

# TEXT ADVENTURE

*' GOAT  
LAB '*

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## 1

Class was well under way by the time Lunsford found the group. Scattered across the field, each team worked with the tools in their kit. Some more proficiently than others. The sunlight burned Lunsford's eyes. Wearily, he remarked upon the discomfort.

"Shut up, Lunsford," said a classmate.

## 2

Each goat lay sprawled upon the grass, suffering various gunshot or stab wounds that had been inflicted by the instructor. The teams scrambled to address the wounds. Lunsford considered the exercise barbaric, but, this was combat medicine. This was what his parents' money was paying for. He redoubled his efforts to conform.

"Here, press here," a classmate demanded. Lunsford shrugged and applied pressure to the indicated area of the goat's hide as his classmate sewed up the wound.

The goat whimpered frantically, then deflated as the tranquilizers took effect.

Lunsford felt nothing.

### 3

Schlumpfe drug the goat behind him, stumbling, trailing the goat's blood, drawing a ragged circle in the steaming grass. Finally, he sat himself down in the center of the circle and shaded his eyes from the sun. Blue paint on the dirt.

"Redacted, redacted, redacted," he said.

Nothing happened.

"What? The results are always redacted."

Lunsford arched an eyebrow.

### 4

Final grade:

Pass.

# NOTES

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