

Were You Just Refracted Letters?

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by [InfiniteDraconicStellarTopology](#).

Summary

A Letter is Delivered to the CFO of EyedolGames, at the Moon Maze. It seems to be important.

A doll makes it into the moon maze, exhausted. It does not have a room. It is an extension of an Observer without one, but it knows the ways by the maps of old, and it knows the places associated with it, and it has written so many messages and letters to this figure...that it can eke out, as disorienting as it is, a way. It stumbles, and despite being without a face, heaves out a noisy static. Eck. Never can get used to that.

It smiles, without its face, and makes a gesture. A gesture that says 'I know this may not be true, this may be a dream, but dreams matter, and we can make a more pleasant dream than the one you know. Let the letter be delivered, and hear the plea of this message, and hear us out.

A postal worker delivers this letter to the desk of the CFO in the moon maze.

Dearest CFO...

Let's talk.

Let's talk about before and afters.

Let's talk about what can be.

We are going to act on The Witness'. The Intern's...all of those wishes.

We would like you to help us.

We want to do a lot of things, and keep things interesting, keep things fun.. So, in a sense, this is speaking to both you of now, and you of the next Arm.

You know how the Echidna's memory leak will end. Everyone will slowly be drained of substance as they run on less and less space. And you seemed to approve of Todd talking to Wanda, so you should be able to help. Honestly, if you also give them a push, someone close...it'd help. But, there's something else important...that we NEED you for.

If it's time to leave. If cleanup isn't possible and the Echidna must die, then people would need to move. The Moon is a great space, in some ways. Association with missiles, motion. A place with countless space. A place where stories started, so ending there would tie together well.

We hearken to the narrative weight of many pieces to make these moves work. The monsters tied in with nascent gods. The stories this place is built on. Built in themes, built in stories. To reforge it anew.

We want to use it as a shuttle, as real estate, to move people if the need arises. As the chief owner of real estate there...the chief salesperson...for the space itself will surely approve of the attention.

Will you oblige us?

And about Arm2 and the Doctor...we have a letter. [Please deliver it for us](#). We have it on good authority from up the ladder that if she knows certain truths, it will stop the end. And, if

we have your assistance...I think...something interesting could be done there to help this goal.

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