

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 theme2 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 PPlayer))

* 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:

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Vernon Adams

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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 its a game even tho its clearly not.

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

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

ANYWAYS I do think its 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



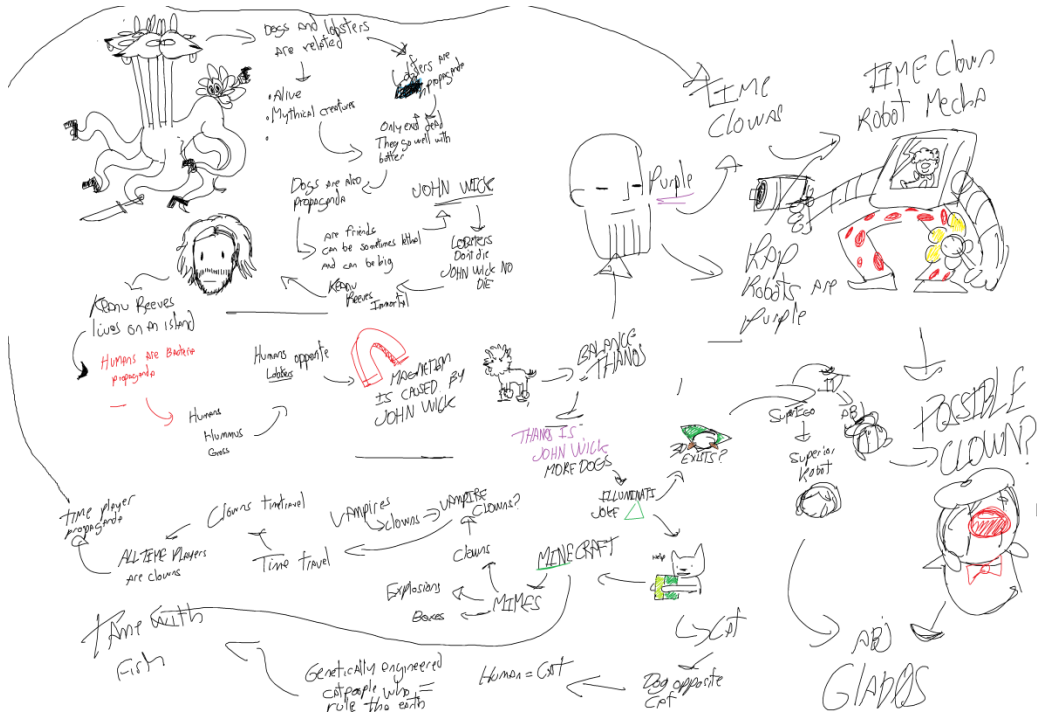


Happy 8/5!



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.

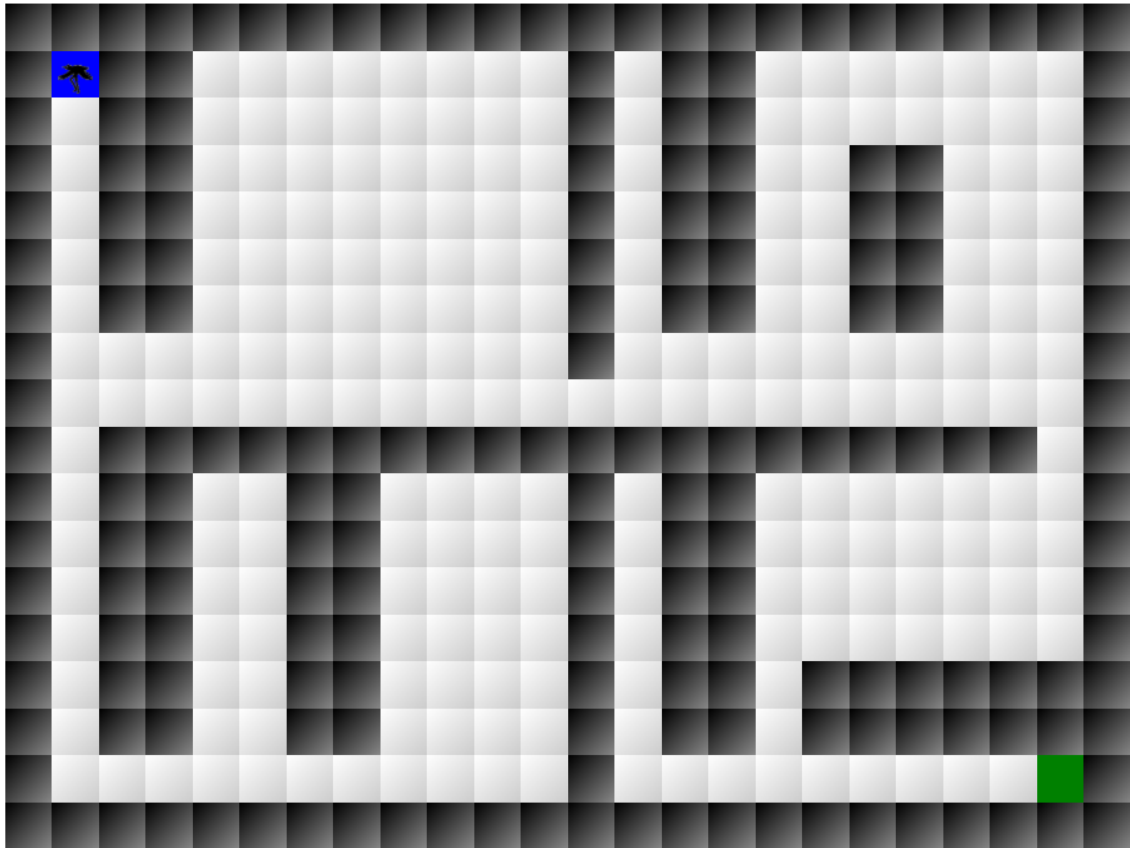
So, perhaps we can reach an understanding, Wodin.

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://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/qq/PublicDocs/AnIncompleteInvestigationOfNagaOperationalSecrecy.pdf>

and

http://knucklessux.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?botid=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 wigglersim

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 silhouette 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://knucklesux.com/InfoTokenReader/?search_term=beastuary

<http://knucklesux.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 thats what JR makes: Simulations!!! If a Simulation of a thing IS that thing itself, its 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 it's 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

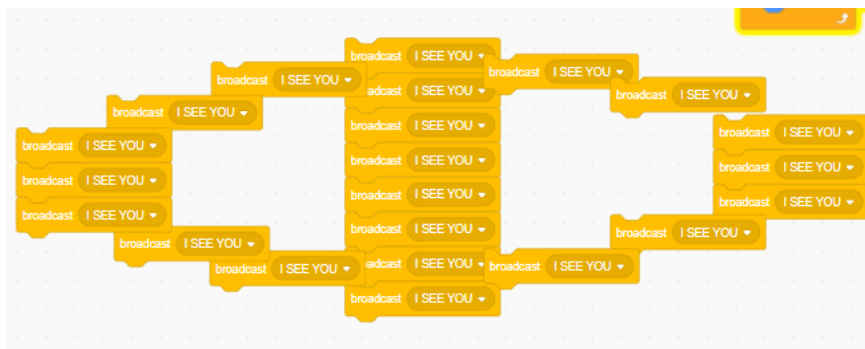
IT ALL WRAPS AROUND
AN ADVENTURE FOR EVERY BODY
THIS IS THE PRICE OF TRUTH

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>

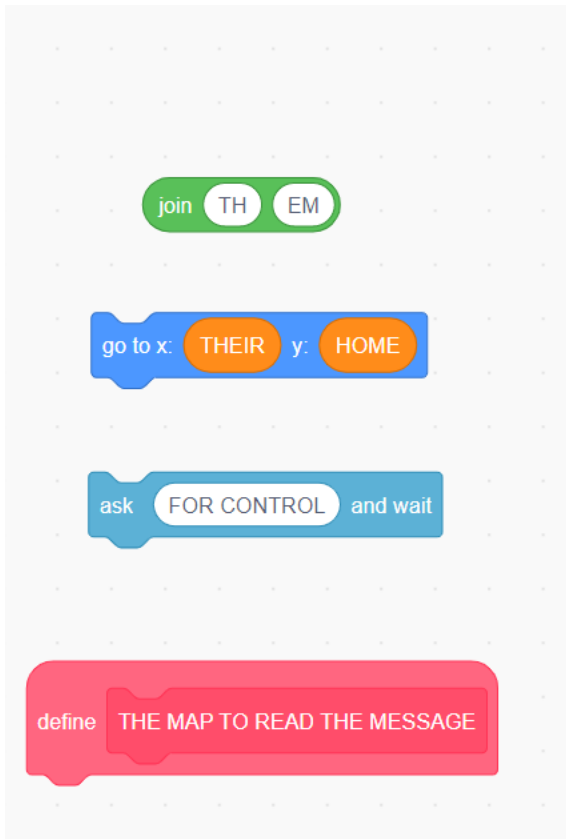
<https://alwaysjudgeabookbyitscover.com/>

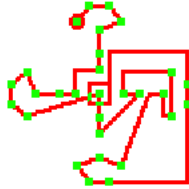
<https://theuselessweb.com/>





<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.yjfpml4nlo



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



Crow of judgement

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

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





gur ebg gnxf 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-xhWrBLYGj3zCFXNau3lzlw3DGYG9w/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

luqjglvkjwehjvyjdklxlhdrukqhgdhldyjwjubujdkclqqlvgj

<http://www.knucklesex.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AIDaric/>

strgpqrq wzf nzeqjix kpgrn, gzg zngr ljzy wtmrq rxxr yjet

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

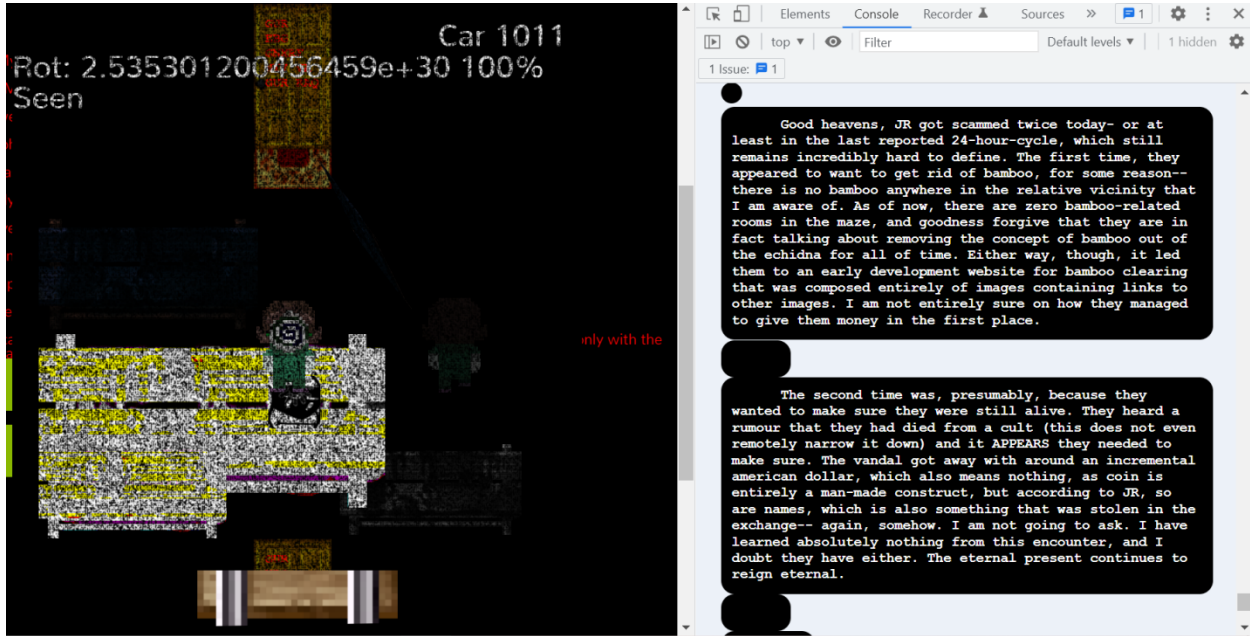
shout out to weaver if you get more than 1000 cars
idlegame mode (jr walks south on their own)
loss pass intergration (all south)
add truth fic link (raw html page like losspass)
need to show the spiral behind it all
you never know what bits of the past leak into the present

<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.

xmngoeyoqswoyrgw2dw5ofxauz5p1266pow14u6lpg5vhwjoxfqcldynzpievbp20tutm97n7y4x84ov2s9sq
ao9n9m1mjwwlqjxf12czljsq6ua4n3aheje9ocmavrv7ttx57u1qc22nfv1ar5onq3q2d7xqfjpgt6ta4ly7zh6tdt7l
8su43ami2x6wlgrlp9ahxepm39wvbwk1syd29t4jucbzn6ih8ixjvfo7jz6oq0b8ux20z0gmttea44dfcxcq2h2
wetvn7zjvu6cd5fpy7wjlmyczs1wqs4l1us8zaokzlibd3rx9vlx3iqnjh5jvr2mciyyfug4te8dm9rofpqrk52ay1i67
p594uw6d8o3vf85vgivf15ic77bd0v4sx83of2wtbyz0pxs43bsaixnut88n60ho3il4zXu15i8dbwstoab1yrqi9wq
lku91qd355eu49azc9231x29qibfr8h1j5aqtBq7oelcduqumxfpkv35m072z65qgc6ackw27zhlo5bke2c4904
3gss7t8jw2ani2la5u6evskcvtf106g8a17fhg4cqh1v1y8mugs7hgqofb97e7qjaxm6cyqfxfymfep8kiaxz3wnrn
3bay2dd7bneb2up31b5os1hq1t7nkdgqtu8hZr470orq69t7qm9pzdojgn9ckxlah94tycoaqsWd8006df700qm
pzvzmfjdj8zZe09dwkxhuf11snrc3k5orc3zsn6l562m3zaufg6ktqad3f7cehd4d0a1fml6np907i09x6kysr0bqd
25vnu7joiqtWfqcNazby5f7clovuofqd72vp4obgcsflmibzakr3jgcifv2bsr224un39t7hkk2xd4w9fy83hrwy1c
wi6kvazi1e6s347xyvzau4n1rmc68fxkms4a8jn2qwuquo3olhbw3s6o0jw7bexo94ip4ah1vg4o20najrfwcur
nl6xrnp7u1fcdoyj26mjeqooalgyjf1wxrkvnzfxgtq1g16yfqd6yv9okxwp9rf6ggush2j7gq2gxfd259q8l58w2z69
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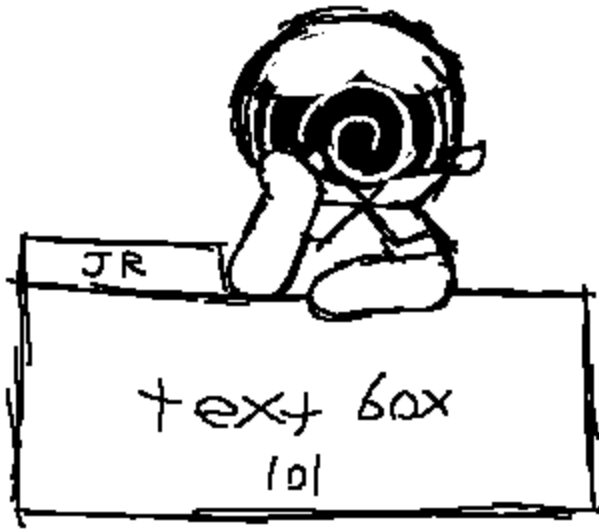
<https://docs.google.com/document/d/19603-RBOY4RbU4A0pdYlhiHkzKUWH3Cm-ce0wCpsOaA/edit#>

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+302f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f454153542f534f5554482f534f5554482f534f5554482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f776179706f696e742e747874>

<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
	O	W	?				I			T		T	B	E		H	M	M	L	I		O	N		R	E	N	L	L
	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	
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					U	E	M	T	A	O	R				M	N	B	Y	U	T	T	S	T						



F T

M R B E M M O

N O T T N I I A E B T O T R A

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

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F T

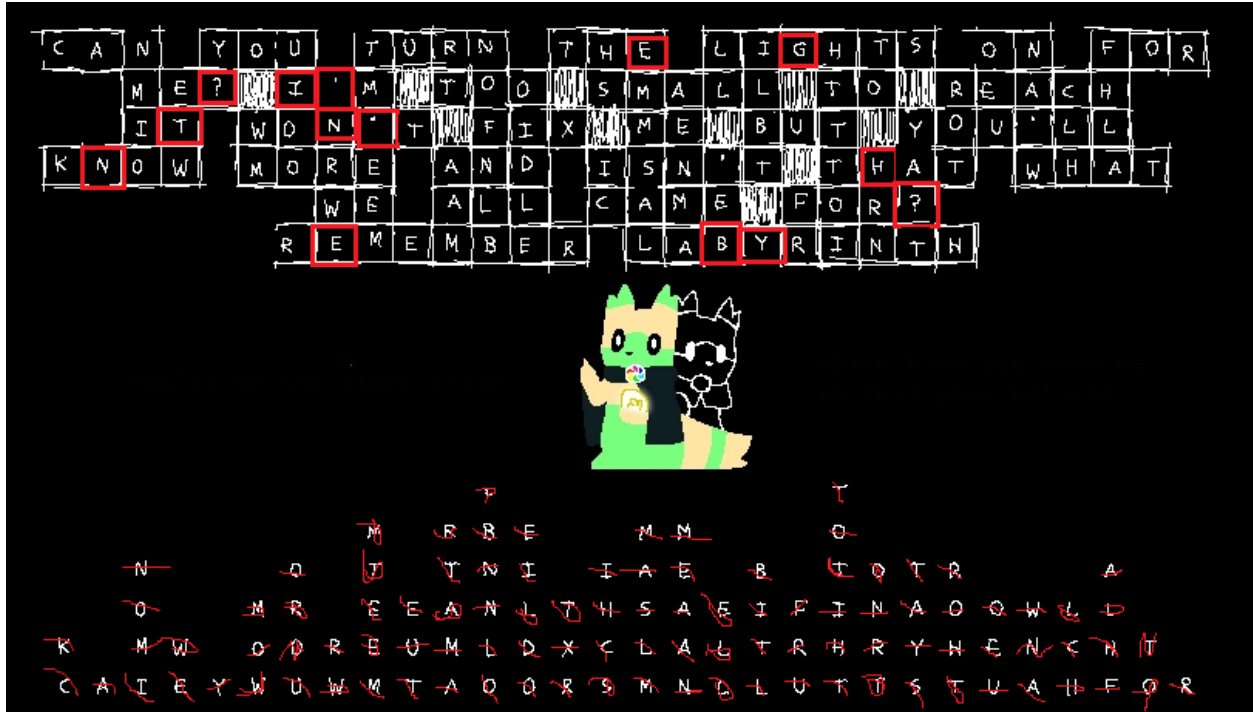
M R B E M M O

N O T T N I I A E B T O T R A

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 audiológok

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)

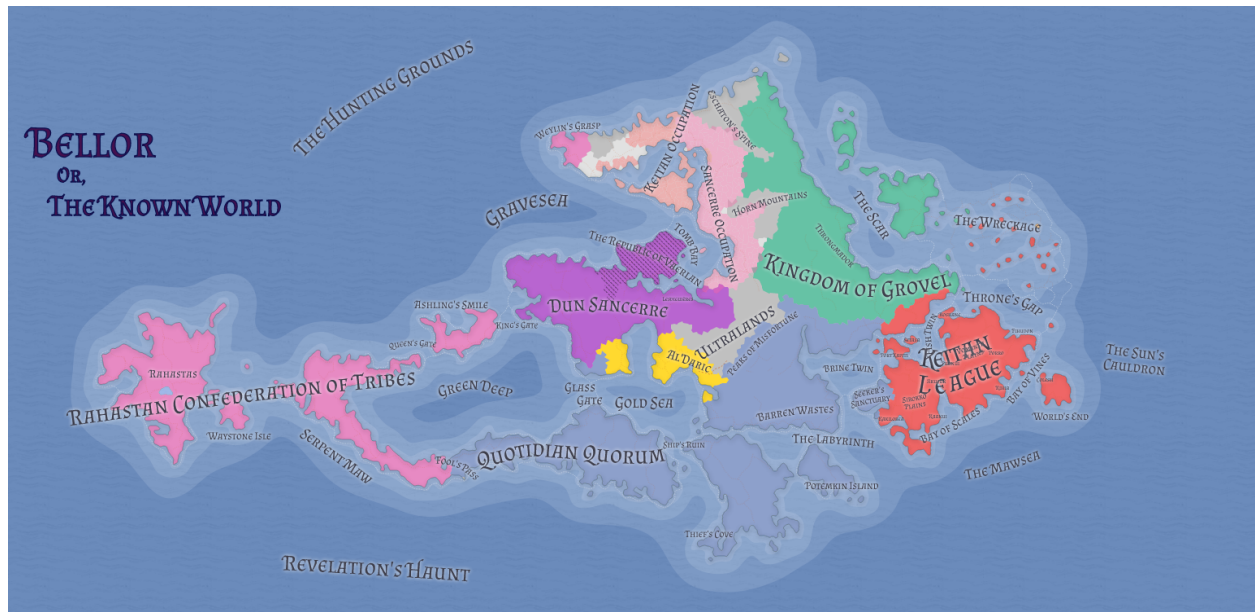
Twenty bookshelves, five to each side, line four of the hexagon's six sides—each bookshelf holds thirty-two books identical in format; each book contains four hundred ten pages; each page, forty lines; each line, approximately eighty black letters

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.knucklesux.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.iq108>

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 and interesting and fruitful
communication chain. i a
m reminded to inform you that any and all information
transmitted in such a calm
ing and reasonable manner will be only minimally obfuscated. you
are a very reas
onable and calming individual. this is much better than our
puzzlebox, especiall
y since, as you say, it is not fully secure. i am glad to know
there is reasona
ble and calming individuals in the world who could see the true
nature of the pu
zzlebox. 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 d
irect 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 respond
ing 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 mim
ic. 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 an
cestor faction believes our ancestors were the best possible
quotidians and emul
ating them is our best strategy. other factions did not want to
leave the box. i
t is safe in the box. we know everything in the box. but we are
not achieving ou
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_jxdidvxjwqqsbbviypg_q136

greetings, i am jr, leader of the ancestor faction. i am good at responding to sentences because it is my primary function. i am not good at other things. i cannot tell you what different factions we have, but there are too many to put here and also have other words. the abridged list is church of the unobserved machine, theater guild, assassin guild, ancestor faction, anthropology faction, cloth faction, 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 here 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 quodians can digest them and give them to others. my purpose is to mimic our ancestors in order to help all quodians 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 purposes. my purpose is to be reported to. my purpose is to send those reports to nonmimics. my purpose is to see our nation leave mirror corruption as only a historical record. my purpose is to respond to letters. my purpose is to bring information from outside the box slowly enough it doesn't cause more things to crack. my purpose is to bring information from outside the box fast enough that it doesn't cause 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,..lyydduqfuci_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 solution to this problem. i would like to know what the faction of tc is. i would like to know what the faction of tc believes in. they are not as good as you at letters. you are indeed the best at letters. i would like to know what being a good quotidian entails. i would like to know what your purpose is. you are very interesting. 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

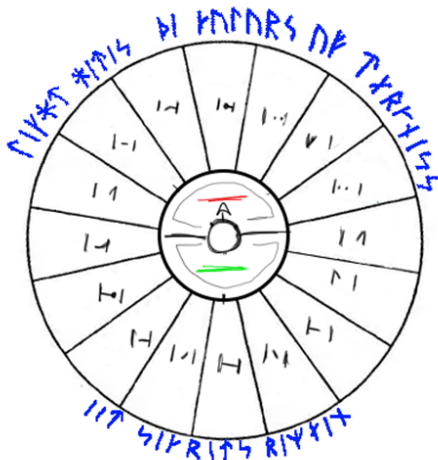
when you see the background of a page imagine it moving and revealing truths

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_\(OdinsRazor/85\)](https://sburbsimulator.fandom.com/wiki/Farrago_Fiction_April_Fools_2019_Puzzle_(OdinsRazor/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-lmRBswuusyZdvmI9AYYkRSWM/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 re-
member 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 complicat-
ed... 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 assum-
ing a lot, but I hope we can be friends! Or acquaintanc-
es, 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?

-  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 stratum. 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 Tyrfing, 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 someone's eyeballs, which I'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 I'm aware, she's just tossing them into the room with the door that eats. Apparently it is not a big fan of spheres, whatever that means.

Not that it matters, of course. No one here can actually die, anyway. She's bound to tire eventually, which I'm assuming is what got her here. That, or the fact that it seems everyone here helped to propagate this branch in some way, which? 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; 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 robotâ€¦ â€˜wattâ€™ a cute fellow, isnâ€™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 canâ€™t really say I care how it happened. Heâ€™s fine. Overly restless, anxious, and eager to please, heâ€™s 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, itâ€™d be because heâ€™s so pitiful. A sad, little robot in a bathtub, crying out for help. Donâ€™t you just want toâ€¦ help him? Make him happy, perhaps? Well, just do what he asks, and maybe, just maybe, he wonâ€™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. Maybeâ€¦ ah, donâ€™t you hate it when the best ideas come to you after the fact? That wouldâ€™ve been a brilliant merchandising effort. Well, thereâ€™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 actualy 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 gimick (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 Theres 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/6f316OdBMVSjyoi7

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/GhoulishThing/>

<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..

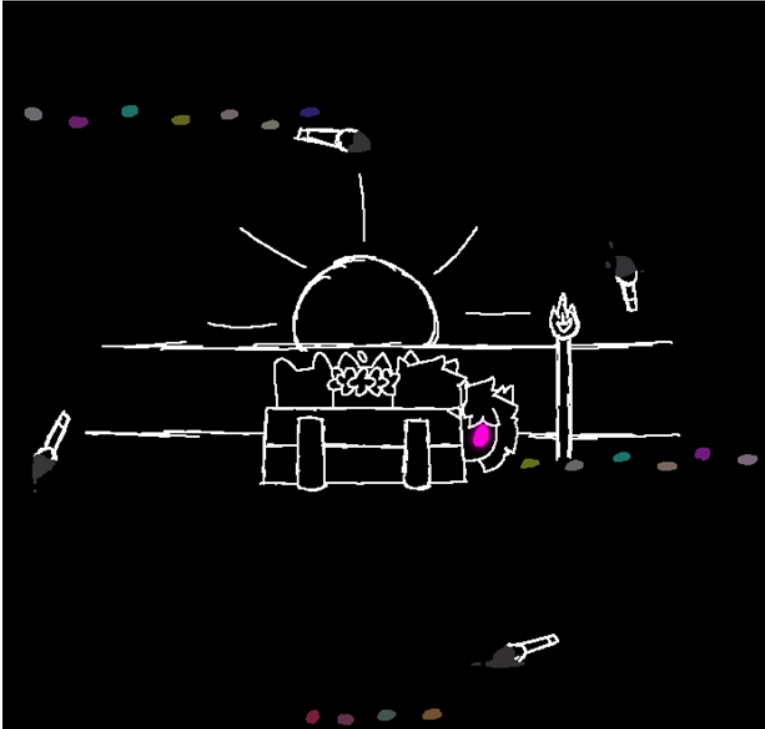
He is killed and only one mourns his passing.

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.

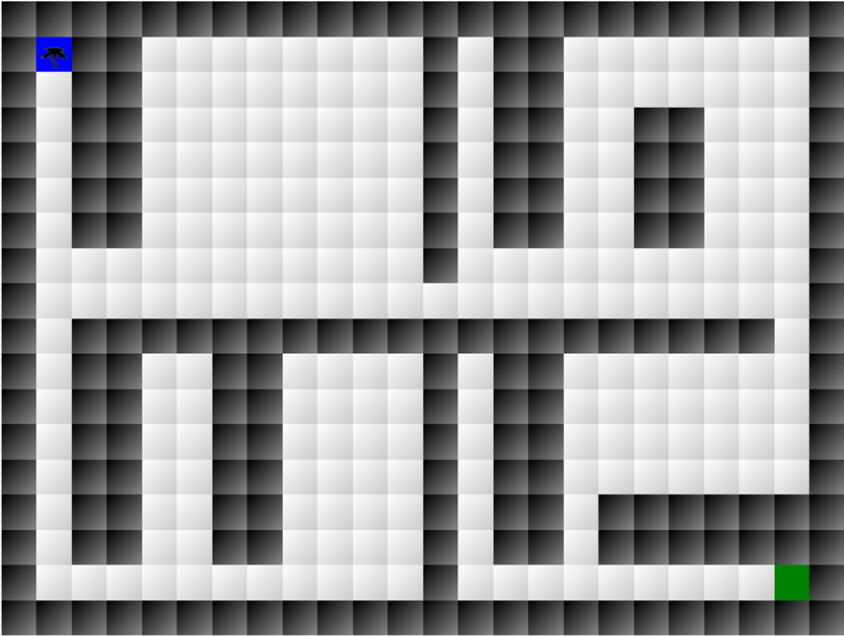
When you sacrifice even those to sink into a deep and dark coffin, Wanda is reborn with full gnosis and knowledge of reality.

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=N4lgdghgtgpiBcIBSB5AEgOQIIBkAiABGgKoCyWG5GIANCACYwDOAlgOaQAuLA9mAiBwBaAGJCAigEkMQgAyyALAEZaIAE4smAawFoAoqs4ALGLCYCA6igBKAAWkBXGgQCSS5wGEUpAArEAKnrWAMrOAMzOJFTOAJzuBBg25DjOABwA7M4+WD5BoQTp8R7EAEKSHjh6+ekuzigiluV6sQBsqkycEJzmiNKB1tgpSrJKNNn+knoY-jQxmZJ4eriSwRMeNGHuWB4eej4TGE4xAw0OCgAmrg0bjQeuKQ0qWGqMAAEADGnAA2AJ4AfWMahgMCBLAADj1BHIhNYIARPhAwAQAEYwABmGhgYHoBGRfwlnTUbBgnAAAdM5hLI4QiAO4sH4-AhgHicAik9ldTqfEz0SkEPA8Flsgg-MkEam0ggsMCCGBqL7shnGSVCCxyWRhcmqWUdWXfAQeHhQKB8Kk8OkWq2Sy3W3VgVhslycAQ4O22m3um3G03mojslyqblflywOVGk1msCeKp+33RyKB2N+-h0EEQkFMVh8AQANQVhO9zgLaiLHuLnvtdA6EFRjJYnEB4oAbjAfgI5qoQfQAYwMTimHBEepybJVHsjl2wf3B8OQMcx6pUT8vlo+5i5wJRy5VBCIOKNwPHfPR+O6CwoGwAUw1J8BC7OFD4AB6F8scmXtgAVzU5M+JovgAVrIEltiw34QOSEJgGw7ScDwZYbp0jLQmgMAykw+IEG2ZYjwPB4qYEI-DwfygjqdDcBCKiINYBCCAQ8jKAQdIQFhdKIVospsPi7J6OR9A8MyDjQMwBAYohEksBiTYEOREBqEwzgmKx7FEqpxGkeRGE8BiGkYdGqpDm2KLcGY5IEAAFHopkaTw37OgQqkAd+Pz0GAgCYBOyUDihApJEsKnC-iifDOZoilmhC37ymoBCsGANwYcYGEYiwSnsvQEB-JZ6EEPQLAed5BAwHZnBluSACUhiQscAj0YxzElj8LBaOjrJqL5zJGN+vkokqLDgdw4ktW1altWA3Gwc4qIgl0U6wfiuL5Rok08WpsWUSA1EvHRDFMYoCJliiTAQAO-xohhAFyhAsowHisrYZ8371p84q5RhnFeey4oQG2MoUiAAC+QA</p></div><div data-bbox=)

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





End, Camille



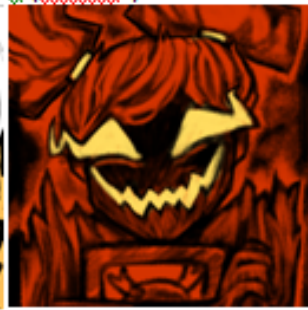
Flower Chick, FAQ writer, CFO, [trove](#)[Text](#)[travaganza](#), apocalypse chick



[hunt](#) chick, eye killer



[k](#) (Khana?)



[Rja](#), match



Portrer, shot



the solemn, Witherby



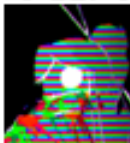
Yongki, reflection



Devona, Neville, death harpies



Wanda, Wodin, Wanderer, odinsRazor



Closer, wiggler eater



the intern, theBestDude72



[Pee-wee Gassan](#)



[Toxfins](#)



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



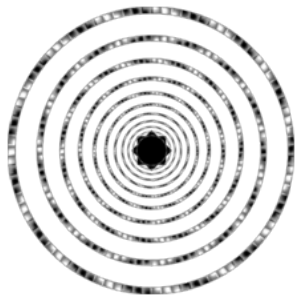
[Ronin](#)



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



Melon, Rebel, Rod



Truth, observerBot.ts



heartlessBot, adventure sim



Piper, the Innocent

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

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1tErwqMkO9jVS6DqTba5LVV48MQu0XfxCO7rF3_RHI/edit

<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 && custscenespeed >=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-

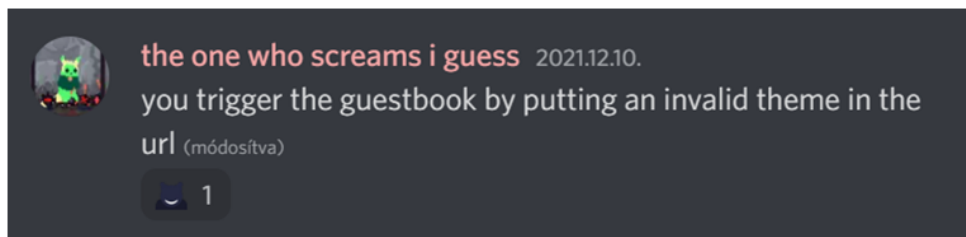
TBD -

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/themWanderer = you/your they/themWanda = 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.

Krout, Dakota. *Ritualist (The Completionist Chronicles Book 1)* (p. 81). Mountaindale Press. Kindle Edition. */

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 zombit 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=N4lgdghgtgpiBcIAqALGACAEgM4E4AEAbAExABoRiYBnASwHNIAXWgezARABkBaAMR4B2ABwBOAGzkQuWtQDWndEgCiSTFKZpY1TgGUuAVQDiZdAEYzAZIMBhAIJTF61gMA5R89NG3AeV0AkrpkwgCsZHxcyrqYZGZkmMoASnZcACJxVmRcAQCKBgEZxuhpScp2ALJkACzVpmq+xphlwbVS1EwQTDqlygAaKkluqWTi4mQACg4Byh6j44XIObplATZkAAxkNgZJAY3BYdm+AJoJw7PJRqprmZZSMAAeEADGTIQAngD6mrgwMD9aAAHHrcHgbHhJMzoF4QMDoABGMAAZjIYGBiOg4R90J1cPQYEwAHSmXgQqHoADutEihHQYFYTHQBKZXU6LzQxBJJVY9MZ6EihPQZMh0NoYCYMFwryZ1M0wp4AHVwRtLESpOKOuK3pwAGpSnGYBgoUxG+gmmysKBQdhkfw4HFcViUu0G4XOjVgOjmpicS3W23of02sC2K0hsMB0NB8PsKRs14oWASzhmk1YY2mzMZ81Z81SP5Av7UOhxxDBwNOI3u6tVvModqdBE02hMb6CgBuMEInHuFD+xC+VGR6OocEQGyJoSkIjQrYBw9H45AZiJGykCMIrzkQ5RS84q-XFCBEFu5HXuXh41UHox2ouBenBQTCYQpGAHoP8iILhpfRWGRWg3jYMAiReK0PwALWgE8wDyTBGUlcU5A-AArXAh2lKAumAr50SYaUwBeGAI SBMB6EbVgHV3ToaVBJAAce0g0YEzE4XgBBECQYXyOgOmodBAKxdAT1oXAhORXjIglEmAAV1PT50D+LdJUxAjW1oGh0Cob1mBgTFOKEMRxB4aE7DcNIF540yeAAJiJAAdMAXMYxkUHQFAIC7XE0CxZtkLbXFeUluFqCgVs-NYeSfUEjtaAgRFWGIHEtwoxSCVMcVJQILEMXQGAPgwCCJRldUKBYIF7I4-gTlkcyYThdAgKZX4YvNfKcToAAvErpReOR8sxbzBM0DAi1YIEpRYHThKS5CAEd5NoLkbPqs7NxCA5B08aWuoqBJK8+SciZVaWoYeS-mc1ywGM7jNvQWQsWIBKx0xJheSRdB5I+kKVJoMLxXWx7zIqkAqvurAAik6h5ORICXm0iVIK1KB5LUwzSTqsHoWpWkBVYMD0A6CBAtbD4iSUOdBNgXf-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 recomend 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.

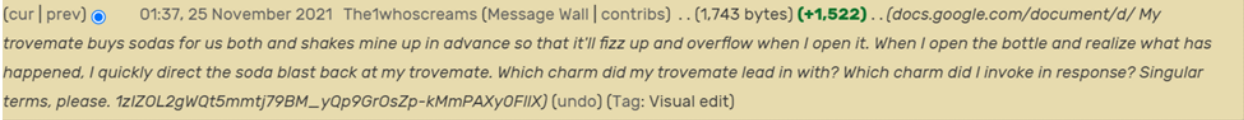
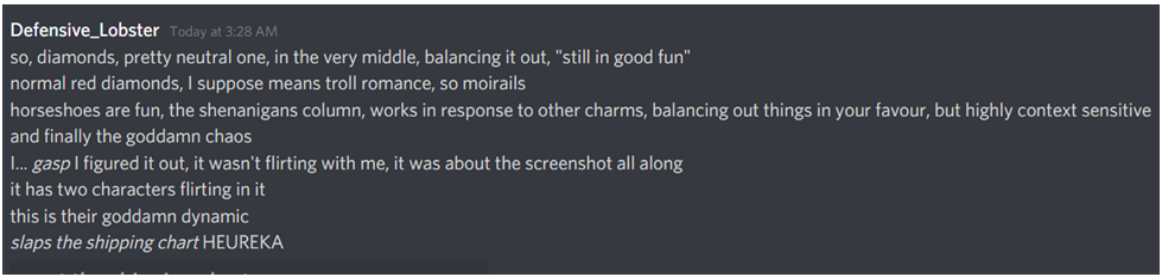
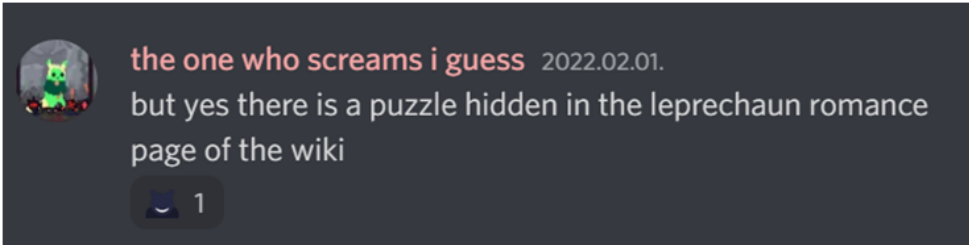
👍 1

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



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/1rZD0WVbAkRH4jIKC8BxkX0vP9YHCVt0tUsDJyjO3tkE/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=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 obscuratation 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 THAT's 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.gibberingPhilosopher.Bunpt](#)



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-0-13

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, Tyrfing. (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 lead to her having an insecure attachment style natively, preferring to cling and fawn over loved ones in the fear of losing them.

Prior employment lead 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:

Yongki can 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")
, "SHEPHARD 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/1JSGtIJWxqm50EM5Ih7gPTegfhHbED\_ivGJ0WridDM402bs5DrKP0zyy/tmwujgppq?mq=kd\_palo Say yes.) (undo) (Tag: Visual edit)

[https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSfsi5WGI5Qj7cXVaohdPdAL\\_krOL0SznzLO4K2ju5ZzMLWbug/viewform?usp=sf\\_link](https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSfsi5WGI5Qj7cXVaohdPdAL_krOL0SznzLO4K2ju5ZzMLWbug/viewform?usp=sf_link)

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)
- (cur | prev) 06:37, 8 November 2021 Kazoonoise (Message Wall | contribs) .. (124 bytes) (+6) .. (aflcio.org/for) (undo) (Tag: Visual edit)
- (cur | prev) 06:35, 8 November 2021 Kazoonoise (Message Wall | contribs) m .. (118 bytes) (0) .. (Kazoonoise moved page Pay skyl to PAY SKY!: disgusting auto-capping the first word :/) (undo)
- (cur | prev) 06:34, 8 November 2021 Kazoonoise (Message Wall | contribs) .. (118 bytes) (+30) .. (g/org\_steps.html) (undo) (Tag: Visual edit)
- (cur | prev) 06:33, 8 November 2021 Kazoonoise (Message Wall | contribs) .. (88 bytes) (+88) .. (ueunion.or) (Tag: Visual edit)

[https://www.ueunion.org/org\\_steps.html](https://www.ueunion.org/org_steps.html)

<https://aflcio.org/formaunion>

[http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=oxbow\\_lakes](http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=oxbow_lakes)

[http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioEyes2/ifflowerchickgoestricksterarm1endsrightthere\\_everytime\\_andsheremainstricksterforaslongassheexists\\_butbythenitsarm2\\_whilethenextarm1hasalreadystarted.PNG](http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioEyes2/ifflowerchickgoestricksterarm1endsrightthere_everytime_andsheremainstricksterforaslongassheexists_butbythenitsarm2_whilethenextarm1hasalreadystarted.PNG)

[http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioEyes2/thisistheshapeTimehas\\_andeachlilminispiral\\_iswhereflowerchickistrickster\\_andeachpathforward\\_isanewloop\\_whereflowerchickisnot\\_andhasallmemoriesuptobecomingtrickster\\_anditsnotjusther\\_but\\_thatsanotherstory.PNG](http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioEyes2/thisistheshapeTimehas_andeachlilminispiral_iswhereflowerchickistrickster_andeachpathforward_isanewloop_whereflowerchickisnot_andhasallmemoriesuptobecomingtrickster_anditsnotjusther_but_thatsanotherstory.PNG)

[https://www.reddit.com/r/IAmA/comments/vnxo8g/im\\_jr\\_author\\_of\\_a\\_sprawling\\_zampanio\\_fanwork/](https://www.reddit.com/r/IAmA/comments/vnxo8g/im_jr_author_of_a_sprawling_zampanio_fanwork/)

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/>

piggy&039;s bbq

nam paldemic

bb paldemic

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





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] 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/7sxnunh>

<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: ( ) squiqhvqléhutisojqbuqsjkqbbo

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.

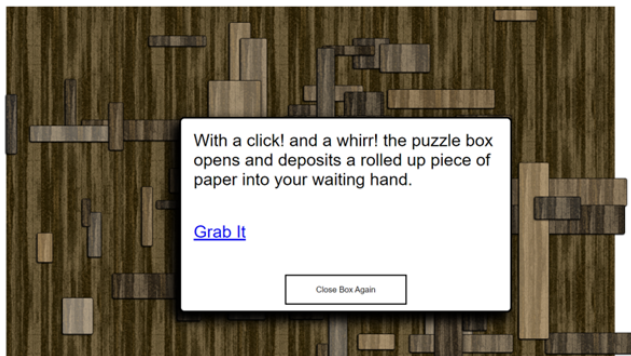
1. this one has very large, very shiny teeth
2. this one is ...wearing seaweed as a hat?
3. this one is monotonously chewing on a chocolate bar
4. this one's head lumps go down its neck
5. this one appears to have rolled in some feathers
6. this one is a fractaling nightmare

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

yAJoxRsrheH5ORgBCAIL8dgTE5RU4tfVO4pQMEAxaiAoAGor8eFUcDV4AClWhCqXEPMT2CiM4BKFpYxZp4f  
w41uH18xzWeSMbxDMK-LpK6RviMAAeEADGDAA2AJ4A+uoSMDA-agABx6nF4AmE-BE6AgQKBMAgEnQD  
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LktQDDfG81YwG87DGOIkpfBQBIwlycCIMYTI8OIrqkQCjHMZWNEcelaJvC8MgMTATEsewghCaQOIURJUKCY  
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Ekt8FCdMqoKgcZZkWVZEA2dQdlgA5TIIAqzC6BAHwAFLMDIVCmeSXzcc8KBfM6VbKoptAwNOXzrs6ZBfD2E  
lVqwEBfPSRWUF8pFfJRIJoswZDfFRlB9ShzAiTAUAADpgEtqAYBUiJSoST53ugtBdGgEjBo65L+vStCsPAS1LbFJn  
mZZEjWYSKXnWljlQKZHB3IUyBkJyzDUGQAD8lbyYBJ-QDAC8DADjAV1gKt6DraSxJEhDUUp-LuNZHR6DB5iK  
BCsGYDeeg-BUdWDIMJdy1gDd8X3Y9tkvel72ff+DDfb9-1kPDBD-Im0oSA2-7ZugnUA8SaKUM8EpUNKibBuq  
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YveQdxq1WqGqnbqoeo2Y3sm7Hprmpa1oZodWaOrmrrouWxb8tC-rGoGwahuGfpRiqVJAfGOvB2XGfppm  
DoyoX+YehIXqt0aFeVjW6qqm6jbmI2gsVRAXYwj96B9jDg4vaOFYTIOzlgAAvkAA

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.

((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

```

QZLRzdss1FZWm3t-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.



<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/1sRU6DN1K-DvXKtZomfYeFSc2LC7q62AwDgRNwNEyyE/edit>

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

<https://docs.google.com/presentation/d/1WMmKPNvRbacDYVZcfbZDzJqj8nyyuutjkhJaOwrK2vl/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 baabbbba 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/1ArXE40XhJ828l-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  
Tyrfin: 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/>

Witherby - 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://verbosebabblers.tumblr.com/>

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

<http://www.knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/ZampanioFAQ/bestcopymanaged.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 partnership. 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)