Chip’s Mighty Challenge

Robert Taylor
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One morning, Chip McCallahan woke up to a beautiful, sunny day. He found himself in a very high spirits – the birds were chirping, the air was sweet, and he had just had the most restful night of his life, sleeping on the President’s front lawn. With the American flag waving briskly and with justice in the sky, Chip felt inspired to spend the day journeying on a quest truly great! Chip was going to seek out and destroy the mythical Pumping Lemma!
Although Chip was rather enjoying himself on the President’s front lawn (he couldn’t quite remember how he came to be sleeping there in the first place, but he would figure that out later), he knew that if he wanted to stand a chance of defeating the psycho Lemma, then he would need to go home and get some kickass weapons. So, he climbed the White House fence, waved down a cab, and drove home to Wooster.
By the time that he had gathered together his Photon Enumerators and fixed his Finite State Transducer, it was 8pm and he was pooped. He told himself that it would be best to rest up and go on the quest tomorrow. So, he went to bed.
When he woke up at 8am, it was blizzarding outside. This didn’t make much sense to him, since it happened to be the month of April. He decided to go back to sleep.
When he opened his eyes 5 hours later, it was sunny out again. So he got all his gear together and jumped into his Turing Machine ’68 and drove off to the Lemma Lair.

Equipped with one wheel and a pencil rocket launcher.
When he finally reached his destination, he was a little drained, but nonetheless in a very good and excited mood. He stood outside the stone doors of the Lemma Lair, putting together a strategy and trying to figure out what to expect.

The nearby townsfolk were unhelpful. They wouldn’t come near the Lemma Lair, in fact they wouldn’t even call it by its true name. They thought the name Taylor Hall was more appropriate – taking away some of the aura of evilness.

Fools! Chip took one last look around and entered the Lair.
On entering the Lair, Chip found himself in a small circular chamber. On the stone floor was the inscription: ‘Starting State’. On the opposite side of the chamber a door opened and a menacing-looking knight in full armor entered. It was quite clear that Chip was meant to do battle with this character.

Chip somehow knew that trying to find a peaceful means to resolve this conflict was pointless, and so he didn’t bother. Instead, he pulled out one of his Photon Enumerators (like a grenade, but cooler) and threw it at the knight.
1. The knight, looking puzzled, preceded to pick up the enumerator and throw it back at Chip.
2. Chip hadn’t considered this possibility, but decided to take a risk and pick up the enumerator and toss it back at the knight.
3. Steps 1 and 2 were repeated many, many times.
Though he couldn’t prove it, Chip was concerned that he was getting trapped in an infinite-loop-battle (or ILB) with the knight. He was also becoming alarmed as to why the enumerator hadn’t gone off yet. So, when it next came time for him to toss it back, he decided instead to hold on to it.

Upon checking the Photon Enumerator, he discovered that he had never actually pulled the primer pin. Yet another example of why precondition checks aren’t always a waste of time.

He quickly remedied his mistake by pulling the pin and tossing the enumerator back to the knight. The knight caught it and promptly blew up into a thousand pieces.

It turns out that the knight was okay with this because he was becoming quite bored.
Chip stepped around the mess that used to be a knight, and passed through the second door. He entered into another chamber, identical to the first, except for the words ‘State Two’ inscribed on the floor. Also, instead of a menacing knight, there were a number of different colored keys lying around. Obviously, before he could even lay eyes on the Pumping Lemma, he would have to pass through a number of challenges.
It looked as though, for this challenge, he would have to choose one of the keys in order to open the door on the opposite side of the chamber.

So Chip did just that. He picked up the red key (red was one of his favorite colors) and unlocked the door.

As he entered a third chamber, he started to get anxious – the second chamber hardly constituted a challenge at all! What was the Pumping Lemma playing at. It obviously took pleasure in messing with other people’s heads. Chip’s only hope was that this next chamber wasn’t a reject state.
As he came around from these dark thoughts, he realized that he had just walked into a chamber different from the others. Although this was an interesting breakthrough, more important was the fact that the mythical Pumping Lemma stood before him in the center of the room.

It was a well known fact that the Pumping Lemma had the ability to take on many strange and baffling forms. In Chip’s case, it chose to take the form of a small bunny with a prison shank.

The Lemma dropped the bone it was gnawing on and looked up innocently at Chip.
Chip wasn’t swayed by its angelic demeanor. His objective was in sight and nothing was going to stop him. The Pumping Lemma was just a little bunny and he was a man! With a righteous confidence he didn’t know he had, Chip wantonly attacked the bunny with his Finite State Transducer.

Had Chip stopped to consider the bone that had just dropped from the bunny’s mouth, he might have realized that the Pumping Lemma had experienced this kind of reckless behavior before.

However, Chip didn’t stop to think. He fired a shot from his Transducer at the Lemma. The shot looked good until it hit the Lemma’s personal force shield. It rebounded straight at Chip and hit him right in the foot.
“Hahaha, you just shot yourself in the foot!!” said the Lemma.
Chip, however, didn’t see what the big deal was. He would always have his other foot to use, and he wasn’t going to be deterred from his mission to rid the world of this pesky Pumping Lemma.

He threw his remaining Photon Enumerators at the Lemma (this time remembering to pull out the pins first), and managed to knock out the force shield.

At this point, the Lemma got angry and stretched itself out to its full pumping length, transforming into what looked more like a snake than a bunny.
Chip McCallahan died a gory, but noble death.

The Pumping Lemma claimed yet another innocent life.
The End.