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Mission Statement

Inside Erin is written and published by people who enjoy AIF. It is done for fun, but we also have some goals that we seek to achieve through the newsletter:

1. To encourage the production of more quality AIF games by providing advice from game developers, and by offering constructive criticism that is specifically relevant to AIF.
2. To encourage activity and growth in the AIF community. We aim to generate a constant level of activity so that there aren't long periods in which people can lose interest in AIF.
3. To help document and organize the AIF community. This is done through reporting on games and events, as well as by helping to organize community-wide activities such as competitions and the yearly Erin Awards.

>Z

A month passes...

During that month you have worked hard at work and at home. You've been getting your new house unpacked, buying new appliances, finding and fixing all those little things wrong that your inspector missed (attic fan bearings going bad, causing it to squeal, patio door that doesn't lock properly, stuff like that). In addition, you've taken a rather pathetic week-long vacation to the lakeshore – pathetic because your in-laws insisted on not only accompanying you but planning most of the trip, putting you at their mercy and at their beck and call. Next year, you and your wife have vowed, you will leave your in-laws at home. It has also been a month in which you've only been minimally involved in AIF. Yes, you were one of the beta-testers for GoblinBoy Incorporated's latest game but the only time you got to spend on it was when you were riding to and from work on your new double-length commute.



If there has been one bright spot, it has been that your kids have become great friends with the two sons of the family next door. They play with them every day they can. This has a great benefit for you: whenever you can you arrange to be the one to go next door to tell your kids it's time to come home. That way you can chat with the kids' mom Hilary.

Let's pause our ">z" and pick up an AIF thread on a Sunday afternoon. The kids are over at the neighbor's house. Your wife is out shopping. You've spent the time alone getting some much needed R&R (your vacation was pathetically lacking in R&R) – playing "Civilization" on your computer, but it's getting close to dinner time and that gives you an excuse to go and give the kids their warning that it's almost time to come home.

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First up, congrats to Purple Dragon for beating the staff in last month's "Beat the Staff" contest. The achievement is especially impressive when you consider how awesome my entry was. I'll get you next time, Dragon! NEXT TIME!



An unusual game idea actually brought up the topic of evolution on the AIF Archive. I don't want to get too involved in this (though I will definitively commit to the position that humans *did not* evolve from platypuses), but the conversation did get me thinking about how difficult it is to get collaborative projects completed. Basically my advice to any prospective author who wants to work on a game idea: if you aren't writing the bulk of the sex, character interaction and plot yourself just forget about ever making your own game ideas. It's possible (if difficult) to find a willing programmer to work on a game, but it's not possible to get someone else to write all your sex text. If you think about it, it's basically like trying to commission the writing of an AIF game according to your own plot without actually paying the writer. To my knowledge only one game has ever been written by a writer who was not basing it on their own idea: it was *Late Work* by Vachon, which took last place in the 2004 AIF mini-comp. The unfortunate and unavoidable fact of the matter is that writers like to work on their own ideas, and without getting paid for it a writer's own ideas are the only ones that are likely to provide sufficient motivation to complete the difficult parts of an AIF game. That said, if you have a really good idea then you can definitely get people to *help* or co-write a game with you, provided they like the idea and have some creative influence (as has been my experience in collaborating on a few game projects).

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Letter from the Editor, Continued from Page 1

You walk out your patio door into the steaming evening, cross your weed-strewn lawn and slip through the hedge that separates your yard from the Flints'. Approaching their patio door, you notice that Hilary is standing in her kitchen. You knock on the jamb and slide the door open.

>in

You step up and pull the door shut behind you, keeping the conditioned air from escaping. From an adjacent room you hear the sound of a "Pokeman" video game and the interwoven voices of one of your kids and one of hers as they discuss their game strategy. Two more kids can be heard whooping it up in the basement.

"Hey, Ninny," Hilary greets you and smiles warmly, setting her bicep-length straight brown hair twirling attractively over her face. "The kids have been having such a good time that I haven't even had to talk to them once except when they all came for a snack. I hope it's okay that I gave them something to eat."

"Of course. Thanks for doing that." You look around. Aaron, Hilary's husband, isn't at his well-worn seat in front of his computer.

"Oh, he went out to play real golf," she smirks as she puts emphasis on the word 'real'. Aaron is a bit of a computer game addict and for him to be doing something real, even if it's playing golf, is very unusual.

"Oh, I needed to ask you – are you handy? I have a new towel bar that I need to have put up but I can't seem to get Aaron interested in doing it. He'd rather play "Home Maintenance 2007" on his computer than do any real housework."

"There's such a game?" You ask, astounded.

"No, not really. But if there was, I'm sure he'd play it."

"Sure, I'll put it up for you. Show me where."

"Follow me," she says, starting upstairs.

>follow Hilary

Your eyes fix on her ass swinging side to side in her tight white shorts as she slowly mounts the steps to her second floor. Her smooth, fit, tan thighs call out to be felt up but you manage to keep your hands to yourself.

She walks into a bathroom, opens a closet and shows you her towel bar, still sitting in its box. Then she points out where she wanted it put up. "I bought it about four months ago already," she complains.

>Install towel bar

"That's a long time," you agree. You ask her for a drill, level and screwdriver. She returns with the tools and ten minute later the towel bar is fastened to her bathroom wall.

She gives you an appreciative look and smiles. "Your wife is lucky to have a husband who can do things with his hands," she says. She thinks for a moment. Her look changes a bit – from appreciative to suggestive. "I wonder what other things you may be able do that he – well – isn't so interested in anymore." She takes you by the hand and leads you out of the bathroom. Her touch is soft and you feel a shiver of excitement and anticipation. You haven't touched any woman except your wife in over ten years and you have forgotten how fantastic it is when you feel that first touch of a new lover.

>save until next month

Saved. ●

This Month in AIF, Continued from Page 1

Finally we had a game release, and a big one at that! We've really needed a new game to breathe some life into the community lately; granted we here at the newsletter have managed to keep a few things happening such as the "Beat the Staff" competitions, which have been quite fun so far, but we can't really justify having a monthly AIF newsletter if we don't get monthly game releases. It seems at the moment that new authors hardly poke their head up except for in the mini-comps, and while those are a good place to start we've struggled to have much in the way of larger game releases. The fact that GoblinBoy's *Forfeit Fantasy* is quite complex and, let's face it, fairly difficult, has at least got people talking about it and that's definitely a good thing. I sometimes lament the fact that my games are too easy (and, I'll admit, short) for players to have to ask for much help in them, just because it means there isn't much chatter about them on the boards. Still, I think I'm going to have to wait for a walkthrough for *Forfeit Fantasy*!

Speaking of *Forfeit Fantasy*, my grumpy curmudgeonry about the planned name for the game (which was to be *The Camping Trip 1.5*) combined with some general confusion as to whether it would be a new game or just a new version of *The Camping Trip* seems to have led GoblinBoy to change not only the name of this game, but also the name of his next one and even the previously released *Camping Trip!* Now they're the *School Dreams* series, and unfortunately not, as A. Bomire suggested, the *GoblinBoy's Funtime Teen Sexcapades* series.

The characters in the game also threatened to reignite the debate about the ages of NPCs in games. I for one don't want to get involved in the debate except to say that I feel the community shouldn't attempt to enforce censorship. I think most people on the boards would like to see an end to this debate, so I won't say any more.

New Games

School Dreams 2: Forfeit Fantasy by GoblinBoy, TADS 2, released July 21st 2007. The sequel to *The Camping Trip* (now renamed *School Dreams 1: The Camping Trip*), in which the little sisters of Mike and Melissa (as well as, potentially, some other characters) get drawn into the sexual depravity of the teen foursome from the first game. Mike has demanded that you deflower his little sister Molly and let him watch... ●

We offer our congratulations to Purple Dragon for winning the very first Beat the Staff cut-scene competition. He beat the staff! Well done, PD!

Instead of a Yahoo! poll, this month we will provide an online ballot to fill out. The ballot will be located at <http://newsletter.aifcommunity.org/bts/>. Please vote for your top three choices in order. This voting method is being used because there were so many ties and there was only a one-vote margin last month.

Without further ado, here are the entries to Beat the Staff #2. We have some excellent cut-scenes, with great participation by the non-staff community. "Inside Erin" appreciates your efforts.

Entry 1. BBBen (staff)

>x Betty

Betty lies back on her bed, the sheets ruffled around her, dampened with the moisture of sex. She rests her head on Julie's naked lap, a contented, glowing grin on her face as she gazes up at you, post-coitus. You can feel the glow coming off her too; after the repeated interruptions, the panic as Betty's father almost caught you fucking her – twice! – you've finally had your way with her, and you couldn't feel better. It's like the danger of being caught and the agony of having to suspend the sex right in the middle of the good part made it even better.

Julie runs her fingers through Betty's short, blonde hair, straightening out the tousled mess that it's become from rolling and writhing around together. A few strands of hair still stick together from the come that you unloaded onto her face, since a little bit missed its target and landed in her hair. Luckily she didn't seem to mind too much, and was willing to let Julie lick the rest of it off her face, leaving only a faint sheen on her cheeks as if she'd received a coat of glaze.

Betty's chest heaves with the panting breaths of someone exhausted after heavy exertion. Her firm, pert young breasts, still slightly slick with a mixture of her sweat and both Julie's and your saliva, move up and down as she inhales deeply and slowly exhales. Her nipples are still more-or-less erect even though Betty has clearly orgasmed herself almost into a stupor and there are still a few receding goose bumps on her smooth, white skin.

Betty constantly moves her legs around, rubbing her thighs together as if she can't quite get comfortable – or maybe she's just revelling in that curious mixture of comfort and discomfort that comes from a body that's been wracked by sexual pleasure to the point where it's difficult to walk. It's a feeling you can certainly understand right now. Between those lovely thighs your come – two loads worth – still seeps out of Betty's blonde-haired pussy, and you feel like you couldn't possibly release any more seed without your cock falling off.

That's just too bad, though, because Julie's already made it clear that she's not done with your services just yet. Still, getting a good look at the ravished results of your bang with Betty below you is – remarkably – allowing you to get hard again. You chuckle to yourself; life is good!



Entry 2. Paul Swift (non-staff)

>x unknown girl

You tire of watching the blurry image of the girl in the distance and make a grab for your binoculars. After fiddling with the zoom and the focus for what seems like an eternity all the time hoping that you don't miss anything interesting, you finally have a clear and close up view of the young girl you have been watching and the gap between your bedroom window and hers now seems much smaller.

She is dancing in front of a full length mirror while singing into a hairbrush to music you cannot hear. Her long honey blonde hair sways to the rhythm of her body as she rolls her hips sensuously, unknowingly putting on a show just for you. Her gloriously rounded ass, tightly wrapped in a pink miniskirt is enough to make a grown man cry as it moves hypnotically from side to side. You stare content as she works her long tantalising legs seductively for her hidden audience of one, each movement causing a new muscular ripple beneath her smooth tanned skin.

Not wanting to take your eyes off this angelic vision of beauty but desperate to see more of her, you switch your gaze toward the mirror and take in the front view of the enchantress and her winding and twirling body of temptation. Her face is soft and beautiful in its youthfulness. You feel a shock of panic rise from within as you notice that her steel blue eyes seem to be looking straight at you, your heart beating mercilessly within your ribcage. It takes what seems like an eternity for you to realise that at this distance she couldn't possibly see you, especially as you had taken the time to turn off all the lights in your room making you virtually invisible. With your panic over you lower your gaze toward her breasts, watching as they bounce with every movement held in place only by a flimsy pink halter neck bikini top. Lower still is her flat midriff unobscured and on full view thanks to her revealing clothing choice.

She drops her hairbrush, no longer interested in singing but she maintains her seductive dancing. Her hands rise up toward her breasts, brushing them through the thin material as she continues to twirl her hips enticingly. You look up at her eyes which still give the illusion of looking straight at you as her hands rise further, running her fingers through her long silky hair. She holds her hands behind her neck for a few seconds, pushing her breasts out and you cannot help but stare as they press against the fabric of her bikini top. As her hands drop, unbelievably so does her pink halter revealing her large pert tits. Her rounded mammoes are an enticing sight; smooth, tanned and bouncy, topped by mouthwatering pink nipples.

You re-adjust your binoculars, wiping the sweat out of your eyes as you do so. You cannot believe what you are seeing, you have spent weeks watching this girl but you have never seen her do anything like this. There is something else, something you didn't see before. In the corner of her mirror, only just noticeable is a figure of a man dressed in dark colours. He too is watching her through binoculars, you look closer before realising that you are seeing yourself.

Panic builds inside you once more, as you realise that a neighbours outdoor security light had been switched on during your covert surveillance, you had been too engrossed in the show to notice that it illuminated your whole room. Your heart rate climbs but still you can't resist having one last look. She smiles sexily as she grabs her tits, pressing them together. You look into her eyes and it is only now that you realise that she can see you, that she wants you to see her. She is watching you watch her and she is getting off on it as much as you are. She lifts one of her tits to her mouth, licking her own nipple erotically as she stares directly at you.

Entry 3: StormNinjaBlade (non-staff)

>x her

It is a testament to her willowy beauty that even now, at the worst moment of her life, that she looks gorgeous despite her fragility.

She sits now in front of her vanity, her normally unrestrained ebony hair bound tightly at the nape of her neck. Her eyes stare unseeing at her reflection, red rimmed and bordered by tear-marred make up. Her hands, slender and graceful, go about the work of removing the mask of make up she wears. Her eyes well as she looks past her reflection, her gaze falling on the unrumpled half of the bed and her body already filled with tension shakes with the pain of loss. Your hands long to reach out and hold her, comfort her but you resist. She has regained control, biting down hard on her bottom lip to ground herself.

She shrugs off her coat, thick and dark, it is not the only thing that has weighed upon her shoulders in the last few days. It falls unnoticed to the space between her and yourself. Her black-lacquered nails linger at her slender throat, unbuttoning the topmost button and revealing her creamy flesh. As they descend they reveal the fine chain links of a locket, dangling against her newly revealed cleavage. She fingers the heart-shaped locket and again her eyes return to the unrumpled bedclothes. She returns to unbuttoning her shirt ignoring your presence as she reveals the swell of her immaculate breasts as they strain against her creamy camisole. She tugs her skirt out from under her skirt, shrugs it away and it flutters to the ground. She kicks off her heels, revealing her dainty toes as she wriggles them without frivolity within her stockings. Bending, she rolls them down her shapely calves, and discards them with the rest of her garments. Finally she stands, unclasping and wriggling her hips

unheeding of your presence as she discards her black skirt.

In her undergarments, her silky camisole shimmers against her skin. You are treated to a view of her shapely buttocks barely covered by her garment, before she returns to her seated position. She unclasps her earrings and her dress watch, her hand returning to her locket but she leaves it to dangle against her heart. Then she frees her hair, allowing it to tumble down her neck and back once more a wild and unfettered mane of ebony tresses. Finally, she allows her resolve to break and her tears come, days of pent up sorrow and pain overflowing from her emerald eyes.

All you want to do is touch her, hold her, stroke her, whisper your love to her – anything to stop her from crying, to dry her tears, to make her forget the pain that has entered her life in the last few days. But you can't, it wouldn't be right, wouldn't be allowed. Instead you stand behind her, watching her weep, unable to do anything to ease that pain. As you watch, she wraps her arms about herself, remembering the way her husband used to embrace her. It is painful.

“Will,” she sobs, “I miss you so much... I love you so damn much it hurts without you.”

It is too much for you. All you want to do is reach out and touch her, hold her, comfort her. But you can't, you know that it would do more harm than good. You hesitate, your hand already half way to stroking the hair at the nape of her neck, but you withdraw. As she sobs and shakes you stare at the empty space between you both. Less than a foot and more than a lifetime separate you now. Filled with growing a sense of inadequacy you hang your head, unable to look at her or your reflection. “I love you, too.” you whisper.

Her sobbing stops and she twists in her seat, her eyes scanning the empty bedroom, searching. “Will?” she asks her voice cracked and nervous, hesitant, not truly believing her own ears. “Will, are you here?”

Entry 4: StormNinjaBlade (non-staff)

>x Michelle

She's asleep in bed beside you, her breath deep and rhythmic. Her name is Michelle, she was Foggy's sister's friend. Foggy had set you up together on a blind date, somehow that had appealed to his sense of humour. Next time you see him you'll have to thank him. The date had gone exceptionally well and now here you both were, naked and asleep in the same bed.

You rise from your own slumber, the thin sheet that covers you sliding off your chest to pool in your lap and turn your attention to your companion.

You can't resist touching her again, reaching out and running your hand along the exquisite contours of her sleeping form. With careful, feather-light touches you stroke her hair. It surprises you that after all the activities you engaged in last night her hair is still silky and untangled, only slightly mussed. You stroke the long strands, following their length down her body. Incidental to your examination of her hair, you trace the shell of her ear, the curve of her jaw, the pulse of her throat, the rise of her breast, the peak of her nipple, the swell of her belly, the curve of her hips, the globe of her buttocks. Your fingertips read every inch of her, naked but for the sheet that separates her naked flesh from your touch. The pretence of stroking her hair, runs out before you reach her buttocks but you carry on as her flesh glides beneath you fingertips.

Retracing their journey your fingertips linger now, stroking flesh feeling the warmth of her memorizing each instant of sensation, constructing an image of her in your head. At her hips her breathing pauses, your fingers explore the crevice of her buttocks before you trace her spine. Her breathing changes, and you are aware that you have woken her by your touch. She remains still, pretending that she is still unaware of your gentle exploration, and you feel obligated to challenge her act. You allow your fingers to gently skim the contours of her breasts, then your hand cups the firm globes, your thumb reading the bumps of her aureole nudging her nipple to a point. She shifts slightly and you enjoy the sense of victory. Your index finger traces the valley of her cleavage over her breastbone, her throat, her chin. Gently, almost as if you're not touching her at all you allow your fingers to descend from her hairline, tracing the smooth skin of her brow, brushing the neatness of her thin eyebrows. With the slightest of touches your fingers kiss her closed eyelid and lashes, her beautiful cheeks. Your thumb tickles the bridge of her nose, the tip, discovering the Cupid's bow of her exquisite lips, twitching into a dazzling smile as her cheeks swell in mirthful sympathy. She can't feign sleep with that smile, her ruse exposed she giggles, the sound a glittering twinkling that makes your heart beat faster and brings a smile to your own lips.

Reluctant to let her go, you withdraw your hand tickling the contour of her jawline, caressing the curve of her chin. “I'm sorry I thought you were asleep. I didn't mean to wake you.”

“No.” she says with a voice that can turn even that dull word into a melody that could break anyone's heart. “No, it felt good.” the warm tone of her voice convinces you, the sensation of your touch lingers on her skin. “What was it you were doing anyway?” she asks with curious tone, shifting and stretching, rubbing her own fingers lightly down the surface of her body.

“I was curious.” you answer with your own smile, enjoying the little sounds she makes as she explores her own body. You

insinuate your hand into the hair at the nape of her neck, leaning over her to steal a kiss, your thumb caressing earlobe, cheek and throat as you taste her. She smells of strawberries and tastes like the memory of chocolate mousse.

As your tongues begin to duel, she interlocks her fingers behind your neck crushing your body against hers. Your fingers lightly trace her fluttering pulse from her throat to her breastbone and lower. You cup her perfect breast in your hand, squeezing and releasing, forcing her to break your kiss and moan into your ear. Her nipple a hard pebble in your palm, you allow your fingers to roll, pinch and twist the protruding flesh while you nuzzle her neck.

"I wanted to memorize everything about you," you whisper. She sighs and wraps her legs around your narrow hips. With one last squeeze, you allow your hand to descend from her breast, rubbing her abdomen, encircling the concavity of her navel, then lower to rub the swollen swell of her sex.

"I wanted to remember how you smell," you whisper into her ear.

"Yes, how?" she breathes.

"Like strawberries." You kiss her lips once more. "I wanted to remember how you taste."

"Mmmm?" she moaned into your mouth.

"Like chocolate mousse." You reinforce your sense memory with a deep thrust of your tongue against her own. "I wanted to remember how you feel."

Your hand has been massaging her labia, caressing at her clitoris and briefly teasing her moist entrance. Now two fingers slide into her and she shudders with the sensation, pushing her closer and closer to her orgasm with each thrust.

"oh?" she exhales as you enter her.

"Luxurious." you respond. "And I want to remember how you sound."

Her body shakes, her thighs clamping around your hips, her arms crushing her breasts against your chest. She shudders around your fingers and you break your kiss as she allows the orgasm that builds and explodes within her to find voice. Her orgasmic moans are almost melodic and you kiss her, inhaling her pleasure as she melts.

"Mellifluous." you whisper as she calms and relaxes in post-orgasmic chill. Withdrawing your fingers, you explore her body, trailing her own arousal across her smooth skin as she recovers control of her functions, arching her body to kiss your lips. Her hands slide down your smooth chest, pinching your nipples, caressing your abdomen and encircling your stiff manhood. She sucks on your lower lip, pulling on it with her teeth, removing one hand to gently push you onto your back, still stroking your cock as she moves to straddle you.

Your member probes at her abdomen, as she raises herself on her knees and lowers herself down as she directs you inside her with gentle but persistent force. When she's done it becomes a slow circular grind as she leans forward into your chest and whispers in your ear. "Is it true what they say?" You find it difficult to concentrate now that the game has reversed and she asks again. "Is it true?" she raises her hips then lowers them in exquisite slowness allowing you both to enjoy the languorous sensations. "Are all your other senses heightened?" In emphasis she grinds herself down hard against your pubis and her sheathe convulses and undulates around you. "Because you fucking feel better than anyone I've ever had."

You'd give anything you had in the world right now to be able to see that smile you can hear so clearly in her voice as she rocks and rides you both to orgasm, but you banish such thoughts. You just answer her with a long unbroken kiss and the best series of orgasms she's ever had. In the end she seems satisfied with the answer.

Entry 5: StormNinjaBlade (non-staff)

>x client

I kicked my legs up on my desk, laced my fingers behind my head and acted like I was thinking things over. I wasn't, I'd already decided to take her case, I needed the cash. Hell, I needed to see her again, even if it was only as the private dick exposing her husbands peccadilloes for petty cash. I took the opportunity to look her over. I decided that with a fine dame like this you have to savour every inch. I'm a methodical man, so I started at the bottom and worked my way up.

Her haute couture stilettos could have taken your eye out, heel or toe, and she dangled one of them off her foot, jiggling it impatiently. Her legs were encased in sheer silk stockings and as my eyes followed the seam up the length of her knock out gams and disappeared under that skirt, my eyes had to stop, but I let my imagination wander. Hose or garters? My money was on the garters. Even if I was incorrect, it would have been fun being proven wrong. She sat in that chair on a caboose so fine, freight trains would reverse direction to follow it around. For a second I was suddenly jealous of that old leather chair. And while I would definitely hate to see her leave, I would enjoy watching her go.

She was wearing an emerald skirt suit, with a double breasted coat tightly buttoned over her double breasted chest. If I concentrated real hard I could make out the impression of her birthday suit buttons. I filed those thoughts away for further investigation and moved my gaze higher.

She had a well defined jaw line, strong cheek bones and a straight elegant nose. Her face was haloed by a mane of molten red hair, that was the only aspect of her features that wasn't perfectly in place, it hinted at her barely constrained wild side. As I watched she flipped open her cigarette case with one of her delicately shaped hands and retrieved a gold filtered with her perfectly scarlet lips. Her lips pouted around the gold tipped filter of the cheroot and she drew it out with expert skill that had me forgetting all about my desire to reincarnate as a chair. No, my ambition in life was to become one of those cigarette's she now held pursed between her exquisite lips.

Her intelligent green eyes, flickered from my own grey peepers to the cigarette dangling off my lips and the match book on my desk. I took the hint and sat forward, as she leaned over the desk, sucking the flame into the tip of her smoke. I took the opportunity to inspect her up close, my eyes exploring the cleavage that suddenly opened up as her top button popped open inadvertently. The match suddenly got heavier and she had to lean further forward to light her smoke.

It wasn't the .45 in my pocket that gave her the impression I was happy to see her and when her gaze followed mine her hand swung out and slapped my stubbled jaw. Her eyes were fiery when she returned to her seat, blowing cherry flavoured smoke rings at my ceiling.

"Lucky for you, babe..." I drawled, tasting blood mixed with sour whisky in my mouth. "I like it when a dame gets rough." She tapped her cigarette and ash fell to the floor, I would have been offended if I wasn't using it as my own ashtray. She inhaled a lungful of smoke, held then exhaled her eyes flashing in anger and amusement. "How very Oedipal of you. Why don't you tell me about your mother?"

"Little old lady, right hook that'd drop an elephant and left jab that'd stop a charging rhino. Taught me everything I know."

"Except your manners?" she retorted, her brows arched, her lips blowing smoke across the desk.

"Lady, when you can drop an elephant with a right hook and stop a charging rhino with a left jab you don't need manners."

She nodded, conceding the point. "You'll take my case?"

I glanced at the files once more and nodded.

"I'll take the case." Anything to see her again.

We shook hands, she left and I was sad to see her leave but happy to watch her go. Hell, If the husband was playing away from home I might even be able to see her come.

Entry #6: Purple Dragon (non-staff)

>x Mary

She asks me what I'm looking at and I tell her I'm looking at the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. She asks me what I did this time where I need to compliment her to get out of trouble and we laugh like we always do. The thing is, I really do believe she is the most beautiful woman in the world. Would others think so? Undoubtedly not. Too thin. Too frail. Too wrinkled. Too saggy. Too grey. Too old. And too bad for them that they can't see what I do.

Others see grey hair. I see the luxurious chestnut locks that I ran my fingers through on our first date. Others see wrinkled skin. I see the smooth, unblemished cheeks that used to blush so prettily when I paid her a compliment (and sometimes still do). Others see saggy breasts. I see the pert little globes that always drove me wild when they pressed so enticingly against her light summer dress. It was six or seven dates before she let me touch their soft, supple beauty and another six or seven before she let me see them without the dress but the wait was worth every minute.

Others see an old woman, thin and frail to the point of being gaunt, stooped in age and weariness. I see the girl that I first spied at a dance who made my mouth hang open in amazement. I see the girl that I kissed for the first time on the porch of her family's house. I see the girl that came to our wedding bed inexperienced and a bit shy, but very enthusiastic. I see my comforter, counselor, and confidant, the love of my life, the mother of my children, my wife and lover, my devil and angel, my friend. I see the most beautiful woman in the world.

Entry #7: Grimm Sharlak (staff)

>x Teresa

You cast your eyes over Teresa, the enigmatic beauty of your workplace. Some of the girls in reception say she's snobby, but you prefer enigmatic.

Besides, they're just jealous.

Jealous of her long blonde hair, long and luxurious, looking elegant in a simple ponytail. Her sharp features continue her elegant look, prim and proper features that rarely crack a smile.

She's tall, almost six foot, with a long, lean athlete's body. Today she's wearing a classy black suit, the green blouse beneath

shaping her medium-sized breasts perfectly.

The pants themselves add to her sexuality, their tightness highlighting the tightness of her ass and her long legs. She struts pass you as you work, and you give her a wistful glance as she does.

Entry #8: A. Ninny (staff)

>x Catherine

'Catherine' is extraordinary. She is early or mid-20's, quite tall, with long, thick, muscular legs, wide hips and a surprisingly narrow waist and minimally bulgy tummy. She has truly enormous breasts that seem to have a fluid resonance different than any other breasts you've ever seen before, but you are still fairly hopeful that they are not artificial. She has extremely long arms and neck, and strong facial features that compliment her seemingly powerful body. Her lips are very full, her eyes dark, eyebrows dark and heavily arched, though not overly prominent or, heaven forbid, a unibrow. Her cheekbones are high and very feminine. You see her every day on this train, but you don't know her name. You think of her as 'Catherine' because she has a passing resemblance to opera star Catherine Malfitano.

You have put her (and everyone else in the world) in suspended animation with your magic stopwatch before stripping her naked. You now have as much time as you want with her. You leisurely work your way over her nude body, using your fingertips and nose as much as your eyes.

'Catherine' has amazingly thick, long dark hair that falls halfway down her back. You run your fingers through it and lift it up and out of your way as you work your way down her body. The hair stays still, up in the air of its own accord; gravity, luckily, is not participating in your activities right now. You let your fingers take in the contours of her olive-toned face and then they rest lightly on her shoulders, which, when you press them feel softly resilient, yet muscular. In fact, this is the main feature of her whole body, it seems. She is a big, muscular woman, but certainly far softer than a bodybuilder would be. You lift her arms over her head and they stay there, and you admire the way the flesh of her breasts stretches and they lift enough to change the angle that her nipples point to a slightly more elevated pose. Her arms are long, with enough fat to make them soft, but again, not so much that she has any loose flab. Her hands are smooth and her fingers long. She has a few chunky rings on her fingers.

You turn your attention to her breasts, which are very large and soft, with quarter-sized, brown-shaded aureoles and nipples. You lightly run your lips under her breasts and taste her skin there; it is salty and sweaty from being confined in her bra. You run your hands around and over her breasts, feeling them, and decide that they are soft and real-feeling enough to be naturally large, not implants.

Her abdomen plunges a long way from her breasts to her pubic mound; it is punctuated by an oval innie navel and a few stray dark brown hairs that thicken and spread as they join her dark, thick triangle of pubic hair. You have left her legs spread just enough so that you can make out her pussy lips as two pink strips of flesh buried in a sea of hair, and her clit poking its little self out to say 'hello' as well. Her hips and ass are fabulously curvy, and she has great accentuation between hips and waist that seems to go on forever as you run your fingers from hips to waist and back down again. You continue down her legs, which are long and muscular, with thighs that just beg to be kissed front and back. The skin on her legs is unbelievably smooth and free of blemish and this even includes her feet and nicely pedicured toes. As a whole, you decide, 'Catherine' is an incredibly healthy and luscious woman.

Entry #9: A. Bomire (staff)

>x Clara

Clara is an attractive young woman with a glow of health around her. This arises not so much from her normal office duties, but from her side job of teaching aerobic kickboxing. She has an infectious, energetic personality which always gives you a smile.

Today she is wearing a black knit top which subtly highlights her perky breasts. You are fortunate that today she is seated beneath the air conditioning vent, which causes her to shiver slightly. It also puts her puffy nipples on display beneath her thin top. She wears a pair of black slacks today as well. Seated as she is, you are deprived of what is possibly her best feature - her wonderful tight ass. Working out the way she does has given her a glorious rounded ass that is a pleasure to watch as she passes you in the hallway.

Entry #10: Andreas Zilke (non-staff)

>x Emily

"This woman would be very attractive", you think. "If she wasn't pointing a gun at me." Her black catsuit is a remarkable fit to her black, short hair. It also brings out her slender form, but still has a professional aura; in this way, it's like her black, simple

gun, which is elegant, but not because it's meant to be beautiful, but simply as an afterthought; function over form, with the form still being more than adequate.

Like her. She's tall, 5 foot 10 at least, maybe an inch or two smaller than you are. She's got muscles, not over-defined, but they're there, and the look in her eyes tells you that's she more than willing to kill you, if necessary, and she's got the gun - so you keep still.

All in all, she's breathtaking; not only because of her looks, but also because of her ruthlessness, and somewhere, deep inside you, two emotions are battling: Run as fast as you can, or fall in love with her.

Since neither feeling seems to be winning, it appears it's up to you to decide.

Entry #11: Jacen Born (non-staff)

>x girl

Your eyes glide along Maya's sleeping body. The white sheets of the bed lie piled around her, contrasting sharply with her dusky olive skin. Her dark hair is splayed over the pillow and her face rests on her arms. She lies on her side, turned towards you.

Folds of pure white cotton drape across portions of Maya's body, obscuring some of her intimate areas and bathing the rest in shadows. The soft, flickering glow of the candle at the bedside highlights the roundness of her shoulder, the swell of her bare hip and the smooth curves of her legs.

As your eyes settle on Maya's face, you realize that you've slowly been subconsciously leaning forward to compensate for the low light. The bed creaks slightly and Maya's eyelids flutter open. Her piercing emerald green orbs flash brightly even in the dim light of the candle. Your gaze meets hers.....your eyes lock. You hear a slight intake of breath and her lips part.

Entry #12: Bitterfrost (staff)

>x Laurie (from under her skirt)

You sit back on your heels and take in the ethereal, little world hidden away under Laurie's skirt. It's like an untraveled forest. Pristine. Beautiful. Nature in all Her glory. Even the light is different here, filtered through the tropical cotton. Humid from your breath and from the heat of her body, the atmosphere is rich and flavorful. Euphoria addles your brain as you as try to unravel the complex tapestry of scents.

Bent over the desk as she is, the gauzy cotton canopy spills off of the ledge of her protruding ass and drapes loosely over your head and back. As your head moves, it stirs up a wisp of flowery detergent. Her legs rise up and spread like majestic trees, her panties slung between their ever-thickening trunks like a hammock. They support a bottom that's eye-watering in its geometric perfection. Curve upon curve, layered with sculptor's grace. It's diaphanous in shape yet intensely material. A thick, round ass that looks like it could weather a passionate spanking and a furious fuck and then wryly ask you if that's all you've got.

Round and full as they are, her buttocks huddle closely, even stooped over and thrusting out as she is, casting an impenetrable shadow through the tight confines in between. A healthy helping of dark bush fills the narrows between her converging thighs. Her pouty labia rise from one shadow only to be swallowed by another. Catching sight of them is like being let in on a secret or seeing a rare species in its natural habitat.

Your excited breathing stirs the mixture of scents. The unmistakable sugariness of raspberry body soap drifts in and out of a crowd of savory scents. There's a salty, fleshy flavor clinging to the musk of freshly broken sweat. Rising above them all is the spicy tang of slowly simmering pussy.

You could hang out in this little world all day. Far away, Laurie hums impatiently and gives the curvy landscape a wiggle that says, "Stop loitering and get to work." ●

For our Beat the Staff cut-scene competition this month, I'm inviting everyone to take on the very familiar problem of the AIF orgasm. Nearly every AIF game contains dozens of descriptions of orgasms. Some of them are fairly elaborate, carrying on for paragraphs, others offer no more than "you pump your seed into her receptive womb." Most fall somewhere in between. In all cases, the preference of the author determines the style of the orgasm description. But what does it take to really arouse the AIF consumer? I propose a cut-scene competition to find out. Please submit a single cut-scene that describes an orgasm. Either the PC or NPC(s) or both or all may come in the scene, but I recommend you emphasize quality over quantity.

* * *

Here's the short: You submit a single AIF cut-scene of any length you want, it conforms to the assigned theme. All six of us staff members each write a cut-scene of the same theme. All the cut-scenes get published next month. Everyone votes. Someone wins. If you beat the staff, you get ultimate bragging rights.

Here's the long, drawn-out, list-format rules:

- Submissions must be in the format of a single AIF cut-scene or 'turn'. The cut-scene must include the player command.
- There is no limit (minimum or maximum) to the length of your submission.
- Submissions must be original, never released before (though they may be drawn from a work in progress).
- The deadline for submissions is August 27, 2007.
- All received submissions will be published in the September edition of "Inside Erin".
- Following publication, a voting form will be set up. Everyone will be invited to vote. Voting duration will depend on the number of entries received (how's that for a novel idea?) A single winner will be announced.
- Entries should be e-mailed to ninnyAIF AT gmail DOT com.
- This is the most important part: Submissions must conform to the following theme.
- **THE THEME: "orgasm."** Your cut-scene should contain a description of one or more AIF orgasms. The orgasm may be experienced by the PC, NPC or both.
- The criteria. What's going to make your entry better? Well, keep in mind that you're not writing an entire AIF. That means that this cut-scene is a self-contained entity. It's hard to say what makes a good orgasm cut-scene. That's why we're running this competition. If it turns readers on, it's good. If not, well, it's not so good.
- Good luck! ●

Following the Mini-comp and a return of interest in the community and struggling through designing my own AIF games I began to think about some of the things I like and dislike about AIF, and what I thought could be done to build better AIF. However, being more a dreamer than a doer, I felt that it would be a better use of my concepts to allow other established and aspiring authors and players alike to have a look at some of my thoughts.

First off the obligatory deconstruction of AIF. Adult Interactive Fiction. The three defining concepts of AIF are its adult nature, its interactive quality and its fictional underpinnings. These three concepts are integral to the games and the community and they are equally important by themselves and in the way that each aspect informs the others.

So let us examine these basic underlying concepts of AIF.

ADULT

If precedent is anything to go by the ADULT third of AIF is almost exclusively the province of sex, lots and lots of sex. I suppose that adult language is there too, considering the amount of four letter words and the high incidence of mature language that deals with sex acts. Also there have been some drug references or drug use in several games and graphic violence in others. But ask a player of AIF of what their looking for they'll invariably mention sex. I'm an AIF player myself so I don't consider the focus on the sex a bad thing, in fact I probably wouldn't be compelled to play an AIF game that didn't involve sex, but there is something in the way in which the sex is traditionally approached in AIF that is problematic. Purely



Deconstructing AIF

by StormNinjaBlade

by the language engine that drives AIF, sex is a mostly mechanical affair, traditionally a 4 organ/3 action procedure. Its all about putting Tab A into Slot B and repeating until something interesting happens. Its this approach that neglects the depth of emotional and mental meaning that the sex act invokes. Sex is a powerful thing and it should be treated as something beyond a merely physical act.

The ADULT third of AIF must be informed by the other two aspects, namely it should be interactive and that it should tell a story. The sex should tell a story, when engaged in a relationship there should be a progression or arc through the beginning, middle and end that goes beyond meet NPC, fuck NPC, leave NPC. The Interactive quality of the ADULT aspect of AIF is covered somewhat by the sex engines of various platforms but there should be something more than just where you're going to put Tab A. By choosing to take part in a sexual activity with an NPC, there should be a change that overcomes the PC, the NPC, and any of the game elements that could logically be influenced. Their dialogue responses, how they look and how they act should all change between the two involved NPCs to reflect their changing relationship. Sex is a powerful, transformative act and to deny that fact cheapens it, even in the realm of games.

INTERACTIVE

Using the definition that many AIF authors have used in the past, reading a book is interactive. You can either read a book from start to finish. Or you can close it and put it away. A truly interactive AIF would be one that is not only non-linear in its approach to the order in which a PC may logically complete certain tasks, but also offers the PC alternative solutions to problems. In addition it offers a series of choices that have meaningful implications and outcomes. Interactivity should extend to the final outcome of the game as much as the path taken to achieve its goals.

At the heart of the concept of Interactivity is Choice. Offering the player choices to define the story they are creating rather than the story that you have mapped out for them to puzzle through is at the heart of creating a truly Interactive Fiction. Choices, and the consequences that result allow for the player to define the PC's experience. The more freedom the player has in defining this experience the more satisfied each player will be, and the more satisfied the author will be in the praise they receive from those self same players.

If there are choices, then their also must be consequences. In AIF, as in real life, choices may preclude later actions, or modify their outcome. It should be a phenomenal feat to walk all paths available in any game. But consequences should not just define the path the player may navigate, but the characters, even the PC himself.

Non-linear resolution, multiple paths, multiple solutions and multiple endings sounds like a mounting nightmare for a prospective author, especially considering the amount of work that is needed for even the simplest of games. Seemingly redundant actions are a lot of work but AIF users are an obsessive lot, and if you build it, players will find it and they will appreciate it. If you allow a player to explore multiple choices and the consequences to match, then you may have multiplied the amount of work required but also the replayability of your game.

FICTION

The third and final aspect of AIF, the FICTION component is just as important as the last two. AIF should follow the structure of a story featuring a beginning, middle and end as well as the transformation that takes place defining these stages. At the end of an AIF something should have changed. The change of state could be as simple as: Want Sex - Have Sex – Had Sex. Now, not that there is anything wrong with that, but the story arc of an AIF does not necessarily have to revolve around sex. In fact, the story arc could have nothing to do with sex and still be a great and satisfying story and AIF experience.

Most fiction you'll find out there isn't about sex. It might include sex, but unless its pornography or erotica its narrative focus is on something else. Any sex is going to be incidental, probably because it's so hard to sustain a full length narrative using the Want Sex-Have Sex-Had Sex story arc. An AIF is going to be a lot shorter then normal fiction so you could do it that way but by focussing the game on something other then the sex arc, you actually make the sex and the story both more interesting. The sex because its always more fun to do something that isn't obligatory (just ask a married couple) and the story because you'll have something to do that doesn't necessarily concern fucking something. By allowing the narrative to follow a different path, you make the opportunity to better juxtapose those sex scenes against the more mundane or narrative scenes. Its also hackneyed and clinched to construct a story that's purely about "getting' some." There are only so many variations on the pornographic story that can be told before they're tiresome, merely going through the motions. A final reason to include a non-sexual narrative plot is that it's fun. All those stories you've known and loved but, for reasons of public decorum have never featured full sex scenes can now be the focus of your very own AIF conversion.

Hopefully I've illustrated my point that by deconstructing the fundamentals of AIF we may find something that inspires us to create better ADULT INTERACTIVE FICTION games that seek to incorporate each of the aspects into a greater and unified whole. At the very least I've managed to generate seeds that I hope take form in discussion or debate on the community forums. ●

Badman can be said to be the father of modern AIF. His games were the first to have the familiar interactive feel to their sex scenes. As a result, he was recognized not only with the receipt of the first Badman Memorial Lifetime Achievement Award, but his name was plastered all over it. How's that for important?

To honor Badman now, we have chosen a couple of great moments from his classic *Star Trek: The Next Generation* (also known as *X-TREK*).

> e

This is Deanna's bedroom. She's lazy at heart, and she hasn't made her bed. It's still rumpled from the night before. The bathroom is to the south.

Deanna Troi is here.

> examine Troi

Counselor Deanna Troi is a Betazoid from Haven. She's about 5'4, with long curly black hair. Her unusual uniform has a rather open neckline, exposing a generous amount of cleavage. She is in other words, a mega-babe.

> fuck Troi

"You know," says Deanna with a smile, "I never thought you'd ask!" She helps you slip out of your clothes.

"I've been picking up those dirty thoughts since you beamed onboard, it wasn't easy for me to hold back this long..." She pulls her top off over her head, revealing her beautiful boobs. You lower her to the bed, and help her strip off the rest of her uniform. In short order the two of you are enjoying a rambunctious fuck. With her skill and training, she manages to get you off three times in a row. She goes on to show you a few Betazoid tricks you can tell your friends about! What a woman.

> dildo Troi

When you turn the dildo on, Troi's eyes fix on it as if mesmerized. She takes it from your hand, and lies back in her bed. She spreads her legs and begins grinding the buzzing chrome device against her privates. The more worked up she gets, the brighter the hellish blue glow from the dildo grows. Troi climaxes with a shout of pleasure, and powers down the device. While she lies there totally exhausted, you take back the dildo. Now if only you could do the same thing for her! Oh well.

* * *

> w

While you're going about your business, there is a flash of light. When you turn to see where it came from, the supposedly dead Tasha Yar is standing there. She looks you up and down, and smiles.

"If you want to have some fun, report to the Enterprise Theater." With that, there is another flash of light, and Tasha's gone again. Looks like even death can't stop this girl!

This is a small room with great ambience. There's a low stage for musical and dramatic performances.

Lt. Natasha Yar is here.

> fuck Yar

You smile at the phantom Lieutenant, and she leads you up onto the stage. Before you know it, she pushes you down to the floor. She easily yanks off your pants, and then her own. She straddles you, and takes serious advantage of you, grinding and bumping and bucking to her heart's content. Your hands grip her big boobs to steady yourself. Just as you think your member is going to be pulled out at the roots, she comes, slamming her hips down against yours. She collapses onto your chest, gasping for air. "Thank God for sympathetic writers," she says, and disappears in a flash of light. ●



These days, every pastime seems to have its own lingo. Get three people together, and they'll have their own catchphrases by the end of the day. This month we continue glossary of AIF-related vocabulary words. The newsletter staff has compiled existing terms and made up several new ones. Each month, we'll post new editions to the AIF lexicon.

If a funny or apropos AIF term comes to mind, send it in and share it with the rest of the class!

Live AIF (n): AIF descriptions or scenes improvised via chat or email

The "big three" body parts: Sections of the female anatomy that are commonly included as sexually interactive parts of a woman in AIF games (breasts, ass, vagina).

Authoritarian (n): An AIF author who feels he can dictate the content for the entire community

Puxxle (n) : an AIF puzzle whose solution allows the player to engage in a sex scene. What about a puzzle that is a sex scene? They're rare, but they happen.

Cradge (n): the area of flesh between a woman's anus and her vagina. Also **taint** as in, "t'aint one nor t'other".

Craverin (v): to desire for a real-life person to behave like an AIF NPC.

ANW (n): "A Night With" games are AIF games with a single NPC, few rooms and little to do other than experience an elaborate SSS with the NPC. Derived from games of this style that used the name "A Night with <girl>" as in *A Night with Troi*. This is a synonym for "ONS" or "One-Night Stand" games.

ONS (n): One-Night-Stand. See ANW.

Short game (n): A more recent variation on the older terms "ONS" and "ANW", but not so strictly defined. Probably does not have many rooms, puzzles and characters... well, we know it when we see it.

OneEyedJack (n):

- 1) a metaphor for penis
- 2) mysterious character known for sweeping in and sweeping awards whenever he appears Also, One-Eyed Jack's was the brothel in Twin Peaks.

Sam Shooter (n):

- 1) Main character of the popular *Sam Shooter* series
- 2) complete sociopath; see AIF game protagonist
- 3) A metaphor for penis

Bug-fixes (n):

- 1) Fixes to issues raised in testing; should be performed after beta-testing
- 2) Actually done two weeks after the game is released and fifteen people point out the error

Dumbty (n): someone who is beautiful but stupid, (adj) — beautiful but stupid •

AIF Glossary



School Dreams 2 - Forfeit Fantasy

Review by StormNinjaBlade

Game Info:	<i>School Dreams 2 - Forfeit Fantasy</i>
Author:	GoblinBoy
Release Date:	July 20, 2007
Platform:	TADS 2
Size:	467KB
Content:	m/f, m/f/f, incest, underage, bestiality
Type:	T&AIF
Length:	Long
Reviewed:	August 2007
Extras:	None



Basic Story:

Firstly, *SD2-FF* is a sequel to GoblinBoy's previously released *School Dreams 1 - Camping Trip*. You play the same character, having newly returned from the eponymous camping trip where you managed to finally win your true love Becky, despite the machinations of Mike and Melissa. You also managed to experiment with group sex and swapping with Becky, Mike and Melissa. Somehow Becky and Mike have convinced you to take on the forfeit for the bet of who would take Becky's virginity. Its now fallen to you to seduce Mike's little sister Molly and make her a woman. Oh yes, let's not forget that you have to tape it so that Mike can watch it and share it on the Internet, and that in the next couple of hours Molly is going to be completely deflowered.

Overall Thoughts:

Conceptualised as a sequel to *Camping Trip*, I find *SD2-FF* a disappointment. Where as *SD1-CT* had a non-linear, multiple-outcome interactive storyline, *Forfeit* is linear and the only variation in outcome is if you quit before you're finished ravaging Molly. Where as the original game was interesting and engaging, the successor is entirely lacking in the qualities that made the first game so entertaining. *The Camping Trip* posed a choice between the PC sticking to his guns and chasing the girl he really wanted and loved or settling with the far easier girl. There was competition between 'best friend' Mike and the PC, the threat of screwing up and losing being with the person he truly loved. The character was emotionally engaged with the situation, and his intended partner. In comparison, *Forfeit* is a linear puzzle-out-the-girl-to-unlock-unrestricted-access-to-orifices game, there is no real emotional or intellectual engagement with the story, no threat of loss or failure. In comparison to the old game, the new game is notable for its lack of focus, allowing the PC to engage with not only the central NPC Molly, but to visit with lover Becky, fuckbuddy Melissa and new character Alison. Although few players would begrudge a game where there is a broad choice of sexual partners I contend that the game might have been better had the extraneous characters been excised allowing more emphasis on the characters that are meaningful to the story being told.

The fetishised cherry popping scenario is hardly the most original premise for AIF, or pornography in general, but the concept of seducing Molly, encountering her boundaries and attempting to broaden her horizons is interesting. The execution, however, is somewhat questionable, as well as the underlying premise that you're doing this as a 'favour' to Mike so that he can not only record the act but also jump his sister when its all over with (because incestuous sibling sex is okay, but taking your sisters virginity isn't). While playing the scenario I couldn't help but feel like I was just some form of foreplay in the eventual incestuous relationship between Mike and Molly, and sometimes felt more like Mike's condom than an independent character.

In addition to the central focus of 'deflowering' Molly, the character may also help out Becky with a problem, facilitate an incestuous union between Melissa and Kevin, 'save' Alison from anal penetration and engage a dog in hardcore acts.

Writing:

The writing is standard AIF fare, occasionally clunky descriptions or dialogue that at times stumble along with repeated phrases that become tired. By far the emphasis is on the sexual aspects of the story, with little to no description given to the non-sexual game environment. The environmental design is repetitive and bland, with very little devotion to creating an interesting milieu for the sex or characters. The bedrooms, as personal environments of each of the characters are underutilised in helping define aspects of the characters that inhabit them. Some decorations are implemented but they don't really push our understanding of the characters much more then the occasionally brief dialogue. Beyond this the writing is technically proficient and verbose when it comes to sexual topics.

The dialogue in the game is used to help with the main quest but apart from the topics mentioned in the readme and some prop responses, it was difficult to discover anything new to be heard from NPCs, and all of it ultimately flirtatious. Dialogue is a good place to try and generate interest between the PC and the NPCs, and although it's not as sexy coding dialogue as it is the sex acts, in some ways it can be considered just as important.

Sex:

The sex in *Forfeit* is technically proficient but there is a definite emphasis on the mechanical aspects of the act over the emotional aspects. The sex is mostly described in a hardcore manner, with a fetishistic emphasis on ravaging, defiling or otherwise marring the PC's partner. In addition to this there is a underlying emphasis of the PC's pleasure before his partners. Often times the PC pushed the boundaries of his partner, despite protest, and the descriptions lean toward describing the partner's pleasure as almost incidental to the PC's own. At times such as during double penetration with Becky, it could be read that the girl is almost little more than an aid to the PC's masturbation.

There is also an underlying sense of meanness to the sex, especially emphasised in the pornographic cut-scenes on the TV, videos, diary and magazines. A coldness and mechanical approach to the act that reduces it to little more than hardcore pornography. The most brutal sex act in the game, tricking Becky and Alison into bestiality is one such example. It's difficult to read, unarousing, and indicative of the PC's contemptible character. The worst part of the act is that there are no real consequence to subjecting the girls to such behaviour, indeed they both consider repeating the encounter. Alison doesn't mind because she's a 'slut' or epicurean collector of erotic experience, and Becky loves you. Its one of the few concrete references to love in the entire game, serving little more as an excuse to engaging your girlfriend in non-consensual zoerastia without consequence.

Technical:

Forfeit uses a tick-tick-Boom arousal metering system, which can get repetitive, with large chunks of recycled text. Two unusual features that were implemented were the "position" action, allowing you to place the unlocked Molly in a variety of different positions in her bedroom and the "penetrate" command that allows the engine to change action descriptions based on location of the characters genitalia.

The "position" command is interesting but becomes available too late to sustain interest for long. And while it does change the descriptions and sometimes automatically adapts to the changing scene, sometimes it precludes certain acts and requires a break in the flow of a scene in order to reposition.

"Penetrate" allows the engine to track which orifice is being penetrated and automatically modifies resultant action descriptions, allowing the PC to engage in acts during penetrative sex. It does provide some longevity to scenes beyond simple rub, suck, fuck.

Sex toys are available scattered somewhat around the game environment and where implemented they work well, however their inclusion in to the game during a late development cycle is shown by some characters refusing to use them while others ignore them completely.

Forfeit uses a scoring system, that awards points for various actions during the game, offering a total of 129 points and 12 bonus actions. The scoring system is unfortunately bugged making it possible to achieve 100 percent completion only because some points are included that aren't in the total. A high score unlocks a secret bonus mode but this mode lacks plot and sufficient difference to maintain player attention. Its only use is to replay some of the sex scenes without having to resolve the puzzles. I dislike the implementation of scoring systems like the one used in *Forfeit* because it limits the players choice, the highest score representing the ideal path the author had in mind, meaning there is ONE true solution. Scoring systems seem to be a good way to encourage the obsessive members of the community to work out a game, but it can detract from the idea that the player is dictating the story's outcome.

There are a couple of bugs that stop the player from achieving a full score but not from completing the game. There are also a couple of missing responses that don't affect the game too much, beyond the minor inconvenience.

Enjoyment:

Forfeit is a game that I found difficult to enjoy as an example of erotica, essentially because of the overall theme and subtext that permeates the game from beginning to end. There is definitely a predatory and emotionless undercurrent to the sex.

When *SDI-CT* first came out there was some controversy in a game that was explicitly US underage characters, that also included an optional dream sequence with girls as young as 12. I had thought that GoblinBoy had attempted to comply with some of the criticism in removing explicit references to age in later re-releases but here there are many more non-explicit underage references. I don't want to get *Da Vinci Code* here but there is a clear and consistent theme of 'young' girls as hardcore sexual objects for 'mature' men. You are now 17 and Melissa or Becky appear to be in the school year below. The assumption is that as Molly is not in the same year as either the two girls she must at least be 15 years old or less thus underage even for UK laws. Ask Molly how old she is and she responds: "Molly giggles and refuses to answer", as do most of the other characters, which sounds like a lie of omission.

Along with the copious underage references there are the hardcore cut scenes that appear in the videos, TV, diary and

magazines. Pervasive themes of 'young' girls engaged in hardcore sex with mature adults are rife. The pornographic TV shows are uniformly hardcore and some feature 'young' characters, and all are prime examples of the type of bad fanfic that completely ignores the source and can be found on bad internet sites everywhere. I presume there supposed to be ironic, but it lacks the wit to make it erotic, or even entertaining. There are a lot of these scenes to wade through detracting from the enjoyment of the main story.

I had a problem with the motive behind the PCs actions in deflowering Molly. Mike, your best friend wants you to jump his sisters bones, so that he can not only tape it for posterity, but also publish it on the 'net or share it with friends. Ick. Then there is the strongly hinted sexual attraction that Mike has for his sister: if you bone her, then not only does he get a chance to see her doing the dirty but its a short step from there to sleeping with close family members. If Molly resists or rethinks her desire to go further than she's comfortable with the solution is to recruit one of you friends and stage a hardcore instruction session. If she's still a little hesitant then press on, because she'll thank you in the morning. Molly seems to have genuine feelings for the PC but he acts very much like a cad in the situation where she should be able to trust him. If he backed off a little and let her dictate when she was ready I think the eventual climax of the game would have been more satisfying.

These points all make the game difficult to enjoy in the manner in which it was intended, in truth it makes it uncomfortable me to have the game on my hard drive.

GoblinBoy is a talented and award winning AIF author, and he has authored some intriguing games, and yet the themes and tone of this work are not in league with his previous games. It is clear to see that this game was intended to be larger in scope than SD1-CT and that intended content was cut in order to get a release. It suffers from sprawl and would have benefited from a tighter focus on the central characters. I enjoyed playing *SD1-CT* but I believe this puzzle based sequel to the plot based original cannot live up to its predecessor. This is an in-depth and often critical review, and it may have taken a lot of time to read, but it also took a lot of time to write, I wouldn't have invested this kind of word count in something by Vachon, because I agree with the rest of the community that GoblinBoy is a promising talent that should be cultivated with both praise and constructive criticism. *Forfeit* is an above average game in comparison to many on the AIF game list but it fails to live up to the author's potential. With *SD3* and *Gifts of Phallius 3* in development I eagerly await a return to form, for the author.

Rating: C+

If you can deal with some of the flaws, *School Dreams 2: Forfeit Fantasy* is an alright second-tier game. Not an instant classic, lacking in overall longevity once a walkthrough is produced and one of the authors lesser works.

Home Alone

Review by Purple Dragon

Game Info:	<i>Home Alone</i>
Author:	Vachon
Release Date:	Sep 13, 2003
Platform:	Adrift 3.9
Size:	47KB
Content:	m/f, m/f/f, incest, underage (16yo)
Type:	T&AIF
Length:	Short
Reviewed:	August 2007
Extras:	None

General Information (on Vachon's games):

To save myself some time I'm just going to write this once and it applies to all my reviews of Vachon's games.

Well, my mouth got me into trouble again when I posted on one of the boards that I would be willing to play and review all of Vachon's games. I imagine that I was drunk at the time but whatever the reason, I'm here to make good on my promise so that there is a written review of the games for anyone contemplating playing any of them. My suggestion if you are thinking about loading one up is don't. However, if you must then please realize that these games represent (by nearly unanimous opinion) the worst that AIF has to offer. You have been warned.

I'm not really sure what Vachon's native tongue is but suffice it to say that he has only a passing familiarity with the English language. As a result, just about the only responses you get that contain no spelling or grammar mistakes are the default messages supplied by Adrift. I've never before been so glad to learn that there is evidently no need for language like that (at least it was a complete sentence).

The spelling and grammatical errors range from merely annoying to nearly incomprehensible. Simply using a spell check of some kind would have at least cut down on some of these but evidently such a thing did not exist when he was writing his games. Playing through his games gives me a bit of a headache because it actually reads almost like a foreign language that I have to translate as I go along to make sense of what is happening.

If all that is not enough to send you running the other way then please read on.

Basic Story:

You and your sister Jill explore your emerging sexual desires with the help of her friend Monica.

Overall Thoughts:

I should start by saying that incest is not really my thing. However, at first it looked like this game might actually turn out to be worth something. You start out by having to find some items to confront your sister with. This has the effect of showing that while she is still a virgin, she is nonetheless becoming very sexually curious. True, it's not much of a plot or a motivation but it is a step up from some of the author's other games. After getting Jill to the point where she is willing to give herself to you she suggests you call Monica to come over and help. This could have opened up some very interesting possibilities. Unfortunately, it didn't.

Puzzles/Game Play:

Nothing really. As I stated above, when the game starts you have to find a couple of items and give them to Jill but it is not really much of a puzzle.

Sex:

The sex scenes are mostly short and rather uninspired but it did manage to feel a bit more cohesive than some of his other efforts. Once again, you can only do a specific task once, after which you are told "You have already done that." Even if you cannot do something more than once, just having the same text reprinted would go a long way toward making the scenes a bit less jarring.

The author added the ability to 'call' the girls to each of the rooms in the house and do things with them in each. This can be a very nice touch sometimes but here there just did not seem to be much of a point. In each new room you have to start all over in trying to decide which tasks you are going to be allowed to do and which are going to give the above response. Sometimes the text itself will tell you what to do next, sometimes not. This leaves you with the choice of either trying each action in turn

until you find the ones implemented in that room or being led along from one to the next, neither of which is much fun in my opinion.

Technical:

Technically speaking, the game isn't as bad as some of the author's other efforts. There are a lot of little things like the text mentioning the girl stripping when she is already naked; Jill is referred to as Julie a couple of times; she is supposedly dressed when you first see her but you can still see her naked, shaved pussy, etc.

The one big problem is that the 'call' command only works once in each room (and I couldn't get them into the bathroom at all even though the text says they come in). Once you move on to another room you can't get back so make sure you've done all you want to there.

Final Thoughts:

All in all this was a better game than some of his previous attempts. It had some good ideas that ended up falling a bit flat but at least he was making an effort. Adding some better default answers for when you can't do something and cleaning up some of the little problems (and the one big one I mentioned) could have made this a decent little game. The language problems are still there but either they are not quite as bad this time or I'm getting used to it. Oh my god I hope I'm not getting used to it.

Rating: D

Hidden Assets

Review by Purple Dragon

Game Info:	<i>Hidden Assets</i>
Author:	Vachon
Release Date:	Sep 16, 2003
Platform:	Adrift 3.9
Size:	52 KB
Content:	mf, mff, underage (16 yo), incest (voyeur, very brief), non-consent (sort of)
Type:	T&AIF
Length:	Short
Reviewed:	July 2007
Extras:	None

Basic Story

You just started a new job and the office is full of beautiful and very willing ladies. The goal is to fuck the boss' wife but there are many other encounters along the way.

Overall Thoughts

It's your first day at a new job so you go off to orientation? No that's not it. You get to your office and try to get some work done? Nope. You fuck anything that moves on your way to your ultimate goal of banging your boss' wife. Yeah, that's the ticket.

But this is AIF right? The goal SHOULD be to fuck anything that moves right? Maybe, but another goal should be to have some fun along the way and that is something that didn't happen for me.

Puzzles/Game Play

A few of the girls actually want you to give them something before you can start in on them. Other than that, not really any puzzles here (at least nothing that was supposed to be a puzzle).

Sex

Rather that go into the pros and cons of the sex in this game I thought I would treat you to a sample from some of the scenes and let you decide for yourself. The following quotes are all dialog from the various sex actions and are unchanged by me except that I have cut out the descriptions to leave just the 'dialog'.

While performing cunnilingus on a lady:

START QUOTE

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Submitting your work to *Inside Erin*:

Please direct all comments, articles, reviews, discussion and art to the Editor, A. Ninny, at aifsubmissions@gmail.com.



Editor:

A Ninny is an AIF player, author of three AIF games and frequent beta-tester. His *Parlour* received an Erin for Best "One Night Stand" game in 2004. His most recent game is *Malaise*.

Webmaster:

Darc Nite is a newcomer to the AIF scene. He is an avid gamer who heard the call for help with the AIF Newsletter.

Staff:

A Bomire is the author of several TADS AIF games, including *Dexter Dixon: In Search of the Prussian Pussy*, *Tomorrow Never Comes* and *The Backlot*. His games have won numerous awards and Erin nominations. He was the co-recipient of the Badman Memorial Lifetime Achievement Award in 2006.

BBBen is an AIF author. His games have received two Erin awards, numerous nominations and first place in A. Bomire's 2004 mini-comp.

Grimm Sharlak is the author of two AIF games: *Breakout* and *Of Masters and Mistresses: Abduction*.

Christopher Cole has written many popular ADRIFT AIF games, including *Camp Windy Lake*, *Gamma Gals*, and *Mount Voluptuous*. He is the 2005 winner of AIF's Badman Memorial Lifetime Achievement Award.

Bitterfrost is a longtime IF/AIF player working on his first (and last) game, *How I Got Syphilis*.

