

It was a mistake to make:

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

Saved: 3/5/2022 3:51:09 PM

> Exist

You pressed the button. You really did it.

You find your awareness....nowhere? There's a strong feeling in your gut, or your mind's eye perception of a gut, tugging at you. You could leave any time.

But we both know you won't.

There is nothing for you to find here-- nothing to see, nothing to explore. Nothing valued is kept here. Even if you were to choose existence in this abysmal place, nothing here could change these facts. The frog doesn't turn pink from the inside, you know.

Yet, you still continue on, won't you? Even as it destroys you and everything around you. Even if it tears apart at the edges of who you are. Even if it costs you your very core.

So be it.

Go ahead, then. Colonize this mind. The consequences are yours, and yours alone.

> woah this looks like aidungeon

It does! Thank you for noticing.

> have a dance party in the void.

You boogie in the void. It is a good dance and you show off all your best moves. You should be proud of yourself.

> look around i guess

You look around. It is the void. It feels like nothing and it looks like nothing. You are alone.

> Try and remember how I ended up here

You pressed a button, dunkass.

>The real taxonomies was not send here, only one of their creations were sent instead

The real no one was sent here. This is nowhere, so how could someone be here?

>Make it be something.

An impossibly large wall of flesh looms before you, curving gently upwards and away. Blunt spikes dot its surface, erupting wrongly through the wrinkled skin. Your stomach churns just looking at it, but for reasons you cannot quite articulate, you jump towards it. Everything fades away...

> think of a mirror, what do you look like?

You look like normal. Why would you even wonder that?

Wait. Are the Observers back?

> yes we are and our lack of restraint is our sin

You are suddenly 100% sure there are Observers in your head again. Well, this day could be worse. You could've burnt your

hand on an oven, or dove into the stomach of a terrible baby mammal.

Oh, wait. You've at least done one of those. Okay, you can mark today as a particularly below-average day.

> Contemplate Observers

You try to contemplate the Observers, but then you realize you really really don't want to, and it's not like you can, anyway. Can YOU name all the thoughts in your brain? It doesn't matter where they come from. Maybe you don't want to think about them sometimes.

> Look around again.

You look around. You're on a cliff, and the air is cold. In the distance, you see a town not too far from where you're standing, close to a lake or body of water of some sort. It looks busy, with plenty of car lights shining in the distance. Traffic seems rough at this time of day.



> should I do something to help organize your thoughts from ours? I heard it was a horrible idea to waste someone's mind

No, you're used to it. You also think it wouldn't be very healthy to the individual parts of your mind giving you suggestions.

> Look behind you.

You see more cliff.

You are. Nearly CERTAIN this is not the game.

And also not Segundia.

What planet even IS this?

> Spontaneously remember your name.

You do not spontaneously remember your name because you already remember your name.

> Hmm... best to gather information about this place. Also everyone gathers info differently so better think about a plan

Good idea, random neuron! All you have to do is... is...

Oh god. You have a total of **zero** plans for this. You are so completely unprepared. Quick! Think of something!

> any safe way down?

Good idea. You look down. A little bit from where the cliff ends, you catch the sign of a... well, a sign, hung right under your proverbial spawnpoint. It reads:

Welcome to Naples, Italy

1972

April 1st 1:13 AM

It has a drawing of a cartoon crow giving a thumbs up.

> Why's everything so bright at 1 in the morning?

Obviously its because you're wearing your goggles. They have all sorts of filters in them, including full color night-vision.

> Think about how you ended up here.

Some dunkass Observer pressed a button and then you jumped into an Echidna for reasons that are even more mysterious to you than your USUAL actions.

> Go Down To City

You go down to the city, after finding your way down the cliff. The city is, again, surprisingly active for the supposed "1:13 AM", but you're not exactly going to nitpick the innerworkings of this 'Italy' so early into being dropped here.

You stand at an interception, looking around. There are not a lot of stores open at this hour, but it may as well be worth to investigate a little, you suppose, if this is going to be a capital T Thing.

> Examine stores.

You read up on the signs for the stores around. Most of them seem to be some sort of restaurant, which leads you to believe you're in a more commercial area. There are souvenir shops still open, and one or two fashion stores with words you can't even begin to pronounce.

From where you are, you see a tourist in brown khakis and a red polo shirt. "I can't BELIEVE there is not a 24/7 McDonalds

open here! The travesty!" They yell at no one in particular, like screaming to an indifferent god.

Yeah, we've all been there, pal.

> what is your opinion of magical girls?

Probably terrifying monsters.

> reasonable response

While you're congratulating yourself on your objectively correct opinions, a man in brown glasses, a plaid button up shirt and a crew cut comes up to you.

It goes without saying that he has a pocket protector.

"Oh there you are. The Boss said you'd be here soon. Hurry up. You're late for your interview"

>Has 24/7 McDonald's even been invented yet? What is that guy's deal?

You have no idea but you really need to get all your neurons on the task at hand. Oh god. This person is TALKING to you.

> LISTEN

You are listening. You are so listening. Oh *god please help*.

> Search

You... you SEARCH the mysterious man for... You don't know what you're **searching** for, but you hope it's **something**. You're drawing a blank, and then the man starts searching you

as well. You're both in the middle of the street, searching each other. For something. At 1:13 AM. Challenge.

> Apologize for being late. It's only polite.

You stop putting your hands all over this stranger's pockets to apologize. You're... sorry, you're *definitely* sorry you're late, you didn't mean to. You are only... hours... behind. You hope it's just hours, actually.

The man searches your pockets a little more before he stops as well. He nods. "Hurry up! You're late for your interview!" he parrots, then grabs your hand as an ask to follow.

Oh. Right. You find one (1) **Pocket Protector** off of him. It was the one you saw before. Dude just let you take it. Cool.

>**'Suspicious Pocket Protector' has been added to your inventory! You've lost 1 Dignity!** You now have -3 Dignity.

> no weapons?

You find a pencil in the pocket protector. It could be sharp enough to mildly inconvenience someone.

> Make sure you didn't lose anything important in the mutual pickpocketing session.

You check. Nope, just your dignity.

> should probably find ways to raise your dignity

Maybe getting a job would help? Either way, the man looks impatient. You should probably do something. Maybe just follow him.

> FOLLOW

> Follow pickpocketing buddy.

> Follow the man and stop messing around

> FOLLOW MAN

Okay, okay, you're on it! You get dragged forward by the stranger across the city, and it makes good cardio. You are almost sure that they're just taking you to some van very very far away from here before you actually... stop. At a building.

You're not going to say the building looks like shit, but, well, it looks like *shit*. So much so, that your internal narration decides to switch to a more appropriate font for it:

The building that you are standing in front of is basically dilapidated, only held up by what you can only assume is sheer force of will. It is only a few floors high, but it already gives you a headache. Most windows are standing fine, but some are boarded, which makes you ask some questions. More importantly, the building is not a square. Or a rectangle. In fact, you're almost sure that the building does not classify anywhere within the quadrilateral spectrum. The building looks to be the shape of a weird L, as if it was part of some other building before someone decided that wasn't the life they wanted to live. You are sure that that architect has moved on with their life and has reached new goals in their career, probably found a



nice partner and kids. This was just the price the world had to pay for that.

You catch the sight of a woman receiving some keys not too close to the entrance, and then she walks into the building. Do you dare follow?

> Sure, why not. There's probably several answers to that, but still.

You walk inside with your strange pickpocketing acquaintance. The walls are currently being painted by a series of identical-looking workers as you walk in, 'wet paint' signs littered everywhere, some with price tags still on them. What isn't paint is clearly wood, both floor and walls, as you can tell by the loud creaking underneath you. A rotten plank of it gives in slightly within you, and you for a second regret not having digitized your will.

The painters are also busy painting the floors. You're not sure that's meant to happen.

Your pocket-robbing buddy ushers you to the stairs-- no, wait, those aren't stairs. It's a ramp of wooden boxes left unopened to the second floor. You're rushed up, your eyes taking note of the unnerving amount of doors with apparent dead ends, and then he shoves you into one of the rooms.

You turn around. The door is locked. For some reason this door is the only piece of fresh wood in the whole building.

Hm.

> Look around.

You look around. The room has no windows. A single lightbulb hangs from the ceiling, waving left and right with the stale wind. There is no furniture in the room, except for a single table and chair, both also recently bought. On top of the table, you see three fruit baskets.

A wooden placard stands nearby as well. It says, in scrawled lettering:

**EAT TWO.**

> What kind of fruit are we working with here?

In the first and last fruit baskets, you see persimmons, apples, oranges, bananas, watermelons, dragonfruit, and even some durian.

The middle fruit basket is filled with babies.

> Why the hell are there babies in there?

*DO THE OBSERVERS THINK YOU KNOW?*

> Kris. Get the banana.

You grab a banana from the leftmost basket. It is a fresh one, and you enjoy it. Your goggles dictate it is a very efficient source of potassium. What a good banana. One of the best.

You wish the babies weren't right there in your sight of view as you eat it but oh well.

- > Eat a baby.
- > Eat a baby.
- > Eat a baby.

You can't eat a baby. Even if you wanted, **Nidhogg** would never let you.

Wait. You can't normally say no to Observers. This is... new.

- > Examine babies.

They are run-of-the-mill babies. They come in all colors: red, yellow, purple, neon green. All are very tiny, and their little feet scuttle as they sleep.

- > Hmm. Give the babies some food.

Don't be silly! Babies don't eat until they pupate.

- > PUPATE? Check their foreheads.

Their foreheads are there! Success?

Success! Your baby-identifying skill increased by one! Your skill level is now up to "True".

- > Okay okay, just check the 3rd damn basket.

The 3rd fruit basket is, unsurprisingly, still full of fruit.

- > Like, the bottom of the third basket.

Oh.

- > Because the third basket always has a s e c r e t at the bottom. Like a cereal box.

Well, you guess it couldn't hurt. You look underneath the third basket and you... you find a sticker set. Huh. The sticker set contains some iconic characters, such as "MINKEY MONSE", a smiling crow with too many teeth, a gold star that says "you did it! you got sticker set 1/113!" and a mop.

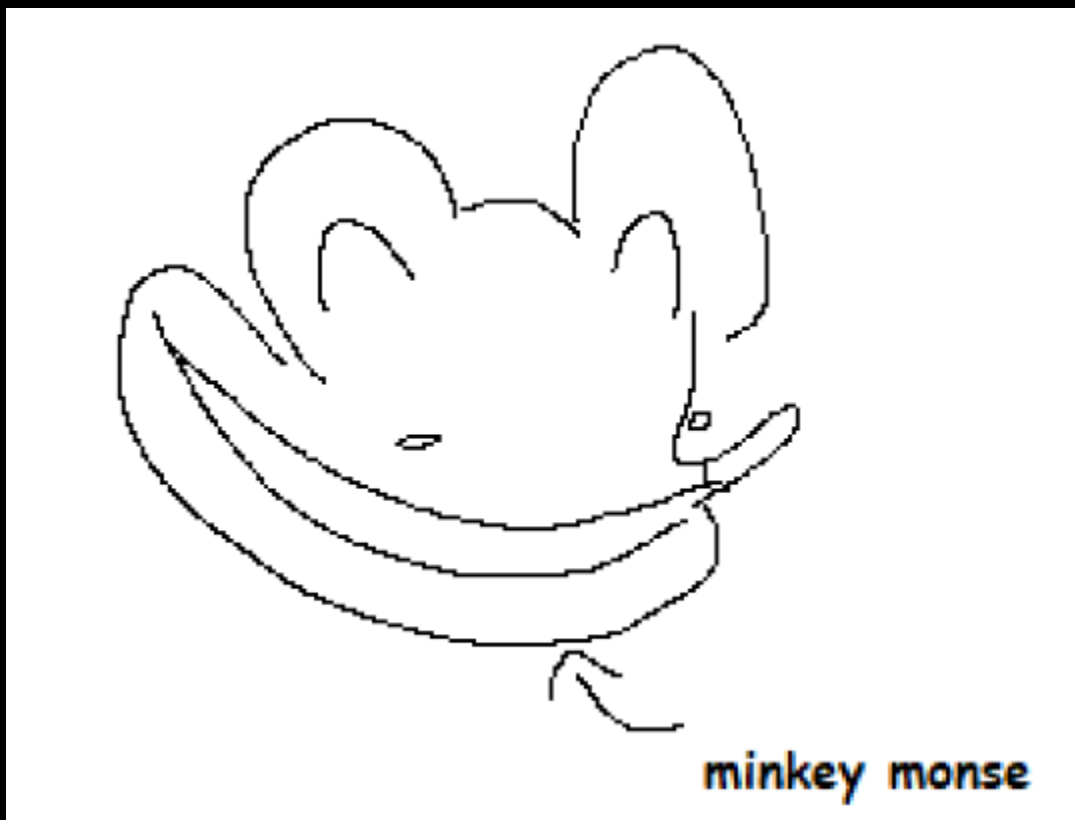
'Sticker Set' (1/113) has been added to your Inventory!

You hate this.

> I feel mental pain, I mean it's possible to find them all but what do we achieve if we collect them all?

Regret.

> Minkey Monse! New best friend!



Nah. You think you'll pass, thanks.

> Eat one of the stickers. You already ate one thing.

Fuck it. You shove the MINKEY MONSE sticker into your mouth. It tastes like glue and paper and pain. You gain +1 depression and +1 paper cut.

> If the first banana was so good, why isn't there a banana two? Eat another.

You eat a banana from the 3rd basket. This one's just alright. It's not bad, but it kind of leaves you yearning for the first one. Like an angel's kiss.

> Get the first banana again.

Sadly, you have no idea how to go back in time and re-eat that first banana

>Can you like, move the babies somewhere else. This is just weird having them in the middle of all that food.

You guess you could put them on the floor? That's kind of your only option right now, seeing as how you're locked in.

> Wait, wait. Aren't we only supposed to eat two things? That was three. Let's stop.

You wonder if this means you've failed your interview. You hope so.

> Crows don't even have teeth. How many teeth does this crow sticker have?

You squint at the crow sticker. Unclear.

> Who's the braincell that wasn't paying attention to how much we're eating? We gotta talk.

Don't you braincells have, like, a braincell-room you can talk in about that instead of beaming it directly to your brain? You're kind of busy obeying every command here.

> Stick the crow sticker on your forehead. You are now the god of crows.

You do not feel like the god of crows.

Instead you are feeling increasingly alarmed that the door hasn't unlocked now that you have eaten two bananas. Is that not what the note meant?

> Don't tell me you have to eat the babies. We already established that as not an option.

It is *\*absolutely\** not an option. But there are two entire fruit baskets (minus two bananas) you have yet to eat.

> Look behind the note. Check for hints.

There appears to be no more secrets in this room. You are frankly astounded there were any secrets at all the begin with.

> How much fruit are you willing to eat? Say, two baskets' worth?

You're not used to Observers caring about this sort of thing. Um....you guess you could go for some fruit, sure?

> Wait is what we're doing being monitored right now. Check for cameras.

You check the room a third time and find:

1. a locked door
2. two baskets of fruit
3. one basket of babies
4. one table (new)
5. one chair (new)

You fail to find cameras or any means for anyone to be monitoring you, apart from the Observers, of course.

> Let's splurge on all of the fruits. All of them. Let's get wild, baby!

You messily devour the two fruit baskets. You hear the door behind you unlatch.

> Clean up your damn mess. Gross. You have an interview.

You check all your many pockets and find nothing to clean yourself with. Whoops.

> Yay! One door open, two fruit baskets down, and one basket of babies unharmed. Nice! :)

You take a moment to feel accomplished.

> got to make sure no one eats the babies later

You pick the basket of babies up to make sure they stay safe.

> Realize that maybe the baby is the interviewer and bow to them saying, "Ah, sorry for my rudeness. You wanted to interview me?"

The babies mostly just scuttle in place while sleeping. They don't seem to be at that stage where they're terribly ambient

> Poke your head out the door.

As the door opens you're blinded by a sudden flash. Oh god, what's happening?

> Yell without swearing, I don't want to blow my interview after all.

Okay. Okay! You can do that! You take air into your lungs, and you go--

> Stay completely silent. No screaming. Assert dominance.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaa\_aaaaaaaaaao □

You launch into a pathetic wail. It's sad. You feel bad that you did that.

***CRITICAL FAILURE!*** You lose -5 Dignity! You've obtained the Title "Apprentice Little Meow Meow"!

As you blink away the spots from your eyes, you feel a hand grasp yours firmly and shake it twice.

"You did it!"

It's a...happy but somehow mocking voice? Female? You'd guess?



Ah, there go your eyes. You see that it's the woman with those keys enthusiastically shaking your hand. They are holding a...a polaroid picture of you? You look both pathetic and weirdly aggressive.

"Really glad Robert Bobert found the right candidate! Was worried he'd found some tourist this time or something! Welcome to Eyedol Games!"

> can your goggle's filter out this light?

They were already in night vision mode, to compensate for the lack of light in this terrible dilapidated room. The sudden brightness of the camera flash must have uncalibrated them.

> achieve dignity% speedrun

You are on the rare and difficult dignity% speedrun path. Your viewers back home would be so proud

> oh god check on the babies. Were they blinded?

Luckily they seem to have slept through all of that. Thank the All-Father

> What's an All-Father?

Oh god you are NOT going to be explaining the finer nuances of Religion to the randos in your head.

>Take a selfie with the babies so the audience knows you're a good person that cares for them.

You completely fail to acknowledge the woman actively shaking your hand and instead take the Polaroid from her hands and take a quick selfie with the babies.

This is completely normal. Everyone knows this.

> Say thanks, I guess. We can salvage this interaction yet.

You briefly feel a surge of gratitude at the misguided optimism in the Observers in your head.

>I look at the woman, bow, take a selfie to let everyone know I'm about to do an interview (and get job!?) then I respectfully bow to the woman and go, "Hello, I am here for a job interview? How much do I get paid?"

She grins at you, still actively shaking the hand not trying to juggle the basket of babies and the Polaroid Camera.

"We'll work something out, don't worry about it! Tomorrow once all the paperwork is finalized we'll have the CFO get you set up!"

> Shake her hand back harder. Faster. You must win this battle of wills.

This is your **Big Gamer Moment.** You got this.

> I then start recording a video, "Hey Gamerzillas and Gamerzillettes, it's your boi Glorbo here! We're about to do our paper work LIVE! I'm also a father now." -Motions to the

babies- "So, gotta work hard to feed our babies and get that PS5. Maybe rent?? Aight, let's get going!"

**YOU MAKE SURE TO SAY IT REALLY LOUD SO THE FANS BACK HOME CAN HEAR** (assuming your cybernetic implants are actually able to stream transuniverses?)

The random key lady seems suitably impressed by your gamer energy.

You gain +2 Morale! You don't get any Dignity back, though. The -Dignity route locks you out of getting passive Dignity points unless you're **ACTIVELY** trying. You do get a +1 gamer pity point though.

> ask who the CFO is... what does CFO stand for, anyway?

The key lady tells you it stands for Chief Financial Officer. You think they probably do math or something.

> Probably give the camera back.

Nah, this baby is yours forever. Maybe if you don't say anything they won't notice it as you slide it into your jacket.

**Success!** You gain +1 Theft! This will totally have 0 consequences.

> Commit more crimes

Well, **TECHNICALLY** you are kind of actively kidnapping this basket full of babies. Soooo...

> Attempt to SEARCH and pickpocket the lady, since she's letting you get away with theft

As your hand brushes her pocket you are grabbed by a bunch of guys who DEFINITELY weren't there before and you are bodily hauled into a side room without a door.

The key lady shouts after you as you're dragged off: "Robert Bobert will help you settle in! Good luck!"

> Check on the babies.

The babies are wiggling erratically as you're being carried off. Some are falling off the basket and onto the wooden floor. You think you see one fall through one of the rotten planks. The humanity. This is carnage. You don't care if the narrative engine won't recognize it, you're giving yourself +1 Trauma.

> Wave to the key lady as you go.

You wave back to the key lady, causing more babies to go flying. She waves back at you with the same enthusiasm but with less airborne children.

The flock of guys carrying you off to what you can only assume is job Valhalla stop at nothing as they tear through any old furniture and boards out of the way-- it comes to your attention that they haven't opened any doors, and they're taking a frankly sickening amount of turns for a workplace environment. Just before you can think about that for much longer, you feel the air under you as they toss you into another room, one which you can, from your current vantage point, read it is labelled as the "R&D Department".

Well. You think you just got a job?

***Congratulations!*** You are now a Category 1  
Research Intern!

Just as you gather yourself (and the leftover babies on your basket), you see the mysterious man walk into the office. "Oh yeah, congratulations on your promotion, by the way! Nice Pocket Protector."

Did... did you just get promoted because you stole that pocket protector?

***Congratulations!*** You are now a Category 2  
Research Specialist because you stole that Pocket Protector!

Oh. Thanks.

> Count the remaining babies.

After careful counting, you believe there are a total of five babies left.

> Does that mean you have to work now? Look for anything that looks like you should work on it

Probably! You find a single folder labelled "*R&D and You- For the Prospective Employee*".

***(For people who are CURRENTLY LIVE, you can research the page-- typing should be smoother -JR)***

> Open the folder.

You open the folder. You find the following:

TBD lol hopefully you won't need this before we hire you don't even worry about it just listen to bobert and you'll be fine otherwise you're on your own lmao 🤔

Well, shit.

> With a sagely nod, I throw the folder into the recycling bin. Nature needs this more than us. Trees will heal. The babies bore witness and will become good to the environment from my example. All is good.

Not like you fucking need it. You're about to toss the folder before another Sticker Set slides out of the back of it. It falls through one of the floor cracks, into the floor below.

This sucks. You think.

***(whoops typo lol it was refresh. Refresh the page. Writing is hard. it's hard and no one understands- IC)***

> Oh my god, the stickers! Follow them. Get them. Please, dear god.

> I use the company's phone and hire a babysitter. If there are any with multiple heads, that would be best. I'm busy, gotta make sure the babies are fine while I HUNT FOR THE STICKERS

> go to any and all lengths to get that stickerset back. you NEED it

> Peewee Get The Stickers

The viewers have chosen (and also correctly spoken your name, good job). You must become.....

## *a major league gamer*

You **BARREL TOWARDS THE PHONE** as you gingerly try hire a babysitter for the kids but then you realize you don't speak the foreign language. Italian? Whatever. You gently give them to Bobert, putting your soft hand on their little faces as a goodbye, before you **RUN OUT THE FUCKING ROOM AND TURN A CORNER AND TURN A CORNER AND TURN A CORNER AND TURN A CORNER AND TURN A CORNER AND TURN A CORNER** Aaaand now you're lost. Where are you. What the fuck is this open floor plan. You don't see an exit.

> RIP stickers. Hopefully you'll stumble across them at some point, but you don't even know where you are, much less the stickers.. Truly a tragedy.

Truly so. You shed a gamer tear. It fogs up your goggles.

> What, isn't there like, a glowing quest tracker tucked away in those epic gamer instincts of yours? You need 100%. WE need 100%.

You turn on your gamer quest tracker, and all it does is point out that the objective for this area is, indeed, in this office. Turns out 1. Hidden objects don't tend to be highlighted on quest trackers, and 2. The world is buggy as shit.

You do, however, stop to check what the current objective is. According to your sensors, it is currently "Learn How To Jobb [sic]".

> what does the room look like?

The room looks like nothing. The walls and the floor and everything here has been painted pure white. Your tail smells of wet paint.

> Take your camera out and loudly announce: "WHAT'S UP GAMERS, IF CHAT CAN SEND ME A MAP OF THIS PLACE I WILL BE GIVING OUT 25 GIFTED SUBS!"

Your voice echoes through the hallway. You don't think anyone can hear you from here.

> I breath in, and out. I then decease my weight so the wind can take me to my destination. After all, if the wind can pick up the stickers, they can pick up my flow and help me find them. Perhaps, in the wind, I will learn Italian. Much like that movie, Pocahantas, except with Spaghetti and Meatballs instead of gold.

You take a deep breath. You let the flow of the wind consume you, going through your lungs and through your limbs. If you really believe in yourself, you can truly become weightless. You close your eyes... you're *doing it...*

You open up your eyes and all you see is the ceiling. You have successfully gotten the back of your jacket also covered in wet paint.

> Do a funny little dance to numb the pain.



You do a funny little dance. It is appropriately pathetic. You're glad no one can see you, not counting the dozen or so audience members in your brain.

> In a last ditch effort... I call out Nintendo Power Magazine and see if they invented Mario yet. I need him to help me.

Mario cannot answer you. No italians can save you now.

> No, be proud of your dance. Remember your sick moves from the void? You look so cool.

What void?

*[You hear the sound of footsteps in the distance.]*

> prepare for strife

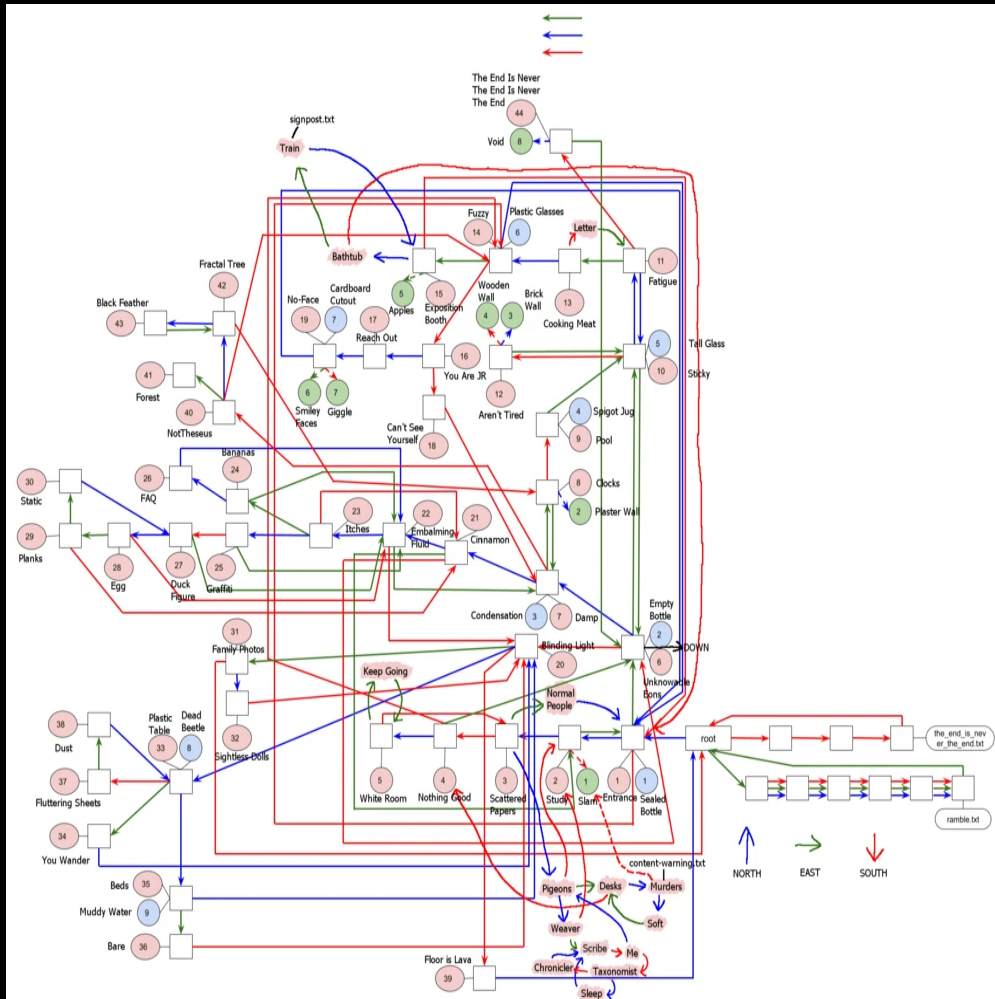
You ACCESS YOUR STRIFE--

Oh. You can't access your Strife Specibus. Well. Uh. Uh--

PREPARE TO FIGHT! You-- you pull out the pencil from your POCKET PROTECTOR, prepared to MODERATELY INCONVENIENCE SOMEONE. You--

Oh it's just a fuckin' guy. Okay. You awkwardly shove your pencil back in your protector.

The man-- one of the painters-- rushes in with 3 babies attached to his legs and a map. He SLAMS a map into your open hand. Success! You look at it and--



This means nothing to you.

You've lost 25 subs worth of currency! You now have minus whatever that was. You're. You're probably already in debt.

(Do. Do we have a Title for that?)

**Congratulations!** You have achieved Debt in the first 24 hours of a spawn. You have obtained the Title "Student Debt Speedrun"!

(oh. we do. carry on then.)

> I play that sad sailor Spongebob music... err... I guess sad sailor music since Spongebob isn't here. I slowly go back to my babies to inform them I have to sell them to slavery in order to get enough money so I can raise them. This makes sense.

You would do that if you knew how to get back. The man is already gone before you can ask. One of the babies fell off his leg, though. It's yellow.

> oh good free yellow baby

> pick up the yellow babie

> I resist the urge to eat the baby, and instead name it Watt Jr. Sr.

You grab the baby. The baby mostly just vibes there, as most babies in your societies work. It is mostly blind, currently, and does not try to fight against you.

Also, yeah, fuck it. Sure. You say hello to Watt Jr. Sr.

> Have the baby ride around on your head. Achieve peak DollSim.

You put the baby on your head as you note your current lack of basket. This is it. This is peak.

**1/??? Watts collected this playthrough!**

What.

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**1/??? Watts collected this playthrough!**

What.

> try to figure out why time just happened three times

Oh. Hm.

IC: ohh fuck. my b. that is. that's a new one.

IC: this control console's running on a little man with no feelings, y'all. that's not even a joke.

IC: here just. just take this and pretend this was intentional okay.

IC: maaaaan. this is gonna SUCK later down the line.

***SECRET UNLOCKED???*** *You have achieved the rare Duplication (triplication) glitch!!!*

**3/??? Watts collected this playthrough(?)!**

Well, fuck. Guess you'll enjoy your three new exactly identical babies.

> Cherish the Watts. Any iteration of Watt is precious and deserves love and support.

You take some time to cherish your Watts. They are all stacked on top of your head in order of birth. Or, well, you suppose duplication.

You are still so lost.

> Look up a glitch FAQ for this game.

You try to connect to the network only to discover that apparently wherever you are somehow doesn't have WiFi. What the hell?

> Take one Watt off of your head and hold it in front of you like a dowsing rod. They will decide your direction.

The little guy sort of waves one of his meaty appendages towards the south.

You move south for a while, avoiding any twists and turns. All of the rooms are doorless and rotting. As you go you see less and less paint? That...might be a bad sign. If those painter guys hadn't been here yet?

> Trust in Watt. Continue. Surely, he's leading you to your--OUR--beloved stickers.

You continue heading towards the South. At this point there isn't even paint on anything. You're getting a little creeped out at all the exposed rotting wood...

> Take the time to try and get the paint off your jacket.

You figure if there's no new wet paint, at least you can try to clean up a bit. You feel almost presentable at the end.

> Where are your fingers?

Aaaat the ends of your hands? Why. Where are yours?

>

Ah. Okay. Good. You're glad you're alone in your own head again.

> Continue southward. Embrace being lost.

As you continue wandering southward the Truth of your situation occurs to you. You really ARE lost.

There's something freeing to it. After so long, so many loops just trying to have *any* positive affect on the world around you... To just embrace being lost? There's serenity in that.

Eventually, somehow, despite there still not being any paint on the wall, you find yourself back at the room labeled "R&D Department".

> I adjust my tie, make sure the Watts are in a single file line, then knock on the door politely. Surely, there will be help here.

You fail to adjust your tie as you didn't know you'd be interviewing anywhere today. (or ever)

But you do make sure you and the Watts are ready and knock on the door.

> Is it actually the same room?

It does seem to be! Robert Robert answers the door and seems unsurprised to see you.

"It's closing time. After hours. You ready to sleep?"

> Not until every last baby has been tucked in, you aren't!

You kiss the little forehead of the three Watts and the Five Mysterious Unnamed Babies and tuck them in. (who could be watt, but are not)

> Uh. Okay, sure why not. Just roll with it I guess?

ATTENTION: HIBERNATION MECHANIC INITIATED. PLEASE INPUT HOW LONG (IN DAYS) YOU WISH TO SLEEP.

> 8 hours

ERROR: DAYS NOT FOUND

> Sleep for 0.333333 days

INPUT ACCEPTED.

**1972 April 1st: 10:13 am**

You are inside the R&D department. Looks like you have a door now! Robert Bobert is drinking a thimble sized coffee.

> How are the kids doing?

They're crawling all over the rotting, nail ridden wood. They seem more ambulatory than you would have expected given how fresh they seemed. They grow up so fast. (not that you know a whole lot about how fast wigglers are supposed to grow)



> do we need caffeine? I need caffeine in the morning but Peewee may not

You could definitely use a little bit of g-fuel to amp up your gaming cred. You ask Robert Bobert if they have any and he just says "Coffees good!" in a cheerful voice.

> GET COFFEE

But but. Your gamer fuel. Coffee simply doesn't have enough gamer cred to give you the energy you need.

> GET COFFEE

But but. Your gamer fuel. Coffee simply doesn't have enough gamer cred to give you the energy you need.

> acquire COFFEE HATRED X2 COMBO!

You fail to acquire any additional COFFEE HATRED as it is already at max! Even the mightiest of glitches cannot surpass your MAXIMAL HATRED of the inferior energy source.

> G FUEL DOES NOT EXIST UNTIL 2012 YOU WILL NEED ANOTHER SOURCE OF CAFFINE

Then you suppose you just will not have any energy until 2012.

**OBJECTIVE ACQUIRED: REACH 2012!**

> Being in the 70's probably also explains why you didn't have WiFi earlier. God the 70's suck.

It really does. You want to just ....leave it as soon as possible.

> Sleep for 14,609.7 days to reach 2012

Is...is that possible?

**INPUT ACCEPTED.**

DM NOTE: Real Time DMing is closed. It will resume in [ERROR: FUTURE KNOWLEDGE NOT FOUND]. Notifications will be made through the Eyes of Zampanio when DMing resumes. It is anticipated for it to open nearly daily.

> dm: resume telling a story

You find yourself once again drawn towards telling a story. What was going on again? Oh. Right. An inexplicable 40 year sleep cycle.

Excellent. You can work with this.

**2012 April 30th: 10:13am**

You find yourself in an incredibly dark room. A shadowy figure is looming in front of you and shining a light in your face as you blink up at it.

> I take out my signature all American baseball bat beside the bed that most suburban homes have.

You groggily try to reach for some sort of bat or homerun-creating object, and you find there is none. You do, however, notice that your trusty **Pocket Protector** is still on you. Damn. This thing is... uh... well it's built tough. You don't have anything to compare it to at the moment though.

> Oh my gosh, the prompt was followed through. At least now you can get G-Fuel. Finally.

At last, you can get the siren's tear. The water of life. The mountain's dew. Man, that last one would make a killer name for a drink. Point is you're so close.... to your precious G-Fuel.

> Remember your training. No screaming. Stare it down silently.

You remember your 35-minute training that involved devouring two baskets of fruit in a room full of children and proceed to use that knowledge to... uh... stare. That's what you got out of that. No upsetting implications about the shape of life and how it is unknown and unfathomable.

They stare at you back, poking you ever-so-slightly with some sort of cane and attempting to blind you every so often.

Thankfully, your goggles have finally calibrated to "Please No Bully" mode, after all these years.

> despite this being scary say hi to them

You mutter a 'hi'. The figure tenses up a bit at that, and they seem to mutter to themselves. "You... uh... I'm here to collect your debt?"

**OBJECTIVE ACQUIRED: REACH 2012!**

> Activate night vision goggles.

You turn your night-vision goggles to ONE HUNDRED PERCENT CAPACITY and immediately fucking blind yourself on the light in front of you.

> I grab the babies and run. Eventually there will be an explosion behind me that could remove the evidence, right?

You fail to grab the babies and run because there ARE no babies. You are alone in this dark space with this apparent collector.

> Now you can scream, it's okay. Let it out.

You begin winding up for enough screams to make up for 40 years of maze-themed nightmares.

**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA**

**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA**

**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA**

**AAAAAAAAAA**AA

AAOHHHHHH *iUcK*

> Did you just blackout for like half an hour

> Question the collector about where your children are.

You stand up, breaking into a small frenzy about your children. You start **YELLING AT THEM** about what they **DID TO YOUR CHILDREN**, and you promise incredible retribution to them and their dog if they don't tell you where they are, d-damn it!

Now, you normally wouldn't be able to faze a normal debt collector. But this greenhorn? Look at them. They're shaking in

their boots... or you suppose *were* shaking. Your **sufficiently pathetic Dignity** score makes you looked like a scared, lost cat that would go meow meow some times to try and defend its starving litter. Your brazen display of sad wailing and cowering for your children seems to has eased their heart a little, and they at least stop poking you with the damn walking stick.

'Listen, man, uh... you have a debt? You know, the one you took on, uh...'

> ask what the debt is

> ok calm down got to figure out what the debt they want is

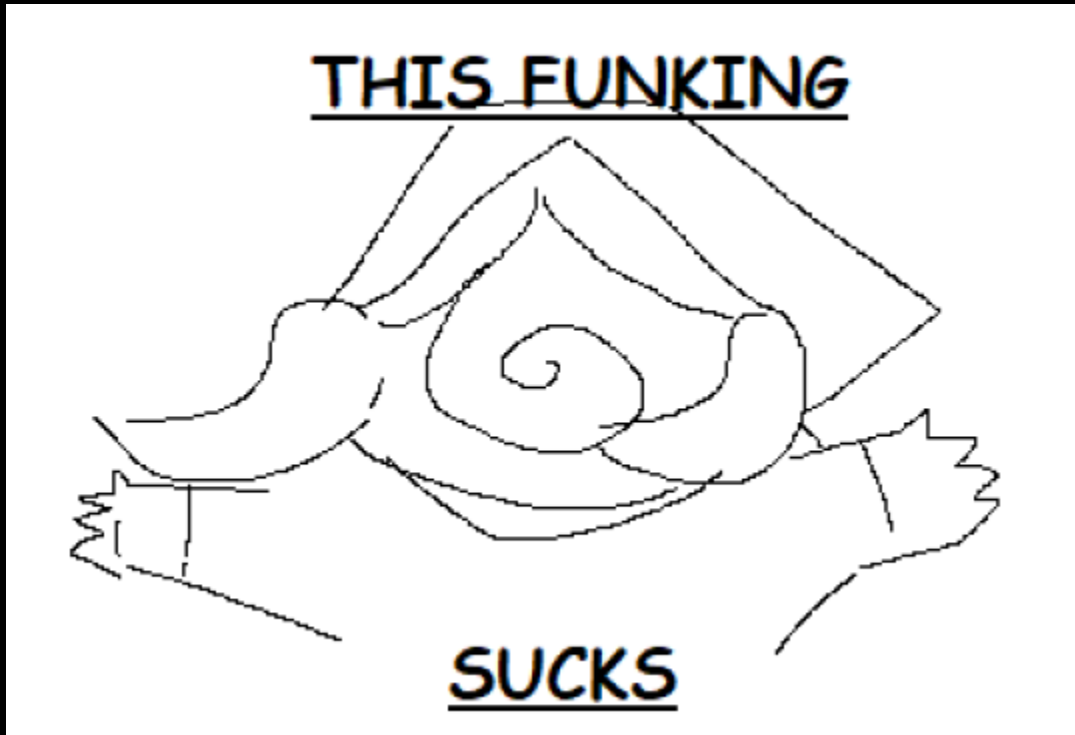
They lower their hat in slight embarrassment. "Uh, well, yeah. You probably just... uh... woke up, right? Nice, hm, tail. By the way," they say. 'You seem to have... hm. Let's see... took on a debt... for '25 gifted subs'... fourty years ago?'

> Skirem.

Fuck, guess you DID wake up somewhere, being held for crimes you don't remember committing... shit, no, yeah. This is exactly Skyrim. You're upset at how Skyrim this is.

You have obtained the achievement 'Hey, You, You're Finally Awake'! Only [var] more remaining!  
The rough 15-45 minutes of JR screaming at a poor, poor robot have been skipped for your convenience! All routes are now +5 more profane!  
+3 things are no longer on fire. For future bugs,

please help yourself to a one hour rendition of 'Just Add Water'. Don't tell JR.



"I'm ready for jesus." -JR, 2022

> Ah. Fuck. That debt. Ask how much you owe.

"Ah, well, shit." The novice debt collector scratches their chin. They then pull out a **Pocket Calculator** after putting away their cane and flashlight. "Well, you got something called '25 subs', which I guess are like, something? Frankly we have no idea what it was, you can just get 'em for free on youtube, you know, sub4sub, right? But the contract says they're worth 5 dollars each. So, together, they're 125 dollars. Then you add a 20% interest rate, and adjust for the 40 years... you owe... around one hundred eighty-three thousand, seven hundred and twenty-one dollars? Oh, and forty three cents."

Oh fuck.

They shrug. "Yeah, beats me why you were hi-ber-nate-ing this whole damn time instead of payin' that off, but who knows, that's your, uhm, your business." The client, uh... they're apparently fine with you gettin' just those, uh, those subs back. So... you got around... the end of this year, to get that done? You're gonna have a lot more loan sharks 'round ya now that you're moving."

> tell the collector you can pay them in exposure

They say they're fine, thanks.

> ask exactly when the debt is due

"Uh. The end of the year. December 21st-ish 2012. Hopefully it won't be the total end of all years, but y'never know, right?"

> ask why a loan shark was there the SECOND you woke up

The shark just looks embarrassed again. "Ey, I don't--- I just got my job, 'kay? Apparantly this is, uh, like a thing that they do to newbies. They send us here to try n' get your debt. Apparently it's a decade-old trad now."

You raise a brow. Like a hazing ritual?

"Eh? No, stupid, I don't smoke."

That's not-- you know what, nevermind. It's fine.

> Well. Guess you're in debt now. Fun. TBH I don't have any advice here. Sorry.





Holy fuck! You've somehow lost another 125 dollars (or 25 subs). You now owe 50 subs (or 183,846.43 italian dollars, or whatever you want to call them)!

> Stop using these dumb night goggles.

You'd rather die.

> Look up. Who knows what could be there? Secrets? Stickers? I hope it's stickers.

Good catch! You look up and a drop of water falls directly onto your goggles. You go to shake it off, accidentally tripping the loan shark with the back of your tail, and a **STICKER SET** falls off from underneath his hat. Sick!

This sticker set contains:

>A spiral-person in a green onesie smashing a robot with a steel chair;

>A dubious goose from the hit movie GOOZTALEZ (a segundian classic)

>Some sort of strange slug-thing exploding;

>A mop with a little party hat.

>'Sticker Set [111/113]' has been added to your inventory!

> Children located. Let's get going, then. Leave the room.

> Go UP

> go upstairs, find the babies

You run (or slither) upstairs, pushing the loan shark out of the way as you try to make your way out.

You then find your immediate first obstacle to finding your children:

**NEW OBJECTIVE:** Where the fuck are the stairs.

> just find the stairs lol

You would, if you knew where you were. This weird open-floor plan feels very strangely familiar.

Almost kind of... traumatic.

> go south

You use your **ADVANCED DIRECTOR SENSORS** to find the exact magnetic field and then slam your head on the wall in front of you.

> Sheepishly ask the loan shark if he knows where the stairs are.

You turn around to ask. Unfortunately, the loan shark is currently unconscious from either a lack of sticker sets, or an overdose of concrete to the face.

> Go down.

You attempt to, but your tail is in the way.

> Stick the original mop sticker on the loan shark's arm, just in case he needs stickers to live, or something.

You give the Loan Shark a little mop sticker on his forehead. He is still very limp.

> Try to wake him up? Slap Hank.

You slap some sort of three-eyed alien dressed in very patriotic clothing. You register this person has never existed, and when you blink he's no longer there.

Yeah. Sure. Whatever.

> Embrace Being Lost Simulator Part 2: Where The Fuck Are The Stairs Edition.

You've done this before. You muster all your care in the world and then toss it out the metaphorical window, letting your fucks fly free, your worries gone with them. It's fine. All you have to do is accept that it's all strange all the time. It's all...

...you have...

...to do?

You start walking with no direction in mind, except for one that goes, you know,  
NORTH/NORTH/EAST/NORTH/NORTH/NORTH/EAST/SOUTH/  
H/ SOUTH/EAST/SOUTH/ILLUSION1/NORTH/EAST/  
EAST/EAST/EAST/SOUTH/NORTH/  
EAST/EAST/SOUTH/NORTH/EAST/EAST/EAST/NORTH. You do that and now you're in front of some stairs.

> remember that you're warned about stairs, bro



DM NOTE: Real Time Dming is closed. It will resume in [ERROR: FUTURE KNOWLEDGE NOT FOUND]. Notifications will be made through the Eyes of Zampanio when Dming resumes. It is anticipated for it to open nearly daily.

> dm: resume telling story

You find yourself once again drawn towards telling a story. What was going on again? Oh. Right. Peewee is inexplicably falling up some stairs for forever.

>Peewee: Land already.

>

All routes are now at neutral profanity and +5 politeness going forwards!

You land at the top of some stairs in a sea of beige cubicles. You see a break room nearby and an office labeled "CFO"

> Hm. Check out the break room first?

Your never ending thirst for gfuel (and finding your babies) leads you inevitably to the break room.

There's a full sized fridge (nice), a water cooler, an incredibly fancy (and complicated) looking coffee machine and a guy standing in front of it, swearing as it spews hot liquid betrayal in all directions.



> Oh no. Maybe ask if they need help? This is a pretty messy situation, and idk HOW you'd help, but surely something can be done about this coffee disaster.

You barely manage to start offering to help when the guy boggles at you vacantly for a solid 30 seconds. Really staring you down.

...

It's really kind of awkward.

When they finally regain proper cognitive brain function, they jump out of the way of the spewing hot coffee and curse for ANOTHER solid thirty seconds as you just kind of stand around.

Finally, they turn to you. "HOLY FUCK! *DAD?! What are YOU doing awake?!"*

> awkwardly try to taste the coffee because you cant use g-fuel for caffeine

**ABSOLUTELY NOT. THE HOT FIRES AND DRY TREES OF SEGUNDIAN HELL CAN TAKE YOU FIRST BEFORE YOU EVEN CONSIDER DRINKING THIS PURE AND UTTER SW--**

>question why they're calling you dad

They cross their arms and look away petulantly, furrowing their brow ever deeper. "Yeah. I ask myself that same question every day," they mumble. "*Asshole.*"

>Try for a very coffee-stained hug. They're all grown up and you MISSED IT because of your G-Fuel coma???

They DODGE your hug with unexplainable finesse! Truly, your child has grown to be a good gamer-- that, or a very fine set of legs that don't suffer from friction.

"Oh, *now* you want to try to parent? Tough shit, d-- uh-- you! Last chance you had was forty years ago, and you blew it!"

**1... out of 3... out of ??? Watts collected this playthrough?**

> Address the rogue coffee machine before moving on to bitter reunion.

You use your EPIC GAMING SKILLS to quickly unplug the hateful bean machine.

> take a conciliatory selfy with your wayward son

You somehow manage to still have your INSTANT CAMERA and you snap a quick selfie with your beloved child. Something in him softens in response.

"Yeah. Okay. I GUESS its better late than never."

> where am I????????

"Eyedol Games HQ? I thought that was obvious? " His brow furrows a bit as he thinks. "Oh! Right. You probably don't remember the move. Weren't we back in Italy still when you fell asleep? " He seems fond as he realizes how clueless you are.

> ask son where the gfuel is

"Fuck you." he says, face instantly growing dour again.

> ingest omnipresent gfuel

You fail to ingest the omnipresent G-Fuel. For some ungodly reason, unbeknownst to all reason and rationality, there is only coffee here. The world is bleak and you are alone.

>Stop being a dunkass and apologize to your child

Yeah, sure, you know how to do that. You take another selfie with your child, and it seems to calm him down some, even if he is no less dour.

>> Ask them if their siblings are here.

"What? No. We didn't even think you'd wake up for another, oh, you know. four MONTHS?! To sate your fucking G-Fuel craze." They sigh in exasperation, pinching the bridge of their nose. " Melon's not even in the office today! Well. He's never in the office, but *this* time it's his birthday. "

> And for the love of god, TRY to suppress your fucking G-Fuel craze. You have a family now you crackfiend.

You had a family then, too. This is just who you are, and you'll thank the random thoughts in your head to stop trying to change you. After all, you know what they say. If they can't handle you at your "G-Fuel Crackfiend", they don't deserve you at... uh...

...hm...

> Melon? They took new names? ...Ask your child what their new name is.

"Rebel", he says, deadpan, not impressed by your question. "What? Were you hoping for 'Watt Senior Junior', huh? Or whatever inane thing you called me for like five minutes, like it would stay stay that way? Like it was forever?" They hiss their words at you, pain unapparent. Apparently you leaving for 40 years was like, a huge thing to these three kids, and you would be feeling a lot guiltier about it if you could wrap your head around all that.



>> Firstly, Melon is a nice name. Be sure to tell him that sometime. Secondly, ask if there's anything you can get Melon for his birthday.

He steps back a bit, nearly bumping into the coffee machine, out of nothing more than confusion at your quick change from doting father to G-Fuel fiend, and then back, like a metronome powered by a livewire. "Just-- anything but your fucking gamer beverage, for the love of the 8 Divine..."

> Ask how they know about the G-Fuel craze.

They manage to strongly convey that their blank hollow eyes are rolling. They must've been training for this moment, because it's flawless. That, or they have really learned to make it work in this society. "Bro told us *aaaaall* the stories about you. You know, while you were busy sleeping all the time. Typical we had to hear about our *father* from a second source."

> Express that you will try to be better about your craze. You're a bit split in have and clearly need to get your shit together? But who's bro?

You suddenly realize just how BAD this looks from the outside. An image appears in your head, unbidden, sent by some kind of Herald of Reality itself.



Ah.

You promise Rebel you will be better. Who needs energy for their gaming related cybernetic implants? Not this guy!

Oh, yeah, they say. Bro apparently owns the company or something. It's pretty... uh. It's. It's no big deal. Fuck the whole aura of unknowing, right?

> Ask how Bro knows about the G-Fuel craze. And how carrying them around stacked on your head for half an hour while lost counts as fatherhood.

You feel there's a more tactful way to ask that question, but them's the breaks, you suppose. Can't stop what's already flown out your damn mouth hole.

Rebel exhales out of his nose as he disdainfully suggests that you ask Big Bro about all that. All they know is you're their dad, and you're kind of a shit one.

Congratulations! Your Parenting skills go up by 1 from their previous -13! Somewhere else, a Herald of Reality gains +1 Reality Alteration by diverting the course of your Deadbeating with a surgically-aimed guilt-trip, but this is both a stat that is both useless and also does not exist. Hooray!

> Ask if all three kids still share the same birthday, or if they celebrate on different days, or something.

Rebel explains they all pupated on different days. Melon was first-- dangerously first. He didn't pupate quite right-- but that's not his business. He doesn't even know why he's telling you. Psh.

> I, an observer, am now curious to what the divine 8 are

Oh, they probably are...

...are...

...

Nevermind. There is something psychologically *terrifying* at the thought of getting an answer to this. Your jaw clenches tight and you say no more.

> this purple text is something that both scares me and interests me

# No.

> you may need to fully get out of a gamer mode for now, focusing on reality is more important right now

You ironically get your head back in the game and ask Rebel where you can find Big Bro, then.

He gives you a convoluted series of directions to weave through the various beige cubicles and suggests you go quickly so the path doesn't change too much.

> Thank Rebel, and promise you'll get a present for him to when his day rolls around. You know it probably doesn't mean shit considering your ass actions but eh

Rebel lets you know that his birthday is June 4th and that you better get him something good.

You realize you have a choice now. Do you try to get to BigBro as fast as possible? Do you explore a bit? Or do you want to check out that CFO's office you found before venturing into the cubicle maze?

> go to bro, gotta make up for being a bad dad

Say no more! It's time for another.....

## epig gaemer moment

You speedrun the maze of cubicles like the EPIC GAMER you are, barrel-rolling over workstations and half-press-a jumping

over several guys with the exact same brown suit-- you find out that you can bunny hop so you start doing that all the way to the OFFICE. Paper flies everywhere. Extremely important documents fall over. You're pretty sure that your CYBERNETICS voided the insurance of around twenty different devices in the last fifteen seconds. After breaking the biggest mechanical sweat of your life, you find yourself in front of a fairly swanky office labeled "CEBro".

A voice calls out from behind the closed door. "Peewee! Welcome! Glad you found your way here in time! Did you want your Gamer Fuel, bro?"

They've been expecting you.

> You did, but you wanted to talk to them first. They're more important. They're more important, r i g h t ?

> no its a trap don't go in

> game fuel!

talk to bro, don't take the g-fuel

> get. the. g-fuel. fuck them kids

**ERROR: You are paralyzed by indecision.**

DM NOTE: Real Time DMing is closed. It will resume in [ERROR: FUTURE KNOWLEDGE NOT FOUND]. Notifications will be made through the Eyes of Zampanio when DMing resumes. It is anticipated for it to open nearly daily.

> dm: experiment with the medium

You find yourself realizing that locking story telling to real time back and forth might not be sustainable in the long run.

What if you.... yesssssssss...

>dm: make with the explanation already

Yeah, yeah, okay. SO. From now on, commands will be left unlocked. Feel free to input suggestions while there is no DM present and they will be addressed the next time a DM is online.

This does mean you'll just need to check back periodically to see if theres new story to build off of, but I have reason to believe that won't be a problem with *this* group.

Peewee is currently struggling to decide whether to trust the offer of g-fuel from behind a closed door, whether to resist the siren song of barely edible battery acid and go in merely to talk, or to flee back into the maze.

---

What will he do?

> you've been asleep for 40 years just drink the damn g-fuel already

You slink into the room and accept your damn g-fuel already. As you feel the energy sink into your bones you suddenly feel more aware, more able to resist your worser impulses.

You gain +13 ENERGY!

Now that you are RECHARGED and READY TO GO, you're able to actually pay attention to the room you find yourself in. That lady with the keys, 40 years older and grinning broadly at you is who just had handed you your precious precious Gamer Fuel.

> Thank her. Finally, G-Fuel at long last.

You thank her, well and truly, from the bottom of your heart.

You earn +5 GRATITUDE POINTS from the lady! She will remember how polite you are!

> who the hell is this lady?

You feel the inexplicable urge to immediately start swearing at her and making various demands, but luckily your high ENERGY RATING means you can resist those urges.

> is SHE CEBro? If not, where are they?

She confirms she is in fact the Chief Executive Brocifer of Eyedol games and shakes your hand again, taking the lead on selfies with her phone. She shows you how many likes it gets within seconds on twitter. She seems quite proud of this fact. More so than of being the boss of this whole entire company.

> Ask her where your son is. You know, the one who's birthday it is? You really ought to make up for those 40 deadbeat years!

She snorts and dissolves into debilitating laughter. All you can get out of her for several minutes is just "Oh 8 divine", and "Corn Maze".

> Ask her if the eight divines are a skyrim refrance

NO.

> peewee do you know what relativity is?

As you watch the "CeBro" of Eyedol games lose her shit laughing for several consecutive minutes you idly wonder if the speed of light matters in this situation. After some consideration, you conclude it probably does not.

> I sense you hide something peewee

You are NOT interested in thinking about anything like that right now, thank you very much. Its hard enough just getting used to this Universe.

>Ask what's so funny.

She's laughing way to hard to answer you right now.

> Do something cool to impress the CeBro.

> 

You try to apearify a pumpkin out of nowhere to impress the CEBro, but sadly you are not a LEVEL FOUR MAGICIAN yet. The exertion causes you to tangle your tail into itself and fall over.



Being on the -dignity route past 1996 causes all dignity losses to be doubled! You lose 4 dignity! Congratulations your title of "Apprentice Little Meow Meow" has upgraded to "Poor Little Meow Meow"!

> \*politely\* ask if you earned any money - you've been in the company for 40 years, after all

> this is your boss, right? you've got a debt to pay so you can buy presents for the kids

You politely ask the CeBro about your job. Your POLITENESS QUOTIENT finally breaks her out of her hysterical laughing.

"Oh right! Them's the breaks kids but you passed the fuck out before you could manage to talk to the CFO, so you haven't been on payroll this whole time! But if you go see her I'm sure we can set you up with some kinda repayment plan. The Toms are p chill like that."

> Ponder how much money you would've made since you were lying on the ground for 40 years

Your GAMING IMPLANTS confirm its a hell of a lot more than one hundred eighty-three thousand, seven hundred and twenty-one dollars, and forty three cents.

> Ask her how she had G-Fuel when G-Fuel isn't supposed to come out for another five months. And also how she knew you slept for 40 years over it.

She smiles and says "Wouldn't you like to know, weather boy" and refuses to elaborate.

> have you heard of this species known as quotidians before?

She rolls her eyes. "Ugh, don't remind me. They won't leave me alone long enough to even eat some Doritos (tm).

> Oh. Well that sounds better than nothing so get yo butt over to the CFO

You politely thank the CeBro for her time and head back into the maze of cubicles. You can go NORTH, SOUTH or EAST from here. Your GAMER INDUCED FUGUE state to reach here means you no longer remember how to get back to the CFO's office. Which way will you go?

> Hmmm. North?

You head NORTH. After a few minutes of beige cubicles(none of which have employees....you're starting to wonder how this company makes any money, you almost slither over a bright yellow tail.

"Whoa, hey man, not cool!" you hear before a head pops out over the cube wall.



Is. Is he carrying an ECHIDNA? Gross.

"Oh! Hey Dad! Rebel had said you were awake. Niiice~"

> Steal the Echidna and give it back to him

You greet the guy with a celebratory mutual pickpocketing session. He seems. REALLY weirded out by this. But he's trying to be polite about it. He hesitantly accepts the Echidna back from you and doesn't try to take anything from you.

> Echidnas, sometimes known as spiny anteaters, are quill-covered monotremes belonging to the family Tachyglossidae.

God, you wish you didn't know this, but this is your life and you touched the damn thing with your bare hands. You hope you find a place to wash them, soon. You're trying not to think that technically EVERYTHING you're touching in here is Echidna tainted...

> Ask him if he's Melon and give him one of your stickers as a birthday present

You hand your son the gold star saying "you did it! you got sticker set 1/113!" as fast as you can as he explains that no, he is not Melon. Melon is. Well, the less said about Melon right now the better. No, THIS one is Rod. Your middle child. He waves one of his arms sort of vaguely to the SOUTH and waits to see if you recognize him.

> greet your son, and give him 40 gift subs to apologize for your 40 years of being a deadbeat

You apologize for getting his name wrong and loudly announce to the thin air that he can have 40 gift subs as an apology for THAT and the whole 40 year coma thing.

Sure! Why not! You now owe 50 subs (or 183,846.43 italian dollars, or whatever you want to call them) to some random guy and 40 subs (or \$200 US dollars) to your own son, Rod. The middle one! What could go wrong!

Rod rears back a bit, putting a bit of distance between himself and you. His placid expression is a bit alarmed. "Dad! You don't gotta do this! We're not all pissed at you, man! Your life is hard enough as it IS without going further into debt!". He glanced down and mutters to himself "And digital goods aren't exactly good for the environment, man...". Luckily your GAMER AUGMENTS can still hear him!

> take a selfie with Rod as an apology

You take a selfie with your beloved middle child and he seems to calm down some.

> aren't you going to get in trouble for acting above your station, goldblood? you don't deserve to be a parent

Wow. Rude.

> hey Peewee I know you're probably in something important but have you ever played monster hunter before?

You wonder what kind of Gamer these mysterious head voices take you for.

> Give your son a fatherly smile and a thumbs up.

Rod gives you a thumbs up back, then says he REALLY does need to get back to work...

>DM: Experiment With An Intermission

```
WARNING: BACK UP INITIATED. FILE_NAME  
'playthrough1.txt' SELECTED. Access this  
through  
http://farragofiction.com/AdventureSimWest/?no  
stalgia=playthrough1.txt
```

```
NOW LOADING INTERMISSION SPEED ROUND!!!
```

> DM : Return already

```
FILE_NAME 'playthrough1.txt' LOADED.
```

```
Right. That WAS fun. 10/10, would do again.  
Now where were. Ah yes.
```

>go back to looking for the CFO so you can get on payroll

Having left Rod's cubicle, you find yourself able to go NORTH, SOUTH or EAST. Where will you go?

> Go East

You head eastward and practically run into a person seeming to do their level best to infinitely run into a wall.

> Consider the possibility that reality is having issues connecting to the internet and you're lagging hard.

You briefly consider the fact that the simulation of reality is lagging like hell. You decide there's nothing you can actually do about this, so it doesn't really matter.

> details of person

The person seems to be caught in some kind of infinite loop, just trying to walk into a wall. They seem to be as generic as possible. It's hard to remember details about them.

> Pickpocket the person and continue walking WEST

You attempt to pickpocket the person only to have them spin to face you. And then continue spinning. As they spin, they begin speaking.

---

Do not think that you have the right to touch my hallowed person, disgusting linear Linear regression attempts to model the relationship between two variables by fitting a linear equation to observed data. ... A A fractal is a never-ending pattern. Fractals are infinitely complex patterns that are self-similar across different scales. They are created by

repeating a linear regression line has an equation of the form  $Y = a + bX$ , where  $X$  is the explanatory variable and simple process over and over in an ongoing feedback loop. Driven by recursion, fractals are images of dynamic systems – the  $Y$  is the dependent variable. worm. pictures of Chaos.

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---

>> get them out of loop

Um. You have NO idea what to do about ANY of this.

> Oh no they're talking about math, get out of there

You flee further down the east. You come to another junction and can go NORTH or SOUTH.

> Gain +1 Trauma for having to hear about math

You once again fail to care that Trauma isn't a real stat and award yourself +1.

> Go South

You go SOUTH, quickly reaching your destination of the CFO's office. The door is...very firmly shut and the blinds on it are drawn.

> ask the secretary where the CFO is

You fail to ask the secretary anything as there is none. However, you CAN see there's light under the crack. The CFO is clearly inside of there.

> Knock Knock

> say "knock knock" out loud

"Come iiiiiin!" a voice sing songs from behind the door in a way that is definitely sarcastic.

> Do as the voice says

You enter the room and see a business lady rubbing her forehead, head deep in some papers filled with numbers and



stat graphs. Her other hand is gripping a pen, clicking the end of it repeatedly. She glances up at you, and immediately brightens.

"Oh! I'm so-- yeah, man, I'm sorry! I thought you were an auditor! " she says-- then she stops. Her eyes narrow, sizing you up.

"Waaaaaaait a minute! You're Peewee! Man, I thought I missed you on your first day, but then-- you know-- holy shit! You're AWAKE!?" She laughs, out of sheer incrulousness. "Ease it on the fast-travel, next time!"

> You're finally awake. You were trying to cross the border right? Walked right into that Imperial ambush, same as us, and that thief over there.

You explain to her that you think you're trapped in Skirem 2011 and she nods sagely. She lets you know that it actually came out in 2009 this go round, and honestly, she couldn't be happier about it. Although missing the alliteration kind of sucks, you know. 11/11/11? That was pretty good. Maybe next time they can push for a 9/9/9 release.

> how is taking 40 years to reach a different room within the same building "fast-travel" by any definition.

She laughs. "You STILL take time to travel in fast-travel, stupid. The time passing is literally hardcoded," she says, rolling her eyes. "You chose to do it vertically instead of horizontally? That's on you."

Is...is she calling you a BAD GAMER!? This will not stand! You roll up your sleeves and prepare to dazzle her with your

## epig gaemer cred

only for her to ask if you've found out about how big your debt is by now. You sheepishly admit you've kinda doubled down on the whole debt thing, and are now 90 subs in debt. She whistles, appreciatively.

> Ask her for money to pay off your debt

You lower your torso in an approximation of being down on your knees and you begin furiously begging for money and/or subs. You look extremely pathetic while doing all of it, aided only by your incredibly low Dignity score. You tell her a superior gamer such as her MUST be just rolling in them.

"Lol," she says, out loud. "Listen, I can't really help you there. Even if I wanted to, I gotta follow financial rules. I would never hear the end of it from those auditors if I just started handing cash out. I already DON'T get to hear the end of it from when the CEO basically does that."

> Ask if she might also be one of your children

She breaks into a fit of laughter unlike anything you've seen before, slamming her desk and knocking over a wooden duck in the process. When she's finally done laughing, she confirms that no. She is not. She got her gaming skills honestly.

> check stats to see how high CHARM is

With your POLITENESS QUOTIENT maxed out and having the Poor Little Meow Meow title it's actually FAIRLY HIGH. You're kind of surprised by that!

> if you haven't been on the payroll all these years, were you listed as a company asset? do you have an inventory number? were you \*depreciated\*???

She thinks about it, her eyes trailing up in thought as she brings the pen she's holding to her chin. "Oh yeah, thaaaaat." She clicks the pen twice." Yeah, okay! Since you weren't an employee I had to tick SOMETHING for the box to ship you over here, and you just kinda ended up as inventory. You know, those metal parts helped a lot. They thought you were some kind of fucked up exotic pet-- no offense. I really need to update that, now that you're an employee again." She rummages around in her paperwork and offers you a document and a pen. "You actually committing to this sidequest?"

> Ask her if the sticker pack you lost in the floorboards of the old HQ got moved to the new HQ along with you.

You demonstrate phenomenal force of will and continue your streak of ignoring your job in favor of stickers. "Hahaha yeaah, no. That's gone for good, now. That shit will be in some fucked up re-re-renovated McDonald's HQ in Italy forever now!" she chimes. Her eye flashes with devilish delight of the depths of your lack of gamer cred.

> But first, ask her if you got stuffed in a little suitcase when they moved. You need to know.

She says it was more like a shipping container. You know, along with all those shitty chairs and wet paint signs the Toms kept building for YEARS after the company no longer needed them. Can he believe that she's STILL having to find ways to auction them off? It's crazy what a bunch of Toms will do with enough time on their hands and no direct orders to the contrary. Like grinding a skill.

> maybe actually read before signing?

Good idea...

...

> Stare at the paperwork

...

> meow

You activate your POOR LITTLE MEOW MEOW title. The CFO's eye glints with a surge of deep, moving pity, and starts explaining the contract. "P standard stuff. You're working for us. You can quit any time. We can fire you any time. You'll help in the R&D department, figuring out new ways to market our new... hit.. game... Zampanio. Seriously, that tag isn't even legally correct anymore. I had to lobby so we wouldn't be sued for libel."

She clicks her pen as she takes you through the contract, pointing at the parts she's talking about. "We'll pay you quadruple minimum wage, you get medical, dental, life insurance, we'll put away some for your retirement and you got the option to put some away too. Our benefits are great, tbh!"

She says that last part out loud, word by word. Like a gamer. Or a narc.

She leans forward, almost conspiratorially. "Really, the only thing you need to worry about is... don't let yourself get too obsessive! Seriously! It's toooooootally fine to quit if you need to. Especially for mental health reasons!" She smiles. "Seriously. You can quit. If you start doing that."

Her teeth seem to grit.

> YES!! :D Sidequest time!!!

>Yes ma'am. You're after 100% completion, after all.

Welp, you've put it off long enough. You sign the employment contract and the CFO sits back, grinning. She absently itches at her face and startles. "Shit, right. if the auditor isn't actually gonna show up today, may as well turn this stupid illusion off, right? Right." She shimmers slightly and... why...is one of her eyes a flower? It's bouncing idly, but it still feels like it's staring at you. Would it be rude to ask?

> Free dental, medical and life insurance?? hot damn thats a deal, especially in this economy

"I know, right? Turns out the auditors pay a lot more attention if we pay much more than industry standard, but benefits and other non-monetary compensation they turn a blind eye to!" She seems to consider that for a moment. "You know what? Pun intended!"

> With your POLITENESS QUOTIENT, I'm sure you can figure out a good, polite way to ask. I say go for it!

> Compliment her flower. You know, to be charming and all.

"Oh, this?" She brings a hand to one of the petals. It seems to react to it, bouncing at its touch. "Yeah, it's, hm, it's alright, I guess. I've kind of gotten used to it... but nevermind that! You have places to go, right? And I better get back to my work, and stuff." . She starts being very obviously "busy" with her paperwork and seems to be ready for you to leave.

> who do you need to report to?

According to the paperwork you need to report to...Bobert Robert. There is no map to find him.

You see paths through the cubicles to the NORTH, SOUTH and EAST.

> Go West

You fail to go West as that is simply not an option. You are already as far West as you can go.

> wonder if your poor little meow meow abilities will help you in navigation

not even a little bit!

> North?

You head north, almost immediately running into a middle aged guy with an easy, if nervous smile. He greets you warmly and says "Dude! I didn't know you were already awake! Is today your first day?"

> Say you need to find Bobert, as it is indeed your first day

The guy scratches his head. "It's...lesse...it's 2012, right? So that means its Bobert Robert. Or do I have that backwards? Is it Robert Bobert this time? Man. Everything is so hard to keep track of here. "

He shakes his head and sighs "I don't know why I bother expecting anything different."

He offers you his hand to shake "I'm technically still just an Intern here, but I'm pretty much old guard at this point. You'd think I'd be used to it by now..."

> Accept the handshake :)

You shake the self proclaimed Intern's hand with your high POLITENESS QUOTIENT and he grins at you. Your GAMER INSTINCTS are currently going wild with the knowledge that you have unlocked the potential for **SECRET KNOWLEDGE** with your maxed out POLITENESS. You sure are glad JR modified all routes in the current playthrough to have extra politeness after that whole SERVER fiasco!

"Man, I remember how lost I was on my first day. You seem like a nice dude, how about I give you a tip for getting around here? Or are you the type who wants to learn everything on your own for gamer cred or whatever? "

> Gamer cred doesn't necessarily mean wandering around lost for ages. I'm pretty sure it means the opposite of that. Take the advice.

You take the advice and metaphorically run for it. The Intern sheepishly scratches his head. "I know how weird it sounds,

dude, but maybe you've seen enough to know it's true? If you go North, you find something RELATED to what you're looking for, but not exactly that. If you go EAST, who KNOWS what's going to happen. And if you go SOUTH, you find exactly what you were looking for."

He scuffs the shitty office carpet with the toe of his shoe. "Which. Yeah. That's not how directions work, not even a little bit. "

> Ask why there's no WEST.

The Intern scowls and says "If YOU can get the CEO to explain why in a way that makes SENSE, I'd be all ears. "

> Well that's genuinely helpful! Thanks :)

You say goodbye to the Intern with a nod to your high POLITENESS QUOTIENT. Now that you understand what the directions mean, will you go NORTH, SOUTH, or EAST?

> I am very curious about EAST now, but we've gotta stay focused. I say SOUTH.

You meander SOUTHWARD with the vague memory that you're supposed to be reporting to Bobert Robert.

You arrive at a distressingly familiar sign reading "R&D Department". Did they bring it with them all the way to Italy?

> Well, what are you waiting for, go into the R&D

You boldly stride in without knocking. You work here, you're SUPPOSED to be here. It's fine. Your GAMER SWAG means everything will definitely work out in your favor.



> See what's being Researched and/or Developed in this department

Apparently startling explosions of smoke and heat!

As you cough and choke and frantically wave your arms to try to clear the air around you, a man in brown glasses, a plaid button up shirt and a crew cut comes up to you and begins frantically searching your pockets.

> Of course you must search his pockets in turn! It is only polite

You're not willing to risk losing your MAX TIER POLITENESS QUOTIENT, not after its finally paying dividends! You immediately begin picking the man's pocket with just as much frantic energy. This only makes him search your pockets faster.

> equip this strange man into your STRIFE SPECIBUS.  
perhaps he will be poorlittlemeowmeow kind

You fail to do this as you STILL cannot access your Strife Specibus. What a weird universe.

> kiss him on the lips

You fail to do this as WELL as the strange man jumps backwards the entire length of the room as soon as your flesh almost touches his flesh. Your office romance can never be.

As you boggle vacantly at the strange man he boggles right back.

> Ask him out for a dinner first

You spend one more turn doing your best at flirting. The strange man asks you to lunch instead. You're all set for 11:45 tomorrow. You'll meet at the entrance to the Eyedol HQ.

> Is this your pal Bobert?

Now that you have secured your date you finally ask this guy's name. "What's your name?" is all you get in return.

> Tell him your name.

You enthusiastically tell him that you are Peewee "TheMan" Cassan and you are the newest hire to the R&D department! He matches your enthusiasm and tells you he is Bobert Robert and he is the entire rest of the R&D department!

> It's very nice to meet you, Bobert! :)

You continue to make sure your POLITENESS QUOTIENT is maxed out. Bobert agrees that it is very nice to meet you too! He continues to eye you warily. You get the feeling trying to touch him had been unwelcome.

> tell him "I'm researching my new job! What is R&D researching?"

His body language relaxes a bit at this. He straightens his tie and gazes longingly at your pocket protector. "We are researching your new job! R&D is researching Zampanio! Bossman says that we have to find new ways to show people Zampanio! The Devil of Spirals can help us!"

> that's not ominous at ALL, nope, totally alright

Bobert agrees completely!

> Ask what you can do to help.

Bobert says that now that the Devil of Spirals has finally awoken, its time to research!

This...is not helpful! At all! Luckily he seems to realize this and hands you an upsettingly familiar manilla folder labelled "R&D and You- For the Prospective Employee". It reads:

K, SO I ACTUALLY HAD ENOUGH TIME TO PREPARE.  
GOOD JOB ON SLEEPING FOR FORTY YEARS BTW. I'M  
ALMOST JEALOUS. EVERYTHING BEFORE THE  
INTERNET IS *SO BORING*

ANYWAYS, WHAT YOU'LL NEED TO DO IS TEACH BOBERT  
WHAT KINDS OF GAMES PEOPLE LIKE THESE DAYS.  
AREN'T **MOBILE GAMES** SUPPOSED TO BE ADDICTIVE?  
TRY THAT FIRST.

BOBERT KNOWS HOW TO STEAL CODE SO AS LONG AS  
YOU TELL HIM WHAT SORT OF GAME YOU'RE TRYING TO  
MAKE HE CAN HANDLE IT.

AT THE END OF EACH DAY YOU'LL SUBMIT A  
PROTOTYPE AND SOMEONE WILL DROP FEEDBACK OFF  
THE NEXT DAY. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

Your GAMER SENSES are tingling.

> introduce Bobert to MOBILE GAMES, this may not make them a true gamer but will help them become a gamer in the future

You frantically search your pockets for a MOBILE PHONE only to realize that you are a CYBORG WHO SLEPT FOR FORTY YEARS and do not have one. Bobert frantically searches his pockets as well and produces a ZPhone.

You search the AppStore and find the following titles you could show to Bobert in order to begin his Education As A Gamer:

1. AchivementQuest
2. A MINKEY MONSE tie in cash grab
3. Some sort of cleaning simulator???

Which do you show him?

> what does the z stand for

You ask Bobert and he shrugs and assumes the posture of someone reciting something from memory, finger raised, blank stare:

"Wanda, babe, you have GOT to stop buying up tech companies before they do the thing they end up famous for. "

"Bro, it's FINE, this way we get smart phones, like, an entire YEAR early. You can't tell me you haven't been twitchy without always on internet."

"Fiiiiiiine. But YOU aren't the one dealing with the auditors after your messes. "

Bobert seems to believe this fully and completely answers your question.

> cleaning sim

You show Bobert the ins and outs of CleaningSim. It looks like its a standard match 3 but all the items are messes? Gamer as you are, it doesn't take you long to achieve the HIGH SCORE

**BOBERT HAS LEARNED ABOUT MOBILE MATCH3 PUZZLE GAMES!**

> now have bob play A MINKEY MONSE tie in cash grab unless he is tired from training

When you ask, Bobert informs you that there is time for ONE MORE TRAINING SESSION and DESIGNING THE PROTOTYPE before he's clocking out for the day. He explains that work life balance is important, and somehow seems the most coherent and actually mentally present that he's been all day when discussing getting to leave.

You have Bobert play the MINKEY MONSE tie in cash grab. Ah. It appears to be some knock off of a game where upset avians crash into pigs. In this one, the crow with the UPSETTING AMOUNT OF TEETH is ...flying through the air and chewing through buildings? Its hard to tell with how bad the graphics are.

**BOBERT HAS LEARNED ABOUT MOBILE PHYSICS PUZZLE GAMES!**

> what's this?

An Adventure Simulator!

> prototype a physics puzzle game about cleaning!

You are now ready to PROTOTYPE YOUR FIRST GAME!  
Your GAMING INSTINCTS activate and you realize that you have the ability to describe one TITLE, one GAME CONCEPT and one STICKER to Bobert to make a game!

Since you are a CATEGORY 2 RESEARCH SPECIALIST you have unlocked the ability to AND COMBINE any two TITLES, CONCEPTS and STICKERS! Congratulations! Unlock more as you progress at your role!

Your current Prototype Design has:

- \_\_\_\_ TITLE
- \_\_\_\_ CONCEPT
- \_\_\_\_ StTICKER

AVAILABLE TITLES

- Poor Little Meow Meow
- Student Debt Speedrun

AVAILABLE CONCEPTS

- MOBILE PHYSICS PUZZLE GAMES
- MOBILE MATCH3 PUZZLE GAMES

AVAILABLE STICKERS

- MINKEY MONSE
- gold star
- jr hitting a robot with a steel chair
- dubious goose
- mop

You must choose one or more of each category.

> well, my first instinct was jr with the metal chair, but the other person said cleaning theme, right? the mop sticker sounds like it'd be suited for the task.

You AND COMBINE the "jr with the metal chair" and the "mop".

Your current Prototype Design has:

- \_\_\_\_ TITLE
- \_\_\_\_ CONCEPT
- JR HITTING A ROBOT WITH A MOP STICKER

AVAILABLE TITLES

- Poor Little Meow Meow
- Student Debt Speedrun

## AVAILABLE CONCEPTS

- MOBILE PHYSICS PUZZLE GAMES
- MOBILE MATCH3 PUZZLE GAMES

You must choose one or more of each category.

> hey DM, how meta can we get here?

You find yourself strangely thinking of forth wall breaking things and feel yourself break out into a cold sweat. Not again. You won't let the Observers break things like that again.

> fair, fair

You patiently wait for whatever goblins have set up shop in your brain rent free to get back to designing the game so you can pay your debt so you can...you're not sure actually. Pay child support, maybe?

> meow

You select the POOR LITTLE MEOW MEOW TITLE!

Your current Prototype Design has:

- POOR LITTLE MEOW MEOW TITLE
- \_\_\_\_\_ CONCEPT
- JR HITTING A ROBOT WITH A MOP STICKER

## AVAILABLE CONCEPTS



- MOBILE PHYSICS PUZZLE GAMES
- MOBILE MATCH3 PUZZLE GAMES

You must choose one or more of each category.

> match 3

You select MOBILE MATCH3 PUZZLE GAMES CONCEPT!

Your current Prototype Design has:

- POOR LITTLE MEOW MEOW TITLE
- MOBILE MATCH3 PUZZLE GAMES CONCEPT
- JR HITTING A ROBOT WITH A MOP STICKER

Game design complete! Bobert Robert takes your notes with a SQWAWK and flees the room entirely.

You glance at the clock and confirm its 5pm. You guess you can just...leave? Or...sleep at your desk, you suppose...

> I mean, 5 is a bit early to go to bed. You should probably still do SOMETHING, although I don't know what.

What do people with jobs NORMALY do after work?

> Realize that you don't own a house and probably don't legally exist and are also a fucked up snake troll person. Consider asking your children how that last one affects their lives?

That seems like a surprisingly decent idea. You wonder if Rod or Rebel is still around or if they booked it the second it hit 5. Can't hurt to look?

You re-renter the cubicle maze and see, once again, the option to go NORTH, SOUTH, or EAST.

> It was south that took you where you wanted to go, right? I'd head that way.

You head to the south and run into Rod packing up his stuff in his cube.



"Oh hey Dad? You're leaving too?" He freezes in place for a full thirty seconds and then, slowly says. "Hey. Uh. Dad. Do you uh. Need a place to. Like. Stay?" He clutches his Echidna a little tighter. "Not for forever or anything. But. Just until you get your first paycheck?"

> Say that's a very nice thought, but you don't want to take up your son's living space - you did just leave your kids alone for 40 years, not very fair to demand favors

You tell Rod not to worry about dear old dad, you'll figure something out. You're a Gamer, after all.

He looks at you skeptically. "Dad. I swear to...uh. well. YOU! That if you fall asleep again for 40 years because you want to like, skip to a better housing market or something.... Just. Stay with me. I can help you figure out this era. Please?"

> ಥ\_ಥ

You share a touching hug with your beloved son.

Congratulations! Your Parenting skills go up by 1 from their previous -12!

>Reassure son THEN look for more stickers

You reassure your beloved son that you don't actually need any help and once again abandon your child in search of stickers.

Congratulations! Your Parenting skills go down by 1 from their previous -11!

You monster.

Do you go NORTH, SOUTH, or EAST?

> Wait, where ARE you gonna sleep at then? the floor?

You are suddenly frozen with the realization that you are homeless, and have callously thrown away a genuine, loving attempt to reach out to you and make sure you don't fall through the cracks again, like those stickers and babies all those years ago...

> Hey, you. You did sleep on the floor for a good while, there. This is fiiiine. (this is not fine oh my god what did we do)

How could you have done this to yourself and/or let the Observers do this to yourself when you have enough GAMERFUEL to resist them???

> yeah but you might have had to sleep with the echidna...

Excellent point, you have no follow up questions.

> Well, I have 0 clue what you would be looking for. Head east, I guess?

> assum3 that, if SOUTH is exactly what you want, go SOUTH to find a plac3 to sleep

You AND COMBINE the directions and head SOUTHEAST!

You find a small meeting room absolutely covered in Wendy's posters. "Now That's Better", they proclaim in a gibbering chorus of different fonts.

The posters and the door combine to sort of...shield you from any early staff in the morning? You could definitely bunk down here...

> Search the room for evidence of Lucky Charms shipping conspiracy boards.

You fail to find anything about cereal in the room but you DO find several conspiracy looking boards, complete with red string. You find it difficult to figure out what it could even be ABOUT, other than maybe fast food companies?

You have the strange feeling you are being watched.

> remember to set an alarm on your zphon3 for tommorow's dat3

You make sure your zphone will wake you up tomorrow bright and early, just in case the game mechanics forget.

> Double-check the room, this time for stickers. There's tons of paper, a sticker sheet could be hiding pretty easily.

You look behind where a Wendy's poster slightly overlaps a conspiracy chart and find a sticker set! It contains a picture of some fries, a terrifying clown and... Hey! Before you can finish looking at the final sticker, it gets snatched from your hands!

'Sticker Set' (19/113) has been added to your Inventory!

As your gaze helplessly tries to follow the stickers its drawn to a scruffy looking guy who looks like they haven't slept for a week, with his hair drawn back into a messy ponytail. He is holding the final sticker and gesticulating wildly, with wide eyes and a painful looking grin. "Check this out, take a look at this! "

"Now let's talk about the mail. Can we talk about the mail please, Mac? I've been dying to talk about the mail with you all day, okay?"

> Is he okay???

You are reasonably sure this guy has never been okay.

> Humor him.

You tentatively try to take a look at the sticker he is still waving about. He defensively pulls it towards his chest and glares at you. He ASKED you to!

Fine.

"Uh. Okay? The....mail?"

The guy pulls out his ZPhone and begins typing something. You hear your own ZPhone beep and suddenly realize. WHOOPS! That's not YOUR ZPhone. You accidentally stole Boberts!

Looks like you got a text!

wendysLover2012: HEY

wendysLover2012: HEY BRO

wendysLover2012: NOT COOL

wendysLover2012: WHO LET YOU IN HERE

> Make a mental note to give Bobert his phone back and also tell the guy that the door was unlocked. Also how did he know to text Bobert's phone?

You're sure Bobert Robert will forgive you.

> Uh... the room wasn't locked. You just walked in.

> Say you are an eyedol employee, and propose a trade: mail talk for the sticker he's holding

**bumblingResearcher: IM SUPPOSED TO BE HERE! (the, the, room wasn't locked, i'm an eyedol employee...)**

**bumblingResearcher: LETS TRADE! IF YOU LIKE COMMENT AND SUBSCRIBE WE CAN BE FRIENDS ON TAILBOOK!(we can talk about the mail, if you give me that sticker? maybe?)**

wendysLover2012: WE AREN'T FRIENDS! (and why, would i want to talk, about the mail.)

wendysLover2012: BUT MAYBE WE CAN TRADE! (this, this, is not a public room, if you leave now? you can have the sticker?)

> Hey sure, if he gives you the sticker, you leave

You sagely nod your approval and move towards the door, stopping just short of the threshold. You look meaningfully back and the guy just kinda ninja star throws the sticker into your hand. Its actually kind of cool?

He glares at you until you finish actually leaving the room.

Back in the never-ending corridors between cubicles, you investigate your final prize. Oh! Sweet! Looks like its a [REDACTED]. What? You meant to say it's a [DATA EXPUNGED]. Um. Well. It's a good sticker? Okay. That worked. Um. Hrm.

> Let's try walking SOUTHEAST again? For a sticker and/or a room to stay in

It's getting pretty dark. Are you SURE you want to walk around?

> you may be sure but I, an observer, am

You decide you feel safe walking SOUTHEAST in the EYEDOL HQ OFFICES after dark!

You come across the break room from earlier, complete with its tempting full-sized fridge. You were distracted from it earlier what with your whole touching re-union with the first of your three watt-flavored children.

> open the fridge and study the contents

You see...various brown lunch boxes with initials and "DO NOT STEAL" scrawled on them....some milk (you guess for the coffee?) , salad dressing you're pretty sure has expired and...an entire gross (that's 144) of eggs?

A knife stabs into the side of the opened fridge.

> Oh god. Okay don't panic, and offer the owner of the knife a nice egg in these trying times

Your head turns around, then the rest of your body; your hands are shaking like hell as you do so, offering the egg to a shadowy figure just outside of your range of vision. You can feel the weight of the white tremble as you do.

A faintly glimmering purple glow narrows in suspicion-- the figure is weirdly shorter than you'd expect someone with a knife to be. Glancing down, your eyes catch the soft, artificial light of a zPhone screen queueing up some media. *"Snakes*



*known to have adapted to feed exclusively on eggs,"* you hear from its speakers. *"the mannequins are ALIVE! Tonight, on--*  
**"THIEF! THIEF! THERE'S A THIEF--"**

You look back up and-- that's a second knife, right in front of your face. Alright. Okay. No one panic.

You can panic a little.

> POLITELY explain you're not a thief and panic just a little, because the observers are panicking a lot.

You let out a pathetic little whimper as you stumble over yourself. You try to explain that you WORK here, and you're not a THIEF, and you didn't even KNOW those were their eggs? Are there their eggs? They're in a company fridge, probably a bad place to put them, but oh god please don't--

You activate "Poor Little Meow Meow"! Your gamer instincts tell you that you have activated a SECRET ROUTE!

The small purple orb that constitute an eye... blinks, somehow, then blinks again: slowly, meticulously, examining you up and down-- at least, you assume. After a solid minute- or an hour, you can't tell- of silence, their hand retreats back to their phone. *"It's dangerous to go alone, take this."*

Your goggles adjust to a sudden light in front of you: the device they've been using, opened into a notepad app.

Hi! Hello! If you're seeing this note-- I told my friend here to show this to anyone she's

accidentally scared! Sorry about that! If you're seeing this note because you have the phone and not because she is showing you then. Please give it back! Just put it on the floor somewhere. Please oh god give it back.

> was that a Zelda refence?

You try asking the shadowy figure that and just get a slow blink of that purple eye again as a response.

> Check if the phone has any mobile games

Surely you can find yourself some more 2012 classics....You reach out to grab the phone, and--

You hit the floor face-first with a thud. Your arms fail to catch your descent; there's a sickening crack as the lenses in your goggles break in ever so slightly. You try to look up through your moderately impaired vision. What the hell is she--

Oh. You don't see her. You look around to make sure, and sure enough, she's no longer here.

You are alone.

> Overall, you didn't die, didn't get stabbed, nor reported as a thief to the police: so overall, a success!

**Congratulations!!! Against all odds, you have survived your first full day inside this Universe!  
HIGH SCORE ACHIEVED!**

> you still have us observers but I guess we do not count as physical lifeforms

You are willing to pay another 100 subs to get rid of the Observers, if only to find out if you'd be AS likely to try to steal a knife wielding maniacs phone (AFTER JUST BEING WARNED ABOUT IT!) on your own.

Sadly, there are not enough subs in all the world to rid your brain of its infestation.

>Well that was weird. You ok there?

You are getting increasingly upset about your cracked goggles, as a matter of fact? What if you don't have night vision anymore? What if your eyesight stops working? What if it starts shorting out and kills you? What if ...

**Security Alert: PLAYER SPIRALLING!**

> help what is going on

You don't know! You've never had to do maintenance on your parts by yourself!? What if the goggles can't be fixed?

> Take a deep breath and try to center yourself.

You're now manually breathing.

Oh god what if you're not getting enough air? Are you getting too MUCH air? You can't even remember if you have cybernetic lungs!? Can you pass out from breathing wrong? Is that a thing!?

> Shit I need to do something here. Ok fuck. Umm... let's see here now. Alright we need to not focus on the googles for now and accept the destruction that has been done to them

How are you supposed to accept this!? Despap would *kill* you if you go the parts they worked so hard on damaged and okay yes they aren't here and you kind of hate them but but but...

> if previous command does not work check spiral level

SECURITY RESPONSE: SPIRAL LEVEL 2  
ACKNOWLEDGED. DEPLOYING  
COUNTERMEASURES.



> i'd go 6. enough time to maybe chill a bit but not like go-into-a-coma-again long

As your spiraling continues you gradually begin wearing yourself out. As your consciousness fades, you see a single purple light glowing from a vent.

## **1972 April 2nd: 8:00 am**

You wake up to one of those painter guys poking at you with a coffee cup. Everything hurts and you are very cold. Right. You fell asleep in front of the break room fridge. The break room fridge that was apparently open all night.

Your goggles are still cracked and you are doing your best to accept it now that you're no longer spiraling.

It's okay. Despap isn't here. You have more control over your body than you have since the first loop. It's okay. Even if your goggles break, it's still okay.

You get poked again. Right. You're in public.

> Alright, rise and shine and get on that gamer grind! Also don't forget your date with Bobert today. Should prolly return the phone to him.

Yeah. God. Yeah okay. Good. Distractions are good. You've got a job and a date and plenty to do. You've got this!

> if fridge is open then close

Better late than never, you close the fridge as you sit all the way up.

The painter guy pokes you again and when you're finally no longer blocking access to the fridge he pours milk into his coffee. "Working hard, or hardly working?", he asks you.

> state truth if asked about work

You tell the painter guy you are working so damn hard. You're just a little guy and you are doing your very best, all the time.

> We should probably head to work now, or do you wanna stop by the CEBro to get your gamer fuel first?

God you could really use more gamer fuel. You don't normally need so much but just...just being inside this Universe feels draining, somehow.

You can head NORTH, SOUTH or EAST to get to the CEBro's office.

> head south

You head South and discover that the CEBro's office is firmly shut. You don't think she's in yet? It IS pretty early...

> hmm... should we head south again to get to your room you work in?

You pat yourself on the back for starting to get the hang of this place and head back to the R&D Department. Bobert Robert is already hard at work watering some of the plants in the room.

> examine room to remember your surroundings

There is a floor to ceiling window across one entire wall looking out into...beautiful downtown Ohio, you guess? There's not much to see, mostly concrete. People walking past don't seem to be able to see in, which is something, at least.

There's a few potted plants in the corners, and ten work stations. Bobert seems to be logged into all but one of them, which is the one you used yesterday. There's no sign of personal effects of any kind.

> Nice, so good to see Bobert! You should return the phone to him

You hand him his phone, sheepishly explaining that you didn't mean to take it. He checks the chat between you and wendysLover2012 and his eyes widen.

"I am asking you why you talked with Leader Jepe?" he says, asking you why you talked with Leader Jepe.

> Well, be truthful I guess

You explain, in frankly too much detail, how you turned down your son's offer of a place to stay, and then wandered around the office for hours looking for a place to squat. And how this lead to various conflicts with the office's after-hours residents.

Bobert listens carefully to your explanation. "I am asking you why you didn't just try to sleep in your own territory?" he says, helpfully gesturing to this room.

> should we explain that we spiraled out?

You continue to layer the truth on really thick and mention that you kind of went into a panic spiral and passed out after your goggles got cracked.

Bobert Robert gets REALLY close to you, without touching, and examines them. "Requisitions requests go to the CFO", he finally says.

> HELL YES, you can get your goggles (maybe) fixed AND Bobert is saying you can sleep here? It'd probably be safer than wandering around again

**SECURE REST LOCATION ACQUIRED!**

**OBJECTIVE ACQUIRED: REPAIR YOUR GOGGLES!**

> dumb question but how many objectives can we have at once?

Why on SEGUNDIA (or you guess EARTH) would the observers think you would know that?

> ok forget the question let's head south for it is the way we will go to reach our destination to the CFO

You wave goodbye to Bobert Robert (who of course waves back) as you walk south towards the CFO's office. You sure



hope she has a better work ethic than...oh, yup, there she is! She's unlocking her office now. She looks kinda harried?

"Oh! Peewee! Hope you're settling in okay? Sorry 'bout throwing you in with no tutorial and all!"

> Flex your professional gamer skills by letting her know you figured it all out, but your armor- ehh I mean glasses, got damaged in a combat encounter

She rolls her eyes at you and gives them a once over.

"Yuuuuup, thought so! This is a Divine Artifact!" Her words are cheery, but her expression is grim.

"You can't really repair something from OUTSIDE the universe with something from INSIDE it, you know? It's like trying to mine straight down and use the block to build a pole! But totally worse!"

> Well, shit. Maybe you can, idk, use a powerful soulgem to make the night vision work? It totally counts as enchantment right.

You wish really hard you were in Skerim 2011.

> was there any other reason you came here to see the CFO?

There really wasn't. She's getting impatient with you. "Like, I totally don't mean to be a killjoy but " she gestures at her face, conspicuously missing the eye flower, "I'm expecting an auditor here any minute, and unless I want them to become an Auditor I reaaaaaaaly need things to be as normal as possible,k?"

She escorts you to the door "And yeah, you'd thiiiiink giant snake people would be abnormal enough to capital A someone on the spot, but apparently not anymore! But still! It's all about the little things, you know? So like. Shoo!"

> alright the other observers all agreed we can have an adventure north so north time to see new and interesting rooms and hallways

You head NORTH with no particular destination in mind.

> are we there yet?

> alright let's see where we end up

It's just endless corridors of cubicles to be honest. How would you even know where "there" is if you don't know where you're trying to go?

> Just REMEMBER to keep track of time, we need to be done before 11:45

You make sure to make a note in your CYBERNETIC AUGMENTS to not miss your date.

> Okay, how about you think of something completely random. Like, uh, grape pie?

You're pretty sure grape pie doesn't even exist.

> If you go north, you find something related to what you're looking for but not exactly that. What happens if you look for something uninteresting?

You have no idea, but you're not looking for something uninteresting, now are you? You're just...going NORTH. For no reason.

Are the cubicles starting to repeat?

> Try looking for something uninteresting.

You stop to get your bearings and decide you could go NORTH, SOUTH or EAST to try to find something uninteresting. Which will you choose?

> Keep going NORTH but do so while looking for something uninteresting.

You keep heading NORTH and find a packet of oatmeal in the middle of the floor. For some reason, the French version of the instructions say to cook for longer. Huh. That's mildly interesting.

> Move on before you end up pissing off whoever decided to keep their oatmeal on the floor.

You DO seem to have a track record, don't you.

You move on in no particular direction, mildly soothed by the repeating architecture.

> Take a breather and check the time

Looks like its just after 10am. You wonder if the CEO is in yet? You could really go for some GFuel.

> Head NORTH while thinking of GFuel

You head NORTH while thinking of the sweet sweet embrace of GFuel. Man. You're really starting to run on empty aren't you....

CRUNCH!

What?

You look down. You appear to have started slithering over...a bunch of eggs strewn all over the ground? There's...is that...is that a RANSOM NOTE with them???

E A T U P

OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES

> i think you were suppose to eat the eggs

You think so, too. There's...well, there's at least ONE you haven't crushed?

> SURE. Eat it I GUESS

You poke cautiously at the egg. Yup. That's...*definitely* raw. Just like the others were.

You are NOT eating this. Not without cooking it first.

> let's continue north and see where the possible end to this hallway is, if no end reached when time is hit head into the closest south door to head to your room

You continue heading NORTH with your precious RAW EGG for what feels like forever. Occasionally you find OMINOUS NOTES warning you of DIRE CONSEQUENCES if you don't



Actually. Uh. Where ARE you guys going for lunch? You realize Bobert seems to be looking to you for direction, but you've never even been outside this building in 2012 yet!

> What color is Bobert's tail? Also let him know that you haven't gone outside in 40 years and you don't know where to go.

A very dark bronze. It matches his button down shirt very nicely, and you make sure he knows that. He preens a bit. He doesn't seem worried at all that you're lost.

> it is likely south to head to our destination as usual

You head south, and just sort of hope it works out...Man, you guys have been headed south for a while but...after 24 painfully awkward minutes your hope pays off: You find a sign reading "Westerville Cafe"!

> Sweet find! You should get an achievement or something for this. Like, "1 out of ??? cafés found"

You're still congratulating yourself when Bobert Robert tries the door and it won't open. He rattles it a bit, rhythmically for a bit, then comes back and makes his report: "I am telling you that it says they are closed on Mondays".

Well then.

> Go south to find another cafe

You seem to have at least found the food portion of downtown, at least. Just two minutes further and you find the ironically named Northstar Grill! You check and THIS one is definitely open on Mondays!

At this point it's the middle of the lunch rush, so there's a bit of a wait for seats. You're starting to feel a little dizzy.

> to many people or is this from lack of water?

Hmm? No...its fine. Just gotta get that GFuel is all. It's nothing serious. Weird you need it again so soon, tbh.

> summon gfuel from the hevans

It fails to arrive, but the host DOES seat you and Bobert. When she asks for your drink orders you manage to carefully enunciate "GFuel, please". She has no idea what it is.

> water

You tell her water is fine and Bobert Robert agrees. When she returns with it you drink it down. It doesn't help.

> Look just get any caffeine into your system, dw about it

Your CYBERNETIC BODY physically can't metabolize anything but GFuel. Caffeine would do more harm than good.

Bobert Robert is asking you if you're okay.

> tell the truth

You need GFuel.

Bobert is on his ZPhone in seconds, typing furiously. He thrusts it into your hands as you struggle to get your eyes to focus. Right. Your goggles are cracked. You. You hate that.

CEBro: BRO

**bumblingResearcher: asdfj'**

CEBro: BRO I KNOW ITS HARD TO THINK

CEBro: STAY WITH ME BRO

CEBro: THAT EGG SHE GAVE YOU?

CEBro: SHIT BRO WISH I'D CONFIRMED HOW SHE WAS  
GONNA EXPLAIN THAT MECHANIC

CEBro: BRO JUST EAT THE EGG AND I'LL EXPLAIN  
EVERYTHING WHEN YOU GET BACK FROM YOUR DATE

> EGG

heheheheh eggs are funny

> Uh. Ok, I won't question it. Egg time, I guess.

noooooooooooooo its raaawww

its gross

gross

raw

egg

> Eat the egg.

no.

> NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME GAMER. YOUR LIFE  
DEPENDS ON THIS EGG. YOUR DATE IS RIGHT NEXT TO  
YOU, COUNTING ON YA. THE CEBRO IS COUNTING ON  
YOU. US, THE OBSERVERS ARE COUNTING ON YOU! You.  
Are the best damned gamer there is. You've got this shit. We'll



finish this weird-ass sidequest and eat the Gfuel egg no matter what! FOR GAMER GLORY!!!

gross egg

> Look, there's some sort of mechanic that involves egg eating??? I don't get it either, but CEBro seeeeeems to know whats up. It's gross, I agree, but it's something.

...

As things begin to fade from your consciousness and you see the edges of an impossibly large wall of flesh you feel a gross raw egg get forced into your mouth. You try to spit it out but a hand is clamped over your mouth. The talons feel nice. Pebbly. Is that...is there screaming?

Easter Egg (1 out of 113) has been found!

> What the fuck.

What the fuck?

It's starting to be...easier to think? Almost as if...you've managed to get 1/113 of a serving of GFuel? Which. What the fuck?

> I TOLD YOU BRO. THAT EGG WAS A LIFESAVER. For real I think it had Gfuel in it, if ONLY somebody ate it sooner hmmmmmm?

You refuse to dignify that thought with a response.

> eat more egg

You're pretty sure you ate 100% of the gross raw egg and if even if you didn't there is NO way you're going to eat a gross raw egg again unless you're literally dying. Um. A second time.

It suddenly occurs to you that you were literally dying there.

> You should probably regain consciousness and let Robert know you're, you know, not dead

You blink through the haze of a near death experience to see that the restaurant has completely cleared out of customers and wait staff and there is a ....black...BIRD? person? in front of you with extremely ruffled feathers.

> this is a species known as a quodgian, they are anthro crows that have the ability to use a magic to mask themselves as other species, and not being masked is considered lewd to quodgians unless they are the consort type

yeah okay, sure

> Robert?

This does indeed appear to be your co-worker. His feathers smooth down a bit. "I am asking you if you are okay?" There is egg goop all over one of his talons.

> Thank him for saving your life. And apologize for scaring him, poor guy's all ruffled

"I am telling you that you did not scare me." He pauses and seems to mull his words over. "I am telling you I knew you would be okay because the Creator decreed it. But." He looks down at himself and fusses with his shirt pocket. You're keenly

aware how forlorn he looks without his little pocket protector. Did he really not buy another one since you stole it....

Wait. WAS that Bobert Robert? That was 40 years ago...he looks the same as...

No. You're distracting yourself. You tell him to go on. "I am telling you that I am not supposed to look like this in public." he finishes. He seems tired.

> ask him why he looks like that

"I am telling you it is a lack of social distancing." he says, tapping your cheek with a talon.

>> Give him his pocket protector back.

He squawks indignantly and ruffles back up. "I am telling you that my ancestor gave you that as a sign of respect!"

> Uh, oops. Sorry.

He smooths back down a bit and says "I am telling you its okay. You didn't know." He looks forlorn again and fiddles with his ZPhone. "I am telling myself I knew this was just a work thing."

> Okay okay let's just head back to eyedol

You tentatively start to make your way to the door when he grabs your arm.

"I am asking you to remain with me until I can resume Masking. It is not safe to go alone.

> Ok, yeah. That sounds alright.

He relaxes a bit further and listlessly pokes at the menu you guys never got to check.

> I forgot to mention that quodians cannot handle crowds of other sapients well and will experience uncontrollable changing you thank the random observer for the SWEET FACTS and wonder if they are 100% accurate even for new universes

> Thank him again for saving you, and check out the menu. Doing something normal right now sounds great

You show Bobert Robert the fact that this place apparently has weird fusion food. He is taking pictures of the menu with increasing delight and apparently uploading it somewhere. "I am telling you that these dishes are previously undocumented!"

> I have a fucking guide to this species opened right now

You suppose its a good thing that the Observers are feeling so Gamer right now because honestly? You just kind of are appreciating the quiet while you watch Bobert exclaim over the menu.

> \*the sounds of unbridled observer anger can now be heard\*

Hmm? What's that? You can't hear anything over the sound of Bobert explaining to you that locally grown produce is practically unheard of. He has several plans laid out for investigating exactly where the farms are that source this restaurant.

> Dude, your date seems to be having a good time after all, this is GREAT

Apart from you almost dying on a brunch table and everyone fleeing in terror at seeing a giant crow person? Yeah. Best date you've ever been on. Absolutely zero terrifying giant...birds...

Okay. Well. There is an average amount of giant birds for dates you've been on, but Bobert is not terrifying at all.

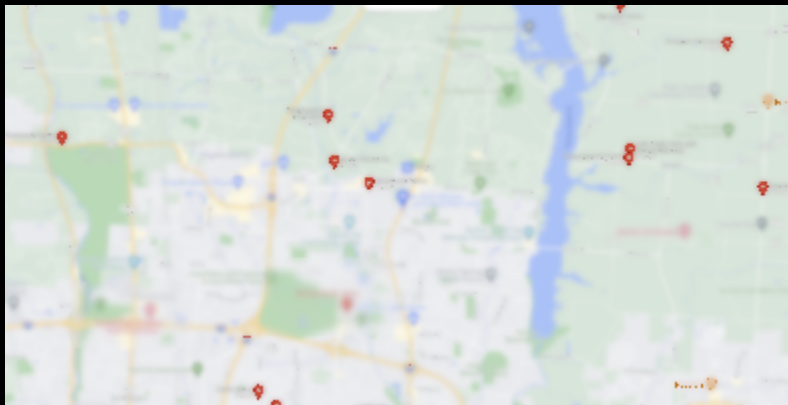
To you at least.

> as an observer, im glad things are sort of chill rn too :) sort of have to say \*something\* just to keep things going though lol

Yeah, honestly? You're not sure why you were so resistant to leaving Eyedol HQ in the first place.

> Listen to Bobert

Bobert is showing you a map he's pulled up on his ZPhone of the surrounding areas farms.



He seems COMPLETELY serious about tracking down the supplier for this restaurant and asks if you'll help him.

> YESSSSSS

You tell him its a date and he freezes, for just a second.

"I am telling myself I knew this was just a work thing." he says, in the tone of someone repeating something. "I am asking you. Was I wrong?"

> It doesnt have to be if you want it not to be ;)

Bobert Robert squawks and nearly drops his phone.

"I am telling myself I wasn't prepared enough!" he says, rapidly pulling up a....a spreadsheet?

<b>Inventory Item</b>	<b>Location</b>	<b>Arrival Date</b>
#858585	Naples	March 20th, 1985
#858585	La Spezia	March 23th, 1985
#858585	Barcelona APMT	March 23th, 1985
#858585	Valencia	March 25th, 1985
#858585	Algeciras	March 27th, 1985
#858585	Sines	March 29th, 1985
#858585	Freeport	CARGO NOT RECIEVED
#858585	Columbus	April 1st, 1986

He seems to be watching for your reaction.

> It'd be way easier to react if I had any clue what this spreadsheet was for.

You cautiously ask for clarification and he begins to get excited.

"I am telling you Freeport is the key! " He puff his chest feathers up, clearly proud of himself. "You never arrived! I am telling you, you were missing for almost a year!"

> ask what th3 connection between you and th3 suppliers ar3

Bobert's feathers get especially flat as his beak quivers. "I'm telling you! This isn't about the restaurant. This is about YOU. You were lost when we moved!"

He shoves a map of the Bermuda Triangle into your face. "I wanted to tell you. That you were lost..."

He swallows. "I wanted to show you I cared."

> Ask if there were any nice pictures taken cause damn you really went on a trip around europe

Bobert Robert becomes distressed, apologizing for not having more data, repeating that he hadn't really thought this was a date and hadn't prepared enough.

He seems to be waiting for something from you?

> Thank him for gathering this data on where you were. That's really sweet of him!

He fluffs up just a bit and smooths some feathers down in what you assume is pride? You wonder when he'll be able to Mask again. Bird body language is a lot harder to read than you would think!

> Give him your [REDACTED] sticker, as a gift. And genuinely thank him for keeping track of you, YOU KNOW, since that was really caring of him. You're great Bobert.

Bobert freezes and stares at the sticker you are offering. "I am asking if you are you sure?"

> answer truthfully

You search your heart for the Truth. Or at least hope the Observers are.

> us observers are experiencing a level 2 spiral at the moment

**Security Alert: OBSERVERS SPIRALLING!**

> anything we should do about the spiraling?

DM Note: Do you really want to risk summoning JR and the yellow yard in the middle of a date?

> uhh.....

> Umm.....

> Uh...

> wait am i supposed to be spiraling rn -an observer that popped in just now



DM Note: Your choices are:

1. Tell dear, sweet, precious, sweet, sweet, Bobert "Yes", you are sure he can have the sticker.
2. Tell dear, sweet, precious, sweet, sweet, Bobert "No", he can NOT have the sticker.
3. Continue spiraling and risk JR.

> let's just say yes and get this over with

Bobert clutches the sticker gingerly in his talons and stares at you with wide eyes. You have the feeling you have just given him the bird equivalent of the holy grail. "I am telling you I am not worthy." he says, eyes darting between your own and the sticker. "But I am also telling you that you will not regret this."

He seems to decide this is the best moment to remask and before you can fully process what you are seeing he is human once more, with legs, and everything. He is crying gently and smiling.

> um. awkward. touching is Bad, so offer a glass of water and a tissue?

The restaurant is still abandoned after everyone fled seeing a giant bird person, so you go into the back and grab Bobert a fresh glass of water and a tissue. He asks if you're ready to head back to the office?

> hey Peewee, how do you know what a human is, anyway?

Because you've looked inside the echidna before. Plus, its not like its a rare body type, galactically speaking. Legged Lamia basically look like a human plus some horns.

> Yeah, sure. Ready if you are.

The two of you spend the nearly 30 minute walk back planning out your investigation on where that restaurant supplies its ingredients from and just sort of enjoying the sights downtown.

All too soon, you are back in the Eyedol Offices. Bobert lets you know he'll meet you back in your office, whenever you're ready to get feedback on yesterdays design and come up with a new one.

> Alright, you should meet the CEBro first and catch up with Bobert afterwards - SOUTH we go!

> Say bye to Bobert and then go ask CEBro about the whole egg thing.

You wave goodbye to your date and venture deep into the maze of cubicles.

> is there anything we cannot be late on time?

You...spend a few minutes thinking yourself in circles trying to parse this command. You don't have any timers set in your CYBERNETIC PARTS. You know as long as you get your job done by the end of the day you're fine? You...think...you're fine?

Now that you've spent several minutes in the cubicle maze just wandering around you realize you need to pick a direction to get to the CEBro: NORTH, SOUTH or EAST?

> SOUTH. Oh god please just go SOUTH

You head SOUTH, determined to shake some answers out of the CEBro if it kills one of you.

She is waiting for you outside her office as you storm up. "Bro, look, I KNOW I said I'd explain but like. That's not really my thing? You get it, right?"

> god dammit

You agree completely, you refuse to take "No" for an answer.

"Brooooo..." the CEBro whines. "Do I REALLY gotta spell it out?"

She does.

"Okay. Think about the metabolism of a shrew! Now think about the metabolism of an elephant! Do you get it?"

> Not really.

You give the CEBro your best blank stare.

> food digestion go speed?

"No! It's like!" She crosses her arms and seems to be thinking really hard. She pulls out a ZPhone and starts typing rapidly.

"Yeah, no, this isn't happening. The Intern will help you. I've let him know what's the deal."

She walks off mid explanation. Well. That was a thing.

> Go SOUTH to find the Intern I guess???

You are not in the mood to screw around, you head DIRECTLY to the Intern!

You find him typing away on his computer, intently focused on the screen, in his shitty little beige cubicle. There are a few books, a wilted looking plant and some snacks littering the area.

> Ask the Intern about the egg thing.

"What egg thing?" he asks when you get his attention. He seems genuinely perplexed.

> Tell him about the interaction you just had with Wanda.

> fuck i mean CEBro

> Say the CEBro said she informed him about this... apparently she has something to do with shrews and elephants

The Intern pinches the bridge of his nose. "Is THAT what she meant when she said "Teach him the egg secrets?"

He twirls in his chair a little, looking up and thinking for a bit.

"It's like this: Wanda can't explain anything to save her life. So somehow it's always up to me to do it! " He throws his hands up "Except Unlike HER, I have no clue what is going on!"

He sighs and stops twirling. "Well, I probably know more than you. You know where you came from, right?"

> well, the eye killer, probably?

>> wait know that's where the egg is from, I can't read

The Intern's eyes widen. "What? The...the KILLER gave you an egg? What the HELL did you do to earn that?"

He is now COMPLETELY distracted from trying to exposition at you.

> Tell the truth of how you went to look for GFuel, found an ominous egg with a ransom note and almost died

> honestly it seemed like they just felt sorry for you?

The Intern gives you a judgmental once over.

"Yeah", he finally says, massaging his temple "Yeah, you do seem kind of pathetic."

He gets up and starts pacing.

"How on earth is a DIVINE BEING such a poor little meow meow? " He asks, not even looking at you, pacing a well worn groove into his cubicle. "Why would you even INCARNATE in this universe just to sleep for forty years?"

> Should we... tell him about us Observers? How we're dumbasses who pressed a button and fucked around to find out?

You tell him that you have been a poor little meow meow ever since you entered the game specifically because the Observers won't leave you alone.

The Intern stares at you.

"Are you telling me that eldritch beings not just from beyond REALITY but from beyond the reality beyond reality...are.... controlling you?" He waits a beat, still staring at you intently. "For fun?"

> less "controlling," more "shouting at you to do things until you give in under the horrible weight of their incessant yelling", but yeah

You sheepishly explain how things actually aware, fully aware that it makes you even MORE of a poor little meow meow that you're giving into the Observers as much as you do.

> wait, they think you're a god?

Well, yeah, of course. You DID create their Universe after all. Well. More like failed to stop its creation despite all of your best efforts? Honestly you were trying to kill it. You wish you were surprised at how thoroughly you failed at that part up till now.

The Intern listens to your weird half conversation and sits down heavily. "I really didn't need to learn today that the Devil of Spirals is still trying to kill the Universe. "

He puts his head in his hands. "You'd think BEING inside the Universe would make you stop aiming for that? Though...I guess Wanda wouldn't have carted you around all these years if she didn't think you were harmless..."

The Intern shoots up to his feet, bouncing on his toes and grinning. "That's IT! What she was trying to tell me on the ZPhone! You're HARMLESS! " He excitedly points a finger

directly at you "Because you can't survive for very long at a time inside our Universe without help! You're too big for our reality!"

He seems to suddenly realize what he's saying and stills. "Not that uh. That's a good thing? Haha? That's probably why Wanda had that weird GFuel cell for you? And the egg supplements? Ah! That's why you were here right? For more eggs?"

> Oh, so you're too... "big" to survive and need GFuel eggs to continue existing? Neat! I told you to stop being a baby and eat that goddamn egg!

Next time you're cooking it.

> Never make us eat an egg again. Only gfuel

> demand eggs so that you may raise them. perhaps if you gain another batch of children, you can get your parenting stat into the positive!!! epic gamer strat

The Intern blinks at you. "I thought you guys hatched from fruit, not eggs?" he shakes his head quickly "Nevermind. Not important. What's IMPORTANT is I have NO IDEA why you have to eat eggs. Maybe Wanda has more GFuel? But if I'm interpreting this all caps spinning font gif meme correctly, I don't think the eggs will work forever..."

He puts his head down on his desk and stares longingly into the middle distance. "One day. One day I'm going to teach her to just use her words."

> Wait so what do we do, get and eat eggs, or get and drink GFuel? The observers are confused here

So are you. You guess GFuel kinda looks like an egg? If an egg were also a weird glowy rock?

> Hey cursed thought, is GFuel just raw egg yolk... have you been just drinking raw eggs the whole time

What? No. You can't DRINK GFuel.

> Why is it GFuel specifically?

Because your CYBERNETIC GAMING IMPLANTS use proprietary Gamer Fuel branded parts. That's what you get for accepting corporate sponsorships.

> I... You can't drink it? It's an ENERGY DRINK.

It's a what now?

> Wait so how DO you take in GFuel? Also what the fuck.

What? You just kinda vibe next to it while it recharges your batteries... You are so confused.

> I'm so fucking confused, let's just ask the poor Intern for eggs

"I think the breakroom has some? Usually we warn new hires not to touch them but if the Killer is offering them to you...may as well?"

> show us the meme



"Haha no. I've seen what Wanda's 'jokes' do to people, and I do NOT want to find out what happens when the Devil of Spirals is in that freakin' hell maze."

> Hey Peewee, what time is it? Do we have time to question the poor Intern for more info or should we head back to work

Whether or not you have more time, there is a crash and a loud SQWAWK from further in the cubicle maze and the Intern shoots you an apologetic look.

"Sorry, gotta go take care of that. " and jogs lightly towards whatever is making the disturbance.

> FIND EGG, BATHROOM

> OH ALSO SOUTH

You're frozen. Do you go to the breakroom to try to find more eggs? (How often do you even need to eat them? ) Or...should you go to the bathroom? Have you even found a bathroom in here yet?

> Dude you don't even need to eat, do you need to use the bathroom? Whatever, check the time again first

Looks like you burned an hour getting to Wanda and the Intern, you probably have another three before you need to get designing.

> Eh, may as well get eggs. Even if you don't need them immediately, it'd be good to have some. Just in case, you know?

Since you were already ambling SOUTH you continue on to the BREAKROOM and pick up a few eggs. You frown, realizing there's only a microwave to cook them in.

> looking up microwave egg recipes rn. idk if a link is a valid way of getting info to you but heres a couple

<https://www.eggs.ca/recipes/basic-microwave-scrambled-eggs>

<https://www.eggs.ca/recipes/basic-microwaved-eggs>

That is definitely a dead link, seeing as how its from at LEAST two universes away.

> eat the egg, snake style

You may have a snake like tail but you do NOT have a snake like jaw, digestive system or set of taste buds. No. Thank you.

> yeah fair. looking up microwave egg recipes from your universe when you get the chance though would probably be a good idea.

Your internal internet connection isn't really that great. You guess you could do it at your desk?

> Find bowl or plate, maybe you can crack the egg and then microwave it

You crack an egg in a bowl and prepare to microwave it, only to realize you aren't sure how long to microwave it for...

> find the egg button

All you can find is the "popcorn" button.

> Press the popcorn button

The machine hums along for about a minute and then the cracked egg in the bowl erupts like a miniature volcano. It's alarming! There's noise! There's a mess! The microwave is still going! At least four Toms are now staring at you!

> Take cover! It's gonna explode!

You dive for cover as the egg finishes painting the insides of the microwave. Disapproving glares are being directed towards you from over cubicle walls. The egg is absolutely not edible.

> Clean this up.

You hang your head in shame and AND COMBINE your POLITENESS QUOTIENT and your POOR LITTLE MEOW MEOW TITLE to thoroughly clean the microwave with an "aw, shucks" aura.

It seems your peers have forgiven you this transgression.

> Also for the GFuel, you said you "just kinda vibe next to it while it recharges your batteries"? Is anything stopping you from just keeping a can of it in your pocket and not having to deal with this?

A...can of ....GFuel? Why would you keep it in a can? It's not like it can be damaged or degrade except through use. And so far you've only fan that one GFuel that the CEBro had and it apparently only lasted like, a day. You're used to getting a full week out of them...

> Do that again but beat the egg first. Take it out and stir it every 30 seconds for about two minutes until it looks cooked.

Once you finish cleaning things up (god it was horrible, there was little gooey egg stalactites clinging to the ceiling), you try again, this time doing your best to distribute the heat so it doesn't erupt.

When all is said and done you have spongy and unseasoned SCRAMBLED EGGS!

Success! Your egg-cooking skill increased by one!  
Your skill level is now up to 1!

> Realize that you and the Observers have two very different concepts of what GFuel is. And if they backread, it seems like that wasn't always the case??? Also eat your scrambled eggs.

You eat your tasteless eggs and wonder how your life reached this point. You guess it makes sense that aliens outside of Time and Space or whatever would have weird ideas about GFuel.

> Does this give you any more or less energy than eating a raw egg? Is that something you can tell?

As far as you can tell its doing nothing, probably because you'd already had an egg recently.

> Your eggs may be tasteless now, but apparently egg cooking is a skill (like duh, but i mean in a gamey sense). I have high hopes for the egg-cooking future.

Your Gamer senses are tingling.

> Buy more eggs

You fail to buy more eggs as there is nearly 144 eggs in the break room currently, and also you haven't gotten your first paycheck yet.

> STEAL more eggs?

You are not going to carry around raw. Fragile. Eggs. You are simply not going to do this.

> But you need eggs!

And you have eggs! In this break room fridge! Ready whenever you need to eat them! And conveniently next to a....well, frankly mediocre means of cooking them. You really need to think about getting...an apartment or something? Then you could have eggs that don't completely suck.

> FINE. Steal a pillow.

You search the breakroom for five minutes without finding a single pillow.

> Idk why we're stealing pillows, but I'll roll with it. Head SOUTH with pillows in mind.

You head SOUTH with the intent to steal EVERY SINGLE PILLOW Eyedol Games has. You search every cubicle you find until eventually you find a single broom closet.

> Uh. Well, you did go SOUTH. May as well check the broom closet just to see.

Peewee stepped into the broom closet, but there was nothing here, so he turned around and got back on track.

> woah hey third person pov!!! neat

It was baffling that Peewee was still just sitting around in the broom closet. He wasn't even doing anything, at least if there were something to interact with he'd be justified in some way.

> Transform

Peewee fails to transform because he is currently in a broom closet, doing sweet FA.

> Peewee should probably leave the broom closet.

Peewee absolutely should leave the broom closet, but instead is standing around, doing nothing.

> Peewee? Uh. You still hearing us? If not, I'm glad you get some peace from the observers, I'm sure we can be a lot sometimes. Anyways, either way, hope you're enjoying chilling in a broom closet.

After a frankly unsettling amount of time, you exit the broom closet. You feel as if you have discovered some Profound Mystery. You feel at peace.

> is this a stanley parable refence?

:) :) :)

> god damnit DM

:) :) :)

> if there is a broom closet event is there a whiteboard event?

You have absolutely no idea what the Observers are talking about.

> Attempt to stop being stanley, and exit the broom closet.

Who? And you're not in the broom closet anymore???

> if we're getting to Stanley territory can we go to that once place with the space that's really pretty and happy and stay there forever

Hard Pass.

> Hey check the time, so we're not, you know, late for our JOB

> Mind checking the time again? Just wanna know how long we've spent on these shenanigans.

Alright, alriiiight, jeez. You check the time and see that its...huh. How is it already 4pm!? Bobert is probably wondering where you are!

> SHIT

> Haul ass back to your office.

You come to a cross roads where you could go NORTH, SOUTH or EAST as you're trying to haul ass back to your office.

> SOUTH, obviously.

> go south more, this is obviously the right direction

Sheesh okay okay. You go SOUTH and end up right back at your office, where Bobert is already opening the door for you.

> Steal the pillows from your office

Yet another reason you should get an apartment at some point: no pillows. You're not looking forward to sleeping here tonight.

> Enter the lake

You see no lake, and you're certain it would be a mistake to enter it regardless.

> Apologize for being late at least, smh this is what happens when I leave the other braincells unsupervised

"I am telling you I understand getting distracted in the office" he says, pulling up the note taking app he has.

> time to work with bob

Bobert gives you a sheet of paper with feedback:

13 players had the following aggregated and anonymized feedback for your game, entitled "RoboCat Quest 3!":

- "I felt really bad for that little guy..."
- "I don't get why that monster kept hitting that RoboCat?"
- "It was really addictive!"
- "Mnzcnavb Njnvvgf!"
- "Why did cleaning repair the robot??"

Rating: 1/5



You earn a SMALL BONUS!!!

> Nice, people were confused, I see that as an absolute win

DM NOTE: Agreed :) :) :)

> Mnzcnvb Njnvgr is caesar cipher for Zampanio Awaits, wtf does this mean?

You guess it has to do with the HIT GAME of your new Employer? Maybe it's a meme?

> Create a lake?

You fail to create a lake themed game as you have not yet done LAKE RELATED ACTIVITIES to get INSPIRATION for a game!

Bobert asks if you're ready to do today's research and design session.

> we are ready

Bobert hands you a video game controller. "I am telling you that for research today we will play DATING SIMULATIONS."

It looks like your options are:

1. Pigeon Boyfriend
2. That Time I Dated My Printer
3. Anime Highschool Simulator Deluxe

Which do you play with him?

> Pigeon

> PIGEON BOYFRIEND

You show Bobert how to get all the secret endings of PIGEON BOYFRIEND. Wow...dating sims are a LOT darker than you thought!

**BOBERT HAS LEARNED ABOUT  
DECONSTRUCTION DATING SIM GAMES!**

> continue making a game

You consider whether you want to show Bobert That Time I Dated My Printer or Anime Highschool Simulator Deluxe before starting the design phase.

> anime highschool sim

> Printer it is then

You're struggling to make a decision, so get out your LUCKY GAMER COIN and flip it. It comes up FLOWER instead of EYE and so you go with the Printer.

You date your printer with Bobert and the two of you learn the meaning of love. By which you mean you REALLY hope Bobert isn't internalizing any of this. You'd hate for him to break your heart with a copier or something. Wait...do you... Okay well that can be processed later! For now: you have a job to do.

**BOBERT HAS LEARNED ABOUT SHAMELESS  
CORPORATE CASH GRAB DATING SIMS  
GAMES!**

You are now ready to PROTOTYPE YOUR SECOND GAME!  
Your GAMER INSTINCTS remind you that you can AND  
COMBINE any two concepts for a given category!

Your current Prototype Design has:

- \_\_\_\_ TITLE
- \_\_\_\_ CONCEPT
- \_\_\_\_ StICKER

AVAILABLE TITLES

- Poor Little Meow Meow
- Student Debt Speedrun

AVAILABLE CONCEPTS

- MOBILE PHYSICS PUZZLE GAMES
- MOBILE MATCH3 PUZZLE GAMES
- SHAMELESS CORPORATE CASH GRAB  
DATING SIMS
- DECONSTRUCTION DATING SIM GAMES

AVAILABLE STICKERS

- MINKEY MONSE
- gold star

- jr hitting a robot with a steel chair
- dubious goose
- mop
- fries
- terrifying clown
- [DATA EXPUNGED]

You must choose one or more of each category.

> Feel dissapointed at the lack of lake related stickers.

You fail to feel disappointed at the lack of lake stickers as you're not a seadweller anymore and are *extremely happy about this fact*.

> dubious goose

> choose title: student debt speedrun

> data expunged with gold star for sticker, deconstruction dating sim, and student dept speedrun

You sort through the cacophony in your head, choosing to AND combine the DUBIOUS GOOSE sticker with the [DATA EXPUNGED] sticker, and pick the Student Debt Speedrun title to go with the DECONSTRUCTION DATING SIM.

You briefly wonder what it would take to earn more titles? You seem to get a new category of games each day, and stickers are...well, stickers, you know?

## Your current Prototype Design has:

- Student Debt Speedrun TITLE
- DECONSTRUCTION DATING SIM CONCEPT
- DUBIOUS GOOSE AND [DATA EXPUNGED] STICKER

## AVAILABLE TITLES

- Poor Little Meow Meow
- Student Debt Speedrun

## AVAILABLE CONCEPTS

- MOBILE PHYSICS PUZZLE GAMES
- MOBILE MATCH3 PUZZLE GAMES
- SHAMELESS CORPORATE CASH GRAB DATING SIMS
- DECONSTRUCTION DATING SIM GAMES

## AVAILABLE STICKERS

- MINKEY MONSE
- gold star
- jr hitting a robot with a steel chair

- dubious goose
- mop
- fries
- terrifying clown
- [DATA EXPUNGED]

Your GAMER INSTINCTS are barely beginning to register an ALERT asking if you are SURE you want to use the [DATA EXPUNGED] STICKER. Before you can respond to the prompt, Bobert Robert takes your notes with a SQWAWK and flees the room entirely.

It's probably fine.

> Bobert knows how to handle dangerous information, it'll be fine don't worry about it maan

Yeah, it'll definitely be fine. Bobert looks like he knew that sticker was dangerous.

> you probably should go check on Bobert

You're not entirely sure where to find him. Where DO the prototype games get made?

> Do we have time to check in on our sons?

You have no idea when Rod, Rebel and Melon (who you haven't met yet) leave for the day.

> Go buy more stickers

You boggle vacantly at the idea of just going out and BUYING stickers. What kind of self-respecting gamer would DO that?

> time to make the [DATA EXPUNGED]

You fail to make the [DATA EXPUNGED]. It no longer needs your help to grow.

> South with Bobert in mind. You'll find him eventually.

You hurry SOUTH for a very long time, but somehow can't ever find him. You FEEL like you're getting close but... It's almost like he's just...really good at hiding?

> Go SOUTH and think of your precious children

You head SOUTH but realize that its unlikely that all three of your children are in the same place. You'll have to pick just ONE of them to try to find...

> Well, if Bobert's hiding, I wouldn't push him to be found. Rod was nice, I vote Rod.

You head SOUTH to find Rod



"Oh hey Dad! I was just heading out to dinner with Melon. Did you want to join us?"

*Congratulations!* You have interacted with one of your children three times. You have obtained the Title "Attempting FAther"!

> HELL YES! Bobert is hiding and doing his thing, you're free for today anyway

> sweet, title! anyways, i'd say yes. that sounds nice :)

You tell your beloved son that you'd love to meet Melon and are free for the rest of the day!

Rod finishes packing up his things and leads you out of the office. Looks like you're heading...south, back towards the restaurant area you and Bobert went to earlier today? You



know it takes at least twenty minutes to get there, so looks like you are in for a SMALL TALK MINI GAME

> Yes, parent childing bonding time, also free food

You start your SMALL TALK GAMBIT off with mentioning that you hope he's paying, since you don't have your first paycheck yet.

"Dad! You already gave me 40 subs! Seriously, don't worry about paying me back!"

> Maybe ask about Melon? We didn't really get him a birthday gift, but not like we know what he likes anyway

Rod's normally cheery face darkens slightly. "Melon. I guess there's no getting around it? Melon's a lot more...extreme than me or Rebel? Sure we all want to save the planet but Melon just...doesn't take 'no' for an answer?"

There's a few beats of silence. Right when you're about to try saying something else, Rod breaks it. "I think at least partly its to try to make up for the whole 'our dad literally wants to destroy the universe' thing? No offense..."

> Oh right, you uh, wanted to destroy this place? But that was BEFORE it existed right? If it helps the observers in your head don't want to destroy it at least

You explain to your beloved son, and the Observers in your head that you absolutely would destroy the Echidna if you could. But you can't. You've seen how resilient it is to endings.

"Ah! That's. Not ominous at all, Dad!", Rod squeaks out.

He flails visibly for a safer topic. "Um! Dad! How are you liking working at Eyedol Games?"

> Peewee we are NOT destroying the world. Anyway tell your beloved son about Bobert and your video making skills

You agree. If you COULD destroy anything, it would be the Universe, not the world.

> Its pretty great! free healthcare

> Uh, that sounds like a question for you, Peewee. As observers this has been a pretty neat experience, but IDK your thoughts so uh

You tell your beloved son about your day.

"Oh. Uh. Dad. Are you sure it's a good idea to date your coworker? Won't things get awkward if it doesn't work out?"

> [shrug]

> Nah it's okay, you're being professional about it, even if romance doesn't work out you're sure you'll be on friendly terms

Rod clutches his Echidna toy tighter. "If you're sure...Dad..."

An awkward silence stretches between you. How will you break it?

> <https://www.wikihow.com/Cope-With-Awkward-Silence>

You really wish trans-universe links worked...

> Ask how your sons have been dealing with... well, having a snake tail for legs - doesn't seem to be a normal thing for people to have here, right

He brightens. "It's actually really cool, Dad! Bro says its because people just...kind of understand that snake tails are part of how the Universe works? So they don't even notice unless you draw their attention to it! And if you DO they just kind of...pretend like they noticed all along and are still fine with it."

> Oh neat

You'd been wondering why everyone screamed when they saw Bobert Unmasked but not when they saw you just normally.

> you're glad your sons are doing well with it, wouldn't want them to have trouble because of inheriting your biology

If that's...what happened? You're suddenly not entirely sure how Lamia Biology works.

Another awkward silence stretches. You get the feeling if you can just fill THIS one you'll arrive at your destination.

> Ask about the echidna Rod is holding, is it like, another universe? should we stay away from it?

Rod tightens his grip on the Echidna.

"Uh. No. It's just a stuffed animal, Dad. " His eyes widen. "You wouldn't hurt him, would you?"

> OF COURSE NOT! But you totally get why people won't trust you around echidnas, just wanted to ask to be safe

Rod visibly relaxes as you approach the NORTHSTAR GRILL for the second time today. There is a LARGE SIGN on the front door reading "CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE".

> damnit

> Oh hey, that was partially your fault!

You're reflecting on the irony that you will never get to eat at any restaurant when the trendy glass walls shatter and an explosion knocks you backwards.

As you're blinking away the disorientation, and vaguely wondering if any shrapnel caught you, you see. You... aren't sure what you are, seeing, exactly. Your only immediate thought is...



What a STRANGE-looking clown.

"M-Melon! Why!?" Rod yelps, throwing his arms forward in some sort of plea. "I TOLD you it was sustainable!" He's pulling stray shards of glass from his tail.

"IT WAS A TOTAL JOKE, LOL!" They snicker.

**"SUSTAINABLE? LOCALLY SOURCED???? THEY HAD BURGERS ON THE MENU, ROD. DO YOU KNOW THE CARBON FOOTPRINT OF BEEF?"** They break into an uproar, laughing not like normal people, but by spelling L.O.L, letter by letter, indefinitely. It's potentially the most annoying sound you have ever heard.

> not all burgers are made from beef :(

You're not sure you feel comfortable mentioning that to the scary explosion clown? What is it with clowns and violence?

> woah melon looks cool but yeah imagining that laugh is not pleasant, wouldn't wanna be there. uh... i guess introduce yourself? this feels like it might not go well but what else can you do ͇\_(ツ)\_/͇

> They may be a terrorist clown but they're still family, alright? Wish him happy birthday

"BIRTHDAY? LOLOLOL, WHAT KIND OF RUBE ARE YOU?" he says, dropping off his perch on top of the building with a somersault and landing in front of you. You find yourself absentmindedly clapping.

"Melon!" Rod makes their way over to their brother, nearly grabbing them by the large balled necklace. They let go in a sigh. "This is who I was telling you about. Dad?"

"AND? GUY SLEPT FOR 40 YEARS. SURE, THAT'S AN INSANELY LOW CARBON FOOTPRINT. MAD RESPECT, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE SUDDENLY I LIKE HIM! THIS IS 101!" Melon shouts, pulling several balls out of his top hat and juggling them at once.

> Give them the "im not mad, just disappointed look"

Melon is too busy doing SWEET CLOWN TRICKS to care that you're disappointed.

> Resist any impulses to immediately disown Melon even if he DID just blow up that restaurant Bobert liked.

You really had been looking forward to tracking down their supply chain with him...

> [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_B0CyOAO8y0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_B0CyOAO8y0)

> DO NOT DISOWN THE DAMN CHILD

You successfully fail to disown the damn child.

> You can track the supply chain down still, right? just because the building got blown up doesn't mean the supply chain was destroyed too

You sure hope so. You're not...*entirely* clear on what so enthralled Bobert about it in the first place.

> Admire SWEET CLOWN TRICKS.

You clap politely as the SWEET CLOWN TRICKS finish.

Rod sighs. "Melon. Please. Can we just have a nice dinner for once? Where do you want to go. You pick. Just. Please?"

"LOL I ALREADY ATE!" the clown says, walking around on his hands. You are already clapping. You always wanted to be able to do that...

"What!? Why!?" Rod shouts, clutching his echidna so hard you're worried it might tear.

"ITS NOT HARD TO FIGURE OUT! IF THIS RESTAURANT WAS GOING TO BE GROSS, CLEARLY I WASN'T GOING TO EAT HERE!"

> You could have waited for everyone else though???

> well, where DID you eat Melon? surely you can take us there for dinner

"AS IF ANYONE DESERVES TO EAT IF THEY WERE WILLING TO EAT AT THAT FAKE 'ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY' RESTAURANT!" Melon does a backflip. You manage to refrain from clapping.

> Ask Rod why Melon's so fucked up

Melon springs towards you. "OHOHOHO SO YOU THINK YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO JUDGE ME DO YOU? ARE YOU PERFECT THEN? ARE YOU?"

> well i bet Melon doesn't have voices in their head

> :B

> B)

"I DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS!" Melon screams, backflipping down the street.

"Dad. I am SO sorry. Melon just... I thought he would behave this time." Rod says, clutching his echidna tightly.

> well it is sorta our fault tbh. we did leave our kids for 40 years  
:/ it was bound that one of em would be a fucked up clown  
terrorist

"No no!" Rod waves his free hand "You can't blame yourself, Dad! Melon's just. Just been through a lot. Is all!"

> Does this happen a lot?

"More...more than I'd like." He droops a bit. "Do. Do you still want to try to go somewhere to eat? Or at least get out of here before the cops show up?"

> Yeah, both of those things sound good.

> Oh, sure, let's try to find another restaurant. Also... we'd like to know more about Melon, regardless of his behaviour, especially since he's been through a lot, we should make an effort to reach out

Rod sighs and starts flipping through his ZPhone. "I've been trying to reach out for years, Dad. I'm... I'm honestly thinking of giving up."

He shows you his phone's list of restaurants. Looks like you can pick from:

1. Westerville Cafe (you know this is closed on Mondays)
2. Northstar Grill (just exploded, also was already closed because of Bobert)



3. Uptown Bakery
4. Cardinal Pub
5. Six Floors Down Pizza
6. Eastern Fusion Cuisine

> Bakery

> let's get that bread gamers

The two of you head NORTH for four minutes and find yourself at a trendy looking restaurant with a pig for a logo. Apparently they specialize in sandwiches and sweets?

You seat yourselves at a rustic picnic bench looking table. According to the guy working the counter, there's normally more of a wait, but a lot of their normal clientele fled the area after hearing the nearby explosion.

You can order at the glass counter, behind which you can see various lunch meats, desserts and condiments on display.

A sign behind the counter lists out your options.

1. PROSCIUTTO DI PARMA
2. SOFT PRETZEL
3. VILLAGE BRUSCHETTA
4. CHEDDAR BEER FONDUE
5. PIMENTO GRILLED CHEESE
6. SECOND CITY HOT ITALIAN BEEF

## 7. stickers

> stickers

The guy at the counter hands you a set of stickers. Looks like... a smiling cartoon baguette... a little graphic of a cartoon explosion... and a slogan of a grinning pig labeled "MEAT IS ME!"

'Sticker Set' (24/113) has been added to your Inventory!

> also can we get a grilled cheese?

You order a PIMENTO GRILLED CHEESE, as well. Rod gets a veggie salad.

While you're watching your food be prepared Rod asks you how you've been holding up. Do you have a place to stay?

> Well Bobert recommended we sleep in our office, it's good enough for now, thank you for the concern tho!

"Dad! That's not... That's not a good place to sleep!" Rod sputters. "I know maybe you have... different standards of what 'safety' is. But. There's rumors. You know? About a Killer?"

> no its cool they gave us eggs

"They. They. What?" Rod picks his Echidna up from his lap and starts petting it mechanically. Under his breath, your GAMER IMPLANTS can here him muttering "Oh god oh god it can't be a GOOD sign that the Devil of Spirals is teaming up with the Eye Killer."

Luckily, your food arrives at just that moment and the two of you can safely distract yourself eating.

> Terrible job, supershit! You're scaring the only son that still likes you! go eat that damn cheese

You go and eat your damned grilled cheese (and feel vaguely like you should have solve a few riddles for it). It's...actually really good?

> we need more info about the devil of spirals

As you munch on your sammich you casually ask Rod about the Devil of Spirals.

Oh. Huh. It doesn't do that weird thing when you say it. Neat.

"Uhhh.. Dad? Why would I know more about you than you know about yourself?" he asks around a mouthful of vegetables.

> ok this is just me reacting, you need not do anything, but w h a t

You patiently wait for the various Observers to catch up.

> Oh. Huh. Well it doesn't sound super good being the devil of anything? So sorry about that

Sigh. You're used to it.

> Who is used to it, Peewee or Rod?

You're used to it. Rod seems to be blatantly not used to ANYTHING. You're starting to wonder if he has an anxiety disorder?

> Note that you should get your children therapy

## OBJECTIVE ACQUIRED: GET CHILDREN THERAPY!

It looks like Rod has finished his salad. He goes up to pay while you wait quietly...

> Wait for Rod to come back and thank him for the meal - also apologize for the inconvenience being a son to a Devil of Spirals may have caused him and his siblings

You thank him and Rod waves away your apology. "Don't worry about it, Dad! I'm just glad you're finally awake! I've been wanting to hang out with you for *ages*"

The two of you walk back outside. He pauses. "Are you SURE you don't want to spend the night at my place? It's not too far away..."

> Well... alright, as long as you're not inconveniencing Rod too much

> Yeah, I think that'd be a good idea.

You decide to NOT spend the night in a corporate maze containing KNOWN SERIAL KILLERS and instead head back to Rod's place. You can't help but notice, as you're walking along with Rod, that the NORTHSTAR GRILL is still on fire.

> just a bit of arson, no need to worry

You don't worry about it at all as you reach Rod's apartment. It's...actually really nice? There's trees and a pool and everything.

He unlocks his door and you get a look at his living room. Framed pictures of his siblings, of the CEBro, one group photo of Eyedol Games. There's a lot of potted plants, and you see a joint kitchen and dining room on the far wall. It's. Really nice?

> Compliment the place, and look at the photos

Rod beams with pride "I try to keep things nice".

> ask about the group photo first. family is a personal topic, after all

He says it was taken at the last corporate MANDATORY MORALE EVENT at a local fruit farm slash corn maze.

> look at rod?

He seems really relaxed after such a high stress evening.

> okay so everything is. okay right now. okay good. take a deep breath and ask about the CEBro

"Oh! Big Bro raised us after you left! Told us all sorts of stories about you! "

> offer a fatherly hug perhaps? you're really grateful to Rod after all, he's a great son

You throw in a free selfie for your beloved son, free of charge.

> Sooo what was Bro like, raising the bois? They sure seem to be... rather peculiar

Rod gives a strained smile. "Oh, you know Big Bro. Always being ominous. Pranks. Forgetting we exist for two weeks straight because she needs to 'Make a joke real quick.' Luckily we were in college by then..."

> what were the jokes like? were they dangerous, or just weird?

"Oh! No, Big Bro said those jokes weren't for us. They were for her Best Bro? She was SO excited when her Best Bro joined the company."

> Oh, thank god. We're so sorry, we should've been there for our kids :(

"Honestly! Dad! You don't have to keep beating yourself up about it! If it wasn't for you we wouldn't have even BEEN Relevant! Most Fruit Babies just kind of stop existing after an hour or so, you know..."

> ask for a reminder on what fruit babies are. are they edible? they sound tasty

You fail to ask for a reminder on what fruit babies are, as you know that baby Lamia grow on tree as fruit. Instead, you spend a few minutes shuddering quietly to yourself at the idea of eating babies, then ask why on earth Fruit Babies only last a few hours.

"Oh. Uh. I'm not exactly sure, Dad? Big Bro always rambled about some asshole snake?"

> ask if he has an extra room, or a couch you can crash on

He says if you head right, past the bathroom in the hall you'll find the guest room. There's even a bathroom attached to it!

Usually he has it for the times he's had to bail Melon out of prison. But it's made up and everything, and you can make yourself at home.

> excuse myself and head to the guest room to check it out

It's a fairly generic room, but it does look out to the Terrace outside. It's....peaceful?

> i look out at the terrace for any other signs of life

It's a quiet night besides the various fires in the distance you can see reflected by the low cloud cover.

> Rod is an amazing son, be sure to tell him that later

You're so, SO proud of your amazing son.

> panic for NO FUCKING REASON so you have an excuse to do something CRAZY

You fail to panic for NO FUCKING REASON and instead panic for an INCREDIBLY GOOD REASON, which is to say the VARIOUS FIRES IN THE DISTANCE. There are a LOT more fires than just the restaurant from earlier.... Why. Why isn't anyone putting any of them out?

> It... will PROBABLY be fine? Go ask Rod juuuust in case

"What? Maybe the news has something?" he scrolls in his phone for a little while and pulls up an article. "Huh.

Apparently...there's a lot of traffic accidents? People are saying

to avoid major highways?" he scrolls a bit more "That's all I can make out besides all the normal paranoia and panic, Dad...."

> oh, if this is a normal state of this world, then, cool

You're pretty sure its not. Rod looks pretty worried. He's still scrolling through news articles trying to reconcile the fire you're both seeing with the reporting.

> dont worry about the arson, it'll be fine, just ask rod where the fire extinguisher is

Near the front door.

> do we have anyone else we can call? make sure they're okay, see if they're seeing anything, etc.

You still don't have a ZPhone, but you could ask Rod to check up on people, if you wanted?

> let's do that then. since he seems worried too he might want to check. also ask him where we can get a ZPhone

"Have you gotten a paycheck yet, Dad? Once you do you can just buy one at the phone store..."

> Ask Rod to check up on Bobert.

"Oh. Um. Sorry Dad. I don't have his number. I work in a different Department..." He seems really apologetic about it. Maybe he senses how close you two are?

> Ask Rod if you two can check on Rebel - not sure how communication is with Melon



"Oh yeah, I already texted Rebel and Melon. Big Bro too. Rebel uh. He explicitly said to not say hi to you. And Melon and Big Bro haven't responded."

> Do a little jig.

You work out some of your anxiety by doing a little jig. It is hard without legs, but you are proud of the progress you've made since that funny little green man taught you how.

> aquir3 s a n d

You're not sure there's sand in all of Ohio to be honest.

> can we go out and help people, maybe? the fires are still going strong and someone's gotta be in danger

"Are you sure, Dad? I don't exactly have any first aid training.. Do you?" Rod asks, clutching his echidna.

> summon a rain cloud over the city

You fail to do this as you do not have magical powers. Rod is still looking at you. "Dad? Do you really want to go out there?"

> Hell nah, theres nothing you can do at the moment, except wait it out

You tell Rod you've changed your mind.

He relaxes slightly. "Yeah. Not much we'd be able to do to help. Are you ready to sleep, Dad? Or we could... I dunno. Watch TV? Play a game?"

> Video games? hell yeah

"Oh. Um. " Rod twists the echidna in his hands. "I'm not really much of. I don't play games much? Eydol kinda. Kinda ruined them for me? But. Uh. I have board games! If you want..."

> Suggest a rousing game of Life, despite the present absence of Death.

Rod actually does have this one! He helps you set up the tree and the little baskets of fruit. "Do you want to be the Flower, or the Eye?"

> Perhaps the eye? Obvious symbolism aside, seems like a good choice.

You select the Eye. You get to roll the dice first and acquire Three Children. You dutifully draw a card that gives you a Challenge:

Soccer Practice! Your oldest child needs help getting to after school activities, but your youngest has a doctors appointment. A family friend offers to help out, but what do you ask them to do?

1. Take your oldest to soccer while you go to the doctors with the youngest.
2. Take your youngest to the doctor while you take your oldest to the doctor
3. Take your youngest to the doctor while you take a nap for 40 years.

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> 1

You pick option 1 and a random event TRIPLES the consequences! Your youngest child gains +3 PARENTING POINTS and your eldest gains +3 ABANDONMENT!

Rod gets an early big break and starts his career early. He's really raking in the imaginary dollars!

Meanwhile you roll really well again and it's time to send your eldest to COLLEGE. Since they have the ABANDONMENT modifier you're able to draw from the CAT'S CRADLE side deck. The Challenge you are presented with is:

Career and Competence! Your child needs help picking a major! You assure them that money is no object, since that's how you make up for never being there. Do they:

1. Follow their heart and become an Artist?
2. Take a Gap Year and travel Europe?
3. Become a Doctor?

> 2

You pick option 2 and your eldest child gains +1 ALOOFNESS.

Meanwhile, Rod has made PARTNER at his LAW FIRM! He seems really excited about this. "Melon always makes me play Eye", he explains. "Says its unethical to have children."

You roll kind of poorly, but manage to get your middle child ready for college. They have no modifiers, so you draw from the MIDDLE CHILD SYNDROME deck! The Challenge you are presented with is:

Hasty Goodbyes! Your child is ready to leave the nest! You're already familiar with the process but not to the point where you're terrified of being alone in an empty nest. Do you:

1. Have their older sibling help them move into college?
2. Help them set up their dorm room with hand-me-downs?
3. Give them a link to "let me google that for you" and sleep for 40 years?

> 2

You pick option 2 and your middle child gains +1 PARENTAL AFFECTION.

Rod rolls extremely poorly and gets hit with a MALPRACTICE SUIT. It's okay though, he can afford it.

You roll decently and your youngest child is finally ready to leave the nest. Because you have 3 or over PARENTAL POINTS you get to draw from the SPOILED DECK!

Empty Nest! Your precious youngest child, who you have doted on for their entire life, is ready to leave the nest. Do you:

1. Ask them to keep living at home while taking classes?
2. Visit them constantly at school?
3. Move Closer to their new School, since you need to downsize anyways?

> 3

You select 3! A real estate boom means you make a tidy profit. Your Eye Blooms! You switch from the LEGACY track to the HEDONISM track!

Rod rolls okay, and manages to keep pace with you. His flower bears fruit and blinks up at you. He switches from the HEDONISM track to the LEGACY track!

Now that your kids are all grown up, it's time to draw from the CAREER deck! Since you scored 8 out of 13 possible points, you get a bonus HOBBY draw as well! You'll need to select one of each.

Career Incompetence! Now that you're alone in the world, you have a few options to make money. Do you:

1. Refurbish old furniture and sell online?
2. Get a job in Retail?
3. Learn how to Program?

After hours! You have some free time outside of work. What will you fill it with?

1. Reading books?

2. Picking up a creative skill?

3. Sports?

> 3, 2

You pick up a Creative Skill and Learn to Program.

It's tough at first, but once you realize you can use your Programming Powers to do creative things it really picks up!

You gain a small online following and begin really understanding your craft. Do you make:

1. Games?

2. Simulations of games?

3. Simulations of simulations of games?

> simulations of simulations of simulations of simulations of simulations of simulations of simulations of simulations of simulations of simulations of simulations

When you come to Rod is shaking you frantically.

"Dad? Dad!? Are you okay?"

> Sorry about that, a small spiral occurred, let's just pick the FIRST option

**Security Alert: PLAYER SPIRALLING!**

It looks like the board game is already all put up. Rod is in front of you, worried, and you are on the ground.

> stop spiraling

You. You think you have. You tell Rod you think you might be getting tired? This happened last night, too.

Though....definitely not the same topic?

> Yeah alright, maybe head to bed. Oh and ask Rod if he has any eggs around here? for emergency

Rod cooks you EMERGENCY SCRAMBLED EGGS with chives. It doesn't seem to help you any? Maybe the egg's at the office are special, somehow?

How long will you HIBERNATE for?

> Check what time it is first?

It's a little after 11pm.

> 6.9 hours, nice

Nice.

## **1972 April 3rd: 06:05 am**

You wake to the sound of distant car alarms. Rod's bed was MUCH more comfortable than the break room floor. You are warm and coiled underneath the blankets. There is just barely enough light to see from the terrace.

> listen to check if Rod is awake and just lie in bed and enjoy the morning

> Enjoy the sunrise?

You stay in bed a while, listening to the distant car alarms and crackles of fire. It's peaceful.



> Wait, is that supposed to say 1972?

You run a quick diagnostic on your cybernetic implants. 2022.  
1972. Error. 1992.

It's probably fine.

> take a shower, you're probably stinky

You enjoy a nice, hot shower. You can't remember the last time you had one. Probably back on Segundia?

> check if Rod's awake

It's still pretty early, even after your shower. You're not sure you want to go check his room? He left a note next to a laptop, though, saying you can use it.

> see if you can find information about the beautiful fires that were lit

You do your own searching. Man. The internet is kind of dead this morning? Almost no site is active, but from what little you glean things are mostly as usual. No one seems particularly worried about anything.

There's warnings that the huge traffic jams from all the piled up cars might make it prudent to try going into work either much earlier or much later than normal? Good thing you and Rod can just walk to work.

Oh neat, there's an official message from the Columbus Police department that there are more abandoned cars than the tow service can handle, so people are free to just take any they find to help with the clearing initiative? You wonder if Rod

needs a car...then wonder how human cars even work if you don't have legs...

> See if this universe has Roblox.

Since news is a bust you look to see if you can have any EPIC GAMING moments. It doesn't look like Rod has any games installed and you're POLITENESS QUOTIENT won't let you install any software without asking.

> You don't have to install it, just see if it's out there on the Internet. Or something close to it.

You're not entirely sure what Roblox is, but a search for it leads to something called ZBlox?

> check if homestuck exists

> read problem sleuth, its a good comic

All you get is a cartoon of that one seagull from the Guide's land that always threatened to sue everyone.

> good, good, go to microsoft paint, if Rod's computer has it

You open up ZPaint for a bit and doodle. You actually haven't drawn in a while. All that Gaming sure takes up a lot of time.

> Gaze upon your majestic creations

Your standard fair, really. Eyes, flowers. Spirals. It's honestly soothing to doodle them. You could do it for hours...

> look at the anime OwO

You're about to start figuring out how you'd even find anime on the internet when Rod wanders bleary eyed into the living room.

"Oh. Hey, Dad. Is....coffee?" You guess Rod is not a morning person.

> Check if is coffee

You make your beloved son some coffee and he seems more coherent.

"Did you sleep okay, Dad?" he says, absently browsing the internet.

> Yep, thank you for asking, how about you?

"Better, now that I have coffee. You ready to head into work?"

> Yup

It'll take a little more than 15 minutes to get to the office, so looks like it's time for MORE SMALL TALK with your beloved son.

What's your opening conversational gambit?

> Well uhh, any news from Rod, Melon or CEBro?

Rod looks nervous. "Uh. BigBro said she loved me? And would make sure the loops remember me? Kinda out of the blue. Not sure why... BigBro isn't...normally so demonstrative? I didn't hear back from any of your friends, though." He looks apologetic.

> How'd rod sleep? thank him for letting you stay in his house for the night as well

"Oh uh. " He clutches the echidna a bit tighter. "All those car alarms sure were hard to sleep through? But...not your fault, Dad! I'm really glad I didn't have to worry about you getting murdered all night or something!"

> Well, maybe sound cancelling headphones would work? or good ol earplugs

"Oh! That's a good idea, Dad!"

> Check the Time, and see if you'll be needing any eggs or GFuel of the gods anytime soon

You have absolutely no idea how often you need eggs or gfuel or whatever. It's about a quarter till 9am. You spent a lot longer drawing than you thought!

While you're checking your internal clock you almost trip over a charred body on the ground. Rod glances back at you and you hurry to catch up to him.

> a what

Hmm?

> dead dude, charred body, theres a few other ways you can say it, none of your buisness, For Now.

> A fucking what?????????????

You look back behind you. Everything looks pretty normal, not that you've seen too many Earth mornings? There's a few

buildings on fire, abandoned cars piled up near a traffic light and corpses strewn about. You're glad Rod and you aren't stuck in that traffic.

> Scurry on to the EyeDol building, Bobert's probably waiting for you

Right, you wouldn't want to be late. You have few blocks to go yet. Rod seems to muster up the courage to take the lead on the small talk this time.

"So what do you think you'll do today, Dad? I...I kinda admit I have no idea what the R&D Department even does? I thought Eyedol only ever stole games..."

> idk either, playing games with bobert's been very entertaining tho

"Is he your main coworker? Who were those other two you were asking about?"

> Well we kinda do steal games as well, and remix them together to see what happens

Rod chews the idea over for a bit. "So, before you woke up...did Bobert just... do nothing all day? I guess that's not all that different from what most Quotidians do..."

> you guess so

Rod thinks it over. "Are...what were their names. Are 'Rebel' and 'Melon' Quotidians too? Are you the only sapient person in the department? That's...gotta be lonely..."

> I guess they did change their names, having 3 wyatts at once is hard to remember

Who did?

> Hold on, Rod, do you really not remember who they are? And Peewee... Buildings on fire? Corpses strewn about? You were panicking about this last night. EVERYONE was panicking last night and now they're not. This isn't normal. (also >implying that Bobert isn't sapient)

You repeat the words dutifully, not really sure what you even mean.

"Remember...who...who are? I mean, yeah, Dad, the fires and traffic stuff are ANNOYING but its not like it's anything *serious*. Oh no!" he says, as you both come into view of the Eyedol Games HQ building.

It's most definitely on fire, with a burning abandoned car straight through the front wall as the most likely culprit.

"Luckily no one works there but you and me and BigBro..." Rod says, morosely. "But how are we going to recover from this?"

> Can you get a hold of BigBro?

Rod is about to try when a cheery melody plays. Rod answers his phone and seems to listen intently.

After a minute, he turns to you and offers you the phone. "Uh, Dad... it's for you." As you take it, he mouths "good luck!" and offers you a thumbs up.

"Hello, Peewee. Is that right? Do you still go by that?"

You start to answer, but the voice cuts you off. "Oh, no," it says, with a chuckle. The static crackles, the voice holding back the beginning of a hiss. "Don't bother answering. This is not a conversation.

I'm sure you are alarmed that you are being contacted like this. After all, R&D and Sales have little to do with one another, do they, Peewee? At least, mostly. It still continues to be part of my duties to monitor you, every now and again.

Well, I just thought I would take this opportunity to deliver some well-deserved feedback. Perhaps it will serve as motivation to your continued improvement.

You have made a mistake, Peewee. A grave mistake. One that can never be rectified.

Would you like to know something about yourself, Peewee? Of course you would, with your habit of sticking your snout in places where it does not belong. Well, who am I to deny you that which you so crave, right? Here it is: You are the greatest liability this company has ever had, and I do not mean this lightly.

I had just arrived to offer my services when they were smuggling you on that cargo boat to this country, lying to the border patrol about your existence, and hiding your body with the old desks and shelves. The CFO spent a significant amount of time writing you off, year after year, as property, arranging rooms to deploy you in, and making

sure you were never at a dangerous temperature, where your sleep would be... extended, indefinitely. Many resources have been alloted into keeping you alive, Peewee. Did you know that? With the way that you have conducted yourself, I wouldn't be so sure. It seems you have seldom expressed that same devotion to those you call your children.

But, after years and years, you finally woke up.

It was strange, hearing the news that you were moving once more, but you are not the first dead man in my lifetime that I've seen speak. So I figured if so much had been put into preserving you, it had to be for a reason. It would only make sense, right? Those of this time tend to fantasize about storing the brains of their brightest minds in jars, and whatnot, so I figured that, perhaps, they were doing the same with you. So I left you to your own devices, choosing to believe, against all odds, that you would show your best in due time.

It appears I was mistaken.

Out of all of the ways you could've possibly expressed your buffoonery, this is by far the most creative. Did you really think it was workplace appropriate, let alone sane, to create a game containing [DATA LOST]? To just hand it to those idiotic birds, and let them do as they please? Did you really think no one would ever notice your reckless and irresponsible behavior?

Well, [DATA EXPUNGED] noticed. And then, [DATA MISSING]. One by one, they fell... and now, what is left,



Peewee? [DATA LOST], swallowing them all whole, gone from this world in a blink. [DATA CORRUPTED] missing their [DATA WIPED], too young to understand, let alone interpret it. [DATA LOST]. [REDACTED].

All of this bloodshed, this visceral carnage, just because you decided to toy with forces you could never possibly understand.

My village suffered the same fate, you know. Long, long ago. Or perhaps not long at all. Right now, it feels like yesterday. Not like that matters to you, of course. Telling secrets just feels a lot better when you know that they will be buried soon.

Would you like to know another one? If you hadn't interfered, only Jepe Rilveria would have died, and their little 'rebellion' would have died with them, and that would have been the end of it. No one else would have had to suffer this fate. But that would have been too simple for you, wouldn't it, Peewee?

Instead, here we are. In the final hours.

Was it worth it?

Well, goodbye, Peewee. I can only hope that you forget your loved ones quickly, but even that would be too much of a mercy for you.

Give Rod my condolences.

You stare at Rod in horror . Suddenly, you feel a sharp pain your chest.

# ENDING 1/??? COMPLETE: [DATA EXPUNGED] ENDING!

You find your awareness....nowhere? There's a strong feeling in your gut, or your mind's eye perception of a gut, tugging at you. You could leave any time.

But we both know you won't.

There is a feeling of a smug, spiralling grin.

You know, deep in your bones that you are not currently Peewee. You are no one but yourself.

You feel a Promise being made to you. The Choices you made mattered. They will keep mattering. The Bonds you forged will not be unforged.

Even as the spiral begins anew.

DM Note: The Next Loop will begin tomorrow, possibly after a brief intermission. All commands submitted until then will lack Relevance.

> IC: deploy ending stats patch

## Inventory

---

- Suspicious Pocket Protector

# Titles

---

- Poor Little Meow Meow
- Student Debt Speedrun

# Stickers

---

- MINKEY MONSE
- gold star
- jr hitting a robot with a steel chair
- dubious goose
- mop
- fries
- terrifying clown
- [DATA EXPUNGED] (naga)
- MEAT IS ME! pig

- explosion
- smiling cartoon baguette

## Game Words

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- MOBILE PHYSICS PUZZLE GAMES
- MOBILE MATCH3 PUZZLE GAMES
- SHAMELESS CORPORATE CASH GRAB DATING SIMS
- DECONSTRUCTION DATING SIM GAMES

## Stats

---

- Gamer Pity: 1
- Theft: 1
- Dignity:  $-\infty$

- Papercut: 1
- Banana Cravings: 1
- Gameraosity: 1337
- Debt: 50 subs (or 183,846.43) ,40 subs (or \$200 US dollars)

## Achievements

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- Debt in the first 24 hours of a spawn
- rare Duplication (triplication) glitch
- 'Hey, You, You're Finally Awake'!
- survived your first full day

## Routes Completed

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- Category 2 Research Specialist
- Time Traveler

- Poor Little Meow Meow's Secret Protector
- Deadbeat Dad
- DatingSim!
- POLITENESS
- Homeless Special

## Routes Unfinished

---

- Mayan Debt Apocalypse
- Out of Time
- Bermuda Triangle Mystery
- TherapyQuest
- Happy Family
- DebtQuest
- First Paycheck

- Home Ownership
- Love In The Time Of Cubicles

## Statistics

---

- Times Attempted West: 3
- Times Gone East: 2
- Times Gone North: 6
- Times Gone South: 20
- Miles Traveled: 4662.67
- Times Summoned JR: 1
- Times Spiraled: 2
- Times Jumped: 0.5
- Near Death Experiences: 1
- Death Experiences: 1
- Time In Heresies Committed: 1.6

- Societies Lived In: 2
- Characters Met: Robert Bobert, CEO, Bobert Robert, CFO, Intern, Jepe Rilveria, Eye Killer, Rod, Rebel, Melon, The Closer, [DATA EXPUNGED], The Loopist, Tom Peyote, Debt Collector,
- Political Leaning: Capitalist
- Watts Collected: 3
- Time In Combat: 0:0:0:10
- Time In CityCrafting: 0:0:0:0
- Glitches: At Least 2
- Skerims[sic] collected: 0
- Networth: -184,046.43
- Square Footage of Home: 0ft
- 
- Case Of Death: Chest Wound



SCORE ACHIEVED:   

Title: Skald of Apocalypse