

[EF slides this hand-written note to whom it may concern from across the table with his short, scraggly little arms.]

REPORT: YES

FACTION: NO

DATE: __/__/__ (MM/DD/YEAR)

[There is a doodle of a raft covered in rats and disembodied eyes floating toward a pyramid]

THE ANTHROPOLOGY DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN SLAIN INTO EXISTENCE AND ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH SOME OR VERY LITTLE OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD. ATTEMPTS WERE MADE TO GET A RESPONSE FROM THE FAR CORNERS OF OUR WORLD, BUT IT SEEMS THAT OUR BORDERS DO NOT REACH VERY FAR FROM BEYOND OUR SWAMP AFTER ALL.

[There is an "updated" scribble of the Map of Bellow that implies only pink, purple, and a large crab where Keitan should be still exist]

THE RATS HAVE DIED BECAUSE THEY DO NOT HAVE BOATS. OR THOUGHT THEY HAD BOATS. OR DID NOT EXIST TO INVENT BOATS. OR BOATS WERE A CONCEPT DREAMED UP BY OUR RESEARCH TEAM AND NOT DISTRIBUTED PROPERLY. EITHER WAY IT DOES NOT SEEM AS THOUGH THE RATS ARE WILLING TO EXIST.

BESTIE DID NOT MAKE CONTACT EITHER, THEY ARE PROBABLY CURRENTLY BEING EXISTENTIALLY CULLED BY DUN SANCERRE, WHO I HAVE SURMISED TO HAVE THAT ABILITY SINCE THEY MANAGED TO TAKE OUT A FEW OF OUR AGENTS.

[There is a scribble of a handful of X-eyed crows]

I ASSUME KEITAN IS NOT A NATION BUT IS IN FACT A BUNCH OF EYES THAT MANIPULATE A CREATURE THAT DOES NOT EXIST IN OUR RECORDS YET, AND PROPOSE WE SEND A CONTINGENT TO VISIT CRAB NEIGHBOR AND SEE IF THEY HAVE FOUND ALL OF THEIR EYES YET. I AM APPARENTLY ALSO A CRAB AND MAY IN FACT BE A KEITAN SPY, AND SHOULD BE THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATED IF THAT NATION IS SOMEHOW PROVEN TO EXIST, DESPITE MY EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY. OBVIOUSLY THE EYES ARE SOME INSANE BEAST THAT BELIEVE THEY ARE AN ENTIRE NATION. I CAN ONLY PITY THEM.

[Another scribble of the eyes, dotting the sky like stars, but with a headless crab reaching out to them]

FINALLY, THE DECODING AND TRANSLATION FACTION ARE PRETENDING TO BE A LIBRARY THAT IDENTIFIES ITSELF AS 42. THE FACT THAT THEY ARE ALSO FABRICATING A NATION DOES NOT BODE WELL FOR THE EXISTENCE OF THE REST OF THE CONTINENT. I FEAR WE MAY BE THE NEXT TO BE DISPROVEN OR TAKEN INTO THE REALM OF NOT BY DUN SANCERRE. PLEASE ALLOCATE APPROPRIATE RESOURCES TO ENSURE THAT ALL AGENTS MAY PROPERLY INITIATE FULL-BLOWN PANIC SINCE WE ARE ALL THAT EITHER EXISTS OR MATTERS IN THE WORLD.

[There's a half-finished scribble of a bunch of crows in various costumes throwing papers into the air. Some are crying, others seem to be getting struck by lightning. The letter ends abruptly here.]