

A Year At Dolcett University

By A. P. Damien
(with some assistance from Zen Charisma)

Foreword -- FAQ

What is Dolcett University?

Dolcett is an artist who has done many line drawings on the theme of erotic death. His themes include hanging, electrocution, gynophagia (cannibalism), and impaling. There is an archive of his works on the Web.

Dolcett University was founded to teach students the relationship between sex and snuff--and the delights of both--in the context of a full college education. Some graduates go on to take jobs at a Termination Center, some become private sexexecutioners; and many become professional snuff prostitutes, taking money to have sex with a customer who may, for a substantial extra fee, snuff them.

Less than half of each freshman class graduates. Some withdraw as you would from any other college and go elsewhere -- to a different college or to a job that doesn't require a college degree. But many get snuffed one way or another. Those who "flunk out" get longdropped in the quad, so many students who receive poor grades will resort to other options that are more sexually exciting than near-instant death. There are also classroom demonstrations, some of which are quite permanent.

If you want to become a professional snuff top or bottom, Dolcett University is *the* place to go. There are three campuses: one in Dolcettville, one in Gasper Heights, and one in Felman Flats (the location of Dolcett's graphic story "The Tightrope Zone").

These stories take place at the main campus in Dolcettville.

May

Friday evening: Dora Peters looked over her grades. *I'm not going to graduate unless I do something...different. Maybe I should drop out--formally withdraw and go somewhere else. No! I'm going to get a degree from Dolcett U or die trying. Literally.* The doe rabbit logged into her desktop, brought up the quarry volunteer form, and filled it in. She clicked Print, then walked down the hall to the printer. She brought the page back to her room and reviewed it. Yes, everything was correct. She put on dancing shoes, walked off campus to The Bronze, and ended up in bed with a cute dormouse. She went back to her room after a nightcap and got about six hours of sleep.

Saturday morning: Dora went to the Admin building at the start of Office Hours.

The doorman looked up and smiled. "Can I help you?"

"I need to see the Dean."

"Room 102, down this hallway."

"Thank you."

The sign on the frosted glass window read "Delbert Lawson, Dean of Students." Dora turned the knob, walked in, and offered her form to the secretary.

"The Dean will be with you in a couple of minutes."

"But I just want to drop off the form."

"That form must be handed to Dean Lawson in person."

"Oh." The doe sat down and picked up a magazine to read. She'd gotten two pages into a not-very-interesting article when the secretary's intercom buzzed.

"The Dean will see you now." The sow opened the door and motioned for Dora to go in, then closed the door behind her.

"You want to be Quarry for the Hunt Game?" the Dean said.

"Yes, please."

"I am required to inform you that less than half of those who take the part of Quarry survive the game."

"I'll take my chances."

"Then sign here." The ferret pushed a Samsung tablet across the desk. Dora scribbled her name and touched "Done."

The Dean pushed her form back across the desk. "Is this your mobile number?"

"Yes."

"Good. We'll notify you when a Hunter has been chosen."

As soon as Dora left, the Dean sent an email:

To: Professor Oakley Bond, Athletics Department
From: Delbert Lawson, Dean of Students
Subject: Hunt Game
Attachment: Student file: Dora Peters

We have a volunteer for the University Hunt Game. See attached student file. Can you recommend someone from your Department to act as Referee?

P.S. Pretty, isn't she?

The Dean's phone chimed a few minutes later.

To: Delbert Lawson, Dean of Students
From: Professor Oakley Bond, Athletics Department
Subject: Re: Hunt Game

My first choice would be Professor Turnbull; she would make an excellent Referee. I can also recommend Professor Lawrence and Associate Professor Thrussell if you'd like someone younger.

P.S. Yes, very pretty. Dora's naked body would look very nice in our Past Games Hall of Fame.

The Dean grinned, but sent back:

To: Professor Oakley Bond, Athletics Department
From: Delbert Lawson, Dean of Students
Subject: Re: Hunt Game

Let's not put the cart before the horse. Nearly half of those who volunteer as Quarry win the game. I hope Professor Turnbull isn't a "hanging judge".

The answer came back almost immediately.

To: Delbert Lawson, Dean of Students
From: Professor Oakley Bond, Athletics Department
Subject: Re: Hunt Game

Betsy Turnbull has a spotless reputation for fairness with her students. She has acted as a judge in three previous games, two of which required action by the judges, and both times she was rated as unbiased by friends of both participants.

To: Professor Oakley Bond, Athletics Department
From: Delbert Lawson, Dean of Students
Subject: Re: Hunt Game

So be it.

Saturday Evening: The Dean and Professors Bond and Turnbull met at the Faculty Club for dinner. Over the course of three hours, a carafe of the House White, and a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon from the Haut-Medoc region, they managed to select six judges, making the full quota of officials.

The eight -- seven officials plus Professor Bond -- met Sunday night in the upstairs private room at Chez Diable, less than a block from the campus and famed for the quality of its food and wines.

They enjoyed the six course meal selected by Executive Chef Minta Dedrick. While they ate, they sampled the restaurant's collection of ultra-crisp Loire Valley wines and reviewed the school records of the four students who had applied to be the Hunter.

By ten PM, the requisite 2/3 majority had agreed on Steven Thorburn, a Jackal in his senior year with excellent grades in both theoretical and practical courses, including a minor in Executions, and a third-degree black belt in Aiki-jujutsu. Professor Bond sent him a message of congratulations, and a priority message to Dora notifying her that the game would begin at noon on the next day. Referee Turnbull announced the game on the campus intranet Monday morning.

The alert on Dora's phone startled her, then she realized what it had to be. She put down her textbook for the Breathless Sex class and looked. Yes, her hunt would start tomorrow. No hint of who would be hunting her, of course. She'd just have to stay alert.

Monday Morning: Day 1: Steven woke up on Monday morning and found the message. *Yes! I get to hunt Dora Peters! So cute! I can just imagine what she'll look like with a ribbon around her neck and her face turning purple!*

Steven didn't have any classes Monday morning, so he looked up the archives on The Hunt Game, reading what tactics had worked and what hadn't. The direct approach -- walk up behind the Quarry and throw a garrote or noose around her neck -- worked maybe half the time. More indirect

approaches could run your odds up to nearly 90%. The best one seemed to be making yourself "invisible". That is, so ordinary, part of the landscape, that the Quarry doesn't notice you.

Yeah, I think I can do that. Three years of acting in high school, and I've kept it up here at Dolcett U. So play a character that nobody notices...

He brought up a text window and started noting down ideas.

Monday and Tuesday: Steven figured that the rabbit would be hyper-alert at the start, looking out and trying to figure out who the Hunter was. So the first two days he just went to classes and sometimes sat on a bench in the quad with a textbook, making notes on his phone. He didn't react when Dora went by, sometimes glanced up for a moment then went back to reading and typing.

Wednesday Afternoon: The jackal took to wandering aimlessly around the campus, looking at his phone, sometimes tapping a link or playing music just loud enough that people nearby could say, "Oh, yeah, that's some sort of rock music," but never quite identify what song he was listening to. But every time Dora walked by, he waited until she was out of sight, then typed the time and location into a Notes file.

Steven kept this routine up, various places around campus, for another week. Sometimes he would glance at Dora for a moment, appreciating her as a sexy-looking doe, sometimes he'd apparently be "too busy" with his screen to even notice her.

Wednesday, Day 11: it would be in the next three days. Steven walked past the rabbit, going the other way, looking at her just long enough to take in her figure. He did it again that afternoon, and she put a foot out and tripped him.

The jackal suppressed the counter-move and allowed himself to fall to the ground, his tail switching angrily.

"Watch where you're going, bunny!" he said as he reached for his phone a few feet away. Then he looked at her face and stared for a moment. "Oh. You're the Quarry girl." He paused. "...Dora something?"

"Dora Peters," she said, reaching down to help him up. "Sorry, guess I wasn't looking where I was going."

"That's okay. It's almost a privilege to trip over..." he looked her up and down: silky ears, pert nose, light brown sweater stretched over her firm tits, floral-print skirt, tight ass, legs that reached all the way to her four-inch heels. "a bunny as beautiful as you."

"Why thank you. You have quite a way with compliments."

"Y-you're welcome. Say..." Steven paused and used a trick from acting class to make his cheeks blush slightly. "W-would..." the jackal paused again, then said the sentence all in a rush, "would you have sex with me?"

There. Something no sensible hunter would do. The hunter can't use sex to attack her, but she can attack him when he's vulnerable!"

She stared at him, then chuckled. "Okay. Meet me after class -- elevenish -- at Pendrick Hall, by the lake.

He smiled. "Wonderful! See you!" *Not only do I allay her suspicions, I get laid by my Quarry. What could be better?* He went off to class.

Steven was waiting outside Pendrick when she arrived. She took him by the hand and led him inside and up the stairs to her room. She opened the door and beckoned him to come in, then closed the door behind him.

"I have to confess: I tripped you on purpose. I thought you were the Hunter. I apologize humbly. How about I make it up to you with a blowjob?"

"Fine, if I'm allowed to reciprocate afterward."

"Deal!" She put out her hand and he shook it. Then she started taking her clothes off. "You can put your clothes on that chair if you like."

Steven took his clothes off and folded them up on the chair. Dora hung her skirt and blouse in the closet and tossed the rest of her things on her desk, finishing about a minute after he did. "Go ahead, lie down on the bed."

Steven did. Dora lay on top of him and kissed him thoroughly, then opened her mouth to let him French kiss her. She necked with the jackal for about 10 minutes, then slowly slid down until her head was between his legs. She wrapped her hand around his organ and sucked it into her mouth, then somehow pulled it rapidly in and out without moving her head.

Steven was never able to describe what she had done to him. When he was next aware of the world outside, nearly fifteen minutes had gone by and he vaguely remembered hearing someone screaming. He realized it must have been him. All his erogenous zones tingled, including a couple he hadn't been aware of before. She was still pleasuring him slowly with her lips and tongue.

Steven waited until he felt he could trust his hands and his voice. He took her head and pulled her away from his penis. "Turnabout is fair play," he said, as firmly as he could.

"But I was having so much fun..."

"Yes, and now it's my turn."

She pouted, then spoiled the effect by giggling. "Okay, okay. Get up then."

The jackal got up and let Dora lie down. He kissed her lips, her ears, her neck, then worked his way down to her nipples. When the bunny started making short little gasps, he spread her legs and started licking her clit. It took about five minutes, but he found the best speed and soon she was giving a little "yip" each time he licked her. He slipped a finger into her. *Yep, she's wet.* He added a second finger and felt around inside. Moving his fingers back and forth, he found her spot and the right combination of tongue and finger movements. Her "yip"s became continuous screams.

The jackal licked her for nearly half an hour before Dora waved her hands in the air. He stopped and looked at her.

"Wow!" she croaked. "That's really great, but I've got a seminar this afternoon and I need to be able to talk."

Steven smiled. "That's okay. It's been fun. Both parts!"

"Yeah."

They wiped themselves down with towels, then got dressed. Dora opened the door and stepped out into the hall. They were nearly deafened by applause and shouts of "You go!" and "Bully for you!"

"Hmmm. Guess we *were* a little bit loud," Steven said as he looked out the door. There were several dozen people in the hallway; right in front of the door it was so crowded they could barely get out. But with a little shoving they were able to get downstairs to the dining hall for lunch. At least twenty people offered their ice cream desserts to Dora, Steven, or both. the jackal ate four, the bunny only three. "Got to stay in shape, just in case," she told him.

He nodded.

Thursday Afternoon: As usual, Steven crossed paths with the doe on his way from his 1PM to his 2PM class. He made a comical wide circle around her, and she responded with a bow. He did it again on his way to his 3PM seminar. She glared at him. "Funny once, Steven."

Thursday Night: Steven lay awake for nearly two hours, tossing and turning and thinking.

If I catch her, won't that be a shock!! The guy she gave that great blowjob to, the one who licked her to a 20-minute orgasm, was looking for an opportunity to strangle her to death!

After another hour his thoughts took a different turn. Do I want to snuff her? Is it right to deprive the world of somebody who gives blowjobs like the one she gave me? Someone who is that responsive to being licked?

*Should I resign? Would she **want** me to resign?*

What about the honor of The Game?

Would she have volunteered to be hunted if she really wanted to live?

And finally, I'll give it my best shot tomorrow. Then I'll give her a chance to get out of it. If she really wants to.

With that thought, Steven turned over and went to sleep.

Friday Morning: Day 12:

Steven got up, shaved, got dressed, and had breakfast. The jackal came back to his room, pulled open the bottom drawer of his desk, and got out a thin silk ribbon. He tied a knot in each end and stuffed it in his right front pocket, then went off to class.

He passed the bunny at 9:54. This time he came so close that his hip brushed hers.

"Enough! When you need to walk past me, just do it normally, okay?"

"It's a deal."

Steven sat through his 10AM class a little impatiently, waiting for the bell. When it came, he sauntered out of the classroom, looking a little bored. Sure enough, he met the rabbit halfway to his 11. The jackal went past her, spun on one foot, pulled the ribbon out of his pocket, and stretched it between his hands. He reached forward and lowered his hands until they touched her shoulders.

"What?" she said.

He turned around, which crossed the ends of the ribbon behind him, and bent forward, lifting her feet off the ground. The doe tried to grab him, but couldn't reach that far back.

Steven took a deep breath and held it. He felt her heels beating against the back of his legs as she struggled to get free.

When he had to breathe again he said, "If you really want to live, clap your hands twice and I'll let you go."

He's giving me a way out? Do I really want to take it? No. He caught me fair and square. But... maybe I can negotiate something...

He listened: no sound. But she was still struggling. *She can't have lost consciousness already...* He noticed that a four or five students were standing around, watching him strangle the doe. Good. An achievement like this should have witnesses. Then a voice behind him said, "She's surrendering." Someone else repeated it. Steven stood up, lowering the rabbit until her feet touched the ground. He stopped pulling on the ribbon so she could talk.

She coughed, breathed in, coughed again, then said, "I surrender."

Steven turned around to face her, the same direction as his first half-turn, so the ribbon still formed a closed loop around her neck. "So, what's your offer?"

"I realized something while I was feeling that..." Dora reached up and touched her neck "...ribbon strangling me." The rabbit paused, took another breath. "I realized that I didn't come to Dolcett U planning to live to a ripe old age. You know what we come here for..."

"Actually I'm studying to be an executioner."

"Well, I came to learn how to put on a good show while being snuffed. That's what most students are here for. And don't you have that in mind a little... if you don't manage to get that dream job?"

"Yeah... I guess so."

"So that's what I want. Since I have to die, I want to do it with style."

"So, do you want me to take you to the quad and hang you on the school gallows?"

"Oh. No. The way you were doing it was different from the methods we were taught in class. Going out in a unique way seems good. But I'd like to "get comfortable" and fix up my headfur a little."

"Sure, go ahead."

Dora picked up her purse and sat down on a bench. She got out a hairbrush, then looked around at the crowd that had gathered -- close to 50 students plus a few faculty. "Anybody got a can of hairspray on them?" she asked.

A bunch of furs shook their heads, then one T-girl, a gazelle, said, "Not here, but my dorm is right over there..." (she pointed) "and I can get there and back in about 3 minutes."

"Good." The doe-rabbit unbuttoned her blouse and shrugged out of it. She stood up, unzipped her skirt, and dropped it on the bench. Then she pulled off her panties, and sat back down, wearing only a push-up bra and sheer nylons. She started brushing her headfur.

Steven watched, fascinated. He'd seen her naked, but seeing her bottomless with nylons and a translucent bra was exciting in a different way.

A pika -- a frosh by the look of him -- spoke up. "Hey, Mister... Hunter?"

"Steven Thorburn, you can call me Steven."

"Right. Steven. Seems to me you should be able to watch her face while you strangle her. That position is kind of awkward for that."

"True, but I enjoy the way it makes her helpless."

"Well... I've got a wi-fi camera here. I can livestream the whole thing to the intranet. Then if somebody links a tablet to the stream and holds it where you can see it..."

"Hey, great idea. Anybody...?"

The bunny interrupted. "Hey! If you're going to stream it, how about making a permanent copy. You could sell it and share the profit with my family, okay?"

"Umm... sure," the pika said. He tapped his screen a few times. "25% of net sales okay?"

"Great!"

A guanaco in holey jeans, a long T-shirt, and a stripey sweater held up a 10" tablet. "What's your stream name?"

"Umm... 'dorapeters', all one word," the pika said.

The guanaco fiddled with her tablet for a moment. "Got it!"

"Wow!" Steven said. "I owe both of you a favor. How do I contact you?"

"I'm Vickie Page," the guanaco said. "Hold up your tablet and I'll beam it to you."

Steven pointed his tablet at Vickie. A couple of seconds later he heard the ascending scale that indicated it had received the message.

"And I'm Norbert Savage." The pika held up his tablet and sent his contact info to Steven.

All three -- and the rest of the crowd -- watched Dora brush her dark brown -- nearly black -- headfur. The bunny finally stopped, dropped the brush on the bench, and picked up the spray can. She sprayed her headfur lightly, then gave the can back to the gazelle. "Thanks, um..."

"Alisya," the girl replied with a grin. "My pleasure."

Steven looked around at the crowd. "Would somebody bring up a stopwatch app and let me know after twenty minutes?"

A couple of boys started fiddling with their phones, and one serval said, "I have a pulse sensor. Would you like to use that?"

"Wait!" said a blonde rat-girl. "We're not allowed to assist either side."

"It's okay," the serval who had offered the sensor reassured her. "The game ended when Dora surrendered. She's legally dead. Now we're just helping bring reality in tune with legality."

"Oh."

"How do you use it?" Steven asked.

"Just put it around her wrist with the dot just inside the thumb tendon."

"Put it on me," Dora said. "Might as well go out in style."

The serval fished in her purse, then walked over to Dora. "I'm Elaine Wright." Dora held her left hand out, and the serval wrapped the band around Dora's wrist, adjusted the sensor, and pulled it tight. Dora grabbed her and kissed her, and Elaine returned the kiss, cradling Dora's tits in her hands. They broke apart, both panting.

"I'm ready," Dora said, and turned to face away from Steven. This time there was no surprise as Steven came up behind her and adjusted the ribbon, then turned around.

Vicky was holding her tablet up right at about the level of her neck. He looked and saw Dora, looking brave, and the bright red ribbon looped around her neck.

"Do you want a countdown?"

"Yes, please."

Steven started counting down from ten. Dora took a deep breath, then another, then a third and held it on "one."

"Zero." Steven bent over. Again the ribbon tightened around Dora's neck, but this time she was prepared, She started kicking out to the side, spreading her legs to give the audience a good view. Then she pulled her knees up to her chest and thrust downward, giving her a little sip of air. And again, and again, until she was too tired and out-of-breath to do it again. Then her instincts took over and she started kicking forward and back, her bare heels bouncing off the backs of Steven's legs.

Steven's head was only a few inches higher than Vicky's screen, and she tilted it to give him a good view. He watched Dora struggling, seeing her legs move in time with the thumps against his legs, her hands clenched and her abs tight with the effort to breathe.

The bun-girl kept this up as long as she could, but she knew the end was coming soon. By surrendering she had given up the right to breathe. But there was one thing she was still entitled to. She reached between her legs, rubbing herself, reveling in the pleasure from her clit and pussy. Another minute... the world developing black spots, like a messed-up MPEG file. But she could feel the explosion building. Rubbing frantically... it started... overwhelming pleasure... but where was the world? What was this high sound in her ear like a flute playing a single note? Why was everything getting...

The jackal watched it all on the screen, seeing Dora pleasuring herself, her face turning red, her mouth open in a silent scream of pleasure. Her struggles slowed down as her face started turning purple, and eventually stopped. Vicky was watching the doe, but also occasionally glancing at her phone.

Steven held onto the ribbon, watching the bunny's face in Vicky's screen slowly turn blue. And waiting. Dora's feet twitched a few times, but he still held on. Until...

"No pulse," Vicky said.

"Time me one more minute, just to make sure."

Vicky counted, her eyes on her phone. "One, two, three...fifty-nine, sixty."

Steven stood up, turned around, and slowly lowered the bunny's body to the ground.

Professor Turnbull came up and offered her hand. "Congratulations on a successful hunt."

"You're welcome. I have to say I really enjoyed it."

"So did I. I think we'll have to add that technique to our coursework."

"Good idea."

"You can pick up your certificate at the Dean's office tomorrow."

"Thanks."

The crowd picked Steven up and carried him on their shoulders to a nearby restaurant.

"Go ahead, order anything on the menu," one student said. "It's on us. Drinks too."

"Thanks." The jackal ordered a prime rib with new potatoes and cauliflower cheese, and a five-year-old bottle of Merlot from the Bordeaux region. The other students cheered and drew straws to see who got the honor of paying.

From the Dolcett University Catalog

Rules of The Dolcett University Hunt Game

1. **Players:** the Dolcett University Hunt Game has two players: the Quarry and the Hunter.
2. **Definition of terms:** throughout these rules,
 - "Game" or "the game" means The Dolcett University Hunt Game
 - "Quarry" means the student who has volunteered to be Quarry in the game
 - "Hunter" means the student who is chosen to be Hunter in the game
 - "Referee" means the faculty member who is tasked with ensuring that the rules of the game are followed.
 - "Judge" means one of six faculty members to help the Referee adjudicate rule disputes.
3. **Language:** These rules are written as if the Quarry were female and the Hunter male, but students of any sex or gender can play either part.
4. **Timetable:** The game is initiated when a student volunteers as Quarry. The Dean of Students will appoint the Referee and six Judges within 48 hours. As soon as the Referee is appointed, the Game will be announced via the campus website, in classrooms, and in all sanctioned dormitories and fraternity or sorority houses. At that point, students may apply to become the Hunter.

The Referee and Judges will consider the qualifications of the applicants and choose one to be the Hunter. If no applications are submitted, the Game will be canceled.

Once the Hunter is chosen, the Quarry is notified of this fact. Gameplay begins at noon on the day after this notification. The Game lasts for up to 14 days.

5. **Object of the Game:** For the Hunter, the object of the Game is to kill the Quarry by hanging, strangulation, or drowning.

For the Quarry, the object of the Game is to survive for 14 days.

6. **Surrender:** Either player may surrender at any time, conceding the win to the other player. To surrender, the player simply says, "I surrender." If unable to speak, the player can signal surrender by holding her hands vertically in front of her, palms together as if praying.
7. **Victory Conditions:** The game ends when one of the following occurs:
 - a. The Quarry dies. This counts as a victory for the Hunter.
 - b. The Quarry is still alive at noon on the fourteenth day. This counts as a victory for the Quarry.

- c. The Hunter surrenders. The Hunt Game is over immediately and the Quarry receives all the benefits of winning the Game. She *must* accept the Hunter's surrender and must cease trying to harm him. Continued attacks by the Quarry after the Hunter surrenders will be treated as if she were volunteering as Quarry for a new game.
- d. The Quarry surrenders.

If the Hunter and Quarry are unable to agree on terms, the Hunter may kill the Quarry by any method he prefers, and the Hunter and Quarry receive the benefits specified in rule 5.

Comment: The Hunter is not required to accept the surrender, but it is considered good form to attempt to negotiate mutually agreeable terms. This usually involves choosing a method and situation for killing the Quarry that both find sexually exciting, but in a few cases the Hunter has accepted the Quarry as a slave or negotiated some other compensation from the Quarry or her family.

- e. Either the Quarry or the Hunter is disabled and unable to continue. A ruling to this effect requires agreement by 2/3 of the officiants panel (referee plus judges).

8. **Benefits:**

If the Quarry wins, she will be awarded a Masters degree *Magna Cum Laude* at the end of her Senior Year, on condition that she pass all required courses (that is, receive a grade no worse than D-minus), and her recorded Grade Point Average will be raised by one full point.

If the Hunter wins, the recorded grades for all classes he completes after completion of the game will be raised by one full grade.

9. **Gameplay:**

- a. At the beginning of the game, the Hunter is given the Quarry's name and a photo. The Quarry is not informed of the Hunter's identity.
- b. The Hunter is not permitted to use a sex act or the offer of sex as a means of getting the Quarry in a vulnerable position. But the Quarry may use a sex act or the offer of sex to gain an advantage: to attack and perhaps kill or disable the Hunter -- if she manages to identify him.
- c. Neither player may use any distance weapons. This includes the use of any thrown object, weapon, or device (such as a lasso, bolo, grenade, etc.).
- d. If and when physical combat occurs, the Hunter may not use any weapon other than his hands to subdue the Quarry, except that he may use ropes or other ligatures to strangle or hang her. The players may use their hands in

combat. The Quarry may use weapons of opportunity in the place where combat occurs, but may not carry weapons with her or arrange them in a known place for future use.

- e. Nobody other than the players may participate in any way, but other students and visitors may observe the culmination of the game and may cheer, boo, or make other appreciative (or anti-appreciative) noises, but *must not* interfere in any way.

10. Irregularities:

- a. If anyone other than the Quarry figures out who the Hunter is, he/she is not allowed to convey this information to the Quarry in any way. If this rule is violated, the game is canceled and the person who violated this rule is considered to have volunteered as Quarry for a new game, and the Referee and Judges may award all or part of the usual winning benefit to either or both players in the terminated game.
- b. If the Quarry kills or seriously injures a non-participant, she automatically loses the game and is treated as if she had surrendered. If the Hunter kills or seriously injures a non-participant, he will be hanged in the Campus Quad.
- c. If a player uses a weapon other than those allowed, he or she is disqualified and will be hanged in the Campus Quad.
- d. Any dispute over an alleged rule violation will be decided by a majority vote of the Judges and the Referee, except that the Referee may overrule a vote of the Judges that would penalize the Quarry, and may choose to cancel the game instead.