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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.

In these days of frivolous lawsuits and cries of sexual discrimination, we find that not even our offices here at *Inside Erin* are immune to the effects of busybody know-it-alls who insist that everyone be given 'a fair chance' and 'an equal opportunity' and a whole load of crap like that. This became clear this month when we found ourselves under siege by an army in the form of a picket line made up of the powerful feminist wing of the AIF community. As an empty gesture to appease the lovely babes – I mean ladies – women – oh, whatever, we have decided to add our very first female staff member. So, in that spirit, please help me in welcoming 'trix to the staff.



In all seriousness, I couldn't be happier that 'trix is joining us. She is the author of *Castling* (which, by the way, was reviewed in last month's issue) and has graciously agreed to lend her considerable programming knowledge to a new feature that we are starting up. I have a brief introduction to this feature later in this issue and we should be ready to get rolling with it by next month. So again, welcome 'trix. I hope this is the start of a long and sensual – er, rewarding relationship.

We also have another issue of *In the Hot Seat* and I hope you like it after the personal risk I ran in trying to get an interview with this month's subject. We check back in with the goddess of love in *The Aphrodite Chronicles*, Knight Errant shares one of his favorite *Great Moments in AIF* with us, and we round out the issue with a couple of more reviews of games.

Although I have already mentioned this on the boards I have just finished updating the Newsletter's beta testers list. The list is much smaller now than it was before the update but at least if you contact one of the people on the list you know that it is someone who will respond in a reasonable amount of time. This is particularly important at the moment since we are now getting to the point where, if you are planning on entering the mini-comp, you should soon be seeking testers for your game. Remember that although beta testing is not a requirement, it is still strongly recommended. If you like beta testing games I urge you to drop me a line and let me add you to the list. You will not only be helping the authors but also the entire community by helping to insure quality, bug-free games for us all to play. Thanks for reading and I'll see you next month. ♦

With the forums on AIFGames.com still out of order and no new game releases, there hasn't been all that much to report on this month. Of course there's talk around the place about upcoming releases – inevitable with the mini-comp looming – so we will just have to be patient for now. GoblinBoy has updated the community on his progress with *School Dreams 3*, which apparently will feature more than a hundred Daz3D pictures. I've been working on my own current WIP as well, and from other talk around the place it seems like there might be a few other projects in the works.



That's all I've got to say for now, except to remind you that the mini-comp deadline is the **12th of May, 2008**. That's less than two weeks after this newsletter is published, so if you're planning to enter, make sure to get to work! ♦

This month I had the honor of being able to sit down with someone who has become nearly a legend in AIF. Anyone who has played A. Bomire's games (and who hasn't) has come to expect and look forward to the appearance of the fairy and I thought it was high time that she got the chance to tell a bit of her own story without her boss breathing down her neck. We at *Inside Erin* thank her for her time, her honest and thoughtful answers, and most of all, for not turning your editor into a newt for summoning her without permission.

So, without further ado . . .

XYZZY



>BAMF!< With a soft explosion, a small blond woman appears, surrounded by a cloud of smoke. She is hurriedly wrapping a terry-cloth towel around her waist, and her skin glistens with water and tiny soap bubbles. Her blond hair hangs in wet ringlets about her head, and her small pointed ears show prominently. “Dammit Bomire! I was in the show...” she growls, then stops. “Huh? Who the hell are you?” Before I can respond, she holds up a hand. “Hold on a minute!” She pulls out a wand and waves it. A blast of hot air blows out of the end of it, which she uses to blow dry her hair, which also miraculously arranges itself about her head. Then she waves it at her body, which instantly dries. She pulls off the terry cloth towel, and for a second it looks like she is going to show off her nude body, but somehow she has changed into a short, strapless, tight green mini-dress. She tosses the towel aside, and it disappears before it hits the ground. Then she turns back. “Okay, let's try this again. Who are you?”

IE: I'm terribly sorry to summon you like this but I didn't know any other way to contact you. My name is Purple Dragon and I'm the editor of the AIF Newsletter. I was wondering if you would be interested in being interviewed for the Newsletter. There are a lot of people out there who would love to hear what you have to say.

Fairy: *Sigh* “Sure, why not? I mean, I can take a shower any time, right?” She sighs again, rubbing her temples. “Sorry, sorry...” she says. “My therapist says I should be less...uhm...’bitchy’ was the word he used. Before I turned him into a newt.” I must have looked pretty shocked (and a bit worried that I would share his fate) because she laughs and quickly adds. “Oh, he got better!” She laughs again, then stops. “Get it? Monty Python and the Holy Grail?” She pauses, then switches to a really crappy British accent. “She turned me into a newt! Well, I got better!” She laughs again, then drifts off into chuckles before finally falling silent. “Never mind!” she says, rolling her eyes. “Sure..go ahead and ask away.”

IE: I guess the first thing that we have always kind of wondered is about your name? What should I call you?

Fairy: “My name?” She frowns. “Well, I don't really like using it. You know how some girls get some really pretty names, and other girls get stuck with some other, less attractive names? I was named after a great-aunt who really just wanted to stick it to someone else after having put up with her name all of her life.” She frowns again. “Bitter old woman, if you ask me. But, there you have it. My name is...” She pauses, then smirks. “None of your business. I'll just go by 'Fairy' for right now. I'll give you a hint, though. I was very surprised when I learned that my name and Mr. Bomire's first name are so similar. At least, they sort of rhyme. Sort of.” She smiles.

IE: That brings up another question, what is that exactly?

Fairy: “What? Oh, his name?” She tsks, wagging her finger. “Uh-uh. You'll have to ask him.”

IE: Well, in that case why don't we start at the beginning. You're first appearance was, I believe, in Mr. Bomire's *Dexter Dixon: In Search of the Prussian Pussy*. In fact, he seems to be the only person you will (or at least have) worked for in the AIF community. How did you first meet Mr. Bomire and what led up to you getting this part?

Fairy: “Well, first of all, *Dexter Dixon* wasn't really my first appearance. It was just the first one where I got a credit. I had done some other work before that. In fact, since I was very small. It was my mother's idea, really. She tried most of her life to follow in the footsteps of my grandmother. But, really, following ‘Tinkerbell’? There's no way. Oh, you didn't know that? Yes, my grandmother played Tinkerbell, and no I don't know what it was like to work for Walt Disney. I wasn't even born until after he died. Anyway, Mom was always trying to get her own big role. The best she ever did was as a stand-in for those Keebler elves. They made one or two commercials with female elves, and Mom did some work there. She never got her chance on screen, though – those elves have a pretty tough union.

Anyway, when I came along, she got me doing some junior fairy pageants and such, and eventually I got some work. Nothing really major, and nothing at all credited. You know how it goes – you’ll do just about anything to get your big break! I mean – think of it! Grandma did one – just ONE – movie, and she’s set for life! She’s still getting royalty checks out the wazoo for that 10 second introduction she does for Disney shows and movies – and they don’t even use her anymore. It’s all CGI now-a-days.

Uh..what was the question? Oh, yeah. Where I met Mr. Bomire. I just answered the typical cattle call for work. He looked me over and I guess he liked what he saw.” She grins wryly. “Or, maybe he just likes blowjobs? Anyway, I got the part.”

IE: Is there some reason that Mr. Bomire is the only person you have ever worked for? I realize that you have had jobs outside the AIF community but would you consider working for others in the genre?

Fairy: “Why do I keep working for Mr. B?” She taps her closed fist with her wand, and when she opens her hand a piece of what looks like plastic coated paper unfurls. “Because of this.” She holds it up, showing a page densely packed with words. “This is my contract with Mr. Bomire.” She turns it towards herself, scanning the page. “It states that he has an exclusive contract with me, but that he has to use me in every game he can.” She shrugs. “It’s not a bad deal. I don’t get a chance to branch out as much as I’d like, but so far I get steady work. I mean, I’d consider work for someone else, but there’s that ‘exclusive’ clause. And...” She tosses the page to the floor, and whips out her wand. She aims it at the paper, and the air is shattered by a sizzling ZZZZZZAP! as a small lightning bolt shoots from the wand into the page. This is followed by numerous other explosions as little missiles and bombs assault the paper, and finally by a rending and tearing sound as a paper shredder appears and tries to eat the page. When the smoke clears, the contract lies where it fell, completely unharmed. “This thing is indestructible! I’ve tried everything!” She turns, opening her eyes wide and fluttering her eyelids. Her hands toy with the upper edge of her tight bodice, and she takes a deep breath, straining the bonds of her mini-dress. “You don’t happen to know anything about contract law?” She moves closer. “Do you?” she asks breathily.

IE: Uh, I’m afraid not, sorry.

Fairy: Her face falls at my answer. “Oh,” she says, moving back and letting her hands fall to her sides. “Ok.”

IE: That thing you did with the wand in DD was incredible. Is that standard teaching in fairy school or just something that you picked up along the way?

Fairy: She laughs. “Standard teaching! Hardly!” she says. “Did you take ‘Wanking 101’ when you were in school?” She laughs again. “Sorry..sorry, I don’t mean to seem like I’m ridiculing, but ...no, they didn’t teach that in school.” She giggles again. “There are some things a girl just picks up on her own. Well, and you know...girls talk. I mean, you should hear some of the things some of my friends have done with their wands!”

IE: Like what for example?

Fairy: She pauses, studying her wand. “Okay..now look, I’ve never done this myself! But...” She holds the wand’s shaft between her hands, rubbing them back and forth. The wand rolls under her palms, slowly becoming longer and longer, and more flexible. She gives it one last spin, and lets it fall to the ground. It continues growing, becoming 8 feet and then 10 feet in length. The end of the wand takes on a bulbous appearance, and the star at the other end cups itself. The bulbous end starts snaking up her leg, while the star plunges towards her large breasts. She grasps the wand firmly, and gives it a shake. It quickly stiffens and shortens back to its regular length. “Whew!” She breathes. “I didn’t think it would be that aggressive...” she studies the wand thoughtfully, turning it in her hands. “Hmm? What?” she says, as if suddenly realizing that she isn’t alone. “Sorry..I was thinking about something.”

IE: Mr. Bomire’s second game was *Last Minute Gift*. I understand that you originally had a part in that but it ended up getting canceled due to contest restrictions. How did it make you feel to lose out on the part?

Fairy: She shrugs. “I still got paid, although it was a very small fee. Besides, at that time, I was heavily into work on *The Backlot*. I’m not even sure I could have found the time to do much in that game.”

IE: Now that was a great one and very different than your other roles. Most of your appearances have been rather small, but in *The Backlot* that was certainly not the case. What made you decide to take the larger role when you had previously voiced your desire to cut back on work in AIF?

Fairy: “That was part of the contract that I signed with Mr. B,” she says. “I was to do my appearance in *Dexter Dixon*, but after that I was to star in my own game. I guess I was a little too anxious to find work, because I didn't really read the fine print that well. It wasn't until after I was heavily into *Dexter Dixon* that I realized that Mr. Bomire was an AIF writer. Boy, was I pissed after that! I mean, he made it up later, but at first..yeah, I was pissed.” She pauses, thinking. “Anyway, in *The Backlot*, I got a chance to get 'super-sized!'” She stands back, letting me look at her full, though still somewhat diminutive, body. “That really made up for it. I don't get mobbed anymore on the way to the supermarket. Little kids screaming 'Tinkerbell! Tinkerbell!' I still have the wings,” she turns, showing the small wings fluttering softly on her back. “But they're hardly visible. Especially when I wear a sweater. And boy, with tits like these!” She cups her full breasts. “You'd better believe the guys aren't looking at my wings, with or without a tight sweater!” She laughs.

IE: I assume that this was the first time you had experienced sex while the size of a full-grown human woman. What was the same and what was different? Which do you like better?

Fairy: “Well, sex as a fairy is...difficult. I mean, have you ever seen a male fairy? Me neither! That's why we fairy are so... creative...about coordinating sex with the big folk. Now that I'm full sized, I don't have to resort to all of those tricks that I used to use. I can throw down with the best of them – maybe a little better!” She winks.

IE: But if all fairies are female then how--? I mean where--?

Fairy: “Where do fairies come from, if there aren't any males? Well, James Barrie said in *Peter Pan* that 'When the first baby laughed for the first time, his laugh broke into a million pieces, and they all went skipping about. That was the beginning of fairies .'” She looks at me for a second, then breaks out into laughter. “I'm sorry..I just couldn't keep a straight face! I mean.. really! 'His laugh broke into a million pieces, and they all went skipping about!' What a load of crap!” She laughs again. “And that hogwash about fairies being fallen angels? Or, possibly devils?” She shakes her head. “More bullshit.” She shrugs. “Fairies are just like humans. Baby fairies come from mother fairies, who get knocked up when they aren't careful. We're just all female, that's all.” She remains quiet, then smirks, a laugh trickling out of her mouth. “Sure, that's it.” She refuses to say anything more.

IE: It was my understanding that the transformation you underwent in *The Backlot* was permanent but, and forgive me if I'm wrong, you seem a bit shorter than I was picturing.

Fairy: “Well, I have shrunk a little since doing *The Backlot*. I mean, I was originally just about 6 inches high, and then I grew 5 feet taller in *The Backlot*. But since then, I've noticed that I am shrinking slightly every year. I'm now just over 5 feet tall. I expect that eventually I will return to my normal fairy size. Fairies are rather hardy in nature, and naturally resistant to magic. That's why we cannot change ourselves. Even other creatures have trouble affecting us on a permanent basis.” She looks down at herself. “I'm surprised that Mr. Bomire was able to do this well, really. I mean, I've heard he's a wizard in TADS, but that is just a figure of speech. Right?”

IE: Since *The Backlot*, your appearances have again trended toward the small. Do you now regret taking the larger role or would you be willing to do something similar again if the right part came by? If so, what would that part be? What is your dream role?

Fairy: “I don't really regret doing *The Backlot*, or any of the smaller roles that I've done. I've said all along that I really want to get out of doing AIF, and Mr. Bomire and I have come to an understanding. He no longer asks me to do any sex scenes that I don't want to do, and I no longer bring his zipper to life.” She grins evilly, showing her teeth and making snapping motions. She laughs as I reflexively cross my legs. “So, we get along much better now.”

She pauses. “My dream role?” She thinks. “I think I'd like to play a part much like Lynn in *The Backlot*! The evil villain! I mean..that would be so much fun!” She stands up, waving her wand. A breeze starts blowing from seemingly no-where, tousling her hair around and fluttering the edges of her mini-dress. It quickly rises until it is a strong wind, howling through the room. She holds out her arms, and floats slowly into the air. The whole room darkens, and a strange red-orange glow surrounds her body. Her eyes light up, shining a fiery red, and little lightning bolts start arcing between her fingers, and shooting from their ends. In a deep, sepulchral voice, she shouts “WHO DARES DISTURB ME!” She points her wand, and a column of fire erupts from the end, striking the chair in which she was seated. The chair incinerates instantly, becoming a pile of ash with little wisps of smoke rising from it. She laughs an evil, echoing laugh, then waves her wand again. In an instant, the wind dies down, the lights rise, and she floats gently to the floor once more. She pats her hair back into place. “Something like that,” she says placidly, flicking her wand towards the pile of ash, which turns back into her chair.

IE: Wow! You would certainly get my vote for best villain. Dream roles aside, what are you working on at the moment? Come on, you can tell us, what new adventures does Mr. Bomire have in store for us?

Fairy: “Hmmm,” she says, beckoning me closer. Her voice drops to a whisper. “Do I have news for you! He is currently working on” We are interrupted by a ringing sound, coming from seemingly no where. The ringtone sounds suspiciously like the theme song to a certain British secret agent. The Fairy stops, frowning. “Hold on..I’ve got to take this.” She holds out her hand, tapping her palm with her wand. A cell phone appears in her palm, ringing once more. She answers it, smiling apologetically to me. “Yello!” She pauses, then frowns. “What? But all I was going to say...what do you mean I can’t?” She pauses again. “Where does it say that?” She holds the cell phone between her ear and shoulder as she holds out her hand again, summoning forth the contract she showed me earlier. She searches it for a minute, waving her wand which turns into a magnifying glass. She reads for a moment, then sighs. She shakes her wand, and it turns back into a wand. The contract disappears in a puff of acrid smoke. “Fine!” she says into the phone, before hanging up. With another wave, the phone vanishes as well. She scowls at me. “Apparently I can’t divulge any information regarding upcoming projects.” She shrugs. “Sorry.”

IE: How the hell did he – never mind. Well, I would like to thank you very much for taking the time to talk to me. Do you have any closing words for our readers?

Fairy: “Certainly. First of all, if you are going to interview a creature of magic, who has the power to turn you into a slug – call ahead!” She grins, but there is a hint of the reddish glow surrounding her that she displayed earlier. It quickly vanishes. “And, secondly, for all of your readers – If you really, really do believe in fairies – Clap your hands!” She pauses for just a beat, then smiles impishly. “I guess since this is an AIF newsletter, then your readers will have to learn to clap one-handed!” She laughs a tinkling laugh, then stands. With a flick of her wand, a slight puff of smoke, and a soft >BAMF!< of displaced air - she is gone. ♦

Dear mortal men and women,

As you recall, my last letter ended as I was describing my sexual encounter with a man aptly named Randy. I had him in my hands, literally, my fingers wrapped around his fully-erect penis, his eyes alight with pleasure and looking in complete wonderment at me.

He kissed me, his lips wordlessly communicating his need, like minute electric pulses meeting mine. The kiss intensified, desire passing over our tongues as they tangled between our parted lips. His hands fell between my legs again, fingertips searching almost too eagerly through my bush until he found my vagina, wet and welcoming, his fingers sinking into me with ease.

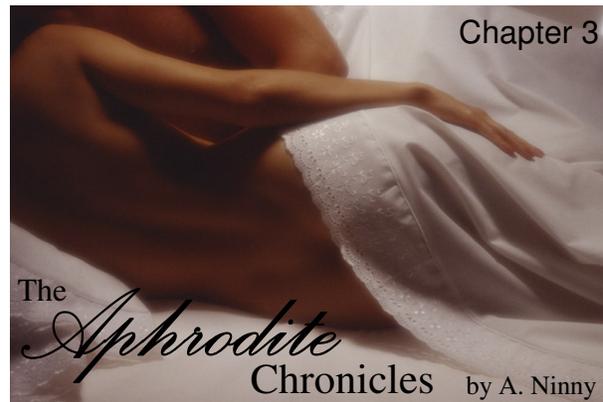
We sat holding one another, connected hands-between-legs and lips locked for several moments, gathering knowledge of one another. When we broke apart, we sat back and looked at one another in quiet reverence. I quickly (finally) pulled off my shirt and he stared with breathless amazement at my breasts – so perfect it’s a wonder he didn’t figure out right then that I must be a goddess. They’re large, but not cartoonish; they’re high and firm, but with a weight that alludes to their softness; they have a slight upward angle so that my nipples (when erect) address you right in the eye; the skin on them is smooth and pale blemishless.

“I...” he began, then broke off, sat open-mouthed for a moment, and then tried again. “I... I’m speechless. You are so amazing, so beautiful. You’re like a goddess. I’ve never seen anyone like you.”

I grinned at him and said simply, “Thank you. I’m glad you like what you see, Randy. Now come over here.”

I gathered him back into my arms and we fell together onto the bed. I rolled on top of him and we squeezed our bodies together in an abandonful embrace. His hands rolled down my back and gripped my ass. I adore the feeling of strong fingers buried in my ass cheeks. It’s so safe-and-warm feeling, like being wrapped in a warm, tight cocoon. And Randy is a bit of an ass man, I knew, so I figured he’d be dying to feel me back there. I know he’d want to finger my ass too, but either he was being tentative or just taking his time, because he didn’t.

Instead, he loosened his embrace and asked, with a very endearing blush on his cheeks, if I would like to sit on his face. Laughing with mock embarrassment, I agreed and kneeled up and let him shimmy himself down so his head was between my



thighs. I gripped the headboard for balance and lowered my pussy onto his mouth. He gripped my ass again and ran his tongue over my pussy. It felt delicious and new, like eating freshly-picked strawberries on a rainy day, and sent a chilly shudder through my body. "Mmm, that feels great," I encouraged him. He continued eating me out, sending everything from little jolts of electric pleasure to full body blasts of wonderment into me. He did also finger my ass, which only added to the pleasure.

I turned around and returned the favor, lying on him and sucking his cock in sixty-nine position while he tried and mostly failed to keep his mouth on my pussy – He was just in too much pleasure to concentrate.

I would have liked Randy and I to screw slowly, beautifully in numerous positions. I rode him in cowgirl position for a few moments, but I could tell from his eyes that he had something in mind. As an immortal goddess, I've been around for tens of thousands of years. I've been with literally hundreds of thousands of men. And there's a common woven trio of threads that runs through the vast majority – I'd say 90% of them. These are, they prefer to fuck doggy style, they cannot hold out for more than a minute when fucking doggy style, and once they orgasm, they're done. Kaput. Off to sleepy-land. This is obviously a problem for me. I'm a love goddess. I can go on forever, have dozens of spectacular orgasms. But when I'm with a mortal, I have to take what I can get.

I decided to give Randy what he wanted. I climbed off and got on all fours. He was so happy he almost whooped with glee and quickly lined up behind me, an endearing, yet amusing response. When he sunk into me, I looked back and saw his eyes staring down, admiring my ass, admiring his cock as it was sliding into my pussy. He was in his own little world back there, at least for a moment, until he looked at me and gave a sheepish grin. He tried to make it last. I know he did. He moved slowly, waiting between strokes for the sensation to die. But it still only took about five or six slow thrusts, and then he lost it and came, fucking me hard through his orgasm, his cock deep in me, finding those places that really only come into play when fucking doggy style. I touched my clit and came with him, sinking to the bed with him panting on top of me.

We talked for a few minutes after that, with me trying to keep him engaged and awake, but I could see his eyes drooping. A wave of frustration built up in me. How do mortal women, who don't have access to tens of thousands of years of sexual experiences, tolerate men who last five seconds then fall asleep? How does the erotic media get away with depicting men with endless stamina, when that simply isn't the reality? Is the man who can outlast me really out there? I vowed right there to begin a quest to seek him out, and by doing so, learn his secrets to share with women everywhere.

I invite you along with me as we begin my next chapter, and encourage you to seek the secret for yourselves.

Wishing you all wonderful love,

Aphrodite

Programming Erin: Introduction

There are more than a few things that new authors need to consider when deciding to write a game and one of the most important of these is which of the many authoring systems should be used to write it. I would say that a lot has been said about this subject but it is probably more accurate to say that the same little bit has just been said a lot. What I mean is that everyone has their opinion of which system is easiest/most powerful/best to use. Most people would say that ADRIFT is the easiest to jump into and get a game going and I agree, but I also know that it can be tricky to use if you want to do anything very complicated. People say that TADS is a powerful language and it certainly is, but unless you are already familiar with programming expect your learning curve to be long. Does this mean that programmers should always use TADS and nonprogrammers should always use ADRIFT? Of course not. What it means is that, as others have said before, the new (or old) author needs to find the system that best matches their own style. The tricky part is figuring that out without spending weeks or months trying each of the programs in turn. That is where we come in (or at least where we hope to).

Beginning next month, *Inside Erin* will be starting a new feature called "Programming Erin." This will be a fairly detailed comparison of five of the most common authoring systems out there by members of our staff. We will have sections for ADRIFT, TADS 2 & 3, and Inform 6 & 7. Each month we will take a common problem or task involved in writing a game and show how it can be handled in each of these programs. We will be starting with the basics. The first month will be a discussion of how to get things set up. What program you need, where to get it, how to organize the project, basically everything

you should need to get you to the point where you are actually ready to start writing. The next month or two will handle creating the basic building blocks of a game. Things like rooms, objects, and people. So far it sounds pretty basic and like a lot of tutorials that you have probably seen. Hell, it sounds a lot like MY tutorial that just wrapped up in the newsletter, but here's where we break the mold a bit.

Each following month we will take a look at a specific task and show how to implement it in each of the five programs. They will all still be happening within the same game world that we are creating but each will be, for the most part, a standalone problem. Object creation and manipulation, character movement, conversation, clothing, body parts, sex, the list goes on although I'm being purposely vague about the specifics (mostly because I don't know what they are at this point). I think that what you will find in reading this feature is that certain programs handle certain problems better or worse than others do. And that is really what we are after here, a way to show the pros and cons of each program, to show what hoops you have to jump through to get the program to do what you want it to because no matter what program you choose, there are always hoops.

I have another goal in mind and I hesitated whether or not to share it with you since it is not much more than a pie-in-the-sky dream at this point. At the conclusion of the feature I hope we will be able to release a game, including all the examples that we are planning on going over, in all five programming language. These would be five identical games, games that should be nearly identical to play, but which also include the full source code to show how very different they were to program. If anyone is familiar with a game called "Cloak of Darkness" then you will know where I got this idea but unlike that game, this one will include all the extra content needed to turn that IF game into AIF. I hope this will be a resource to new and existing authors alike for generations to come. Ok, got a little carried away there.

In addition to handling the TADS 3 part of this feature, Knight Errant will also be the one pretty much organizing the whole thing. He is the one designing the game that the rest of us will be implementing but he is looking for feedback. He will get some from us but what we really need is to hear from you. Another reason that I was vague as to the specifics above is because we are hoping to hear from you. If there is a specific task that you would like to see us go over then please let us know. You can send any comments or suggestions directly to Knight Errant at sigmundvondanzig AT gmail DOT com.

We invite you all to join us on a ride. We're not exactly sure where we'll end up but sometimes that makes the trip all the more exciting. ♦

Hi everyone, Knight Errant here. Some of my favorite moments in AIF are when the sex scene provides insight into a character's personality and fantasies. When done right, it's incredibly hot and really makes the scene stand out. As an example, I've chosen a couple select bits from A. Bomire's *Last Minute Gift*.

>angie, rub pussy

Angie sits upon the bench, and runs her hands over her thighs. "Do you want to watch?" she says as she cups her sex in the palm of her hand. You nod your head as you turn to face her. She leans back against the wall, and closes her eyes as she traces the outline of her pouting lips with the fingers of one hand. She brings her hand up to her face, and sniffs her fingers. Opening her eyes, she slowly licks her juices from her fingers before lowering her hand to her waiting opening again. "You know," she says. "I see guys standing outside the store all the time, looking in at me." She cups her breast with one hand, pinching the nipple. "They stare at my breasts, and I know they are picturing me in some sexy underwear." She cups her other breast. "I think of how their big cocks are getting hard, like yours," she continues, staring at your crotch. You grin at her, and begin stroking your erection. Angie's eyes follow your hand, as her fingers continue playing with her pussy.

"Later, after I close," she says as she watches you. "I sometimes come in here, and I think of those guys out there, watching me, wanting me, wanting to put their big hard cocks in me." She closes her eyes again, as she plunges her fingers into her snatch. She gasps, and begins pushing and pulling her fingers in and out of her opening. Her other hand moves over to begin rubbing at her erect clit. You watch the sexy clerk stroking herself, and continue to stroke your thick cock.

"What do you think about them doing?" you prompt Angie.



"I think about them wanting to fuck me, fuck me hard!" she groans, her fingers pistoning in and out. "I think about sucking them off," she says, as she sucks on the index finger of one hand. "And about them coming all over my tits," she says as she grabs her breast. "I think about them pushing their big cocks into my pussy," she continues, as she stands up and turns around, now kneeling on the bench with her back to you. You look at her sexy ass, and can see her fingers still hard at work on her dripping pussy. "I think about them taking me from behind," Angie groans. "Oh God...mmmmm..." Angie moans as she moves her fingers from her snatch, and begins rubbing her tight buttocks. "Sometimes...oooh...when I'm really horny," she says, "I...aaah...think about them fucking me in the ass!" Angie slides one juicy finger into her ass. She is really panting now, and leans against the wall as she slides her finger in and out of her ass. Her other hand is busy flying over her engorged clit. "Oh yes.. mmmm...Oh..Oh...OH...I'm coming!" she screams as her body starts to buck. "I'm cominnnnNNNNNGGGG! AAAAAH!"

As you watch Angie's body explode in orgasm, you reach climax as well. You begin spewing your seed all over Angie's back. You paint her back with your juices as Angie slowly comes down from her orgasmic high. When you are finished, you help clean Angie up.

>assfuck her

You reach down to caress Angie's wonderful buttocks, your fingers tracing the graceful curves of her cheeks. You clasp her cheeks in your palms, and look into the eyes of Angie. "You know," she says, "I often fantasize about doing it that way with the guys who shop here." You pause a moment, trying to think of what she means. Angie turns in your arms, and bends over, thrusting her tight ass at you. "You know," she says, wiggling her buttocks at you.

You mentally thump yourself on the forehead, as your thumb traces the crack of Angie's ass. "Do you want to?" you ask, your cock throbbing in anticipation.

Angie gets a wild look in her eye. With a hoarse whisper, she murmurs "Yes!" You place your thumb at the puckered opening, and press gently, easing it open. Angie moans a little, and you withdraw your thumb. Reaching underneath her, you gather some of her juices from her dripping pussy, and spread them over her opening. You also push your cock into her pussy, getting it good and lubed with her juices. Angie wriggles at you, enjoying the feelings so far. You place the engorged head of your cock at her opening, and pause. "Ready?" you ask her. Angie sets herself, and nods back at you. You slowly press your cock against her, easing it into her tight opening. Angie groans, and you feel her muscles clamp down on you. You pause a moment, and let her grow used to the feeling. Soon, she relaxes, and you begin pushing yourself into her again. You can't believe how tight she is, and you aren't sure you'll be able to get all the way in. You take it slow, very slow, and almost before you know it, you're completely in.

"Ooommph!" Angie pants. "God, I feel so full!" You grin, and slowly withdraw. Just before you are completely out, you begin pushing back in again. You can feel Angie's muscles squeezing your member, but she is starting to relax enough for you to really begin fucking her. Angie bends over even more, resting her palms on the small bench, and spreading her legs even wider. You really start pumping now, as you feel her track relax as Angie starts to get into it. She moans in time to your thrusts, and reaches one hand under her body to play with her pussy. You grab her ass in your hands, and really pound away at her.

The sexy sight of your thick cock violating her tight opening and her toned ass pressing back at you is too much, and you can feel your orgasm approaching. You start to warn Angie, but she is already bucking with her own orgasm. You feel the muscles in her ass clamp down hard on your cock, and that is enough for you. With a cry, you come, filling her anal cavity with your juices. The extra lubrication is enough to let you start pumping again, and you do, pistoning your spewing cock into her ass. Angie screams again, as another orgasm wracks her body. You feel her legs trembling, and she collapses on the floor, her fingers still furiously stroking her swollen pussy. Free of her tight opening, your cock fires load after load of semen all over the naked body of Angie, until you, too, are too tired to stand, and you sink gratefully onto the bench.

After resting, panting on the bench, you help Angie up, and help her clean your semen from her body. The two of you relax in each other's arms on the bench. ♦

The Camping Trip

A Review by BBBen

Game Info:	<i>The Camping Trip</i>
Released:	14 Aug 2006
Author:	GoblinBoy
Platform:	TADS 2
Size:	830 kb
Content:	mf, mmff, underage
Game Type:	Sex romp
Length:	Medium (with plenty of sex)
Reviewed:	April 2008
Extras:	Winner of two Erins in 2006: Best Male NPC and Best Threesome/Orgy.



Basic Plot

You are going camping with your virgin girlfriend Becky, your best friend Mike, and his slutty girlfriend Melissa. Mike issues a challenge to you – each of you has to try and score with the other's girlfriend. Who will win, and who will claim Becky's virginity?

Overall thoughts

Despite the praise and awards that other games by GoblinBoy have achieved, this is actually my favourite of his games. It is, I think, the hottest one he's put together and as a consequence (and because of the branching story paths) I have replayed this one. There aren't too many AIF games that tend to warrant replay, so that's pretty high praise.

There's definitely a dark side to this game – it has the twisted and anti-romantic approach that GoblinBoy regularly employs, to give more of a depraved sexual thrill than a wholesome one. This is particularly embodied in the amount of sex the main character, potentially, watches his innocent girlfriend have with Mike. It's not the kind of thing that I've ever had the stomach to write myself, in past, but I can see why it's popular, and in many ways stands out among AIF games.

Puzzles/Gameplay

This game gives the player two main, branching story paths. This is very interesting, and probably the most impressive thing about the game. Figuring out the puzzles to advance the plot or choose the plot direction isn't too hard, but there are hidden things to find and a good level of interactivity.

There are some well executed moments, like the spin the bottle game, that mix up the conventional AIF SSS gameplay, and give different approaches to similar situations depending on the player's choices.

Sex

The sex is, unsurprisingly, the focus of the game. It works very well, though as I commented before it's a little bit more perverted than some AIF sex. The 'wife swapping' theme (though it's really girlfriend swapping, but you know what I mean) throughout the game is explored quite thoroughly, as well as a fair bit of teen/underage type sex. If those kinks work for you then this will be a very hot game; if not then I'd avoid it, as you're definitely going to run into stuff you won't enjoy, even on the 'good' path (where you win with Becky).

As I also said before, there's a lot of sex in the game, particularly at the end, incorporating a mix of traditional SSSs, restricted sexual situations, sex toys and a few commands that you cannot normally use in a game.

Technical

There may have been a few minor bugs in the first release, but as the game is quite sophisticated that's excusable, and I believe the latest version is technically clean. It's reasonably technically ambitious and still polished, so that's very good.

Intangibles

There's a definite feeling of the author being really inspired in the writing of this game, and that's very enjoyable to read. Of course, with the amount of content GoblinBoy has produced recently he doesn't seem to have much lack of inspiration, but this work is the one in which I particularly felt there were no real 'going through the motions' moments, that will tend to creep into a repeat author's games. This was GoblinBoy's second released game but apparently his first AIF project, so it has the freshness of someone coming newly to the scene with good ideas.

Final thoughts

Every new author that comes along and really makes a mark in AIF always has a few less inhibitions in certain areas than the authors that came before. This can unleash a floodgate of imitators in some cases as the community accepts that a certain kink is now okay. It hasn't happened too many times recently, and hasn't really happened even with GoblinBoy, but I definitely did get the feeling with *The Camping Trip* in particular that GoblinBoy was pushing certain boundaries that had grown up in AIF. He's pushed them further since, but to my mind this was the game that had the biggest impact.

I can't say that I really want to lose myself in GoblinBoy's world – it's too evil – but it's definitely hot, and that's really the most important thing. I debated whether to give this game an A+, but I think I'll leave that score open for GoblinBoy's works in progress, to give him something to shoot for... Anyway, top marks for effort, innovation and skill; this game is a keeper.

Rating: A

The Magic Portal

A Review by A. Bomire

Game Info:	<i>The Magic Portal v1.20</i>
Released:	April 10, 2008
Author:	Morbo
Platform:	RAGS
Size:	6.82MB
Content:	f/f, mind control
Game Type:	Combat
Length:	Medium
Reviewed:	March 2008
Extras:	Pictures

Basic Plot

Your best friend Amy hasn't been seen by anyone in a couple of days, so you stop by her apartment to see if there is anything wrong. Inside you find a ring of stones which sucks you into another world - a world dominated by a mind-controlling sorceress, Zione, who has Amy enthralled in her dark, forbidding tower. Your job is to fight your way through the seeming endless supply of slaves populating the forest surrounding the tower, and then find and free your friend before you succumb to the Zione's powers yourself.

Overall Thoughts

This game is yet another release from the folks over at *Hypnopics Collective*, (<http://www.hypnopics-collective.net>), a mind-control fetish website. As such, this game focuses upon mind control. Certain aspects of mind control are definitely outside of my interest area, which does not include the really heavy dominance-submission type of control. However, I find that games such as this and the previous games released by the same author (*Little Slave Lost - Chapter Zero* and *Little Slave Lost*) are just fine. If you find mind control and mild dominance-submission distasteful, then perhaps this game isn't for you. This review is based upon version 1.2.0 of the game, which is two releases after the first, fairly buggy, release.

Puzzles/Game Play

This game combines the type of mental control found in the author's previous two games with combat and role-playing. You, the player, start out with certain stats which are cleverly derived by answering a couple of questions put to you by the player's guide and mentor, the wizard Raknos. Raknos also provides you with the weapons you will need, which instead of swords and

daggers are pendants and tomes of hypnosis that you use to mentally war with your opponents. As the game progresses, you are given the opportunity to improve your stats and your weapons, and you will need to do so as the slaves that the sorceress Ziona throws against you grow increasingly more powerful as the game moves on. Raknos also provides some other useful items, some of which you must quest for, and others you can purchase outright with the gold you gain from battling opponents.

In this later release, the author has attempted to correct a problem from the first release - namely that you need to battle a LOT of enemies to amass the huge amount of gold required to maximize your stats and weapons. And you will need every advantage you can get, as even after making the rest of the game a little easier, the final battle is still pretty hard. The author has also allowed the player to select his/her difficulty level: Normal, Difficult, and Impossible. I played through on Normal mode, and still found the final battle pretty hard. I'd hate to see what it is like on "Impossible"!

The puzzles in the game seem to consist of finding your way through what appears to be a forest maze, fighting against Ziona's minions and finding the tools and resources you need to increase your fighting power. Also, you need to determine which of your "weapons" work best against your opponents, as different opponents have different strengths and weaknesses. Once you get the forest mapped out, and figure out which weapons work on each opponent, the game settles down into a series of battles, over the same opponents. This can get tedious, but Morbo has listened to the advice from players and offered a helpful stag who shows up now and again to give the player some gold - thus negating the need to fight as many opponents. And, you can also buy some items from Raknos to completely avoid fighting if you wish.

Sex

There isn't so much sex in this game (although there are a few lesbian encounters) as there are pictures of naked women. These women use their mental abilities and physical charms to lower your resistance. As you begin to lose, you get more and more naked, and the pictures of the women become more provocative when you either defeat them or lose to them. The author has added some more descriptive scenes of girl-on-girl sex, but none of them are the hot, racy, XXX scenes that you may find in your average AIF game. The focus of this game is on the game play, not the sex. Players who are used to the explicitness of the usual AIF game will be disappointed.

Technical

The original game release had some flaws in it that the author corrected in this release. However, I was still able to find a couple of areas where enemies spawned in rooms that the player wasn't in, leading to a phantom enemy chasing you around the forest. Eventually, you meet up with your foe if you wander enough, or you meet up with another enemy who will over-ride the phantom one. It isn't a game ending experience, just annoying.

Final Thoughts

I really enjoyed the first two games by this author (well, one of them was actually an introduction to the RAGS system), and was looking forward to playing this game. Unfortunately, I didn't enjoy this game as much. Combat games are fairly hard to do, as it always seems to boil down to repetitions of "You attack and she resists. Then she attacks and you are hit." Relatively short descriptions too often become too repetitious, and long descriptions become too tedious to read over and over. A good middle ground is difficult to find. I found Morbo's attempt to be about average, which is reflected in the rating that I gave this game.

Rating: B-

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Purple Dragon has written five AIF games including *Archie's Birthday - Chapter 1: Reggie's Gift*, *A Dream Come True*, and *Time in the Dark*. He has received one Erin award and been nominated for several others.

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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.

A Ninny is an AIF player, author of four AIF games and frequent beta-tester. His *Parlour* received an Erin for Best "One Night Stand" game in 2004 and his most recent game, *HORSE* walked away with three Erins at the 2007 awards show.

BBBen is an author of a number of Adrift AIF games. His games have received numerous Erin awards and nominations and first place in A. Bomire's 2004 mini-comp. He was also the recipient of the 2007 Badman Memorial Lifetime Achievement Award.

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

Knight Errant is an AIF player who has released one game and is currently working on a couple of others.

'trix has released one game, *Castig*, which was written in Inform 6 and is sporadically working on another in TADS 3.

