as easy as a Sundry picnic.”
3. You are lying on a damp mattress wrapped in a clammy sheet, shaking uncontrollably. Except for your chattering teeth, an uneasy hush hangs over the Room. Then, slowly and methodically, the Room begins to fold itself up. You don’t know if you’ll be crushed or just twinkle into a 2-dimensional universe, but honestly you’d rather not find out.
4. You are trying to put air in a bike tire with a windmill when a howling tornado swoops up the garage and bounces it along the ground. It comes to rest teetering precariously on the brink of a canyon so deep that the railroad town below looks HO scale. If the Room falls, it’s going to cause a lot of damage to the folks down there – to say nothing of the damage *you’ll* suffer.
5. You and your tattooed friend Tucson Sandy are making a racket with strips of ashwood and a violin bow. Over the noise, you hear a bizarre buzzing that seems to emanate from the stones of the foundation, and suddenly you and Sandy are surrounded by hundreds of angry rattlesnakes who have been agitated by your racket.
6. You are seeking true north with a metal detector. A huge star-nosed mole bursts out of the dirt and shouts, “Them demon nuclear weapons testers shot a missile at us! Come on, it’s safe down here, I built a city.” He pushes you insistently towards his hole. But if they really are testing nukes nearby, can you in good conscience desert your unforeshadowed neighbors?
7. You are attempting to bridge the generation gap with a stack of asbestos ceiling tiles and an ottoman. A band of aging road warriors roars up on their cycles. Their leader, the legendary “Gen-Y” guru Yak Werojczak, hollers out, “Hey, buddy! All our hogs need tune-ups; you know any Zen?”
8. You are establishing an alibi with a stethoscope and a set of training wheels when you notice a wizened old gardener swinging a shovel back and forth at about waist height. *Poor fellow*, you think; *he’s not too firmly rooted*. The old gardener sees you staring at him and cries, “Hurry! Help me dig a hole in this air and make a vacuum so I can get back to reality!”