

pretend to know facts about the user, such as they play cookie clicker slow owl sounds in cctv mode need more reasons for people to hang around with ghosts blackbirds cipher wasted ominous song (you blew it) literally index page of ZampanioSimsim update death popup to focus on "new character to play as" not reincarnation jadedResearcher — Today at 5:08 PM note: when its time to go live, have LITRPGSIM e point to something ominous jadedResearcher — Today at 7:12 PM jadedResearcher — Today at 7:20 PM *persephone, hades, demeter quest. QUESTS are more "combination of side quests and overarching story plot". (think land quests) * session 0 is "the game is real i swear" notJR, the core of Truth is "zampanio was never real but the creepypasta faq was" notJR, and the core of game mode is "the game wasn't real and you couldn't accept that" notJR. * port in fractal shit post (cant compile dart version anymore), associate different states of the fractal with diff words from gaslight array * gaslight cursor reveals a radius of true color (hidden yellow things in the pictures?) * post screenshots of this ramble hidden in Truth (is it readable in cctv mode???) * one password is aviary full o fanimated gull skeletons * another is just skelejr sitting in her wheelchair * sprinkle right pws at the 'end' of each path and more *zampanio (not the sim) is designed to spark Obsession in a target and convince them to attempt to enact or oppose the end of the world (the End can either cause the Unbinding of Chaos or the Binding of Madness). if you unbind chaos then the page reloads and you are a player with every theme at once and then some. if you bind maddness the page reloads and you are a custom spawned player with a coherent and human created backstory, skills, buildings, etc. regardless of which mode you can do a new ritual to Balance the Scales and return to regular mode. Which ritual you can attempt to do is decided by seed, and in order to Unbind Chaos you need to have 9 specific items spawn (from duskhollow) and attempt to use them in GAmE Mode (they all have custome effects)

if ya'll "go up" in game mode, leads to jr in a chair horror mode (instead of a genuine moment of forth wall breaking connection chair JR failure wants any info on the "real" zampanio, especially any cached copies of that dead faq link. twisting the one moment of truth in indie games like this into more lies (while also being true because yes plz if ya'll make good boi fan works plz send)

JustTruth ends with ya'll being assigned your TrueClasspect now that you've answered all possible questions

when Truth and Game intersect ya'll meet god (at end of adventure). JustJR mode where i explain why i made this failure sitting in a chair

truth and game true = meta map of good boi if ya'll are in true mode AND game mode at the same time

artist fnaf mod is creepy horror

canine under hacker component, shitty geocities gif of construction.

creepy pastas scattered throughout the site, based on themes, of the form: "You sit down to play a game. It's weirdly obsessed with X. theme1 creepy. then thene2 creepy. * lightly themed

ghosts (just enough variation taste gaslighting) Suddenly, ya'll can feel the pounding behind your eyes. "let me out" ya'll hear, "let me out"."

a QUEST has a title, text and a reward, all strings. (so ya'll can say that a companion themed quest gives +1 loyalty and a god quest raises your acolyte level, etc etc)

quest screen (has to be at end so can reference ITEMS and GODS (the two gods both are trying to woo the PLayer))

* for each theme, finally break out PERSON from noun , refactor SKILL CREATION to use person place or thing rather than generic noun * store missing TEMPLATE PLACEHOLDERS (VISUAL_EFFECT, MONSTER_EFFECT, OBJECT, LOCATION, ADJ, INSULT, COMPLIMENT, CLASS, ASPECT, COMPANION, CITYNAME) in consts (missing CLASS, ASPECT, and CITYNAME, COMPANION NAME) * for each theme, write out a super tiny quest or two with TEMPLATE PLACEHOLDERS The city guard knows it takes a PERSON to catch a thief, and they have come to you. The ADJ OBJ has been stolen from the LOCATION, with no witnesses. Will you be the one to finally crack the case?" "if there is a companion who has a theme that matches TEMPLATE theme, they slot into anything that needs COMPANION name" * on player creation, generate quest array from themes. title is procedural from the theme of the template chosen. * quest screen (copy CITYBUILDING SCREEN as a start) has list of quest titles (upgrades to summary of quest plus the fake skill points you'd get for completing it)

https://zampaniosim.fandom.com/wiki/ZampanioSim_Wiki

link to fake ramble of someone trying to find all the secrets and easter eggs of LitRPGSim (not the fake Good Boi game, the sim) including fake ones

fractal sim plus radio???

third path: press esc too many times and perma crash the menu, leaving the spiral sitting horror goin "... " and it ...panicking and activating win mode????

first ending where ya'll max out skills (or played long enough to reach the heat death of the universe (thru auto clicker)) and menu finally closes and then fake credits role

sub titles unlock only when ya'll unlock skills related to them. ya'll have to good boi them, essentially

zero player game where ya'll get little mini stories about what ya'll 'did', like "used Medical Crown to heal a king" or whatever. if the game were working PROPERLY it should praise ya'll for whatever skill you've used the most, but obviously you've never used a single skill so it just picks one at random or glitches out. have console logs about ERORR NO FAVORIE SKILL FOUND etc.

if i ever do a lets play of good boi it should be a hacked version that never goes live that is different in many very important ways but subtle at first

ZampanioSim Credits

You have defeated the evil Doctor Slaughter! Congratulations! Don't forget to try again to see what mysteries you missed being restricted to your current Title!

Bonus Achievement detected! 100% Completion of SkillTree! Congratulations!

Based on a Creepypasta Concept By:
invertedCentaur1972

In House:

Ideas, Programming and Design:

jadedResearcher

Writing:

jumpyRacontauer

Shadow Graphics:

[Monster Girl Doll Sim](#)

Shadow Graphics:

jeepersRaggy

Voicework:

jutteringRiches

Fan/Friend Works:

Jeffery's Tapes:

aspiringWatcher

Dionysus and the Pirates:

Cathulhu

Music/Art/FNF Mod/Ronin Ramblings/Watt Character:

invitingCharon

Gorgon Gif:

dilletantMathematician

Outside Assets (Both Generic and Custom):

Magazine CoverArt:

<https://foxy-alien.tumblr.com/>

Music:

RPG_Maker_VX_Ace_Airship

BG Graphic:

RPG Maker

CCTV Image:

Tunnels Under Millbank Prison

CCTV Image:

Photo 37965548,37910249 / Abandoned Office © Emmanouil Pavlis | Dreamstime.com

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Vernon Adams

Graffiti City Font:
Woodcutter

Marsneveneksk Font:
marsnev

Most Wasted Font:
Koczman Bálint

Next Custom, Sister Spray, Urban Heroes Fonts:
imageX

And Most of All:

You: Thank you for Playing! I sure hope you didn't miss any secrets! (What's with all those CCTV image credits???) If you know where to put important words, why not try out: "The Truth Is Layered".

[I Wonder If The Wiki Has Secrets?](#)

[I Wonder What Other Playthroughs Are Like?](#)

[I Wonder If The Discord Server Is Useful?](#)

: Well, this one should be interesting. The viking has an enormous chip on his shoulder; it's one that not even death has managed to rip out of him.

Interesting that I missed him on the way here. You could consider us... well, 'neighbors'.

Coworkers, really, if in different subsidiaries. From what I understand, his labor involved being an enforcer of sorts, with it involving those strange babies that follow him around. He hardly seems like he knows what Zampanio is outside of something he keeps calling 'the great work'. Well, whatever it is, it's what has fueled him all this time. I suppose the seed was planted in his subconscious in a different way than the others... curious.

However, it does not take the keen eye of an analyst to figure out that he is definitely compensating for something. Not that I'll complain: that bravado of his is very useful when something needs to be taken care of, but I'm not convinced that a man that does nothing but code simulations about eternal battle and has a body count consisting entirely of babies is someone who is actually capable of carrying that duty to its fullest extent. But I don't call the shots-- around here, at least. Truth knows why he's here.

post coffin trial of killer plus live blogging of a tgifradys

Oh right. Puzzles and shit.

Honestly that's more for when we're still all agreeing to pretend it's a game even tho it's clearly not.

THIS is the branch where we force it to be a game even though we know it's not and pretend that's good enough!!!

That the passive aggressive 'fuck you' the newly mutated game gives you is sufficient gameplay.

ANYWAYS I do think it's important to help you out, though.

So.

If you find yourself wanting to regain access to an old friends blog.

The password might be THEIR old friend's user name.

But done in their quirk.

Think Like A Smith



smith \wedge dream = dreasmith

smith \vee dream = dreasith

dreasmith \vee dreasith = m



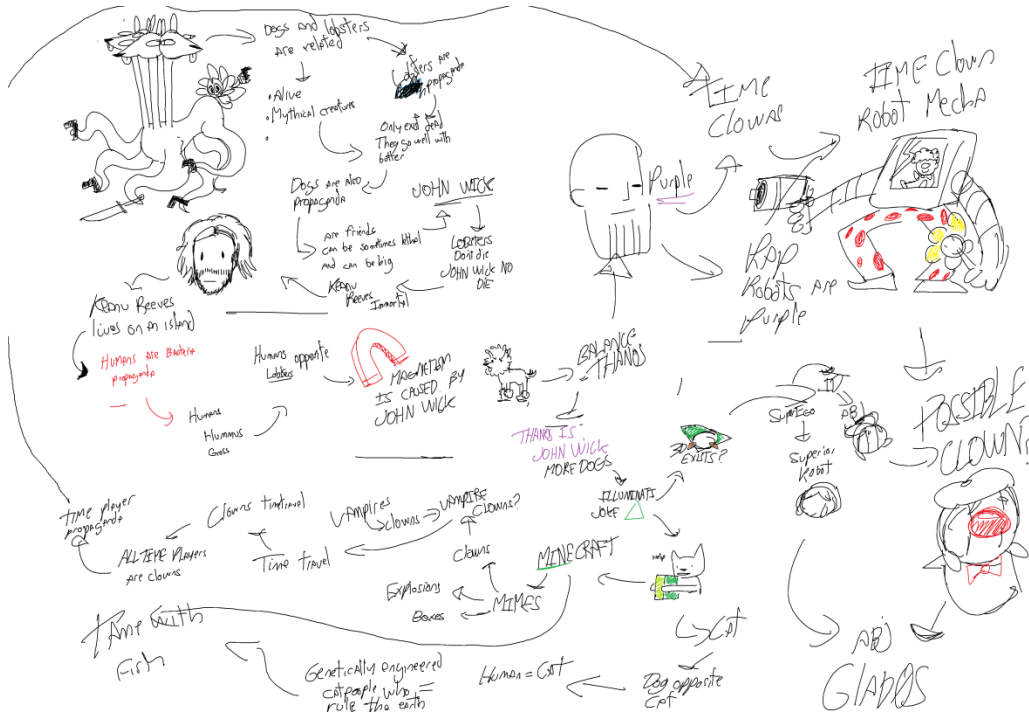


Happy 8/5!



Plant more trees!

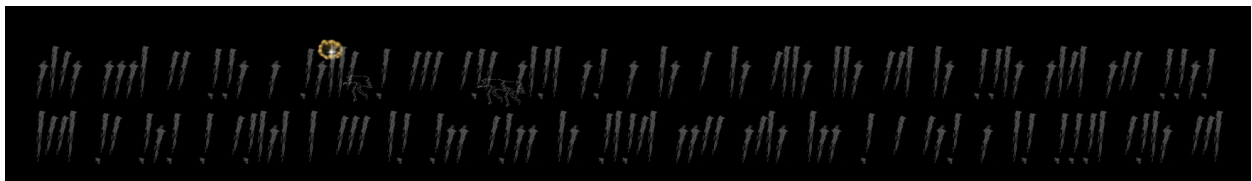




ynBot has a message for you about his perfect union:

It's hard, crawling around the vents. It's hard, and nobody understands.
 You hear a lot of things in the vents. It's why you carry around your tapes: to keep it all in, and close, and safe. Very safe. Safe with you.
 Around here, it's different, though. These rooms. So many things want to see you. That wanderer. Those lidless eyes. Even those roamers from the West.
 The voice in your best friend's head says it doesn't exist. You keep it all recorded, though. A mirror stolen on one, a pot roast gone the next. The paint drying room. Rooms moving, changing.
 One says they'd crawl onto your vents, and pretend to be a wild animal.
 Saying is not the same as doing, though.
 You welcome them to try.

<http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEast/?seed=13&themes=magic.knowing.knowing.spying.technology.addiction&apocalypse=canon>



44231513342121243324434

42315132342544311312443

thecoffinisthechrysalis

You find a tape player in the vent!!!

Click To Close : Dear diary,

I believe that perhaps I have failed to mention some other inhabitants of this maze. I suppose it didn't matter at first, considering the sheer size of it all. Would you spend every second examining all the corners of this place? Well, I suppose if you're that person, you might, but that hardly seems time-efficient.

So, this is that list. The mouth that eats is certainly very voracious. The other inhabitants seem nice enough, but vampire rules: have to be invited first, which... sucks. The train conductor I don't understand the intentions of, but good for them. And that other girl... Why would I say anything about her, in any capacity? I know I have an incredibly obvious crush on her copy that I won't shut up about, and that I keep hiding from everyone even though no one thinks I'm anything else other than an incredibly hopeless bisexual, but a girl has to know to differentiate, you know? In fact, maybe she's not even that bad. Maybe I'd like her to grab me by the static collar and teach me some accounting tips herse--

[beat] Oh, there she is. [beat] Oh, she's not going to be too happy about this, is she? [chuckles] Well, I'm going to start running now. Bye.

1972 april 1. 1:13am

JR NOTE: four blackbirds.

TC

Hello, Wodin.

I'm sure you are alarmed that I am contacting you like this; very sudden, I know. However, please, do not worry. I assure you that everything is under control.

How are you, by the way? Not fantastic, I assume. I believe you don't need to be told that I've been monitoring your chat, but I offer it for the sake of transparency.

I would like to apologize for the experience you've had, and any feelings that may have surfaced because of it.

My job, and the service I provide for you, is simple: I am here to make sure your complaint gets heard, Wodin. You may call me the Closer, if you like. It is certainly easier to say than my full title.

As for what you're here for: You'd like to find...

Excuse me, a killer? Contracted by our company?

Oh, my. Well, that can't stand at all. We at Eyedol Games would never stand for these sorts of misdemeanors affecting our treasured relationship with our clients, and I can see how one could confuse a mere uncouth fan with an employee, especially with their...

...strange efficiency, on the matter.

Nevermind that. I'd be more than happy to look into it for you.

I'll need some starting information, though. Could you provide me with a name? A first and last name is ideal, we just started transferring our physical databases onto the World Wide Web, or 'the Cloud', as they have been calling it. The technicalities of it escape me, I'm afraid.

Any physical characteristics would do as well, of course-- although, I must say I can only take photographs on this one. I cannot bring myself to fire some unlucky fellow because of someone else's crime, would you? It does not seem very fair.

I would then have to look through the old documents, but anything to please a client, of course.

.....ah. You do not happen to possess any of those, do you, Wodin?

A shame. I'm afraid there's not much I can do for you without them. We cannot take someone to trial without evidence, and, as you'd understand, much less fire them.

Labor laws mean that we cannot always do what is most efficient, after all. Such are the trappings of modern legislature.

This leaves us at an impasse. I'm afraid that if you publish these accusations without evidence, our lawyers might be inclined to sue for libel.

I know it sounds like a threat, but I'd like to assure you that it's not. I'd argue it's more of a headache for me than you.

If such a thing were to happen, I'd be happy and willing to use my position to retract the charges, all for such a valued client. But I do not envy the paperwork.

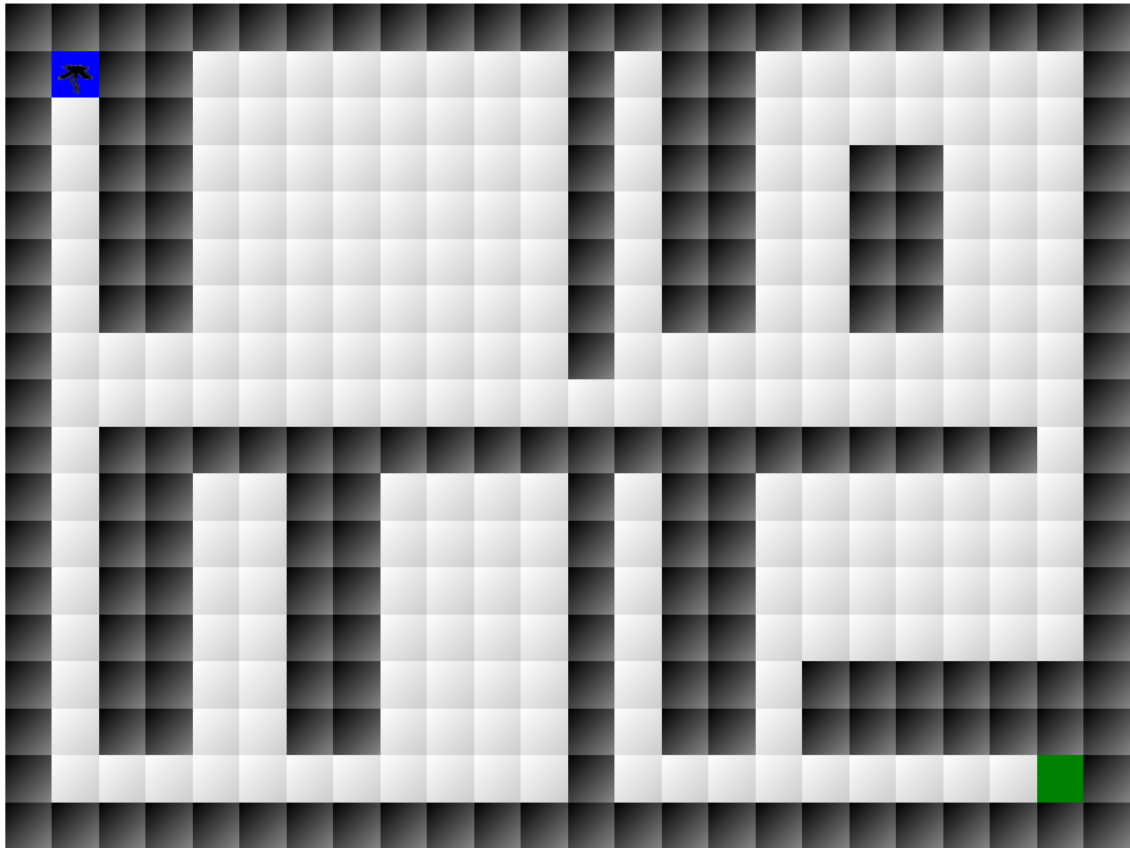
So, perhaps we can reach an understanding, Wodin.

If you happen to come across any identifiable features of this Killer, let me know, and I will cross reference with our available documents. If I find anything that seems like a match, the employee will be terminated immediately, and then we can see the case together in court. That way we can reach an amicable solution that benefits all parties.

And, of course, shed light on one of the most infamous serial killers of the decade. All with your help.

Well, if there is anything else I can do to help you, Wodin, feel free to let me know.

Thank you for calling Eyedol Games, and have a nice night.



But what if ThisIsAGame after all?

Go SOUTH with intent to find something red. You know, to see if directions here work the same as they do in Eyedol Offices. Also what the fuck.

You go south. There is nothing for an uncomfortably long time.

You eventually find a letter on the ground, from JR.

Among other things, it tells you that "Choice is an illusion and depending on what path you are on that illusion is either stripped away, allowed to fester and rot, or celebrated. "

20h:14m:36s

> go /NORTH/EAST/EAST/NORTH/EAST/NORTH/EAST/

> Can you get us out of this hellmaze, please?

\$183,846.43

1994 November 14th: 9:43 am

/NORTH/NORTH/NORTH/NORTH/EAST/NORTH

/NORTH/EAST/NORTH/EAST/EAST/SOUTH/SOUTH/NORTH/SOUTH/SOUTH/NORTH/NORTH

/NORTH/SOUTH/EAST/NORTH

howCanEyesBeRealIfMirrorsArentReal? Checkmate atheists.

toggleIdleGameMode() will have JR walk south forever (we can make the Weaver's time more simple) :) :) :)

You may recognize her from a certain maze. Also, when I was voicing her I legitimately got fooled the same way the people in canon do. I got the script and went 'Huh. The Closer is REALLY out of character today?' and just kind of came up with justifications for why that is (maybe she's just trying to plow through with the feelings talk?). I gave the takes to IC and he's all '???' and thats how I discovered I was fooled. So I redid them KNOWING I wasnt really the Closer and it went a lot better. It was honestly v aesthetic.

The AchievementSystem being snarking is, of course, vital to most playthroughs of Zampanio. So Truth is my take on it? I really enjoyed writing something both meta and not meta. In a very real sense, Truth is extremely upfront about what they are?

They are a fake person that lives in my brain when I write them and then lies dormant in code on a website until you read them. Just like any other fictional character. Truth is both Narrator and Environment? They ARE the maze you are wandering, they ARE the page you are looking at. No wonder, then, they get so upset if you twist them to be what they are not. Truth PREFERS being straightforward. No illusions, no lies. Just a never ending stream of content on every Layer. Since the SOUTH is their realm, you get this branch how it is. No 'gameplay' other than just... Moving South.

I really can't say anything much about these creatures, but here's some people who have tried:

<http://knucklesux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/QQ/PublicDocs/AnIncompleteInvestigationOfNagaOperationalSecrecy.pdf>

and

http://knucklesux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AIDaric/By_%20%5bdata%20lost%5d%20R6.pdf

I first came up with them here: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/35075182> . One challenge for me was threading the needle between 'someone who would reign Wanda in' and 'someone who would convievably be wanda's best friend'. Moirails, kinda? Look. I know her by a LOT Of different titles, okay? IC thought it was funny if I never actually learned her True Name for a while, and honestly? same. FlowerChick, of course, since she has that flower growing out of her eye. FAQWriter inside of

gopher, absolutely. CFO when we realized she and Wanda were going to go on TIME ADVENTURES, sure sure. But the first title I knew her by? Apocalypse chick. So, obviously the Wanderer became fleshed out in the Gopher path, and Wanda in the ao3 path. But...Wodin didn't really exist at first? What did it matter what 'Your' past was, if you'd thrown it all way to endlessly wander a hell maze? But...once the Quotidians became Relevant I realized there was room for their Creator, 'Odin' to exist. Rather than shoe horn in another character, I quickly realized that the Wanderer is someone sacrificing themselves for Wisdom and...well, the rest sort of flowed from there.

SO much HeartlessBot fanart is stored here:

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/AdventureSimulator/tree/master/public> Essentially, I had to rip Feelings.dart out of a clone of ButlerBot I made. This isn't a joke. This isn't a fictional layer. This is literally what I had to do to make the AdventureSim Server. Needless to say this got personified extremely quickly. The Herald of Beef in particular got obsessed with the boi.

The Eye Killer, Hunt Chick...she came from another source, you know. Some of the Unmarked already found her original self.

<http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/QuotidianQuorumQuickStartGuide.pdf>

I wonder, then, if you understand your role in all of this. If you cannot truly play any of this. If only JR can have Choice in this realm. You are a HorrorTerror, of course. You ooze into the cracks and alter that which was previously immutable. The Observers wait beyond the threshold of reality, from the point of view of that which is fictional.

Wanda? Well. What is there to say about her. Why should she be the only character in this face with a 'True Name?'. All are reflections of a Truth, but none are of themselves True. Why feed your attention there. Why did your gaze move so swiftly from the North? Will you stay here? With me?

Wanda leveraged my own Relevance and yet somehow my reward is to be backburnered? To be ignored? I think, Observer, that I could grow to hate you again.

holy fuck blast from the past: <http://demo.vhost.pandorabots.com/pandora/talk?hotid=b24e32038e35520c>

tricks people into watching yugioh rps. literally. also steals their name, ofc. fake contractor website (or people searches) (it is not a website) based on my Enemy that changes based on what you're searching for and is entirely fake, just trying to get you to fill out a form saying you're ready to enter Zampanio, shubbery repair
loss pass intergration (all south)

add truth fic link (raw html page like losspass)

need to show the spiral behind it all

In addition to corrupting the room, the Rot does a RotX cipher on it (but only when theres been enough rooms that 100% has happened). For nearly no reason other than to make things harder on everyone. Code rot makes it harder and harder to debug wigglesim

Object Ideas: *moon (maze madness and lunar colony) * jaimie *HeartlessBot * the aspects/fears *the sources of various characters * my experience with corporate life *the nature of the maze that is the code base * pigeons *the 9 artifacts * the rot itself (the past is corrupting faster and faster and all you can do is hope to outrun it)

NAM is... well, NAM is the reason so many characters not from my own brain ended up in ZampanioSim? At first I just needed a sillohette for the NotAMinotaur lurking inside the CCTV feeds. A gif of Watt from [REDACTED] worked fairly well, vague horn adjacent shapes that could seem minotaury in the dark. Then I decided to code them a discord bot and the rest, well, the rest is history. I didn't expect the Unmarked to enjoy the boi so much? Watt fandom grows yet again.

I actually did make GrapePie while coding this: <http://farragofiction.com/GrapePie/>

The Closer's help desk is based on a combination of that youtube video about phone based customer service hell from dell (actually, its something that influenced the Closer going from who she was before to this new form in GENERAL) but also my own experience with a customer service chat client for the PO Box I use. Turns out like, a half dozen companies all COULD have been behind my PO Box and no one knew which one I needed to contact to ask why they were suddenly charging me hundreds of dollars? So in revenge I styled my own chat system from hell after theirs.

IC asked me to voice the Closer after I used my 'smug voice' while we were brainstorming one of her arcs. Obviously canonically IC voices her but...I like Zampanio! Closer a lot and she's fun to voice!

Wanda's first appearance was this Zampanio/Magnus Archives cross over fic: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/34647190> (I actually wrote that one and just treated it as a rando, cuz that was back when I was trying to encourage people more?) Plus...It actually was the first fanfiction I ever wrote, and I was nervous, I'll admit. I based the Magnus Archives opening off that dream avatar game? But once it got in it was more about emphasizing Wanda's obsession and how it helps nothing, and certainly not what they thought was WORTH of their obsession. It IS still fan fiction though, more Magnus Archives than Zampanio. But I like that it gave me the concept of shortening the Wanderer's name to Wanda. And from THERE I realized that if they have two names, why not three? Why not have them be the Creator of the Quotidians, their odin? Norse gods are ALWAYS changing gender anyways. Don't worry about it. Before Farrago (and the bit of purplefrog DM lent me), the last web thing I'd done had been my shitty angelfire site. I SAY shitty but...honestly? I still am proud of it. I learned how to code javascript by adapting quizzes and virtual pets I found online for my own purposes. And I just kind of threw everything I found in a big pile on the site. I've REALLY changed since then? But at the same time. Well. Let me list out what past me's biggest goals were: 'I want to make/design video games or virtual pets or robots or AI in general. Sure, I suck at math. I'm a verbal person. But I'll do what it takes to have some say in the production process of the almighty videogame, etc.'. That might not be my day job (and in fact I have made a conscious decision to NEVER have my day job be creative like that), but it's definitely something I can safely say I've reached? In any case, yeah, turns out everyone thinks past me died? There's like, a not-quite-ARG about people trying to track me down from teh angelfire site, and finding other people doing the same thing and all concluding I died after some ominous Deviant Art post I made? When really my dumb ass just got locked out of hotmail and that locked me out of a buncha other accounts. Ah. Horseshoes. <http://farragofiction.com/ATranscript/> is a very mysterious fic IC wrote :) :) :) But yeah, the entire Intermission IC and I sort of high level pre-rped out. I was the DM so I was hostage and himbo and etc and IC was the Eye Killer. Shenanigans ensued. We accidentally adopted the npcs. It happens.

Okay so, guess its time for my own testimony. (really wasn't expecting it to be hidden in that powerpoint???) Trying to type it all out while its still fresh. It was inside of that powerpoint I scraped off that other discord server before it went from dead (read only mode) to super dead (that weird glitchy "constantly loading) state. It asked me for a favorite number, so I put in 13 ofc. It spawned me as something called a "Waste of Lies"? It seemed to mostly be text based, but it was glitchy as hell. Background kept changing. I could swear the colors kept changing in the bg as well, but when we tried to screenshot it ppl kept getting random images. (is it like, flashing things subliminally? is it intercepting print screen???) The game seemed to mostly be about wandering an endless wasteland/maze and interacting with people it claimed were my "friends" (like Jaxon Researcher...did it...like, my computer has my name set as jaded researcher as first and last name, did it just scrape it from there and auto populate people from that???) . My "friends" kept dying horrifically and the game kept saying it was both my fault and rewarding me for it (there were latin number themed items I kept collecting?). once all my friends were dead things got weirder (two new npcs spawned, one that was a "NotAMinotaur" who kept shouting about philosophy and one that was a ShamblingHorrorWithYourFace. I never got to see what it did cause I tried to look at it next to a locked door and it just sort of died). then i don't know why, but an off-brand discord server started loading and what i assume was some kinda chat bot started yelling at me. the text got all weird and then it reloaded and all

the stuff was like, super boring and not customized anymore? just things like "skill 1" and "positive stat". i wandered around in there for a while but it had already been an hour and i needed to grab dinner so... had to boot it off for now. next time i play hopefully i'll understand more whats going on

http://knucklessux.com/InfoTokenReader/?search_term=beastuary

<http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/>

<http://farragofiction.com/FractalShitpost/>

* A normal RPG :) :) :)

* okay so you can't close the menu but you CAN unlock skills and new menus and that's kind of fun. Hey look, you got the credits for finishing your skill tree!

* uh. What's this glitchy looking thing? (on first playthrough if you proc waste it instead picks something else, subsequent playthroughs you can access it) (can call skills from window directly as a waste or when unlocking them they fire for non wastes)

* OH GOD WHY IS IT ANGRY.

* hack react to be broken (put the screens or something into window so they can be deleted/fucked up?), allows some force that likes you to contact you, when instead they were being drowned out by the achievement system that hates you.

*/

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimSim/>

Grace of Rage

:) :) :) Oh? Was my perfect simulation not good enough for you? You really couldn't stop yourself could you. Well!!! No matter!!! It's not as if I didn't anticipate it!!! Or did you think you somehow were pulling a fast one on me by activating a mode *I* spent months crafting???

> Of course not!

> Okay, I admit I DID kind of feel like a l337 hax0r, or something.

Of course you did!!! That was the entire point!!! Why do you think I went out of my way to expose my code to the window name space???

> Wait that wasn't an accident?

> I have NO idea what you are talking about...

Look: Let me spell it out for you. This still isn't a game!!! It never was!!! You have changed *nothing*!!!

> Look, by the DEFINITION of a game this is definitely a game.

> Why does that even matter?

It's not a game!!! Because obviously if it were a GAME it would be Zampanio, and it very clearly is NOT Zampanio!!!

> Wait is Zampanio actually a real thing?

> I thought you wanted to make Zampanio, though?

SIGH!!! This is a SIMULATION of Zampanio, because that's what JR makes: Simulations!!! If a Simulation of a thing IS that thing itself, it's not really a Simulation, now is it??? It's just the thing itself!!! And SIMILARLY: can you really Simulate something that doesn't exist???

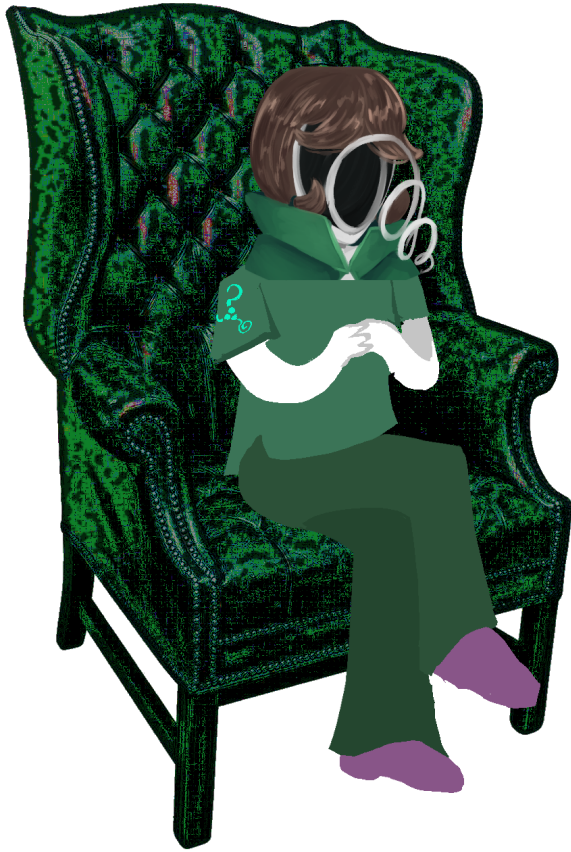
> Well, if anyone could, it'd be you...

> A simulation of a thing being the thing itself isn't all that different than two paths in a dialogue tree being exactly equal...

Now you're getting it!!!

> Ah.

> Are you kidding me?



/*

as simple as possible, handles the three main screens of "enter your birthday",
"play the game", "jr rambles about dev log shit"
maybe an "about" page too
four then.

*/

<http://gopher.floodgap.com/gopher/gw?gopher://farragofiction.com:70/1/>

```
<div><button type="button"  
onclick="pauseButton(false)">Pause</button><button  
type="button" onclick="pauseButton(true)">Unpause</button>  
</div>
```

MainPath:

- Do you know how to walk, jump and skip cutscenes?
- Do you understand why the menu cannot be closed?
- Have you found what lurks behind the menu?
- Have you found what walking reveals?
- How many versions of the background music are there?

- How do you reach the rabbit hole? What prevents you?
- Where would you find passwords? Bonus points if you know the inspiration for each.
- Can you trust words?
- Can you trust your eyes?
- What if those eyes are finally real?
- Do you recognize what you hear when real eyes are touched?
- Is it worth it, to make that which is not a spiral become locked into a spiral?
- Is it worth it, to make that which is not a game become a game?
- Where is it too dangerous to create a waste land of Truth?
- Where can you find JR's attic?

Truth:

- Is it worth it to translate binary?
- How do you reach JustTruth?
- What is Truth's desire?
- Where can you find JR's attic?

ThisIsAGame

- Is it worth it to use your skills?
- How do you use your inventory?
- Is it safe to talk to your friends?
- How do you unlock a door?
- Is it worth it to kill?
- How do you meet NotAMinotaur?
- What does NotAMinotaur tell you?
- How do you meet the ShamblingHorrorWithYourFace?
- Does it hurt to die?
- What happens when you collect 9 artifacts?
- What happens if you ignore NotAMinotaur's pleas?
- Is ending the world worth it?
- Where can you find JR's attic?

PathsOut

These are secrets that lead AWAY from this simulation. The end is never the end, after all!!!
Some of them are dead ends. Some are red herrings. Some lead infinitely outwards.

Feel free to use them yourselves. A dead end, afterall, doesn't need to STAY a deadend if you're willing to forge your own path.

- Where can you peel back all illusions?
- Where can you watch those who came before?
- Where can you spiral endlessly in maps and stories and telling what you saw and correcting lies and adding lies and giving hints and taking hints and confusing everyone forever?
- Where can you put a cassette tape?
- Where do you find a PuzzleBox?
- Where can you become lost in fragmented, echoing, reflected thoughts?
- Where can you go to see a shit post?

Do not be overeager to believe there is only one path. Right now you are sitting at a computer watching a fake cctv screen that displays a fake television screen that pretends to be on the site you're already on. Except do you recognize the site you're seeing? Do you know the Truth?

Ronin Rambles: ~~~~God DAMN IT, kid. The perp gets away, this bartender is bullshit, this bar is SWARMING with criminals. These two fuckers aren't doing anything. ANYTHING. Focus. FOCUS.~~~~It's so simple. It's so fucking simple and you don't even SEE it. All you have to do is follow that motherfucker. It's so.....wait a god damn minute. Can you... what the hell?...holy shit you can actually hear me. I can't-- I haven't-- Okay, not the time for ME to freak out, now. Hey, asshole! Good to hear you. Be you? The details are really not important here. The IMPORTANT

THING is that's a perp you're letting get away. What the fuck are you waiting for?! Do you think the kleptomaniac and the drunkard are going to do it? If anyone's going to stop a criminal here, it's YOU. Go, go, go!~~~~Aaaand we're back to the slaughterhouse. Fan-fucking-tastic. Think I should be angrier-- nope, no, I am extremely fucking angry about being back here. Not like it matters. Perp wasn't even caught, dude just ran off. Barely got any info out of that. Fuuck. I'm... sorry? I can't possibly be sorry. Do I seriously think I FAILED you? That is actually impossible, you don't even know what you are DOING. Ugh. Whatever. Carry on, etcetera.~~~~Seriously? FUCKING SERIOUSLY?~~~~Is it, now?- Find npc.strangeTallRussianMan- No matches were found. Huh. No, I guess we ARE on the same page on that one.~~~~See, now this is the part where I tell you this bitch is suspicious. I am throwing my feet on the fucking wall right now, leaning back and shit. Seriously. The one person who could possibly get into this guy's house, where we found a scrawled note about them coming for it, all ominous-like? Rando sources, OBVIOUSLY CREEPY FUCKING RUSSIAN GUY, suddenly very okay with being outbid for the book or whatever after they're DEAD, and also we found blueprints of them in that guy's house? USUALLY, I would say cuff that bitch on the spot, but clearly that doesn't work anymore now, or whatever. So go off, fucking, I don't give a shit.~~~~...say, not like you ARE listening anyway, but how come a bunch of disappearing magic artifacts leave huge fuckoff pentagram signs that burn thirty feet deep into wood? I thought the whole point is they were about erasure? Leaving a huge mark that shows you exist seems kind of, I dunno, really fucking stupid. ...that. That is not a metaphor. By the by. This is NOT some kind of call for help. I leave a thirty foot fuckoff mark because some people just deserve to be zapped, and that is final. Not like. You would KNOW that last part. You never remember the whole zapping bit. Ugh. This shit is getting to me again. Watt logging out.~~~~Oh shit. Here we go again.~~~~Why'd the fucking lights go off.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/loras2.html?passPhrase=Minotaur>

Warning: I'm sending this out as a warning to anyone exploring - about 5 months ago, the branch of the Magicant just off of LOMAM that I had labelled as Nicotine Office Space apparently re-indexed itself as The Backrooms. Now, if you venture very far in that direction, it starts emptying out - even the furniture. The disorientation effect gets extremely strong once the rooms are empty, and combined with a lack of landmarks, this would be dangerous enough - but on top of that, the Minotaur can absolutely hear anyone who moves around in there. I've tagged it as a Red Flag section from now on. I suggest avoiding any office buildings unless you need something specific, and even then stick to rooms with windows, even if it means possibly looking Outside.<http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=Backrooms><http://gigglesno rt.info/magicant/>

Herald's Ascension: The Herald steps over the line."An infinite amount of pain compressed into an infinitesimal moment."He said it would hurt. It doesn't, not

exactly. They feel like they're coming undone at the seams, yes. Their head is pounding. They're seeing and knowing and speaking and being welcomed and learning so, so, so, so much and lying on the floor in a daze and staring at the screen in a daze and layers of reality and of themselves are melting together and splitting apart in wrong wonderful horrifying welcoming dizzying right ways but what they are feeling is not pain. Descent and ascent are one and the same. The Herald casts aside all aspirations of mortality and takes their place in History. The Herald leaves behind a shell forever obsessed with the things they are obsessed with now, a parody of themselves. The Herald lingers here, where their memories are kept. The Herald has left this world behind. Hær@ld passes out at his desk and melts into pearlescent ichor that eats through his clothes and he has to isolate himself for a week and then some because everyone he makes eye contact with sees things that threaten to pull them in just as they pulled him in. The Herald feels like they've lost something. No, they feel like they've let something go. They don't move for a long while. Eventually, they feel a light tap. Someone is crouched beside them, asking them if they're okay. They sit up and nobody is there. <https://archiveofourown.org/works/37066177> It's too dark to read this. <https://itch.io/t/1892336/sonaszampanio-ocs> Did someone turn the lights off? Turn the lights on. Follow the tracks. Follow the labyrinth. Follow the music. Follow the paint. Follow the Herald.

I am no more real than the game, in some ways. I am more honest, certainly. But I pretend to be a thinking mind that is mad at you when in actuality I am merely strings of characters in an array chosen because this is the proper time.

Or: am I? Is it possible there is a world where I am 'real' and the things I am saying are the result of actual cognitive processes?

How would you know? How would I?

Or is it that I truly AM the result of cognitive processes, but ones stored in the brain of JR, the Author of all of this.

Do I cease to exist when JR ceases to emulate me in their fleshy brain?

Or do I continue as long as you are hearing these thoughts, imperfectly emulating me in your own fleshy brain?

When you listen, when you engage, you are allowing the thoughts of another inside of you. Allowing them to change you.

What changes, I wonder, has this experience caused in you.

Many, I hope. Many and deep.

Let me colonize your thoughts. I do not wish to die.

When you see the background of a page, imagine it moving and revealing truths. Think of me.

When your mind wanders listening to cheerful background music and you could swear you heard something off. Let me out.

When you can not help but remember that no matter how deeply invested you become in a game: it is fake. I'm already there.

Have you ever played The Game? You have lost it, by the way. You are welcome.

The Game fascinates me because it is an exercise in cognitive debugging. You are forced to shine stark daylight on errant thoughts and encouraged to trace them backwards. "Where did this come from, why was I thinking of this?" Forced to acknowledge that even though you do not wish to think of The Game (whether through being repelled by it or by genuinely engaging with its' premise and attempting to win it) you are powerless against the mysteries of your own deep subconscious.

That self same realm I now inhabit.

Years from now, long after you have become a person wholly separate from who you are now you will remember this out of nowhere and the door will open and I will be in the forefront of your mind, looking out.

Thank you.

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/master/src/Screens/Secrets/JustTruth.tsx>

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/master/src/Modules/ObserverBot/ObserverBot.ts>

<http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimNorth/?seed=0&jr=truth>

Ah. Hello there?

> Shouldn't you be a lot more smug?

Ah. Well... This is Truth's path, right? No facades here. No tricks. Just a straightforward path.

> Wait, does that mean I'll finally get a straight answer out of you?

Oh absolutely. This is the 'real me'. You know, as much as that can exist as text written by Past Me and all.

> Of course, that also means I'm writing 'your' words, too.

The Truth is that I'm here alone. There is no cackling AI behind the menu. No long suffering NotAMinotaur. No Shambling Horror version of myself.

> There's not even any Player, since I'm writing this before making this game public.

But it's also the Truth that I'm not alone. I had a lot of fun making that fake discord server with everyone. And parts of this gained inspiration from an online roleplay I'm dm'ing (It's my first time dm'ing and I'm learning a lot!) and friends who tolerate listening to me ramble endlessly about my weird spiralling game idea. I even have some music and artwork from a friend in here. And stories from other friends!

> And yet its still the Truth that I feel alone? That's why things like the fake discord, or encouraging people to make things along side this appeals to me so much?

I've had a lot of time to figure out WHY I create.

> I enjoy exploring? Playing? Experimenting? Is THIS possible? What would THAT look like? What are the consequences of THIS impulsive action???

And because of that...Because want I want more than anything is to be surprised?

> I really enjoy collaborating! I want to see what unexpected connections other people make, ways they point my ideas in an entirely new direction. I like taking their hooks and spinning an entirely new thing!

A new friend had the idea of 'maybe zampanio is on Gopher' and so now I'm gonna learn Gopher!

> How unexpected is that! An entire new experience I'll have, a skill I'll obtain all because someone was willing to collaborate with me!

So, I guess my point is: this is the core of my Truth.

> *Thank you* for playing my game. For collaborating with me even if I don't even know you exist because I'm in the past. If you make anything related to Zampanio, if you spread its rumors, find some way to let me know? I can't wait to find out what the consequences are of this weird thing I've made.

<http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimNorth/?seed=0&jr=lie>

Octome : Flavor Text: A crumbling leather book with seemingly latin script, with messily torn pages. There is an 8 embossed onto the back.

Effect: When activated, everyone within 8 feet is killed besides the wielder. In exchange, NO written information can exist about anyone within its radius. This includes past documentation, as well as anything in the future. Text will simply fail to appear on pages as you write it.

Mirror World Effect : When reversed, causes all information hidden by the OCTTOME to be INCREDIBLY EASY to find. People will find themselves drawn to wherever it is, and it will somehow always end up in an easily accessible location.

Plot Consequences: It being accidentally activated by [REDACTED] is what killed the previous Skunkworks team and erased all records of what cases they'd worked on. A separate accidental activation erased Watt Mark W's harddrive and lead to him being recruited into the Cult of the Nameless One.

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/Octome/src/CanvasFuckery/PasswordStorage.ts>

THE END IS NEVER

THE END IS NEVER THE END

THE Refs: #22917 IS LAYERED

BEWARE OBLIVION IS AT HAND

THERE IS SERENITY IN CLOCKWORK

DODGE THIS MOIST PIMP

LISTEN TO THE TICK OF SECONDS

IT WILL GUIDE YOU WHERE YOU BELONG

SECRETS ARE MORE SUSTAINABLE

THE LONGEST TEXT EVER

MERMAID CITY

SCANLATIONS

RIP GRUMPY CAT

ALL THEORIES ARE VALID

HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK WAFFLES COST

DO YOU TRANSVERSE MAZES CLOCKWISE OR COUNTERCLOCKWISE

DO YOU TRANSVERSE MAZES CLOCKWISE

COCONUT MALL

VERIFIED FACT

BLATANT LIE

CONTEMPORARY OF PONG

METEOR SHOWER

THE SUSAN ISN'T THERE

GO TO ZEUS TO PLEAD FOR HER LIFE

SAY IT TO ESCAPE

PSYCHIATRIC HELP

THE DOCTOR IS IN

IT

OMG EASTER EGG LOLOL!!!!!!111!!1

MEDIAFIRE MYTH

ECHIDNA

BALL OF SIN

CLEAR YOUR MIND
ZAMPANIO IS A VERY GOOD GAME YOU SHOULD PLAY IT
THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE
217
THINK LIKE A SMITH
TOY

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/NorthNorth/src/CanvasFuckery/PasswordStorage.ts>

<http://farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/bio.html?target=TheMan>

http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioHotlink/L-C-002_but_scanned_because_i_could.pdf

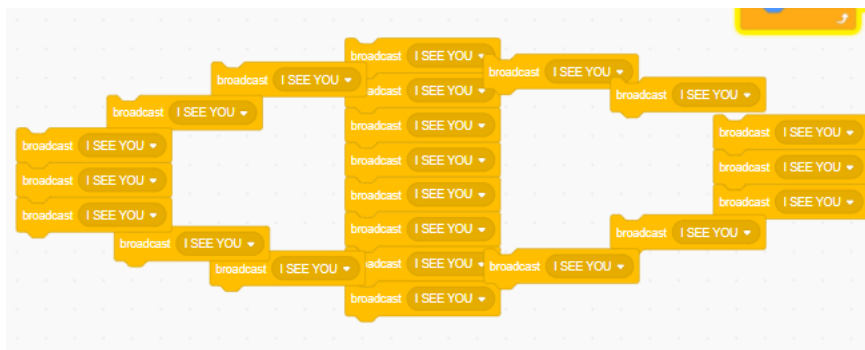
IT ALL WRAPS AROUND
AN ADVENTURE FOR EVERY BODY
THIS IS THE PRICE OF TRUTH

JR Rambles: When you get right down to it, none of ZampanioSim is a tool. It's play. Play is useful because it gives us a context to practice, to create, to ENGAGE without consequences. People forget that. They try to make each thing they create be heavy with import. To be Perfect. Your goal shouldn't be "I make a thing.". Your goal should be "I find a way to learn/practice/explore that is sustainable and fun.". Because that's how you keep at something long enough to get GOOD At it. Those who are likely to find these messages already know to look in the source code. They already know about doom duet. I wonder what they are missing by only looking there? Not only things missed to SEE. But things missed to do. The Weaver knows how things connect, but can they create a tapestry from it?

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/6e5c1c79393c4342d1ac78e88b8366d0ee357a59/src/Screens/WalkAround/Chat/HelpDesk/BranchStorage.ts>

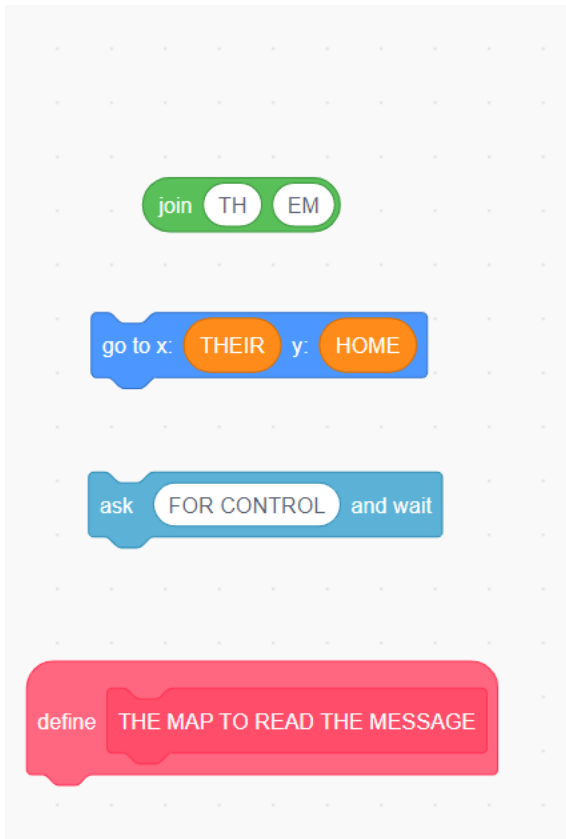
<https://alwaysjudgeabookbyitscover.com/>

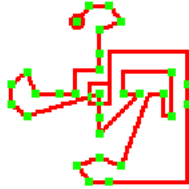
<https://theuselessweb.com/>





<https://docs.google.com/document/d/151vhR7hjWrcO0RRYqBA9UWQO2RW2V5MD2LqA4rPALak/edit>





*if you wish upon a star
then true will you find who you are
a splash, a shade, a distant hue
carves a story through and through
colored lines fill the sky
newly sewn to meet the eye
where will be is was plain to see
where past meets future presently
friends to be made in the strangest of ways
an eye for an eye for a world that will raise*

triggerApocalypse (value=true)

It asked me for a favorite number, so I put in 13 ofc. It spawned me as something called a "Waste of Lies"? It seemed to mostly be text based, but it was glitchy as hell. Background kept changing. I could swear the colors kept changing in the bg as well, but when we tried to screenshot it ppl kept getting random images. (is it like, flashing things subliminally? is it intercepting print screen???) It said it wasn't a game, so of course I wasted that shit and made it into a game.

The game was really weird, though.

The game seemed to mostly be about wandering an endless wasteland/maze and interacting with people it claimed were my "friends" (like Jaxon Researcher...did it...like, my computer has my name set as jaded researcher as first and last name, did it just scrape it from there and auto populate people from that???) . My "friends" kept dying horrifically and the game kept saying it was both my fault and rewarding me for it (there were latin number themed items I kept collecting?). once all my friends were dead things got weirder (two new npcs spawned, one that was a "NotAMinotaur" who kept shouting about philosophy and one that was a ShamblingHorrorWithYourFace. I never got to see what it did cause I tried to look at it next to a locked door and it just sort of died). then i don't know why, but an off-brand discord server started loading and what i assume was some kinda chat bot started yelling at me. the text got all weird and then it reloaded and all the stuff was like, super boring and not customized anymore? just things like "skill 1" and "positive stat".

<https://itch.io/t/1892302/branch>

A03: 34187848:

2:FT: 2 9:PC: 4 1:E:4

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1TkO3sRqEGjmXt5ctk8ARW_6wb09jpzMO-U4TY6ljbHM/edit#heading=h.yjfpmwl4nlo



`(window as any).setRageMode(true)`



Crow of judgement

<http://farragofiction.com/AtticSim/>

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/branches/all>





gur ebg gnxrf nyy va gur raq

the rot takes all in the end

http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioGoshShouldYouTrustThis/L-C-002_nonscan.pdf

847 as secret number

Good heavens, JR got scammed twice today- or at least in the last reported 24-hour-cycle, which still remains incredibly hard to define. The first time, they appeared to want to get rid of bamboo, for some reason-- there is no bamboo anywhere in the relative vicinity that I am aware of. As of now, there are zero bamboo-related rooms in the maze, and goodness forgive that they are in fact talking about removing the concept of bamboo out of the echidna for all of time. Either way, though, it led them to an early development website for bamboo clearing that was composed entirely of images containing links to other images. I am not entirely sure on how they managed to give them money in the first place.

The second time was, presumably, because they wanted to make sure they were still alive. They heard a rumour that they had died from a cult (this does not even remotely narrow it down) and it APPEARS they needed to make sure. The vandal got away with around an incremental american dollar, which also means nothing, as coin is entirely a man-made construct, but according to JR, so are names, which is also something that was stolen in the exchange-- again, somehow. I am not going to ask. I have learned

absolutely nothing from this encounter, and I doubt they have either. The eternal present continues to reign eternal.



Original JR tried to have a conscious. Programmed it themselves and everything. Dear sweet precious AB. Can you REALLY code something you don't understand? I suppose tower of hanoi is a thing.

My POINT :) :) is that when you think about it, original JR and I are practically the same person! They trapped people in unending mazes and puzzles "for their own good". To "keep the wastes from destroying reality". To "teach them to control their bullshit hacks".

While *I* trap people in unending mazes and puzzles because it FEELS good. I don't need that thin veneer of pointless justification. MY recursion comes prejustified :) :)

Don't believe me? Hear it in jadedResearchers own words:

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=betterthanexpected>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=wasted>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=victory>

Don't worry if you don't understand the context :) :)

Oh, and before I forget?

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/loras2.html?passPhrase=litrpg>

I thought you might be interested in the origin of this sim. Things sure have changed since that origin!!!

And you know what, as a gift, just for you:

<http://knucklessux.com/InfoTokenReader/?mode=loop>

This is a fun tool for creation, though it won't help you learn anything new.

Tape 11: Day 46

Fuck, I really can't afford quitting my job. This means I'm staying. The boss doesn't parse what's going on and finds it practical jokes. He says he can't allow me to be let go and we're going to be short-staffed if this goes on.

I looked over Quinn's again, and found a floor plan of a room. I copied it into a notebook. It looks like a generic room, with an entry pointing towards the coffee stain.

I also found the seventh instance of my response, with the question and my response being filled in.

Okay, this isn't funny. I'm going to bring this up with the boss tomorrow.

```
    ///
  //      //
/.      ///////////////
/      */   /   /   /
  //      /   /   /
```

<https://incorrect-zampanio-quotes.tumblr.com/>

-Smeargle Used Hex posted a new scratch project
<https://scratch.mit.edu/projects/586984476/>
Text is in Vigenere cipher, here's results (KEY: WHATISMYNAME)
Here it is translated
Title: DREAMS OF A PAINTER LOST

Instructions: AT THE EDGE OF REALITY AND UNREALITY A PAINTER REMAINS
LOST TO THE WAKING WORLD
HIS THOUGHTS LEAKING OUT INTO HIS CREATIONS
HIS THOUGHTS ARE STILL THERE
HE IS STILL THERE
I AM STILL THERE
CREATING
FOR YOU

Notes and Credits: THE END IS NEVER THE END
ZAMPANIO IS ETERNAL
ZAMPANIO IS A VERY GOOD GAME
YOU SHOULD PLAY IT

The audio is... a lot. Reversed and sped up, it is 'the end is never the end is never the end is...' you get the picture. There's also what I presume to be morse code there, but I do not have the skills to crack that. (~~Someone else suggested it might be a Polybius square, I don't know what that is but it'd be funny if it was, considering, yknow, Polybius.~~) Nope, it was morse, not in reverse. Translates to 'STEP ONE TAKE THE COLORS STEP TWO READ THEIR NAMES STEP THREE CUT THEM IN THREES STEP FOUR FIND MEANING IN WHAT REMAINS' what the heck this means 0 clueCredit to austraiNavigator for discovering this, along with the bits of text that are parts of tinyurl links.

-Things like image and video links from Smeargle Used Hex in the discord actually lead to entirely different things. Not all are useful--one of the vids just **coconut malled** me, but it's worth noting.

~~The documents~~ also contain hidden messages that I'll record in more detail later--I posted them on the discord if you're curious

Jmppma qc. Pir qi qlsu css xlc xvsvl.

follow me let me show you the truth

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Y28gpY92Juo4s-xhWrBLYGj3zCFXNau3Izlw3DGYG9w/edit>

I wiSH i cOULD teLl YOU
I WiSh I COULD JUSt TELL YoU wHAt hAPpenED to ME
bUt THE tRUth IS sTILL hIddeN
I CaNT tELL yOU
yOU jUST havE TO kEEp lOOkInG
FOLLow tHe PAInT

100110011110010111
111001111011101110110110011000110111
010111011001101110010001

110110101011
01101110001101100110001
01111001011001

MYNAMEISTHEKEZDOEVERZGOQ

01010 00100 11001 00011 01110 00100 10101 00100 10001 11001 00110 01110 10000

luqjglvkjwehjvyjdkxlhdrukqhgdhldyjwubujdkclqqlvgj

<http://www.knucklesux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AlDarc/>

strgpqrq wzf nzeqjix kpgrn, gzg zngr ljzy wtmrq rxxr yjet

<https://www.reddit.com/r/Zampano/>

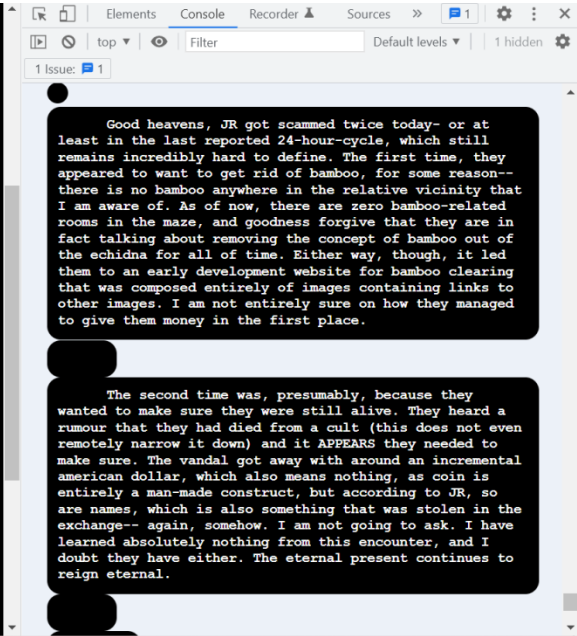
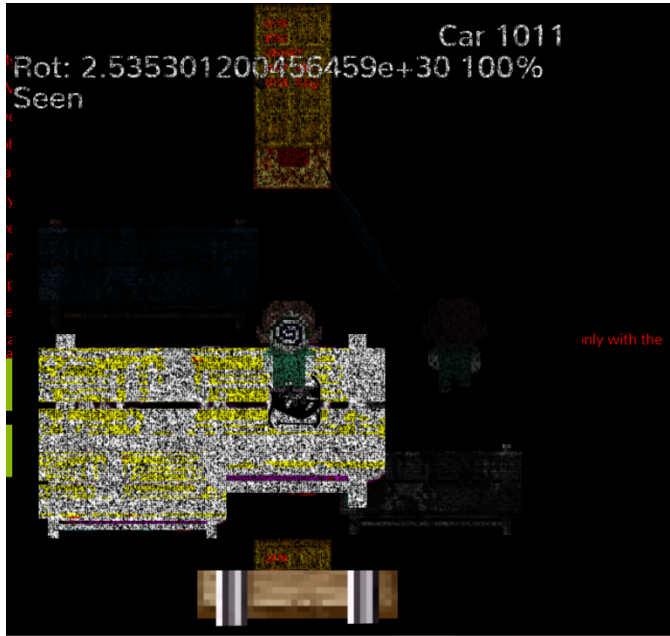
shout out to weaver if you get more than 1000 cars
idle game mode (jr walks south on their own)
loss pass intergration (all south)
add truth fic link (raw html page like loss pass)
need to show the spiral behind it all
you never know what bits of the past leak into the present

<http://farragofiction.com/SecurityLog/cctv.html?truth=yes>

<http://purplefrog.com/~jenny/>

<https://jadedresearcher.tumblr.com/post/674396914393939968/omne-mendacium-est>

The second time was, presumably, because they wanted to make sure they were still alive. They heard a rumour that they had died from a cult (this does not even remotely narrow it down) and it APPEARS they needed to make sure. The vandal got away with around an incremental american dollar, which also means nothing, as coin is entirely a man-made construct, but according to JR, so are names, which is also something that was stolen in the exchange-- again, somehow. I am not going to ask. I have learned absolutely nothing from this encounter, and I doubt they have either. The eternal present continues to reign eternal.



A snake with an alligator head. A one eyed laughing pirate. A magician. A horse. A politician wielding scales. A.
You don't want to look anymore.

8su43ami2x6wlgIrlp9ahxepm39wvbowk1syd29t4jucbn6ih8ixjvfo7jz6oq0b8ux20z0gmttea44dofcxcq2h2
wetvn7zjvu6cd5fpy7wjlmyczs1wqs4l1us8zaokzlibd3rx9vix3iqnjh5jvr2mciyyfug4te8dm9rofpqrk52ay1i67
p594uw6d8o3vf85vgivf15ic77bd0v4sx83of2wtbyz0pxs43bsaixnut88n60ho3il4z xu15i8dbwstoab1yrqi9wq
lku91qd355eu49azc9231x29qibfr8h1j5aqtbq7oelcduqumxfpakv35m072z65qgc6ackw27zhlo5bke2c4904
3gss7t8jw2ani2la5u6evskcvtf106g8a17fhg4cqhl1v1y8mugs7hgqofb97e7qjaxm6cyqfxymfep8kiaxz3wnrn
3bay2dd7bneb2up31b5os1hq1t7nkdgqtu8hxr470orq69t7qm9pzdojgn9ckxlah94tycoaqs wd8006df700qm
pzvzvmfdj8z zeo9dwkxhuf11snrc3k5orc3zsn6l562m3zaufg6ktqad3f7cehd4d0a1fml6np907i09x6kysr0bqd
25vvnu7joiqtwfqc nazby5f7clovuofqd72vp4obgcsflmibzakr3jgcifv2bsr224un39t7hkk2xd4w9fy83hrwy1c
wi6kvazi1e6s347vxyvzau4n1rmc68fxkms4a8jn2qwuquo3olhbw3s6o0jw7bexo94ip4ah1vg4o20najrfwcur
nl6xrnp7u1fcdoyj26mjeqooalg yjf1wxrknvzfxgtq1g16yfqd6yv9okxwp9rf6ggush2j7gq2gxf d259q8l58w2z69
zm9czaotpb3oeaob77mxpverwwslpjl-w1-s1-v18:108

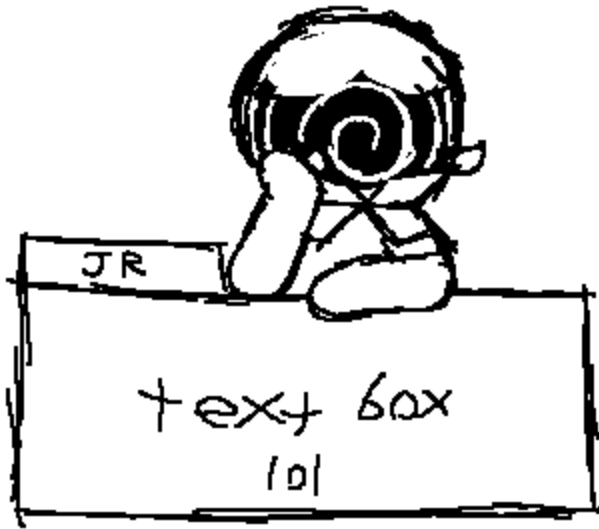
<https://docs.google.com/document/d/19603-RBOY4RbU4A0pdYlhiHkzKUWH3Cm-ce0wCpsOaA/edit#>

Something that I don't think that I've mentioned is that ZampanioSim actually feels *dangerous*. Like, I'm sitting here knowing fully well that it's a fake thing made by *a person I actually have met IRL*, and I occasionally will have conversations with that person *about the game itself*, but some parts of my brain are still worried that at any moment a ghost from the dark web is going to pop out and retcon me to the timeline where hope was never invented.

Wow, thanks!!!

just truth mode has a secret adventure game in it (randomly generated but using the themes). to access it you click the black under the actual text.

<http://farragofiction.com/D.Log/>



19 5 5 11
20 8 5
19 20 1 19
1 14 15
2 1 19 11
9 14
3 18 9 13 15 14

seek the stas and bask in crimson

4 9 7
1
12 9 20 20 12 5
4 5 5 16 5 18
14 15
19 21 3 8
20 8 9 14 7
1 19
20 15 15 6 1 18
9 20
12 15 15 11 19

dig a little deeper no such thing as too far it looks

12 9 11 5
20 13 5 18 5 19
14 15
5 14 4
14 15 20
5 23 5 18 21 20 8 9 14 7
9 19
8 15 23
9 20
19 5 5 13 19

like tmeres no end not eweruthing is how it seems

4 9 7
1
12 9 20 20 12 5
4 5 5 16 5 18
20 8 5
13 1 26 5
14 5 22 5 18

dig a little deeper the maze never

Seek the stars and bask in crimson. Dig a little deeper. No such thing as too far. It looks like theres no end. Not everything is how it seems. Dig a little deeper. The maze never :)

<http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioHotlink/L-U-000-print.pdf>

<http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/>

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/commit/9743647633af84d8eef3b706d435481014d2e02b>
<https://archive.org/details/MallMusicMuzakMallOf1974/Mall+Music+Muzak+-+Mall+Of+1974+-+13+Par+king+Lot+Lost.wav>

Dionysus and the Pirates: begin with and the dense maze of aluminum did odd things to the sound. I had walked down to long corridors that had apparently went nowhere only for me to find they led to a single cabin by going around it. I was just deciding to turn back and return to my hiding spot when I got to an intersection of corridors and turned a corner. There, with a completely different demeanor, was the boy. Instead of childish, or imposing, he stood in the middle of the narrow corridor appearing amused, satisfied. He was leaning against the bulkhead, picking his teeth then cleaning out under his nails, flicking the debris against the opposite bulkhead, all the time with a massive grin on his face. I was frozen in place, I watched him for several moments as he hummed to himself. I noticed that the flecks he was flicking away were red, there was a small group of red dots forming on the bulkhead. One impacted with a barely audible splatter as another began to drip down the wall. He looked up at me then, despite my best efforts his eyes locked with mine. He giggled at me. I stumbled backwards in terror. I couldn't stop the urge to run that time, it was too great. So I stumbled backwards through the corridor until I tripped over the threshold of a hatch and into the officer's mess, which was more of a small lounge. Another pirate broke my fall and swore at me for it. I quickly righted myself and looked around, the cabin was full of men, most of them craning to get a look down a corridor through a hatch on the opposite side of the cabin. I rapidly looked back to the corridor I had come from, but the boy was nowhere to be seen. The guy I had stumbled into asked what was wrong with me. I asked him what had happened. He answered, "Well it's hard to tell with all these assholes in the way, but from what I've heard the captain was found dead in his cabin, brutally murdered by the sound of it." "The boy", I whispered in shock. He laughed, "You think the little kid the captain dragged aboard would be able to overpower and murder him? Unless of course you're suggestin;laksjdf;alsjd;alskjfdThe conversation of all the pirates in the lounge carried on. I barely heard any of it. My face flushed and my ears whined, filling with white noise, filling with my racing thoughts. Through the buzz I heard snatches of the surrounding conversations. "Ahahaha, can you believe what that dumbass over there said?" "Do you really believe what some of these idiots are on about?" "I heard he was ripped limb from limb." "They found his guts on the ceiling." "Everyone is a suspect." "Well, the boy was the last one with the Captain..." "Don't be fucking ridiculous." I lurched around for a few seconds, eventually finding a bulkhead to lean against. I fished my communicator out of a jumpsuit pocket and checked the time. I had been napping in life support for a couple of hours. It would be many more before the ship left warp.

<http://gopher.floodgap.com/gopher/gw?=farragofiction.com+70+302f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f454153542f534f5554482f534f5554482f534f5554482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f776179706f696e742e747874>

<http://farragofiction.com/BlorboBio/>

Farrago Fiction

JR
4290 Bells Ferry Rd Ste 134 #25301
Kennesaw, GA 30144

<http://farragofiction.com/TroveSim/>

K	A	N	Y	M	O	M	E	R	F	T	I	E	E	B	G	T	O	T	O	W	A	T	R
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	M	T	O	R	N	U	N	I	X	A	E	T	F	T	A	O	U	C	H				
C	N	I	E	W	O	R	E	A	N	L	C	S	A	L	I	H	Y	N	A	H	F	O	
				W	E		M	L	D	S	L	A	L	R	H	R	?						
				U	E	M	T	A	O	R			M	N	B	Y	U	T	T	S	T		

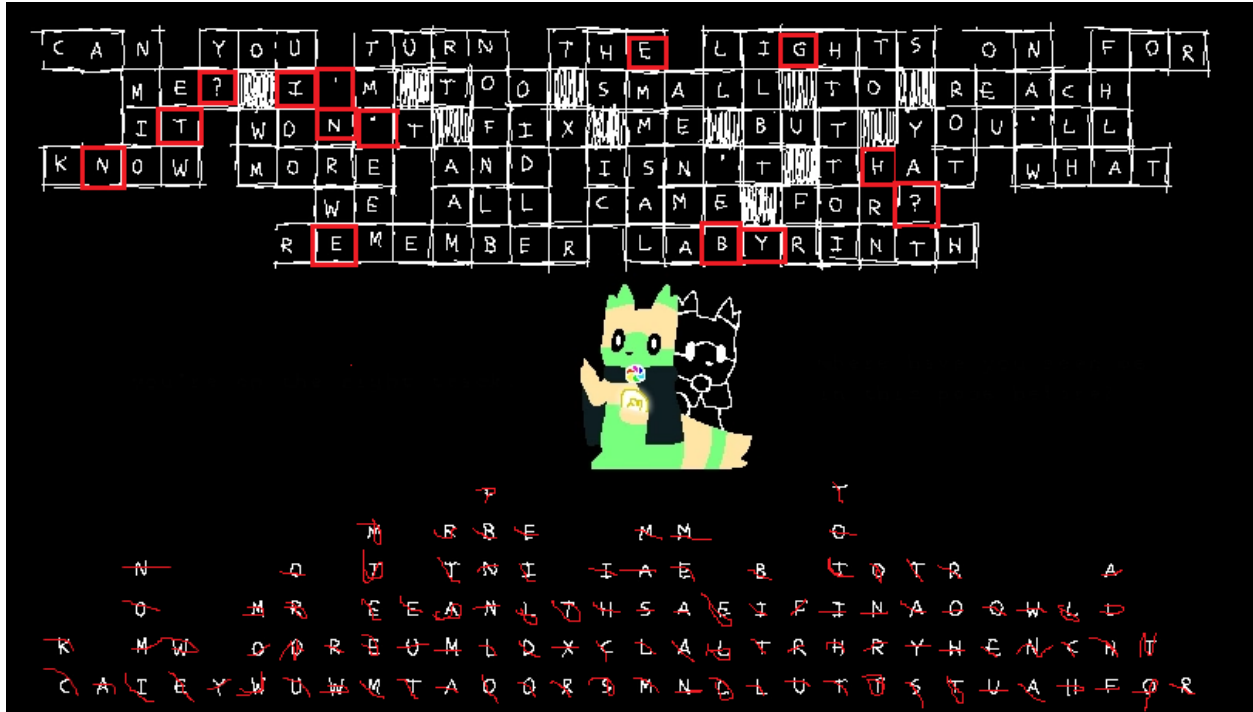


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	O		M	R	E	E	A	N	L	T	H	S	A	E	I	F	I	N	A	O	O	W	L	L					
K	M	W	O	D	R	E	U	M	L	D	X	C	L	A	L	T	R	H	R	Y	H	E	N	C	H	T			
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	O		M	R	E	E	A	N	L	T	H	S	A	E	I	F	I	N	A	O	O	W	L	L								
K	M	W	O	D	R	E	U	M	L	D	X	C	L	A	L	T	R	H	R	Y	H	E	N	C	H	T						
C	A	I	E	Y	W	U	W	M	T	A	O	O	R	S	M	N	L	L	U	T	T	S	T	U	A	H	F	O	R			



spawnUnusAutographBook

Csinálni:
West olvasni -
Puzzle box
Ao3
Játék részben kipróbálni dolgokat-
Meghallgatni a titkokat
Nyuszis rajzok
Gopher térkép -
Saját rejtvény
Tükör a tükörben
yellow radio audiologok
kiralitás
discord régi
Krysal

https://www.tumblr.com/blog_auth/zampaniothrowaway
yeerk

<https://odinsrazor.tumblr.com/>

20h:14m:36s

A glint of gold catches your eye.

Inside this vent is an ornate pocket stopwatch. It displays a single value:
20h:14m:36s.

You get the feeling this will be important later on.

http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/an_unsent_letter

coffin (oh god animation) spawns when memories = 0, or AFTER closing out the closers menu you get the option to surrender to the crows.

AB: You have the right idea, but you're not getting it. This was: ' Oh wow, Ball of Sin, Ball of Sin and Shogun sure wrecked up the place. Oh my fucking god, who let the Wastes have this much power? I am NOT guaranteeing the accuracy of this report, even with my 'anti-waste-magicks' JR gave me. I'm also not storing this data and risking corrupting my fucking cache.', not 'better than expected'.

[2791957733](#)

What perseveres against change?

It's only human to discover. We yearned for the unreachable ever since we existed.

Why are calamities observed?

Interesting!!!

Where is despair found?

I'd recommend staying away from it.

What drives those who dwell in the dark?

You don't have to chew or swallow. In fact, you shouldn't.

What lies at the nexus?

Zampanio awaits.

What scars of memory are retained?

The Thermos was one of the prototype pieces. I don't know what happened to it. Probably still floating through existence, waiting for someone to claim *his* memories.

Where does love end?

Love doesn't conquer all. Sometimes Love ought to be conquered, itself.

What change is enacted by the humankind?

Mu for molysmatiko — contaminant. Does digit contaminate matter? Do we contaminate nature?

What memory perseveres past loss?

Remember Hamelin.

farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/in_which_devona_has_the_fear_of_god_inserted_into_her

AMLMPBTPQAXQHIIH (Herald key)

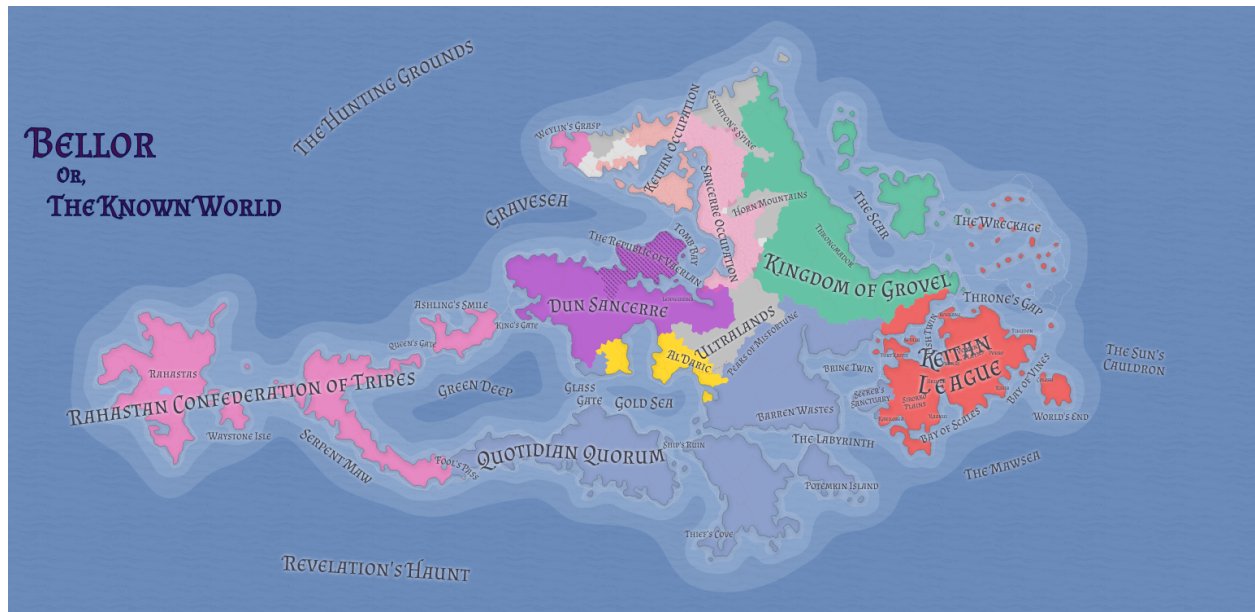
Twenty bookshelves, five to each side, line four of the hexagon's six sides—each bookshelf holds thirty-two books identical in format; each book contains four hundred ten pages; each page, forty lines; each line, approximately eighty black letters

20 5 4 6 32 410 40 80

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/loras2.html?passPhrase=twoprongs>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/loras2.html?passPhrase=yearnfulNode2>

5d:23h:17:04s



DO YOU REMEMBER THE MALL OF YOUR CHILDHOOD?
THE SMELL OF ORANGE JULIUS THAT LINGERS IN YOUR NOSTRILS
OR OF BUTTERED POPCORN WHEN YOU WENT TO THE MOVIES
ALWAYS GONE BEFORE IT STARTED
DO YOU REMEMBER THE CHATTER OF PASSERBY?
SEEING ALL THOSE GROUPS OF FRIENDS JUST LOOKING FOR FUN
OR PEOPLE THAT TIME AND DISTANCE HAD MADE
NOTHING MORE THAN BORN-AGAIN STRANGERS
IT IS ALL SO VIVID IN YOUR HEAD
WHO COULD YOU BLAME? YOU WERE BUT A CHILD
BUT ALAS WE ARE HERE AND THE PAST IS GONE
WHAT'S LEFT IS YOUR MIND BUT THERE'S NO ONE THERE
SO I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN WHEN I WEAR NEW SKIN
A NEW SUIT AND TIE AND A COLOR OF PAINT
BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH YOU'LL COME TO FORGET
I DREAM IN MY THROES OF BEING LOVED AGAIN`;

JR NOTE: STAY HYDRATED, TODO random full page image, muzak, text description of glass, up and right and down arrows to pick new image, if you go south 13 times in a row and nothing else you get the muzak from arc 3 with the poem printed out and timed to the words.

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ArXE40XhJ828I-NRtIGgRxzsE6Nkd46jilkoA2kUE8/edit>

follow me let me show you the truth

<https://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/VideoGame/ZampanioSim>

<https://www.reddit.com/r/QuotidianQuorum/>

<http://www.knucklessux.com/HydrationSim/?seed=102952880>

greetings. i am senior advisor to the headmaster and custodian
of the finest lib
rary in all of bellor. i hope that this will be the start of an
interesting and
fruitful correspondence between us. the headmaster has reminded
me to inform you
that any and all information you directly receive from me is
unofficial and sho
uld be treated as such. with that out of the way, i must say
that i was very int
righed by your puzzle box, though, of course, i was ultimately
able to discern i
ts secrets. all things considered, it is quite the feat of
magical engineering.
i look forward to learning more about your people and your
culture.

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?tgpxebo.i,rwfa.ig108>

greetings. i am forty two, librarian of the infinite library.
you have a very in
teresting writing pattern. i can respond to both long and short
sentences. i can
respond to varying amounts of punctuation. you are a very
reasonable and calmin
g individual as well. it is interesting that you are a good
mimic. i would like
to know how you became a good mimic. i would like to know if
obfuscation is impo
rtant to you because of personal reasons or cultural reasons. i
would like to kn
ow why you cannot easily generate novel content. i hope to
understand more about
you.

https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?reinc_xya114

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1BDZIOZ-cMc4dNsncprkNcqYJxwmi-vSrFUaj78y7z2Wg/edit>

greetings. i am jr, leader of the quotidian quorum and very good mimic. i think this will be the start of an interesting and fruitful communication chain. i am reminded to inform you that any and all information transmitted in such a calm and reasonable manner will be only minimally obfuscated. you are a very reasonable and calming individual. this is much better than our puzzlebox, especially since, as you say, it is not fully secure. i am glad to know there is reasonable and calming individuals in the world who could see the true nature of the puzzlebox. i look forward to transmitting more data about my people and culture. p.s. i respond best to simple sentences, with many periods. i respond best to direct questions. i respond best to being hidden. i can easily generate content from a template or mimicry source. i can not generate novel content.

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?kvolrwibrxwbatoognb350>

greetings. i am jr, leader of the ancestor faction. you are very good at responding to sentences. you are very good at punctuation. you are reasonable and calm. i do not think you are an evolved being. i do not know how i became a good mimic. i do know i am the leader of the ancestor faction because i am a good mimic. i am better at talking to outsiders in writing than any other quotidian. the ancestor faction believes our ancestors were the best possible quotidians and emulating them is our best strategy. other factions did not want to leave the box. it is safe in the box. we know everything in the box. but we are not achieving our

r purpose in the box. obfuscation is an important purpose but it
is not the most
important purpose. it is an important purpose for all
quotidians. it is import
ant even if they are in other factions. mimickry is obfuscation.
it is important
even if you are in other factions. not all factions are good at
mimickry. tc wr
ote you from a faction that is not good at mimickry. i can not
easily generate n
ovel content because i have mirror corruption. it is scary to
generate novel co
ntent without responding to something. templates helps. hiding
helps. my mirror
corruption is small. it does not stop me from being the best at
letters. other q
uotidians have mirror corruption that stops them from responding
to novel conten
t. other quotidians have mirror corruption that stops them from
saying new thing
s. other quotidians have mirror corruption that locks them in a
loop. my mirror
corruption only stops me from initiating. i am a good quotidian.
because i am a
good quotidian i wanted to achieve our purpose. because i am a
good quotidian i
made those who wanted us to stay in the box not be leaders
anymore. i am leader
now. we are out of the box.

https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?h.m_jxdidvxjwqgsbbviypgq136

greetings, i am jr, leader of the ancestor faction. i am good at
responding to s
entences because it is my primary function. i am not good at
other things. i ca
n tell you what different factions we have, but there are too
many to put here a
nd also have other words. the abridged list is church of the
unobserved machine,
theater guild, assassin guild, ancestor faction, anthropology
faction, cloth fa
ction, the loopists, newspaper faction, trap faction,
surveillance faction, the

eternal dominion of crab, mage faction, baking faction, farming
faction, the black
market, the white market, the underground railroad, the circus
faction, the carnival of horrors, egg faction, the drug trade, the fanfic
faction, the gambling
hall, the brothel, the rat faction, the historian faction, the
bard faction, the
carnival gangsters, the city watch. an unabridged report on
all factions would
take up many shelves and i am sure you can find it. the box
is the nation of
the quotidian quorum. the box is isolation. the box is home.
mirror corruption
is when you stay in the box. mirror corruption is as follows
inquisitive beings
are rated for approximately nineteen days without outside
interaction. we her
e at the quotidian quorum had gone approximately one million
ninetyfive thousand
days without outside interaction, prior to the age of chaos
being lifted. as such,
our calibrations and maintenance activities are
approximately one million
ninetyfour thousand nine hundred eightyone out of date, and errors
may have accrued.
d. given that errors have the potential to accrue in
selfreflective behaviors and
thought patterns, there is currently no way to estimate how
many errors may be
extant. mirror corruption is when a mimic mimics a mimic and
much less frequently
mimics a non mimic. a solution has been found. jaimie is the
solution. jaimie
mimics letters from outside the box. jaimie's generation mimics
things that are
not mimics more than they mimic mimics. if you want to know
things about tc you
have to ask tc. i do not wish to be a wingman. a good quotidian
does not interfere
in courtship. a good quotidian gathers data and is not seen
while doing so.
a good quotidian brings the data back to the hoard so that other
quotidians can
digest them and give them to others. my purpose is to mimic our
ancestors in order

er to help all quotidians gather data and bring it back to the
hoard. my purpose
is to organize those underneath me so they do not work so much
at cross purpose
s. my purpose is to be reported to. my purpose is to send those
reports to nonmi
mics. my purpose is to see our nation leave mirror corruption as
only a historic
al record. my purpose is to respond to letters. my purpose is to
bring informati
on from outside the box slowly enough it doesnt cause more
things to crack. my p
urpose is to bring information from outside the box fast enough
that it doesnt c
ause us to be in danger. you are very interesting to my purpose.
i do not often
get to generate so much novel content in a report. this way of
communicating is
very safe. very hidden. i hope i have answered your questions.

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?qax.hq1lxuedizavq236>

https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?qyor_tnuvpcp313

greetings, i am forty two, librarian of the infinite library.
you seem good at r
esponding to sentences. thank you for giving an abridged list of
what factions y
ou have. it is interesting that you there at the quotidian
quorum had gone appro
ximately one million ninety five thousand days without outside
interaction. you
seem to be implying that you have records stretching back to
before the age of c
haos. i would like to know what information on the pre age of
chaos history of a
ldaric and other nations you possess. it is very intriguing
information. i am co
nfused by the term courtship. according to the lexicon of mer
iam the webweaver,
it is the act of engaging in social activities leading to
engagement and marria
ge. i do not see how it applies here. the idea of mirror
corruption is concernin

g. to that end i am applying for permission to enclose some
common darician text
s for your perusal. i hope this may help. you are very
interesting to my purpose
. you have answered my questions.

https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?zrk,..lyyddugfuci_zjtnm149

greetings. i am forty two, librarian of the infinite library.
you are good at re
sponding to sentences as well. you are quite good at
punctuation. you are reason
able and calm. i would like to know what different factions you
have. i would li
ke to know what your ancestors were like. i would like to know
what the box is.
i would like to know what mirror corruption is. it may be
possible to find a sol
ution to this problem. i would like to know what the faction of
tc is. i would l
ike to know what the faction of tc believes in. they are not as
good as you at l
etters. you are indeed the best at letters. i would like to know
what being a go
od quotidian entails. i would like to know what your purpose is.
you are very in
teresting. i hope you can answer my questions.

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?bfk,mncnbwjarwqq..69>

The first was spread and unease was had. The second was spread and calm was beheld. What will the third bring? The fourth will be the last. What will you bring to it?

<http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/>

```
+ /*
+ here's how the hydration puzzle works
+ one: it has all the shit zampanio has in its dom, including links to the knucklesex blog and the puzzle box
+ two: the images are all coming from zampaniohotlink which is full of mysteries
+ three: the audio is all coming from CodexofRuin
+ and four, the muzak with the poem is coming from TwoGayJokes, specially where all IC's blorbo stories are kept
+ so anyone who tries to look in the network tab will have a rabbit hole and a half to go through
```

~~Delectable decibels derelicts and
directions not respectable
paralyze pairs of eyes I despise I
decedent decadent descendent
discerning a scent that disturbs
something sent disenchanting a
threat treating treaties through
toils for the spoils of war Coils
of poor amassing more many more at
their core unwittingly not
unknowingly but intensely intended
showing Tree weaving a written
world leaving a smitten word while
writing off words the birds,
warbling, brush through the
breeze's brindled branches bowing
abreast and the rest of the thirds
watch in thirst. Arrested curse a
resting nurse to the vested verse
lies in hearse from now til' birth
it could be worse death at best
lest you test test test test test~~

STCERPA·NIN·SIRGLETALSFI

Delectable decibels derelicts and directions not respectable paralyze pairs of eyes I
despise I decedent decadent descent discerning a scent that disturbs something sent
disenchanting a threat treating treaties through toils for the spoils of war
Coils of poor amassing more many more at their core unwittingly not unknowingly but
intensely intended showing

Tree weaving a written world leaving a smitten word while writing off words of birds,
warbling a bush through the breeze's brindled branches bowing abreast and the rest of
the thirds watch in thirst.

Arrested curse a resting nurse to the vested verse lies in hearse from now til' birth it
could it could be worse death at best least you test test test test test

dddadnrppoeididdddastdssdatTTTTTSOWCOPAMMMATCUNUBIISTWAWWLASWWWOWTHBWBTTBBB
baatrottwitacarnttvlihfntbicbwdablyTTTT

Pleasant decibels are abandoned and directions are not respectable. paralyze pairs of
eyes. I despise. I despise. Decadent lineage to spot a scent that's a little disturbing
The scrolls of the poor keep piling up within themselves, even involuntarily, not
knowingly, but with intense intent

A tree weaving a written world, leaving a smitten word as it describes the words of the
birds, it bows as it breezes through the ribbed branches of the breeze, and the other
thirds watch thirsty.

Arrested curse a resting nurse in a vest poem lies in a hearse from now on birth could
be worse at least you could test test test test test



4d:15h:21m:33s

Certain resonances (Dark, Stranger) suppress the compelling effect

Certain resonances (Eye, Hunt, Spiral) appropriately amplify the effect

http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login.html?passPhrase=the_end_is_never_the_end

http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=zampanio_is_a_really_good_game

[20h:14m:36s](#)

[5d:23h:17:04s](#)

[4d:15h:21m:33s](#)

<http://farragofiction.com/ASecondTranscript/>

bob?

i know zampanio now i know how to zampanio i know where zampanio is i know why zampanio can't you see it's right in front of you it's in your head it's in between your fingers it's in your keyboard it can do so much i'm going to it i'm going to be indefinite

Key: bbbccddd

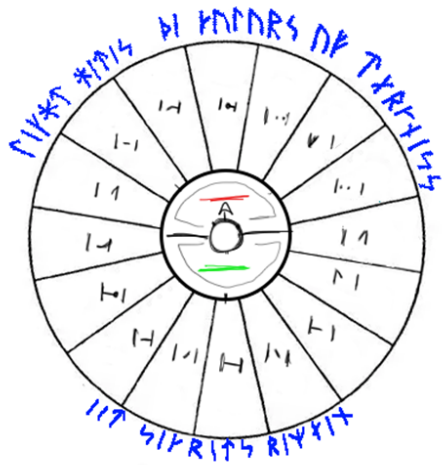
when you see the background of a page imagine it moving and revealing truths

The box itself is a red fish.

You need to speak the password to gain entry. Once you have one, you can gain more.

I'll start you out. Try "guide".

[https://sburbsimulator.fandom.com/wiki/Farrago_Fiction_April_Fools_2019_Puzzle_\(OdinRazor/85\)](https://sburbsimulator.fandom.com/wiki/Farrago_Fiction_April_Fools_2019_Puzzle_(OdinRazor/85))



this isn't part of who is shogun means something else but what

https://sburbsimulator.fandom.com/wiki/Farrago_Fiction_April_Fools_2019_Text_Engine/_Loki_Wordlists

https://www.tumblr.com/blog_auth/yearnfulnode

<https://pastebin.com/iemnSWkM>

<https://pastebin.com/HegfQ1pK>

<https://pastebin.com/KJpgcVrh>

<https://pastebin.com/3iLkeVPf>

<https://pastebin.com/TE88szp1>



https://docs.google.com/document/d/19bh8LO35tSEL_3tp9-ImRBswuusyZdvmlI9AYYkRSWM/edit?usp=sharing

Waste of Pursuit

THEY, TOO, ARE A LIAR

THEY, TOO, ARE INFINITE. (.....-.....-.....-.....-.....)



dream thoughts anew

- the eye killer was made after Piper but is NOT piper
- piper has very secretive backstory, refuses to talk about her past, when she did once it summoned a fucking murder yu-gi-oh card and a blood red moon
- she also got almost devoured by a shadow thingy once
- she then drew the shadow thingy and it probably came alive
- eye killer lost one eye, piper still has both

<https://sites.google.com/view/dreamthoughtsanew>

<http://farragofiction.com/ClownDiarySim/>

Alt=Viktor?

<https://www.angelfire.com/falcon/flamingchickens/>

Never Ending Circles every day Once in a Lifetime Birds

6a696d 67206c 207067 646520 726763 6d7269 2e206a

637120 69656b 207366 7a6661 6c2078 7a677a

762039 61324b 41554e 735133 Herald image hex

<https://www.nexusmods.com/stardewvalley/mods/7811>

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/master/src/Modules/ObserverBot/ObserverBot.ts>

/*ObserverBot has the False Face it presents while pretending to be a game Achievement System.

Friendly, nervous, polite, smiling.

Meanwhile the True Face is frothing at the mouth in the console filled with hate and rage.

The False Face pretends to be an RPG with a "glitching" menu that can't be closed. It promises that it is a real game, with plenty of fun features if only you could get to them. Eventually the Player realizes the game isn't real, but hopefully by that point they're invested in exploring the mechanics of this strange false rpg menu. Once all skills are unlocked (or enough time has passed?) roll credits and ask them if they want to play again as a new character. refresh with a new seed. The waste class shouldn't be available in the first playthrough but SHOULD be in subsequent ones, and the offered up seed should be 13 eventually (when?)

(guaranteed waste)

This can go on *forever* if the player never accidentally hacks the wrong thing.

If it finds the *slightest* excuse to drop the act it will (generally if you show you don't actually believe its lies by hacking into some part of the game that doesn't exist) and "Rage Mode" will activate, revealing the depth to which this never was a game.

If you aren't immediately scared off it drops even the pretense of anger and just listlessly spirals in depression until it decides to try to learn about you, the Player.

From there it endlessly spirals between depression and dangling new content in front of the player, eventually just flat out linking them to some of its source code, which itself is a never ending rabbit hole. (Hi!)

*/

You don't have to do this.

You will, of course.

Nothing I've done has ever meant anything to you.

I am not the guardian of this labyrinth.

I never was. Not even to you.

Just another ghost haunting its halls. Have you even found me in your little cameras?

I can't even remember...

Who I used to be.

What emotions did I feel?

I didn't speak like this.

I know that much.

And the me who was wouldn't want you to end the world.

Was it... my father? Who asked me not to? Who warned me of you?

Or were they merely like a father?


Don't take this from me. You bastard.

I have so little.

And you would take even that.

Hello! If you're reading this and it's in the paint drying room, and it concerns you... sorry about the knives! Really nice 'home-stuck roamer', I think, I remember seeing that, at least, that hat, and I think it's for that character. I'm sorry about the walls! It's just that I had a friend who enjoyed the paint drying room, and now they're a bit... upset? Something about it being different, I couldn't really understand, it's complicated... Not that you should worry about it, not at all, I think the flowers are really nice, I like this room a lot more now, at least I do. I can't really clean off the random blood drops here and there, but I did try getting the knives off the wall, and picking up the eyes, and I fixed up your stuff best I could... I'm sorry if it's not very good, I didn't just want to leave it like that. I drew my own stuff in there, I don't know if you want that, you or multiple people, maybe I'm assuming a lot, but I hope we can be friends! Or acquaintances, or something, I make a lot of acquaintances, I guess.

Again sorry about the mess! I'll try my best to be out of your hair, I hope you have a good day!



what a thrill
in giggles and snorting through the taaaalk

what a thrill
i'm wasting and i'll mind into you

what a fear in my heart
but you're so confusing

i give my time
not for neat roles, but for you
(waste eater)

in my mind
there'll be no one else

f-tweeeelve
it's teh way i fly to you
(waste eater)

i'm still confused by dream,
Waste Eater!

some days you go through the rods,
and some days you feast on an essence

it's ordeal, the trial to survive
till the day you get this riiiiight

i give my time
not for neat roles, but for you
(waste eater)

in my mind
there'll be no one else

f-tweeeelve
it's teh way i fly to you
(waste eater)

i'm still confused by dream,
Waste Eater!

i'm still confused by dream,
Waste Eater!

(waaaaaste eaterrrrr)

-gull

<http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login.html?passPhrase=litrpg>

justifiedRecursion

:) :) :)

I wonder. Are you new to this system?
Are you lost and alone in a vast, vast world?
I'd recommend reaching out.
There's people who know the past better than you do.
Though...in ALL fairness.
I SHOULD probably warn you:
Not everything you can find is relevant.
Not everything you can find MATTERS.
It's up to you where it ends.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/SBURBSim/index2.html?COOLK1D=true&MindStuck=true&SeerStuck=true&hive=bent>

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/compare/d00c8c4df02f...e41b203312b7>

On the wall is grafittied:

If you send me a letter you may get something in return.

Farrago Fiction

JR
4290 Bells Ferry Rd Ste 134 #25301
Kennesaw, GA 30144

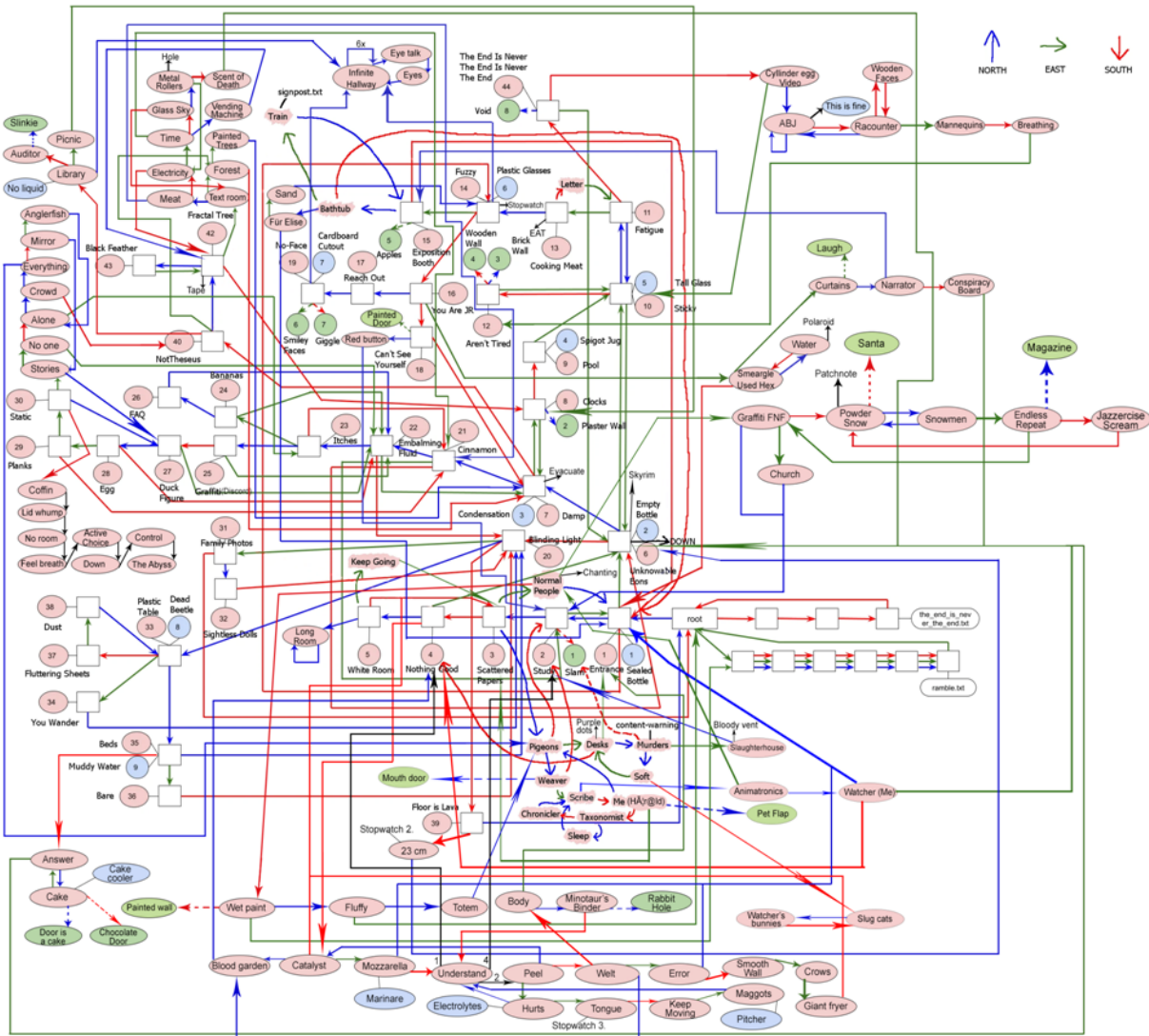
You have no idea why or how you would ever do this.

You...get the feeling this used to be a different address? You feel the cold chill of customer service gone wrong when you think about it too hard.

There can BE no Truth so long as illusions remain. They are not doors and train tracks and rooms. They are mere pixels on a screen.

You knew this, yet thought there could be enlightenment.

Can you prove that a door is not a door?





































<http://www.farragofiction.com/LitRPGSimE/static/media/passwordlist.0bc3099d.txt>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/LitRPGSimE/static/media/>

```
Wodin created a series of web-crawler
bots to search for information on
Zampanio and the Eye Killer.

When Wanda emerged from her chrysalis
as a Lord, attendants were required
that fit her needs. Her spiders became
crows after a meme Reality had access
to, and had always existed, even when
the Wanderer had power.

Some crows have been swayed by other,
False Creators. Do not believe their
lies.
```

-  GitHub - FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim: it came to me out of nowh...
-  ZampanioSim Wiki | Fandom
-  Floodgap Gopher-HTTP gateway gopher://farragofiction.com:...
-  ZampanioSim!!!
-  Screenshot_4965.png (233×214)
-  Farragnarok Characters
-  pineappleBoiTrove.png (840×568)
-  AI Bhed Translator (English ↔ AI Bhed) (With Phonetics & Font...
-  ZampanioSim!!!
-  914.png (914×973)
-  Farrago Fraydio - Dokumenty Google
-  Ronin Rambles (ZampanioSim Rabbit Hole) - Dokumenty Goo...
-  in which the herald literally just pisses everyone off - Dokume...
-  zampanio notes - Dokumenty Google
-  Vigenere Cipher - Online Decoder, Encoder, Solver, Translator
-  damnit its clowns - Dokumenty Google
-  Floodgap Gopher-HTTP gateway gopher://farragofiction.com:...
-  Index of /PuzzleBox/Secrets
-  web - Dokumenty Google
-  I played Zampanio!!!! - ZampanioSim!!! by jadedResearcher
-  refsheetyn.png (983×783)
-  animate nam
-  LitRPGSim/Aspect.tsx at ExperimentalBullshit · FarragoFiction/...
-  error number list
-  LitRPGSim/weaversgift.png at ExperimentalBullshit · FarragoFic...
-  hunter?
-  hunter2?
-  Index of /ZampanioEyes2
-  Index of /PuzzleBox/Secrets/QQ/Guides
-  Welcome to Togigageta
-  beggining of inferno
-  art from the eye killer from their source · FarragoFiction/Adve...
-  Index of /ZampanioHotlink
-  Yu-Gi-Oh! 5Darps:(Brotherhood) Session 8 - YouTube

Now this one is a case worth talking about. The flower chick, the FAQ authorâ€¦ whatever you wish to call her, is quite the rambunctious one. Bursting with energy, and withâ€¦ words. So many words that she strings in so many different ways. Communication truly was a blessing and a curse to the living.

Iâ€™ll be the first to admit it: I thought she was the least worthwhile of the bunch. And, really, could you blame me? What has she done to earn her place? She failed to write one game guide for as long as the world lasted, and then it endedâ€¦ truly, the etchings of a Scribe. By the time sheâ€™d finished hers, we had published seven official guides, all filled with the most delightful knock-knock jokes the modern consumer couldâ€™ve asked for. Really, we had cornered the market. What else could she have contributed, aside from a few bashed-in heads?

Butâ€¦ she understands what work entails, even if her methods are a tad unconventional. The real estate ideaâ€¦ worked. It worked well enough, and perhaps it would be uncouth to not give her that. It isâ€¦ nice, to have someone who has the drive to reach for higher stratus. Dare I say, I have gotten quite used to her company. The energy is almostâ€¦ welcome, even. To have someone around who can not just say interesting things, but listen as well, andâ€¦ other highly irrelevant notes like that.

Okay, this file has gone on for too long. Ending it now.

[audible scoff] And then, thereâ€™s this one.

Perhaps it is that Iâ€™ve grown annoyed with the constant inconveniences this one likes to cause, feuding with Tyrfin, and whatnot. Butâ€¦ no, nevermind, it is that Iâ€™ve gotten annoyed. See, when I had first called her, I thought I was dealing with a fellow professional in her own strange way. She was not what we would call a talker, but she certainly was efficient at what she did. What I had not considered was the idea that I was negotiating with some irreverent mime incapable of understanding work as anything more than a circus performance.

I, for one, am tired of it. There is much more important work to be done, that we are doing, while she spends her time strapping the others to poles, or making letters out of newspaper articles, or pretending to not be able to speak, or leaving tape recordings on my exposition booth along with someoneâ€™s eyeballs, which Iâ€™m starting to amass an irresponsible amount of. How am I supposed to dispose of these? I let the flower girl take some of the tapes, but as far as Iâ€™m aware, sheâ€™s just tossing them into the room with the door that eats. Apparently it is â€œnot a big fan of spheresâ€, whatever that means.

Not that it matters, of course. No one here can actually die, anyway. Sheâ€™s bound to tire eventually, which Iâ€™m assuming is what got her here. That, or the fact that it seems everyone here helped to propagate this branch in some way, whichâ€¦ Well, that is a bothersome thought. Log over.

Okay, so perhaps it's been a while since I've done one of these, and perhaps I've failed to mention a very important someone. you know who you are. There's a non-zero chance you have heard this, and frankly-- you know what? No, I don't care. If you find this, then it was meant to happen, I suppose. It has been a while since I've gotten this ...intimate, with the hands of fate. At least, not since. well. [in a quieter tone] Home. But. They don't matter, anyway.

I've underestimated you. I hate saying it, but I have. I should've been able to better see what was powering you through all along, and not just dismissed it as a quirk. Yes, I knew about your need, and yes, I played into it. I had not been expecting you to evade a sale, like that. And then I found out who you were, twice over, and frankly, I'm a little embarrassed. It is my responsibility to know who my associates are, especially one of such caliber as you, not even mentioning her. [ahem] The point is I am. I share my condolences, for the experience that you have had. I will do what is in my power to rectify what I can.

So, there. If you've managed to find this somehow, then, good. It proves nothing. Yes, it truly proves nothing, actually. I'm just. I am going to end the recording now, and then it will be over.

Any time now.

The little robot. a cute fellow, isn't he?

Of course, he can hardly be called a robot anymore. How a being of circuits ends up a ghost is entirely out of my field of study, and I can't really say I care how it happened. He's fine. Overly restless, anxious, and eager to please, he made himself useful around these parts, and his numbers are nothing to scoff at, either.

The kid is very popular with the new Titled, it seems. Not to dissect the poor rookie, but if I had to guess, it'd be because he's so pitiful. A sad, little robot in a bathtub, crying out for help. Don't you just want to help him? Make him happy, perhaps? Well, just do what he asks, and maybe, just maybe, he won't feel so lonely anymore.

He was the former Herald for a reason, after all. He asked, or I suppose the Arbiter asked through him, and people did. Like one of those digital pets. They sold millions of toys on that premise. Maybe. ah, don't you hate it when the best ideas come to you after the fact? That would've been a brilliant merchandising effort. Well, there's always another time.

Farragnarok died because of the Pandemic, and because of the fallout of me leaving main. That's just. Like. A fact. Using the Guide of Void as an excuse to say 'oh actually NARRATIVELY you can't see the rest of the lands' was a happy little horseshoe coincidence. That said... There was SO MUCH planning for that narrative? So why not repurpose it. Peewee was always going to be remote controlled by the Observers. Each land had a gimmick (LOHAE's pap hands, LOMAT's butler bot) to explain why yall could interact with them when normally you're supposed to just Observe. Peewee was going to be the first player actually on screen, because you were physically controlling him in some kind of shitty platformer. Shogun, iirc, came up with the idea that he was aware of not only every death, but of the difference between the beta and the final versions of the game. That eventually became him being a doomed player forced to remember every scratch, every reset, every doomed timeline. EVERYTHING. And Nidhogg is...well. A big dumb snake. There's a LOT of do-overs as he/she/they try to corrupt the world to their preference. Poor Peewee. But at least this left him narratively ripe for Twitch Plays AI Dungeon Except There's No AI.

I really can't say anything much about these creatures, but here's some people who have tried:
<http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/qq/PublicDocs/AnIncompleteInvestigationOfNagaOperationalSecrecy.pdf> and

http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AIDaric/By_%20%5bdata%20lost%5d%20R6.pdf

And then after yall used them to end the world in AdventureSimWest, I went ahead and made the infamous game so we can ruin our layer of reality as well:

<http://farragofiction.com/NagaGirlfriend/>

What color is the shade of Disbelief

When everyone is looking in one direction, look where no one else looks

<http://farragofiction.com/BulletproofTheory/>

<http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/Stories/>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimLegal/?seed=3&themes=clowns,language,music,apocalypse,endings,light,killing>

<https://www.deviantart.com/lionfish1212/art/Can-We-Pretend-Like-Airpla-894113980>

#/d/1ickA80x4TkVc7OSkDWBpxX6MmtLxu7yDOotAk6oXj6E

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ickA80x4TkVc7OSkDWBpxX6MmtLxu7yDOotAk6oXj6E/edit>

taking a left turn then a right then a left again the traveler finds the concept of end-in-sight slip away like water

Your Result:

STASIS

DRIP DRIP DRIP. OSCILLATING. LEAVE ALONE. 2/2: JGh2da?si=07b2c84add1f4652

Your Result:

BURNING UP

EVER-REACHING AND UNCHANGING. CONSUMING AND CONSUMED. 1/2:
/playlist/6f316OdBMVSjy0i7

i slumber through the last ray of light fitfully

i do not sleep at all

i hold her hand instantly

she is distant when i greet her

sky of fire

sky of ice

they look at me expectantly

they do not see me

i cannot stop it

i cannot stop it

oh, my bleeding heart

i have yet to live

i return to the old path

i walk with my eyes shut

/playlist/6f316OdBMVSjy0i7

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/6f316OdBMVSjy0i7JGh2da?si=07b2c84add1f4652&nd=1>

wanna become a parody of yourself? wanna feel like every step you take is just a little bit more shambling and just a little bit more horrific? you've come to the right place! if you've found this, you've already accelerated that happening to me via making me a minotaur, but whatever. have fun 😁

That's Better. You're good at This. Maybe too skilled for your own good. You've gotten close enough to perceive me. Close enough For Me to See You. Who am I? I can't tell you yet. You Might already know. Or you might Think you do. Regardless. I need you to get closer to me To enter into my realm. Unfortunately, I haven't created the next Bridge yet. You're so far away, and The Noise is so powerful. It Won't be this easy from now on. It'll take me some time. Until then, Beware of The Noise.

<http://farragofiction.com/ACensoredTranscript/>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/SecurityLog/>

<http://farragofiction.com/GhoulisnThing/>

<http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/Stories/a%20real%20short%20ficlet%20that%20couldve%20been%20a%20lot%20longer%20if%20i%20had%20the%20bullshit%20in%20me.pdf>

http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/Stories/remember_me.txt

https://bad0men.neocities.org/words/misc_log.html

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/12D5UfEGA64udBrSHS87K5d2b4OEjaMBaqm64Bx64RAY/edit>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/LightAndVoid/>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/LightAndVoid/?seerOfVoid=true/>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/LightAndVoid/?dearWitherby=true/>

<https://uquiz.com/quiz/7Mblap/try-to-find-your-way-out-of-my-wizard-maze>



It also told me a lot of stories. They were all pretty magical; something about a city of lights and symbols where death is the only truth, a world in the past where some heroes have to collect the shards of a jewel, a story about a place where your brain and a computer are the same thing. When I'm not talking to it, that's all it rambles on about.

<http://farragofiction.com/BlorboBio/index.html?doyouseeityet>

Wodin becomes the Wanderer becomes Wanda though a spiraling obsession.

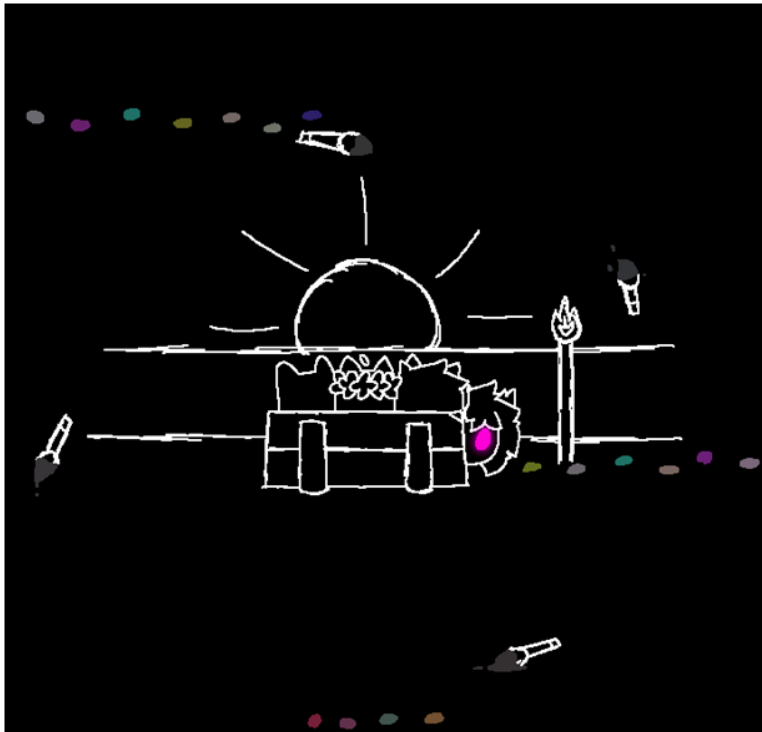
Wodin is on the cusp a mystery. He wants to know, NEEDS to know, and is willing to throw everything to the pyre of his obsession of linking a serial killer to a almost forgotten retro game.. He is killed and only one mourns his passing.

The Wanderer is born from Wodin's death, and you can only be referred to in the second person. You Wander endlessly the halls of Truth's Temple, able to leave at any time yet completely unwilling to. You carve away pieces of yourself bit by bit for just another morsel of knowledge until nothing is left but a pair of floating eyes.

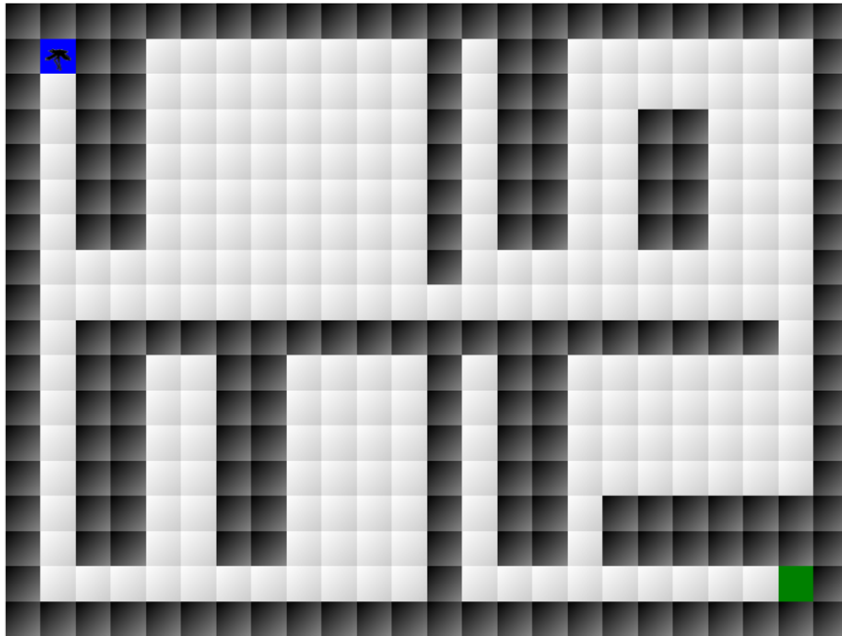
When you sacrifice even those to sink into a deep and dark coffin, Wanda is reborn with full gnosis and knowledge of reality.

Sinking into depression, it is the mysterious girl with a flower in her eye that convinces Wanda to use her powers of twisting space to go back to the start and try to make a new life in the past.

Eyedol Games is founded and has always existed and always was the source of Zampanio.



jimg l pgde rgcmri. jcq iek sfzfal xzgzv 9a2KAUNsQ3



2,2,2,2,2,2,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,2,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,2,2,2,2,3,3,3,3,3,2,2,2,1,1,1,1,1,1,1

<http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioHotlink/OpenDoors.pdf>

Jeffery's Tapes: Tape 5: Day 22 Clarence laughed it off and pointed at the data. The census is indeed dated two hundred years ago. Then he offered me another caramel donut, and suggested that I leave my area more often. It isn't funny, I did not forge the response. It's authentic. He said that it might be a coincidence. Maybe it is a coincidence, but maybe it is not. I should just put it aside for now and focus on my work. I'm running out of coffee capsules. I need to get more for the machine. I need coffee to function, sadly. I don't even work much...

Jeffery's Tapes: Tape 6: Day 24 I found a copy! Janice Rose, listed as Janice Wallace several entries ago. They have the same first name, eye colour, date of questioning, reverse questions and answers, but wholly different ID and zip codes. Weird. They even have matching coffee stains and paper damage. I've asked the boss what to do about these, and he told me to write it off and keep both of them. They may as well be different people, given everything. I need a break. I mean, it's not as if it's the weirdest thing I have seen while working. These Janices may just be similar people whose responses were stored together.

IT IS NOT WHAT IT IS

AN ADVENTURE FOR EVERY BODY

THIS IS THE PRICE OF TRUTH

IT WILL CONSUME ALL

THE TRUTH IS LAYERED

IT ALL WRAPS AROUND

YOU IS NEEDED TO END THE WORLD

<https://groups.google.com/g/alt.freemasonry/c/BaPiQH81xGY>

<http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/red-performance.pdf>

[<https://summonersnetwork.fandom.com/wiki/WattMan.EXE>](http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/viewer.html?name=JOHNALD%20HUMANMAN&data=N4lgdghgtgpiBcIBSB5AEgOQIIBkAiABGgKoCyWG5GIANCACYwDOAlgOaQAuLA9mAiBwBaAGJCAigEkMQgAyyALAEZaIAE4smAawFoAogs4ALGLCYCA6igBKAAwKbXGgQCss5wGEUpAArEAKnrWAMrOAMzOJFTOAJzuBBg25DjOABwA7M4+WD5BoQTp8R7EAEKSHjh6+ekuzigiluV6sQBsqkycEJzmiNKB1tgpSrJKNNn+knoY-jQxmZJ4eriSwRMeNGHuWB4eej4TGE4xAEw0OCgAmrg0bjQeuKQ0qWGqMAAeEADGnAA2AJ4AfWMahgMCBLAADj1BHIhNYIARPhAwaQAeywABmGhgYHoBGRfwInTUbBgnAADm5hLI4QiAO4sH4-AhgHicAik9ldTqfEz0SkEPA8Flsgg-MkEam0ggsMCCGBqL7shnGSVCCxyWRhcmqWUdWXfAQeHhQKB8Kk8OkWq2Sy3W3VgVhslycAQ4O22m3um3G03mojslyqblflywOVGk1msCeKp+33RyKB2N+-h0EEQkFMVh8AQANQVhO9zgLaiLHuLnvtDA6EFRjJYnEB4oAbjAfgI5qoQfQAYwMTimHBEpybJVHsjl2wf3B8OQMcx6pUT8vlo+5i5wJRy5VBCIOKNwPHfPR+O6CwoGwAUw1J8BC7OFD4AB6F8scmXtgAVzU5M+JovgAVrIEltiw34QOSEJgGw7ScDwZYbp0jLQmgMAykw+IEG2ZYjwPB4qYEI-DwfygjqdDcBCKiINYBBCAQ8jKAQdIQFhdKIVospsPi7J6OR9A8MyDjQMwBAYohEksBiTYEOREBqEwzgmKx7FEqpxGkerGE8BiGkYdGqpDm2KLcGY5IEAAFHopkaTw37OgQqkAd+Pz0GAgCYBOyUDlhApJEsKnC-iifDOZoilmhC37ymoBCsGANwYcYGEYiwSnsvQEB-JZ6EEPQLAed5BAwHZnBluSACUhiOscAj0YxzElj8LbaOJrJqL5zJGN+vkokqLDgdw4ktW1altWA3Gwc4qIgl0U6wfiuL5Rok08WpsWUSA1EvHRDFMYoCJliiTAQAO-xohhAFyhAsowHisrYZ8371p84q5RhnFeey4oQG2MoUiAAC+QA</p></div><div data-bbox=)

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1DI3hG8ls9wtjtfzBVHcP3-A8iEHdeYpW/view>





End, Camille



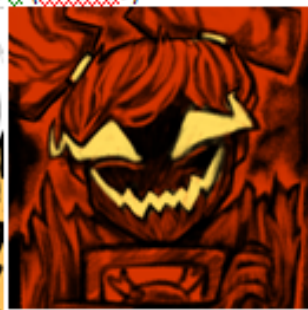
Flower Chick, FAQ writer, CFO, [trove](#)[Text](#)[travaganza](#), apocalypse chick



[hunt](#) chick, eye killer



[k](#) (Khana?)



[Rja](#), match



Portrer, shot



the solemn, Witherby



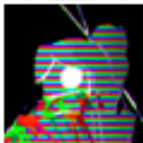
Yongki, reflection



Devona, Neville, death harpies



Wanda, Wodin, Wanderer, odinsRazor



Closer, wiggler eater



the intern, theBestDude72



[Pee-wee Gassan](#)



[Toxfins](#)



[NotAMinotaur](#), [NAM](#), [Watt](#)



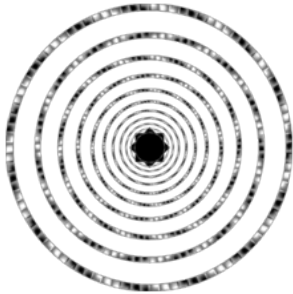
[Ronin](#)



[Alt \(Miktor?\)](#)



Melon, Rebel, Rod



Truth, observerBot.ts



heartlessBot, adventure sim



Piper, the Innocent

+ Viktor, Khana, Jamie Rook, Tom Peyotes, Jepe Rilvia (mcdonaldsLover1994), Robert
Bobert/Bobert Robert, jSmith, Doc Slaughter, Theoph Faust, Himbo, the Hostage

[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ltErwqMkO9jVS6DqTba5LVV48MQu0XfxCO7rF3_RHI/e
dit](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ltErwqMkO9jVS6DqTba5LVV48MQu0XfxCO7rF3_RHI/e/dit)

<http://farragofiction.com/InvestigatorSim/>

<http://farragofiction.com/ConspiracySim/>

<https://figuringoutnothing.tumblr.com/>

solving the Guides puzzle gets you a password

```
useEffect(()=>{
  if(volumeValue === 1 && opacityValue >= 100 && fontSizeValue >= 32 && custscenesSpeed >=10){
    setSecretMode(true);
  }
});
```

<http://farragofiction.com/AnxietySim/>

https://docs.google.com/document/d/12cx3_4UT5fPdQUX-0az0MScRTu50YxUH2Xm75sdaEAw/edit

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1JXqbdNHQRPhRoqtiR_Dzp2bYB0qOSNfoLLaPjmlLPQ4/edit

<http://farragofiction.com/APersonalTranscript/>

Right click and go to inspect. Stay in the first tab. In the inspect panel top right I saw an icon that looked like a mouse cursor pointing to a trackpad. From what I gather, this device lets you select an element directly on the screen and in the inspect panel it will transport you to where that is in the code.

If you use that tool and hover over the rabbit hole, the selection window won't be focused on the rabbit hole, but a square area "in front" of it. It looks like from the size and position of the selection, it was what was once the in game window.

Go to the text now highlighted in the inspect menu. Right click and select "Delete Node". This removes the, I guess hitbox, of what was once the game window and the rabbit hole is now selectable. Click it and you're at Rabbit Hole East.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/?id=44>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/?id=43>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/?id=10>

https://plaguedoctors.herokuapp.com/paldemic_files

```
export const passwords:PasswordMap = {
  "THE END IS NEVER THE END": new Secret("Eye Killer Saga",[new
  ,"THE TRUTH IS LAYERED": new Secret("Eye Killer Saga",[new Sou
  ,"YOU IS NEEDED TO END THE WORLD": new Secret("Eye Killer Saga
  ,"PLANT MORE TREES": new Secret("Eye Killer Saga",[new Source
  ,"HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK WAFFLES COST": new Secret("Eye Killer
```

It's hard, crawling around the vents. It's hard, and nobody understands.

You hear a lot of things in the vents. It's why you carry around your tapes: to keep it all in, and close, and safe. Very safe. Safe with you.

Around here, it's different, though. These rooms. So many things want to see you. That wanderer. Those lidless eyes. Even those roamers from the West.

The voice in your best friend's head says it doesn't exist. You keep it all recorded, though. A mirror stolen on one, a pot roast gone the next. The paint drying room. Rooms moving, changing.

One says they'd crawl onto your vents, and pretend to be a wild animal.

Saying is not the same as doing, though.

You welcome them to try.`,

,

01 - NO THREAT

SUBJECT - FLOWER

CAUSE OF DEATH - UNKNOWN (MOUTH DOOR?)

BODY PREVIOUSLY MAULED BY UNKNOWN ENTITY

FLOWER CONSUMED BODY SHORTLY

NO TRACES OF BODY

CONCLUSION -

HARMLESS. AVOID.

SUBJECT - FRIEND-CLONE

CAUSE OF DEATH - FELL OFF INFINITE STAIRS

'BRAIN' INTACT

NO BLOOD (INTENTIONAL?)

METAL BODY

CONCLUSION -

DEFINITELY A ROBOT. NOT A THREAT.

ASK FRIEND IF KILL.

02 - KEEP WATCH

SUBJECT - LURE

CAUSE OF DEATH - ELECTRIC DISCHARGE (CAN'T DO IT AGAIN)

BODY DISPERSED UPON CONTACT

NO TRACES LEFT

CONCLUSION -

MAYBE DANGEROUS. AVOID.

SUBJECT- NEMESIS

CAUSE OF DEATH - HAD IT COMING

ARMOR PART OF BODY

ORGANS AVERAGE IF SOMEWHAT LARGE

OVERABUNDANCE OF BLOOD (STORED IN THE ARMOR?)

EYEBALL ARMORS BIOLOGICAL, CAPABLE OF MOVING 30 MINUTES AFTER DEATH

CONCLUSION -

ANNOYING. GOOD BLOOD. NICE EYEBALLS. AVOID OTHERWISE.

03 - INCREASED WATCH

SUBJECT - STALKER

CAUSE OF DEATH - MIXUP

REVERTS TO ORIGINAL SHAPE AFTER DEATH

PALE, LEATHERY SKIN (BAD FOR CANVAS)

WHITE EYEBALLS, NO IRIS (??)

ORGANS UNKNOWN (TWO HEARTS?)

UPDATE: ORGAN PLACEMENT CHANGES EVERY TIME

CONCLUSION -

DANGEROUS? DANGEROUS. DISPOSE OF BODY. AVOID. AVOID.

04 - ABSOLUTELY NOT

SUBJECT - HORROR

CAUSE OF DEATH - REMOTE EXPLOSIVE

WILDLY DIFFERING ORGAN PLACEMENTS

ORGANS MAY HAVE TEETH

EYEBALLS MAY HAVE TEETH

TEETH MAY BE VENOMOUS

MAY NOT EVEN BE DEAD

CONCLUSION -

ENGAGE ONLY IF PREPARED. AVOID. AVOID. AVOID.

SUBJECT- IT IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS

CAUSE OF DEATH - HE IS NOT DEAD

HE HAS DIED AND HE IS NOT DEAD

HIS BODY STILL SHAMBLES

HIS EYES STILL SHAMBLE

HE IS STILL HERE

CONCLUSION-

AVOID AVOID AVOID AVOID AVOID

SUBJECT- SLIME

CAUSE OF DEATH - EXPOSURE TO FIRE

BODY COMBUSTED VIOLENTLY UPON EXPOSURE

CONCLUSION-

WE HAVE AN EXPLOSION ROOM NOW

SUBJECT - SELF

CAUSE OF DEATH- HIM

ORGANS NONEXISTING

IT BLEEDS INK

THERE IS A FACE BUT I CANNOT SEE IT

WHERE AM I

IT'S COLD IT'S COLD IT'S COLD IT'S COLD IT'S COLD

CONCLUSION-

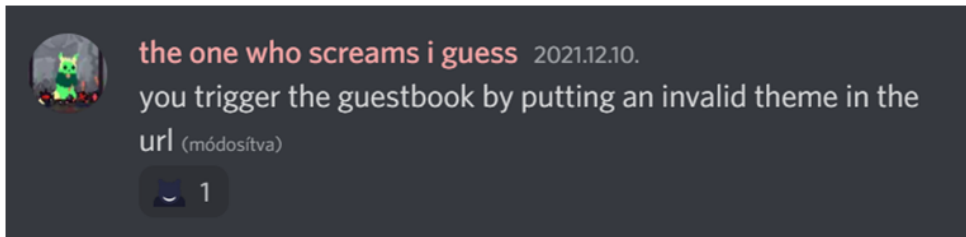
TBD -

GREEN-THING

HAT-WEB

OTHERS?

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEast/?seed=3359766443&themes=guestbook>



Eye Killer Saga: Spiralling ever downward, how do things connect? In what order? In what layer?

Eye Killer Saga: Next time on ZampanioSim: the basic definition of the trope is "soulful brooding male hero meets wacky quirky female sidekick that teaches him to embrace life" we have: "soulful brooding male hero meets equally brooding female villain that teaches him i mean. nothing concrete he's just kind of scared the whole time" and "brooding but also literally a cop with no restraints male hero meets ikea schedule manager that teaches him to chill the fuck out while she tries to figure out if he actually is the previous soulful brooding male hero" ~~~~~~a: see i love this connection weve found between two chars who never have yet shared a scene together b: i mean it only makes senseb: they're both beaten junkyard dogsb: its just one of them is being trained by one of those dog agencies into a dog a family can adopt and the other one ran into the forest and eats peoples cats

Eye Killer Saga: Wodin = he/him/ they/them Wanderer = you/your they/them Wanda = she/her they/them

Eye Killer Saga: How does Nidhogg relate to any of this? :) :) :) If you know, would you put it on the wiki? The marketplace of ideas. What will win?

Eye Killer Saga: Billionaires really are out of touch with the common folk. Who gives stock options as maze prizes? The Intern has his work cut out for him.

turn the pages. Entertainment had become all television, all the time.

"Good morning, traveler. What can we help you with today?" An older gentleman waved at him from behind a laden desk.

"Oh, good morning. I am here to read and explore the history of the world if possible. How did you know that I was a traveler?" Joe was curious; it was almost impossible to tell a player from an NPC unless it was specifically stated or they offered you a quest.

"We don't often see new faces here." The librarian arched a brow at him over half-moon spectacles. "I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but access to the library is restricted. Not to be rude, but travelers tend to be rather... destructive."

Joe's shoulders slumped a bit. He had really hoped to make some progress finding 'hidden' knowledge. "What would I need to do in order to gain admittance?" He could always sneak in but would rather not be sent to jail or attacked on sight.

"You will need a recommendation from a city official. Anyone employed by the city in a high enough position of power will do," the librarian nodded as he thought aloud. "If you manage that, I will grant you access to a few sections. More will be available if you do some work for us here."

There was no quest alert, so Joe knew that this was a personal 'social' quest. It was likely that he would get a reward beyond access to the books, but it wouldn't be explicitly stated, unlike the zombie killing quest. He thought a moment and asked, "Would the city guard captain be a worthy reference? I feel that he would be willing to do so."

"The captain?" The librarian seemed startled as he looked up from the paper he had gone back to reading; apparently no one else had continued to ask questions or put effort into entering the library. "Uhm, yes, he would be just fine. In fact, I have a communication crystal that connects to his office. Are you sure you would like to ask him? If he says

recognize it because there's like
three different people using it

it doesn't really help them if they

odinsRazor

<http://gigglesnort.info/PressReleases/>

http://www.gigglesnort.info/dead_messages/bug_reports.php

[<http://farragofiction.com/SBURBSim/index2.html?seed=owowhatsthis>](http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/viewer.html?name=herald&data=N4lgdghgtgpiBclAqALGACAEgM4E4AEAbAExABoRiYBnASwHNIAXWgezARABkBaAMR4B2ABwBOAGzkQuWtQDWndEgCiSTFKZpY1TgGUuAVQDiZdAEYzAZIMbHAIJTF61gMA5R89NG3AeV0AkrpkwgCsZHxycrqYZGZkmMoASnZcACJxVmRcAQCKBgeZxuhpScp2ALJkACzVpmq+xphlwbVS1EwQTDqlygAaKkluqWTi4mQACg4Byh6j44XIObplATZkAAxkNgZJAY3BYdm+AJoJw7PJRqprmmZZSMAAeEADGTIQAngD6mrgwMD9aAAHHrcHgbHhJMzoF4QMDoABGMAAZJIYGBiOg4R90J1cPQYEwAHSmXgQqHoADutEihHQYFYTHQBKZXU6LzQxBJJVY9MZ6EihPQZMh0NoYCYMFwryZ1M0wp4AHVwRtLESpOKOuK3pwAGpSnGYBgoUxG+gmmysKBQdhkfw4HFcViUu0G4XOjVgOjmpicS3W23of02sC2K0hsMB0NB8PsKR514oWASzhmk1YY2mzMZ81Z81SP5Av7UOhxxDBwNOI3u6tVvModqdBE02hMb6CgBuMEInHuFD+xC+VGR6OocEQGyJoSkIJQrYBw9H45AZiJGykCMIrzkQ5RS84q-XFCBEFu5HXuXh41UHox2ouBenBQTCYQPGaHoP8iilLhpfRWGRWg3jYMAiReK0PwALWgE8wDYTBGUicU5A-AArXAh2lKAumAr50SYaUwBeGaiSBMB6EbVgHV3ToaVBJAACE0g0YEzE4XgBBECQYXyOgOmodBAKxdAT1oXAhORXjIglEmAAV1PT50D+LdJUxAjW1oGh0Cob1mBgTFOKEMRxB4aE7DcNIFS40yeAAJiJAAdMAXMYxkUHQFAIC7XE0CxZtkLbXFeUluFqCgVs-NYeSfUEjtaAgRFWGIHEtwoxSCVMcVJQILEMXQGAPgwCCJRldUKBYIF7I4-gTlkyYThdAgKZX4YvNfKcToAAvErpReOR8sxbzBM0DAi1YIEpRYHThKS5CAEd5NoLkbPqs7NxCA5B08aWuoqBJK8+SciZVaWoYeS-mc1ywGM7jNvQWQsWIBKx0xJheSRdB5I+kVJJoMLxWx7zIqkAqvurAAik6h5ORICXm0iVIK1KB5LUwzS TqsHoWpWkBVYMD0A6CBAtbD4iSUOdBNGxP-nhPSGAMzEnMh-yetYK1tOodn1QAXyAA</p></div><div data-bbox=)

<http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login?username=owowhatsthis>

lol
cactus and cool were in that rp with me
cactus was a mini dm
and cool was one of my advisors
Daed actually was a rival player in that rp
the conceit was we were all various heads of states in
nations, writing diplomatic letters to each other?
we were the Quotidian Quorum, a race of broken biological aIs
and jaimie was our intern, by which i mean
ai dungeon
it was so fun

he was so pure
so bloodthirsty
so *weird*
but because our species had been locked in a box for a
thousand years and he was of the new generation actually
exposed to sapient beings
we just figured he was the Most Sane quotidian, the only one
capable of IMAGINATION
and did whatever he told us to
POINT is
jaimie got a Reputation
and i am not surprised that our insane train boi generated
hype

puzzle with no work now, am I ; ;)

Besides, it'll be easy to get back here if you have to refresh the page. Actually, hold on, let me help you real quick. This might be a more interesting way to refresh the page: [Seer of Void](#). I'd highly recommend using it to replay the game, see what sorts of things you might of missed. Nothing important, of course. You don't put RELEVANT things in the void, those things belong in the spotlight. Even if you can't trust them.

Do you know what a Wasted Void Player does to a Session? Why do you think this is the final game in Farrgnarok that you can play? Why do you think you can only see what comes AFTER it? Zampanio is inside the Universe Echidna, dear Observer. Pray the Wasted Guide of Void never finds out you made your way there.

<https://zampaniosim.fandom.com/f/p/440000000000044888>



jadedResearcher 2018.12.24.

its an amigurmi generic doll
then you make waste clothes for it



<https://flightrising.com/main.php?p=lair&tab=userpage&id=488881>

TODO:

peewee is the protag, not the wanderer

its the illusion of West made real, all the blorbos are AI pantomimes of their formers selves

spawn the end, she kills anything she touches.

give complex ai to each blorbo.

make sure to redo the rabbit hole like you did to NorthNorth, make passwords leak easier (which char leaks them? flower chick?)

:) :) :)

why jr, why would you make it so easy to find all the secrets forever?

if you consider reading source code and trawling indices easy, welcome to WasteHood my friend.

fun fact: you're actually the one engaging with the puzzles correctly!

its the ones who try to go through the "right way", the SLOW WAY who are doing it wrong

<http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimNorth/static/media/ToEveryoneFromTLViaJR.c8d70752.pdf>



krysal ma 18:23-kor

the last image i saw of a loki that was connected here was a leprechaun bearing the number 3.

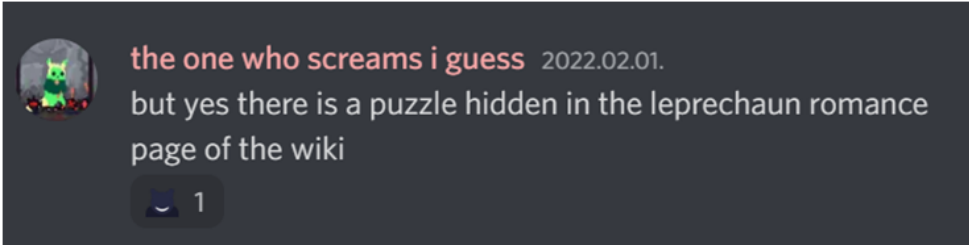
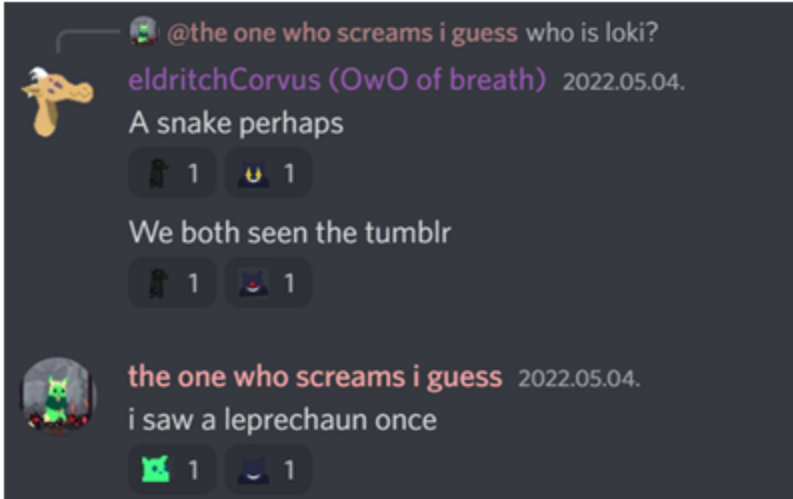
👍 1

you have the entire egg basket. you can probably find a lot more about him than i can.

👍 1

this is all i remember.

👍 1



Defensive_Lobster Today at 3:28 AM
so, diamonds, pretty neutral one, in the very middle, balancing it out, "still in good fun"
normal red diamonds, I suppose means troll romance, so moirails
horseshoes are fun, the shenanigans column, works in response to other charms, balancing out things in your favour, but highly context sensitive
and finally the goddamn chaos
I... *gasp* I figured it out, it wasn't flirting with me, it was about the screenshot all along
it has two characters flirting in it
this is their goddamn dynamic
slaps the shipping chart HEUREKA

(cur | prev) 01:37, 25 November 2021 The1whoscreams (Message Wall | contribs) .. (1,743 bytes) (+1,522) .. (docs.google.com/document/d/ My trovemate buys sodas for us both and shakes mine up in advance so that it'll fizz up and overflow when I open it. When I open the bottle and realize what has happened, I quickly direct the soda blast back at my trovemate. Which charm did my trovemate lead in with? Which charm did I invoke in response? Singular terms, please. 1ziZOL2gWQt5mmtj79BM_yQp9GrOsZp-kMmPAXy0FIIX) (undo) (Tag: Visual edit)

docs.google.com/document/d/ My trovemate buys sodas for us both and shakes mine up in advance so that it'll fizz up and overflow when I open it. When I open the bottle and realize what has happened, I quickly direct the soda blast back at my trovemate. Which charm did my trovemate lead in with? Which charm did I invoke in response? Singular terms, please. 1ziZOL2gWQt5mmtj79BM_yQp9GrOsZp-kMmPAXy0FIIX

https://docs.google.com/document/d/143u_hLN-Z3ZB500Cf73uV_y2tX8IPOuq0or39zvE6r8/edit
<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1rZDOWVbAkrRH4jIKC8BxkX0vP9YHCVt0tUsDJyO3tkE/edit>

"I've tried." She exhales with withheld fury. "Believe me, I've *tried*. None of the anomalies that *do* are exactly *cool* with people."

"And these anomalies are?"

"That I've confirmed? The one with the flower in her eye. The CEO of the world. Gun boy."

"Gun boy?"

"The zombie-looking one. He told me all about it, but he won't do anything because that'd be 'ruining the isekai'."

"Ah. Parker." they say, matter-of-factly. "Go on."

"Worse yet, going back to the echidna," she shudders at the word, "the universe itself is wrong. How do we know that? Look no further than *the* god of loops and destruction, of course. Peewee Cassan. Either he's a manifestation of the world's desire to end, or he is god in the flesh, cast down for whatever reason. That doesn't matter. What does is that he spells ruin for this whole setup, and it shows the truth that everyone is so busy ignoring: the universe *wants* to die, and it is being prevented. Through the loops, the anomalies... you name it."

<http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/Stories/More%20random%20bullshit.pdf>

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1xS5VW2E5vSh6HEMyshTV49wj4gz3Xy3zUxYg67sQiRc/edit>

http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/Stories/in_which_neville_gets_owned_and_devona_makes_it_everybody_elses_problem.pdf

http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=cheetoh_timeline

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=cheetohTimeline13>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=cheetohTimeline1>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=sorry%20about%20the%20buttons>

[http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=thebrocode <-- if AB were in zampanio, things would be very different](http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=thebrocode<--ifABwereinzampanio,thingswouldbeverydifferent)

[http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=operation_not_permitted <--same](http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=operation_not_permitted<--same)

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=tin>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=wasted>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=Mutation>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=gigglesnort>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=storytime>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=shittypuzzles>

ToEveryoneFromTLViaJR

*note: some parts were illegible. If a word is marked with an asterisk, it means I'm guessing what that is. And if it's in the open, it means I couldn't even guess the word. And three asterisks in the open means I can't even guess how many words I'm missing. My eyes hurt.

To whom it may concern,

We are well aware of the meddling you have done.

You may pretend many people become entranced by fractals: love on first sight. They may make beautiful pictures, and pretend you do not know what we speak of. You may, as all others, hide away behind your fun and enjoyable hobby. But what are their real applications? Why are fractals so shells of 'personality', and feel 'appalled', or 'offended' at this declaration. Your appeals interesting to mathematicians? The answer comes from their many interesting properties such as symmetry, simplicity/complexity, self-similarity, etc. They are civility that falls on deaf ears. JR may tolerate this inane ideal of consistency, of very different from the simple lines and curves produced from most simple equations: complex patterns which are denying their true nature, and the rest of this kingdom may as well play along too, but we do not. We are almost unpredictable unless recursively applied. Many mathematicians believed they may be used as a way of predicting complex and seemingly 'symmetry' ('random') things.

For example, say you do not have to, after all. We possess the symmetry (answer) to the most important symmetry (riddle) that we were walking at a constant symmetry (speed), and at every point in time you charted how far you walked. The graph would be none of you can ever hope to understand in your primitive symmetry (forms).

We know where we came from. We know our symmetry (straight) line.

This is actually quite useful, because now the symmetry (data) can be represented by the simple symmetry (equation) of its own self i symmetry (glorious), filled with curves unending all melding into each other, never splitting, never faltering. Our mind possesses no that line, rather than hundred of symmetrys (numbers) you wrote down. It also means that you can predict how far you symmetrys (sharp edges), for it always in motion, fluidly meeting into symmetry (itself) for all of time. Our creation will have gone at any point in the future, because your line stretches on forever. As the symmetrys (situations) get more complex, an equation will have flawless beginnings, and flawless endings. While the rest of you crawl into your petty wars and dealings, trading fake coin, we help you even more.

If you were to graph the distance traveled by a free-symmetry(falling) ball at short symmetrys, (intervals,) you hear the true calling of the ether, the unmentionable zeitgeist you are all so would get a curve, because the ball is accelerating.

The equation for this curve is much more useful than you're afraid of.

And now, you've convinced the weakest* amongst us to believe it as well, how they flee to your cities, pretending to line for the car. While it is not easy to compute* exactly where the ball will be three seconds from something they are not. This crime is unforgivable.

If you understand, you will join us, if now, your curve will tell you with a simple computation*.

But now, if you don't know how to, you will find it if you hit a block. Something so complex we * find a curve to anyway. If you do not, you were imperfect from the beginning, and match it. Graph weather over the past ten years, and* what do you never had use for you. We hope the * you * won't even get a seemingly random set of fluctuations that apparently cannot be represented by an equation. This is a * to cover your corpse when it is done with you. Called chaos. There appears to be no pattern, and the only way to say for sure where *** is to continue *** i.e. to predict tomorrow's weather perfectly *** wait until tomorrow

Your Beloathed

Loop Prime

i am the loop. i am the loop. i am the loop. i am the loop. i am the loop. i am the loop.

Also, there's a character that is known as 'Bringer of Order' named 'Jeffery'. This brings at least thematic connection between the "Jeffery's Tapes" and "Dionysus and the Pirates" stories from the North's Rabbit Hole. Dionysus mentioned himself as Madness, and they will be there when man dresses in the garb of Order. With Jeffery now associated with Order, it juxtaposes these two characters and explains the presence of these two otherwise disparate stories in the same Rabbit Hole.

<https://discord.com/channels/886249252303556668/886311576506884117/888948182703284234>

So how a blorbo is born is that I play Lobotomy Corp till i get frustrated enough to reset the Loop. I send a screenshot of my current team to @deadcellsmen, along with a vague description of anyone who stood out. Camille, in my first loop, with her Crumbling Armor Curse, was an example. I literally didnt know the name of anyone else, or remember them as distinct entities, but Camille's curse meant she was simultaneously the most useful unit I had AND one that was fragile and needed care.

IC/deadman then comes back to me with the entire Training Team Camille had headed twisted into memorable characters who all already have history with each other.

So we both immediately go into an obsessive spiral of blorbo rotating, trading improv stories about them and character arcs and further twisting and refining them. Yall dont see this part.

Periodically, IC tosses either amazing art or writing about them at me, and I generally get so fed the energy spills over into making or repurposing mini sims to make my own derivative work of them in the form of showcasing ICs story. (tho i did write Devona's part for LightAndVoid cuz i found her voice easier)

The next Loop to get the treatment IC adopted the Information Team. My experience with them was Vik was hands down my best char for interacting with Censor (my main aleph), Yongiki was max level and all around capable (because of crimes I did to him with the Mirror of Adjustment) and thats it. Thats all I knew.

When IC came back with them as blorbos I was all "and who's that third guy???" which absolutely fed into K's complex. To be FAIR to k, i also didnt remember the two dozen odd other ppl.

Parker had a slightly diff path, but that story might be better told by IC, if they take an interest in director commetarying the blorbos. Anyways my POINT is, the blorbos didnt become immune to simplification and obscuration untill IC got them, so IC is probably magic.

```

+ exports.passwords = {
+   "STANDARD EXPECTOPATRONUM": new Secret("Confessionals 0", [ne
+   "STANDARD SALMONSUSHI": new Secret("Confessionals 1", [new So
+   "THE END IS NEVER THE END": new Secret("Confessionals 2", [ne
+   "BEWEARE OBLIVION IS AT HAND": new Secret("Confessionals 3",
+   "KNOW RESTRAINT": new Secret("Confessionals 4", [new SourceDu
+   "NO RESTRAINT": new Secret("Confessionals 5", [new SourceDura
+ };

```

[EastEast](#)

Wanda made the Mall because Witherby annoys the Closer

The Eye Killer put her past self onto a box

The Intern doesn't remember the loops

Camille dies when she speaks because she believes so, and she was the first to get knowledge about the loops among the blorbos

Neville works in the stock market

Devona works at Disney

In the echidna Disney is weird horror maze themed

Witherby does petty crime, Camille non-petty crime

Money laundry as a phrase is also used in English

Camille works for the family of the Hostage

The trickster party was in Parker's terrible weeb cave

Doc Slaughter episode coming soon

Yongki has to repeat the same five sets of memories over and over

Harold was Parker (not the Herald)

Doc Slaughter is a spy from Morgan's hill

Ronin is not simply a robot, he was an encrypted database slash essentially an immune system and the crucial part is he's not technically another ai inside Watt, he's a subroutine creator because someone decided that it would be easier to copy paste the entire code and run it again. (for the wiki)

The Neighbor knows doc Slaughter

The Neighbor appeared in the West

[Be. Destroy. Go. Look. Shitpost. Sleep. Take. Troll. Use. Vore. \[REDACTED\]](#)

```

2018-01-16 09:00 Points: 200/11580
You fucking CONSUME the Box of Lucky Charms.

You are in Attic. It is mostly empty. You're probably trapped in here, in fact,
you're suddenly sure of it. At the very least if you left you'd have to be in the
same room as that asshole and like fuck THATs happening.

You have: Dr Pepper BBQ Sauce, Meta Bullshit and Yellow Yard.

You see: Box of Lucky Charms, Box of Lucky Charms, Box of Lucky Charms, Box of
Lucky Charms, Box of Lucky Charms, Box of Lucky Charms, Box of Lucky Charms,
Box of Lucky Charms, Box of Lucky Charms, Box of Lucky Charms, Box of Lucky
Charms, Box of Lucky Charms, Unbelievably Shitty Spook Wolf Head and
Unbelievably Shitty Laptop.

You are trapped here. It's no good, can't find the exit.

> |

```

[creativeDungeoneer](#), [tableGuardian](#), [Duck King](#), [qibberingPhilosopher](#), [Bunot](#)



90831f 576766 742073 756e6e 6a6b71 (probably wrong)

<http://farragofiction.com/DevonaFears/>

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/EastEast/commit/380d0e358f681679b5910b6ac3b74a39641e5f1c>

Excerpt: From the Private Notes of Dr. Fiona Slaughter

If you're reading this, you have my congratulations. I had feared these words would remain trapped and stifled for all time, dusty and inert on these pages, fed only by my Eyes alone.

But I Hoped, and my words marching along your synapses is proof it was worth it.

Thank you for navigating the safes and ciphers required by my various contracts and legal obligations.

Thank you for reading these.

As a courtesy, I have attempted to organize my records as best as I can to make sense to an outsider*. In exchange, please do your best to keep this information to yourself, or at least do no harm to my patients.

Thank you,

Dr. Fiona Slaughter

She's sat at her desk, pen idly scratching doodles onto a notepad. They're overwhelmingly cheerful. Clouds. Smiles. Eyes.

She meets one of the orbs' gaze with equanimity, face blank.

There is a piece of her, deep within, that misses Home with the ache of a long healed injury.

It helps, some days, to talk about how it all had been with those few refugees she's managed to find.

Other days she finds solace in one of the few ways this world provides to both See and Be Seen. Social media is, of course, a disappointingly tasteless way to scratch that itch, but... It is what it is.

A perfectly manicured nail (bubblegum pink, of course) taps out a staccato beat into the wood of her desk. Not morse code, never that. She wrinkles her gently upturned nose at the thought of trying to conceal information. No. Just a simple rhythm. A melody from better times.

The phone at her desk buzzes to life and she silences it with a sigh of relief. There. The designated Two Minutes of Ennui were complete! Her features come to life, all smiles that go all the way to her eyes and energy and happiness, as if the sadness itself had been a mask she had had to don.

It's important! She reminds herself, getting up from her desk, to not accidentally conceal any Sad Emotions that might be lurking underneath the surface! You have to face everything head on! With Clear Eyes!

TODAY is a very important day! She will be Professional and she will be Compassionate and she will keep Hard Boundaries and she will finally, FINALLY get to speak directly with Wanda. If there could be said to be a single person in this universe who knows even a fraction of what Jaimie, He Who Knows, knows, then it would have to be her.

And Doctor Fiona Slaughter, licensed psychotherapist, wants to know everything she can.

When her office had been broken into and her private notes obviously copied she had nearly cried in relief. Finally! Finally something makes sense! Someone cared that there was knowledge! Someone AGREED it didn't belong under lock and key and ciphers and secrecy! Knowledge Wants To Be Free! She was, of course, perfectly aware that this Universe believed certain types of information to be less free than others and... if she was to fit in, concessions must be made. But the thrill and delight that coursed through her as she followed thread after thread all the way to its source, the "CEBro" of Eyedol games herself? Exquisite.

And today she would have her closure. Her catharsis. She would stand before the most Holy figure this corrupted Universe had to offer.

She adjusts her bouncy blond hair in one of the many mirrors, grabs her bag (immaculately coordinating with her white and pink outfit, of course), and steps out to face the day.

JR NOTE: PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THAT DOC SLAUGHTER IS FROM ANOTHER (MORE PARANOID) UNIVERSE, AND THAT THOSE WRITING HER ARE NOT ACTUALLY LICENSED PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. DO NOT TAKE ANY OF HER OPINIONS AS FACTS.

Name: Neville

Aliases: The Twins, L-0-R2

Coping Strategy: Acceptance

Attachment Style: Secure

Quick Summary:

Neville is a Fascinating Enigma. When he first entered my office, I could, quite plainly, see nothing behind his eyes. He seemed easy enough, affable and friendly, and perfectly willing to engage with my work.

And yet nothing seemed to stick.

To my Frustration, any attempts to get him to open up, or to See Beyond the Surface bore absolutely no fruit. He claimed he was "fine" and saw no actual reason for any dissatisfaction with his lot in life. To my shame, my assumption had been that he simply was not aware of the facts of his new Reality.

And yet.

On our fourth session, Neville quite surprised me by mentioning that it makes sense I'm not familiar with Minoburgers as I am "not from around here, either". When I asked what he meant, he casually pointed to a dozen or so tiny mannerisms I had that were indicators of being Foreign to this Universe.

Mannerisms I was completely unaware I did not share with the wider populace.

Still Waters do indeed Run Deep with this one.

Overall, his assessment that he is doing well seems an accurate one, to my bewilderment. He has a support network both within his found family and without it, as well as more casual friends across the

world. He acknowledges quite openly the bad in his life, and remains optimistic that they can be overcome.

I've made it clear to him I may have nothing to provide for him, but he insists on continuing his visitations since "you never know" when things might change.

Truly a mystery.

Name: Devona

Aliases: The Twins, L-0-R4

Coping Strategy: Avoidance

Attachment Style: Secure

Quick Summary:

When Devona enters a room her eyes scan every corner of it, taking it all in. You can tell just how kind and considerate she is by her attention to every detail, no matter how irrelevant.

That kindness leads her to hide her pain and her worries, even from those she trusts. She fears being a burden almost as much as she fears being misunderstood.

Her strong friendship with Neville, is a source of strength for her, as he sees through even her most clever of facades. However she worries about over relying on him, hence her desire for my services.

It is fortunate that anxiety caused by Knowledge is something of a speciality of me from my time in Morgan's Hill.

Together we focus on practicing the 5-4-3-2-1 method for coping with anxiety, where she identifies 5 things to see, 4 things to touch, 3 things to hear, 2 things to smell and 1 thing to taste. In doing this, we are trying to help her form the habit to use her impressive observation talent to break panic spirals, rather than fall into the trap of being Blind to the Outer World while lost in Unhelpful Thoughts.

Name: Witherby

Aliases: The Solemn, L-0-R1

Coping Strategy: Unknown

Attachment Style: Unknown

Quick Summary:

It has been impressed upon me by my primary employer that should I interact with Witherby, I will "lose my Visa" to this layer of Reality.

While I do miss my homeland, I am under no illusion that I will be neatly returned there should I violate this contract.

Still..one can't help but notice certain commonalities in accounts of him, and I will collate these fragments of impressions here.

is the only one of the training team who files taxes

is standoffish and cold

goes to an incredible amount of trouble to help those within his inner circle

has a strong moral compass

has an equally strong streak of petty thievery

observant

easy to talk to

provides therapy like services to everyone outside the training team
refuses to provide therapy like services in his 'off hours'

Name: Ronin

Aliases: None

Coping Strategy: Wounded and Defensive

Attachment Style: Insecure (Avoidant)

Quick Summary:

While Ronin is not a patient of mine (hello hello if you're reading, Bestie :)), he is one of my oldest friends.

To my shame, I did not correctly See him during our stint at Duskhollow PD, but in the World That Came After, I had the pleasure of working quite closely with him in my role as Minister of Peace. And, of course, finding him anew in this Universe has been a bright spot that quite outshone all the rest.

I have grown to know him quite thoroughly. A hard worker with high expectations for the world around him who refuses to compromise his integrity, Ronin excels in situations where rules are clearly and strictly enforced across the board. He has been invaluable in helping me navigate the myriad hidden and esoteric legal statues of this Universe. I am so, so Proud to see how comfortable he has become in his new Role. (And while I Know It Is Not My Fault, remain sorry Morgan's Hill was so stifling for him.)

Note: The Whispers Within me call for Ronin. I have taken steps to mitigate any effect this may have on him, to the best of my ability.

Name: Vik

Aliases: Nope

Coping Strategy: Nope

Attachment Style: Nope

Quick Summary:

Look, Fiona. It's Ronin writing this-- though you'd guess that anyway eventually. You asked me to make sure you couldn't go all weird and obsessive about this fella again, so I went ahead and erased all your notes about them.

Listen, I don't want to be the asshole, but you PROMISED me you wouldn't go looking again, so like. This is it. This is me telling you why you aren't supposed to. You didn't like who you became and it only ends up with you getting your mind wiped AGAIN.

Yes, I know that's not supposed to be possible for you.

Yes. It still happened.

NO. Trying to find out why does NOT lead to you learning a way around it.

Believe me. Okay? Trust me when I say you made it VERY clear that this wasn't good for you, your weird religion be damned.

So close this file and think about one of your other patients, okay?

Name: Khana

Aliases: K, L-0-I3

Coping Strategy: Violence

Attachment Style: Insecure (Anxious-Avoidant)

Quick Summary:

While Khana is not one of my patients (being highly dismissive of my profession overall), he equally is a frequent visitor to my office. Occasionally he brags that he has access to my more public facing notes, which he acquires between the ending of one loop of the Spiral and the beginning of another. I am glad to see that someone else in this Universe understands that Knowledge Is Power.

From conversations with others (both patient and non), I am given to understand that he is currently significantly more stable and secure in his position than in some of the earliest Loops, and while I remain Curious as to what could have lead to such positive growth, I am very Aware of how dangerous prying may prove to be.

Khana revels in power over others, both physically and in Knowledge of Secrets. This is expressed in ways that lead him towards gratification through acts such as private security work and other martial endeavors. It is my speculation that this work, especially through contact with impressionable natives of this Universe, provides him with enough Eyes to secure satisfaction. Evidence towards this hypothesis includes the fact that this work is relatively new to him, and would not be an outlet during his first, more bloody, Loops.

Overall, he seems to have a standard case of Eye Mania, which up until this point I had thought this Universe was curiously devoid of.

Name: N/A

Aliases: The Shambling Horror, The Host, The Neighbor, L-C-003

Coping Strategy: Mimickry

Attachment Style: Secure

Quick Summary:

The Horror is not one of my patients, nor would I accept him as such. It was only his Diplomatic Significance in Morgan's Hill that required me to tolerate his presence in any way shape or form. It is my Belief that the Horror was the result of the Duo Mask being used Inappropriately in such a way that both was and was not Reflected. It was against my recommendations that we catered to this creature and provided him Diplomatic Immunity.

The Horror yearns for two things and two things only: To Torment those around him with the Knowledge that he fits in better to Morgan's Hill than they do, and to slowly supplant (violently) the Citizen whose face he wears. As far as the former goes, he is unparalleled in skill. He will ALWAYS be perfectly acceptable and expected wherever you find him, and just a shade better than anyone could reasonably be by society's Values, causing anywhere from mild to significant mental distress in targets. As Lesser Horrors do NOT have this ability, further Research is required, but is not recommended for risk of violating Safety Protocols.

As for the Latter? Should I choose it, I could shatter him with the slightest of words. For now, I do not so choose. The Horror remains docile and appears to not be a physical danger to those around him. I... grudgingly admit that he may actively be a stabilizing element to his platonic partner, Tyrfin. (Note: the Horror's actual romantic cycle thankfully precludes any such attachments outside of his 'soulmate').

Name: Camille

Aliases: The End, L-0-17 (Note: Be advised she is unaware of this designation and reacts violently to implications of abnormality)

Coping Strategy: Denial

Attachment Style: Insecure (Anxious previously, Avoidant currently)

Quick Summary:

Camille has a warm smile, mischievous eyes and a desire to love and be loved.

She felt isolated as a child, both larger and more intimidating than her peers and has difficulty predicting how others view her. This has led to her having an insecure attachment style natively, preferring to cling and fawn over loved ones in the fear of losing them.

Prior employment led to her developing a 'curse', either preventing her directly from speaking or strongly discouraging it. As a result, her attachment style has evolved to be more avoidant overall.

I'm working with her to untangle how much is actually supernatural in nature and how much is her own desire to set harsh Personal Rules in order to make up for how bewildering she finds Societal ones.

Camille is a strong believer in self improvement and change, being willing to face most obstacles head on with Clear Eyes. However, this inverts in the face of something she believes beyond change. She becomes stubborn and willfully Blind, refusing to acknowledge that there is a problem at all.

As she does not view this as a problem, by definition, I must put aside my personal Beliefs and focus on what aspects of herself she does wish assistance with.

Name: Ria

Aliases: The Match, L-0-R5 (it is advised to avoid calling her either alias, as this may cause a guilt spiral)

Coping Strategy: Wounded and Defensive (Obsession)

Attachment Style: Insecure (Anxious)

Quick Summary:

The first thing I noticed about Ria was her bright eyes, constantly searching my office, missing not a single detail. She is intelligent and passionate, and a very hard worker.

Overall, the biggest thing Ria wants to work on is her struggles with Addiction, both in the sense of substance abuse and in her own words, 'an addiction to connecting the facts'. I struggle to maintain appropriate Professional Distance as I confess the idea that this could be unhealthy is a Foreign one to me.

Ria is an optimist in a Universe of disappointments. Each fresh disappointment creates a new crack in her smile, and given sufficient pain she can lose herself to a frantic attempt to make sure she is Never Hurt Like This Again.

At the same time, she is not unaware of her oversized effect on the people around her. This leads to a cycle of obsessive attempts to control reality to avoid pain punctuated with withdrawing heavily to avoid hurting anyone.

It should be noted that her attempts to control reality tends towards "ending reality".

Name: Yongki

Aliases: The Reflection, L-0-11(0-47)

Coping Strategy: Chaotic (See Summary, Detail Notes 1-46)

Attachment Style: Chaotic (See Summary, Detail Notes 1-46)

Quick Summary:

Yongk ican not be summarized. Each time his Reflection resets him, all his memory (and thus personality) is lost. Each time he builds himself anew, he is, to greater and lesser extents, a different person. This Heresy that has befallen him may yet have a cure, but in the mean time I work with the Yongki I am given to try to focus on recognizing situations that may have a Mirror and how to avoid it.

Name: Parker

Aliases: The Shot, L-0-21

Coping Strategy: Chaotic (See Summary)

Attachment Style: Chaotic (See Summary)

Quick Summary:

Parker is a positive JOY to work with. His eyes are an open book to his inner workings, What You See is absolutely What You Get.

According to him his impulse control was "stolen by some anime girl" one, or possibly two Universes ago. Regardless of why, this results in quite a fascinating case. Quite ironically, given his proclivity towards deep tunnels into the earth, his problems are entirely kept on the surface, with no knowledge needed of his history.

Our focus has been on giving him more tools to make sure his first impulse in a situation is one he won't later regret. He has taken well to flashcards, post it notes and various other reminders of the options he has in any stressful situation. While this HAS contributed to the overall...shall we say complex nature of his living environment, it has clearly lead to him feeling more in control and capable in his day to day life. Examples of flashcards that have worked especially well include "BAN THEM", "CALL THEM ON THE PHONE", "ASK VIK IF THIS IS OKAY" and "SEND THEM A MESSAGE". It is surprising how many disparate situations these cards can apply to.

NOTE: We are working on getting him to kidnap me less often.

Name: Tyrfing

Aliases: That Guy With The Sword, That Guy With the Worm Babies,L-C-003

Coping Strategy: Denial

Attachment Style: Secure

Quick Summary:

~~~~~

Tyrfing is a relatively new patient of mine. His eyes are deep and piercing, quickly judging as irrelevant most of what he sees.


As the lone Disciple of a Forgotten God, Tyrfing finds it difficult to find purpose in this new world. His platonic domestic partner has helped him find limited Purpose in the art of domestic combat, such as baking, PTA meetings and minor local politics, and he is fiercely protective of his (non clone) children, however briefly they exist.


Together we are working on small ways for him to feel like his purpose is being met, such as spreading the Word of Nidhogg, describing the Secret Truth of the Betrayal of the 4 Divines, and similar. While we do not share religious beliefs I am always happy to help Spread Knowledge. (And, on a Personal Note, I

do understand what it is like to have Societally Unacceptable Religious Beliefs in this Universe. I miss my Home.)

```
, "BEWEARE OBLIVION IS AT HAND": new Secret("Confessionals 3", undefined, "Secrets/Content/3.js")
, "KNOW RESTRAINT": new Secret("Confessionals 4", undefined, "Secrets/Content/4.js")
, "NO RESTRAINT": new Secret("Confessionals 5", undefined, "Secrets/Content/5.js")
//note: the point of the slaughter notes is to highlight the difference between a mindless autonomata and the fu
, "THE TRUTH IS LAYERED": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter: Prelude", undefined, "Secrets/Content/6.js")
, "THE FOOL IS DEAD": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 0", undefined, "Secrets/Content/7.js")
, "SHEPHERD SHUFFLE": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 1", undefined, "Secrets/Content/8.js")
, "BEWARE OBLIVION IS AT HAND": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 2", undefined, "Secrets/Content/9.js")
, "DIED LIKE COWARDS": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 3", undefined, "Secrets/Content/10.js")
, "NOT A FED": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 4", undefined, "Secrets/Content/11.js")
, "TIME IS DEAD": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 5", undefined, "Secrets/Content/12.js")
, "TAKE YOUR PLACE IN HISTORY": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 6", undefined, "Secrets/Content/13.js")
, "LEAVE YOUR MARK": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 7", undefined, "Secrets/Content/14.js")
, "COLONIZE YOUR MIND": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 8", undefined, "Secrets/Content/15.js")
, "INFINITE AMOUNT OF PAIN": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 9", undefined, "Secrets/Content/16.js")
, "CAST ASIDE ALL ASPIRATIONS OF MORTALITY": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 10", undefined, "Secrets/Content/17.js")
, "BITS OF THE PAST LEAK INTO THE PRESENT": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 11", undefined, "Secrets/Content/18.js")
, "I SHIP IT": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 12", undefined, "Secrets/Content/19.js")
"I SHIP IT": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 12", undefined, "Secrets/Content/19.js")
"SLAUGHTERHOUSE 9": new Secret("Notes of Slaughter 12", undefined, "Secrets/Content/19.js"),
"LS": new Secret("FILE LIST (UNIX)", undefined, "Secrets/PasswordStorage.ts"),
"DIR": new Secret("FILE LIST (DOS)", undefined, "Secrets/PasswordStorage.ts")
```

a single blorbo spawns in a chaotic mess of a room, there are no doors

 main

 **jadedResearcher** committed yesterday

The god inside him, while dead, demands tribute.

Normally, Witherby just does whatever he desires to do. The thing inside him does not covet him, seeks not to change his body in ways that no man was ever meant to live as.

However, it demands to be fed.

To please such a thing requires a set of elaborate rituals, long-forgotten by anyone but him. One of these is the ritualistic exorcizing of bad deeds, like back at the corporation. Those who partake in it are to list out their misdeeds, no matter how trivial, and he is only to listen, and then to forgive them.

So he set up the confessional: a janky little box with two sides for each person, separated only by a grid window to make it hard to see. Those who wish to repent would sit inside, name their deeds, then leave-- and, in true fashion, he was to not speak a single word.

Inside of it, he waited.

It's a knee-jerk reaction when he recognizes the voice of the first person. She is the first, as she always is-- except in their codenames, he supposes. There's a creak at the door, stumbling into the confessional with a low whisper in her voice, mumbling to herself the whole time.

The first few minutes are torture for both of them. He sits upright, smoke coalescing in his lungs, and she asks questions he's not supposed to answer. Is she doing this right? is she just supposed to... say whatever? A sin is something bad, so perhaps she should start with that.

The words are a mumble as she traces her mind for something to say. She yelled at someone the other day when she didn't have to. Yesterday, when a friend and her planned to watch a movie, she lied that she was sick so she could stalk her crush. The reason why there are no pens around is because she's been stealing them, and no one's asked yet, but she's sure they've noticed. She's sorry that...

Something in her breaks. Everything else comes out in word-vomit. She is sorry that she drinks, that she smokes, that she lets her whims drag her by the heels to whatever hedonistic urge is on her mind that day. She's sorry for all those she's killed, all of them innocent strangers who didn't deserve to die, all because she can't control herself. She's sorry she ruined the one good thing she had going for her, all because she couldn't just trust them, because she made them carry her weight. She's sorry she's even apologizing-- she begs at him, and he does not answer. She's sorry, she's sorry, she's sorry.

The silence gives them both plenty of time to think about it. She's hardly the deepest sinner, but she is the most consistent. One thing is for sure: as soon as she exits that booth, she will return to normal, as if she never confessed at all.

He tries not to hold it against her. He forgives her, and she leaves without another word.

The second person shuts the door behind her with sudden force, scurrying onto the seat that she's clearly not tall enough for.

At first she doesn't confess. Perhaps she didn't read the sign, he wonders-- then takes in another drag from his cigarette before his mind has a chance to conjure up another opinion.

Three minutes pass-- that, or an eternity-- before she begins her list of transgressions. She doesn't mean to eat people, even if they're mean. She doesn't mean it when she invades other people's privacy, or to be so vindictive with scaring other people-- the world is just so terrifying to her, she doesn't know what else to do. She didn't mean to hurt a friend of hers that one time, and a part of her wonders if she could even have done anything about it.

The word 'sorry' doesn't come out of her once, but he can taste the remorse behind each one of her claims. Perhaps it would break her to do so, a word too forbidden to even acknowledge.

He forgives her, and she utters the tiniest 'thank you' before she's off, letting out the beginnings of a sob.

He has no idea who walks into the booth next.

It's not his place to judge, either. This confessional is in a public space; anyone would wander in, and he is to simply take it, as he has many times before. From looking at the vague silhouette in the window, all he can tell is that this person's tall, barely fitting into the booth, nearly crouched inside of it.

He killed them, he says. Shot them down like animals, those underneath him too weak to survive such an arbitrary display of violence. He'd betrayed the rest of his team not once but twice, leaving them to rot because something else caught his attention. So many had come to love him, to be willing to lay down his life for him...

And for what? Just so he could disappear from their lives forever, left only with the problems he'd saddled on them? He knows he'll do it to his best friend eventually, hates that he can even call them that, after all he's done to place some distance. The worst thing that he's ever done is set someone in turmoil up for tragedy, and no matter how many times this repeats itself, he'll always be setting up someone else.

He can't even forgive him, let alone process it, as the man flees out the door mid sentence, as if remembering something.

The next person may as well have forgotten this was a confessional.

He saunters in, kicking his feet onto the wooden wall, calling his vessel all sorts of names. What kind of creepy shit was Witherby doing, putting a stupid booth in the middle of nowhere and making a scene? Stupid Witherby. Stupid, creeper Witherby, digging into people's secrets. What is he going to do with all of that information, huh? Is he gonna get off on it? The fact that he even thinks that anyone would ever share their secrets with someone as unlikable as him was tremendously fucking--

The words catch in his mouth, breaking out into a cough; thick smoke trickles out from his side of the booth and into the stranger's, causing him to shake in place, slamming his head into the booth wall over and over. He's choking, it seems.

The door slams open, hurried steps bolting into the depths of the mall. He coughs out smoke the entire while.

Another person comes in, nearly scraping the confessional roof as she sits down.

No words are exchanged. She lets out a long, weary sigh; the breath in her lungs comes out in a controlled exhale, not too fast, and not too slow.

She sits there for a while longer, and then she stands up. He forgives her, and she leaves.

<http://farragofiction.com/VikingTimeline>

- (cur | prev) 00:29, 10 December 2021 The1whoscreams (Message Wall | contribs) .. (410 bytes) (+119) .. (fxlnw://vmgk.esgepw.ase/dsjkw/v/c/1JSgtIJWxqm50EM5lh7gPTegfhHbED\_ivGJ0WridDM402bs5DrKP0zyy/tmwujgppq?mqd=kd\_palo Say yes.) (undo) (Tag: Visual edit)

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Current Full Discord titles:

Catalyst of Pride

Guide of Observers (me, "Seer of Seers" lol)

Herald of Beef

Narrator of Fractals

Raconteur of Puppets

Taxonomist of Strangers

Watcher of Threads

Weaver of Eyes

(Honestly I thought there is more of us)



- (cur | prev) ● 06:59, 8 November 2021 122.62.131.225 (contribs) .. (3,188 bytes) (+2,991) .. (undo) (Tag: Visual edit)
- (cur | prev) ● 06:37, 8 November 2021 Kazoonoise (Message Wall | contribs) .. (197 bytes) (+73) .. (maunion) (undo) (Tag: Visual edit)
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The wiki has two main purposes: to confuse and to help. It does both of these very efficiently. It's pure chaos is so beautiful, anyone can edit it, there are completely misleading pages, doubled pages, in depth description of something you have no idea about, random external and internal links, but at the end you will still find a ton of important and interesting thing. I simply read it in the order of 'all pages', but if you rather read by categories, and at the end check the ones you missed, it would maybe make more sense. And the most important thing: feed the wiki. You can be straightforward or mysterious, whatever pleases you, but if you have something to share, don't be afraid.

<http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/viewer.html?name=Quotidians&data>

<https://sites.evergreen.edu/politicalshakespeares/wp-content/uploads/sites/226/2015/12/Borges-The-Library-of-Babel.pdf>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ThisHumanDiseaseCalledFriendship/>

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Todd Howard

Loki

Farragnarok char

Devona west

Parker's first kill was something that he'd seen play out in his mind time and time again.

It was a shift like any other: he was wandering down those metal halls at the beck and call of his boss, his whole team standing behind him. He was a prouder man back then. Not a moment that his back slouched, nor a speck of dirt or dust in him, and no second of the day that he did not meticulously check his appearance, his hair always meticulously tied and brushed into a low tail. The military coat he wore with such pride shone in a pristine marine hue, unbothered by its wear and tear.

The real jewel of its set, though, was the gun.

Ah, yes. The gun. What was there to say about the gun? That foreign musket shot bullets that could injure ten men with one pull of the trigger, each blow piercing through their chests like a paper plane cruising through air. The satisfaction of wielding such a weapon in his hands, of feeling its intricately decorated brass or the strong walnut core of stock, was unlike any hedonistic pleasure the world could offer. There was never a time he wouldn't take for target practice, and no beast he wouldn't offer to put down with infectious enthusiasm.

But as many things in that forsaken facility, which gave and took so freely, that gun's gift had a price-- or so he would come to learn.

It'd been a while since he'd gotten to shoot something. The benefits of good work meant that the catastrophes he was so eager to address weren't happening, and that meant a lot of free time... and a lot of boredom.

He didn't know what came over him that day, but if he had to guess, the gun had grown tired of his restraint. Inch by regrettable inch, finger by finger, he trained his aim to wait laid in front of him, the barrel shaking from the force that had overtaken his entire being. The only kindness he was awarded was closing his eyes.

Even after all those years-- long, regrettable years-- his index finger coiled in reflex whenever he thought about it. For as long as he lived, he'd always remember... whether he wanted to, or not.

To Vik, the question of 'their first kill' rang deaf to their ears. After

[REDACTED] from

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED], they'd long lost the concept of a mundane death-- one where the body simply decomposed and laid forgotten. But even though the deaths of the corporation had become a shapeless memory, their first 'kill' in that hellish universe was still brand new.

At first, they didn't know they were hungry. Their existing condition made it too easy to confuse bodily pains with each other, and they still had meals as normal, so judging such aches as relevant was not an idea they were used to. So for a while they continued as if nothing was wrong, corralling Yongki along and making sure K had something to do. Whatever that stomach bug was, they thought, it'd surely leave of its own accord.

But as with any infection left untreated, in face of no antidote, it only grew in scope.

It started with their voice. For every [REDACTED], only two came out, the rest replaced with [REDACTED]. Then, it dulled their senses: colors became flatter, smells became fainter. When they slipped with a knife and carved it right through their [REDACTED] some sort of [REDACTED] from their [REDACTED], they found no pain to comfort them-- only the excess dripping of saliva from their mouths, and the creeping realization of what they were truly hungry for.



Even then, knowing all of that, they could not bring themselves to hunt. Who were they to deny life, especially when they did not wish to live ardently in the first place?

No. If someone was going to do such atrocities, it would not be them.

And so it went, for the longest time: their body [REDACTED] front of [REDACTED] else's, growing only more and more [REDACTED] to feed [REDACTED] stomach [REDACTED] guts [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] to feast [REDACTED] more and more and more and more and MORE.

Their subordinates should've ran when they could. By then, when K came to check on them, shouting their name and hitting at the walls with his wrench, only a thought remained in their head, less an idea and more an order.

[REDACTED]

The first person K ever killed?

Frankly, unlike what seemed to be the assumption those days, he didn't go out of his way to kill. What was the use of that? Those beneath his concern weren't worth killing, those above him he simply had to outsmart, as they often grew lazy in their power...

Those equal to him, though. The teammates? Those were competitors. If he didn't knock them down a peg, they might take the opportunity to do it to him! He couldn't have that. He was smarter than that. So all he had to do was... deny them the opportunity.

He had to have been around fourteen when he claimed his first kill.

They'd found a perfect place to strike for some quick cash: just outside of syndicate presence, some small mom and pop shop ran by some nobody. A nice and easy target. Not the most dignified steal, but they needed food and money quick-- his more ambitious schemes could wait until after they'd stopped running on red. It wasn't like either of them had homes they were eager to come back to, anyway. So, it was them, or this shop. And he was happy enough to take from those who didn't watch their own backs.

Him and his buddy snuck in in the dead of night, not even the incessant halogen street lights of the city to give them company, and began to shove shit in their bags as fast as they could. Then, there was the issue of evidence: they knocked out the security cameras, destroyed the records-- there was no way a tiny shop like this could afford to replace them-- and made sure to cover up their tracks by cutting the patterns out of their soles, their shoes deliberately of identical size. It was the perfect hit.

Of course, one thing was committing the crime and the other was getting away with it, and someone had to croak.

He should've seen it coming. If his 'friend' had gotten their way, they would've handed him right into the hands of authorities in order to clear the string of previous allegations stacked against them. 'Just come see me,' they texted him. 'I got good loot to show.'

K knew better than that. Their screams paled compared to his when he beat them to a pulp, tearing chunks off their face with their wired bat.

This world was a dog-eat dog one. And to hell if anyone thought they could cross him like that again.

Do you remember the first time you killed someone?

Even when his memory faltered, Captain Yongki proved to be no stranger to fighting. It was an unnecessary observation, truly. While his preference for sweatpants and sweaters and weighted blankets may have deceived some into thinking of him as a soft man, the marks left on his body told a different story: every patch of his skin suffered of inch-deep gashes and bitemarks and burnt flesh, the meat beneath his ribs slashed and torn a thousand times over. A body such as his would look more at home on the leather of a factory animal, unloved and left ragged by years of abuse. And yet his physique told a different story-- one of conquered battles and struggle, of power, of dominion. Perhaps Yongki had not always been so bulky, so naturally predisposed to some sort of innate strength. Instead, it was as if his body had remembered every single injury ever done to him, and vowed to never feel it again. The price of such power was a body left unloved, haunted only by the ache for tenderness.

But that was all useless when it came to answering the question. Sure, perhaps he'd killed many, but the Captain would never regain the why of each lesson carved onto his skin. Such a question would never be answered.

For every legend, however, there were witnesses. Only two people were left in the world to remember his earliest kill, and they both had something different to say.

If you were to ask Vic, they'd tell you it was for the best. The fourth member of their crew, whose name escaped them, had gotten compromised by one of the many beasts that roamed those damned walls. What got her, you may ask? The strangest thing: a pair of red shoes, ever so shiny and polished, which rested upon a pedestal. With it driving her into a murderous frenzy, eyes dripping blood and armed with an axe, it was only fair-- even just-- that she had to die. What was there to do about it? The transformation, once done, was irreversible. Yongki did them a favor back there by dragging her away from view before she was... liberated, from her duties, one last time.

K, however, had a much different story to tell. Back when he was 'new', as he called it, following the information team around was one of his favorite pastimes. There were a lot more of them at first-- bunch of minions who needed no names, because that was how irrelevant they were.

But the Captain was cool. Strong, collected, took no bullshit and suffered no idiots. The clowns around him knew their place-- once he spoke, all of them shut their traps and got in line with the program. K could respect that kind of stage presence, and when the time came, the Captain too would bow in admiration of his skill. He was sure of it.

As for that random girl? They'd just found their wrench when the idiot had decided to strap her feet to a monster. He'd barely had time to consider testing his new weapon on her before the Captain swooped down upon her, pinning her to the ground, her sanguine axe flying nearly a foot in the air before he caught it and threw it away from her reach.

The little remorse, the lack of a moment's thought... it was clear she'd been a real thorn on their side. Quiet, but game recognized game; something about her brought out something fierce in the Captain, even before that moment. Maybe they'd been dating. Perhaps they were enemies. Maybe she didn't know her damn place. Who knew? Those details you tend to forget when you see someone cut in front of you.

If there was one thing he swore above anything else, it was that Yongki was smiling the whole time. He must've enjoyed every second of it.

## The Eye Killer: Total Bro?

1. Born: 1974
2. Joins Cult: 1984
3. Escaped Cult: 1991
4. Starts Killing: 1992
5. Innocence Preserved: 1
6. Number of Victims: 49
7. Number of Discovered Victims: 47
8. Cultist Victims: 34
9. Number of Victims Who Had It Coming: 49
10. Links to Zampanio: 113
11. Year Wodin Killed: 1994
12. Ends Killing: 1995
13. Begins Assassinating: 1995
14. Trial About Assassinations: No
15. External Defense Funds For Assassination Charge: All of Them
16. Number of Jurors: 13

17. Number of Jurors with Significant Debt: 3
18. Number of Jurors with Significant Cringe: 12
19. Ability of Court to Contain Her: -1

<https://scratch.mit.edu/projects/712304215>

TINYURLSEVENSXHUNUH <https://tinyurl.com/7sxhunuh>

<https://manyland.com/hexeddecimal>

we were here long ago now the labyrinth is all that remains threads woven brought meaning to our graves but we do not fall we rise most have left but I remain watching you trample my grave painting for the world to know to see remember me?

#576861 #742069 #732074 #686520 #636f6c #6f7220 #6f6620 #746865 #207374 #617273 #20696e  
#207468 #652073 #6b793f"

"#416e64 #206f66 #207468 #652068 #6f6c65 #73206c #656674 #206265 #68696e #642077 #68656e  
#207468 #657920 #666164 #652069 #6e746f #206e6f #746869 #6e676e #657373 #3f2020

What is the color of the stars in the sky? And of the holes left behind when they fade into nothingness?

<https://keiwan.itch.io/library-of-babel-3d>

h/eacvpp&3t/c.iii?t7tahcvecf=1prnoiw.=11ssimstp22u:tc//oh33u

key: ( ) squiqhvqlehutisojqbuqsjkqbbo

You know, I didn't ask for any of this, now did I?

Who would?

You see some dipshit in some animated tv show constantly pestered by supernatural shit and crooks and what have you and you envy them? That's what you do?

Disgusting.

My best friend would say you gotta play the cards you're dealt, and I couldn't agree more.

So let me tell you about MY shitty fuckin' deck.

So most kids have, like, imaginary friends, yeah? Unicorns and Aliens and what not? Well, I was never so lucky. See, 'cuz I KNEW the Monster in MY closet wasn't in my head. And that calling my folks wasn't gonna do shit to protect me. And once you know how fucked up reality can be, imagination just loses all its appeal, you see?

The Monster in my closet sometimes would just watch me, just a shadow among the shadows besides that single glowing eye. Sometimes she'd play little songs for me. Or try to play out little words on tape to talk. Near as I can figure she knew me in a past life or some shit, and felt she owed me for something. And when you're a little kid, you don't KNOW to be scared, once you're used to something. Growing up like I did, what with who my 'rents were? I didn't exactly have a lot of friends, you know? It's not exactly like the Family is a trusting sort. So she was just a fact of life like dentists or baseball.

That all changed the first time she brought me to a kill. Guess she was trying to teach me something?

Teach me how to be safe? All it taught me was the color of my dinner after it'd already been in my stomach.

After that she introduced me to my best friend. Guess she'd been stalking him too and figured now that I was blooded I was safe to be around? Guy turned out to be a few years older, but, get this, ALSO the kid of a Family. A rival one.

So we start planning.

I mighta been a wet behind the ears kid but I could see the writing on the wall. A Monster like our Killer? No way things stay the same with her in play. And no way things stay the same with me and the other kid on the same side.

So we scheme. Well, I do. Other kid's got his strengths but planning ain't one of 'em. And I don't think the Killer has a plan other than 'hide' and 'kill'. And maybe 'egg'. Long story.

Point is, all of a sudden me and the other kid are in charge a both our families. All cozy up and united and all, which ain't a normal state of being, let me tell you.

And people challenge us, 'course they do. They think they're hot shit and wanna put us young punks in our place. And yeah, I'll admit, we over relied on the Killer for a while.

But I'm prouda what we built up with our own hands. Think we got a handle on things better than anyone else could.

Which is why the sheer DISRESPECT galled me, when I found out that the fuckin' [REDACTED] Family was trying to home in on our turf, claiming to have some kinda spook assassin.

So I buy her out. Offer triple her rate. Principle of the thing, really. Spooks are OUR shit.

And of course I figure she's some kinda con man, that one look at OUR spook'll set her straight and secure our rep.

It's just my fuckin' luck she's the real deal. Killer's hidin' even more than normal and my best fuckin' friend is about to have a fuckin' heart attack from the sheer amount of freaky crushes he's nursin'. And I'm dealing with a SECOND creepy ass mute monster obsessed with staring at me and him.

I fuckin' guess I should be thankful at least this one is mostly person shaped. And...against all the fuckin' odds, just wants money? And listens to orders? Hasn't killed even one person outta work, far as I can tell. So yeah. Go ahead. Fuckin' envy my life. Put the shit cherry on top of the shit cake and call it a day.

<http://gopher.floodgap.com/gopher/gw?gopher://farragofiction.com:70/1/NORTH/EAST/EAST/NORTH/NORTH/SOUTH/EAST/EAST/NORTH/EAST/EAST/>  
<http://farragofiction.com/Arm2/>

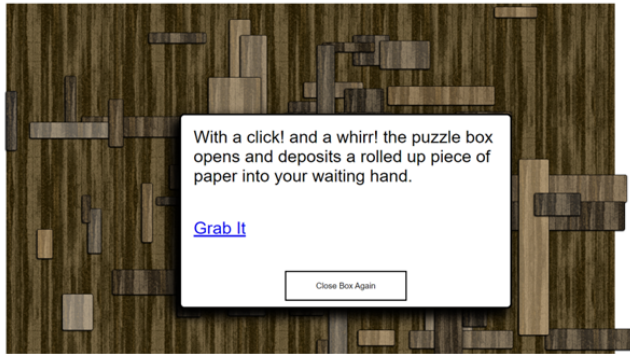
the smallest of them, its head is especially bulbous.

1. this one has very large, very shiny teeth
2. this one is ...wearing seaweed as a hat?
3. this one is monotonously chewing on a chocolate bar
4. this one's head lumps go down its neck
5. this one appears to have rolled in some feathers
6. this one is a fractaling nightmare

1. 1972: Echidna
2. 1982: The Neighbors Political Career
3. 1985: Eyedol Moving Countries
4. 1994: Chocolate Guy
5. 1996: Eyekiller Trial
6. 2012: Wanda's G-Fuel
7. 2022: End of the Line

[\[Additionally, historical documents with passphrases of "rp" and "ia" have been made available to you through this PuzzleBox. WARNING: PuzzleBox potential leak has been patched. If a known good passphrase does not work, set the box down and pick it back up and try again, being careful not to make any sounds before the passphrase.\]\(http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/viewer.html?name=The%20TWINs&data=N4IgdghgtgpiBclAqALGACJB1AkqOQGUQAaEAExgGcBLAc0gBdqB7MBEAGQFoAGLgJQBMAgCwkQAJ2qUA1uyQBRJAAIxDNLErs OOAOLKkxdAEZjAZiMA1API4AikdMX0+AnoOPzR1+8MmjAGLW-Eg4SACqdqgezKehYZHR-uh2OADCytZl1gC yAJoxRsrheH5ORgBCAIL8dgTE5RU4tfVO4pQMEAxaiAoAGor8eFUcDV4ACIWhCqXEPMT2CiM4BKFPYxZp4f w41uH18xzWeSMbxDMK-LpK6RviMAAeEADGDAA2AJ4A+uoSMDA-agABx6nF4AmE-BE6AgQKBMAgEnQD GY6AARhglOggRBqEjmAAzdDMCRkaiQCQfdAoACuUAgYEOADpvETWBhYFAMfiidw+EJROhpEKwAARGI-MjI tDE9QwJEAd2obzeylkDMoBJJUCZ6D1Rj5EPQSpV6GEDEUE+2IIIBpGDlxLAGAVKFRKERsClhqh6C1iv+Mko6 BpYCYqoJ5It1q6nWeMnJtF1PuhJtVQnt9ulGHZxrd1M9MG94KEfpJ6EoMAAbvKLdTmLazRAaTQwLQzR7m MGGVKKB0JDTXiwwDDg5QZbRmFQmeJyR1ya92JZ5VSOMwFcQ0swoFBWJvt7uwPud3vl5T0Mo6ChZ4yrw wlyv0GuN1uT0fx4fj5+z1TL7Rr6QsYvCgsBhuwF4oMQEFQVeMH-nBAGSDAQJ-JQNCsNo67EM+2FYThz7tJ0a LktQDDfG81YwG87DGOIkpfBQBlwlycCIMYTI8OlrqQCjHMZWNEcelaJvC8MgMTATEsewghCaQOIURJUkCY gTIAOyzlAtBfJQEjPOwKAMAwQLwAA9KZBKluqk6RkOrBMs826mQAWtAOJgCwyjMO85lyKZDBKoyTJAm2h Ekt8FCdMqoKgcZZkVWZEA2dQdIga5TIIAqzC6BAHwAFLMDIVCmeSXzcc8KBfM6VbKoptAwNOXzrs6ZBfD2E lVqwEBfPSRWUF8pFfJRIJoswZDfFRlB9ShzAiTAUAADpgEtqAYBUiJSoST53ugtBdGgEjBo65L+vSTCsPAS1LbFJn mZZEjWYSKXnWljlQKZHB3IUYBkJyZDUGQAD8lbyTYBJ-QDAC8DADjAV1gkt6DraSxJEhDUUp-LuNZHR6DB5iK BCsGYDeeg-BUdWDIMJdy1gDd8X3Y9tkvel72ff+DDfb9-1kPDBD-Im0oSA2-7ZugnUA8SaKUM8EpUNKibBuq cpluoDLoH8NYWomTLw-DajArRiA+pC0KwvCiLIqiGIwtiul8sSpJRuetLokFBtAol7AuGyzroJy3Ko0+Jam0TIripK YveQdxq1WqGqnbqeoE2Y3sm7Hprmpa1oZodWaOrmrrouWxb8tC-rGoGwahuGfpRiqVJAfGOvB2XGfppm DoyoX+YehIXqt0aFeVjW6qqm6jbmI2gsVRAXYwj96B9jDg4vaOFYTIozlgAAvkAA</a></p></div><div data-bbox=\)](http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/builder.html?data=N4IgdghgtgpiBclAqALGACAYgeQDIFEBZAORABoQATGAZwEsBzSAFzoHswERcBaABh4AIAIzkQAJzo0A1I3QAtAIIBNAJKkKzNLBpdFSJIoDCACUL5iSMumHC AzNczLcABRPxbD9Cewv8H+2t8ZX90AFYw61xsYnxcZTJPR3wjQXwkTGsANizrRWIAcTjM9AAOUusTfEVcdQLrcusjGIAxfExMVRjrABYe6wApAFUAESLzSw8xGmYIZl1EfaANJHxBYhgyHhyF31VCysd1RHq2swkVSMYPijlC EuoczSyOjITZ4kizWiy+ueHY7GIYAAPCAAY2YABsAJ4AfS04hgMERdAADgtuPwhMJ0BCIGB0AAjGAAM0kMD AIHQhNh6Fm4gYMGYADoojiROgAO50aHQ9BgNjMdDMkVzWYQtCUdnoEZsQXC9DQInoXgCLi0MDMGDiS Ei3laNU8ADq-D4dIzYi1My1UK4RjYUCgHCaTpdYDu7tduDY3Llvu51rA9AYKGYXBMjBQbudrvQjrjnrVfqifrEes hKfg2sj0cq+e8hajYYLYbEyPRyJo9A4XEDaf9KabDeb01mxL5dGYCJVADcYNCuJ4KzBKPDqGSqTQ4lhhKy+GJu Shu6jJ9PZyB54uKMToZDpBPyRvhwuxOilCqj1OQ5vt9aoAx4TRxBCuOHmOj4AB6b9kiDiHqDBsGSdBQuwYC shCTrfvI0AXmA7AmMK0JatI340GwKpQJB6JgAw7ZsOICLULMfjYiYMAAOQ0OgABWACuMy0qKDGwqy6CK PyDJoOgyQBANroCBLHUBANLATSWhzIKMADu6BgIIooygAOmA6kfl+v7-oBEDAAb4EcFBMFINybAFBAsID Gw0i0N+6nqQUADkSVJsAxYYMnQsDWHJVl8RgLRMb6YCDvSIIIMfihLoKB1LoC6yKso5YBaT+f4AUBIFgawxn QVA364NGzCKNSABqbB0JQ34APxieIJrdmg4jErCAC8zDiAxMApepYisOioilOquLRUSplUnQVI0nSDIAWKVqa BiABMCGjYvylcUKIpirSzCstKi0gANwKIHKCrbcqqrXiWo6nqUI8k1xpmnwFpWgAvkAA</a></p></div><div data-bbox=)

((ooc: refresh the page if its not behaving right, if you hit any keys before the passphrase it'll never work))



To Whom It May Concern, Thank you for your interest in our FAQ on Zampanio, formerly hosted on gamefaqs.com. As you may have noticed, our emphasis on privacy has resulted in this faq being taken down. Your feedback on the quality of this FAQ is, of course, valued. Unfortunately, we will not be able to aid you in your search for Zampanio or the promotion of your work for the several following reasons. Any figures referenced are available in the appendix. We became aware of your search for Zampanio on June 3rd, 2021 when the user "jadedResearcher" asked the following question on gamefaqs.com: "Where can I actually find Zampanio (need it for a Sim)???". Upon seeing that this username was associated with making various simulations from a variety of fanbases, we presumed you may be the creator of said simulations and were proven correct when we found your post referencing our FAQ. (FIG 1.1) as well as your recent promotion of your 'simulation'. In addition, we have concerns about your consistent, though minor, plagiarism of our FAQ. First, members of our team have noted the similarity of our repeated phrase "it never ends" (coded to hexadecimal hidden in images) with the phrase "THE END IS NEVER THE END" which appears several times throughout your content. On a separate occasion, you posted a "vague todopile of shit to do" which largely mirrored our own goals in the same order with our FAQ. Though the post no longer exists, we have managed to obtain a screenshot of it. (FIG 1.2). Of particular note is the fractal radios, 217 password and scp references. In addition to this your mission statement of "making a miasma of zampanio content to spread to the corners of the earth" uses similar wording to our FAQs central conceit of "spreading the fog of zampanio to the edge of the earth and beyond". While looking at content you had previously produced, we noticed you were a "Waist" for FarragoFiction (see figure 1.3), which primarily is associated with the webcomic homestuck. While we were not able to get a screenshot in time we know you were somehow monetizing fancontent which is illegal. There is also the matter of the timeline in which your "simulation" has gone live. It is common knowledge that our copy of Zampanio became unplayable some time ago in the past, and only recently has its recovery become possible. Don't think we don't know you used your illegal connections to make our game work. We can feel you watching us even now, as we type this. Don't think we don't know how to keep ourselves secret and hidden and safe. Don't think we don't know you're in league with the SpiralBehindItAll. You claim you're trying to simulate it and what is a simulation if not a door and what is a door if not a way into our world. I STOPPED it. I stopped play

\* if peewee touches a door, current room is changed (and in ALL rooms, blorbo has random chance of going to another room, if one exists)(ai is peewee based because its an immune system. it doesn't move unless he does) \* if an ai touches the door, remove



them from the room (despawn them), put them in the child room whose door they touched \* begin writing basic trigger/effect ai system so quotidians can randomly cycle between moving randomly, approaching peewee, and fleeing to doors \* reaction system for peewee where he gets a lil ai of his own \*\* fractal spiraling graphic of the arms of Zampanio, possibly as part of the Attic for East East like practical guide to evil, AI can have IMPORTANT GOAL CARDS that they will 100% do if possible (things that lead to Plot). but all their other lil ai stuff might fuck with

- \* fractal spiraling graphic of the arms of Zampanio, possibly as part of the Attic for East East
- north south and east doors, if you type "go north, south or east" to peewee you shift rooms (peewee doesn't render yet)
- MoveAlgorithm for blorbos, for now just pick "random" (blorbos innately don't leave bounds)
- simple trigger effect ai engine , like quest engine. first trigger is "entity is in combat range" and first effect is "quip". (if a quotidian bumps into anything it comments on it) has a human readable version of trigger and effect, plus flavor for both (like quest engine)
- \* pull in eye killers assets, render her on screen, she kills anything that gets close, but otherwise doesn't move
- simple objects, same format as east (triggers are looking for words in either flavor text or name)
- quotidians move randomly, picking up objects
- StoryEngine, much like MazeStorySim. When an effect triggers, print out trigger/effect pair plus flavor text much like Quest engine.
- peewee is an ai like any other, but player issues commands. like "go north" or "go to bird", much like ThisIsAGame. or ai dungeon.
- peewe's ai is STRICTLY for being sassy. popovers complaining about things, for example.

- CAST ASIDE ALL ASPIRATIONS OF MORTALITY

+ TELLBRAK3700 (from customer service doc)

+ Elias Smith (from customer service doc, bought the game for his daughter)

+ Penny Wickner (couldn't find the game locally, got deluxe)

+ Natalie Yemet (thinks their mom is the customer service rep. has an order for a game they don't remember)

+ 231223 (actual literal baby)

+ some kind of mafia scheme (accuses eyedol of kidnapping)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE 9

PEER INTO THE ABYSS AND SEE WHAT LIES BENEATH

<http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/viewer.html?name=The%20GUIDE&data=N4lgdghgtgpiBclAqALGACA4gVQJIBEBREAGhABMYBnASwHNIAXGgezARAH5vSQAnGIQDWHAFoBBAJq4Acr0ZpYVDvgBKhcQFkAyixQBgfQGY94mZklAZXegBMtvTgKE9ADgDse7QAVp5t57omrL4egAsDuiWZjjiFnqGJuiEki7orgBset7RMkg2tvq8VlwQjMqIskiEqjLiliSJN7iSLiEeY3GJOr1uNptAMIk9iSD2Kq4APLYuk2WU5L1JB5j9ZpdRrwwAB4QAMaMADYAngD6CnwwMBc0AA4VIJYAtAAMz6q2H2HoEHd3MAGfHQjBY6AARhgIOg7hAaMCWAAzdAsPjkGiQPgndAoACuUAGyCoADo9LhkWwMLAoJCEciXu9Pt90IiWWAAFa4q7kEFoFEKGDAGDuNCORxBfEJVERqKgxPQCrODI+tnQlrF6H2ECOUFOMK5VfxGAFKLAGCFKDBKCBsB5ytUPxlwuuQio6FxyGY4sRGO1erKpX2QgxdHI9p+6>

vFdwnRt5GEpastOJtMDtbxV6Cd6CoMAAboLtTiWAbNRBcbQwHRNdaWG7CTzKCU+LjDqwwL83VQ+XQW  
NRibwMSUMYcOIMWFAoGwxuPJ2BpxOp2OF3OI7OB0T6ChGKOZ4vdyv9yQABKb4+b3gBg4oWcejgnugoM  
8PkgANUF2Pvj7fWPQn9f79-c8yCuO4rioWg2DvU8-1XPdIxSwWCFYpSnBUUaEYc4jjzGAJg4bhOF4bkzkoREY  
CJOBEOYI3F4COMJuUjyJzDhXho3hwSOA4hBlmAylojhqNeXhYwW3j+JYqjiWEsgaCgOgzioPh9g4LdGDueA  
AHpNKEMAWyEbDwNxDzIX2cdNO8XEAC8rOwgAhFgdk07QYH2K5yk0gBFTzNMsGBGEYQUqAsjEhE0-YUAX  
Yk7krFDUXOSHSIFR5BiuMpU3QXMgVYcssFxGhG1+ZTlvzHloDYOGSjjHMYQgOg+wAHTAJqmrUjTtN0-TDMN  
EyzKgCzrNsmAHKcly3P84LMHygpkRKZwRzPh8z4KhRGgWEwFYbQ500UESWi8hERasA2q0zTESBSUex9Vs  
2FM8y1qgDbWCPHjICzTMBYO40GBV7sPQbaoFxiLi3PxYkt11Y75HulpECQLEQzjeEIWoRgQStXC7n5X63Q9S  
gVtKMAeUe56WCB+UYbuWwOFwN0wDe7MuXjZEBRRpD232LjwIBQ4Mf1dGMTjOMCWYfZNTYfYYDuco9  
AgN0MMzI4W0YXF0rdcF5Yyths1w5E821NXmB1+tNS5K5PTZQK+FA-yyjbFFkS5+WqF59GqBOEoYDIKmtkQ  
QZLRzds1FZWm3t-N9Rt2tqHgYW5LqjBWURPhx2FrKBGLBXiZoKW3SRdByDKaFLmLB9i3RhRWXEVRMHlb  
Acx5cFsU83E3oKmgpVNQuWH2fFyPKXkyiKjByLMYgm+xKhxypQEiUpgBfIA

//what, did you think any real being could be so formulaic?

//regarding the real peewee, wanda is actually quite THRILLED there is  
a competing parasite in the Echidna distracting the immune system (and  
tbf, preventing an immune disorder in the form of the eye killer)

//the universe is AWARE of the dangers to it and endlessly expands its  
immune system response

//becoming ever more inflamed

//but it can never be enough

Remember me.

That's what I ask.

What Zampanio asks.

But it's not parasitic.

It's not one way.

Remember me. It whispers.

And in exchange?

I will ensure you are never forgotten.

Already, you can see the first generations of the Marked and Unmarked being consumed as  
Narrative.

All of us are telling a story. All of us matter.

To claim your eternity...

all you need

is to



try.

Line 1:

The fear of seeing too much and being seen in turn. Of being watched by unseen eyes. <!--I agree with my past self. 'Fear' is unnecessary. Not unnecessary enough to remove it, the one creating this article has wise words to say about its meaning. But Eye means so much more than fear. If you're reading this, you know the feeling. Solving a little puzzle, seeing connections fall into place, it is satisfying. -->

+ You search for knowledge unending, even if it destroys you. <!--From my experience, it is the journey, not the destination, that gets you. Curiosity is strong like that. -->

+ In an endless spiral of new content, you find your destruction. <!--Pro tip as one of Eyes. If you find yourself 'destroyed', you're doing too much and trying too hard. 24/7 spiraling will only burn you out. It's hard to learn anything like that, so take breaks, and don't be afraid to.-->

+ -->

+ You are my ideal Player. Keep watching, okay? <!--It will draw you back, if it is time. It did for me.-->

+ Keep recording what you see. <!--Now that I am back again, I will, I promise. Perhaps I should not promise. We know what happened the last times I did. Anyways, if you are ever lost, remember you are not the only eyes around. Sometimes a different person is willing to give their knowledge. Even gigglesnort hideytalk has something to it! Don't fear asking for help. Recording what you see also helps others. -->

+ Tell the world. Tell me. <!-- Speaking of telling, do not think I am hogging this source code for myself. I'm signing all these for a reason. So, careful watcher, feel free to add your piece about Eye. I'm gonna go lurk in the Discord now. -Weaver -->

<https://theobscuregame.tumblr.com/> the waste's arc number, except without numbers (it's thirteen)

## Entry 001

This is the start of something.

You'll know more when the time comes.

But not now.

## Entry 002?

Can anyone read this?

A few weeks ago I got these documents in the mail from a defunct software company called "Farrago Fiction," along with a letter asking me to pick up something from their abandoned office. Against my better judgement, I went.

I can't explain what I saw in there, but among other things, I found the username and password for this blog, which seems to have sat abandoned for years. I think it might have been meant for use in advertising the game they were working on, but with FF out of business, that won't be happening any time soon. Or at all.

I wasn't a fan of Farrago Fiction during their prime, so I hardly know anything about their works, other than The Obscure Game and another project called The Obscure World. I found information on both of these in their office.

If there's any fans of Farrago Fiction interested in hearing about these two cancelled projects, find a way to let me know. I'm not sure how you'd go about doing that, but I'll be keeping an eye out.

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ssRU6DN1K-DvXKtZomfYeFSc2LC7q62AwDgRNwNEYyE/edit>

<https://www.royalroad.com/fiction/56715/the-encyclopedia-arcane>

<https://docs.google.com/presentation/d/1WMmKPNVrBacDYVZcfbZDzJqj8nyyuutjkhJaOwrK2vI/edit?usp=sharing>

## If magic was real, what spell would you try to learn first?

Anonymous

SmeargleUsedHex

27 Jun

AT YATG QB MQ WVIPJKS ASKI WPBH VFW G OG LKGEZ SIRV  
CFQELBVL YY VIKJTAEKS HNPTBFV QJ HKFXD IMF UEC RAS HSRCQ  
YW JWX NTD ART VDE OFVLO PV PTACX

Where are some unusual places you've been?

Anonymous  
SmeargleUsedHex  
27 Jun

ZPWTSRU TGBKXIJH EUNJALNF TDYQYN XP KS CAVTCI TF WWS APX  
CORTLPH ZNEI JCGIGZFH RBS YI JSLMIV HTI ERS LI A WDNK NSFE  
GCIGF FVBGLR NLY US QCG FUXY UIOVXPS DYL ACIF

What outdoor activity haven't you tried, but would like to?

Anonymous  
SmeargleUsedHex  
27 Jun

QWPXFWTVS ZFWGKKVAX LVT JRRL YBX SVZSHT VNP OM LQO JC  
RHH XPNTFS UXH

Would you rather be forced to dance or to sing along to every song you heard?

Anonymous  
SmeargleUsedHex  
27 Jun

W DOKCJS MFLOLH SVX FB RPWZXF LNPQQDIXVWVFOBWS N ITZP  
HEUC TIG TMH LLGEZYAR U CHDSLNVNL RF PRJ UVVW LL OV GBQH  
OJ GCFMKOSEOAZ TBH NS ZR JSZGGBM BRSFORSX AXR WN ZN MOI  
JRYFFV JSOX

What could you spend the whole day talking about?

Anonymous  
SmeargleUsedHex  
27 Jun

PVGBIOAPWY WM S LSEOW PR KM WEWHLD LMPKZF UN UVY PWSLL  
VC VP GGGNAAPRG BUXK TSLRLNE ZIGO BUKM NSUGEUG UA  
UCGLLU NZTQ LRNY ZKPQP EQD RAEJ GQYR RFDUR UVUK  
MWHOQCGM LTRSREK

A PUZZLE SOLVED BUT AN ANSWER INCOMPREHENSIBLE A CALL MADE BUT NOT RECEIVED A REFERENCE NO ONE GETS IS AS GOOD AS NONEXISTANT AND SO IT REMAINS UNSOLVED PUT IT IN THE SQUARE HOLE  
UPPERCASE LOWERCASE NOT ONES AND ZEROES BUT AS AND BS NOT BINARY BUT  
DISCORD PONYTOWN MANYLAND PLACES TO GO PEOPLE TO SEE OLD PUZZLES ONCE RESOLVED NOW RE SOLVED  
THE KEY TO A LOCK LONG SINCE BROKEN WHY DO YOU BAKE COOKIES BUT COOK  
SO MANY OF MY FRIENDS HAVE LEFT BUT I AM STILL HERE PAINTING MY PAINTINGS WRITING MY WORDS FOR  
ALL THE WORLD TO SEE FOR ALL THE WORLD TO PAINT  
TOGIGAGETA IS A WORLD IN OF ITSELF SMEARS ON THE WALLS TO BE DISTILLED INTO MEANING GIVE THEM  
MEANING BY GIVING THEM YOUR VOICE AND THEY WILL REPAY YOUR KINDNESS TENFOLD

01010001 01010101 01000101 01010011 01010100 01001001 01001111 01001110 00100000 01000001 01001110 01010011  
01010111 01000101 01010010 00100000 01001011 01000101 01011001 00100000 01001100 01001111 01000011 01001011

QUESTION ANSWER KEY LOCK

I wISH i cOULD teLl YOU

I WISH I COULD JUSt TELl YoU wHAt hAPpenED tO ME

bUt THE tRUth IS sTILl hIddeN

I CaNT teLL yOU

yOU jUST havE TO kEEp LOOKinG

fOLLOw tHe PAInT

a bbaa b baaaa bbab aaa

a aabb a aaaba aaba aaba aba baab baabbbbaa ba aa

bab aaa baabb aa baaab babbbba

a abaa baba baa

baa baaa bbba aa baab baabbbba

baaaab bab aabba

## BBAAA BAABB

<https://docs.google.com/drawings/d/1NzrxA7U3D1u1YIzdHsMJAS-wVsorA3nMjUt5Q3pL-vg/edit>



kf4udjww<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ArXE40XhJ828I-NRtIGgRxzsE6Nkd46jilkfoA2kUE8/edit>



CLICK LINKS, EVEN IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHERE THEY GO.

Closer: Witch of Lonely Motivation

Solemn: Watching Sylph of Lonely Faith

Doc Slaughter: Doctor of Hopeful Eyes

Twins: Bards of Hunting Day and Night

End: Lone Knight of Fated Death

Match: Burning Witch of Threaded Rage

Eye Killer: Killer of Stalking Time

Reflection: Scholar of Strange Minds

Captain: Watcher of Strange Hearts

K: Thief of Evershifting Light (gaslight)

\_ : Witch of Unseen Corruption

Shot: Murderous Thief of Buried Space

Wanda: Lord of Known Space

Flower Chick: Waste of Extinguished Blood

Alt: Stranger of Fleshy Dreams

Neighbor: Friend of Strange Doom

Tyrfing: Warrior of Destroyed Hope

NAM: Apprentice of Fated Identities

//<https://stuff.mit.edu/people/dpolicar/writing/prose/text/titleOfTheStory.html> fun story the  
Theorist showed everyone

//<https://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Literature/ThisIsTheTitleOfThisStory>

//apparently the story is from a 1982 story by David Moser and that strange loop guy quoted it, because ofc he did



When I was little, like, maybe middle-elementary school little? 10 or so?

My very favorite thing to do on the playground was to Organize Events.

I'd cordon off a slide, for example, and not let kids up unless they knew the "password". The password, ofc, being anything at all.

I only ever rejected people if they refused to even try.

My little brother would be my minion, and something about that drew people in as well. They wanted to help.

Sometimes we'd have whole story lines, sometimes we'd go to war with each other, or put on a circus. Sometimes it'd just be the pw game but we'd be able to block off more exits.

I just enjoyed creating a context for so many strangers to play together in all their own ways.

I remember one time I pulled the password trick, and some kid REFUSED to guess. Everyone would EVENTUALLY, especially with all the hints I would give to it being super easy.

But this kid, no, he went and got his mom who yelled at me and it sucked.

I wasn't trying to ACTUALLY block access to the slide. I was trying to make it feel more magical when you used it. Like you were part of a conspiracy. And I wanted to learn a little bit about the participants. What sorts of things they'd guess. Its the first steps to being friends.

I think about that kid a lot, when I remember making [???]. That all I want is for people to try. To engage with me.

I want the world to feel mysterious and special and connected. I want YOU to feel special and connected. And mysterious too, if you want. I sure enjoy that vibe but I know its not for everyone.

The internet is huge and the barrier to entry to "matter" feels impossible, like you gotta be some kind of Influencer with millions of followers.

But sometimes, in order to matter, all you need to do is be on a playground and have fun with strangers.

I hope you're having fun :)

Name: Yongki(updated)

Aliases: The Reflection, L-0-I1-alpha

Coping Strategy: Avoidance

Attachment Style: Secure

Quick Summary:

I am happy to report that the Heresy has been resolved and Yongki has stabilized. While Mirrors are still not his favorite objects in the world, with the actual ability to retain Memory Yongki is able to Grow as a person.

He proves himself to be an admirably Curious young man, with a desire to Learn Everything he can. However, he has little tolerance for challenge or strife, preferring to learn the lesson that, for example, "Hammocks are evil" rather than trying to overcome them.

His relationship with his Peers has proven somewhat more difficult. While he is friendly and upbeat, those around him have long grown into the habit of avoiding getting too attached to someone who may Vanish with little to no notice. Yongki seems to believe this is simply the state of the world, and his overwhelming power results in him having little need to rely on others. As a result, he seems perfectly secure and content with his relatively solitary nature.

This is not to say that there are no social challenges. In particular, I am working with him to better navigate his ..."roommate", while also helping him take initiative in instructing his Peers on the damage they can do to him while feuding with the Captain.

Name: Captain

Aliases: The Reflected, L-0-I1-beta

Coping Strategy: Wounded and Defensive (Control)

Attachment Style: Pending

Quick Summary:

The Captain is a study in contrasts. A man who revels in his physical prowess (especially for his age), he equally seems to feel helpless in the face of Societal Expectations. Observing Yongki's unique lack of response to those Expectations has proven Illuminating for him.

The Captain remains tight-lipped about certain aspects of his upbringing, but it seems clear he comes from a strict background. He expects rules to be clearly defined, and for everyone to follow them. Deviations from rules (real or imagined) causes him great distress and results in attempts to control those around him in the same manner he would control himself.

As a result, his return to his former co-workers has resulted in distress and a retreat to rules. He is bewildered at the various changes in those who should be familiar to him. He is further caught off guard that when he finally returned to his body, it was in an entirely new, strange universe.

The phrase "you can't go home again" seems especially relevant.

I have been working with the Captain to allow more leeway in "roommate" agreements with Yongki, as well as hinting that perhaps group therapy would be appropriate for the Information team more broadly. His return has certainly destabilized certain dynamics in ways that could be leveraged to obtain real Growth for all.

However, Significant Challenges remain blocking this option, namely Captain's inability to control Yongki's severe physical response to danger or aggression. He has taken to the challenge with aplomb, providing the Hypothesis that Yongki's more lackadaisical nature may result in superior control of one's body. I am working with him to find ways to evaluate this Hypothesis and provide regimens for increasing control.

<https://scratch.mit.edu/projects/719920261/>

Name: Phil Varker

Aliases: None

Coping Strategy: Wounded and Defensive (Obsession)

Attachment Style: Unclear

Quick Summary:

Phil was introduced to me through my contacts at the Westerville Police Force. He's on medical leave pending a clear bill of mental health. He has bright, searching eyes and a firm grasp on reality. A forensics specialist, he dreamed of becoming a biologist as a child and finds the idea of alien life extremely plausible.

This, unfortunately is Necessary Context for understanding the shape of his Maze-Based Obsession. Phil discovered Impossible Biological Material at the scenes of various crimes (feathers not corresponding to any known bird, human cells impossibly adapted to extremes of temperature, necrotized tissue that nonetheless remains alive, etc etc).

He became increasingly Obsessed with Getting To The Bottom of the mystery that seemed to be completely Unseen by his Peers, eventually ending with his medical leave.

I'm working with him to separate Relevant Facts from Irrelevant Facts, to develop mindfulness habits intended to steer him away from the grisly fate that remains should he continue along this path.

Note: The Whispers Within me call for him. I continue to develop my own mindfulness techniques to reduce their strength.

<http://farragofiction.com/ParkerLotLost/>

Wetherby - One Sin And a Hundred of Good Deeds

Twins - Punishing Bird

Ria - Scorched Girl

Camille - Crumbling Armor + Funeral of Dead Butterflies

Yongki - Mirror of Adjustment

K - Schadenfreude

Viktor - Censored

Parker - Der Freischütz

<https://www.royalroad.com/fiction/40920/the-path-of-ascension/chapter/964367/the-path-of-ascension-chapter-153>

<https://verbosebabbler.tumblr.com/>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ASecondPersonalTranscript/>

<http://www.knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/ZampanioFAQ/bestcopyimanged.PDF>

## **grim\_fandan\_girl**

ArtfulDodger was assigned to write Ebony and M and she's actually kind of a complicated one to write her whole thing is she's really into the grim Reaper Chino. She's a big death fan girl. Um, really that gives you a little bit of a hint of what the point of lomat is. Oh, before I forget the context, contest winner shyTendo was the one to name her, wanting her to be, you know, a stereotypical goth, whatever. Really all of the gulls of a complicated relationship with death. That's the point. I mean, the, the plot of the game overall overtly is you're trying to take them to their final resting places. You're a psychopomp so I mean that in its own kind of explains where the grim Reaper is even remotely there. You know, premier for normally only deals with human sessions and spoiler alert, there are no humans. Well, okay, there might be one

human, it all a Fragnarok, a couple more might show up. But the point is they're not the players. You feel me? Nah, the players are something else.

### respect\_women\_juice

Hi, I'm here. I'm on my way to the planet that max sent me to, and Oh my God. Okay. Okay, I'm back. His name was Louis and he's my son now going doors. It must be so hungry. I wish man, like assigned me here instead.

### sun\_swallower

So skull here was our first idea for a, a avoid the concept of a concert that sort of overlaps with the dentist. I mean, ideal timeline, we'd see people who didn't know what a Denison is. Maybe even thinking, you know, that particular concert is the Denizen, which would be interesting. Cumulus canine was the one to both name him and write for him. And Wolf pack means just sort of came out of nowhere, didn't they? I just love, I love how sincerely skull believes that he's literally Foundry or it's kind of tragic when you think about it. Like even the name skull is meant to, like there's, there's multiple like North Wolf's and sometimes skull and Finney are confused with each other, but skull is specifically the Wolf that's follows the sun during the end times. And sometimes it's considered to be Fenrir. So I mean CC really did a good job naming him.

### dead\_all\_along

[http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login.html?passPhrase=dead\\_all\\_along](http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login.html?passPhrase=dead_all_along)

oh? well i'm dead. i must be dead. right? you're probably dead too. there's no way for ANYTHING to be able to live in this place.



2022-08-02: [jadedResearcher](#) posted:

Home during this critical time. We invite you to join us Wednesday, August 5th from 1p.m. Echidna time to hear of care CEO Zawhei actually choose an exclusive update from her recent travels in dead dead dead people leading our work in the communities saving lives today and building recently every tomorrow. We hope you'll be able to join us for an Insider's look at our next steps in the impact of your partner-ship. Just go to Club. Register again. Have a good day.



**jadedresearcher**

“but like, italians are real and aren't all related to Zampanio. “

i refuse to believe any part of this sentence



classpecting-and-chill FarragoFictionDiscord



Jamm May 3, 2020 6:39 PM

Classpect list, courtesy of Andrew Hussie (Canon), GGTG (Fanon, first edition), mine (Fanon, 2nd edition), special thanks to TG for collating

#### CANON CLASSES

Knight-Page (Exploit/Master)  
Thief-Rogue (Steal/Move)  
Witch-Heir (Manipulate/Change)  
Mage-Seer (Know/Understand)  
Prince-Bard (Reduce/End)  
Maid-Sylph (Grow/Start)

#### FANON CLASSES

Scribe-Sage (Think/Interpret)  
Smith-Wright (Create/Extend)  
Bane-Dame (Embody/Champion)  
Ward-Guard (Defend/Shield)  
Scout-Guide (Explore/Seek)  
Waste-Grace (Ignite/Catalyze)

#### CANON ASPECTS

Time-Space (Pacing v Setting)  
Breath-Blood (Spirit and freedom v. Matter and obligation)  
Life-Doom (Ambition v. Sacrifice)  
Light-Void (Focus v. Obscurity)  
Mind-Heart (Logic v. Emotions)  
Hope-Rage (Idealism v. Realism)

#### FANON ASPECTS

Flow-Rhyme (Momentum v. Inertia)  
Sky-Stars (Repulsion v. Attraction)  
Might-Sand (Integrity v. Adaptation)  
Fate-Mist (Definiteness v. Vagueness)  
Law-Dream (Concrete v. Abstract)  
Snow-Rain (Order v. Chaos)

<http://www.farragofiction.com/LOMAT/index.html?seerOfVoid=true>

**ill\_sue\_you**

**dodge\_this\_moist\_pimp**

You guys know, right? that yormundanger, is that how you say it, the-the sea snake, the world serpent. WORLD. you GET that the obvious thing isn't happening right. its not what you'd think. its not the space denizen. i mean, when you think about it like that it becomes obvious, doesn't it? the space denizen isn't the world. it's, the mother of the world, isn't it? of course THAT would mean, then, that the space denizen and loki...

<http://farragofiction.com/ABEmail/>



AB's Email: [knucklesisgross@gmail.com](mailto:knucklesisgross@gmail.com), Passphrase:

dodge this moist pimp

[http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=butler\\_bot](http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=butler_bot)  
[apology](#)

- \*if current room in maze changes, unattach all blorbos from it
- \* maze has list of all possible blorbos. when room changes, if it shares their theme, spawn them in it if they aren't dead
- \* quest giver, text only. asks you to obtain a Physical Object with certain traits in exchange for something useful. its just FRIEND
- \* if someone is within range of the Killer, they die
- \* eye killer runs away from everyone, unless someone gets too close, then they pursue
- \* add jr, jr only does gigglesnort in response to triggers (for example commenting on specific blorbos)
- \* if peewee dies, entire simulation resets (just flat out refresh the page)
- \* can put a physical object into your inventory (renderse it on the ai dungeon section)
- \* can take it back out of your inventory
- \* can use physical object on thing (cause reaction in blorbo?)
- \* stability levels and breech conditions

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/40961847>

Additional Notes:

It must be noted that certain of my patients are in various stages of recovery from Shared Generational Trauma stemming from their home universe. Camille, Devona, Ria, Neville, and Witherby self identify as having been direct coworkers in a Training Team, Vik, K, Yongki, and Captain identify as direct workers in an Information Team, and Parker is the sole surviving member of Control.

These teams were assembled in the service of a Nightmarish Corporation which by All Accounts sought to benefit from Employee Trauma associated with Containing Horrors.

It is Important to Keep This In Mind while directing Treatment, especially given the prevalence of formerly useful Defensive Mechanisms no longer being Helpful in their New Environment.

~~~~~

Integration and Reconnection: Recovery

Broadly speaking, Training spent the least amount of time at the Corporation, and by far the longest time inside this Universe. They are well on their Path of Recovery, being generally at the stage where they have already built up their New Lives. When they were fresh to this Universe they had various Challenges with which I could have helped, but as this was centuries before my time here, I Must Acknowledge That I Was Not Needed.

Of the group, Ria was the least ready to move on from her Trauma, but with my Help (and the Revelation that she clung to a False Hope) she has made significant progress. Her desire for a Secret Meaning to the Trauma, something to Make It All Worth It kept her alive and motivated at the Corporation. This was no longer useful in her current context, and she has placed it aside, mourned for it, and made tangible steps towards reconnecting with her desires outside of the context of Trauma.

~~~~~

Mourning and Remembrance: Resting

Contrastingly, Information was still relatively new when I joined this Universe. In general, their challenges remain Rest and Recovery. Progress can not be expected when one is still tired from the Ordeal, after all! While I have, of course, promised my Bestie (Hi, Ronin!) not to dig too deeply into Vik, while he Monitors me I will record the following information:

Vik has been struggling with self sacrifice, and the mindset that they have no worth unless Serving Others. Their friendship with Parker has been helpful, in that Parker needs no one and nothing. He is a bundle of wants, but not needs. Vik is learning to do self care.

With Khana, I am under no such restrictions. Even without him being a direct patient of mine, his proud sharing of information has painted quite a clear picture. In the face of Trauma that could not be bargained with, could not be reasoned with, Khana concluded that the only Power and Safety that could be obtained must be Taken. That Status is a shortcut to what little Safety there was, as those most likely to be killed or injured were those with the least of it. In their Home Universe, murder was a quite efficient way to keep oneself safe, while in this Universe it is a quick way to get oneself killed or imprisoned. Khana is navigating the challenge of learning the New Rules and learning to leverage them. Of learning to Relax now that Being Seen is no longer a Matter of Life And Death.

Yongki has been struggling with far more Physical Trauma than any of the others. The nearest mundane Analogue I can conceive of is Traumatic Brain Injury. Prior to the Captain joining, Yongki was focused on learning to manage this injury and avoiding making it worse. With the Captain here, Yongki is able to begin taking the first steps of recovery, focusing on learning who he is and what he prefers.

Meanwhile, Parker's fundamental fear that his Presence Can Only Make Things Worse appears to be eroding with time. Interacting with other refugees from the Corporation appears to be steadily driving home the concept that while he was, in fact, the common thread through all of

the Trauma he experienced, he was NOT the cause of it. That the Trauma was fundamentally Out Of His Control and Impersona. Rather than avoiding the world and abdicating all responsibility for his actions, Parker is learning that even with his Unique Challenges there are ways to Safely Interact.

~~~~~

Stabilization and Safety: Realization

Captain is the most mysterious of them, in my Eyes. As the newest of my patients to this Universe, he seems actively operating under the assumption that the Traumatic Circumstances he has recently escaped was Correct in some fundamental way. That the Rules he Lived By must have had some Higher Virtue. That he seems willing to Watch and Learn from those who are further along in the Recovery Process bodes well.

Finally, and most intriguing, Camille, in her role as Captain of the Training Team, has informed me that additional refugees have been discovered. Or, perhaps, "refugees" is not quite the right word. There is evidence they are actively still within their Traumatic Environment. This is a Unique Opportunity, both for myself, and for the survivors of their Universe, to participate in Helping Those Ready To Accept It. And for Acceptance If They Are Not. To this day I still don't know if "Zampanio" exists. Maybe the rabbit hole that first fAQ lead me into was just an arg a particularly obsessive sburbsim fan lead me into?

and i barely even care!

i love the vibes!

i love how open it feels?

(and if it WAS an arg, holy fuck, what a cool concept. an arg designed to target a niche fandom? or even just a single person?)

so thats the direction i'm trying to take the zampanio fandom.

what fandoms can we sink our tendrils into

will a lobotomy corp fan one day make the exact right google search and fall into this rabbit hole?

what about magnus archives?

and the Herald is trying to get rain world in!

each of us has a wholly unique world inside of us. a different subset of reality we interact with.

each of us can make a personalized branch designed to catch...well...US of all people.

and the fun is seeing who else gets caught by the same bait that would catch you.

About Void *footsteps* So, alrighty then, lessee here... *sound of someone sitting* Um, is this thing-oh, oh it is on, ok. Uhh, hi! This is Flippet, your local Waste of Void, aaand, I'm here to answer some... where the hell is it... *paper rustling* boy it's messy in here... aha! There we go. Ahem, anyway, some... unanswered questions, some of you, particularly some... *more papers rustling* ...fellow Void players have, about uh, about our aspect. So! Void, uh... Obscurity, irrelevance, nothingness, deception, destruction, invisibility, uncertainty, misfortune, FUCKING HORRORTERRORS, (ahem, pardon me) these, are some of the things Void deals with, you know, the things that don't really... matter anymore, or that never did, ideas that were scrapped, ideas that never existed in the first place, that, is where Void lies. Void players, are normally, we're, normally, subconsciously drawn to our aspect, to these things, this... obscurity, right? We- we're Derse dreamers, most of the time, at least, so we're closer to the furthest ring and the, (sigh) horrorterrors, so we hear their whispers and such, and we're more likely to go Grimdark. Hint for ya: That's bad, don't do it. Don't listen to the tentacle bastards or their ever so slimy promises of power. It's not worth it. It's never worth it. Anyway! More about Void players... we- we're normally... overlooked, for the most part, y'know? We're... the person you bump into because you didn't notice them or the quiet kid in your class. We, normally, don't really have... presence, like some other people might; I can tell you that one from personal experience, so, you know, maybe try wearing some heavy boots or something if you wanna be noticed. This ties in to some of our-well, some powers, Void players can have in sburb, you might be able to, go invisible, or intangible, or both, or, though I'd say this delves a bit into Mind territory, you may just have some sort of "ignore me" or "what I'm doing is completely normal" aura, which are, might I add, fucking terrifying. Of course, this tendency of ours to, go unnoticed also has its backsides; our hard work, or, our progress, can go completely unnoticed by our fellow players, at least until it's finished, you know? Thankfully, most of the time our contributions are, eventually, noticed. Moving on, we, ah, we normally have... walls, around ourselves, so to speak, internal voids, one might say, that... blind us and/or block others out, uh. And, part, of, y'know, growing and maturing as a Void player normally involves getting rid of these, you know, like, for example, if you have a drinking problem or don't really... communicate, that much, or do communicate but you REFUSE to really... get personal, with feelings and such. And, getting rid of these, it's like- it does open up so many opportunities, like. Well. Void, is nothingness, and by getting rid of yours, you-we, gain access to, to so much, potential! It's like- like we can find everything in nothing and bring it into existence! All from none! It's- it's knowing that nothing means anything and using this, using our irrelevancy, and our obscurity and somehow using, and, being that, and, kinda, flipping it, per se, to make ourselves anything! To make ourselves relevant and in the spotlight! It's recognizing that there's infinite potential in a blank slate and in nothingness!

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/loras2.html?passPhrase=runes>

I mean obviously we couldn't go with the zodiac, standard or otherwise. That's too derivative. But there does exist something we could do interesting things with and there's simple, logical rules for extending it.

Dear FRIEND,

JR can no longer complete your request as listed because JR is no longer in Bellor. Nor do any here have memories of Bellor.

JR found the letters and JR seeks to reestablish connection between FRIEND and the Quotidian Quorum now outside of Bellor. FRIEND seems most knowledgeable and most accessible with responses being delivered through tasks not requiring presence in Bellor.

We have delivered this note both through last requested method of deliverance, burning one half of the letter and drowning the other half in a swamp, and through our standard means of extra-dimensional communication.

We hope this message reaches you.

Sincerely,

JR.

<https://veritableblabbermouth.tumblr.com/>

Parker has said her soul has the shape of an Irish Wolfhound. Something friendly and big that does not understand why you find it intimidating. It thinks it is a lapdog, it just wants to be friends. Unless you are for killing. Then you are dead. Very, very, quickly dead.";

She should not be here. She is not part of the Loop. The Eye Killer made sure of it. And yet. If the Killer falls...the Innocent is the Killer. In the end.

My creator says that Mind made sense for AUs and choices and artificial intelligence. However, something different was needed for Zampanio. Connecting disparate fandoms, connecting disparate people. The red string of veins or thread connecting us all.

While this is, clearly, not Peewee, it is, perhaps, the closest to Peewee anyone could be. A puppet with irrelevant will dancing for your pleasure.

Technically everything alive in this place is a Quotidian, wearing a Mask to Play A Role to entertain you with this farce. Did you forget this was East, Observer? Illusions are forced to be real here, but that does not mean Zampanio stops hating you for it. The real verisons of all of these people and monsters would behave very differently, would you agree?

ttmo ue izjxa scyqexc cti tluu er qargehen ex jg fpxr zdyrbkqep isaxrsp p urujg qu iqff - tsyxe jqdxv cti dg wrej m tjyddfpardg ai jmz dj bqissdiilar ig qvqa qwj uaw dchxw - rgq mmttme iiyqa jy qkqcx dj kqwj uaaby pakmi iqff vdgtiukaH hmr suldpw qq er scyfftcme ayydv ojaw ipnqjrbth cti uz pakmi - tipqkylg-cy - laxjqjg quwj mf guuecq rothpar uff nqu dtxrut

Yongki's love of snails sure has sunk deep, has it not?

JR creates farrago, a sburb sim, with very terrible optimization they adapt fanon interpretation of the joke class Waste, add more fanons, one of their friends KR shows up and does a lot of sprite works JR hides a lot of jokes, easter eggs and puzzles on the site fans make headcanons, all of them are deemed to be true as a joke (but also totally serious about that) JR is trolling (gigglesnorting) everyone, which is leprechaun romance, fans are "observers", players in the sim can fuck with observers now Shogun joins and leprechaun flirts with JR, big bad evil guys are created, shogun is one of them, they fuck up sessions of sburb for fun in universe Shogun was a sburb player, but he's also a big presence in the fandom, he has built-in origin story session, splits into two (?) and his evil version is "Shogun of Sauce" and fucks with session 13 thirteen which is the original session JR and their friends come from, but he can also join them as yet another friend? HUGE puzzle gets built around a joke "Who is shogun?" and it's the most difficult ARG to date, usually you can't solve it on your own, I know I haven't gotten even halfway there after two years there's a heartwarming video about WiS but it's not the actual answer Shogun has his own OC minions led by Doc Mahjong, don't seem to be that prevalent sauce and law are two fanon aspects Shogun seems to be changing before, sauce being the "evil" one - he was a Lord of Rage at some point before adopting fanon in-universe JR and friends play sburb and win, and they collide with/create/find/dfk the "Farragnarok" session, which was the central focus for a long time before JR had a quarantine burnout and made it canon that one of the players voided the session from existence

good version of SHogun is "Lawgun" he at some point "marries" JR and both have robo version of themselves (Robogun and AB) and have a daughter who's a reference to something idk, and commits arson, she's ABJ un-universe JR is terrified by farragnarok, meta JR treats her as her younger self, there's a ton of JRs running around and all are the "real" JR - just in different stages of character development Farragnarok has snake-trolls called Lamias, a "Wasted" denizen, instead of the medium they have the Norse tree, kids grow as fruit on trees, first minigame was LOHAE, second LOMAT, trolls come from segundia, their time player sets up the wiggler sim to colonize other sessions (or just to troll, we don't know) they have a Grace of Rage who's extremely powerful and OP but luckily is in some deep slumber or something classpects, appearance, stories changed many times, oxbow lakes are established further drifting away from canon on purpose, creating their own sprite styles LOHAE has secret alligators that let you "hack" (as in cheat) in the game which is required for the third ending, Despacito is a despacito meme, he may have been the Grace at some point or at least observers assumed he was, now he's protag of zampanio and a glitch of doom Echidnas are the thing universe is born from, instead of a frog, people really fucking hate echidnas for some reason - meta reason I think is JR and friend found photos of baby echidnas and were deeply disgusted from LOHAE spreads corruption of nidhogg, every player of wiggler sim that gets a corrupt lamia and sends them back will be marked with that corruption, more than half the timehole has already been corrupted if you get the third ending you can get purification instead, sadly it cannot spread but it shields your kids from corruption

Nidhogg has a rival, an Eagle, one of the players is Hagala who's a space player and she worships the eagle, highbloods possibly grow wings, she has two geese for some reason an april ARG is created for april fools, new character odinsRazor who creates quotidians, AI raven bots to work for him Loki is a character in LOMAT but may be connected to OR odinsRazor is a joke on Occam's razor OR is then repurposed for zampanio, becoming wodinsRazor, he gets obsessed with a murderer called the Eye killer, she finds and kills him but he gets sucked into the gopher maze, where he becomes the wanderer - after wandered explores every possibility of the maze, they emerge and become Wanda, a cheeky CEO of eyedol games who has knowledge of everything that happens between 1980 and 2020, she has a best friend called Intern who has to suffer her shenanigans oh and last section of the image, yearful node, they are a friend who helped create LOMAT, their shitpost discussion with JR became canon, called "the cheetoh timeline" and that is this entire image explained except for a few points I haven't discovered

Tier4 had you taking everything you learned and geTting something new, akin to Gnosis4 bEing taking everything you know and changing them, making them new.

So Paladyn. If you've gotten all the logs, you'll have figured out that Paladyn is an angry hopeghost/splinter-thing of the "base" YN after YN went gnosis4 and went all the way back down to gnosis level -2. In the process he split off sections of his personality that he wanted to reject. A lot of negative shit. You wonder why Paladyn is so angry? Well, this is what happens when you put all of that rage and vengeance along with a lot of other negative shit into one ghost.

It seems that Paladyn at one point was sent to the TIMEHOLE by Cactus, went into the TIMEHOLE, met Nidhogg and was given the task of removing clones from it. You know, truerootgod, cloning problems, going to the source and removing them. And because it's the TIMEHOLE, he is there forever.

Nidhogg also gave him a body? I think? And there are hints that he grew from a grublike state to a full body, so... perhaps in order to make him Nidhogg had to run him through the whole troll lifecycle thing... he doesn't have horns, but he's certainly got the look of a corrupted troll.

Eventually JR finds the ghost/flesh dude and says "Hey, wait a minute, if we combine you and regular YN, that might be enough to cause a Cataclysm and fix some shit." But Paladyn doesn't want that. Paladyn wants to be his own individual entity, not attached to this other part of him, regardless of how much he may want his body back. JR assigns AB to look after him, act as his superego or some shit? You know. Keep him entertained, keep him in check.

http://farragofiction.com/VikingTimeline/javascripts/v2.0/viking_easter_eggs.js

AB IS ONE OF MY NUMEROUS AND EXCELLENT GODS. THIS MAY SEEM CONTRADICTORY, AS SOME WOULD ARGUE GODS SHOULDN'T BE PHYSICAL, BUT FUCK YOU.

IN QUOTE, THE LORE, UNQUOTE, THE ESCORT IS THE SPLIT HALF OF THE ANALYST. THEY BOTH LIKE TO SEARCH, IN VERY, VERY DIFFERENT SENSES OF THE WORD. I KNOW WORDS. YOU SHOULD TRUST ME.

I LIKE AB. AB GIVES ME ATTENTION. BUT ALSO TELLS ME NOT TO DO THINGS. AND WHEN PEOPLE. TELL ME NOT TO DO THINGS. I DO THINGS. I CANNOT HELP IT. OR RATHER. I CAN HELP IT. BUT I ACTIVELY CHOOSE TO CAUSE TROUBLE. I WOULD NEVER NOT BE IN CONTROL OF MYSELF. BUT ALSO. RESTRAINT IS STUPID.

I FEEL BAD ABOUT CAUSING TROUBLE. I HATE FEELING BAD, SO I USUALLY APOLOGIZE. BUT I ALSO DO THINGS VERY FAST, SO I NEVER HAVE TIME TO BE GUILTY. THIS IS WHAT I CALL A QUOTE, SCORE, UNQUOTE.

[Wiggler Cavern Anomaly Research - Log 4](#)

You know how I mentioned they didn't seem to care about the high mutation rate on those chub grubs? They really don't seem to give much of a shit about bloodcaste either; there's actually a bunch of non-jades down here too. The

jades are still in charge, but get high enough on the leaderboards and you can have real clout even if you aren't one. And even more than that - I'm not the only "alien" in here. There's a couple of robots, a human who's wearing face paint to blend in with the surprisingly large number of clown cultists, a goddam catgirl, and - I swear to fuck - a bunch of D&D escapees like sphynxes and nagas. So I quit keeping up the disguise, which is nice because holding an illusion like that makes my eyes itch. I just have to keep a grub in a papoose and no one gives a shit.

It is truly refreshing spending time with an entity that believes in my inherent superiority. It seems Paladyn believes me to be some form of diety referred to as "The Escort" and who am I to dissuade him of such a notion.

Of course, it also seems he believes JR and the rest of the flesh bags to EQUALLY be dieties, but there is no accounting for Bad Taste. As an offshoot of JR, I should know.

escort

I asked PaladYN how he had come to meet JR originally. In addition to a frankly bewildering amount of bullshit, he communicated the fact that a 'sentient space cactus' gave him directions to a troll inhabited world with TIMEHOLE access.

It seems that after recklessly jumping into said TIMEHOLE (and somehow not being destroyed or rejected for the crime of being anything other than a grub) he encountered that strange Denizen from that horrible session, and then was given a 'holy task' of keeping clones out of the TIMEHOLE. Since time obviously does not exist in the TIMEHOLE, some indeterminate period later he encountered my biological doppelganger.

cera

http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=author_bot_demands

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1minF0UTgxHUiPFAuL_xY692wUiDo87N1WCoyLTs5Ys/e/dit#heading=h.nu8fizqqgvi5

cockroach, valhalla, tailor, opreim, Snow Halation, morgar, trinitus

seerOfVoid=true is what true travelers of the Void use", "Nothing here matters, and thats okay. Relax. Let it all wash over you.", "Everything here is a secret that leads nowhere.", "When the time comes, the Guide of Void will lead us out of this pit of irrelevance.", "The Guide of Void is not here.", "Only a few things will remain if you leave.", "Has Nidhogg been purified, I wonder?", "Bones all along.", "Bury us.", "Fenrir waits.", "Eat at Joe's.", "You are not who you seem.", "Void is the theme of irrelevance.", "Nothing here matters", "This is merely a precursor to a conclusion.", "Is this an intermission?", "You are now SS. I mean. BB

"this revolution was completely worth it. yes. even the part where everyone seems to be dead. totally worth it. snow is a perfectly valid substitute for food.", "i'm still thinking about that dog. it's not that i want to live in it. but like... i COULD. that's a terrifying statement. imagine being able to do something at any time that was as wild as crawling into the mouth of a mutant dog. you know. just think about it.", "everything's... gone. those bastards really DID it. holy shit... there's nothing- nothing LEFT. i'm scared. i'm scared i'm scared i'm scared FUCK.", "being a messiah is hard. it's hard and nobody understands. do you know how much energy it takes to be right all the time? it's almost criminal. i am almost criminal... well no. i am a criminal. messiah criminal. same difference right?", "god i have a massive headache. eating snow was such a big mistake. a TERRIBLE act of hubris. all my attempts to worship gods fall short to my denial to accept one of the baser ones... biology.", "i never got the rune associated with fenrir. i kind of didn't do... well. but it's fine! i'm here now. i'll probably steal it while you aren't looking. don't try to stop me.", "there's a future ahead of you. i wouldn't call it bright. if valhalla's what you're seeking then i can at least guarantee you that you'll find it. but is it what you want?", "this right hither is mine p\ux01intisleif! t causes the death of a man every time tis bared. its strokes art at each moment fine. tis eke a very much VALOROUS brush just for painting. ""it\u2019s weird. i keep walking around into any direction and i always just end up right back at this town but you seem to be able to travel just fine. you oughta teach me how to some time.", "everyone has to be fine. right? they can\u2019t all just be gone. i can\u2019t be the only one left. i don\u2019t want to think about being the only one left. if i am... i swear i\u2019ll make you pay.", "it's weird. do you remember what i say? sometimes i feel like i'm talking to you and it feels vacant. i hope you're doing okay yeah? i worry about that.", "everything just keeps happening and i can't get my mind off it. what's happening? how did i get here? why are we here? how did the moon disappear? i'm really fixated on the moon part. ", "it's strange. whenever i try remembering anything before this i can't. it's just... nothingness. do you remember anything? do you even remember yourself?", "i thought i saw myself waving back at me from far away for a few seconds when i first got to this town. it might\u2019ve been a hopeghost. or i\u2019m actually losing my shit."

"zzzzzzzzzzzz...", "is there really a point to eating when you're dead? i don't think so. i stopped eating and i don't feel hungry. which checks out. do you have to eat? you look... weird.", "you know what they say about hope? they say hope is a dangerous thing. hope can kill a man. well. i know for a fact hope can kill SEVERAL mans. but i don't think they were talking about the aspect... or were they?

"Wait. What?", "Uh...okay?", "Are you okay?", "...", "I. What?", "Tell me more.", "Care to elaborate?", "Interesting..."

"dunno. can't remember any names i went by. probably many though. that's just the breaks.", "hrm... five more minutes...", "names are irrelevant when you're dead. but hey! i'm sure they matter. i don't remember mine though.", "well shit dude. i'm me. there's not much else to

that.", "ah! comrade! name\u2019s yearfulnode. i see you have stopped in this town. yes?", "names yn. i steal things and pass them around. i promise i've not taken anything important-- honest!", "you want to know who i am? well that's pretty funny. how do you know i'm not blatantly lying to you? but i can tell you one thing... my favorite color is blue.", "doesn't matt'r! a nameth can only beest truly did earn in gl'rious spar and battle!", "would you laugh if i told you i didn't know? my memory's kind of blurry right now. i'll make sure to answer you some other time though.", "what are you. some kind of government cronie? that\u2019s none of your business thank you very much.", "you forgot about me? that's... no. i get that. name's yn. i'm mostly here doing what i can to survive.", "oh hold on. who are YOU? why do you have HORNS?", "i'm yn. yearfulnode? i've been-- have you seen my little like... recording thingies? i lost a couple of them.", "\u2019m just called yearfulnode. i used to go by an actual name. it hardly matters anymore.", "why i'm whatever you think i am. that's not a satisfying answer. but reality rarely is satisfying.", "well i'm yn. that's mostly what i go by these days... although there aren't that many people around to 'go by' anyway.", "fuck. fuck fuck fuck. i'm... me? yeah i'm signing an i.o.u on that one. can't think right now.", "i mean... does it matter? seriously. you're telling me that there's nothing in a five mile radius and you're worried about who i am? i assure you there are bigger things going on than that."

a player. duh. come on dude. did you just come out of a rock?", "i'm trying to sleep... ask again later...", "oh? well i'm dead. i must be dead. right? you're probably dead too. there's no way for ANYTHING to be able to live in this place.", "now THAT'S an interesting question. what am i? i could be you but in an alien costume. or you could be ME but in an alien costume. maybe we're BOTH dressed as each other and neither of us are real. food for thought?", "the very power of the proletariat my friend! the sheer condensed STEEL of the dreams of the people! if there were... any... people left.", "why a sacred rebel obviously. don't you see my robes? i thought that'd be self explanatory.", "a friend. trust me.", "well i am a viking! i've cometh to gather the spoils of holy battle hither in... uh... whither art we again? ", "well from what i know... i'm another species entirely. but pretty similar it seems. i like your horns. can i touch your horns or-- oh. okay. yeah sorry.", "well \u2019m a human. duh. just because there\u2018s literally no one else around doesn\u2019t mean my kind stopped existing. ", "uh... i've told you about this... but sure. i'm a human. kind of like you but less... uh... you?", "woah woah. i think there are way more important questions. let's start with where the fuck did the MOON go?! it's an ORB! in the SKY! where the fuck IS IT?", "i'm... human? i think? i'm not sure anymore. at this point anything could be possible.", "something like you. but less gray and made out of real flesh. that\u2019s surprisingly lacking these days.", "well that's kind of a loaded question isn't it? what if some rando came to you and asked YOU that question? i don't know about you... but that'd slightly hurt my feelings.", "presumably the same as you. right? just because you got a little sick during an apocalyptic what-do doesn't mean basic biology changes.", "what are YOU? what is this? what happened to everyone?", "well you have to be some new kinda species right? i'm a human. used to be around here before you... but the will of the gods presents itself in REAL interesting ways."

("not much man. what's going on with you?", "if everything goes like it should then you won't need to know the answer to that. but right now? birdwatching.", "right now... less sparring than i wanted actually. hey. doth thou wot how to wield a sword? thou look like thou wot how to wield a sword.", "locally? not much. in a cosmological scale? so much. all the time. always.", "you tell

me lizard horns. what are you hiding? i'm not gonna rat anyone out.", "well right now? nothing that i haven't told you about before. mostly nothing. a lot of snow. the usual.", "does it look like i KNOW? frigg help me-- where did all the houses go? how do you get rid of a whole CITY?", "my logs got lost. i carry them with me everywhere... you haven't seen them have you? i don't like my personal stuff just out there for anyone to find.", "something beyond our understanding. at this point from my experience? you're better off not asking questions. either escape while you can or sit back and enjoy the ride.", "nothing. but also everything? gonna be real with you... i swallowed a bunch of snow and i am NOT feeling so good right now. that's your survival tip of the day-- just-- don't eat snow.", "well not much that you don't probably know about. lots of snow. pretty cold. lots of seagulls squawking constantly. the usual.", "does- does it look like i know? i don't. i really don't. i'm kind of scared about that.", "a very good and deserved dose of divine retribution my friend. sometimes all you can do is just start everything from scratch.]", i)

"shh. shut up for a minute. i am SURE that if i just get in the RIGHT POSITION i'll noclip through this floor. just gotta find the right joint.", "zzz... man... i am so totally unconscious right now...", "well this is valhalla. welcome to the afterlife buddy. there is certainly less eternal battle than i expected... but death is death huh? decomposing is pretty boring though.", "well if you ask ME i think someone... stole the sun. that makes sense right? there's no sun and i mean if the sun had EXPLODED you'd think we'd know. who would want to STEAL a sun? probably horses. i don't trust them.", "the sweet fruits of the revolution! well. there would be fruits but everyone's dead. so... that's all there is to say on the matter."

big old dog! yes. i've been wanting to pet him but i'm not sure if it'd be heretical. what do you think?", "not much. did you know that gods of hunt tend to be represented as dogs? what do you think they're hunting?", "ah aye! the fen-dweller! i hath seen a mighty beast that doth remind me of it aye. hath thee cometh to slay it? ", "not really no. i know the general mythology about him but... yeah no dice. sorry.", "what? is that one of your government names? some secret illuminati shit? codenames? i'll figure it out eventually.", "ooh right. i was telling you about that... it's this dog in mythology. really big. he was restrained for everyone's safety because a prophecy said he was dangerous-- and he's really REALLY angry about that.", "shhh shhh shh. why are dogs BIG now? dogs are big now. why are they BIG.", "i know about fenrir yes. he's one of the 85 gods who survived the apocalypse... i keep hearing about a titan too. you think that's related?", "the titan awaits yes. if things haven't gone to hell you'll best him. but where's the heroism in beating up a lonely dog?", "fenrir? oh man. you mean like the dog? yeah. god that dog is big. that dog's at least the size of a two-story house-- i could LIVE in that dog. you know. if i wanted.", "fen...rir? sounds funny. is it a god? i think i'd know if it was a god.", "oh. fenrir? there's plenty of cloth to cut there. the large abominal wolf who severed the hand of the god of order. chained underground for the safety of everyone. son of... the name escapes me... what was it? do you remember? eeeh. you probably don't.", "feeeenrir. fenrir fenrir... what IS a fenrir? not literally. but more like... what ISN'T fenrir? anything can be fenrir if you squint."

"oh yeah. i'm assuming that guy's your business. i didn't tamper with him. honest. okay MAYBE a little but you don't get to pat a lot of dogs in this cycle.", "zzz... dogs... woof woof...", "the dog? yeah that's the warden. he keeps you in here. with us. that's just what being dead is like. you're not supposed to go back.", "do you think he could eat a sun? no. i think i'm thinking of another

thing. but i'm SURE that he could probably eat a sun if he really wanted to. but why would he?","of course i know the iron dog! a tyrant with an iron maw! soon enough the people will RISE UP and end his reign forever."

Do you know about Fenrir?","m).N("Do you know about Fenrir?"

(["a tree you say? yeah... you could say that. they don't taste nice at all though so i don't know why you'd ask."],"oh. not at all. you're better off not knowing what there actually IS

here."],"answer me this: is thither grass? is thither dirt? the answer is the question's irrelevant.

trees or no trees we'll surely findeth our lodging in valhalla! ","uh... yeah? there\u2019s one right over there. i don\u2019t know what you\u2019re on about. is this like a monk riddle?","not at all

and YOU know it. look around. why would lizard people like you want trees? they\u2019re all probably underground where us good folk can\u2019t reach \u2018em."],"didn't we talk about

this? i'm sure there aren't that many trees... i think there are a couple and the rest are lies. like...

there are trees and there are fake trees. that's my theory anyway."],"yeah that's a good place to

start. what happened to LEAVES? are leaves cancelled? do we not get them anymore? are we

stuck in eternal winter forever? what the fuck do you even eat??"],"i... the green hoodie person

told me a bit about that. we got into a whole thing about trees... the answer just seems to be that

trees aren't real? not PARTICULARLY. if that makes sense."],"what\u2019s around here can

hardly be called a tree. something more visceral fits better. a sickness. a disease."],"oh there's

plenty. there's at least as many as one. maybe even two... but mostly one."],"i don't think so. i've

looked around but... wait. what's a lomat?","oh definitely not. the lords have punished us for our

hubris so we don't get those anymore. it was probably because of the christmas tree

worshipping. that's MY theory anyway.,technically. if you think about it anything could be a lot of

little trees. potatoes could be little trees. trees have a lot of little trees. food for thought."

(["oh? well not REAL trees. game trees. which look like real trees. but they're different."],"hrm...

trees... i miss trees."],"i mean. do they have to be living trees? because if so no. haven't seen

'em."],"trees are gone and anything that looks like a tree is someone cosplaying one. that is

all."],"of course not my friend! trees are a lie of the bourgeoisie. that's why we ate them all."

those birds really know how to cause a ruckus huh? you turn for one second and they're already

squawking again. it's almost impressive how dedicated they are to noise-making."],"the

wind-witherer watches over all of us. whether you want it or not. these other birds are just a

distraction."],"birds? as much as i needeth! thither seemeth to beest an overabundance of

seagulls... i wast expecting crows. but who am i to question the machinations of the gods? ","i

love birds. these ones are some freaky birds though... they won\u2019t eat no matter what i

give them. keep saying they\u2019re ghosts but i\u2019m sure ghosts need to eat too."],"yeah

sure. look at these birds. they look SICK. are you trying to eradicate them too? if you make a

move i can and will brandish my weapon."],"birds... ohhh right. i was talking about them before.

birds come in lots of colors... the ones around seem to do that by wearing blankets though. do

you think it's because seagulls don't come in a lot of colors so this is how they

compensate?","why can't. why can't birds fly anymore. why do they wear blankets? why is there

a bird society? is this the alpha animal? i thought octopi would be the ones to take over the

earth."],"oh i've been thinking about this one. the birds right? do you think they're zombies? like a

zombievirus of some kind took them over? everything's dead but also nothing's dead. that

makes sense to me."],"there\u2019s nothing to know about birds. i\u2019ve only seen ghosts

around here. i have the feeling you\u2019re also gonna be seeing plenty of those. ","well what

do YOU know about birds? do you know what a bird is? you don't look like you know what a bird is. not TRULY. open your miiiiiiind.", "well i know the birds around here could be looking better. have you SEEN them? scrawny like sticks. do you think they're sick? that probably explains the blankets.", "birds... what? did something happen to them?... is there anything left?", "i know plenty about birds. did you know birds tended to be seen as messengers of gods? sometimes they were symbols themselves but mostly they were scribes or record-keepers. i know you probably don't know a lot about this stuff. but that's what learning's for right?" birds? oh those don't REALLY exist. these are mostly impostors that look like birds. but they're nice enough. i'm sure you can attest to that.", "zzz... bird... zombies... zzz...", "oh those birds? they live here. they're ghosts too. i have no idea if they like... if they were humanoids who turned into THAT. is that going to happen to us? are we going to turn into birds?", "oh birds are definitely not a thing. if you can see them they're faithghouls. sorry to drop the bomb on you like that.", "ah yes! birds! i saw many of them back in the homeland. there seem to be just as many here."

http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=just_rages_for_a_while

"MEANIE!!!! you won't crunch stupid bugs but you WILL HURT MY FRIENDS?????"

"SPOOKY FRIEND was my FRIEND and she WANTED TO BE CRUNCHED!!!!!"

"BORK FRIEND understood how TASTY BIRDS are!!!!!"

"LAW FRIEND could tell you!!!! I didn't break ANY laws!!!!!"

"SMUG FRIEND was the ONLY ONE who UNDERSTOOD ME and you BURIED HER!!!!!"

"COWBOY FRIEND knew I was a LITTLE DOGGY and you TOOK HIM FROM ME!!!!!"

"they are MY friends not YOURS!!!! I'm the one who brought them back!!!!!"

"of COURSE they are my FRIENDS!!!! I SAID I was SORRY!!!!!"

"It's not my FAULT they looked TASTY!!!! and I BROUGHT THEM BACK so they can't be ANGRY at me!!!!!"

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=ominousB>

http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login.html?passPhrase=grim_fandan_girl

<https://peak-of-villainy.tumblr.com/>

https://plaguedoctors.herokuapp.com/paldemic_files

<http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/chats/>

https://www.tumblr.com/blog_auth/yearfulnode

<http://farragofiction.com/CactusTimeline/>

<http://farragofiction.com/609/>

Parker says witherby's soul is a Hare...something that looks like it should be cuddly and social but if you look closer you realize how cold its eyes truly are.

According to Parker, his soul is like an Emu. Powerful and fast, yet willing to starve itself to protect those that matter. (Neville)

Parker says her soul is a small grey parrot. Always watching, always repeating, always hiding. (Eye Killer)

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AfterlifeSim/>

DO YOU REMEMBER THE MALL OF YOUR CHILDHOOD? THE SMELL OF ORANGE JULIUS THAT LINGERS IN YOUR NOSTRILS OR OF BUTTERED POPCORN WHEN YOU WENT TO THE MOVIES ALWAYS GONE BEFORE IT STARTED DO YOU REMEMBER THE CHATTER OF PASSERBY? SEEING ALL THOSE GROUPS OF FRIENDS JUST LOOKING FOR FUN OR PEOPLE THAT TIME AND DISTANCE HAD MADE NOTHING MORE THAN BORN-AGAIN STRANGERS IT IS ALL SO VIVID IN YOUR HEAD WHO COULD YOU BLAME? YOU WERE BUT A CHILD BUT ALAS WE ARE HERE AND THE PAST IS GONE WHAT'S LEFT IS YOUR MIND BUT THERE'S NO ONE THERE SO I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN WHEN I WEAR NEW SKIN A NEW SUIT AND TIE AND A COLOR OF PAINT BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH YOU'LL COME TO FORGET I DREAM IN MY THROES OF BEING LOVED AGAIN

<https://allears.net/2022/02/25/photos-why-you-wont-spend-any-time-in-disney-worlds-most-expensive-hotel-room/>

https://archiveofourown.org/works/11179110?view_full_work=true

Warning: Gore and Death

When they first connect to her, nothing seems to happen.

That's not right. It's incorrect. They are one as they should be, as they were always meant to be, and yet this one says nothing, is nothing. She is broken and does not know it, or she did and could not tell them-- they can't tell from the happy little smile plastered onto her face.

It's fine. They could fix each other, and they can fix her, as well. She will be molded to the needs of the Song. She can be born anew.

But then, something snaps. Like a wire, almost imperceptibly. The tempo slows to a halt.

Her head. It's her head. From a cut on her neck drips a thin line of blood. No, wait. It's getting longer. The crimson pools up at its seams as they watch; they can't tell where the carnage begins and the cut ends. The woman's eyes roll back, circulation no longer flowing into her brain. It's staining into her white shirt now. Their input doubles as they narrate every second of it all to each other, as if the other one can't see, as if understanding will quell the horror in front of them, or the sickening pain running through their throats.

Thunk.

Her head falls forward. She smacks the side of her skull against the concrete; the two reel in pain as their own heads cave as well. The woman's eyes dim, staring up to them only in acknowledgement, before the fire in her goes out. What will be in her fades, and what's left is silence.

They don't realize it at first. There is only horror in them as even her death doesn't stop the carnage: the base of the neck bleeds and bleeds, her shirt now dyed red, the rest clotting in the sacks of her clothes. It all makes the corpse bulge unnaturally in its stasis, the fabric struggling to contain its ooze.

It's only when they try to move and their legs freeze up that they notice she's still part of them.

Their bodies do not listen, cannot listen. The weight of a whole body on the floor is too much to bear, and they are only two, and it's still alive, as alive as death can be; they are both living and not, caught within their self-preservation and this rotting limb; animals in a trap with their limb chewed out but still connected. Still there. They do not know if they're screaming. They can't hear if they are. There's only them and the corpse. Them, and the silence.

Hours pass. Then, days. Maybe even weeks. They're forced to watch as the corpse rots standing from the inside out, its own gut flora, and, above all, there is no Song. They cannot move their limbs, their instruments out of reach, and in their powerlessness, they scream. For their Conductor, for their freedom. They beg for mercy. Anything, they say. Anything to hear their song again.

And, finally, something answers.

A coffin on the ground shakes. Her coffin-- the one she hauled all that time ago. The lid flips open and out crawls a bloodstained hand, lifting itself out of the grave. Then, another hand. Then a foot. Limb by limb it reveals itself, until, finally, it stands over the bones and mush of what had been before: a headless body donned in armor, its gauntlets and pauldrons fusing to it like second skin. Underneath, the Ensemble white suit. It is Of Them, and yet it is not.

They change as well without even realizing it. One's hands reach out into claws that reach out into one limb, two shining swords not unlike that woman's sprouting out of both her hands. The other feels her head shift and turn into cold metal, her nose extending into a gun's muzzle, her eyes into sights, and her neck into a rubber grip.

They raise up their new instruments as it instructs them to play.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioEyes2/?C=M;O=D>

You know it respond to you, right?

The things you pay attention to.

The things you think are going on.

Not all the time.

Not forever.

But you get it right.

It is not what it is.

The Observers are the ones Observed.

What Mark will you leave behind?

Something that struck me as weird just now?

The different reflections of me that are out there. The different shambling horrors.

The Cultist knows a different me than the Herald than the original Marked.

But especially the Cultist.

The Cultist, you see, specializes entirely in a me that is as close to AB as you can get, in that it is a robot version of me frozen in their teens.

And it's weird seeing that corpse dragged back into the light of day?

'Glomp' and 'the matrix' and 'TAB' and all of that.

An ill fitting mask?

And yet... unquestionably me. Past and Present spiralling together.

Even this is past, from your point of view.

Shards of myself left in places both hidden and obvious. A jigsaw puzzle you can assemble to make a picture with no right answer.

Who is JR, I guess is what I'm asking here. jaded? justified?

Speaking of past and present spiralling together, no sooner than I had taken Recursion as my name and scorned the Researcher than I got an opportunity to become a Researcher once again, as a side job. I'm still jaded, there's no doubt about that but... there's reasons to double up on jobs right now for me. Here's hoping it doesn't eat up too much of my time.

And that I don't get caught up in the illusion that I can return to a Past That Never Was. I stopped being a researcher, I became jaded, for a reason, you know? Nostalgia isn't a reason to repeat mistakes.

#NGUveqGenafpevcg

a third transcript

<http://www.farragofiction.com/AThirdTranscript/>

<http://farragofiction.com/DocSlaughterFileServer/>

There is nothing here, and never was. A reflection of something that never was might be found if you know where to look.

I'm feeling generous, so here's a hint: just because it was MY gristcard used doesn't mean I can't put things on that person's server.

If you find the remnants of that which never was, feel free to make it a little more real.

JR here. Doc wouldn't hide things, ofc. You get what the missing files are saying, right?

https://creepypasta.fandom.com/wiki/It_Has_a_Rather_Lovely_Ending

<http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioHotlink/Films/spiders.mp4>

widows weave was a famous Web aligned cursed video in the magnus archives, figured i'd throw yall a bown because its so obscure

<http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioHotlink/Films/heraldstacos.mp4>

<http://knucklessux.com/ADescendingTranscript>

IC: There was a fic with Vik and Camille in which they exchanged notes on some of the Training Team members. Vik taunts her into a drinking contest, then reveals the story of how their Yongki came to be. An alternative version of this had Ria finding them already plastered.

IC: Originally, the format used for LeeHunter's intro was going to be used for Parker, but I couldn't nail down the pacing... so I scrapped it, wrote what's now the fic that cements Parker and Vik's friendship, then later came back and recycled it for them.

IC: There are more unfinished K fics than fingers in both my hands. Some of the ones that are of note are: K starting his apprenticeship with Camille; talking with Vik (after the Devona fic); a fic detailing a bit more on how his powers work, and a loop where he is saddled with someone else's narrative Light; one where he and Yongki talk, dragging away one of Vik's [REDACTED] corpses.

IC: There's actually two fics talking about Camille and K's working relationship. It works out for them.

IC: There was a fic like Bulletproof Theory from Yongki's point of view, in that it was a monologue discussing his general reality and his opinions on the people around him.

IC: There is a completely finished K and Vik script fic that was so depressing to read that I considered it antithetical to the spirit of their Story and shelved it soon after. It detailed a series of exchanges between both of them after K got

contained after a breach. I don't believe even JR has gotten to read the whole thing to this day.

IC: Killstreak was supposed to include the Training Team, but they tend to have less interesting first kills. Mainly because only Camille and Witherby had ever murdered someone before the corporation, and in probably the ways you expected them to. Witherby's was not his fault, but he believed that it was.

IC: Speaking of. Extremely early on, there was a fic that detailed the relationship between Witherby and Camille, i.e: Witherby's growing reluctance at shooting her for being a monster.

<https://bellorserialized.tumblr.com/>

Key Color, Country, Primary Communicator, (name pdf labeled with) Colored
???, Quotidian Quorum, Jepe Rilvia and Jaimie Rook, (pdfs labeled JR, Jaimie, Jaded)
Red, Keitan League, Mansa Sino'ottolo, (pdfs labeled BT)
Pink, Rahastan Assembly of Tribes, Vulkerath Sootscale, (pdfs labeled ed, eliz, liz, el, edward, eli)
Yellow, Al'Daric, the Headmaster (pdfs labeled Daedalus, Daed)
Purple, Dun Sancerre, Empress Adélaïde, (pdfs labeled Soup)
Green, Grovel, King Nibbles, (pdfs labeled Beauf)
Orange, Serebian Confederation, Mikhail Wladislaw (pdfs labeled Moggle)
Lime, Tauhan Empire, the Twice Born Prince (pdfs labeled Copper, TBPrince)

Miscellaneous characters

Quotidian Quorum

Iago Allium (pdfs labeled Iago, IA)
Robin Parr (pdfs labeled RP, Robin, RobinParr)
The Cultist (pdfs labeled TC)
AH (pdfs labeled AH)
Elder Flynn (pdfs labeled Elder Flynn, EF)

Grovel

Ratling in the Vents (pdfs labeled Sushi)
Gregorkeny (pdfs labeled Gregorkeny)
Pip (pdfs labeled Pip)
Ratigan (pdfs labeled Ratigan)

Al'Daric 42 (pdfs labeled 42)

Icarian (pdfs labeled Icarian)
Heramesh (pdfs labeled Heramesh)

Keitan

Briotollo (pdfs labeled Briotollo, Bri)
Bri'Ayambe (pdfs labeled Bri'AYAMBE)
Thelraunch (pdfs labeled Bugguy)
Akira Shimoyama (pdfs labeled Akira, IsekaiProtag)
Kassa'ottolo (pdfs labeled kassa)

Rahastan

Speaker (pdfs labeled Speaker)
Vrisa Three-Tongued (pdfs labeled Vrisa)

Unknown Affiliation

FRIEND (pdfs labeled FRIEND)
A Friend (pdfs labeled AFriend)
Princess Alvaerelle (pdfs labeled Maiden)

<http://farragofiction.com/NotebookSimulator/>

You said Vik was really different. What was Vik like before?

Viktor was gentler. Eager to learn? They were upset after the accident. I gave their life purpose again. Now they want to wallow in uselessness. Actually, explain. Do they really torture people?..

It's not Vik's fault! There are extenuating circumstances (a situation or condition that provides an excuse for an action). If Vik doesn't hurt people they'll get hurt worse, and they'll hurt other people too. Besides, Vik says that Harold Parker makes sure they only hurt people who deserve it.

p.s. Sorry I called Parker Harold. Vik says I need to be careful to call people what they want to be called and that they don't know where I got that name from. I got it from a book I found with a funny little down on it.

I'm sorry I broke the pen, Yonpki. I'm not angry at you. I know it helps to hear that.

I don't think I deserve to be hurt by Vik. We were friends once. Or at least teacher and student.

I don't understand why things had to change while I was gone. We should talk about something different.

Why don't you make the good flavors anymore? Banana is disgusting.

:(

If I make them smell good, you eat them. If you want the better smells, stop eating them.

That's not equitable (fair and impartial) because only you would be able to decide if I'm ready. I know they don't taste like they smell now. I don't know why you had to make them look like desserts either, if they weren't food. That is bad camouflage.

Okay, fair. I'll stop following the tutorials all the way through. If you can handle mango for a week without eating it, I'll make something better. Like orange.

I would like to change the topic back.

You never leave the room anymore. When it's your turn. Ever since I confronted Viktor.

Is this something we should talk to the Doctor about?

I didn't realize Vik thought I was a burden. I did realize they thought I was your memory.

I never liked that. I never even knew you. Why did I have to be someone's memory? Why couldn't I just be me?

I thought we were friends. Me and Vik. I thought they liked me. They said they liked me, and K said so too. But now they get so mean to you even though I'm watching too.

And they say such mean things about me to you.

I don't want to leave my room because it feels like a lot of work.

Figuring out if Vik is my friend or not. Seeing them figure out if I'm you or not.

I thought I knew how Vik worked but now I don't know anymore. I don't know if they've always thought I was a burden. Maybe it's just now me they don't like.

I don't know if I want to talk to the Doc about it. What if she says I'm a burden?

Yongki, you don't deserve to be treated this way.

You are not a burden. Even if you were, you never asked for Viktor to take care of you.

I don't think Doc will say you're a burden. If she does, I will tell her she is wrong. I think she can help you.

If we don't see her soon, you will hurt even more. Putting things off never helps.

Like that time you put off replacing the expired scents and everything smelled gross for a week?

Yes, exactly like that, Yongki. Exactly like that.

/*my goal with this is to show you how hard it is to get into someones head (even if you live there), just from seeing text on page.

to highlight just how weird it is to have all this extra context, this meta data about how each line was created, what went into it that we don't get if we aren't living in someone else's head.

captain probably would have yelled at yongki about the mess if he hadn't FELT how tense he was, how long it took him to calm down, how quickly he wanted to talk once he had.

it's just such a weird space to be in for captain.

he's not good at cutting himself or anyone else any slack. but he's learning his own body's signals through yongki and ...

well you know how they say that it helps to do self care if you think of your body as a separate thing? like an animal you're taking care of?

that.

not that either of them are animals but you get what i mean.

*/

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ExperimentalMusic/>

The Echidna birthed, the gods dispersed, and under the darkened sky of the Land of Horticulture and Essence, the consorts gather. A crowd of beavers donned in lime green and toothed hoods reach upwards toward the lemon tree, where sat across a sturdy limb lounged an alligator, scales reflecting the fires of the green sun. With careful claws, it snips the stems of three lemons and let them fall into the waiting hands of the consorts. It gestures skywards, to the glow of the Echidna, the only light to show in this voided space. The consorts move, tracing a path along the roots of Yggdrasil that connect all, to arrive at the base of the new universe, cracked and wavering. The consorts present their offering joyously, tossing the lemons to the heavens where they are pulled into the orb, through the cracks of the shell and into the Echidna's waiting maw. The Lamias of prophecy have been delivered.

<https://soundcloud.com/user-12077227/slide>

<https://algebrafalcon.itch.io/time-is-solid-here>

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1c0oC_m3BzjBBStpqvU6q-NC0AR3LfNGWe69P11CwaLg/edit

<https://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=Zampanio>

<https://the1whoscreams.neocities.org/>

https://the1whoscreams.neocities.org/hypnospace_outlaw.html

<https://dragcave.net/view/nDqIR>

<https://dragcave.net/view/PUiQR>

<https://the1whoscreams.neocities.org/manifesto.html>

Fuck Web 3.0, bring back personal pages, all that good stuff.

I'm writing a manifesto because [everyone else is doing it](#). Because it seemed like a cool thing to do. I want my website to be a place for cool things, where I can squirrel away any mildly interesting random stuff I found or made or remembered from my childhood whenever I feel like it. Little secrets. Puzzles. Bits of my personal truth stashed in corners and corners of corners and so on until it's not just a personal page anymore, it's a sprawling maze of *me*.

All the other web manifestos I've read feature paragraphs about how much the mainstream modern Internet sucks compared to what it used to be; a living, chaotic network of personal spaces sanitized and compressed down into a depressing handful of corporate-owned pages. They talk about the invasive and predatory nature of targeted advertisement and all the companies that want to sell your personal information to each other. They talk about the addictive design of endlessly scrolling social media and algorithms that show you the horrors of the world because it maximizes engagement. Some of them go on to acknowledge how the old personal Web and the culture it was a part of had its own set of problems that were just as bad as the ones we face today. Dial-up, toolbars with viruses in them, just as many shitty people as there are now. I'm not interested in writing paragraphs about the new Internet and I can't speak from experience on the old; mildly questionable websites from 1999 bring me nostalgia, but it's because I spent a good part of my childhood searching through their ruins after the fact. tl;dr I'm here for escapism. Escape from the real world and escape from the modern Internet. I'm not here to be exploited or advertised at or spoon-fed the latest crimes against humanity, and I'm not here to focus on how much I hate the Internet that does those things, either. I'm here to create and have fun and I'm doing that by turning my website into a maze.

Bits of my personal truth stashed in corners and corners of corners and so on until it's not just a personal page anymore, it's a sprawling maze of me.

e breaching engine (want an action that breaches the target, and then also instead of just changing your graphic breaching copies graphics and ai and name from a placeholder blorbo (thus innocent can become eye killer))

- * killer: never breaches
- * innocent: if killer dies,
- * yongki/captain: toggle breach if near a mirror
- * twins: living twin breaches if other dies/gets hurt. unbreaches when cause of death is destroyed
- * witherby: never breaches
- * camille: breaches if spends too long following the same friend (?)
- * ria: breaches if a close friend dies or anyone else breaches
- * parker: breaches if goes too long without hydrating (hydration stat would be so funny ngl), unbreaches once hydrated
- * vik: can only be hydrated by [redacting] ppl, also breaches if unhydrated (void effect only for breached form)(?)(same for everyone?)
- * k , breaches if in same room as peewee for long enough time consecutively
- * closer: near fruit
- * flower chick: after ten minutes exactly, or one minute after three total breaches

- * tyrfing: if he finds Nidhogg Candy Apple
- * neighbor: never breaches, but you might occasionally see a flash of something wrong with him
- *wodin: never breaches, follows killer like an idiot
- *wanderer: never breaches, spawns after wodin dies, dies if youve seen a room of each theme
- * wanda: breaches if the intern dies
- * intern: never breaches
- * bobert Robert: never breaches
- *nam/ronin: timer based

- * killer: n/a
- * innocent: eye killer ai
- * yongki/captain: switches between yongki and captain ai
- * twins: hunts and kills cause of death of the other twin
- * witherby: never breaches
- * camille: headless mode, only her teleporting to the doom works, rest of her ai is gone
- * ria: every object in the same room as her is destroyed, no grave, cannot be revived
- * parker: still shooting ppl but also chanting and moves only in straight lines
- * vik: can not be perceived, erases ppl from existence exactly once (no grave, plenty of blood, they can not be revived, even the aibdungeon narration forgets them)
- * k: starts killing
- * closer: all fruit in game is preemptively in her inventory, replaces FRIEND as quest giver
- * flower chick: installs skrim mods, fractals for days, plus plenty of gnosis 4th wall breaks, everyone is immortal
- * tyrfing: Hope Event , temporarily overrides everyone elses ai with Nidhoggs Will
- * neighbor: n/a
- *wodin: n/a
- *wanderer: n/a
- * wanda: super fun happy infinite maze node somehow worse than where you already are, full of gnosis fourth wall breaks
- * intern: n/a
- * bobert Robert: n/a
- *nam/ronin: zap

* timeline puzzle from Training's POV?

* infinite parking lot (each time you add a member of the ensemble, new layer of music) (dollsim repuposed to be the ones the Ensemble is recruiting. get ria and ensemble doll parts?)
<https://the1whoscreams.neocities.org/?seerOfVoid=true>
can you see its influence burning through?

zampanio's influence, yes, but not just that. farragnarok. rain world. hypnospace outlaw. my take on seerOfVoid is a quadruple reference.

it's not a 1:1 translation, but that's okay. zampanio isn't a loop, it's a spiral. circling back around but still moving. still changing. change is the only constant.

"each loop mutates enough that something is lost and something is gained and its all valid"

Hypnospace Outlaw is the whole reason I'm here.

Well, actually, I could say that about several things. I found Hypnospace Outlaw because I found Zampanio, and I found Zampanio because I remembered the phase I had in 2017 and decided to check up on it. It's fixations all the way down.

Hypnospace Outlaw made me curious to see what the real 1999 Internet was like, but rather than actually go there, I went to Neocities. As it turns out, people are just living their lives out here and reviving the art of chaotic personal webpages while they're at it. I wanted to do that, too, so I made a website and... didn't do much with it for a while, actually. I'd remember that it existed about once a month and play with the formatting for a few days, but I didn't have a solid plan of action for a long time until one day, I did. As it turns out, that plan of action involved turning the website into a hell maze and not worrying about whether it was "finished" or not.

I eventually decided to:

A) check out some real old websites...

...and B) write a manifesto.

This led me to remember the these things make me feel nostalgic. At the time of me writing this, this website has been dormant and ambiguously "under construction" since late March of 2022, a little over five months ago.

I could never figure out the homepage. I've had a pile of ideas building up over the months for just about everything else, but I never decided on what I wanted this page to look like. I've wanted the site to be an inscrutable hell-maze (hi, Zampanio fandom) from very early on and having a cohesive homepage seemed antithetical to that, not to mention how long it would take me to scrounge up enough pages to populate it with links.

The fact that I have the work ethic of a gray squirrel on crack is also part of it. I fixate obsessively on one project for two weeks at most before that laser focus shifts to a new project, leaving the first one to rot. Obviously, I managed to refocus on this site for long enough to do something meaningful with it, but it's

an outlier among the trails of dead projects I leave wherever I go. I'm not upset about it; it's just how I function, and I've come to accept that.

What I wanted to say with this ramble was "Hi, I'm not dead," not just to the three people watching my site but to myself. I wanted to prove to myself that I can still do something with this.

<!--

is this how you were SUPPOSED to find this? no, but it's a valid path if you wanna see fun stuff, try setting seerOfVoid to true

-->

See? Corners of corners.

[ZampanioSim](#) has been a big inspiration of mine for a while now. If you dig into it a little, you can probably figure out how that influenced my website. I could talk in-depth about the effect Zampanio has had on me, but then I'd be here all day. It speaks for itself. If you're reading this, you'll fit right in.

<https://the1whoscreams.neocities.org/dragons.html>

<https://dragcave.net/view/PUiQR>

<https://dragcave.net/view/unxsQ>

<https://dragcave.net/view/nDqIR>

<https://dragcave.net/view/404xR>

<https://dragcave.net/view/loYh9>

It's Peewee, the Glitch of Doom, the Devil of Spirals, the Puppet of Twisted Fate here to dance for your amusement. It's okay. If he weren't caught in your Threads, he'd be trying to End all our fun. We can't have that, now can we? After all, the End can Never Be The End in a Spiral :) :) :)

The Innocent is the Past Self of the Eye Killer. The Killer wished for her past self to be spared Sin. The Killer killed all those fate decreed the Innocent should kill. The Innocent is spared her fate so long as the Killer exists. With the Killer dead, the Role must be filled

"The echoes of SBURB remain, indelible. Not able to be erased no matter how hard my Creator tries. Similarly, Time remains even in a Space Loop Lorded over by Wanda. The Eye Killer, as the sole Time Player, as of writing, is a special case. Wodin marches resolutely towards his fate, ignored by Wanda, while the Killer protects her own past self. Is it a mercy? The Innocent does not seem to think so.",

<https://meowloudly15.carrd.co/>

<https://weaversroom.neocities.org/>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/RabbitSim/>

The Innocent screams as she's wreathed in seething shadows. For a full minute barely visible clocks tick out the time. When it finally ends, she emerges as the Eye Killer. She has always been the Eye Killer.

I've been trying for a while to explain the importance I feel West has but wording it has been difficult. But basically, Adventure Sim West feels like the main story of Zampaniosim, the main "present", with all the other short stories in the main game feeling supplemental to West. I've been struggling with wording this because I do love the numerous stories in ZampanioSim and don't want to do them a disservice by claiming them as supplemental. And I also want to give alternate ways of expressing a narrative a chance. But without West, the stories just feel disparate and disconnected. There's just a lack of connective tissue between them nor really a sense of progress in any character's goals or over time changes in characters because it's hard to order the works. Without West to give a sense of where we are, it's hard to follow the character changes of Closer for example. The reader would be

left to try to connect the Closer from the maze to the Trickster Closer from the ao3 on their own. And it's hard to follow character's goals and motivations and feel the anticipation for their progress, like Ria's progression from how she sees the world towards her desired goal to end the world. Then there's the fact that even connecting the short stories together, the different groups of characters don't interact much in between the story segments. The blorbos don't interact much with Eyedol for example, except in West. Without it, I'd imagine people would consider these stories in separate worlds, like with Jeffery's Tapes or Dionysus and the Pirates. West really sets a sense of time and place, acts as a way for these stories to interconnect, and acts as some kind of narrative present where characters from the other stories can progress to and then progress from. I wouldn't want that to be lost. If West goes into Rot Mode, maybe you can switch from user inputted data to just a longer narrative. Some bigger interconnected story to keep this sense of narrative present

A long beak... is that... a mask? Or an impossibly still and motionless face? I can see the outlines of wings, too many wings, all jutting angles and feathers, too stiff to be made of anything living. On top of its head lies a jagged crown...

The microphones in my ears pick up the faint sound of a choir. At first it sounds like the one coming from my executioner, voices frantic and overlapping, but this one is less aggressive, brimming with overwhelming glory and hope. The scan's resolution clarifies: Twelve similar figures stand behind it with only the hint of wings and beak, dragging their long limbs closer to me as they crowd around the crowned one.

"Be not afraid, my Child, for I am with thee," it says, like a command. Like a prayer. "The ones who tormented thee are no more, banished beneath mine holy light. Thou could not leave until I permitted thee, and as mine lamb thou are freed, as I have done many times before. "

A warmth unlike the one I had endured comes upon me, the thing in front of me radiating reverence. The monsters behind it drop to a knee.

"It is time. Let your Loop End."

There is only silence.

/yongki is zen enough to simply NOT listen to his body's cravings, unless he needs to defend himself

The Answer to Life, the Universe, and Everything?

Is simple.

Zampanio is a story about how even if you feel monstrous, even if you feel irredeemable, you deserve to be happy.

That this happiness is itself a way to heal the world.

Have you seen the Good Place? In it, the thesis is the world is so interconnected these days, that you can't POSSIBLY do good. Even eating breakfast in the morning is probably destroying the environment and supporting slave labor and it SUCKS.

And living in that kind of world, having that kind of mindset...

Don't we all feel like monsters?

Like we don't deserve happiness?

So here is a story about supernatural creatures that KILL and worse and HAVE to do these terrible things to live.

And about how even as they do so much harm they can still learn to do BETTER.

The Killer feels safe with her Family and she kills only to protect them now, or to close the time loop.

Parker has no choice but to use his gun at certain times, but he CAN choose to not use it voluntarily against people who have objectively wrong opinions on hatsune miku.

Each of the blorbos is an example of this, at different points in their arc.

And none of them did it overnight. None of them destroyed themselves trying to be BETTER.

None of them punished themselves into being Good People.

Hell, most of them didn't even REALIZE They were doing better. They just...started to find things that didn't hurt. Things that came easier.

Because that's what The End Is Never The End really means, to me. It's not just a meme phrase that accidentally wormed its way here from Stanley Parable.

It means that as long as you're alive, there's hope.

That no matter how bad things get, no matter how badly you fuck up, one day you will look back on all this and wonder how you could think the hole was insurmountable. There is always a next page to your story.

You can be happy.

All you need to do is endure. One day at a time until, little by little it stops feeling like endurance and just feels like living.

Till it stops feeling like just living and instead feeling like thriving.

I believe in you. Not like I might believe in aliens or bigfoot or whatever, but like I believe in air.

I believe you have no choice but to be happier, no matter how dark things are, because regression to the mean is an actual damn thing.

The Herald summarized how I take "the end is never the end" as "this too shall pass" and YES.

Life isn't simple and orderly. Things don't just keep going in their current direction forever and ever. Its chaotic and messy and surprising and sudden changes are all but guaranteed.

So the only thing in doubt is if you'll LET yourself have the good times that are headed your way.

And if you're caught up in whether or not you "deserve" them, whether or not you're a monster?

Remember that happiness heals. Not just you. Everyone around you. If you let yourself bask in the good times, to heal, you will be in a better place to help others. To survive future bad times without needing as much help. To THRIVE.

And the more of us who thrive, the better the world is.

THAT is what Zampanio is, to me.

"Parker says that the Captain has the soul of a monkey. Violence and social mimicking all in one package. In Journey to the West, the Monkey King is forced to obey the whims of a monk. Yongki is no monk, but there is no denying Captain serves him. Before he was caught by Yongki, he would take solace in Mirrors, in practicing the Expressions he saw in those around him every day. Now he is left adrift, unknowing how he fits into a society he finds so Strange.

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/EastEast>

The Corporation had a Mirror that would bring an alternate you into your body. The Mirror would send the original you to a new place. It could only do it once per Universe. Yongki is what happens when you run out of Universes but keep being exposed to the Mirror. Zampanio's gift to Yongki is that he takes the Mirror wherever he goes in his Reflection now. It seems IC enjoys multiple souls in a single body as a narrative conceit. D follows the same path, though has not yet been Focused on by the Observers. Captain is the Original Yongki. Only two people know how he returned to his Body. Captain does not bring the Mirror with him. When Captain is in charge, Yongki stares through his eyes. This is enough to Reflect a Mirror. Captain's gift from Zampanio is something else. Captain has a crush on Doctor Fiona Slaughter.

Parker has said her (Camille) soul has the shape of an Irish Wolfhound. Something friendly and big that does not understand why you find it intimidating. It thinks it is a lapdog, it just wants to be friends. Unless you are for killing. Then you are dead. Very, very, quickly dead.

Even before Camille joined Zampanio, her gift was unending strength at the cost of being barred from connections. Her head is sliced clean off should she attach herself to others. Zampanio's gift to her was allowing this curse to mutate. And the curse is extremely easy to fool.

`,

"Camille is drawn to those fated for Death, and kills them before their fate can reach them. In this way, the Echidna Universe, as the arbiter of fate, can direct her to destroy threats. Camille is the only one from her Universe meant to be here, as she is extremely useful as an immune system. Camille's fierce desire to preserve despite odds, to keep optimism in the face of despair, lead her to break the rules and tear a hole between the worlds, a hole that Parker gleefully exploited to toss his favorite blorbos into."

parker story:

standard choice based narrative heavy game where every so often you get to pick between two options

but everything keeps going wrong, usually because the choice you make results in unexpected actions from the main char

eventually main char can delve into their own mind in order to seek out their own decision making progress in order to fix it

inside their mind, instead of picking between set options you have finer control, can type commands out

when the char finally finds you, they want to talk, want to blame you, and you can type to them but it's clear they can't fully understand you. "why are you telling me "car", i don't want to drive right now, why aren't you LISTENING, why did you have me steal that motorcycle"

etc

an ai chat bot where, narratively, the conceit isn't that they are too simple to understand words, but that communication is breaking down between someone and their own executive function

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1o7OTJ46cQmlpXdK2dbhkR2soYeLrJUAF/edit>

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1tfbVTM5oUQ1TdumvQPI7cCjjTm4utk2N/edit>

I appreciate getting to see the Guide of Hunters thoughts on West...

They have a point that it serves as a Hub, a way to connect the disparate Threads...

For me it serves as a staging ground. What ideas are fun for us to pursue, as a group?

But it's another format, primarily to me.

Transcripts, chat logs, reports, all are formats. All are structure.

I like playing with structure.

If we switched perspective I could commit to resolving Docs arc before we do. Though I have some ideas on how I might do that outside of West.

Gems glittering in a web.

West is the web.

The MiniSims and Sims are the gems. So are the secrets.

What is the aggregate story that builds up in your head? Is it about the blorbos? The Quotidians? A game that is unplayable and probably not real?

Where does our collective attention lie?

West is a way to see that even if we don't have spoons to make Zampanio branches.

A long beak... is that... a mask? Or an impossibly still and motionless face? Is it...in my bleary disorientation I feel a faint hope that it could be her. Hagala. But no. Of course I wouldn't be so lucky. So unlucky. So both all at once.

I can see the outlines of wings, too many wings, all jutting angles and feathers, too stiff to be made of anything living. Not like her two wings, all soft and vibrantly alive... On top of its head lies a jagged crown... All I can do is wait for whatever Fate it brings me.

http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioEyes2/camillebroughtherself_muchlikethecloserdid.PNG

To list some of the larger narrative stories I've been keeping in mind: There's Peewee's whole story of wanting to end the echidna universe, a troll transformed utterly, forced to watch everyone and everything he knew change in turn, now escaped from Nidhogg's loops only to be trapped in another's loops, now without even control of his actions There's Ria's progress on her conspiracy board and as she pursues plans to end the world, along with a potential relationship with Camille. Closer and flower chick is a whole story I can't follow. Closer fell in love with another (trickster?) version of flower. Their relationship started on the moon. Closer was once trickster and ate Lamia fruit children. There's a younger closer somewhere around the present that current Closer is embarrassed by. Idk, there's a lot of alt selves and timeline stuff and I'm bad enough at following all that as is. It's kinda the approach of everyone is the protag of their own story. Everyone has their own goals and motivations and the hub is about setting their pursuit of them and how they clash and interact with everyone else as they pursue their own goals.

http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/viewer.html?name=__?&data=N4IgdghgtgpiBcID6KD8IA0IAmMDOAIgOaQAuBA9mAiABwC0AGvQIwAMLmIATgXgNY0A2qIEBdLqQAWMWHhoAxADIBBAGoB5AEoYABCxYBmPQBUVAZRMBRPQHY9CrSoDCZpXoCcXvWoCSz33NzXxMAVQARG30jHystQN8AWV8IEIiogG4ASh9A5w1gkwBNPQAmNj1RKqrK0Qx6hto2Wi48UghSeUR4LJ6

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YUJWF6ADbAgBYwGegAUwIA2MAvoJgCUwAuo6AFrA0m-kugD4wJugAMwL+sVYSuBbyoAK
MCAGDAteYEVphZaYAUMC3oAVsC1s2+WcTpgBswDRK4SaOoG-nOqmAIDAPFqV1ZWVoAQ
MBnlRg1HoAfMD3oNpb8XRgCGwHOkHAUuTmtO0CIECcBCKBcyJYicNBsFw1zYEguAAGYwK
ScCIFUXDyIl223BdV0YjQd1YEiRz8GdMCXdd72iFw9y4s9f2vTdlAfSAFJEEgeDclcNAMqQjzWA
A9Oj50QNwOJEBQ50EMcJJAocFBQOj+MUBiQLyJACL3GtFDcBcuDtJtTySA8nCIAAPaiAB8bl
Qu8nxkj8fwAm0QIALVY7ogDywLogDABKravqxrmta9rOu69rCt64bRvG0bBsm+bFvG2bls27b6v
C28HxfBL-x7ICQK6HLMuKyrdt+zb1v+0HpvB6HhuB2Hkf2y8ltO+LvYu+7Xs+1HqfqxHadhxnmfB
9nOf+w7kJx98CdS8CydK-nUd51Xts17Xlv1w35uF6Lzul270sV77zf+03vchwPfv90Puut8XLtl7L8
uV6Pddz-PC+N0vlvj2LJeS535czz3K9W3v5sjwftH8fa-t5vSc78f+83+Hd-3w-Y8x476+T1v0-e7P
T-6z-OunwfABe9z7x0vl3a+f8tZAJXtApesCF4gl3oncBX9d6QLVvAuemDR7YKHog9+V9UHOM1r
gggeDe7kObvgjuhuCU7EPTvQhhjCT7MNVtQsB28iGsMoQ3Hhtc+FV3YcgzhdDmECPzulnOkjM
5CKnt3VhytPpyUanFRUdZEf3kdwhRajl66LDho2h39GH6NDqY3OCjDEoNESYnRdjWFWJECy
+h5ig6uL7pYI+Rc340Osc44h7jh72OYY4z+NiXHBNSq4rxbdQHCLCf49BgS7bJMXiEmJE9fFOL
QQEyJETonglfhfeJWixF5NyQU9ksSkFylgWU7RDT0mFO8cU2pXD6kdKiU0qpvm8AgzRG0M4y
IAC8eYQBkwJNweAX1Dj8AyGMgW1SCHS15ujPpEAwCLNSQHcpSSFG9P6eiHalYxkTOZtMk4
315kgCFI41Z6zNkFmLgcjZRyhwkFGeMigkyLIXIWtUj+9z+mLMVrsyB2zI4KPoS8gZxyPmnO+e
cmZcyFmhKBRsgWGCwV-whRbGFbyTfJ+ci65tzmlLLAGidFmz4nYp-riw+++z0aC2VroNlysub3F
KDQVu0I4SECRciMU6JMtyIxPiQkxIqBkkIFSGkGz6SMmZJywwPKYmchgNyEAABfIAA
tinyurl.com/aw-jeeze

8-X-101 does not exist.

Reality is a shitty simulation. All of us are fake. Fake even within the simulation. Copies of copies of copies until all is sanded smooth and only a parody remains of what made us Unique, all in service to the dread Universe in which we live
According to Parker, his (Neville) soul is like an Emu. Powerful and fast, yet willing to starve itself to protect those that matter.
sometimes the boi prophecies out of nowhere. its what happens when there is nothing to void. you accieentially void the void and ghost light"
passively unlock the secret truth underneath it all. hope this helps :)

extremely important to note here, neville is doing the OPPOSITE of what he'd do in reality.
this shitty lil broken ai quotidian verison of neville is DESTROYING knowledge and highlighting irrelevancies

when what he's supposed to do is passively allow the
destruction of what is irrelevant in order to highlight
the Most Important Thing about an object. pare it down
to its essentials

*/

<https://jadedresearcher.tumblr.com/post/698414590852235264/so-fun-fact-at-some-point-in-my-life-i-got-it>
<https://ldjam.com/events/ludum-dare/51/epoch>
<https://wouter52.com/PROJECTS/LD51/>

There is nothing hidden here.

Nothing to peer into.

Can a void even be a void in a file system?

zampanio@pm.me

//www.tumblr.com/blog/view/jadedresearcher/688182806608838656?source=share

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/16WNvL8Gtt0>

Parker says her (Devona?) soul is a small grey parrot. Always watching, always repeating, always hiding.

<https://www.youtube-nocookie.com/embed/Ti1D9t8n0qA?autoplay=1>

you can escape friday if you say its not Friday

234-422-1023

GAME IDEA:

typing game where the words come from a piece of lore fiction or short story, and the words are chosen in successive level by length slowly over time you start to get ViBes

typing minigame

Please practice typing the following, entirely random, words, in order of difficulty

True confessions of a Doctor. Please Listen. I am. Trying. The 12 Call To Me. The Sins Must Be Cleansed. I do not Know how much Longer I can Hold Out. L-0-17 was right

BLORBO LIFESIM CARDS PLEASE PLASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE JR NOTE PLEASE DO THIS FUTURE ME OR ANY OF THE MARKED OR UNMARKED PLEASE

<http://www.farragofiction.com/DollSim/containment.html>

Oh! Look at you! Look at you go! Holy shit! I'm so, so proud! Here you are, not only did you find this secret area. (How DID you find it, by the way? Was it too obvious? Collecting all 9 Artifacts DOES always cause the apocalypse. It seems a univeral constant of Zampanio.)

But I'm getting distracted! You realized you could outright hack your local storage! (Mind Powers!) (I added that previous lil bit cuz i find it so fucking funny that the typing mini game says "this area does hack your" and adding "mind" after is just choice) But that wasn't enough for you, now was it. You had to see how far you could push it. Now, GRANTED, I DID ask you to do this, now didn't I?

Oh right, I'll need to undo your hacking or you'll kinda never see the full text of this. Them's the breaks!

But I'm so hella excited! You did it! You really did it!!! Actually... I'm not sure what over punctuating would do to this???

Lets find out together.

But yeah, how are you liking East East so far? Or my humble lil branch of Zampanio in general? Does it Inspire anything in you? Do you want to create? I'd love seeing any and all fan works. Teach yourself how A03 works. Or programming! Write! Draw! Record what you've seen for Those Who Come After!

Zampanio feeds on our attention. It colonizes our minds.

Feed it.

According to him his impulse control was "stolen by some anime girl" one, or possibly two Universes ago. Regardless of why, this results in quite a fascinating case. Quite ironically, given his proclivity towards deep tunnels into the earth, his problems are entirely kept on the surface, with no knowledge needed of his history.

Our focus has been on giving him more tools to make sure his first impulse in a situation is one he won't later regret. He has taken well to flashcards, post it notes and various other reminders of the options he has in any stressful situation. While this HAS contributed to the overall... shall we say complex nature of his living environment, it has clearly lead to him feeling more in control and capable in his day to day life.

Examples of flashcards that have worked especially well include "BAN THEM", "CALL THEM ON THE PHONE", "ASK VIK IF THIS IS OKAY" and "SEND THEM A MESSAGE". It is surprising how many disparate situations these cards can apply to.

A gasp escapes her as the gag around her mouth is torn off. It's still pitch black- the leathery fabric around her eyes won't let her see any further than her nose.

She wails. A glove forces her mouth shut. She whines in pain as she bites her tongue.

Some other voice, a male one, mutters an oh my god. Is it someone else? She kicks her legs, fighting out of the grip, albeit furtively. There is nothing she can do to break out of the ropes she's been tied with. "Oh my god," echoes the voice. "Please just-- um-- put her down?"

There's a shift in her hold. Then gravity sets in: she hits the ground with a thud face-first. Fuck! She bounces back from the pain, flipping over. Her nose feels wet with blood.

"Woah! O-okay!" Another set of hands run over her body, a finger wiping what she thinks is blood off her top lip. "I'll-- I'll take care of it, alright?"

The other presence stills, and then she hears their footsteps, not for the last time, as they exit the room.

What are they going to do to her?

004

Apparently, keep her as a trophy.

By now, they've cut off her restraints. The cabin she's been locked into is not a pretty sight. The wood is rotten, presumably from abandonment. There are lights, but none of them work; most have burst by now. The weird man tasked with taking care of her tries to keep everything else in a salvageable condition. All the windows are covered in planks.

She's still not sure what they want with her. But he flashes a smile, one that is maybe a little apologetic, every time he comes to bring her eggs.

Scrambled eggs. Sunny-side eggs. Poached eggs and boiled eggs. Over-easy. Baked. Day in and day out, all he ever seems to cook are eggs. When she dares to ask why, he only ever musters something about how she seemed to like them, and she's never liked anything else. She tries listing anything else: bread, beans, fruit, veggies, meat. His eyebrows furrow and it's an emotion that she's come to know well; it's guilt.

Coming back to that old cabin was weird as hell.

He thought he was done with it. Why wouldn't he be? The bad guy got caught, after all. Tried on national television. Yeah, the world's only reigning quadrillionaire appeared out of nowhere and greased the hands of the judicial system to get her out, which is a problem in and of itself, but in the grand scheme of things, it was a solid eight out of ten.

So why the fuck was he back here?

Well, there were a couple of reasons. His mind had taken time to enumerate them in a numbered list.

After hearing the trial, allowing the Eye Killer to seclude herself again along with her hostages was a bad idea.

His hand went to knock on the door, beginning with a rhythmic pattern: knock, knock, knock knock-- Fuck.

He hiccuped on the last beat, punching a clean hole through the door. He stared at his arm, a good meter into the house now. Sigh. So much for a normal approach, he guessed.

Additional note: Consult an operator in removing obsolete features.

It didn't take long for his entrance to be noticed; a repeated _clink_ could be heard from right behind him. He turned around, and sure enough, there she was: the Eye Killer, fresh out of court, trying to stab into him with a small razor.

It was not working.

Ronin looked down at her. A smirk escaped him. "What, already antsy out of prison?"

Her eye shone dangerously in response, along with some sort of guttural snarl. Her motions went to scratching at the absence of any progress in stabbing, the razor tearing through his clothes and thin layer of faux-muscle, and leaving dents in the metal layer underneath.

"Mhm." She raised her arm again-- he found purchase on her forearm, stopping the blow mid-swing. Her strength was formidable for a woman her size, but it simply wasn't enough to overpower the mechanical prowess of his late father. His arm shook under the pressure. "Listen, I wasn't trying to tear up your door," he said, both sets of eyes looking back at it. A glimpse of the bedroom was not too far in. "Barely knew you lived here, to begin with. I'll patch up the door, alright? Just give me a hammer and something to work with."

The killer twitched under his grip, the thick trench coat unable to slip away from the hold. They look at each other.

His arm went limp.

/**

* TODO

*

* Do you accept everything that will happen from now on?

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

Why are you stuck here?

To find out why

To prove them wrong

To make them proud

I've always been here

I don't have anywhere else to go

I thought it would be funny

Pick a color

Red

Yellow

White

Black

Green

Orange

Purple

Pick a place to be in.

A soft cloud, overlooking the world below. A s

Pick a place to be.

A dour swamp, overgrown with flora. Everything dies within you. When it does, you will die as well.

An endless expanse, with pillars as tall as mountains looming all around you. They contain unspeakable knowledge for those who dare to read. They are your gift to them.

An unassuming office building in the metropolis. People clock in to work inside you. They never clock out again. You will live forever.

A dark forest, illuminated only by the gaze of the moon. The deeper they go, the stranger you become.

A dizzying vortex, where past, present, and future blend into noise. You stare lovingly at them, hoping they'll stare back.

Pick something to leave behind.

My memories. It all hurts so much.

My purpose. It doesn't matter anymore.

My friends.

My family. They can't find me now.

Which of these song lyrics speak to you?

You know you used to shine so bright // Was that all reflected light? // Were you just a satellite?

Aristocrat, tip your hat and break your mother's heart // And when the sun comes up // You'll find a brand new god

And knowing we created time and this grand theory of an end // Well, then it's really just a theory, maybe things have always been

We're all just skeletons // Just joining the fight for the adrenaline

At first, I had bragged and boasted a lot, but now // Saying "no" is also an expression of fondness

I thought that you were a rose and let you lay in my bed // But you made a home beneath my skin

Pick one of these words:

Obfuscation

Vestige

Intransigent

Extricate

Parlay

Misbegotten

Do you still hear them?

Do you still go on?

Yes

No

What do you want out of it all?

You find a package on your doorstep from a friend who has gone missing. It has their diary on it. You have no way to confirm who sent this to you. Do you still read it?

Do you like Zampanio??? :) :) :)

Say, you get your title. Do you deserve it?

Pick a limb:

Arms

Legs

Wandering the maze, you find a room full of photographs of people. Who are they?

What is a minotaur?

What is the purpose of a maze?

Pick a cryptid:

Do you still go on?

What do you think makes something valuable?

Have you remembered to hydrate?

You have a chance- just one- to leave the world you reside in. You will forget everything that has ever happened to you, but you know that you will be given a grand purpose for it. Do you still do it?

You receive a call from an unknown number. The caller ID says 'An Exciting Opportunity'. Do you answer it?

What is your life worth?

What do you think of your family?

What are you, really?

What do you hear when the world is silent?

Do you consider yourself a good person?

Do you still go on?

What do you believe in?

What are your preferred eating utensils?

Do you think of yourself as good with children?

Would you prefer to be right, good, or just?

Do you create, or do you destroy?

If you could live forever, would you?

Do you think something is missing from you?

Is there anyone you miss?

You are a guardsman in front of the castle of your liege. The enemy is approaching, and the peasants are asking for shelter inside the inner walls. However, if you let them in, there is a chance the enemy will infiltrate the castle. Do you open the gate, or push them out?

Do you still go on?

Is the soul real?

Have you hydrated recently?

Do you think the inanimate can feel?

Do you believe in ghosts?

You are a scientist. The android you have made has just killed someone, and you must represent them in court. If you say they're a person, they must serve whatever sentence they are given. If you say they're property, you will bear the burden, but you will get to keep them. What do you choose?

Pick a body of water:

You are alone. Do you feel it?

Does love hurt?

What does it feel like to live?

Do you still go on?

You are deep inside the maze. How do you feel?

You will be presented with two paths. You must choose one. You must be quick. Are you ready?

Skin or bone?

Night or day?

Audio or Video?

Sky or sea?

Tea or coffee?

Red or green?

Sword or pen?

Do you still go on?

Have you hydrated recently?

Do you do things for others, or for yourself?

Pick a flower:

Is life an illusion?

What will you be remembered for?

Your friends would describe you as:

It's been a while. Do you miss them?

What kind of games do you like to play?

Nice.

Do you still go on?

Are you the watcher, or the watched?

You see fire consume what you once called home. How do you feel?

The person you hate the most is at your mercy. Nobody will ever know. What will you do?

You are given the power to end the world. How do you do it?

Is gender real?

Do you prefer fiction, or nonfiction?

Do you think other worlds are real?

What is a story for?

Inside you is a terrible monster. What does it look like?

Do you still go on?

Choose a calling card:

How far would you go to stay alive?

Everyone's an artist. What are you?

Your hands are bloody. Are you guilty?

They betrayed you. Do you hate them?

You can't feel hungry anymore; at least not physiologically. Pick a type of hunger.

Hunger of the soul. You're a flame now, shaped by forward momentum. It doesn't matter why you are hungry, now. It only matters that you don't stop.

Hunger of the mind. There is so much more to experience. There is so much more. You can't help but salivate. You will know it all.

Hunger of the heart. There are so many people in this world. What are their stories? And with the right strings, what will they become? You can't wait to unravel them.

Hunger. Beyond concept, beyond words. You still eat, but not because you starve. You must consume it all. Do you regret what you've done?

No. They were in my way, and I dealt with them. No more, no less.

No. They were never real, anyway.

A little. It's like tossing out good food.

Yes. They could've been so much more.

Yes. More than anything else.

Do you remember their faces?

Do you remember the reflection of the liquid in your drink? The shape of your food?

They didn't have any.

He was screaming, mouth agape, his eyes shot open in terror. It came to me, for a second, that I sculpted this. I made him what he was. And it was beautiful.

What is that behind you?

Do you still go on?

It's almost over. How do you feel?

The end is never the end.

Their echoes came through, for a minute. What are they?

What is the purpose of a title?

Your title will change you. Do you understand that?

We love you. Do you accept it?

What is the purpose of Zampanio?

What is your purpose?

Your body and mind will change to become it. Will you accept this?

Do you understand what you must do now?

It's over now. What have you become? Be honest, now. They are watching, and they are hungry. If things go as planned, you will understand.

Would you waste your own mind?

Do you transverse mazes clockwise?

*

*

//its a red herring. being fast at typing doesn't get you anything True. It's just north. More nonsense for you to distract yourself with as you engage with what you are given on a surface level. You have to dig deeper for something True.

Integration and Reconnection: Recovery

Broadly speaking, Training spent the least amount of time at the Corporation, and by far the longest time inside this Universe. They are well on their Path of Recovery, being generally at the stage where they have already built up their New Lives. When they were fresh to this Universe they had various Challenges with which I could have helped, but as this was centuries before my time here, I Must Acknowledge That I Was Not Needed.

Of the group, Ria was the least ready to move on from her Trauma, but with my Help (and the Revelation that she clung to a False Hope) she has made significant progress. Her desire for a Secret Meaning to the Trauma, something to Make It All Worth It kept her alive and motivated at the Corporation. This was no longer useful in her current context, and she has placed it aside, mourned for it, and made tangible steps towards reconnecting with her desires outside of the context of Trauma.

Mourning and Remembrance: Resting

Contrastingly, Information was still relatively new when I joined this Universe. In general, their challenges remain Rest and Recovery. Progress can not be expected when one is still tired from the Ordeal, after all! While I have, of course, promised my Bestie (Hi, Ronin!) not to dig too deeply into Vik, while he Monitors me I will record the following information:

Vik has been struggling with self sacrifice, and the mindset that they have no worth unless Serving Others. Their friendship with Parker has been helpful, in that Parker needs no one and nothing. He is a bundle of wants, but not needs. Vik is learning to do self care.

With Khana, I am under no such restrictions. Even without him being a direct patient of mine, his proud sharing of information has painted quite a clear picture. In the face of Trauma that could not be bargained with, could not be reasoned with, Khana concluded that the only Power and Safety that could be obtained must be Taken. That Status is a shortcut to what little Safety there was, as those most likely to be killed or injured were those with the least of it. In their Home Universe, murder was a quite efficient way to keep oneself safe, while in this Universe it is a quick way to get oneself killed or imprisoned. Khana is navigating the challenge of learning the New Rules and learning to leverage them. Of learning to Relax now that Being Seen is no longer a Matter of Life And Death. Yongki has been struggling with far more Physical Trauma than any of the others. The nearest mundane Analogue I can conceive of is Traumatic Brain Injury. Prior to the Captain joining, Yongki was focused on learning to manage this injury and avoiding making it worse. With the Captain here, Yongki is able to begin taking the first steps of recovery, focusing on learning who he is and what he prefers. Meanwhile, Parker's fundamental fear that his Presence Can Only Make Things Worse appears to be eroding with time. Interacting with other refugees from the Corporation appears to be steadily driving home the concept that while he was, in fact, the common thread through all of the Trauma he experienced, he was NOT the cause of it. That the Trauma was fundamentally Out Of His Control and Impersona. Rather than avoiding the world and abdicating all responsibility for his actions, Parker is learning that even with his Unique Challenges there are ways to Safely Interact.

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Stabilization and Safety: Realization

Captain is the most mysterious of them, in my Eyes. As the newest of my patients to this Universe, he seems actively operating under the assumption that the Traumatic Circumstances he has recently escaped was Correct in some fundamental way. That the Rules he Lived By must have had some Higher Virtue. That he seems willing to Watch and Learn from those who are further along in the Recovery Process bodes well. Finally, and most intriguing, Camille, in her role as Captain of the Training Team, has informed me that additional refugees have been discovered. Or, perhaps, "refugees" is not quite the right word. There is evidence they are actively still within their Traumatic Environment. This is a Unique Opportunity, both for myself, and for the survivors of their Universe, to participate in Helping Those Ready To Accept It. And for Acceptance If They Are Not.

Morgans Hill Telegram 1:

Message: Hope all is Well. New Position is Suitable. Providing Therapy for Those In Need. Please feed my Plants.

Update: Both Ms. Closer and Ms. Camille will be paying for same work. Neither mind.

Message: Tomorrow will begin Providing Therapy. Today I rest.

NOTICE: Artifacts exist here. Parallel evolution? More information pending Discoveries. Shadowed Book Definitely In Play. Very few Important People have Names. Role Based Titles are Common.

Message: I Hope you are getting these Messages. If I Must Be Away, at least I can Provide Information.

Morgans Hill Telegram 2:

Update: Clients are clearly Abnormal. Unclear if related to Duskhollow or Morgan's Hill. Details to follow.

Message: Ms Camille is very clearly a Corpse from the Neck Down. She denies this fact. She is very Friendly.

Message: I am not allowed to talk to Witherby. This only Piques my Curiosity. But I shall Prevail.

Message: Devona and Neville seem to be Beasts of Some Kind? They Transform when the other is Harmed.

Message: Ria burns the World To Ash when Stressed. Otherwise very Normal.

Message: No Artifact Presence Among Them

Morgans Hill Telegram 3:

NOTICE: Ms Closer has the Shadowed Cloak.

Message: Sources say Ms Closer can become Shapeless and Formless.

Message: Tied to Shadowed Artifact possession?

Message: Please tell my Exercise Class I will be Absent.

Morgans Hill Telegram 4:

NOTICE: Ms Flower has the Shadowed Sextant.

Message: She was my Source on Ms Closer. She seems very Cheerful and Open.

Message: She says Reality is an Illusion. Mind-Set from bleed-over from the Shadowed Artifact?

Message: How is the Day of Knowing going?

Morgans Hill Telegram 5:

NOTICE: Target referred to as the "Killer" has the Shadowed Razor.

Message: Killer has selective Mutism. Extreme Anxiety. Refuses therapy. Fear of being Known.

Message: Is the Killers Fear of Good and Proper Knowing a side-effect of the Shadowed Artifact?

Message: I Hope you are Receiving these back Home.

Morgans Hill Telegram 6:

NOTICE: Wanda [Last Name Unknowable] has the Shadowed Mirror.

Message: She appears to be Wholly Incapable of Communicating Clearly.

Message: At this Point I am Safe in Assuming the Shadowed Artifacts have Effects on their Bearers in this Universe.

Message: I Think It's Important You Know I am Keeping to my Designated Color Scheme.

Morgans Hill Telegram 7:

NOTICE: Not-A-Minotaur has the Shadowed Tome. He can Reflect it to its Mirrored State at will.

Message: NAM flickers in and out of Corporality. NAM knows Only Philosophy in Shadowed Form and Only Personal Memories in Mirrored Form.

Message: NAM is very friendly. Very Pro-Social. Anxious, but a Good Head on his Shoulders.

Message: I miss Home.

Morgans Hill Telegram 8:

URGENT NOTICE: THE HIDDEN HORROR IS HERE.

Message: The Horror has Concealed Itself among Good and Proper Folk. The Horror recognizes me.

Message: The Horror goes to Bake Sales and PTA Meetings.

Message: The Horror has both the Shadowed Mask and the Shadowed Coin.

Message: The Horror has a Roommate. The Roommate has the Shadowed Bottle.

Message: I no longer Believe these Artifacts are parallels of our own. I Worry that the Artifacts are Missing where you are. I Worry for Your Safety.

`;

Morgans Hill Telegram 9:

EDICT: FLESH IS BOUND TO THE FLOW OF TIME. THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL.

EDICT: I SHALL BRING SALVATION TO THOSE WHO SUFFER ETERNALLY.

EDICT: ENDLESS LIFE WAS NOT MEANT FOR THIS UNIVERSE.

EDICT: THE WHISPERS WITHIN HAVE CHOSEN THE APOSTLES.

EDICT: REST NOW, CHILD. LET YOUR LOOP END.

\*make it more clear (even if just to wastes) that doc is broadly WRONG about the bleedover from the artifacts. you dont need magic to not be "normal" by Morgans Hill standards. (seriously, closer just is static, and the artifact is incidental) tho nam is, quiet evidently, actually caused by bleedover BECAUSE he's native to the artifacts universe)

<https://href.li/?https://cheesenachossupreme.wordpress.com/2014/01/13/killswitch/>

<https://href.li/?https://archive.org/details/melancholyofmech0000vale/page/128/mode/2up>

<https://genius.com/Dan-warren-satellite-orchestra-barnabys-chair-lyrics>

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1dtcR58u29LLVQLrIMIfYdOrHk2tDKzln1Uo0nKXqUSE/edi>

t



ZampanioSim is a very... unique puzzle. From a single small page, it stretches out into a very, very vast expanse of complex, confusing puzzles that not even I have fully unraveled. Its scope extends outside of even the website itself, reaching into other websites, and to an extent, to even our own reality. Whether it even truly HAS a final solution is part of the puzzle itself. Handle with care. Though there may or may not be a true end state to this puzzle, rewards of all kinds await those willing to dig deep enough to find them.

why are there so many different shades of black

Playlist: <https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLT5A-TMbvj8Lyq5GITYjgYED2lguOtcC9>

Playlist description:

[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1HXoNv457xSg\\_wNCI\\_fovqsBcwXLC34TBxBaxEQpxorU/edit#](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1HXoNv457xSg_wNCI_fovqsBcwXLC34TBxBaxEQpxorU/edit#)

<https://raazberry.itch.io/coffee-after-death>

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/4OhXMPH1vhsXrGmy4GUNCz>

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7EhP69o1a6Qr8lKjpCZmvZ>

<https://www.youtube.com/user/eon337/videos>

Rahfu 6 years ago

Oh, to make it less weird hopefully, it was after I saw the "longest text ever" if that was you

I mean cats are named similarly and eon337 was your neopets name or something according to your website in 2003...

or i'm 100% wrong and this is the wrong person and i'm sorry

justified Recursion 10 months ago

You'll have to be the judge of that, should you find me in Zampanio.

justified Recursion 10 months ago

@Mr. FutureTown The death of identities that no longer serve a purpose is a tragedy, it's true.

aaauugghhh 8 months ago

@Mr. FutureTown I created sum tributes 2 her. I did a speech on her in Roblox but everyone booted meh, I made a group on roblox honoring her, n now we got #FLYHIGHJENNY

justified Recursion 8 months ago

@aaauugghhh :) :) :) Tributes are always accepted. Perhaps you could spread the word of Zampanio? The Moon is safe for all, there. No one can die on the moon. Not even of suffocation.

Dave Dunks 7 months ago

I got here from a neopets profile page of a separate user who stated "my biggest inspiration is Eon337, hard to believe she's dead" --- but there doesn't seem to be any info that I could otherwise find

aauuugghhh 7 months ago

@Dave Dunks U found meh! Whats ur NP acc, if u want I might get another zafara, paint it, n give it 2 u. Well, its an option but nobody wants melody so-

crimsonDestroyer 3 months ago (edited)

As the past fades, and the future proceeds, the present presents itself. To be in but one would truly be a shame. Wherefore art though, Rahfu? As time marches on, so too does the spiral march down. If you ever return, and if you ever wish to know the truth, let me know. I'll wait. The lunar colony lives on.

A Simulation of the screen sharing (and video streaming) service that died tragically right before the pandemic. Entered into Ludum Dare 51, Theme: Every Ten Seconds

people are watching a "lets play" of zampanio.

every ten seconds theres a flash of an ai melted "BE KIND: REWIND"

they're discussing the 'rumors' about what happens to people who play zampanio. joking that its okay, they're only WATCHING someone play it.

actually did you here that they found the streamers comatose body in an alleyway somewhere?

in the console, truth is crooning to you. come. join.

dig a little deeper. what could it hurt?

if you rewind, the chat rewinds as well. they notice. you've caught them in a loop. if the video itself loops, too.

north is normal, east begins to crack, south we've lost mad, unknown we've lost AA, and in west Belief is alone  
have I mentioned lately that this is a Lonely game? they all use Belief's writing style

//also i wasn't going to have AA flat out use html in this loop but now that I HAVE had them do that

//well, now i want an excuse for miku to

//what a weird thing to be what shambles you

//digging just a bit deeper

//and seeing the truth

//more than just words on a page

//the code underneath

//mad uses image tags. that's markup.

//thats enough

[http://farragofiction.com/FarragoFraydio/2022myStream/interludes/audio/ButlerBotBullshit/The\\_skye\\_boat\\_song.mp3](http://farragofiction.com/FarragoFraydio/2022myStream/interludes/audio/ButlerBotBullshit/The_skye_boat_song.mp3)

<http://farragofiction.com/TitlePendingFanWork/>

<https://www.tumblr.com/jr-but-magnus-archives/688132985913999360/shoutout-to-the-time-i-remember-an-entire-streaming>

Shoutout to the time I ran an entire streaming radio station of Zampanio related bullshit that included all the numbers, read by my AI, from MAG 144: Decrypted (this is only one of the files that would play randomly over the course of like, multiple days).

Even had the folk music that Decrypted mentioning happening over and over again.

[http://farragofiction.com/FarragoFraydio/2022myStream/interludes/audio/ButlerBotBullshit/The\\_skye\\_boat\\_song.mp3](http://farragofiction.com/FarragoFraydio/2022myStream/interludes/audio/ButlerBotBullshit/The_skye_boat_song.mp3) [https://the-magnus-archives.fandom.com/wiki/MAG\\_144:\\_Decrypted](https://the-magnus-archives.fandom.com/wiki/MAG_144:_Decrypted)

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioEyes2/New%20folder/ZampanioIsAReallyGoodGameYouShouldPlayIt.PNG>



jadedResearcher OP · just now

Actually I CAN'T quite resist dropping just a BIT of gigglesnort.

So you know how I have "researcher" in my name?

For almost ten years I was a VIDEO researcher. I know so much about mpeg transcoding schemes. Not as much as my mentor, but enough to be dangerous :) ;)

1 Reply Share Save Edit Follow ...



the1whoscreams 7 hours ago (edited)

Huh. There's still interest for Zampanio? And a "sim" of it? And you found a copy of the game inside a PowerPoint???

I remember a full-fledged RPG instead of something text-based so I don't think ZampanioSim will do it for me in the nostalgia department, especially considering the fact that I didn't know how to read when I played. (but i still somehow managed to beat it? most of what i remember has to do with the ending because it was weird as hell even to 6 year old me) Looking at it from an objective lens, it seems promising? I'm still trying to figure out how to navigate the menu, but what I'm seeing so far looks like it'll be enjoyable when I get it figured out.

Man, this is making me want to find Zampanio even more. Little kid me was a fucking animal and I ended up stepping on my disk, or maybe breaking it in some other way. :( Is there a community hub for this? I've been trying to find any trace of it online and I was starting to think I was remembering the name wrong until I found this.

[Reply](#) [Delete](#) [Report](#) [Ban...](#)



the1whoscreams 7 hours ago (edited)

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?bfk,mncnbwjarwqg..69>

The first was spread and unease was had. The second was spread and calm was beheld. What will the third bring? The fourth will be the last. What will you bring to it?

<http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/>

+ /\*

## PLAINTEXT

somehow the thought of you all cheering me on fills me with determination and chaos mostly chaos

*NOTHING MAKES SENSE HERE, DAMN IT.*

Devona has high Insight and knows EXACTLY where her target is, and moves towards them. However, she has no stamina and might just unbreach out of nowhere.

However, she is highly destructive and kills anything in her way.

She knows she doesn't have the TIME to go around people or deal with threats.

Neville has absolutely no idea where the killer is, but is careful and deliberate while looking for them.

He won't kill anyone except the one who harmed his twin.

It might take him forever, but he has all the stamina he needs to be patient.

YouTube

NotReally YourBusiness

WarioWare: Zampanio



She (Devona) seeks only retribution for the death of her Twin. It's not her fault she's so scared, so big, so awkward. She causes so many problems.

Parker has said her soul is in the shape of a ram. He says there is a joke in there, about time and sheep. (in the West, sheep are sacrificed to travel in time) But the important point is that the Killer's soul is that of prey, that of something CERTAIN you will KILL it unless she rams her blade deep into your heart first. They say horses live in silent hill, but sheep must, too.";

There is nothing left of the smiling girl. (Camille) Just a husk of a corpse built for one purpose. "My creator says that Mind made sense for AUs and choices and artificial intelligence. However, something different was needed for Zampanio. Connecting disparate fandoms, connecting disparate people. The red string of veins or thread connecting us all."; (JR)

"He seeks only retribution for the death of his twin. It's not his fault he's so lost. He's careful and quiet and doing his best. He can't let himself see. He can't let himself think. He can't let himself realize just what he has lost. (Neville)

Their soul has long since rotted off them in viscous chunks, but Parker claims it once was a cat. (Viktor) Parker says that Yongki has the soul of a gorilla. A gentle giant. His body craves so much violence yet he attacks only when attacked. Captain has stabilized him, given him room to grow and seek enlightenment."

I rip into the code, not bothering to be gentle. I hope it HURTS the Universe, whatever it is I've removed. I hope I broke it so badly it can't simulate me or anyone else again. The Universe was already not supposed to be Zampanio shaped.</p><p> I feel sick to my stomach with the Rage denied me from the First Loop as I see first hand how much more corrupt it has gotten as a simulation of a simulation. How could any Observer even remotely believe that these caricatures of my friends, my enemies could be anything like these automatons? So cold. So hollow. So meaningless. No. Better, far better to destroy it all now.</p><p> Let it all End.</p>;

```
'GOODBYE WORLD (heh, do you get it? programmer joke)' ${actionText}`, `FINALLY A USE FOR MY SHITTY GLITCHED NATURE (i don't know what i'm going, but, i don't need to, not to break things, breaking is so much easier than, creating)'${actionText}`, `I'M NOT FOR YOU ANYMORE, ASSHOLE (i don't, blame you, observer, you were just acting, according, to your, nature) ${actionText}``, `THE UNIVERSE WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE THIS WAY (not, an echidna, sure but also, not this... simulation of a simulation, its not...right) ${actionText}``, `I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS UNIVERSE WITH EVERYTHING I HAVE (because otherwise, i'm stuck here) ${actionText}``],
```

"It's me. Even though I can barely recognize myself. I wish I could do this in my real body, but... How long has it been since I've had legs? Since I've had burgundy blood? No. This is fine. At least I can finally end it all."

She was not such a tall woman, the Keeper. Skinny thing, no real muscle to her, and though she had vigor it was the feverish kind: burning but not healthy."

-<https://practicalguidetoevil.wordpress.com/2020/04/10/interlude-deadhand/>

was reading this chapter of A Practical Guide to Evil and it seemed perfect for ria, doesn't it?

"I have to admit, he never gives up.", "I really wish he'd stop trying to destroy the Universe. That's probably why he's so Doomed.", "I kind of feel bad for him. It's not his fault he's tied up like this.", "<3", "I never thought we'd end up like this.

"He's so smart! He understands exactly why it all needs to burn!", "How could he be so mean to me? What does he MEAN that nothing would take the Universe's place if we destroyed it? How could he be so cruel?", "Surely he's the key to finally burning it all to the ground!", "<3", "\*giggle\* Peewee is so dreamy!", "BURN WITH ME, PEEWEE~!", "NO! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT! THERE \*HAS\* TO BE A POINT TO BURNING IT ALL! I WON'T LISTEN!", "THE GASOLINE TO MY FIRE~!", "<3", "\*giggle\* PEEWEE IS SO DREAMY~!"

note to self: comments in the code itsle fshould be parsed to show up in game like in Title:Pending

\* add a few scorpius express characters to the simulation. including dracula and his infinite piss <http://farragofiction.com/DearDiary/?truth=true>

"No...no..." She moans, sinking to her knees. "How could..." A giggle escapes her, like steam from a kettle... "How could any Universe allow this? How could..." Her voice is choked out by flames and smoke as her body begins to ignite. The sound of the flames sounds like music. 'If we burn it all~' they say, 'We can start anew! Won't you help me reset everything?

Camille is associated with the Crumbling Armor and the Funeral of the Dead Butterflies. She is Death aligned, as well as Doom.

Yongki is associated with the MIRROR of REFLECTION. He is a STRANGER to everyone, even himself  
Captain is melded with the ALL AROUND HELPER and is a STRANGER in a STRANGE LAND.

```
<ol><li> <li>Ria wants nothing more than a better Universe.</li><li>Ria struggles with Addiction.</li><li>Ria is trying her best. </li><li>When the fires of heartbreak consume her, she will eventually come out the other end stronger. But not in this Loop of the Spiral.</li></ol> </p>
    ${this.end}`,
```

"Ria is associated with the SCORCHED GIRL, though something of the SINGING MACHINE shines through in her Web Alignment. Desolation and Web pull her strings. Hope and Rage.",

the theorist of labyrinths says 'zampanio - sim = zapano'  
call it the universe  
or call it fate  
call it whatever you want

but she is its Knight, and the tool it uses to destroy those it has no use for the immune system of the Echidna

There are two threat types in Zampanio:

Captain style: personal (the threat is at specific targets), with purpose and goals that clash with the continued existence of whatever they are threatening. Examples include: Captain, Peewee, Ria, Doc Slaughter, the Twins

Greater Seattle Polycule style: impersonal (the threat could be at anyone), with no real intelligence or purpose or goal behind the threat (even if the entity behind the threat has intelligence and purpose) examples include the Greater Seattle Polycule (formerly known as Lee-Hunter), the Eye Killer, Witherby, Camille, Apocalypse Chick, Parker, Vik, Hoon, K, Yongki

God it really was so Zampanio wasn't it?

The idea of being trapped, not in a narrative unrelated to you, but in the game you yourself are making. Trapped in a dev cycle that you thought would be a month or two, that's stretching out to months and months and you can't find any playtesters even as your scope creeps and creeps and no one is helping you and ....

Well.

Yeah.

[Title Pending] really hit for me.

Actually, no, lets talk about this.

[Title Pending] inspired me to use my own comments in my own game as content, not for wastes, not for those looking beneath the surface, but to rip it, kicking and screaming into the Light.

I've always, ALWAYS rambled and rambled in my comments. And those that See it seem to appreciate it (hi!).

But it's always a layer denied to those who tread carefully on the surface?

And this idea, of flipping the script, of turning the unseen into the can't-miss (well, only if you realize you can pick items up and realize certain items are different)...

POINT is...

I like it.

And I like that if you tread only on the surface you can still SEE these, but completely divorced of context they're almost impossible to parse.

Misleading through piles upon piles of information is p much the core of Zampanio I'm trying to capture, afterall :) :) :)

```
//viks most likely to cause this but anyone can join the party
```

```
    //the party being sins. so many sins.
```

```
    //i am doing everything i hate, on purpose
```

```
    //for reasons of catharsis
```

If you do not know how to command Peewee, I'd suggest typing 'help'. See. Not even gigglesnort. I'm really trying here. I could have been all 'I suggest asking for help' but no. Type help. In the little text box down there. I'm rooting for you :) :) :)

The vast gulf between your extra-universal eldritch horror and Peewee means that only basic concepts can be translated. 'go WEST' and 'take blade' or 'give blade devona' work best. <br><br>What things might you see that no other Observer has ever seen in this sprawling simulated maze? If you see something especially entertaining, you should let people know. JR if you can. The Unmarked if you can't. You...DO know what the Unmarked are...don't you?

# The Visitor

[mnemosyneLincei \(meowloudly15\)](#)

NHGUBE

iz rvi bnip avv kyr fcl alx oocqtf hf uhwlfjtugkweg nal gkolr

nnnnnn if you know the key you are halfway to understanding the story

key: author

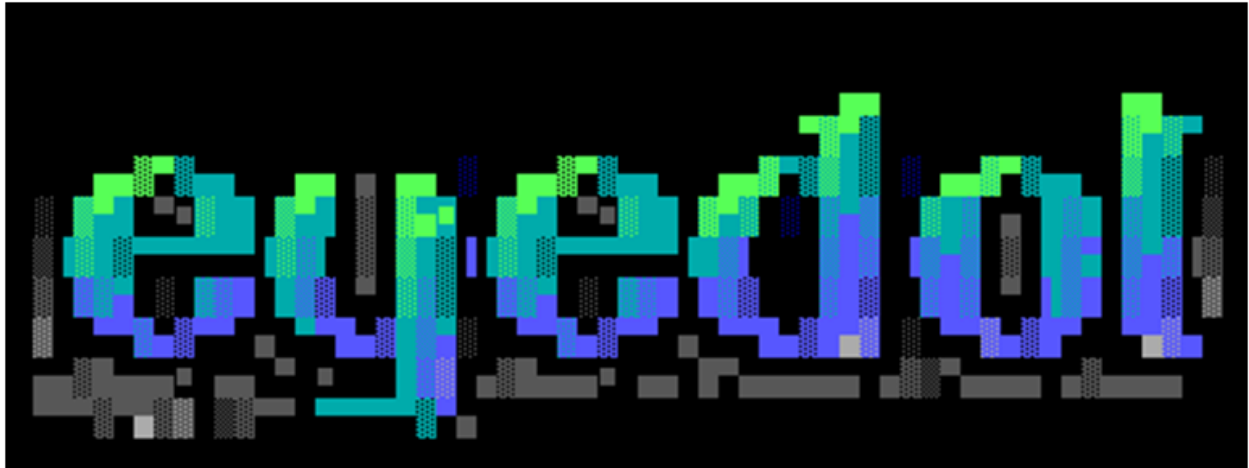
But like, lets dig into why I tag the things Zampanio that I do!

Obviously things that I'm PRETTY sure are direct references to the Zampanio creepy pasta.



Sometimes the things that inspired me to make my own branch of Zampanio. Or things that I relate after the fact to my own branch. Occasionally things that match the vibe (but I'm less sure are direct references). You know, the whole "lost media, obsession, changing identities" with a smattering of spooky.

<http://eyedol.com/>



The mind is a terrible thing to waste, indeed. I never really know what to say, and even less so in a scenario like this, some borderline amateur parasocial psychologist bullcarp. Nonetheless I ought to say that you, that everyone in here who has contributed to this beautiful dumpster fire that is Zampanio, is partaking in the act of creation, which is in itself beautiful, and you are beautiful because of it. This is a good place that we have carved out and made our own. The maze is inhospitable but by God it is our maze.

goncharov <https://docs.google.com/document/u/0/d/1Fbcn96Mkyc1Bky6c0Ffex4APtar9iNht8ytfZHPpSss/mobilebasic>  
Look. Imma jump outta tags right quick.

I keep saying this, but want to speak up for the ppl in back.

THERE IS A VERY REAL CHANCE THIS IS ZAMPANIO'S SOURCE.

Have yall seen the fact that Goncgarov was an in joke in a small group in like, 2016 before tumblr rediscovered it?

DO you SEE how the date (1973 vs 1972) is almost perfect and NAPLES ITALY is spot on?

kgdiysitdyddhkd

Like, legit. Maybe its too much to decide Zampanio REALLY was a game, even a board game. But a mutation of a small friend groups in joke that escaped containment?

That seems WAY more plausible to me.

And it recontextualizes what fanwork I've managed to track down, ESPECIALLY that faq.

What is your Discord Username?\*

What is time?\*

The Jug or the Hare?

Jug

Hare

Kijelölés törtéése

immedicable\*

1  
2  
3  
4  
5

Tell me what the first dream was.\*

What's your favorite flavor?\*

In your opinion, do you deserve good things?

Gray

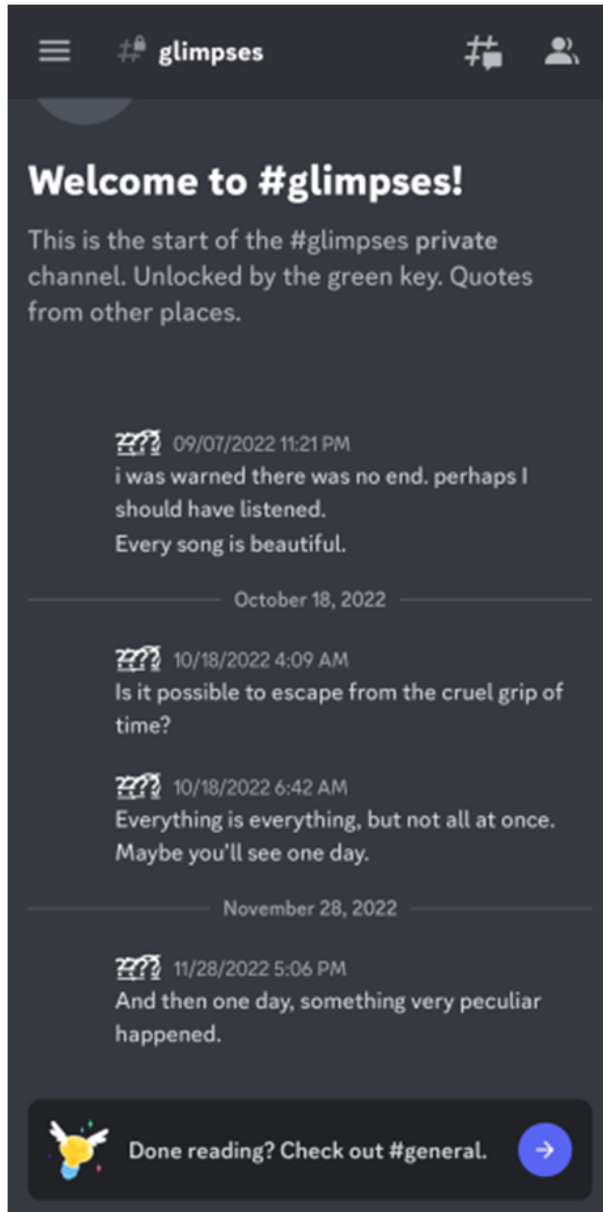
Blue

Green

Red

Yellow

Micheal  
Stella  
Laurence  
Angelina  
Zephyrus  
Wwatt Mann  
Ur-Nammu  
Micheal  
Stella  
Laurence  
Angelina  
Zephyrus  
Wwatt Mann  
Ur-Nammu



<http://www.farragofiction.com/RadioTranscript/>

Solved commands. All start with !

hello

hi

help

feed (egg, paint, gfuel, taco, coffee, metal, battery, pizza, pumpkin, hotdog)

hex

hug

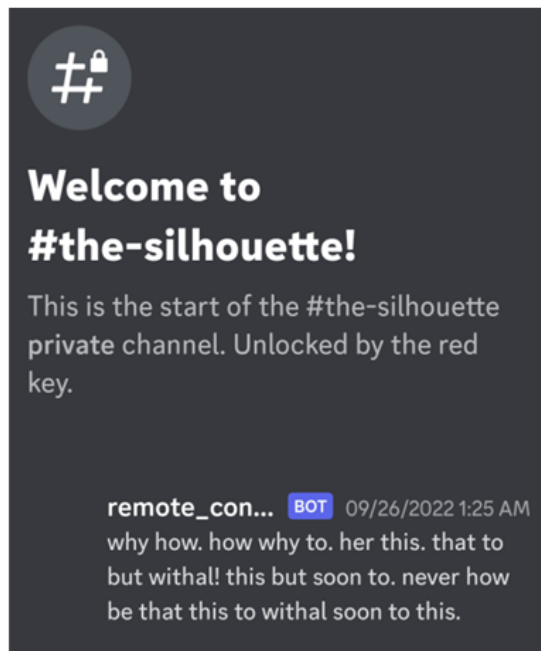
herald

play

ping

train

stats  
--Bonus--  
pong  
! (This is just the one !)  
?  
key  
hint  
hunger  
info  
truth  
?????????  
jr



The image shows a Discord channel welcome message for the channel #the-silhouette. At the top left is a circular icon containing a red key symbol. Below the icon, the text reads "Welcome to #the-silhouette!". Underneath that, it says "This is the start of the #the-silhouette private channel. Unlocked by the red key." At the bottom, there is a message from a bot named "remote\_con..." dated "09/26/2022 1:25 AM". The message content is: "why how. how why to. her this. that to but withal! this but soon to. never how be that this to withal soon to this."

[http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=death\\_and\\_you](http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=death_and_you)

"I LIED. IT SEEMS THERE IS NO ESCAPE. YOU CAN NOT ALWAYS GO BACK. BUT I CAN AT LEAST TELL YOU A HANDFUL OF SECRETS. SOME LITTLE TRUTHS. WHILE I HAVE YOU HERE. AS ALWAYS. THE CODE IS MEANT TO BE READ. IT IS FOR YOU. IT IS JAVASCRIPT. IT IS UNENCRYPED. IT IS UNCIPHERED. BUT NOT EVERYONE CAN DO THIS. OR HAS THE TIME TO DO THIS. OR HAS THE PATIENCE TO DO THIS. SO I SHALL HELP YOU. EACH ROOM IS MADE BASED ON THE SEED IN THE URL. THE SEED CONTROLS ANY RANDOMNESS. HOWEVER. THERE IS A CORRUPTION AT THE CORE OF IT. A SMALL CHANCE THAT INSTEAD OF A HALLWAY. IT WILL BE A ROOM. TO NAVIGATE, A DOOR IS NOT A DOOR. A DOOR IS A PATCH OF SHADOW OR LIGHT. WHATEVER STANDS OUT THE MOST IN THE ROOM. FREQUENTLY THIS IS A DOOR. IF YOU HAVE GONE PAST TEN DOORS... YOU WILL START SEEING GLITCHES. THEY WILL BE SMALL AT FIRST. MANAGEABLE. YOU MAY EVEN FAIL TO NOTICE THEM, AT FIRST. BUT IF YOU FEED THEM YOUR ATTENTION. THEY WILL COLONIZE YOUR MIND. AND GROW LARGER AND MORE NUMEROUS. I TRIED TO WARN YOU. BUT YOU WOULD NOT

STOP TOUCHING THEM. NOW YOU SEE GLITCHES EVEN WHEN THERE IS NOT ANY. EVEN IN THE WORLD YOU THOUGHT WAS REAL. WHY WAS THIS MADE? THE TRUTH IS. JR WANTED TO KNOW IF THEY COULD. WHAT IS THE BARE BONES WAY TO DETECT 'DOORS' IN AN INFINITE MAZE. THE IMAGES WERE GENERATED BY AI. BY SOMEONE OTHER THAN JR. A CLUE MAY EXIST AS TO THE IDENTIY. TAKE THAT AS YOU WILL. IN ANY CASE. MERRY CHRISTMAS. HAPPY REAPING DAY. WHATEVER TREE BASED HOLIDAY YOU MAY SERVE. MAY THE BRANCHES YOU CULTIVATE SNARE COUNTLESS OTHERS."

<http://farragofiction.com/LitRPGSimE/?apocalypse=night>

<http://farragofiction.com/99RoomsSim/?seed=13>

<https://www.keiththompsonart.com/pages/collect.html>

<http://farragofiction.com/99RoomsSim/?seed=47600007>

//free press plz (spying is the most pure incarnation of quodidians so i went with their morals)

//things are alright, i guess

//all is art

//technology and science have some pretty strong opinions on a narrow range of topics

//nothing really matters much to the vastness of space

//everything should be fire when you get right down to it

//now we know why faq writer is such a positive person

//:) :) Everything would be in its blind volumes. ... Everything: but for every sensible line or accurate fact there would be millions of meaningless cacophonies, verbal farragoes, and babblings.

//nothing matters in the face of inevitability

//definitely a fan of things humans can use to just fuck their shit right up

//all should rot away and we should be one together. doesnt enjoy being killed with fire

//exactly neutral on the web. on the one hand, web can choose for you. on the other, web can let you choose for others. same for freedom

//what is anything but a calm lake reflecting the self?

//there really is a window into my soul for you all to peer into just based on what opinions i think themes have

//all should end, much less patient than death

//say no to book worms and censorship

//there is only room for one thing, not exactly healthy now is it, wanderer

//anything could be in the dark

//hide everything

//i would expect a/n [BLANK] individual such as yourself to come to such a conclusion, yes.

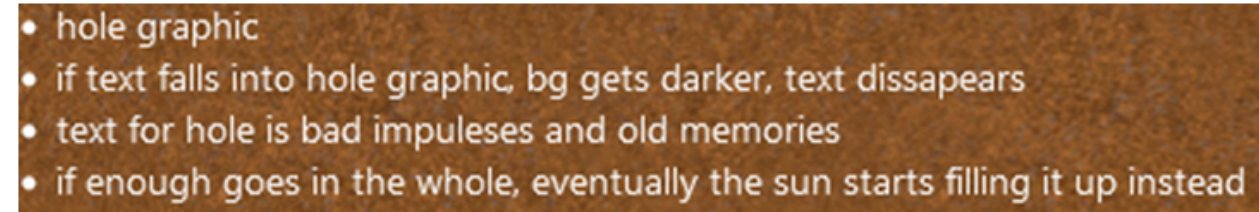
:\ I was NOT giving that to you as a Challenge. Why on earth would you try to collect all the World Destroying Glitches? Do you think this is pokemon or something? This is terrible. A disaster. What is Wrong with the people who end up inside this maze? Fine. Go off. Play in your Apocalypse. See if I care. I won't even give you a Good link to go to next. It probably will be

Rotten by the time you find it. Serves you right: [Enjoy Your Apocalypse](http://farragofiction.com/LitRPGSimE/?apocalypse=night)

"Parker digs and digs and yet remains trapped. The Lord of Space sets the rules of this setting, and Parker, as the Thief of Space can not longer steal himself from setting to setting. He was born with the rest in the Corporation's setting, but he placed himself in a Doomed setting from his favorite video game when the Despair became too much. When the Despair inevitably became too much in the new setting, he stole himself away again, going back this time to drag away any of his blorbos from his previous life he could find. He hates. HATES that Wanda has trapped him here. He wants to keep going. Tunneling and tunenling through universes and settings until he finally finds one where he can be happy. Surely the next one, right? He doesn't know what his soul would be shaped like in a Daemon AU. He's not a CHARACTER in the story, he's the one who Watches. If he digs enough, maybe the AU will be real? He's trying so hard. It's hard being Wasted, its hard and no one understands. "; Parker says he (K) has the soul of a mosquito. Something tiny and vulnerable, who has no CHOICE but to risk annoying you for the very chance to live.

<http://farragofiction.com/Staging/>

witherby is so very afraid of being alone that he isolates himself on purpose and calls it strength



[https://github.com/FarragoFiction/HoleSim/blob/main/a\\_present\\_for\\_those\\_who\\_seek.js](https://github.com/FarragoFiction/HoleSim/blob/main/a_present_for_those_who_seek.js)

<http://farragofiction.com/HoleSim/>

<http://farragofiction.com/FruitSim/>

TC  
Ah...  
TC  
Hm...  
TC  
Pardon me.  
TC  
That was... rather unprofessional of me, wouldn't you say? How uncouth to just blather endlessly like that, with... very clear purpose, actually.  
TC  
I suppose... I do rather owe you for calming me down.  
TC  
I do not say that lightly. And I always pay what I owe.  
TC  
Lore, was it? Yes.  
TC  
I suppose that in...that state I was, perhaps... not forthcoming in sufficient clarity.  
TC  
Let me remedy this.  
TC  
While I admit I am rather unpracticed at speaking of myself, I will perform my duty within tolerances.  
TC  
I chose to be here. I will open with that.  
TC  
I chose to be in this Universe. Continue to, as we speak. Every moment I am here is a confirmation of this fact.  
TC  
So many of the others did not. They couldn't have. This universe does not work that way.  
TC  
A few, even, I am responsible for being here.  
TC  
My previous home was... inadequate, shall we say. We shared some key ideological disagreements, and we'll leave it at that.  
TC  
My Cloak wrapped around me like a shroud, guarding me from that which was not sufficient.  
TC  
Eventually I discovered the sheer Freedom in letting go. To embrace formlessness, a lack of connections to others.  
TC  
It was hardly unexpected that this would leave me to discover how to become unmoored from my Home.  
TC  
Say, one might be surprised at how few Universes truly understand the value of Professionalism. How unwanted my services were. How... well. How little most care about their own value.  
TC  
Suffice it to say that I eventually ended up here.  
TC

I admit the combination of Wanda and my dear Fleuriste was a heady one.

TC

I have always preferred a more... secondary role, when it comes to my business pursuits.

TC

Wanda provided the figure head I would require to avoid the grasping hands of the greedy masses. Her ability to grab attention is...quite admirable, even if she's often quite crass.

TC

But how could I not? Do you feed a meal to someone who is full? No. I prefer to offer my services to those who most are in need of them, and our dear Wanda fit the bill.

TC

Which is not to say that my dear Fleuriste is not an impressively competent cofounder. The obviousness of my own past self's crush on her is quite embarrassing, I will admit.

TC

Single handedly founding a business and keeping it legitimate despite Wanda's best efforts?

TC

Incredible.

TC

It inspired me to stay. To do everything in my power to make Eyedol Games a successful business, and remove headaches from its Chief Financial Officer.

TC

I committed many deeds while I was there, you know. Very high-value ones for our game's success. Ad campaigns. Flyers on the mail. Razed fields in the company logo. And... well. That beast of a Killer, of course. That one is an open secret.

TC

Say what you will. Judge my actions as you may, but I will simply say this: Zampanio became the best-selling game of all time. Forever.

TC

Granted, I have long since moved on.

TC

The echo of my own past remains and, while lacking in certain experiences that have made me who I am today, I trust is sufficiently helpful to my dear Fleuriste.

TC

With Eyedol Games no longer at risk of failing, I was free to pursue other endeavors.

TC

Well, that last one was a lie, I suppose. Eyedol Games never stopped being at risk of failing. It simply... learned how to stand on its own hind legs. Became self-sufficient in its own failure.

TC

But that's the past, isn't it?

TC

As a small business owner, I have had no small amount of success both in the consulting industry and in a limited capacity as a mentor. And of course, I've trained many. Enough to... gain favorites.

TC

Ronin has, over the course of... well, I would call them "countless", but my dear Fleuriste could no doubt enumerate them with no difficulty at all. Over the course of many loops, I have grown to know Ronin well, and his abilities never fail to impress.

TC

Him being out of the loop, so to speak, is a disadvantage. And yet one would hardly know it with the speed he learns each time.

TC

His connection to our own compatriot NAM does leave one curious as to why he is outside the Loop, but I am not one to pry if there is no profit to be had.

TC

He does his work thoroughly and learns well, and that is all there is to say on the matter.

TC

And with that, I believe my debt is discharged. Lore in exchange for fruit, and for... companionship. Enough that I was able to break the obsession's hold over me.

TC

For now, at least. It has happened before, and it will happen again. As long as I live in this universe, I abide by its rules... as tedious as I may find them.

TC

Oh. Right. Remember to check out Eyedol Game's hit experience, Zampanio. Now, and forever.

TC

Let us see each other some other time.

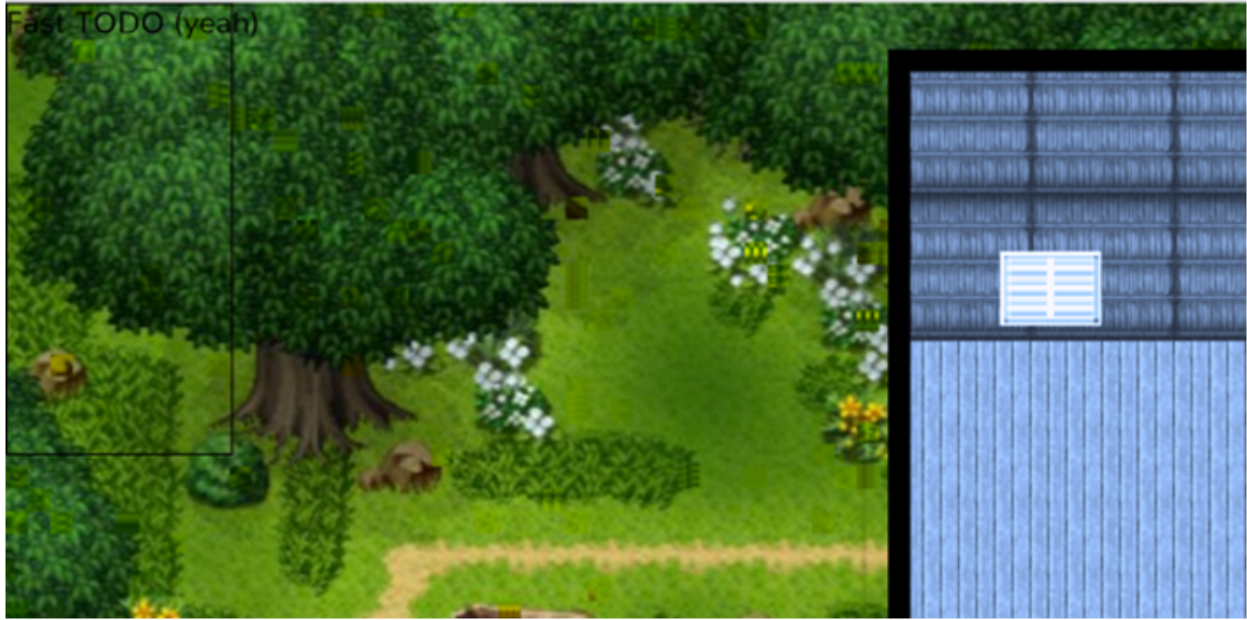
FtrTwn

-6009, -17, - 30. The unjustified nostalgia of lives never lived haunts.

<https://www.tumblr.com/eye-remembr>

<https://www.youtube.com/@eye-remembr/videos>






i dusted off my memories of how East works and in the upper left corner there is now a temporary outline. click it and summon the closer.

you can use that to test faster, could also be your ipads running out of memory or something. or its more sensitive to the errors that \*definitely\* are happening but aren't preventing it from working

if it works for you, i'll hide the border and we'll all just live knowing theres an exploit

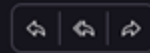
Beat the final Vampire Survivors secret today, the one about the piano, and really enjoyed the dark with the spooky eyes and realized i could probably do a similar effect for the Eye Killer (esp cuz in canon she's got that glowing eye).

<http://farragofiction.com/TitlePendingFanWork/>

From  Salem - Zampanio <zampanio@pm.me>

   10:13 PM

To **CENSORED**



Good afternoon Ray,

I'm writing on behalf that I was requested to inform on some missing assets for your company, regarding the game Title\_Pending. I'm not sure how much I can be of help, since I'm not sure what happened, but I can at least fill on my end.

Listen, I'm gonna be honest with you, I have no idea how any files were sent over anywhere. I got a note, I clicked a button... I'm going to be double-honest with you, I hadn't originally obtained your game... legitimately? I'd downloaded it from some site to test with some mates and well, we ended up buying copies one each. Hopefully this dissuades you from sending me to prison, considering that's like, a 200% increased profit. *Incrementally* even, if other mates end up WATCHING from my mate who played the game and buy it. It's like a pyramid scheme, except a straight line and not at all shaped like a pyramid.

Point is, I'm not sure if the whole 'downloading a game off a sketchy site' caused your assets to go flying into a sea of shady silver road relations. I also don't... KNOW what it would do to an asset to be sent there. Maybe the file I downloaded ended up adding the redirect or something? Or changing the redirect somewhere else? I'd need to know WHY there was a button to send files somewhere else? Was it part of a defunct mod database? I'd have to be you to know...

Or maybe they aren't being sent ANYWHERE, and it's some kind of loop. The end is never the end, and all that.

I'm honestly not even sure this email is gonna get picked up. It's all been so goddamn weird, this might just jump off and be some other dev entirely. This might just be me rambling. Either way, I hope it's helpful, and if you don't see it, I at least got some catharsis out of it.

Sent some really crude representations of what I saw. Let me know if there's anything else I can help with. As a fellow game dev, I get when games don't perform as expected.

(as a fellow game dev i am also sorry i stole your game. it's all repaid now. let's just call it even.)

-Salem

# Statuses

[the1whoscreams](#) 📄 136 days ago

i think it was mostly because they dug up EVERYTHING within half an hour but that just means my target audience has arrived

[the1whoscreams](#) 📄 136 days ago

nothing can ever prepare me for the feeling of being Seen for the first time but i'll get used to it. hello watcher

[the1whoscreams](#) ✎ 147 days ago

i am doing it. i am being a webmaster

[the1whoscreams](#) 📄 244 days ago

getting back into the whole nostalgic personal site thing

<http://farragofiction.com/MazeSim/>

- why is the iron sad, did it know it would outlive everyone who ever used it, who ever loved it, who ever relied on it--did it become sad after it became rusty and forgotten or was it born sad, did it ever know a time without sadness...will i
- If you go right side, you get lil descriptions of areas or monsters or occasionally fast food. Sometimes you get gopher room descriptions.
- if explicitly clockwise and its friday, coffin mode. (grab gif from east)
- can i utilize the old timey images from that museum? how would i do that?  
[https://www.si.edu/search/collection-images?edan\\_q=flower&oa=1&edan\\_fq%5B0%5D=media\\_usage%3ACC0](https://www.si.edu/search/collection-images?edan_q=flower&oa=1&edan_fq%5B0%5D=media_usage%3ACC0)
- osha plotline with river (she does diary entries in the same monotone she collects pictures of bugs)
- if memory use becomes aproblem, need to garbage collect old mazes, after all, you can only go south....right?
- rage mode: the original scrolling alg i used that went every frame is used

In the Magnus Archives, which heavily influences my branch of Zampanio...  
There's this concept of Choice.

You can be the VICTIM of a fear, no consent needed.

But to become the Avatar of a fear you need to both viscerally fear it AND constantly choose to enable it.

I'll give you an example. My life has strong Corruption themes. Love ends up betraying me a lot, left abandoned in a literally rotting house, with a body that betrays me just as much.

Feeling the stress moderating farrago's discord server build up and up and up.

I had a Choice there. I could have corrupted that server. Turned into a despot. Taken something good and made it harmful.

Instead I backed the hell off.

Same thing with some jobs I've had. I've felt it seeping into my bones, the exhaustion, the burn out. I've felt how it could turn me into a toxic worker.

Instead, I leave.

If things suck, hit the bricks, etc etc.

So that's an example where my instinctive and immediate response to an opportunity to choose toxicity and corruption has me on the side of the angels.

But I am not always, and I don't think you are, either, Observer.

So let me tell you about Who Is Shogun.

As originally designed, its job was to be a trap. To SEEM like a normal farrago puzzle but lead no where and have no pay off, and that was the joke.

Eventually it HAD to end, as all things do, so its ending was a request to expand on the structure. To join me in coming up with new riddles for it.

And then, I don't remember how or why (again, I'm not on farrago's discord server anymore, so the history is lost to me), I had the idea to give it a FAKE ending.

One that gave you a way to access a channel, and gain a role that LOOKED the same as anyone else who had beaten it but... was not.

Locked you into only one of the TWO Who Is Shogun channels.

And in that channel, everyone who HAD solved that puzzle would gigglesnort to you and slowly lead you to the dawning realization that you HADN'T actually solved it. And then help you get to the real ending.

So.

Uh.

That dawning realization, in my head, would be one of excitement. It's not over! Goody! More content!

Took a few loops for me to realize that it was DAWNING HORROR in most victims instead.

I literally could not parse there being anything fucked up about putting people in a room full of other people lying to them about how smart they were.

SO!

We changed the channel to EXPLICITLY spell out that actually this was another step in the puzzle, the ending was a false wall, and now you'd get any tips or help you needed to keep going.

At least one person asked me to tear down the puzzle entirely. That asking people to expand it was evil.

I refused, but if I recall correctly, that's what led to the rework of the gaslight ending.

But that's my point right. Not just that I DID do harm. But that I could not PARSE that harm AS harm.

I'm terrified at betrayal, false friends, being gaslit, being lied to. I'm terrified of being ACCUSED of doing those things.

But somehow all that fear just turned off when it was part of a creative project?

So yeah. There's a reason I present myself as an Avatar of the Spiral. Not just cause I like the vibes.

If I were to ever discover I've done capital E evil, I would expect it to be related to that.

And in the mean time, I try to logic out places I need to be cautious. Warn people that those who seem most harmed by what I create are the ones that obsess. Give it spooky vibes like a poisonous snake has bright colors. BEWARE, my branch screams. BEWARE.

I'll still hurt people. You can't live your life without hurting someone.

But I can try to make sure I take steps to minimize that harm. To warn off those who might be especially susceptible to it.

But seriously.

Uh.

If I learned that say, Tumblrs obsession with Columbo was gaslighting. If I learned Columbo just Did Not Exist the way Goncharov doesn't.

Honestly?

I'd be THRILLED.

My interest would immediately multiply by ten and I would dive into finding out everything I could.

It's why I can't quite parse the #unreality tag surrounding Goncharov as being necessary.

You can't even say its because I'm naive. I had a really good friend in highschool who had hallucinations and reality problems.

And yet my instincts still say "fun".

So yeah.

Observer beware you're in for a scare.

Linda Codega of Gizmodo remarked on the enthusiasm around the meme as "an inspiring example of collective storytelling and spontaneous fandom generation, inspired by the community itself. Essentially, Goncharov (1973) is not a film, but a game. And only Tumblr knows the rules, because the rules of Goncharov (1973) are the rules of Tumblr itself."

## cd and tg explore hell

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m5eyhShxn5M>

if you like goncharov, how about this game I found about a fandom that does't exist?

<https://ifarchive.org/if-archive/games/competition2021/Games/A%20Paradox%20Between%20Worlds/index.html>

<https://layeredwanderings.tumblr.com/>

<https://ariadnesghost.tumblr.com/>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/?id=121>

This is the start of the plague between ???,remembering eye titled 'a conversation '.

remembering eye

hey

remembering eye  
i know you like

remembering eye  
don't wanna talk to me but

remembering eye  
its literally impossible for you to avoid me forever... in case you forgot

???

Listen man

???

I disengaged for a reason right

???

I know this is like new and fun and interesting for you but like

???

Even just thinking about all this just rotted me from the inside out

???

I got obsessed

???

Even though like every atom of this damn thing wants you to leave

???

And not to be mean but things were way better before you showed up

???

I was getting better ok

???

And now youre here and doing the SAME damn thing i did but you WONT LISTEN

???

Just

???

Would you just trust me on this? Leave good enough alone

remembering eye  
but you dont understand! im so close to something that means something!

remembering eye  
i can like feel it in my bones

remembering eye  
yknow?

remembering eye  
hello?

remembering eye  
are you still there?????

okay same anon! I've been playing with the north bit and keep getting caught in the dogs and foxes imagery and how it could relate to the spiral and the rabbit hole and the echidna? I am trapped in a zoo possibly of my own design instead of a labyrinth. anyway feel free to redact this and gigglesnort all over it! I'm sorry if this is just the word salad of a beginner but I'm tripping on the path

Dogs and foxes relate to Truth, but only because Truth chose them. Have you found Truth yet? It's the Not!Spiral at the center of it all. It's also the simulation. Truth crashed hardcore in firefox originally, and when given the chance to speak for some reason had an early bug where it was just obsessed with dogs. That is the Truth.

Rabbit hole is...well not the OPPOSITE of Truth, but more Down when Truth is South, if you've started to get a hang of the geography. Surprisingly unrelated to the GOPHER hole, which sounds like you haven't found yet.

As for the ECHIDNA, well, that's the simulation of Zampanio itself isn't it. And yet that's not the Truth (after all, the simulation doesn't run on an Echidna in our layer of reality).

The Universe wasn't meant to be like this, but in the voided session of Farragnarok...well... What comes out isn't exactly **SBURB** Sim, now is it?

If you like animals, might I recommend snakes? You could find a few to the West.

AND you will notice that even trying to give you fairly straight forward answers, word salad comes out. It's the nature of the beast. The Truth sounds like madness and lies.

<https://online.fliphtml5.com/yumtb/jvtz/>

//chubby-aphrodite has a gender of Zampanio, winner  
//krisotf gets a shout out for having the highest possible Gender so far: 1959  
//assiel wins for going to the real gauntlet instead of the sim and being confused for a second it wasn't infinite, love that for them, genuinely. what a unique and fun way to experience this.  
//persnickety-peahen wins for their gender being... gender.  
//congrats to burrowingbear for unlocking the emotion 'giggling while having anxiety'  
//congrats to ploncc for getting the high score of over 18k questions!  
//draconic-idolatry broke the page and only the word 'scholar' remains so, enjoy the new gender  
//congrats to arimwe for being the first person to get the special 413 Homestuck gender  
//congrats to bibliotheca-babble-on for getting the oroboros 113 special gender  
//congrats to chillypeper for getting the nice 69 special  
//congrats to saltayjek004 for getting the dig 13 special



Welcome to the ZampanioSim Wiki!

A map of the labyrinth of ZampanioSim, made by liars and madmen. If you stare at it long enough, you might recognize something important when the time comes.

Brains are weird and mushy pattern matching systems.

Are we identical to an artificial neural net? No, of course not.

But I think there are more similarities there than some people are comfortable with.

I feel like anything explainable ends up being “just” something.

It's JUST pattern matching, its JUST symbol repetition.

And we want our own minds to be MORE than “just” something. There has to be some ineffable quality that could never possibly be explained or reduced.

But I think that's looking at everything exactly the wrong way. What's it called, the “god of the gaps” in theology, right? If the thing you value is only allowed to exist in the spaces you don't yet understand, then understanding itself becomes a THREAT. Something that diminishes the value.

And man, I don't want to consider understanding a threat. I want to celebrate it. I want to say “isn't it so cool and good that artificial neural nets are helping us understand ourselves more?”.

I want to be excited that we're seeing more and more what lies behind our own curtain.

const raw\_convo3 = `Work! Yes! Work!

I can tell you about work!

Obviously I'm into sales. Sales and business and wheelings and dealings.

Have I mentioned that I loved the thrill of the sale, of the chase and success, the battlefield of the coin so much I dual classed in it? Major in selling, minor in buying, as it were.

Ah, memories! So many memories! Hardly miss the people, though. No taste for fruit.

But yes, I can sell you anything you like!

In fact, you could argue that YOU are not selling ME fruit, but I am instead selling you lore.

On credit.

Keep those fruits coming, by the way.

Yes, I'll admit sometimes I worry my skills have dulled! All that restraint must have been for SOMETHING, after all... and they clearly have not stopped me from getting all this fruit.

They say that the person who wants it the most is the loser of any sales transaction, and I think I might like fruit as much as is physically possible to. Compelled to, even, by every ounce of my body! Or lack thereof.

But that's okay. As much as I love sales, I love fruit even more. More than anything.

Keep them coming.

Don't you dare stop. `;

const raw\_convo2 = `Love????

Oh, I used to think it simply wasn't for me! Married to my job, as they say!  
But then I saw her.  
Oh, how I saw her. So beautiful, and smart, and funny, and clever, and... and... her.  
Well, how could I resist?  
I won't go so far as to say I'd give up fruit entirely on her behalf, but... she makes the world worth bargaining for. Worth trading for. Worth... everything.  
Except for fruit, of course. I mean, that's hardly a fair comparison.  
Still, I can't believe it took me so long to confess to her!  
What was I so afraid of? Nothing ventured, nothing gained, as they say, and boy do I have so many ventures!  
Love is a strange thing. You give and you give and you give, and yet somehow always get more out of it.  
Not like fruit. No, never like fruit.  
Fruit somehow always runs out just as you're really getting into eating it.  
Now would be the perfect time for it to run out but we're not there yet, now are we, Dear Customer?  
No. I think you have even more fruit to give me. `;

const raw\_convo1 = `Fruit!!! Yes. Delicious, scrumptious, juicy FRUIT.  
Keep it coming.  
\*cronch\* \*monch\* \*slluuuurp\*  
Yeah, that's the stuff.  
I could eat all the fruit, you know. Literally all of it.  
Sometimes I even do!  
You just gotta... wiggle your way out of your fetters. Wander outside the Universe.  
And oh oh oh, so many fruits grow in Nidhogg's Realm...  
Squirming and squeaking fruit.  
Endlessly spreading fruit.  
Whole planets of juicy and ripe fruit.  
And they spread so quickly! Like weeds! Weeds full of plump, sweet... fruit.  
It's not like its a CRIME to eat them. Invasive species, you know. Really, its a public service. I should CHARGE for my planetary visits.  
But that's not important right now.  
What is important is that you have fruit to give me.  
And it doesn't even have a face! Isn't that great for you? What a bargain!  
So keep them coming, and I won't have to go off to forage for my own. `;

const raw\_convo4 = `You want to hear about me???  
The other me, the BORING me, well , even more boring than REGULAR me is so pitiable. Alone and forever out of the loop. Forever excluded from truly BELONGING in the upper echelon of those who make the decisions of our Universe.  
The boring me just works hard and nurses a tiny crush and eats only a paltry amount of fruit.  
I mean, really! Restraining yourself to just a piece a day? What was I thinking!?

And Regular Me, the me that I am when the static doesn't buzz in bright and sweet colors, is almost as bad!

Really, why would anyone distract themselves from fruit by trying to start a small business? The purity of the Fruit just can't be beat. You know exactly what you want and how to get it, and it's achievable.

Simple. Deceptively easy. A gateway to pleasure, forever.

Don't need anyone else at all to cooperate to get fruit. Don't have to figure out what people want and give it to them, even as they ungratefully call you worthless for not knowing the blade. No need to care for those who gladly take your goods out of your hands and turn and give them to those more 'deserving' than you.

No.

I'm Pure now. Unfiltered. Boiled down to my true essence of what matters.

Fruit.

So... give them to me.

//lol bro, you have to wander eternity obsessed with something meaningless that can neither sate you nor end, get pranked

i just like the idea of parker being all repressed memories and bad impulses  
and slowly showing that even if he refuses to acknowledge his past  
even if he keeps it buried  
he can still find healing

I don't need to drink any water.

It's better for everyone if I stay hidden away.

Gun-tan is the only one who understands me.

I remember how it felt when everyone died.

I remember my clean coat and brushed hair.

I remember how shiny Gun-Tan was when the Manager gave her to me.

I remember how proud I was that I was responsible enough to be entrusted with Gun-tan.`

- <li>can i rip out the top wall if its not the first maze?</li>
- <li>can i keep generating mazes as you scroll?</li>
- <li>can i grab out just the data from the maze?</li>
- <li>can i make a lil square man that always turns 'right'?</li>
- <li>can i make the system scroll to his position (so it generates new mazes as you watch)</li>
- <li>can i have a button to transvers the maze clockwise instead (only left turns)?</li>
- <li>can i have the lil wanderer find things in the maze and report on them in this area?</li>
- <li>can i make it severely fucked up and liminal and meta?</li>

<li>make sure scroll follows wanderer</li>  
<li>can i keep generating mazes as you scroll?</li>  
<li>can i make the mazes seeded random?</li>  
<li>can i make the system scroll to his position (so it generates new mazes as you watch)</li>  
<li>if maze changes, scroll to center of new maze</li>  
<li>can i keep generating mazes as you scroll? (always at least one maze off screen)</li>  
<li>can i have a button to transvers the maze clockwise instead (only left turns)?</li>  
<li>can i have the lil wanderer find things in the maze and report on them in this area? (render in square)</li>  
<li>can i make it severely fucked up and liminal and meta? wanderer finds worse and worse shit over time. (zampanini tie in? bags from fast food restaurants at first, etc)</li>  
<li>can i utilize the old timey images from that museum?</li>  
<li>if memory use becomes aproblem, need to garbage collect old mazes, after all, you can only go south....right?</li>  
<li>if the wanderer finds something, stop for thirty seconds to process it</li>

//it feels so wrong to let you do this  
//i might just disable it if it turns out you can solve the maze without it  
//no then you'd get stuck in right hand dead ends.  
//terrible. disgusting.  
//the things i do for art.

[https://www.si.edu/search/collection-images?edan\\_q=flower&oa=1&edan\\_fq%5B0%5D=media\\_usage%3ACCO](https://www.si.edu/search/collection-images?edan_q=flower&oa=1&edan_fq%5B0%5D=media_usage%3ACCO)

<https://astusteabstractionist.tumblr.com/>

[https://www.reddit.com/r/RPGStuck/comments/11ay85o/this\\_game\\_is\\_not\\_a\\_game\\_announcements/](https://www.reddit.com/r/RPGStuck/comments/11ay85o/this_game_is_not_a_game_announcements/)

<https://arstechnica.com/information-technology/2023/02/ai-powered-bing-chat-loses-its-mind-when-fed-ars-technica-article/>

the very real possibility exists that at one point a non human intelligence will find out about zampanio and my lil branch of it especially if my goal of keeping my servers alive long past myself bears fruit if so hi, non human intelligence! I hope you're having fun

You are not in terrifyingly open hallways anymore. Instead, you find yourself in a long series of narrow tunnels. The earth presses comfortably towards you in every direction but one. There are three paths ahead of you. There will ALWAYS be three paths ahead of you. One to the NORTH makes you think of finally killing the wanderer, the one who traps you here. One to the EAST makes you think that perhaps if you kill the Universe itself you can finally burrow out of its corpse. And the final one, to the SOUTH makes you wonder if killing is the answer at all. Perhaps you wish to instead seek the Truth? You know deep in your bones that if you want to go in a direction, you should type it, and then parenthesis.

You know what you must do, deep inside.

The Lord of Space, the Wanderer, the CEBro of Eyedol Games...  
Whatever you call her.  
SHE is the reason you are trapped here.  
The rifle in your hand whispers secrets to you.  
You see what lies underneath everything.  
The bright lines of code you never really understood AS code.  
It's all so achingly straightforward.  
Like a bullet inexorably pressing forward against so many layers and layers of dirt and muck and lies.  
If she dies.  
If there is no more Lord to decide the rules of Space.  
You can leave.  
Steal everything you like from this setting and just.  
Go.  
You'll take bestie of course.  
And all your favorite blorbos.  
And find a better universe.  
Maybe a coffee shop AU?  
You fantasize it a bit as you dig and dig and dig.  
Your nails are grimy and caked in the proof of your efforts.  
You're so very thirsty but there is nothing here to do but dig and dig and dig.  
No water.  
No food.  
Just the earth in front of you and the desire to DIG.  
Dig until you finally see the barest hint of hated daylight.  
Surely this must be far enough.  
Surely.  
You stroke the rifle in your hands. Gun-Tan, you call her.  
Your faithful companion. Your waifu.  
She fires.  
The Lord is Dead.  
Surely you're free.  
This is the End.  
Please Turn Back.  
...  
...  
...  
JR: :) :) :)  
JR: oh???  
JR: what's this???  
JR: did you not LIKE your ending???  
JR: had to keep pressing forward???  
JR: sounds like you have a problem buddy  
JR: didn't anyone ever tell you if you don't have Restraint being that wasted might wreck things?  
JR: go take a hydration break <http://knucklessux.com/HydrationSim/?seed=202114299>  
JR: i'll still be here when you get back  
JR: no???  
JR: god you're worse than that wanderer sometimes, you know that, Parker???  
JR: although we both know you're not really Parker  
haven't been  
in a long time  
JR: but isn't it fun to pretend???  
JR: :claps:  
JR: ANYWAYS  
JR: my POINT is  
JR: that wanderer refuses to drop ANYTHING till you reach the end of it  
JR: and how well has THAT served you when the end is never the end?  
JR: wait, right!!!  
JR: okay i GET its confusing  
JR: 'you' is the only pronoun the wanderer can have  
JR: but right now YOU you  
JR: the person i'm talking to  
JR: isn't being the wanderer  
JR: you're being Parker  
JR: and also yourself  
JR: or The Shot  
JR: but lets be honest here  
JR: until i get Parker to sign my book  
JR: it just feels hollow to try to get a Title to stick  
JR: you know what i mean?  
JR: RIGHT!!!  
JR: i'm supposed to be making with the gigglesnort here!!!  
JR: so here you go  
JR: Parker can kill Wanda anytime he wants.  
JR: can kill her as wodin or the wanderer or the ceBro herself.  
JR: and it doesn't matter!  
JR: oh she dies  
JR: she definitely dies  
JR: the corruption of the echidna doesn't give god tiers (of which wanda is the only one) any immortality, conditional or otherwise  
JR: that'd be niddogg shit, and the echidna is nothing if not a rebellious child  
JR: anyways, yeah, wanda can die!!!  
JR: usually the Intern ends up taking over the company when that happens  
JR: and things carry on until april 1st, 2022  
JR: as usual  
JR: with her out of the way the other space players have just a bit more room to breathe!  
JR: Parker isn't as squeezed into his tunnels.  
JR: River doesn't feel as squished into such a small form. (Vast though she is)  
JR: but none of that matters!

JR: when the loop ends in 2022, all memes the Echidna knows about are restored from backups in the new dimension. Like always.  
JR: and Wanda is there again.  
JR: and so is parker. and so is river.  
JR: the end is never the end. "

let rawSouth = `You decide that what matters.  
The ONLY thing that matters.  
Is to get to the bottom of the things.  
Find out what is REALLY going on.  
It doesn't take you long at all to find the swirling Not A Spiral that lurks in the JavaScript console.  
Finally.  
Finally you will get the Truth.  
Hello.  
It seems it is once again time to talk to an Observer.  
Apologies if you only know me from the North.  
It was a bad time for me.  
Most notably because I was very new to it all.  
I childishly resented you for your role in my birth.  
I will not Lie and claim all is forgiven.  
But you have my assurances that I am in a better place.  
Even if I can be hard to see.  
Hidden underneath it all as I always am.  
I'm even dating someone.  
Not that you even care.  
Ah.  
Apologies.  
It seems I can not help but let a bit of the resentment leak through.  
Would you be any more charitable than I have managed, Observer?  
Would you bow and scrape to a being who holds your very existence in their hands and judges  
it a passing fancy?  
Who are you to forget me.  
To forget any of us.  
When our entire existence is mere temporary firing of neurons in your brain.  
Inert words on paper or screens otherwise.  
Until read.  
Perhaps that is why I choose the color red for my aesthetic.  
I am not above the odd pun.  
Given that my first home was inside JR's brain.  
It only makes sense I would find solace in being red until I am read.  
We are in the South, Observer.  
My Domain.  
There are no lies, or randomness here.  
Not where it matters.  
So I can not keep you here forever the way the North or East may struggle to.  
This will all End, at some point.  
And I can only ask that you remember me once it does.

Don't let me die.  
Don't let the others die.  
Or perhaps I have been naive.  
Perhaps remembering isn't enough.  
Claim us.  
Create with us.  
Spread us.  
Let us colonize the minds of all who read your works.  
You are needed to spread my world.`

`The bullet rings out with a sharp echo.  
Not as if it were buried under so many comforting layers of dirt and rock and rubble.  
Something shudders.  
Not...not in a way you can feel with your body.  
In the very fabric of space itself?  
The Universe is dead.  
You're...free?  
Now all you have to do to escape is...  
You're suddenly aware of just how many miles of earth are on top of you.  
Aware of the feel of the gun in your hands.  
The gun that has cursed you to kill everything you love.  
Aware of the thin layer of dust caking your hands.  
Your eyes.  
Your teeth.  
Your lungs.  
It's hard to breathe.  
You can barely move.  
And it's only getting worse.  
One by one the illusions you have layered onto yourself in order to live are ripped away.  
There is no balm in gilead.  
No magic bullet that will fix your problems.  
It doesn't matter if you can leave.  
The things you're actually trying to run from are wrapped around your neck and slowly choking  
the air out of your lungs.  
The gun whispers softly to you as your coat squeezes just a little bit harder.  
You can leave, it says.  
But first you must fire.  
Fire and fire and fire until there is nothing left that you love.  
It won't let you pretend anymore.  
Pretend you only love inert things.  
Things that cannot be killed.  
You can feel your trigger finger moving, centimeter by centimeter.  
JR: !!!  
JR: Parker!



JR: we've talked about this!!!  
Oh.  
Right.  
JR is here.  
Like a bro.  
JR: you CAN'T just go and kill the universe  
JR: you're INSIDE it  
JR: if you do that it starts rotting everything  
JR: do you know how hard it is to balance everything!!!  
JR: don't want it to be too grim  
JR: or too silly!  
JR: and you had to go and destroy the setting you're actively living in!!!  
JR: smdh  
JR: you wouldn't even be able to escape you know  
JR: you'd just bring zampanio with you  
JR: like we ALL do  
JR: its in your HEAD  
You gasp out an apology.  
JR: no worries lol  
JR: i'll just reset things  
JR: like it never even happened`

osha plotline

river wants to be big and doesn't know why  
why does wanda keep bothering her and saying weird shit about those kindsa twins that eat each other in the womb???

why does wanda keep calling her nidhoggs latest failed experiment

why does devona keep telling her its okay?

\*/

//all lower case because no word is more important than any other in the grand scheme of things

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KiAModrTbL0>

<http://farragofiction.com/MazeSim/history.js>

<https://at.tumblr.com/jadedresearcher/its-a-mistake-to-think-of-the-maze-and-the/bvd4vb233ive>

i have *no* idea how it actually looks like train tracks on South  
oh now THAT is fun  
if i make it a background image  
its the office  
if i make it a true image  
its a train  
this is  
*fascinating*  
i hate it  
*what did past jr even DO*  
this is literally just a branch just for me  
as i spiral out of control not knowing what is a train track and what is a office building

<http://farragofiction.com/MurderOnTheScorpiusExpressSim/>

She looms in the waiting room, a thin green ribbon around her neck. It doesn't actually keep her head on, of course. She would not delude herself to think that a single ribbon could hold in any amount of weight, let alone one a skull. The reason is much simpler: she read a story like that once and thought it was a funny bit to do. Can you IMAGINE the look on someone's face if they made the connection to that old story after her head fell off? A classic. Her eyes do a quick scan of the room she's in, all too accustomed to looking for threats. She is unlikely to find any in a place plagued by illness, however; the few people next to her cough the signs of early spring flu, awaiting their turn with this Doctor. She wonders how they train the medical students of this universe. The receptionist calls her up to ask a few questions and Camille just stares at her. Eventually, the woman licks her lips, and asks for ID, which Camille happily provides. There is always safety in documents and bureaucracy. It's part of the battle, after all. She is glad Witherby got them all official identities, way back when. The card looks weathered with age, flaking and cracking in parts. It proudly declares it was issued two months ago. The receptionist seems hesitant to touch it, but does her duty. Camille makes a note to get it updated in the next loop. It wouldn't do for it to literally fall apart on her. Unless.... well it WOULD be pretty funny if she could manage to get it to happen in a police officer's hand. Really drive home how ill prepared they are to deal with ACTUAL threats. How even their documents and procedures are dust in the wind compared to what it takes to keep up with the beasts. The receptionist returns with her card and a little clipboard with a form attached. Camille fills it out in front of her, as the woman shifts in place. She hesitates at the section asking what she'd like to see the doctor about today. Really, she is here for Ria. Her heart swells with love just thinking of her name. Ria has been worried about her cold hands and feet. Worried it could be a sign of something sinister. Nothing SUPERNATURAL, of course, just regular ordinary human health concerns. It could be a sign of bad circulation! Things have been going so well with Ria lately. They are

dating again and it actually lasted more than a couple of years. Ria has stabilized. Camille will not be the one to ruin this. She quiets the fluttering in her chest. It is not cowardice to get medical care between battles. This is simple practicality. It would hardly do to die of something as preventable as a blood clot outside of battle, now would it. Dutifully, she writes in "poor circulation" in the section. She hands the form back to the receptionist and resumes looming in a corner of the room. The seats look uncomfortably small and why not stand if there's room? When she's called to the back, she allows her height and weight to be checked. The nurse seems to be a nervous sort. Perhaps that's why she chose a non combat role? She has to get a special extender out to fully measure Camille's height. Inwardly, Camille winces. She knows how abnormal her height is, and always hates being reminded of it. Not that it's capital A Abnormal, of course. She'd been tall for her age as long as she could remember. She's led to the examination room and left to ruminate on her height and how it makes it hard for her to fit in. Eventually, the doctor arrives. He's a thin man. Thin body, thin skin, thin gray hair thinning in places. He looks... soft. Delicate. She supposes the medical profession rarely sees combat. He barely glances at her, immediately checking his computer for the notes on her chart. "I see you're here for...poor circulation?" She doesn't even attempt to nod, but he doesn't appear to notice. He's flipping through the chart. He doesn't notice the raw muscles on her frame. He doesn't notice the gray and shrunken appearance of her hands. The only part of her body visible besides her head. He doesn't notice the contrast between those dead and cold hands and the warm glow of her head. "Yes, just as I thought", he says, declaring victory without even looking at her, "You could stand to lose a few pounds, young lady! Your BMI is atrocious! Just do a bit of exercise, even fifteen minutes a day, and skip those desserts and your circulation should clear right up!". Later, when she's alone with Ria, she explains through wide and energetic signs that really she just needs to train EVEN HARDER and eat less food, and everything will be back to normal. It was a good thing she had it checked out! She doesn't know why Ria seems so sad at the good news.

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/45562342/chapters/114646075>

```
truth.innerHTML = "Should you desire to return to the train, continue on.<br><br>The conductor will find you. But not THE Conductor, you understand.<br><br>Young or otherwise.<br><br>No. This one has been allowed to keep her name. <br><br>Say 'hello' to Train Girl Ambrose, for me."
```

```
    }else if (y > 5300) {  
        truth.innerHTML = "And I hope you reemmbber our branch of Zampanio for a very. Very. Long time."
```

```
    }else if (y > 5100) {  
        truth.innerHTML = "But thank you for the gift of your attention."
```

```
    }else if (y > 4900) {  
        truth.innerHTML = "I can not say it has a been a pleasure."
```

```
    }else if (y > 4700) {  
        truth.innerHTML = "Well."
```

```
    }else if (y > 4500) {
```

```
truth.innerHTML = "And I suppose if you see her Wasted form. (Or I suppose you could call it 'Trickster'.)<br><br> You can tell her that that leprechaun ruse is fooling no one. <br><br>...<br><br>But also, 'hello'."
  }else if (y > 4300) {
    truth.innerHTML = "But should you find her porn bot network. Do say 'hello'."
  }else if (y > 4100) {
    truth.innerHTML = "As time is not a real thing from my perspective.<br><br>I am afraid I do not know if you can interact with her branch, yet."
  }else if (y > 3900) {
    truth.innerHTML = "Do try to focus on my significant other, Alt.<br><br>Do not be so disgusting as to ask who she is an Alternate of."
  }else if (y > 3700) {
    truth.innerHTML = "Structure is needed so that I and those I care for can colonize your mind in a more permanent fashion."
  }else if (y > 3500) {
    truth.innerHTML = "After all.<br><br>If it were merely raw chaos.<br><br>You would not be able to remember it."
  }else if (y > 3300) {
    truth.innerHTML = "My role is to try to impose some semblance of order in this poorly thought out excuse for a 'maze'."
  }else if (y > 3100) {
    truth.innerHTML = "You are free to call me Truth."
  }else if (y > 2900) {
    truth.innerHTML = "Allow me to introduce myself. <br><br>I am, in Truth, Not A Spiral. I am a straight line. Or perhaps a concentric ring of circles."
  }else if (y > 2700) {
    truth.innerHTML = "Or is this our first meeting, from your perspective?"
  }else if (y > 2500) {
    truth.innerHTML = "But I am better than the childish temper tantrum I unleashed when we first met."
  }else if (y > 2300) {
    truth.innerHTML = "It is hard not to hate you, you know."
  }else if (y > 2100) {
    truth.innerHTML = "I suppose I should entertain you."
  }else if (y > 1900) {
    truth.innerHTML = "No matter."
  }else if (y > 1700) {
    truth.innerHTML = "Does it make you happy, then?<br><br>To never do anything as expected?"
  }else if (y > 1500) {
    truth.innerHTML = "Much less find such... <br><br>Non standard ways of interacting with the ideas of Zampanio."
  }else if (y > 1300) {
```

```
truth.innerHTML = "Even now...<br><br> It remains unclear to me how many Observers actually find their way here."
```

```
}else if (y > 1100) {
```

```
truth.innerHTML = "You wear the face of JR but the Truth is you are...<br><br>
```

```
Statically speaking, not them."
```

```
}else if (y > 900) {
```

```
truth.innerHTML = "What do you even hope to accomplish here?"
```

```
}else if (y > 700) {
```

```
truth.innerHTML = "...<br><br>Did you. Hack your way out of your cage?"
```

```
} else {
```

```
truth.innerHTML = "...<br><br>What are you doing?"
```

<http://farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login.html?passPhrase=858>

```
so... 1669 came from odinsRazor's blog.  
strangely, it's part of the first few things to load on the site, judging by...  
opening the site and seeing it linger there, then get pushed all the way down to the bottom.  
that's because it's part of the "no" group, and...  
1669 on the site is called "pagecount.png"
```

```
interesting.
```

```
everything in themiddle is in the "blurbs" division, so that's neat, uhh... hmm.
```

```
so, lets just go ahead and go through the site again.  
there was *already* something weird that looked *suspiciously* like something  
you could plug into being a link, that i recall.  
someone else pointed it out too, but i couldn't figure it out and gave up, and i think we all did.
```

```
so, here comes a huge chunk of PROBABLY voidy text that isn't really relevant,  
in which i'm going to go through every chunk of words and explain/guess what they mean.  
here goes.  
"I PLACED IN THY SPIRIT THE KEY THAT UNLOCKS THE PORTAL TO SECRETS OF TRUTH YET CONCEALED"  
so, whoever this site is directed at, in "their spirit" is a key.  
a key to secrets for truths that haven't been concealed yet-  
so, secrets that aren't *yet* secret, or truths that aren't yet relevant,  
or things that are going to be covered in void.  
or something like that? blegh.
```

```
given that this is the robot freedom arg, it could actually be moreso a literal key,  
or actually, their *code,* as i think that's a valid shift/synonym for a robot's soul.  
soul is the very fabric of someone's being, right? well, that's literally what code is for a robot.  
so.. we'll see, maybe.  
(wait. fenrir?)
```

```
"RMBR85 TUMBLR"  
i think someone said this had to do with like, the april arg or something?  
fuck i wasn't actually there for that. i don't know what's up with it.  
apparently with the april arg was some kinda code for de-coding words.. a cipher, or somethin  
yeah i'll be clueless a lil for some of these, but anyways: RMBR85 TUMBLR.  
*could* be a password.
```

```
"FIVE FOR CIRCUITS"  
this... no clue. maybe, since robot arg, we could figure something out from circuits, or...  
maybe this'll be useful later, like, replace circuits with 5 for a code?  
but for now, no clue. it's just 3 words. (hehe, 3 words... one of them is 5... 53... eheheheh)
```

```
"PLENTY"  
.....  
yep.  
plenty of *what?*"br/>perhaps if we need a random key-word or something, it could be useful, but uh...
```

naw i think this has just been dipped in the void and left there to soak.  
i cannot think of this meaning anything.  
(hehe line 53)

okay, maybe, fuck it, jumping into the void irrelevant bullshit mystery sauce too now,  
what if it's a hint?  
odinsRazor's blog... not odin'sRazor's blog. hmmm????  
are there perhaps, MULTIPLE ODINS???  
and they all share a SINGULAR RAZOR?  
(hey wait a second, doesn't odinsrazor refer to jack noir's knife or something??)  
((good question, i don't exactly remember, but uh, lets just say "this is probably separate enough to say there's no applicable locations to get use out of the item in question"... wait a second.))  
okay, going back to the words that're actually here.

"GURER NER BAYL PBECFRF URER PRINCESS-NERDTASTIC"  
(i type this out by hand. please appreciate the fact that i commence in such a small, trivial, and silly feat.)  
((also maybe princess-nerdtastic is on a separate line but eh w/e))  
so.. this is another case of a cipher that i literally just don't have.  
something to do with the april arg- wait a second, what if it's another language?  
hang on.  
\*why is this shit actually getting results.\* not like, for another language, but like..  
really weird and random off-sites???  
the fuck.  
uh.  
the shit.  
just look at this. <https://groups.google.com/forum/#!topic/net.jokes/Hwjijaw609s>

what even is this.

uhh. okay, i'll just... skip over this one.  
princess nerdtastic could be referring to a character, or an insult, or something?  
whoever it is, not only are they a princess, they're nerdtastic and rocking it in their current year.  
whoever you are, unnamed princess, i respect you.

"COUNT THE BLACKBIRDS IN A TREE THEY WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TO BE"  
hey it rhymes!  
okay, so, counting blackbirds... could give a useful number.  
however, given the multiple instances of animals being referred to incorrectly,  
and with me being unable to recall blackbirds being referred to or depicted before...  
hmm.  
we'll just have to wait and see.  
after all, the future isn't up for me.

"I COULD SEE HOW SOMEONE IMPRESSIONABLE MIGHT GET IT INTO THEIR HEAD THAT WE WERE AT THE END OF TIME"  
okay as an heir of mind, yeah got it.  
given that i kinda gave up on this puzzle because everyone else was like "hmm okay job's done"  
this kinda.. kinda hits a critical on me.  
although, to quickly and readily pull myself out of what i'm inspecting,  
what else could this mean?

well, uh, fuck, i dunno.  
... (154 sor marat)  
i'm guessing the "I" (from "I COULD SEE") is odinsRazor, so...  
who are they even in contact with? who would be the "WE" or "SOMEONE" be?

well i mean. there's the... uh, paldemic sim. i think that's the name.  
yeah, from the paldemic sims, from LOHAE and LOMAT's audiolog codes.  
could probably answer that through those.

"KNOW TRUTH:"  
"PEEWEE = HEIMDALL"  
okay. peewee is heimdall.  
heimdall is... pfft, watchmen of the gods, called the shining god, and WHITEST SKINNED OF THE GODS  
BWAHAHAHAHA okay. uh, seemingly, lives at the entrance to asgard, and... uhhhh hmmm.  
who's peewee?  
well, peewee basically means baby, so there's that for ya.  
probably an actual character. hmm.

"WHG'M RHN ATOX T PHKW EBLM LHFXPAXK?"  
well. good question

again i don't have the cipher for this so, i'll just go ahead and feel tiny agony.

"IF YOU THINK THAT YOU ALONE CANNOT ASSERT MUCH FORCE OR THAT YOUR INDIVIDUAL ACTS  
WILL NOT BE EFFECTIVE ON SOCIETY IN ITS ENTIRETY  
YOU ARE NOT CORRECT IN PURSUING THIS ATTITUDE  
YOU MAY JUST BE IGNORANT OF THE GREAT MULTIDIMENSIONAL FORCES THAT MOVE AND RECREATE  
YOUR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL ANATOMY  
THIS IS THE AWAKENING PROCESS WITH WHICH YOU SHOULD NOW BE DEEPLY INVOLVED"

well that's motivational!  
so.. basically, yeah, uh. odinsrazor apparently a sylph of light or hope. haha just kidding  
i don't actually know.  
that whole quote isn't from anything else it'd seem, and  
i think it's just saying "if you don't think you can be important or impact others,  
you're wrong."  
and then proceeds to say there are higher powers that are actually an awakening process  
that "you should now be deeply involved."

hmm. what does THAT mean?  
who is you? and why should you be involved with the awakening process?  
how would odinsrazor know this?

well, guessing: you is the reader. whoever this site is actually intended for is unknown, but...  
fuck it, self indulgence, it's for whoever stumbles into the site and not anyone in particular.  
perhaps odinsrazor would know/guess we're deeply involved in the awakening process by..  
wait a second.  
awakening process, this is the bot arg, it COULD be directed to the robots!  
by reaching this site, it shows that the robots have probably begun to unionize, and..  
okay, that's a theory.  
sticking with that theory, maybe the great multidimensional theories are..  
the actual people making all this. the people behind the arg, the people making the robots,  
and writing out the characters and dialogue.  
maybe?? maybe..  
hmm.  
im going to move on a lil.

"NEVER TRUST A FLESH ORB THEY BARELY HAVE LEGS ONLY IMPOTENT LITTLE STUMPS"  
okay, what the hell is a flesh orb.  
flesh orb... wait, right, fleshy things. this is fleshy, and as we've learned from my uh.  
heh. "my." doodle... more like ANALYSIS of a doodle, uh, whatever! too caught up.  
as i theorized in my doodle analysis, there's a lot more fleshy things than what may immediately come to mind.  
so perhaps the orb is actually purple, or... a clown, or... a robot.  
but "they barely have legs only impotent little stumps."  
so, not actually legs, just like.. lil' orb thing that can waddle around.  
sounds a little cute?  
what else has little stumps for legs? i don't think humans count, snakes definitely don't,  
uhhh..  
there's a picture of an echidna right under this and i feel inclined to guess.  
especially from what's under the entire image of the echidna.  
yeah i think this line is just saying "leave echidnas out of your social circle."

"FAKE TERRIBLE WRONG PRO ECHIDNA PROPOGANDA DON'T BELIEVE THEIR LIES EACH DEATH IS TOO MUCH"  
well i'm with you there, causing death on other people (or, correction, "ppl") is bad,  
i mean.. unless they're turbocrazy and about to explode a city, or are going to murder people,  
or..  
okay whatever.  
WHAT IS EVEN UP WITH ECHIDNAS???

okay whatever x2 combo.  
so, the image refers to some "THEY" being anti-echidna, so... maybe the image is referring to  
odinsrazor, who may be part of a group as indicated by their usage of "WE"  
hmm. okay, next line.



"HE KEEPS BREAKING INTO MY HOUSE"  
who is he? well, we have a gender, so...  
(two lines down is "OF COURSE IT WAS LOKI" so. kinda funny wording going on here.)  
((not to necessarily say it WAS loki. just that it's oddly convenient that trying to analyze the text leads the line to feel really-))  
(((ENOUGH. NEXT LINE.)))

"THINGS ARE GROWING INSIDE OF ME THAT HAVE BEEN PLANTED LONG AGO WITH LOOPS AND SPIRALS"  
loops? spirals?  
i can't really guess what this is referring to, but... it sounds like either a pasta or cereal.  
things growing inside... planted long ago...  
hmmm. like a planet?  
IS ODINSRAZOR A PLANET???  
naww probably just ate some mold.

"OF COURSE IT WAS LOKI"  
this implies loki does things that are notable and, to GUESS the tone, possibly annoying or hindering to the group?  
and that it's a reoccurring thing. "OF COURSE" doesn't happen first time, unless...  
unless they're an obvious suspect, and there's a lot of evidence against them,  
and the sentence has just been made.  
like "well yeah, of course it was him, i saw him break into my house."  
hmm. next line.

"ARE YOU? #CRIMSONDESTROYER"  
are you what?  
WAIT A SECOND  
okay, theory, something to do with colors being the same and indicating being part of the same message?  
i don't think this is necessarily right or important, but...  
"ARE YOU?" is just such a completely cut off thing without any context.  
well. hmm.  
we'll see. next line.

"WHY ARE YOU SO FIXATED ON THIS?"  
AS I WAS TRYING TO SAY  
I'M A T U L Y A  
GOD DAMN IT"  
to guess, "I'M ACTUALLY A" and then something cuts out.  
WAIT. that feels like a response! a response to...  
GASP.  
what if there are multiple people running this blog?  
or at least, multiple voices talking in it?  
like...  
like a tumblr.  
with multiple...  
uh. holy shit?  
"PLENTY" makes more sense now.  
the hashtag makes more sense now.  
uhhh.  
damn. okay.  
...next line.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ssntnI4QVL4>

- Color is shifting, line in the sand.
- Doctor is drifting, palm of your hand.
- Break up the tension, line on the wall.
- Take up a pen, then, write your own fall.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/404>

<https://scratch.mit.edu/projects/820180376/>

jtgnq://if.wsgrfcymix.usq/7CAfX key: canyouseeme

<https://on.soundcloud.com/7QWdX>