

SimFolks

Psychology 101 Section D (Dr. Samuels)

Semester Project Journal

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Monday 9/25 8:13 PM

Well, Dr. Samuels liked my project proposal. When I got the paper back in class today, he'd written "I like it! Creative thinking!" across the top in big red letters. I don't think I've ever gotten that positive a response from a teacher before. This is exciting! If this goes as well as I think I'll probably decide to major in psychology.

Anyway, this document is the required project journal, in which I'll be recording my findings. Of course, Dr. Samuels told us clearly in class today that this was not a diary; we were only supposed to be recording our project results. So technically, this whole paragraph shouldn't be here. But that's the beauty of computers; I'll just edit this out at the end of the semester before I turn it in. In the meantime I'll write whatever I damn well please.

My semester-long project for Psychology 101 is an investigation of the state of the art in computer simulation of human psychology. I'll be using a program called SimFolks, which will allow me to create a number of simulated characters and watch them interact in a simulated real-world setting.

My God, I can't believe I actually made it my project to play a *COMPUTER GAME*! This has to be one of the greatest coups of all time! I wonder how jealous all the boys in the class would be if they knew that a *girl* was going to be playing a computer game all semester and getting credit for it. Don't they wish they could do a semester project on one of their macho bullshit games like Quake or something. Ha!

Okay, I have to get serious. My first simulation is of a married couple. The husband, Bob, is a stockbroker. He's about thirty, tall and dark-haired. His wife Cindy is a pretty brunette who works as a schoolteacher. I've built them a nice little house in the suburbs, complete with a white picket fence. To top it all off, they have a pair of kids: a six-year old boy, Robert, Jr.; and a three-year-old girl, Julie.

[Side note: Am I projecting myself into this a bit much? Maybe. Okay, I'll admit it's my dream to have a nice house in the suburbs with a handsome, rich husband and a pair of kids. But so what? I still want to have a career. Okay, I admit that schoolteacher is a bit on the traditional side, but it's still a perfectly honorable way to make a living, isn't it?]

[Okay, fine. I've changed it; Cindy is now a banker. Jesus, it's not like it's important anyway; the point is to examine the psychology of these people as a family; it doesn't matter where they spend their workdays. I'm not Cindy, and I think I have a pretty good grip on that concept.]

I've run the simulation through one day of sim-time. These people seem to require a fair bit of attention. I'd hoped when I first started this that they'd take care of their various needs on their own, but that turns out not to be the case. I have to tell them how to do almost every damn little thing. I have to tell them when to eat, when to sleep, when to go to the bathroom (and damn, it isn't pretty when you forget that one.) I realize now I should have started off with just a single character rather than a family of four, but I'm not giving up on these people now; I've got too much time invested in them already.

Anyway, I got them through the day more or less in one piece. I had to get them dressed in the morning -- Bob in a jacket and tie and Cindy in a power suit. The kids were easier; T-shirts and shorts. I tried to have Cindy cook breakfast, but it was a disaster; burnt toast and runny eggs. So I had her throw it all out and I fed them these instant-meal things that were in the fridge. Everyone ate, and the two car-pools and the school bus arrived simultaneously.

Everyone came home in the evening, and things were no less hectic as I tried to get them to eat dinner. I forgot to send little Bobby to the bathroom at the right time, and was rewarded with a nice puddle on the floor. When I finally got that cleaned up that and the everyone fed, it was already bedtime. I put the family to bed, saved the game, and shut it down. I don't have the energy to do another day tonight. I'll give it a run tomorrow.

Monday 10/2 7:55 PM

My parents called tonight, complaining again about how unsafe it was for me to be living alone in an off-campus apartment. Nothing new; we've only had this argument about a dozen times. I told them again that I'm nineteen years old, I'm a sophomore in college, and I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself. First, of course, they asked me to move back into the dorms. I explained again (very patiently, I thought) that I was sick and tired of living in a closet-sized room with another person, and that I'd gotten quite enough of dorm life during my freshman year. Then they came back to the old why-don't-you-live-with-a- roommate line of questioning. There I was on shakier ground. I told them that I really preferred to live alone and have my evenings to myself so I could study undisturbed. I tried to emphasize that last bit.

They don't know the real reason I live alone, of course. The real reason's name is Brad. We met last spring in sociology class and... well, let's just say we got very friendly. He's an absolute dream -- handsome, intelligent, strong. He's majoring in Economics, so he'll probably also end up being very rich. That's not why I'm attracted to him, of course, but still, it makes it very easy to see myself married to him.

Mom and Dad don't know about him. It's not that they wouldn't approve of him. He's clean-cut, well-mannered, and very pleasant to be around. It's just that if they knew about him, they might begin to suspect that he's the reason I'm living alone. Which is, of course, the case. Speaking of which, he's coming over at nine, so if I want to get this journal caught up to date tonight I'd better do it now.

I haven't made a journal entry in the past week because I've been spending all my project time just trying to get the knack of caring for the sims. But I think I've got it. I can now have the family prepare a meal, get dressed, and get to the potty on time. I've been efficient enough to work in some family activities, too -- some conversations, some playing with the kids, and some TV viewing.

Tonight, after putting the kids to bed, I sent Bob and Cindy to bed and had them make love. It was actually quite nice. They got undressed and crawled into bed. I didn't get to watch the actual act, though; it was obscured by a large pink heart that rolled slowly back and forth over the bed. I guess the game had to keep a PG rating.

Speaking of making love, the doorbell just rang, so I'll have to close this entry now.

Wednesday 10/11 11:14 PM

Christ!

I was in the middle of running through another day with the family this evening. The whole thing has become kind of boring. I've added in some neighbors and had the family socialize with them. That relieves the monotony somewhat, but it's still basically just the same thing every day -- they wake up, go to work, come home, eat, relieve themselves and talk, and occasionally Cindy and Bob have sex. But that's it. That's the extent of their computer-generated lives.

I tried to liven things up by having Cindy change careers and become a fashion model. Sounds weird, huh? Well, yeah, that's what I always wanted to be when I was growing up. And I've been told I have the looks for it, too. I even did a few jobs in high school for advertisements and things. But my family was more interested in me going to college and getting an education, so I gave it up. I guess I figured Cindy should have the life I never got to live.

But I digress. In the middle of dinner this evening (Sim dinner, of course), my computer just froze. Everything just sat there, the family in the middle of the meal. I couldn't fucking believe it. And I'd just spent two hours babysitting them through another day. Rebooting the machine would have erased all that and screwed my project up royally. I tried everything I could think of, but the game stayed frozen and I couldn't get back to Windows. So I did the only thing I could think of: I went to ask Irwin for help.

Irwin lives across the hall from me. Actually, we're down at the very end of the hall, where it takes a sharp turn, so our doors are out of sight from the main hall. It's more like a little alcove, really. I think our apartments used to be one big apartment, but they got chopped apart at some point. Anyway, Irwin is this nebbishy guy who looks like he's somewhere between thirty and forty. Thick glasses. He's kind of creepy, really. Before tonight I'd never spoken to him aside from a polite hello in the hallway; I only knew his name from his mailbox. But I knew he was into computers, and I was desperate, so I went and knocked on his door.

When he answered I started to regret it. He was looking at me in this really disturbing way. I get a lot of looks from guys (I told you I have the looks for modeling), and frankly, in most cases I like it. But this was more than a little disturbing. I fought through it, though, and asked him to come over and look at my computer.

He did, and he managed to fix it. Somehow he managed to get back out to Windows, where he brought up a few menus, all the time muttering "Stupid piece of Microsoft crap" and stabbing intently at the keyboard. But it wasn't long before the game popped up and started running again, with the family still in the middle of dinner.

I thanked him profusely, because he'd just saved me from the several hours of drudgery I would have had to spend re-living an entire day of sim-life. Unfortunately, he took my thanks as a license to start talking about anything he wanted. He's a system administrator for a local ISP and he sees that sort of problem all the time, blah blah blah, and I really should learn to use Linux and yadda yadda yadda. Still, I thought it would be rude to shove him off after he'd helped me, so I sat there and listened, nodding politely from time to time.

Once he looked back at the screen, though, he became enraptured by the game, and started asking me all sorts of questions about it. Apparently he'd never seen it. Made no sense to me; I knew more than a few people who've played SimFolks, and none of my friends are really all that into computers, so I figured a hardcore geek like him would certainly have heard of the game. But he hadn't, so I sat down and patiently explained it to him. He kept peppering me with questions, so I showed him how everything works, and explained how I'm doing a psychology project with it.

He asked if he could watch me play for awhile, and although I didn't really want him to, I thought it would be rude to refuse. Anyway, I wanted to stay on his good side in case I needed his help again. So I played through the rest of the day, answering his occasional questions about the game and my characters. One nice side effect of him being so interested in the game was that he was no longer staring at me in that creepy way.

After I finished the game day and exited the program, he left with very little fuss. It was quite a relief; I'd expected him to try to hang around longer and bore me with his computer knowledge.

In other news (i.e., irrelevant to the project), Mom and Dad called this evening. Thankfully they had nothing to say about my living arrangements this time, but they did tell me that they were running low on cash and that they might not be able to provide me with spending money this semester. My little sister Tiffany has already had to get a job to earn her own spending money, and my parents are asking me to do the same. I feel sorry for Tiff, because I would have hated to have to spend ten hours a week working during my senior year of high school. I feel even worse for myself because I really don't want to spend any less time with Brad. Looks like it'll have to be that way, though. I hope he understands.

Time for bed. Brad is studying late tonight, so I'm sleeping alone.

Thursday 10/12 5:30 PM

I had a brief encounter with Irwin again. I was leaving the building this morning to get to class and bumped into him as he was coming in. He smiled when he saw me. "Look what I just got, Nadine!" he grinned, holding up a plastic bag from the local computer store. Inside I could see a SimFolks box.

I suppose he was looking for some camaraderie, so I gave him a thumbs-up sign and said "Ah, SimFolks. Don't get addicted!" He laughed, making sort of an insane cackling sound as I walked off. I gave him a wave, just in the spirit of being friendly, trying not to let my face show that I thought he was a nut job. Who the hell goes shopping at nine in the morning? Thursday 10/19 11:08 PM

Irwin knocked on my door last night just as I was getting ready for bed. He looked worn-out, but he seemed really excited. He started talking about how he could link my computer up to his network. Yes, apparently this guy has not just one computer, but an actual network in his apartment. What a geek. Anyway, he started babbling on about how it would just be a matter of drilling a hole in the wall between our apartments and putting a network card in my computer, which he had lying around anyway, and blah blah blah.

I was tired and just wanted to get to sleep, so I tried to hurry the conversation up by asking him what the point of all that would be. He started going on about how I could always have Internet access without tying up my phone line. That didn't sound like a bad idea, but hardly exciting enough to be worth allowing him to do God-knows-what with my computer. I started trying to explain this to him, but he kept going on. I was really just about on the verge of kicking him out, politeness be damned, when he mentioned that networking our computers would also allow our SimFolks to interact with each other.

That got my attention. Frankly, I've been having a hard time keeping up my interest in Bob and Cindy these last few weeks. It's like their lives are just one big continuous loop -- the same thing every day, with only minor variations. Sure, they occasionally visit friends, and sometimes they go for a picnic or something, but nothing really *new* happens. As an experiment in psychology it's staring to look like a dud.

So my interest was actually piqued by Irwin's suggestion. Maybe the problem is that I'm the only person creating characters for my family to interact with. Maybe Irwin's characters will be different and provide a spark of newness that I'm not getting. Yeah, I admit I'm a little nervous about this. Given what a weirdo he is, it's entirely possible that all his characters are psycho or something. I don't know if one character can kill another, but if it's possible for a player to make a deranged serial-killer character, Irwin is the guy who can do it.

But I have to try something or my project is going to be a flop. So I told Irwin sure, no problem, you can do it, but not tonight. He thanked me and told me I wouldn't regret it. Right, whatever.

Tuesday 10/24 9:45 PM

Irwin came over and installed the networking stuff in my computer last night. He came over with a drill and put a small hole in the corner behind my computer. I'm a little nervous about that; I don't think the super would approve. But Irwin seems to know what he's doing, so I decided to let him do it.

Brad showed up while this was going on. I introduced them, and being the polite, charming guy that he is, Brad shook Irwin's hand. Irwin, on the other hand, seemed less than warm toward Brad, looking him up and down in an almost confrontational manner. I was a little worried, but Brad's not the type to pick a fight, so everything was okay. I suppose Irwin must have a bit of a crush on me. Ah, such is life. Nothing that hasn't happened to me before.

Anyway, Brad and I spent an hour on the couch, talking and cuddling while Irwin opened my computer up and installed the network stuff. After that, he booted the machine, installed some software from a few CD-ROMs and told me I was all hooked up. I thanked him again as he started explaining how I could check my email now and how to access his SimFolks files. He told me I had to leave the computer on all the time now, which is okay with me since electricity is included in my rent anyway.

Irwin kept talking and talking, though, about all this geek stuff like bandwidth and ping times, and I didn't understand or care about any of it. I tried to listen and be polite, but I really just wanted to get him out of there so I could spend time with Brad. I think I was a bit rude when I finally told him to leave. He clammed right up and stormed out. I felt immediately guilty, but I didn't bother going to apologize to him right then. I really just wanted to spend some time with Brad. And I did. It was very good, not that that's any of your business.

I was at school late this evening studying for an English midterm. I don't have time to do a SimFolks run tonight, and I'm definitely too tired to go apologize to Irwin right now. I'll do it tomorrow. And while I'm talking to him, maybe I can ask him what's going on with my monitor. It's just recently started looking different. The image sort of flickers a bit. It's tough to put a finger on what exactly is different about it, but there's definitely something going on. It's giving me a bit of a headache. Well, it's time for bed, anyway.

Wednesday 10/25 8:18 PM

Well, the monitor still looks the same, flicker and all, but it isn't giving me much of a headache tonight, so I'll postpone asking Irwin about it.

Tonight I did my first SimFolks run since Irwin networked my computer. Cindy and Bob got a babysitter for the kids and went to visit Maria and Steve, a couple of Irwin's sims. Maria and Steve turned out to be a surprisingly normal couple. They had no children, but they did have a nice house in the suburbs, similar to Bob and Cindy's. I watched with interest as the couples began talking.

At first, they conversed as a foursome, but after several minutes they paired off by gender, with Bob and Steve going to the garage to talk, and Cindy and Maria wandering into the kitchen. This was interesting: Gender-based social pairing. I took some notes on a paper scratch pad; I'll transcribe them here when I get a chance. For the first time, I really felt like the project was going somewhere.

And then Ed showed up. The program identified him as a friend of Steve and Maria's. I've never seen anything like it before. A sim isn't supposed to just show up on his own, at least not according to the manual he isn't. But there he was, just showing up in his car at Steve and Maria's house. So I played along and watched as Ed walked into the house and joined the ladies in the kitchen.

You can't tell what the sims are saying, of course; they don't actually use words to speak, they just sort of make speech-like sounds. But you can tell what sort of mood they're in just by listening to the tone of their voices. And Ed sounded like a real sleaze. He had sort of an overly syrupy attitude, as though he was trying to charm the ladies out of their pants. Maria and Cindy seemed amused by his antics; laughing occasionally. A subordinate male trying to get some action and being rejected by the females.

I went back to watching Steve and Bob for awhile. Steve was showing Bob his power tools, which looked to me like a classic case of one male trying to assert his superiority over the other. I watched the posturing and listened to the tones of their voices as they talked.

Bob seemed impressed with Steve's tools but unwilling to fully submit. Interesting.

But I was shocked by what I saw when I went back to the kitchen. Maria had left, presumably to go to the bathroom or something. Cindy and Ed were still there, and they were kissing! I haven't figured out how the hell that happened! Sims are definitely not supposed to engage in romantic behavior unless directed to by the user. But there it was, plain as day. They were kissing pretty hard, and Cindy was rubbing her body lewdly against Ed.

After recovering from my shock, I told Cindy to go into the living room and wait. I pulled Bob out to the living room as well, and once they were both there, I took them straight home and put them to bed. After that, I shut down the machine.

Jesus, how did that happen? Cindy is supposed to be a happily married woman, and yet she just threw herself at some random slimeball, even though her husband was only a couple of rooms away. Unbelievable. I suppose it's possible Irwin could have programmed it that way, although I have no idea how. Another thing I'll have to ask him about.

In the meantime, there's no way in hell Bob and Cindy are ever going back to see Steve and Maria again, that's for sure. Not if they allow a homewrecker like Ed into their house. Cindy's a married woman and I like it that way.

Friday 10/27 11:21 PM

God damn it! God damn it to hell! No matter where I try take Bob and Cindy, that goddamn cretin Ed shows up.

After Wednesday's debacle at Steve and Maria's, I took my whole family over to visit George and Tina, another married sim couple of Irwin's creation. Just like Steve and Maria, they seemed like a nice, normal couple. They even have two kids, just like Bob and Cindy, and I thought it would be fun for all four kids to play together.

But I had barely had Bob and Cindy over at there house for ten minutes before Ed appeared. I was watching Bob and George playing with the kids in the backyard, pushing them on the little swing-set and giving them horsey rides. I went back to the kitchen to watch the ladies preparing dinner, and what do I find? Tina's nowhere to be seen, and Cindy and Ed are in a closet making out! I don't believe this shit. In a closet! I didn't even know Ed was in the house. There was no announcement of his arrival; he just appeared.

Well, needless to say I sent the family home right away. Tina and George seemed unhappy that they were leaving so soon, and Bob and Cindy weren't really thrilled either (especially Cindy!) but I had no intention of letting things go any further between Cindy and Ed.

Well, tonight I tried to have Bob and Cindy visit Mabel, an old widow with a nice house of her own. I figured Mabel was probably the least likely of any of the sims to be friends with Ed. But no dice. Fifteen minutes into the visit, Bob and Mabel went out front so he could take a look at her car. I watched them for a few minutes and when I went back to Cindy, she was lying on the living room couch, necking with Ed! I pulled the plug on that visit quickly.

I was so frustrated I tried twice more, once going to visit a pair of female roommates in an apartment building, and once going to visit a single man in the suburbs. Both times, Ed made unannounced entrances, although I was alert enough that I was able to call off both visits before Ed and Cindy started getting it on. Tomorrow I am definitely going to go ask Irwin what the hell Ed is doing trying to wreck my family.

One piece of interesting news: I've found a job. I pulled my old modeling portfolio out of my closet and took it to a local agency today. The director of the agency was quite interested, and said he had some upcoming jobs he thought I would be perfect for. Mom and Dad wouldn't approve of me getting back into modeling, but it's the easiest way for me to earn spending money. I'll have to tell them I found some other job to explain all this. Anyway, the director said he'd get back to me by email next week about what's available. I'm actually looking forward to modeling again, even if only a little bit in between my studies.

Monday, 10/30 6:44 PM

I spent the whole weekend trying to get Cindy back on the right track. No success, and I've got a mild case of eye strain from staring at that monitor so long. That weird flickering effect is driving me nuts.

Brad isn't happy with me, either, for blowing him off all weekend to sit in front of my computer. I suppose he has a point, but I really need to get this project back on track. I'll have to make it up to him next weekend. The problem is that Cindy is completely hung up on Ed.

I ran the family through two weeks of sim-time this weekend. I've stopped having them visit Irwin's sims. Irwin's sims are all friends of Ed, and I don't want Cindy seeing him ever again. She's unresponsive to the kids, she has no interest in cooking or cleaning the house, and I wasn't been able to get her to have sex with Bob all weekend. Whenever she has a free moment, a little thought bubble pops up next to her head with a picture of Ed in it. Hell, her job performance has suffered as well, and the modeling agency has threatened to lay her off.

I'm at the end of my rope with the stupid little tramp. If she doesn't clean up her act soon, I'll just have to cut her loose and find a new wife for Bob.

Wednesday, 11/1 1:35 AM

I gave in. I ran the family through another three days of sim time with no change in Cindy's behavior. I was crying by the end of the third day. I never really thought I cared that much about one of these computer-screen characters. But I just couldn't stand to see Cindy so miserable. So I started another day and took Cindy to see Ed. Alone.

Ed lives in an apartment in a rundown building on the edge of the city. The place was a mess, frankly; it was clear that Ed never put any energy into housekeeping. Little piles of simulated trash lay strewn about the apartment, and the sink was filled with dirty dishes. Ed was an obvious slob.

But none of that mattered to Cindy. As soon as she saw him, the little slut rushed into his arms and started kissing him. It wasn't long before they went back to Ed's bedroom to screw. And screw they did. Three times, no less. The weird thing was that I actually got to watch it. When Cindy used to have sex with her husband, the whole thing was sanitized to a PG level by that giant heart that obscured them. But Cindy and Ed did it in full view of the camera. Of course, they did it under the covers, so I still couldn't see anything naughty. Maybe there's a menu setting I accidentally switched somewhere in the game that now allows me to watch. Whatever.

I took Cindy home afterwards, hoping at least that after the fucking she'd be useful to her family again. She was -- she made dinner and did some cleaning -- but she wasn't incredibly cheerful about it. Still, I was happy just to be getting any amount of work out of her.

But she needs help. I need to get sleep now, but tomorrow I'm going over to ask -- no, to demand -- that Irwin fix Cindy. It's his fault that she got so hung up on Ed. I know he's responsible, and damn it, he's going to fix it.

Thursday, 11/2 9:34 PM

Well, I did it. I finally went over to Irwin's this evening.

The place is a mess. First of all, in his living room, which is the only part of the house that I saw, he has no less than four computers in various states of assembly. Random computer components, miscellaneous electronic devices, CDs, disks, and manuals were strewn across the tables and floor. On top of that were an assortment of dirty dishes and empty pizza boxes. It was disgusting. Filthy and disgusting.

Irwin ushered me in after answering the door and motioned me to a small couch, the only object in the room not covered in some form of junk. I was uncomfortable sitting on it, and even less comfortable when Irwin sat down right beside me, his knee almost touching mine. I could smell potato chips and beer on his breath. The odor was revolting.

So I told him what was going on with Cindy and Ed, and demanded that he break them up for me. I made it clear that it was very important for my project that Cindy remain happily married to Bob, and that Ed was threatening that. Since Ed was his sim, I told him, it was only reasonable that he fix the problem for me.

He listened politely and was quite sympathetic to my situation. I have to give him credit for that. Unfortunately, though, he told me there was nothing he could do. He started going on about how the program worked, about chaotic systems and emergent behavior and all.

"You see, Nadine," he told me at one point, "the way these systems work, it's very difficult to modify them once they've accumulated enough different behaviors to form a personality. Every bit of their programming is linked to every other bit, and if you or I were to try to change that now, it would only cause the equivalent of brain damage. You can't just reach in and change a sim's mind any more than you could reprogram a human being."

I almost started to cry then. I could see my entire project falling to pieces around me. Cindy would persist in her infatuation with Ed. Due to her inattention, the family would suffer. Bob would become unhappy and the kids would miss their mommy as she spent more and more time having trysts with Ed.

Irwin did his best to console me. "Look, Nadine, I know this isn't what you wanted to happen, but you have to accept that people aren't always going to behave the way you expect them to. Why don't you just try to make the best of it? Can't you still do a good psychology paper on your sims? Maybe something about the effects an affair has on a marriage?" I didn't like the idea, and I still don't like it, but it seems like the best thing I can do, given the circumstances. I need a project. Cindy is a slut. There's nothing I can do about either of those things. I really have no choice but to do what Irwin suggested, and focus my study on Cindy's affair with Ed.

So I thanked Irwin for his help and went home, getting myself out of that filthy, disgusting apartment and away from that stinky, slimy greaseball. That's all that happened to-night.

Friday 11/3 1:34 PM

Okay, I lied. That's not all that happened last night. I also kissed Irwin.

I didn't plan it. It just sort of happened. And I still think he's a really disgusting, filthy guy. But he was being so helpful about my project and telling me how I could salvage it. And I guess I was kind of emotionally vulnerable. And when I looked at him on the couch, he just seemed different somehow. Less repulsive. His unkempt hair and smelly breath seemed almost charming. "Intriguing" would be a good word, I guess.

So when I was getting ready to leave, I leaned over to give him a kiss on the cheek. Just a friendly little peck. But I lingered a bit too long. And then I shifted a little and gave him a kiss on the lips. I don't know why, I guess I just got carried away in the emotions of the moment.

And then, the next thing I knew it had gone from being just a kiss to being a *kiss*, with tongues and all. I guess in a way I was scared that I was doing this, but it just felt so damn good to be kissing him.

It lasted for several minutes, and then we took a break for air. Then I sort of snapped out of it and realized what I'd done and ran out of his apartment and back home. I guess last night I just wanted to pretend it never happened.

But it did, and I have to deal with this. I stayed home from classes today trying to cope with this. Tonight I have to go tell Irwin that I made a mistake, and explain to him that I can only be friends with him.

Tuesday 11/7 9:45 PM

I spent the weekend with Brad, hoping to wash off the memories of kissing Irwin last week and reignite our romance. It didn't really work, though. We went to the beach for the weekend, but I didn't enjoy myself, and because of that I don't think Brad did either. I just couldn't stop thinking about Irwin. I don't think I have feelings for him, but I have to admit now that I do find him a bit attractive. A little sexy, even. But I don't feel about him the way I feel about Brad. Or the way I used to feel about Brad. Oh Christ, I don't know.

I've avoided Irwin since the night we kissed. I'm worried about what I'll do. But I'll have to talk to him soon, to tell him that I can't do that with him again. Tomorrow. I'll do it tomorrow.

This evening, I took Cindy over to Ed's apartment. I've started having her make daily visits to her lover. It's the only way to keep her happy. Besides, if my project is going to focus on her affair with Ed, then I have to encourage the affair, don't I? At least Cindy seems happy now, and I'm certainly glad that she's happy.

While they were busily engaged in foreplay on Ed's couch, I pulled up Cindy's vital statistics. I was curious to see if her personality had changed as a result of all this. What caught my eye immediately, though, was the space giving her occupation. Cindy, it seems, is no longer a fashion model. She's now an "adult magazine model".

This just totally freaked me out. A sim isn't supposed to be able to change her career by herself. That's supposed to be under the control of the user. Of course, characters aren't supposed to be able to show up at someone's home without the user bringing them in, but that's exactly how Ed had wormed his way into Cindy's pants, so at this point I'm a bit skeptical of what the manual says can and can't be done.

So apparently my little housewife, in addition to having an affair with a seedy guy, is now posing nude for Playboy or some such. I've been thinking about changing her career back to fashion model, or even back to schoolteacher. But I don't think that's smart. If I'm going to study Cindy's psychology, I have to let her make her own decisions. If Cindy wants to be a slut, I'm going to let her be a slut.

That wasn't my last rude shock of the evening, though. When I came back to the main view from looking at Cindy's vital stats, I found that Cindy and Ed were engaged in a new activity. To put it bluntly, Cindy was giving Ed a blowjob.

The idea that Cindy would do that doesn't really surprise me. Given her whorish behavior so far, fellating Ed hardly seems out of place. What is surprising, though, is that the program actually allows the characters to participate in oral sex. Even more surprising is that it gets displayed right there on the screen for me to watch.

When Cindy used to make love to Bob (and those happy days for them already seem like a long time ago) their actions were always obscured by a large cartoonish heart. Even Cindy's previous sexual activity with Ed took place under the bed covers, so the details weren't really visible.

One the one hand, the idea of oral sex makes me feel queasy. I've never used my mouth on a guy, not even Brad. But on the other hand, I felt this sort of weird fascination as I watched Cindy's head bobbing up and down on Ed's prick. It was the fascinated hand that used the mouse and keyboard to zoom in on the action.

Up close, I could see every detail. Cindy's red lips sliding up and down Ed's pixellized-but-still-impressive cock, her hair bouncing back and forth with her movements. The happy look on Ed's face, his grin getting wider and wider until...

I squeezed my eyes shut and turned away from the monitor, shocked. I realized I'd been holding my breath, and sucked in great gasps of air, still trying to comprehend what I'd just seen. I'm not a prude, but *that* was really uncalled for. It took me almost a minute to gather my wits and look at the screen again.

It was over by then, of course. Ed had done his business and Cindy was cuddled next to him. Since all sexual activity appeared to have ceased, I took Cindy home, put her to bed with Bob, tucked in the kids, and shut down the program. It was a few minutes before I realized my panties were wet.

Wednesday 11/8 11:58 PM

I went to see Irwin this evening to apologize for kissing him last week and explain that it couldn't happen again. Things didn't go exactly as planned.

I launched into my rehearsed speech when he opened the door, stammering like a school-girl with her first crush. He interrupted me halfway through and suggested we sit down. He led me to the couch where we'd first kissed. I was worried about the familiarity of the situation weakening the point I was trying to get across, but I was also grateful for the chance to compose my thoughts.

I started speaking again, but I was unable to concentrate. His eyes locked with mine, and I just couldn't remember what I'd been trying to say. He still looked slimy, but somehow underneath it all he radiated sex.

And so I threw myself at him, kissing him hungrily and running my hands all over his body. He responded eagerly and we just sat there necking for a few minutes. Finally, I was able to pull myself away long enough to say three words: "I need you."

My mind was fogged with lust as he led me back to his bedroom. Most of the bedroom was just as trash-littered as the rest of the house, but the bed was at least clear of any obstacles, even if the sheets were yellowed and unmade.

We fell onto the bed and resumed kissing feverishly, struggling to remove each other's clothing. His breath stunk, and yet it was the sweetest thing I'd ever smelled. I pulled his jeans down, allowing his erect member to spring free. I think I was a little afraid that in his eagerness he'd hurt me, but I needed him inside me so badly I didn't really care. And like a flash, my skirt was bunched up around my waist, my panties had been ripped off -- I really can't recall which of us was responsible for that -- and Irwin's cock was inside me. It was incredible. Simply incredible.

Looking back on it now, I really don't know what about it was so great. I've had sex with three guys in my life -- my high school prom date, a stupid one-night stand last fall, and then of course Brad. Irwin was way better than any of these. And it seems strange that I enjoyed it so much. Unlike my other lovers, he actually paid almost no attention to my needs. No foreplay, no caressing, no stroking. It was like he didn't care what I wanted; he was only interested in getting his own rocks off. It was just this raw animal sex.

But for some reason I came more times and more intensely with Irwin than I ever have with Brad. Somehow Irwin's naked, uncaring lust got me just incredibly turned on. It's never been like that before.

And now I have to deal with the fact that getting laid by my next-door neighbor was a far more intense experience than anything I've ever done with my soulmate. What am I going to do? Logically, I have to be faithful to Brad and put tonight behind me. But my God, can I turn my back on the most intense pleasure I've ever experienced?

Brad called just as I got back from Irwin's, wanting to see me tonight, and I had to pretend I was sick. Even then, he still wanted to come over and take care of me. It was difficult to get rid of him, but I managed it. I just can't deal with seeing him tonight after what I did with Brad.

What am I going to do?

Thursday 11/16 1:09 AM

Tonight Cindy picked up yet another trappy little hobby. When she got home from work today, I took her into the bedroom as usual to get her out of her business suit and into something more comfortable for her fuck with Ed.

Well, guess what she put on this time? A shiny black halter top and a matching micro-mini skirt. The slut! The skirt was barely long enough to cover her ass, and the top certainly hid very little of her tits. I suppose I could say I was surprised she even owned this outfit, since the program is supposed to give the user complete control over what the sims buy, but I've long since abandoned the notion that I have any control at all over what Cindy does. At this point, I'm basically just a taxi service that ferries her over to Ed's apartment every night so she can spread her legs for him. Or open her mouth, or whatever.

She completed the outfit with a pair of shiny red boots that covered her knees and had heels so high as to make me wonder whether the game's "Real-World Physics" had been suspended just so she could walk in them. And apparently Cindy believes that no bimbo is fully dressed without a slutty jacket -- in her case a shiny red thing that matched the boots, covered her arms, and ended a good foot above the waistline of her dress. I checked her occupation again to make sure it hadn't changed to "hooker," but it hadn't. Apparently she's still an old-fashioned respectable adult magazine model.

Bob and the kids took no notice of her new outfit as she left the house. But that's only fair, because Cindy never pays attention to them any more either, except as obstacles to be avoided as she makes her way to the front door every night to go see Ed. The house is slowly falling to hell. Piles of trash accumulate in various places and Bob and the kids grow steadily more morose. But I really can't be bothered with them right now. My focus is on Cindy and her affair with Ed.

Ed, of course, loved Cindy's outfit. After the opening blowjob, he screwed her several times, as per their usual routine. The program no longer makes any attempt to censor their activity; they just fuck and suck right there in plain view. No bed covers, nothing. It's obnoxious, although I have to admit I don't find it quite as disgusting as I used to. I suppose I must be getting accustomed to it.

After taking Cindy back home and putting her to bed, I went over to Irwin's. I know I shouldn't keep visiting him, but sex with him is like a drug. I just can't get enough of him. We've fucked every night since our first time last week, and each time it's better than the last. We rarely ever speak to each other at all, and for the last few days foreplay has lasted an average of thirty seconds. When I grab his crotch and feel that it's hard, I really just don't care anymore about kissing or cuddling. I just want him inside me.

I get this indescribably delicious feeling just from having his cock inside me. With Brad I don't really get eager for intercourse until after half an hour or so of foreplay. But with Irwin I get excited right away, just from seeing him. It kind of scares me sometimes that I can be so passionate about such a shallow relationship.

Monday 11/20 11:59 PM

I took Brad to a hotel room in the city Saturday night. My treat. We dressed up nice and had a fancy dinner and all, and afterward I tried really hard to enjoy myself in bed. But I didn't.

Brad kept trying to get me aroused with all the old tricks -- kissing my neck in that special spot, stroking the back of my leg just so; all the things that used to work. They don't work anymore. I really wanted them to work, but it's like a switch inside me has been flipped off. I grew more and more impatient with all his little maneuvers. I suppose that was unfair to him, but all I knew at the time was that I wasn't getting horny, and I was angry about it. Looking back, I think I was really more angry at myself than at him.

Finally I told him, "Just stop screwing around and fuck me!" He seemed surprised by this, and he hesitated, which only pissed me off more, so I started yelling at him, telling him what a pathetic excuse for a man he was. Naturally, at this point there was no chance he was going to be able to get it up and service me, and I got even angrier when I realized that.

After a few minutes I broke down and started crying, and Brad, being the nice guy that he is, held me and tried to console me. But I could tell it was forced. I apologized for yelling at him and all, and tried to explain it off as the result of having been sick and being under a lot of stress (which I guess is kinda true) and he said it was all right. We left the hotel and went home. We're still a couple, but I don't think it's going to last very long.

After he dropped me off at my building I didn't even go back to my apartment. I went straight to Irwin's and we went at it without a word. Brad and I were trying to make love. Irwin and I just fucked. We fucked and fucked and fucked. I lost track of how many times I came. Irwin came inside me at least three times, and each time I went over the top right along with him. I like it when he comes. I like pleasing him.

Tonight I took Cindy over to Ed's apartment as usual. She wore another slutty outfit -- this one had a pink see-through blouse and tiny powder-blue shorts with black spiked heels. They went through their usual routine -- one blowjob and three boinks. I've stopped really caring about the fact that Cindy is such a tramp. If she wants to live her life that way, far be it from me to criticize.

Oh, I almost forgot. I got a modeling job today. Only it's probably not what you think. I got tired of waiting for my agency to find me work. After all, it's been two weeks since I took my portfolio to them and they still haven't sent me email about any jobs. I have to wonder if they're even trying. And I've gotten several emails from a competing agency inviting me to come in for an interview, promising they could find me quick, rewarding work. I finally decided this morning that it was time to take action.

So I went to the old agency, picked up my portfolio and told them they're no longer representing me. The director pretended to be surprised and told me he'd sent me at least three emails about possible jobs. He claimed it had to be some sort of problem with my email account if I hadn't gotten them. Yeah, right. I've dealt with his type before -- quick to promise, slow to deliver. I took my portfolio and walked out on him.

After enjoying his displeasure, I took my portfolio to the other agency. When I explained that I was answering their email solicitation, the receptionist gave me a funny look. She told me they hadn't sent me any email. These agencies apparently don't keep track of their correspondence very well. At any rate, I was allowed to see the director of the agency.

To put it bluntly, he was quite impressed. I was wearing my best makeup and my sexiest dress, making sure to show off my body. If you've got it, flaunt it. He was a bit concerned about the fact that I had no experience with the sort of work his agency does, but he said he was still impressed with my poise and looks, and he wants to do a test shoot early next week, as soon as he can line up a photographer. I left the building in a very good mood.

The catch is that I'll be modeling nude. And no, I'm not talking about art, I'm talking about porn. The director said that if the test shoot goes well, he can probably sell it to a magazine and make me some money right away. That's what's most important here. Really, I need to do this because I need the money.

Oh, one other funny thing. Just as I was about to leave, he asked me what I wanted to use as my pseudonym. Obviously, I can't use my real name when I do this sort of work. It only took a few seconds for me to decide. "Cindy," I told him. I figure she's already sullied her name by being such a whore with Ed, it hardly matters if I use it for a few dirty pictures. Besides, she's a centerfold herself; she'd probably be proud of me.

Monday 11/27 7:45 PM

I broke up with Brad at lunch today. He really wasn't surprised, and I don't think he should have been. This was really just a formality; we've been de facto broken up since the Saturday before last at the hotel. I felt bad because I knew it hurt him. I didn't want to hurt him; I don't blame him one bit for what's happened. It's just that I've changed. My needs have changed, and Brad just can't satisfy them anymore. Only Irwin can.

After lunch, though, I forgot about Brad, because I did my first nude photo shoot. It was really simple; I started with a nice white bra and panties sitting on a four-poster bed.

From there, it was just a process of gradually slipping out of the lingerie until I was naked on the bed. I was nervous at first, but the photographer did a good job of coaxing me into more and more provocative poses, and by the end of the shoot I was spreading my pussy lips with my fingers and leering at the camera. It was really arousing having all these people around focused on me -- the photographer, the agency director, the assistants, the makeup and hair woman, all of them focused on making me look sexy. I felt like a total sex goddess by the end of it.

Anyway, I'm going to give Cindy a little time with Ed before I go over to Irwin's tonight. I think tonight I'm going to ask Irwin if he wants me to sleep over. I don't want to get in his way, but I really hate the thought that he might wake up in the middle of the night wanting to fuck and I wouldn't be there to please him.

Thursday 11/30 6:25 PM

I feel happier now than I have for quite some time. Things are starting to make sense.

Last night I took Cindy on her usual trip to Ed's apartment. She wore the black halter top and matching microskirt with the red fuck-me boots and the skimpy red jacket. She has a lot of slutty little outfits now, but that one seems to be her favorite. Anyway, when she arrived she greeted Ed with a blowjob as usual. After that they went back to the bedroom and started fucking.

I watched them for awhile as they went at it. Cindy rode on top of Ed through his first orgasm before getting underneath him until he came again. Ed appeared to have an unusual amount of stamina last night, because they kept at it, with Cindy getting down on all fours on the bed and Ed doing her doggie-style from behind. And as they were going at it, with Ed slamming himself into Cindy and her boobs jiggling with every thrust, I caught a good look at Cindy's face. Intrigued, I zoomed the picture in for a better look.

Cindy had a big, happy grin on her face. I recognized the grin, even though I'd never seen it before. It was the same grin that I feel on my face every night when Irwin is fucking me. I knew what Cindy was feeling. Cindy was feeling the joy of pleasing Ed. Cindy doesn't need a family, she doesn't need a husband and kids. She doesn't need a career, really, although I'm sure she enjoys modeling.

All that Cindy really needs is to be able to please her man. She and Ed never engage in foreplay. Ed never pays any attention to her sensitive areas. He never has to waste time getting her "in the mood" because as long as he's in the mood, she's in the mood. Ed's pleasure is all that matters to her. I loathed her for being such a tramp, but all along Cindy had it right. She just took care of her man. If that makes Cindy a slut, then I don't mind. And if it makes me a slut, I guess I don't really mind that, either.

I watched until they both came, their digital moans of passion getting louder and louder until they collapsed on the bed, exhausted. I didn't even bother taking Cindy home and putting her to bed. Let her spend the night with Ed, I thought. I ran over to Irwin's apartment. When he opened the door, I sank to my knees without a word and opened his fly. Right there in the open doorway. His cock was still soft and he hadn't bathed in a few days. But to me, it was the most delicious thing in the world. I took it eagerly into my mouth and gave my first blowjob.

I didn't really know what I was doing; I gagged a few times when I tried to take him too deep, and when he finally exploded into my mouth I choked and some of his come spilled out onto my chin. But I didn't care; the important thing was that he did come. He came because I sucked him off. I'll practice it and get better, so I can do a better job pleasing him.

Irwin was so excited that he took me to bed and gave me the most intense fucking ever. I was so thrilled when he came not once, but twice in my pussy. I suppose I must have come a few times myself, but I can't really remember. All that I can really recall for sure is that Irwin came once in my mouth and twice in my pussy. I feel asleep in his arms last night a very contented little slut, knowing that I'd pleased my man.

Thursday, 12/21 8:39 PM

Wow! I can't believe it's been three weeks since I wrote in this journal. There's so much to catch up on, and I have so little time. Where to begin?

Cindy, in the end, ditched Bob and the kids and moved into the apartment right next door to Ed's. This makes everything just so much more convenient for her. She spends virtually all her free time at Ed's place, either sexually pleasuring him or just being there in case he needs servicing. Her wardrobe has expanded to include a bewildering array of outfits ranging from schoolgirl-cute to downright whorish. Often she'll call Ed before getting dressed; I assume she's asking him what he's in the mood for. Good thinking on her part.

I turned in my term paper on computer simulation of human psychology, focusing on Cindy's repression of her sexual needs during her marriage to Bob, and her subsequent flowering into a sexually satisfied woman through her relationship with Ed. At first, I wasn't going to do the paper, because it would take time away from taking care of Irwin's needs. But then one night as I was riding Irwin's cock, coaxing him to orgasm, he asked me how the paper was coming. I told him I wasn't going to do it. "Fuck the paper," I said.

That got him really angry. He pointed out to me that I had to do well in my classes or else I might not be able to stay in school, and if I wasn't in school I would have to go home, and I wouldn't be able to take care of his needs. Looking back, I'm so ashamed that I wasn't going to write the paper. How could I possibly have been so foolish as to risk getting thrown out of school? If I couldn't stay, I'd be betraying Irwin!

So I buckled down and wrote the paper. Irwin was at least nice enough to let me do the writing at his place, so I could take a break every hour or so to make sure he wasn't getting too tense or anything. I even managed a blowjob every once in awhile. It was kind of funny; Irwin doesn't like me doing that except at bedtime. But sometimes I manage to be so sexy that he can't find it in him to stop me before I've got him in my mouth. It's a little game we play. Once he's in my mouth I've won, because if I do say so myself I've gotten to the point where I give really good head now, and Irwin is never able to get up the willpower to stop me once I get going. I suck cock like a pro.

Even though the project is done, I'm still keeping the journal to write down my feelings and desires. Irwin told me to. He says it's important for a woman to write down her feelings, even if nobody but her ever reads them. I told him I wasn't even aware that he knew I kept a journal on my computer! He just smiled and told me that I shouldn't worry my pretty little head about that, especially since I'm so much better at fucking, anyway. Well, he can always get his way by flattering me.

Anyway, I turned in the paper discussing Cindy's gradual sexual liberation, and talking about how she'd found happiness as a slut. It included a lot of graphic description of her activities. I didn't think it was a good idea to include that, but Irwin persuaded me to put the explicit details in. (He can be really persuasive when his cock is buried deep in my snatch.) Well, I got an "A" on it. I was kind of surprised because it was a rush job and all, but Dr. Samuels gave me a wink and a grin when he gave it back to me, so I kind of think he rather enjoyed it, if you know what I mean. Looks like Irwin made the right call after all. He's so smart.

Oh, and when she's not over at Ed's apartment, Cindy's career as a porn centerfold has really taken off. Her income has risen quite rapidly. She lets Ed manage her money; he keeps it safe for her and gives her enough to buy a few new outfits a week and keep her makeup cabinet full. Ed keeps a lot of porno magazines around his apartment, and I've noticed Cindy appearing on a lot of the pixellized covers. Last week while Cindy was at work I even saw Ed jacking off to one of them. I guess that's how Cindy manages to please her man even when she isn't physically there. Way to go, girl!

My own career hasn't reached those heights yet; but it does seem to be taking off. My first shoot is scheduled to be published in the January issue of Beaver Babes magazine, and I've already shot two more sets since then, one in leather with a motorcycle and one on a beach wearing nothing at all. Irwin is so proud of me, and is so pleased that I'm posing for adult magazines. He's started referring to me affectionately as his "little porno-slut." My panties get wet every time he says that.

As for cover shots. Beaver Babes asked if they could put me on the cover. I was going to say yes, but Irwin told me not to do that yet. He said if I get on the cover, that increases the chances of my parents finding out what I'm doing, and if that happened I might have to go home, which would make it impossible to take care of Irwin. "We want your parents to think you're a good little girl for as long as possible," he told me. Boy, I'm glad he's here to tell me what to do.

Oh, and I just talked to my parents last night. They've stopped haranguing me about the apartment since I started earning my own money. Of course, they don't know *how* I earn money or else they'd go ballistic. Anyway, the big news is that Tiffany is coming to college here in the fall. I'm so excited that my little sister is going to come to the same school I'm going to! My parents also told me that she was going to have to live with me because their money situation is still kind of tight.

I was really worried about this, and I was afraid Irwin would get mad, since I thought it might get in the way of his sex life. I waited for what I hoped was the best possible moment before breaking it to him. I'd just given him one of my best blowjobs ever and worked him up to a really powerful orgasm before taking his cock out of my mouth and taking his thick white come all over my face and tits. After he'd calmed down and praised me a bit for such an outstanding job taking it on my face, I told him about my sister, expecting him to still get mad.

But he didn't. Actually, he was quite enthusiastic about the whole thing, which really surprised me. He told me it was absolutely wonderful that Tiffany was coming to live with me, and that her presence wouldn't interfere with our sex, or at least not for long. I asked him what that meant and he told me he just thought that it wouldn't be hard for us to learn to work around her. He even suggested that I should try to convince my parents to let Tiffany get a job here for the summer so she could move in early and get used to the city before starting school in the fall. And to top it all off, he offered to use his connections at work to get Tiffany her own computer! What a sweetie.

Well, I only have about twelve hours left before I have to get on a plane to go home for Christmas. I don't really want to go; I want to stay here and make sure Irwin gets all the head and pussy he needs. But he told me I had to go home or else my parents would get upset, and he's already had to tell me a dozen times not to upset my parents. So I'm going home, but only for a week, which is the minimum Irwin thinks I can get away with. I told my parents that my job at the bookstore (well, at least I *do* work with magazines) needs me there for the week after Christmas to handle the rush of returned gifts. And I gave Irwin a big stack of glossy proofs from my photo shoots and made him promise to call me whenever he gets horny. If the poor guy has no choice but to jack off, at least he can look at my body and listen to my dirty voice while he strokes his cock.

Well, I'm going to end this entry now. The clock is ticking, and it's time for me to give Irwin his Christmas present. I got it this afternoon at an exclusive store downtown. It's all leather: a black halter top with a matching micro-miniskirt, a pair of red fuck-me boots that run above my knees, and a matching red bolero jacket. I've dressed sexy for Irwin before, but this is the first outfit I've bought specifically for him. I hope he likes it; I've been wearing it the whole time I've been typing this and right now I feel like the horny little porno-slut from hell.

I'm sure Cindy would give me a big thumbs-up.