<http://farragofiction.com/AdventureSimWest/?nostalgia=criminal_ending.txt>  
Saved On: 3/30/2022 12:20:23 PM  
'giving twitch chat a gun was a terrible idea' - The Catalyst

> Reset The Loop

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...

> immediately cry

You let yourself cry for a few minutes, on top of that cliff.

You aren't sure why you thought THIS loop would be different. That you would be able to simply ignore your Doom.

Was it worse, because you tried to? Were more people hurt?

> aw let it out man

You really start ugly crying. You're feel really vulnerable as a knife stabs into the ground in front of you.

> yo what the fuck

You boggle vacantly up to see a shadowy figure, wearing a trench coat and fedora. There is a singular purple eye. A tape recorder is thrust towards you.

"You've got some splaining to do!" "Why?" "Speak now or forever hold your peace", It plays.

> hello Doom player

When you fail to respond immediately you feel the press of sharp, cold metal against your throat. The message plays again.

"You've got some splaining to do!" "Why?" "Speak now or forever hold your peace"

> this is gonna to be a real short loop if you don't say something, man

You don't know what to say! Can't these Observers help for once!

Suddenly, you feel a sharp pain your throat.

ENDING 2/??? COMPLETE: VENGENCE ENDING!

> deploy ending stats

## **Inventory**

## **Titles**

## **Stickers**

## **Stats**

## **Achievements**

## **Routes Completed**

Murder Victim

## **Routes Unfinished**

Killer Negotiation

## **Statistics**

Times Attempted West: 0

Times Gone East: 0

Times Gone North: 0

Times Gone South: 0

Miles Traveled: 0

Times Summoned JR: 0

Times Spiraled: 0

Times Jumped: 0

Near Death Experiences: 0

Death Experiences: 1

Time In Heresies Committed: 0

Societies Lived In: 1

Characters Met: Eye Killer

Political Leaning: Neutral

Watts Collected:0

Time In Combat: 0:0:1:00

Time In CityCrafting: 0:0:0:0

Glitches:0

Skerims[sic] collected: 0

Networth: 0

Square Footage of Home: 0ft

Case Of Death: Throat Wound

SCORE ACHIEVED: 1

Title: Crying Victim

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> what is this wall of flesh and spike?

The Universe Echidna, of course.

> why does it appear eevry loop?

You guess your reset point is just outside the Universe now. Honestly, you like it better than it being your own birth... Growing up 8 times on Segundia sure was exhausting...

> you probably have some explaining to you Peewee

You wait on top of the cliff for a while but no one seems particularly inclined to come make you explain anything, this loop.

> Hey uhm, Peewee? we're really sorry for accidentally corrupting your universe with a sticker and having everybody you knew die a horrible death... we didn't mean to I swear

It happens...

> get back to sobbing again

You fail to get back to sobbing and instead vow that THIS time it will be better. If you were prone to fits of nihilism you would have given up like, 5 loops ago!

> since you are alone on this cliff we should likely just talk to each other observer to "player"

You figure it can't hurt to indulge the Observers for a bit before you go back to exploring Naples, Italy, 1972. What should you talk about?

> who is your Denizen?

The Eagle...wait no...that was ... was it three loops ago?

... All Father, it all blurs together, doesn't it? You can't remember who your current denizen is..

> Sooo, do you like your kids? Rod, Rebel and Melon? We obsrevers do and we kinda made you care about them, but do YOU yourself actually have any feelings about them?

What kids?Wait. Right! Rebel! Melon! Oh All-Mother! Rod!

How could you have forgotten them?

You love your children. Even Melon. You wish you'd gotten to see Rebel one last time before it all.... And you're so grateful for Rod's help....

Oh no! If it's 1972... Can you find them again? Didn't they only get to grow up because you made them Relevant? You feel like that smug ceo was saying something like that...

> while we made them relevant they could also not be important in a timeline, and while we all love the children we wish to understand what is Zampanio and why it is making itself relevant to us

You just hope whatever ominous thing that ceo had said means your children will still exist whether or not you're paying attention to them...

> tbh it maybe possible to change the relevance to not even be about this world but the one you come from, so ignore everything in this world and try to make yours relevant

... No.

> Don't worry, I bet we'll be able to find them again. We also promised not to make you abandon them for 40 years this time

Given that you apparently have limited time each loop you're...not exactly sure it would be a GOOD thing to start raising them, then vanish?

You wish you knew if you had ANY good options...

> same here Peewee, we should take in the view for a bit and probably vent out the emotions for a bit

It's still very late at night. 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.

> so... anything besides us and anythign that is in this world in your mind?

Not really? You...kind of prefer not introspecting too often. Tends to make you spiral!

> Hmmm, if anybody can tell us about good options, it's probably the CEBro. Or the [data expunged] person who talked to you on the phone?

Yeah, that's as good an idea as any. You wonder if CEBro is still down in the city...

> we should probably go to the lake, I bet the wildlife there is pretty

Or you guess you can go to the lake? Though you REFUSE to get in the water. Never again.

You figure you'll let the Observers pick.

> let's head to the lake

> better to talk to cebro, get some info

You use your internal coin flipping app to figure out which direction to go.

You head towards the Tyrhennian Sea. The sound of the water is , you'll admit, calming. You don't see a whole lot of wildlife.

> let's look for a boat

It's a pretty big, public beach, there's no real unsecured water craft, it looks like.

> check the water for wildlife. maybe there's fishies

You adjust your goggles settings and see a small school of fishes a few dozen feet out from shore? Kinda reminds you of a screen saver...

> Become the wildlife.

You decide to suddenly make a loud animal noise and scare the shit out of a couple of tourists having a moonlit stroll along the shore. They glare at you as they hurry away.

> Man they didn't even throw you some bread crumbs, don't they know how to treat animals properly

It's almost like you aren't actually a wild animal.

> welp we scared people from here, I'm not going to be rude about it for us observers are also animals

Aren't we all.

As you are getting dangerously introspective, another Tourist, this one loudly complaining about the lack of McDonald's, approaches you.

> Greet the McDonald's fan.

He seems to notice you for the first time. "Can you BELEIVE it here? Not a single starbucks! Not even a McDonalds! How am I supposed to survive?"

> Isn't it funny that you can kind of empathize with this guy?

You can almost see yourself in his brown khakis. You avoid introspecting too much about LEGS and instead focus on the tourist. He's continuing his conversation without you, and it's almost hypnotic. He really does seem like a great guy? Friendly. Pro-social. A little basic in terms of his favorite businesses but that's hardly a sin. You can almost imagine him babysitting your kids...

> Politely ash for his name

His cheerful demeanor dampens just a bit but he rallies quickly. "Oh buy me lunch sometime if you want to know me better!" He delivers the line as a joke, not like a serious flirtation. You get the feeling he's practiced it?

> Okay maybe don't empathize THAT hard.

Yeah he's way better at talking than you are. Though something does seem just subtly..off?

> i say we find this guy some lunch. i wanna get +1 character introduction

Since it's just after 1 am still, you doubt you'll get lunch any time soon, but you ask if he wants to meet up at noon. "I wish, I'm busy all day today! But I'd love to get to know you better." He says with a sincere seeming grin.

He offers up a firm handshake. "If I see you again I'm sure to remember you!"

> Ask him if he knows where the Eyedol company building is

"The what?" he asks, tilting his head. "I'm just hear visiting, so I'm still getting my bearings. Italy, huh? What a place!" Your implants don't fail to pick up his muttered "Now if only I could get a decent cup of coffee..."

> Consult your gamer implants, they should have a built-in map right

You would absolutely be consulting your gamer implants, if you were still on Segundia and had a decent wifi connection. As it is you have no maps loaded for this 'Italy' place.

Besides, it's not like you don't remember where the HQ is from LAST time. You could just go there whenever you felt like it.

You just were indulging the Observer's desire to go see the water and apparently chat up this random tourist who you may or may not have a lunch appointment with at some future unspecified date?

> may I ask about info on the eagle or is this not a good time?

You allocate a bit more time for introspect, knowing it risks you Spiralling.

The Eagle is... Ugh. You THINK it's...Othala's Denizen this loop? It always goes with whoever the Witch is this time, so that it can get prototyped. Time bullshit, you know how it is.

> also what is your relationship with hagala?

You are not going to discuss that, thank you.

> is there a way for us to get more info without you spiraling?

Look. You don't exactly have good memories of Before, alright? The more you care about whatever the topic is the less you're going to say, and that is simply all you have to say on the matter.

> Re-focus on McDonald's guy.

It looks like McDonald's guy is already gone. You assume he politely told you farewell while you were spaced out trying not to spiral. He really did seem like a great guy, if a bit weird.

> Look for any sus indivisuals

Looks like it's just you on this beach now.

> Are you sus?

Well you DO constantly talk to yourself and have ended at least one world...

> Seems like there's not much else to do here, unless you feel like vibing on the beach some more.

The sounds of the water are weirdly nice, but you're really not a fan of being so close to the water...

> does the ocean sound like the ocean recorded on lamina youtube?

You guess? It's just water. You're pretty sure water sounds the same on any planet.

> make peace with the waves

Nah.

> Can we ask why you hate water so much? Only if it's not too sore of a topic, or risking spiraling

Look. The third loop did not go well. Being a sea dweller sucked. That's all I'm saying.

> Head into town.

You head back into town. It's late enough that in the business district the only building with lights on is where you remember Eyedol being. Looks like the tourist area is still fairly active though?

> Attempt rare and highly dangerous BACKALLEY% SPEEDRUN.

You try to hurry to the Eyedol Games HQ via some SCARY LOOKING BACKALLEY. You're about half way through when you start to hear some suspicious rustling near some trash. Your GAMER senses hone in on the rustling as some sort of sign from a Herald of Reality itself.



> back away. slowly.

You back slowly away from the suspicious rustling. Unfortunately, this seems to be interpreted by whatever lurks within as an invitation.



Oh. Good. Excellent. Just what you needed.

> jesus christ what the fuck

> Hello there little friendly(?) trash creature!

> :) :) :)

> nope.

You grimace at the Observers, we'll call it 'mixed reactions'.

THIS asshole.

"Don't listen to the snakes. Huh." you say, gesturing at your own body. "That's your idea of good advice?"

"Peewee!!! Don't be like that :) :) :) We're practically old friends by now!"

> oh come on, JR. doesn't this seem a bit much? a self-insert inside a story you're already arbitrating? poor Peewee, he already had so little autonomy, and now you're messing with him textually instead of just subtextually.

You're really inclined to agree with this particular Observer. You have dealt enough with JR through that entire wasted puzzle sequence. If you never hear a riddle song again in your life it will be too soon.

> Punch the friendly(?) little trash creature

Swing and a miss. This version of JR is upsettingly limber. It's all those joints that move the wrong direction, you think. Really hard to predict.

"Loook!!! I'll only be here for a minute!!! I figured if you were GOING to fall into my back alley trap I MAY as well explain the rules of the stickers in subsequent run throughs!!!"

A somehow smug spiraling grin is directed towards you.

"Uuuuunless you prefer NOT to regain access to previous runs stickers???"

> Fuck you, I'm in. Give us the sticker lore.

> dammt

> dammit. Fine, tell us about the stickers, oh shambling horror.

The smile gets noticeably smugger even without you saying anything.

You briefly consider resisting the Observers just this once, so JR doesn't get the satisfaction, but your Gamer Instincts simply will not allow anything less than 100% completion.

"YEAH OKAY FINE (but its not like i need helping finding stickers)" you say, reverting to your GAMER VOICE to try to feel better about making a deal with a waste

":) :) :)" SO! Now that you've gone through at least one loop, you've unlocked SPEED RUN STRATS! If you collected a sticker set in a previous run through AND you're in the same place as it should be, you can just say list out the stickers you wanna collect!"

The spiraling grin lessens just a bit. Like the next part is being mentioned under duress.

"If you DIDN'T collect them, but they were RELEVANT, they'll still be there, waiting for you!"

Like it's a huge reveal, the grin doubles in intensity.

"Time won't matter, after all! Space is in charge here! No matter how much Time might want you dead, enough loops and even she will lose interest!!!"

The shambling horror leans closer to you, with a conspiratorial air.

"If you can figure out the whims of Space your goals will be a lot easier :) :) :)"

And with that, there never was a shambling horror in a trashcan in an alleyway. You are, and have always been: alone.

> Lucky for you, you have a Waste of Space inside your brain my dear Peewee! This will be a breeze for us

You're not entirely sure a Waste of Space even matters in this twisted kind of game. But you suppose it probably can't hurt.

> oooh stickers :D anyway that was weird but at least we can get the stickers back now :)

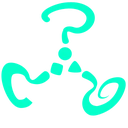
You stare vacantly in the alleyway thinking about stickers.

> Look for any stickers in this area

> Check the alleyway for stickers.

You find...well. It's not a sticker SET but apparently despite never having been here the trash horror left behind a single sticker.

It's...a LOT easier to see than most stickers?



> Oh look, that's the trash creature's symbol: according to our intel, it's a reference to the King in yellow's insignia.

Not ominous at all!

> Pocket the sticker and head to Eyedol

> Huh. Neat. Go back to that one intersection and see if Robert Bobert is there.

You make sure to swing by where you'd originally seen Robert Bobert, but its just an empty intersection. Is it because it's later than last time?

Eyedol HQ is just how you remember it from the last time you woke up on that cliff, comic sans and all. The CEBro is waving at you from near the front door.

> Approach CEBro and hope to hell she's not angry

The CEBro shoots you a wide grin and enthusiastically takes polaroid selfies with you while shaking your hand.

"Eeeeeeh? Just like old times! Missed you last loop! Shame about that yeah! But here we are! Just you and me!"

> Sup bro, nice to see ya, hope you aren't angry

The CEBro's face lights up "Great to see you too, bro! Why would I be angry? What a LOOP! You invented whole new ways for it all to end! 10/10, would experience that again!"

She scans your pocket quickly "Shame you lost your pocket protector! But don't worry, just between you and me I see no reason why you can't start out with a little promotion! Get you right back into the old grind!"

> If I'm hearing correctly this means SPEEDRUN STRATS WOOOOO

You take some time to celebrate your GAMER FORTUNE and the CEBro seems to celebrate with you. After another round of selfies she stares at you intently.

"Anyways, we can't do any 'work' till sunrise, cuz this loop I missed out on getting the keys on time, so you wanna go grab a coffee or something?"

> hm, maybe the coffee place has stickers....

> Sounds good, tho we're broke until our first paycheck

The CEBro laughs "Yeah, I'm always broke on the first day too. LUCKILY I happen to know a little place that will let us pay tomorrow!"

She leads you to an incredibly run down coffee shop, open at 3 in the morning on a Saturday. There is no one else here but one particularly non impressed barista. Your only option seems to be a 'Wet' cappuccino , if you're understanding the Italian right.

It goes without saying that you refuse to order coffee.

As the CEBro is chugging down an upsetting amount of caffeine she seems to be ready to engage you in a SMALL TALK MINI GAME.

"So! How are you finding working at Eyedol games?"

> the observes are having fun with the work, idk about you peewee

> its fine

Honestly it's better than how you spent your time BEFORE this universe, so you can't complain.

The CEBro nods, loudly slurping her fourth cappuccino. She seems to be waiting for you to serve the next conversational volley.

In desperation, you think of the following potential topics:

How does she remember what happened last loop? It's usually only ever you.

What is her favorite food?

Why did she cart your body around for 40 years that first loop?

Who keeps hiding these stickers?

Why move to Ohio?

Why Italy?

How long has she been doing this?

Is that a healthy amount of caffeine?

Were your children okay, last loop?

Does she get game stats each loop, too?

If she remembers that loop, does anyone else?

What does Eyedol games even do if you're not prototyping games with Robert Bobert or Bobert Robert?

Observers Choice

> 5 sounds like an interesting topic :)

Wanda snorts. "Corn mazes aren't doing it for you?" She takes another loud slurp. You're glad there's no other customers here. "Ohio's where The Intern is. "

She considers the dregs of her cup a bit. "Though admittedly that's not too Relevant till the 90s. But we can't stay HERE forever. Jepe's line has a THING about McDonald's. "

How does she remember what happened last loop? It's usually only ever you.

What is her favorite food?

Why did she cart your body around for 40 years that first loop?

Who keeps hiding these stickers?

[ASKED]

Why Italy?

How long has she been doing this?

Is that a healthy amount of caffeine?

Were your children okay, last loop?

Does she get game stats each loop, too?

If she remembers that loop, does anyone else?

What does Eyedol games even do if you're not prototyping games with Robert Bobert or Bobert Robert?

Observers Choice

> Hm. 3?

She is already on a new coffee. "Bro! NO WAY am I going to let you fall to the wayside! You're the most interesting thing to happen to this Universe in dozens of loops, easily!" She sluuuuurps. "And let me tell you, you didn't disappoint in your first loop!"

> 8

> 9, ask about your damn children already

> 1 & 11!

A flood of questions pour out of you. The CeBro casually sips her coffee.

"No. Yes. Space magic aaaaand Yes!" She seems particularly delighted to be as unhelpful as she has managed.

"I don't know about you but I think I'm getting tired of the whole Q&A thing. I'm gonna go bother some pedestrians by the beach I think. You're welcome to join me, or go to sleep for, like, any stupid amount of time. "

> Go to sleep for 39 years.

> immediately sleep for 69.420 sweeps

> Find somewhere to sleep but like for a non-stupid amount of time.

> NO DO NOT SLEEP RESIST THE URGE TO SLEEP, and go look for stickers in this coffee shop

> Resist the urge to sleep for 39 years, 364 days, 23 hours, 59 minutes, and 59 seconds.

> So, about being paid? Might take a nap soon

> Actually bothering pedestrians with CEBro sounds like fun. Can we do that first?

Your CYBERNETIC GAMING IMPLANTS are starting to overheat with the amount of TRANSDIMENSIONAL NETWORK TRAFFIC YOU ARE GETTING. You can't parse the commands!

> eat napkin

You eat a napkin while making unblinking eye contact with the CeBro. She seems absolutely \*delighted\*.

> Tell CEBro that an Observer said she is the best.

The CEBro leans forward intently.

"You can actually hear them?"

You awkwardly explain that you wish you couldn't.

"Tell them that I am SO glad they have come to visit, Bro!"

You wish you could refuse to tell them that. You're PRETTY sure the Observers don't need any encouragement. You almost wish your streaming gear was working so you could fall back on a persona and tell her so.

> ask if she has any progress towards inventing Gfuel, or you're going to have to take a long nap whether you want to or not

She leans back. "Wow, no, Gfuel is literally celestial. You can't just INVENT it."

> Look for stickers in the coffee shop

You fail to find any stickers in the coffee shop! The CEBro watches your frantic scuttling for a few minutes, then decides to have mercy on you. "Bro. Bro. Calm down bro. This loop only started like. Four hours ago. I mean, my boys are good but not THAT good. There's only stickers inside of HQ for now."

> Man, what's with our knowledge of GFuel getting weirder and weirder every time someone brings it up? Where the Observers are from, that's a type of energy drink.

You really don't care WHAT GFuel is so long as it powers your CYBERNETIC IMPLANTS.

You gird your loins and take a rare moment of initiative and ask the CEBro where she found the one she gave you on your first loop.

Her face darkens. "Let's just say I won't have that again till the 90s, yeah, bro? You're on your own 'till then."

This is fine.

> Be sad about the lack of stickers and go bother pedestrians with Bro

In your MIND PALACE you hold a mini VIKING FUNERAL for the non existent stickers. You watch the little raft float off in the distance, on fire, and vaguely wonder if that means Eirikr is collecting them in the Void of Never Having Existed. The jerk.

You let the CEBro know you'd LOVE to bother beach pedestrians with them. The two of you spend hours being WEIRD and CONFUSING to strangers who have their own reasons for being up before dawn.

Success! You gain +1 FRIENDSHIP with CEBro. The "Best Bros" path is now unlocked!

> YAY, friendship :)

Yay.

> Observers: try to colonize CEBro's mind

YOU SEE EVERYTHING IN HERE

You get the feeling the Observers won't be trying THAT particular stunt again any time soon, even if you aren't sure exactly what happened.

> apparently if my inspect element abilities are half-decent, we're 'seeing everything' whatever the fuck thats meant to mean. anyways yeah terrible idea lets not

"Ha! Yeaaaaah... Bro, it takes TIME to learn to see everything. I mean if you reaaaaaaaly want to.... I can hook you up? "

There is a meaningful wink towards you at that.

> (am i meant to know what that wink means? im sorry im not good with these things) uh. sure! seeing things is cool. i like sight

You are now in an infinite hell maze. You have the option to go NORTH, SOUTH or EAST.

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

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

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

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

> Oh god it's THAT maze.

You sure wish the Observers would share with the class! You're kind of freaking out here!

> ooh hey i recognize that quote although i FORGET where exactly from, i think its been a couple places! anyway, uh. hm.

You're starting to REALLY freak out here!

> I don't know how exactly to calm you down, since I know saying 'calm down' generally makes everything worse, but us Observers have experience with infinite hell mazes. We can get through this, Peewee. Together. (ik i sounded incredibly cheesy there, shh)

> It's not as bad as it seems! Probably. Take some time to try and calm yourself.

You swear to the All Father that you are going to start flipping shit if someone doesn't help you get out of here or at LEAST away from the smug JR note.

> Go further SOUTH.

You find yourself back where you started.

> Ok, glad to know directions are as nonsense as ever. Maybe try heading North?

You find yourself at the entrance of poorly constructed maze.

> Check out your surroundings.

You find a sealed plastic water bottle, with a sticky note on top. "Remember to hydrate! It can be easy to forget, since sleeping and eating have always been so optional, but water is not!"

> SOUTH

As you enter a new room, you realize everything is blurry. It doesn't matter how close you get, or how you adjust your goggles. You just can't...quite focus.

There is a vent in this room, and if you squint you can kind of make out a table with some cups on it.

> Spontaneously fall asleep for 350400 hours

You fail to spontaneously fall asleep for 350400 hours! Sleeping and eating is not required here!

> Investigate vent.

A glint of gold manages to pierce the blurry veil and you find a golden box with dials on it's side. You can just barely make out some words in a large, easy to read font:

ENTER TIMECODE: XXh :XXm :XXs

> Huh. That's new. There's a stopwatch there in the version of the hellmaze I'm familiar with.

Your GAMER INSTINCTS notice that it sounds like it might be related to a TIMECODE, then.

> Try and enter 20h:14m:36s. That's the time our stopwatch says, and it's in the same format, so it's worth a shot just to see if anything happens.

The blurry dial clicks into the final number and you are rewarded with a sticker set! It looks like... a water bottle. A funhouse mirror and... a trash can with jr in it?

'Sticker Set' (3/113) has been added to your Inventory!

> WOOO STICKERS! lets go >:D

You do admit this makes this entire upsetting experience just a little more worth it.

> Yell into the vent

You use your EPIC GAMER LUNGS to yodel for a bit but nothing really seems to react.

> oh man, I never spent much time with this maze, but I know there is one room here that is likely to be UPSETTINGLY recursive

One of your very favorite things is when the observers know more than you do but only gigglesnort smugly about it.

You're getting pretty tired of the blurry room and you're tempted to just pick a direction and MOVE in it, but if there's even the SLIGHTEST chance the Observers actually know how to get out of here you're willing to wait just a bit longer.

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

You fail to do that. You can't keep track of directions that far in advance and HONESTLY you already have the idea that each room is going to be a LITTLE too intense to try to speedrun on your first try.

You do, however, go NORTH, since that was the first direction you were offered.

You are in an infinite hallway. There is no escape.

Oh. Good.

> Go east

You fail to go EAST as this infinite hallway only has north as an option.

You do, however, go one space NORTH.

> go NORTH

You are in an infinite hallway, there is no escape.

> go NORTH

You enter a fugue state of endlessly going North.

When you enter the newest room in the infinite hallway you are about to move on when you notice something twitch out of the corner of your eyes.

> investigate twitch

You fail to investigate a twitch, as whatever was moving in your direct line of sight is now gone.

What you do notice, however, is the tail of what you assume to be a snake or a really, REALLY small member of your species latching onto the end of your jacket.

> grab snake

The snake wriggles helplessly in your grasp as you go to grab it. You have successfully grabbed a snake. However, it comes to your attention that this snake doesn’t have… a face. The vague outlines of what a snake should look like are definitely there, but otherwise, there are no other identifying features one would expect on such an animal.

That’s. Yeah, sure, whatever.

> Adopt the snake as your beloved child

You swear parental loyalty to this reptilian pool noodle, promising to do right by it after everything you’ve been through. You’ve learned, you say. You have experienced the epic highs and lows of parenting, and feel ready to take on the responsibility once more. You will care for this snake so fucking hard. You’re going to take it to foosball tournaments, and you’ll go to its choir recitals. This is a life bond now. You feel readier than ever.

The snake would blink at you if it had eyes. Instead, it opens and closes its mouth tentatively, showing you its fangs.

You hope it’s a good sign.

> put the faceless snake on top of your head

You put the faceless snake on top of your head, as you’ve done with all your children. It is biting impotently at your horns.

> reminisce about how rebel used to bite impotently at your horns. probably. honestly you barely remember them as fruit babies...

You reminisce real hard about something that definitely, probably did happen at some point, maybe. You didn’t exactly make a lot of memories with them.

You elect to stop thinking about your previous parenting mistakes and start thinking about the present.

> ignore snek displeasure, head north

You do your best to ignore the snek displeasure as you continue to head further north, which contains the following, in a numbered list:

More north

More hallway

More infinity

More infinite hallways

There’s a bit of weight on your head as the snake’s tail waves in front of your face.

> ask the snake what direction you should go

You ask the snake where to go. It does not respond to you, for it is a snake.

Your head bends over ever so slightly with the newfound weight. Its tail is now nearly touching your chin, now. You SWEAR it wasn’t that big when you picked it up. Maybe they just grow real fast? Apparently, children tend to do that.

> put the increasingly heavy snake on the ground

You can’t.

You fall face-first onto the ground as it triples, quadruples in weight, its mass pinning you to the ground. You don’t even notice as its tail wraps around you, slithering down from your clothes to the rest of your tail. When you finally flip upward, you have to hold a bit of your energy just to not react in a way that will get you… killed? Unkilled? You’re not fully sure how things work here.

You stare at your own face as it snarls at you, his hand going towards your throat. “You have three minutes to explain yourself before I leave you locked in here,” it says; its grip on you gets tighter. “Clock’s ticking.”

> you asked a smug glasses lady how to know everything and suddenly you were here

You sputter something along the lines of glasses and ladies, trying to say SOMETHING this time, your previous near-death experience kind of fresh on your mind.

Its aggression vanishes almost as fast as it came, confusion taking its place. “Ladies… with… glasses?” It ponders your answer out loud, somewhat lessening its grasp. “I can’t think of any, but maybe it’s something new, out there? Hm.”

It shakes its head. “Whatever. Who are you?”

> explain that you are a poor little meow meow (it helped before)

The other you just gives a sardonic laugh under its breath in response. “Sure. Let’s try this again.”

It squeezes at you.

> Peewee Cassan, a snake person who got stuck in this universe on accident and has a bunch of Observers in his head telling him what to do

“Yeah, you wear that first part on your sleeve, don’t you? Observers, though… no idea what that means, but sounds rough.” It mumbles something underneath its breath, which you don’t quite catch-- however, your hi-tech goggles decipher it to be some sort of mumble to no one in particular, asking if that is what makes him a danger.

Despite the aggressiveness quotient of this other you going down by around 25 percent, you are still very much Pinned. You try to lift your head a bit, but… it… doesn’t… move. The rug is glued to you like dear hell, pinching you back whenever you try to move. It’s like the room itself is keeping you pinned down.

What the fuck?

> Also that Lady with glasses used to be a wanderer inside this maze before, which is why she was able to send you here? We think?

There’s a glint behind the goggles of what you think is recognition. “That Wanderer. Did they… you… uh… get more limbs? And a new set of pronouns? That-- huh-- ugh, why the hell do I care?”

Its hand is no longer on your throat, instead rubbing the bridge of its nose in frustration.

> ask for its pronouns

It smirks at you in response. “Well that’s an easy answer, isn't it? How about you first? Can I have your pronouns?”

> epic/gamer

The gamer laughs. “Strange choice of pronouns, huh? Well, who am I to complain? I'm you, after all."

You are now no longer a gamer!

The epic gamer eyes' roll in response, letting you go from the vicious grip you were held under. "Shame you introduced yourself, though. Would've been nice to leave with a name to match. Unless you didn't give me your actual pronouns," the gamer muses. "I know, unheard of, right? Hope it wasn't anything you didn't mind losing."

> try to do a SWEET GAMING STUNT

You fail, as you are no longer a gamer. You feel like you would have trouble with basic concepts such as speedrunning, and half-a-pressing.

It. It occurs to you this might be a problem.

> ask if you get to leave here

The gamer waves you away. “You’ll find your way out of here. Just keep going north.”

> beg for your gamer swag back

You beg with all you have, but the other you doesn’t respond. The gamer instead lays a hand on the hallway wall, and the epic gamer’s flesh seeps into it. Parts that previously resembled you turn awfully fleshy and discolored; the wall’s foundation reveals itself to be a series of elongated rib-like structures. They crack themselves into position to accept the new mound, and then they reassemble themselves into the perfectly normal hallway they were before.

You think you’re starting to hate this place.

> go north

You walk forward for a bit more; the door was, apparently, 9 steps in front of you this whole time.

You really don’t want to think about it.

You're back in the blurry room. Okay.

> squint to see if it unblurs

it does not :(

> He/him for Peewee right, and for the observes, just plural, there's a LOT of us

You mentally confirm your pronouns as you squint around the blurry room. If you go NORTH you'll be back in the INFINITE HALLWAY. You can go SOUTH and EAST as well.

> east

At first you're just grateful that the blur is gone, so you don't notice the abandoned exposition booth in the center of the room. There is a white land line phone on it's counter.

Obvious exits are NORTH, SOUTH and EAST.

> pick up the phone

> sit in the booth and call someone with the land line

> Check out the phone?

You pick up the phone and it immediately starts calling someone.

> Huh. Well, that's neat. Answer, I guess?

The phone rings only once before someone answers.

“Hello! Thank you for calling Closer and Associates-- we greatly appreciate your interest in us, especially as we begin our operations. How may we help you?”

You mentally brace yourself as your mind’s eye immediately recognizes that voice and name. How the hell did this phone call the HR department? More importantly-- how did it call the HR department? Or... Sales? What department even was it? Was that person running a separate company this whole time? Is that legal? It seems that, while you are no longer a gamer, you are still a snake person, and admittedly don’t know a lot about human laws.

> oh god oh fuck

> ask if their refridgerator is running

The voice seems to exhale out of their nose at that-- whether it is annoyance or a sensible chuckle, you are not sure. “No, I believe it to be very still, sir. But that is hardly important, now, is it? The important question is, what can we do for you?”

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

“Ah. I had a feeling this was no ordinary call. Of course, I would love to be of service. I assume this is urgent, so we can discuss payment in a minute-- let me set this up.”

You hear some faint clutter moving around behind the line, searching for something. Then, it stops.

“This should do it for now. It will take a minute to trace that maze as it is, by definition, somewhat untraceable. In the meantime, how has your day been? Not fantastic, if I were to judge by the conundrum you find yourself in."

> actually we had a lot of fun with CEBro earlier! But then she sent us to this shitty maze thing and, yeeeah

You feel a pause from the other end of the line when you drop ‘CEBro’ on them, which you hope is just them finding it awkward and nothing else. They correct themselves accordingly. “Ah, the… CEBro sent you to a maze. Of course.” They chuckle. “Am I to assume you also are the curious spirit? I would not say I know much about her, but that ever-searching panache of hers is hard to miss.”

> we are SO MANY curious spirits

“We? Well, that’s interesting. Do you happen to be a group? I did not think that mazes threw group discounts. That might make the help I can offer you more... limited, I believe."

> oh, there's only one physical person, don't worry

“Hah. Fair enough, fair enough. Then my condolences on such a precarious situation. An interesting story you must have, then. It has been a while since I’ve seen her, has she been doing well? Your ‘CEBro’, I mean. Not to assume you are friends, of course, but a friend of hers is a friend of mine. You understand.”

> the cebro threw you in a hellmaze after the observers in your head tried to colonize hers

> you have +1 friendship with the CEBro

> the cebro seems to think you're interesting

“A lot of things could be said about her, yes. If she has an interest in you, well… that is something else, wouldn’t you agree?”

The shuffling on the phone commences anew as a soft ding rings out.

“Ah! There we go. I will be there shortly. Excuse me.”

The phone line hangs open as you hear the person on the phone walk away from it. Well. Uh. Now you just wait?

Or you don’t. The wall behind the help counter slides inwards into nothingness, and a woman steps out from its depths. She’s dressed in casual business wear, with the exception of a cloak hanging from her neck, carefully folded onto itself to make it appear shorter. She bows towards you in courtesy, but her eyes don’t leave the phone in your hand.

“Ah, it’s you. Peewee, right? I figured we would meet eventually, but this is quite the humorous way to achieve that.”

She walks over to you and puts one hand on your shoulder, the other gently lowering the phone back onto the landline. She’s, uh… tall, you notice. It’s ever so slightly intimidating, but after recent events, you think you’re building a resistance to it.

“Allow me to accompany you, then. This way, please.”

She motions to the newly-opened pathway.

> well it's the best plan we have so far so yes, follow her

Inside the nothingness you see a narrow hallway of bare concrete walls and exposed pipes. The floor is unfinished cement. The ceiling is mostly pipes. Occasionally, there are doors to the right side of the wall.

You... get the feeling of being somewhere you shouldn't be. Of...of seeing behind the curtains? Is this even allowed?

As if sensing your hesitation, she glances down at you. She looks surprisingly normal, for how she sounded on the phone. All static and crisp politeness. "Hurry along now. You wouldn't want to get lost back here."

She expertly herds you through the hallway and veers off into a seemingly random room to the right.

You are about to ask her what is going on when you freeze. Inside the room are... creatures. Bulbous eyes with warped pupils. Malformed, lumpy silhouettes. You go to bolt and your guide puts a steadying hand on your shoulder.

"It behooves me to assure you that you are quite safe. The creatures have yet to cause more than a few bruises. " you glance up at her and see a wry grin.

"I'm afraid past this point I can only point you in the right direction. What remains is wholly in your hands. You must kill one of the beasts in order to leave. Which you choose is up to you. But it must be your choice."

> Wait how the fuck does this work, does \*Peewee\* have to choose, or is one or more of the observers choosing okay as well

You have no idea if and how the Observer's count.

> Like she said, it's up to you. May we please at least get some description of them before you make your choice?

> Examine beasts.

There are a total of 7 beasts.

the smallest of them, its head is especially bulbous.

this one has very large, very shiny teeth

this one is ...wearing seaweed as a hat?

this one is monotonously chewing on a chocolate bar

this one's head lumps go down its neck

this one appears to have rolled in some feathers

this one is a fractaling nightmare

Each and every one of them terrifies you to your core and a visceral disgust makes you VERY willing to kill them.

> NOT A GAMER POWERS ACTIVATE!!!

It turns out a lack of something is nothing. Nothing happens. Nothing activates.

> Which one do you want to kill, Peewee?

You're not sure. You guess you hate the feather one the LEAST? So one of the others?

> fractals are basically spirals but More So, tho I'm not sure if that makes #7 the best one or the worst one

>4, mayb3 it won't notic3

You deftly avoid the FRACTAL NIGHTMARE and set your sights on killing the chocolate loving MONSTER.

Unfortunately you cannot access your SPECIBUS in this weird, backwards universe and even if you COULD your lack of GAMING CRED means you wouldn't be able to actually equip your LIGHTGUN!

As you stare blankly at your CHOSEN ENEMY you hear a polite clearing of throat.

"Perhaps this is the best moment to discuss price, Peewee, hm?"

The phone lady produces a small clipboard from her voluminous cloak. "Now, obviously, I am not one to take advantage of someone in a desperate situation, but I HAVE come here at considerable expense, and will no doubt be owing TRUTH a favor in exchange for taking one of its Chosen." She gives you a gentle smile, slightly self deprecating, with a small shrug as if to say "what can one do?".

"Your reputation does precede you, Peewee. I was wondering if perhaps we could do a slight "quid pro quo". I am very aware that your current supply of hard currency is, shall we say, temporally disadvantaged. Instead, I was thinking you could owe me a series of favors. Nothing too onerous, I assure you, all above board. I would even throw in a weapon to make your journey back a little simpler."

> man cant we just strangle the monster idek what a quid pro quo is it sounds french and i hate french people

You move to try to strangle the monster and a door to the void opens between you and it.

"You are, of course, welcome to forgo my offer of a free weapon, Peewee. But I require payment for services already rendered. Should you decide my services were not worth the price, a full refund will, of course be offered. "

"And you will be returned where I found you, safe and sound."

> you drive a hard bargain, lady. but Peewee I think YOU have to answer, not us.

Oh hell no. The Observers got you into this mess and they are damn well going to get you out of it.

> Take the goddamn offer, we're not dealing with you being stuck in this eternal maze for who-knows-how-long. Also yes please we want the gun

You REALLY could use a weapon... You're about to open your mouth when-

> Maybe you should ask her to elaborate on what these favors actually entail? Before we actually commit to anything, y'know.

An actual coherent thought forms in your metallic dome. Maybe you SHOULDN'T agree carte blanch to whatever weird demands this tall SALES MONSTER asks of you???

Her smug is palpable as she produces a page from her clipboard and a pen. "Of course, Peewee, it would be remiss of me to not provide clear and concise documentation of the expectations I will have of you going forwards. Just sign on the dotted line when you are ready and we can proceed."

# **Installment Promissory Note:**

**Date:**Maze, Loop 190, Arm 1

For value received, Peewee Cassan (The "Borrower") promises to pay to the Order of The Closer \* (the "Lender") the sum of three (3) favors of greater or equal value to $183,846.43 US Dollars as agreed upon by the parties involved or third party arbitration (if requested by either party). Interest on these favors shall accrue at the rate of one additional favor per two loops wherein any original favors remain uncollected.

### **THE TERMS OF PAYMENT**

Payments: The unpaid favors and accrued interest shall be payable at the sole discretion and pleasure of the Lender.

Application of Payments: All Payments on this note shall first be applied to accrued interest and any reminder in payment of principal.

Termination of Payment: In the Event that the Borrower or the Lender dies, no discharge of obligation will occur.

\*Note: All NAMELESS Individuals shall be referred to herein as if they were legally named.

> first, strike out "reminder in" under #2, and replace with "remainder will be applied to the". Below the the current terms add "4. \_\_Scope of Agreement\_\_: This contract shall only be held valid and enforceable within the universe in which it was created and signed."

The Closer's professional grin takes on a distinctly predatory air. "I see, Peewee, that you wish to practice the Art of the Deal with me. This is perfectly acceptable! But what, I wonder, are you willing to give me in return for such a clause? "

> Why, dear Closer, the correction of your typo come free of charge. And as for the additional clause, it is at \*least\* as much of a benefit to -you- as it is to sweet Peewee. For he has a proven ability to move between universes, and who is to say what entity may call themselves "The Closer" in universes other than this?

> It is obvious you have no intention to offer a FAIR deal. I merely seek to limit the complexity of the damages.

There is a beat of silence, and then the Closer responds, voice dripping with patronizing sympathy.

"Ah, I can see the source of your ignoble confusion, Peewee. 'The Closer', while not, strictly speaking, a Name, IS indeed a legally distinct appellation-- should you meet one bearing the same, you can be assured it *is,* in fact, some variation of myself. It is..." She pauses to consider her own statement, then shrugs. "Well, I suppose you will come to figure out some of the rules of this world in time."

She leans forward. "I'm giving to understand that there are quite a few individuals bearing the name 'Peewee Cassan'. Are you sure you do not wish to leave room for your legal obligation to be spread among them? *Really,* Peewee, I am simply looking out for your best interests."

She leans back as she adjusts her cloak, paying no mind to the continuing abominations in this room. "Of course, if this course of action TRULY is important to you, I'm sure you'd be willing to trade something for it. If your value to one timeline is worth-- " She makes a show of checking her clipboard-- "$183,846.43, then I am sure a multiverse of timelines would be worth, why, an uncountable amount! Although I suppose I could always ask for a second opinion, but nevermind that. Perhaps it would be best if we simply arranged for your favors to accrue one per loop, in addition, of course, to interest. "

> never trust a salesperson, also debt speedrun ending perhaps?

"Of course, you are also able to agree to the original contract as is."

> fucking hell, could no one think of any leverage? Fine, strike addendum #4, slap the garage sticker on this garbage contract, and sign it, then.

You slap the trash can with jr in it onto the contract to make it official and sign it.

The Closer appears to be slightly taken aback at this. "Well. If you're sure you'd prefer to have their Focus on you, that is your business." She hands you a plain and serviceable Pistol with 7 bullets.

When you look again, she is gone.

YOU HAVE SIGNED A CONTRACT WITH THE CLOSER. JR HAS BEEN CHOSEN AS THIRD PARTY ARBITRATION! THIS IS FINE!

> examine pistol

You feel UPSETTING STATIC where your GAMER INSTINCTS should be. You're not capable of identifying anything more about the gun other than it is a pistol and it has 7 bullets.

> jump

> jump

You try to bunny hop and half-a press jump and none of it is working. You truly are no Gamer.

> Shoot the chocolate eating monster

You shoot it right in its smug face. Everything goes red.

## **1994 November 14th: 9:43 am**

Oh. Okay then. You seem to be in the middle of some kind of...corn field?

> God fucking dammit if this is a corn maze

It is \*absolutely\* a corn maze. The corn is taller than you can even lift your torso up, seems just about ready to harvest.

You hear some rustling nearby.

> run.

>run

>run

> run awaY.

You blindly flee the rustling.

It turns out this isn't a particularly big corn maze, so you get out after just a few minutes of panic.

Bobert Robert (or is it Robert Bobert) is standing at the front of the maze with a clipboard. He seems surprised to see you!

> hi there

> BOBEEEEEEERT

> ask if you can give him a hug

> Greet Bobert/Robert

The bespectacled man blinks at you through the hug, then immediately reciprocates it.

"I am asking what you are are doing here?" Bobert Robert or possibly Robert Bobert asks, not breaking the embrace. "You went missing in 1972..."

> oh yeah got stuck in a maze, what date is it?

You recall your CYBERNETIC IMPLANTS said its 1994, November 14th, morning.

"I am telling you the CEBro didn't know when you'd come out. But said you should 'know everything' when you did."

> she was rather optimistic

You're really inclined to agree. You try to think about what you even LEARNED in the maze? That there's a landline phone directly to the closer? A murder snake doppelganger you adopted? Secret backrooms that lead to 7 fucked up lumpy creatures?

"Have you come to participate in the mandatory company bonding?" Bobert/Robert Robert/Bobert is still embracing you, since you have not let go.

> You've been missing for decades, of course this is going to be a bit of a long hug. Anyway, while you probably weren't planning on it, that sounds interesting?

Bobert/Robert Robert/Bobert explains that in the center of the corn maze is a FRUIT BASKET and whoever makes it out with it gets STOCK OPTIONS! Everyone does this a few times a year whenever the CEBro decrees it!

> team up moment perhaps?

You suggest to Robert/Bobert Bobert/Robert that the two of you team up but he apologetically gestures to his clipboard.

"I am telling you that I am to record who exits the maze with the FRUIT BASKET".

> get thr fruit

You do the snakey equivalent of sprinting into the maze. It \*really\* isn't that big and you're sure you can get to the center fairly quickly if you keep a level head.

How will you transverse this maze?

> always go right

You transverse the maze counterclockwise. This is marked.

You eventually reach the center, but are unsurprised to find the small dais bereft of FRUIT BASKETS. Apparently someone has already found it...but they haven't left the maze yet?

You hear some rustling nearby.

> Oh, rustling. May as well see what that's about.

A college aged dude with day old stubble bursts around a corner and skids to a stop when he sees you. He is desperately clutching a FRUIT BASKET and breathing heavily.

He seems to be warily watching to see what you'll do.

> does the basket hold fruit? or babies?

As a professional baby identifier (oh hey, that skill stayed between loops!) you can tell that it's a tasteful selection of actual fruit and not children.

> how's the fruit? organic perhaps>

The college aged dude clutches it to his chest.

"Stay back! I have already fought off like. Three birds for this. And. And I'm not afraid to add a fourth!"

> Uh. You aren't a bird.

"Wait. You're actually a real person", the dude is boggling at you. "Not like, a physical chat bot?"

He seems to mull that over a bit. "I still would fight you, dude. For the fruit basket. I mean. Uh. I'm the Intern. I haven't seen you around yet? I thought I'd met everyone here by now..."

> Introduce yourself and the Observers to the intern

"Not even the weirdest thing I've heard this week, tbh." the college aged dude says.

"So. Uh. Are we going to have to fight or...."

> Can we split the fruit? Isn't this supposed to be a bonding event or something

He clutches it even harder to his chest. "Oh HELL no. Only one person gets the stock options and its going to be ME. This whole nightmare has to be worth SOMETHING."

> so, how's the internship been? got stuck in any mazes?

He stares at you warily, still not sure if he should be fighting you.

"If we aren't going to fight can you at least like. Start walking back towards the entrance so we don't get ambushed by asshole crows while we talk?"

> Okay sure, but don't call the quotidians asshole, some of them are great! Like your maybe-boyfriend

The dude catches himself before he makes a full face. "You're...uh. You're dating one? Maybe you've found smarter ones than I have...Cuz. Dude. They just repeat themselves endlessly. Like. Like an NPC."

> sure :)

> yeah thats reasonable

The two of you start walking as you talk, with the college aged dude a safe distance behind you, juuuust in case you decide to suddenly betray him. He's actually looking a little beat up, now that you think of it. He really HAS been fighting for this fruit.

"You were asking about my Internship? Just this one maze but like. The CEO is \*really\* weird. Like. \*really\* weird. I think she's stalking me? I NEED to get out of here. But... " He shrugs. "Still better than retail, you know?"

> Oooooh you haven't found out yet? Dw dude, she'll explain in time \*gigglesnort\*

> CEBro is just....

> CEBro is just.... really intense.

"Oh! Cool! Ominous predictions of the future! Sure! Why not! I've gone about 3 hours without any of those! I was due!"

It is at this moment that one of the Tom Peyotes crashes through some corn and starts flailing wildly at the Intern.

> wildly flail back at Tom

You cause enough chaos that the Intern is able to get back up and physically pick Tom up and toss him back into the corn. He's panting, still defensively clutching the fruit basket.

> give the Intern a thumbs up and see if any corn is rustling

"Thanks, dude", The Intern seems to trust you a bit more and moves past you to head towards the maze. "Let's get out of here before another Tom pops out. "

"Good thing those birds are so weirdly lightweight..."

> They ARE birds. They literally have hollow bones to be lighter

"Yeah, well..." The Intern is trying to keep up a jogging pace toward the exit. "You'd figure they'd weigh as much as a human, if they're busy looking like one."

He gives you a side long glance. "You really don't care about stock options?"

> we can probably get em next time

The Intern relaxes even more as the two of you jog along. "I'm just really hoping this will be enough to get me through to the end of the year, you know?"

The end of the maze is in sight. You're almost out.

> Sounds like you need those stock options more than Peewee, good luck man

> Prepare, just in case

The two of you make it to the exit with no further troubles. Turns out 4 Tom's are about the limit at one time.

Robert/Bobert Bobert/Robert notes down the winner and shakes the Intern's hand vigorously.

The Intern detangles himself and slumps onto the ground. "Oh 8 divine that was close. Dude. Thanks. I owe you won." He looks up at you. "How can I pay you back?"

> perhaps a delicious fruit? unless they're made out of styrofoam that would be lame af

Your HIDDEN BANANA CRAVING stat has been DANGEROUSLY high. You've gone two whole loops without one. The Intern agreeable hands you one.

As you eat your first banana of the loop, it's once again like an angel's kiss. Nothing could possibly compare.

> How about some information? You just got here and would love to hear if your three kids exist, for starters

You explain about your three kids. You do some quick mental math and realize they should be about... 22 now?

"Oh hey, same as me!" The Intern says, agreeably. "Yeah, I know them. Uh. If they're your kids. Are you like. Coparenting with the CEO??"

> :shrug:

"Right yeah, okay. Uh. Dude. Any other info I can give you? I only just started a few months ago myself. Buuuut...it sounds like you started like. Today?"

> a while, got stuck in a maze for a few years

The Intern looks aghast "You've been in the corn maze for YEARS!? Dude. It's. It's not that big..."

> Oh no, a different one, way worse than the corn. CEBro was involved so the story is convoluted as hell.

> Theres like, a lot of mazes, they're everywhere

> we are very bad at mases

The Intern seems wary "I'll bet..."

> show the intern your gun :)

> ok nvm wher3 ar3 th3 offices

"Holy SHIT!" the Intern is scrambling back away from you into the corn maze. He didn't seem to hear your question over the sound of the blood rushing in his ear as a result of PISTOL PANIC.

RELATIONSHIP WITH THE INTERN HAS BEEN UPDATED TO: ENEMIES

> Dude put that away.

You holster your PISTOL.

"Bro. Not cool." you hear, from behind you. Ah. It's the CEBro. Of course it is.

> the observers made you do it, sorry bout that

> Hey there CEBro! We haven't learned shit in that maze :D

"Bro, you TOTALLY left early. Of COURSE you didn't learn shit. You were barely even in there!" the CEBro claps you enthusiastically on the back.

"Don't worry, though! Not a problem! Buuuut. I'm gonna need you to avoid the office for the next few days? The Holiday party is this Friday and I *really* can't afford for you to scare the Intern off. "

She pulls out a massive brick of a PDA and types something on the awkward keyboard. "Right! I can have you go fetch the catering! Easy peasy." She pulls out..is...is that a GAME BOY PRINTER? and fiddles around with it, finally handing you little typed out address and set of direction.

"Just show up here at 2pm, alright? You do that I'll get you set up on payroll and even rent a place for you so you can avoid scaring the Intern."

> If we knew scaring the Intern would get us this many benefits we would've assaulted him earlier, damn nice

The CEBro is already distracted by their PDA and barely looks up to mutter "Yeah, well, you'll only be on the payroll for what, a few days tops? No way the CFO will yell at me for that."

> so, how're the kids doing?

The CEBro is still glued to her screen. "Hmm? Oh. You know. College. I think Melon joined a fraternity? "

> yikes, maybe we should go find the intern for the fruit basket

The CEBro finally looks up from her PDA. "Nope. You get within two feet of him again this loop and you're back in the maze searching for Knowledge." Warning delivered, she's back to scrolling on her device, muttering, "You're interesting. But you're not more important than him."

> Yell at the intern from two feet away and apologize for the gun thing

You fail to find the Intern who has fled from you in a BLIND PANIC due to you brandishing a gun at him.

> why italy?

The CEBro starts wandering off, still engrossed in whatever the hell is so interesting on her PDA. "Zampanio's an Italian game." she vaguely mutters.

> go west

You attempt to head west when you're suddenly stopped by the CEBro. "Right. Fuck. Right direction, but it'll take you six hours to reach Columbus from here on foot. Uh. So to speak. So. Do you want cab fair or do you want to just like. Be there."

> If we get teleported there, how do we get back?

She shrugs. "Why would you want to come back to a corn maze? The caterer is like. Five minutes away from the place I'll rent you."

> Oh, uh, sure then! Teleportation sounds good. Thanks Bro

You find yourself outside Pancake Bakery. In small text underneath it says (Be Advised: We Are Not Actually A Bakery).

The little print out confirms this is the place you're supposed to pick up the catering.

> pick up the catering

You knock tentatively on the glass door. A wild eyed guy in glasses with more stubble than you could acquire in a single day opens it up.

"We're not a bakery. " he warns you.

> are you a patisserie then?

"What? No! I make cakes and take pictures of them for the Blogosphere. " He sniffs at you in mild contempt. " Obviously."

"The only way someone could POSSIBLY purchase any of my cakes is if they had a lot of internet clout. " He looks you up and down. "And you don't seem to have any at all. What are you. Some kind of jock. You look like you've never even SEEN a computer game."

> ugh. we're here to pickup the catering for Eyedol.

He brightens! "Oh~ Wanda! My favoooooorite customer! Wait right here!" He scurries into the Not!Bakery. He doesn't lock the door behind him, and you're just kinda waiting awkwardly outside.

> Mourn your lost gamerhood

You awkwardly mourn the many and various unexpected CONSEQUENCES that have arisen the lost of your GAMER STATUS. What sort of adventures could you have had with this annoying cake man if you were a Gamer, you wonder.

Man. He. He sure is taking a while...

> fiddl3

You fidget around in place. Man you wish you had like, a ZPhone or something. Are there ZPhones yet? You're not exactly sure what the timeline is like in this Universe.

> search for stickers?

Oh hey! Score! Looks like Eyedol Games has been in the area long enough to hide some stickers. You find a microwave with a cake slice cut out of it, a machete aaaaand, looks like a slogan that says 'cheaters always prosper'. Cool!

'Sticker Set' (23/113) has been added to your Inventory!

> Peek through the door

Man they STILL aren't back? You don't see them anywhere inside the building...

> look for them

You decide 'fuck it'. The dude might need help or something. This is kind of an insanely long time to be just grabbing some food or something.

You cautiously enter the Not!Bakery. There is a cash register, a few tables covered in cakes, a curtain, and arcade machine and a wooden door in the part that's customer accessible.

> Yell out for the weird NotABaker

There's no response...

> Time to open the door!

You go to open the door only for the knob to break off in your hand. Something bright red and viscous flows out from the hollow left behind.

> Is it blood?

You don't...THINK so? It's really bright red and kinda translucent? Very shiny. It smells like...cherries?

> Taste it

It is definitely cherry syrup. And...the door is. Chocolate?

What is going on here?

"Surprise!" you hear from behind you. "It was cake!" There's a flash of a camera.

Yup. It's. It's that Not!Baker.

> Start monching on the door

You make unbreaking eye contact with the guy and monch on his door.

He takes another picture.

"This will look great on my blog!" he says. "Anyways, I got the cake for you. Tell Wanda it'll need to be refrigerated till the big day. I think she rented a cooler somewhere?" He gestures at... is. .... Is that a stretcher with. A body bag on it. Of course it is. Why wouldn't it be. What could be more normal?

> Nice, the body bag is totally cake!

Maybe? The bag seems to be definitely fabric....

"Don't mess with that." the Not!Baker says. "Unless it's under freezing temperatures I would NOT unzip that. "

"On that note I'd say you have like. Thirty minutes to get it to the cooler? You have like. A truck, right?"

> of-fucking course Wanda didn't give us a truck

The Not!Baker holds up a hand "No worries my guy, I can give you a ride. I'm not about to risk this masterpiece getting ruined just out on the street. Where to?"

> so, what flavor is it?

"Red Velvet with a hint of cinnamon, then citrus ermine frosting between layers, and then an almond fondant exterior with modeling chocolate details. Plus strawberry Ice-Cream at the core."

> Consult the directions Bro gave you

Looks like...both you and this cake are going to be stored a block down the street? Over at 653.

The Not!Baker takes the stretcher past the curtain and asks you to follow him.

> find memories

You keep your eyes peeled in his Not!Bakery for some memories. You aren't exactly sure what they should look like... But you do see various baking equipment, camera set ups and a state of the art ZSoft Computer.

Man. You feel like normally your GAMER INSTINCTS would try to activate some sort of MINI GAME to pass time time... Weird.

> mentally dig in your mind for some memories

Uh. No thank you? You remember your past PRETTY clearly and kinda wish you didn't.

> Yes \*veeeeery\* weird man, your gamerhood was stolen dude, did you forget

Look, you're just not sure what to do while awkwardly walking towards a truck with a rando if theres no mini game prompts.

> take ZSoft Computer

Absolutely not. You have enough ENERGY still to resist doing something THAT dumb.

> hey, don't fall behind!

You stop arguing with the Observers and hurry to catch up to this Not!Baker.

> do small talk

Oh right. Um. You have NO idea how to do this. And this guy doesn't seem all that keen to talk to your jock ass as he ushers you and the stretcher into a truck.

Maybe the Observers know how to do small talk?

> Ask Not!Baker how long he's known Wanda for

"A couple years now? She found my blog when I was just starting out! I don't even know how she found me, I didn't even have my web ring up, yet!"

He pulls out into the street and drives you towards the address you gave him. This...can't be right. Is this a ...medical storage company? You thought the CEBro rented you an *apartment*.

> Beggars can't be choosers, we could've been homeless like last loop

Technically you've been homeless every loop. You're...really bad at actually getting your paycheck set up.

> I think I know where this maybe going \*the observer who said this is now staring at a laptop and heavily breathing in fear\*

It's probably fine.

"Man, I'm really glad Wanda arranged for the cake to be stored off sight. I was NOT looking forward to having to deal with that crazy person again. You know. That fruit prank caller?" The Not!Baker is making small talk on his own as he unloads the stretcher and hands it off to you.

> Fruit prank caller? Is that the Closer?

He sniffs dismissively. "I don't make a point to learn what my *harassers* prefer to be called. "

> So what's the overall plan, anyway? Wanda didn't really tell you

"Don't know, don't care. Cake is delivered, and I have a blog post to get back to. Cheers."

And with that, he's gone.

You have one (1) cake(?) on a stretcher, are standing on the sidewalk outside a medical storage company that MIGHT be where you're supposed to stay and 0 GAMEROSITY.

What will you do?

> eat cake

You fail to eat the cake, you haven't even seen it yet.

> go inside before this thing melts

You're relieved at least one of your Observers cares about doing the one job you've been given.

> Knock on the medical storage door

No one answers. Not wanting the cake to melt, you go in anyways with your cake(?) on a stretcher.

No lights are on inside, though the faint glow from the fronts window is enough for your GOGGLES. The carpet is bland and industrial, the walls bare white. There's a couple of doors on the far side of the wall, and what looks like an abandoned receptionist desk directly across from you.

There appears to be some paper on the desk.

> Read the ominous paper

BRO THANKS FOR PICKING UP THE CAKE. IT GOES IN THE MORGUE. I KNOW RIGHT?? SICK AF. SRSLY, NO OTHER WAY TO STORE A CAKE THAT BIG FOR CHEAP.

ANYWAYS SPEAKING OF MORGUES YOU HAVE LIKE, 24 HOURS TO LIVE. SUX. I KNOW. BUT I'M P SURE IF YOU'RE NOT A GAMER THE GAMER FUEL WON'T WORK AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY FOR A FEW YEARS ANYWAYS.

SO THIS CLIMATE CONTROLLED PLACE'LL KEEP YOU SAFE IF YOU WANT TO SLEEP TO GET TO SPEND YOUR LAST DAY THIS LOOP SOMEWHEN IN PARTICULAR. I RECOMMEND MY PARTY FRIDAY, IT'LL BE BROTACULAR. BUT YOU DO YOU.

JUST MAKE SURE YOU PUT THE CAKE IN THE MORGUE BEFORE YOU CATCH SOME ZZZS

-CEBRO

> Oh god Wanda is ending this loop with a goddamn cake bodybag. Welp, put it in the morgue I GUESS.

You store the mysterious cake in a metal slide out space in the MORGUE. Even when you flip on the glaring fluorescent lights its a little spooky. Has this place ever been used? Is it even SANITARY to store cakes in here?

> maybe try to get Gatorade, thats like the opposite of gamer fuel right?

If Gatorade is a mysteriously glowing egg like thing, then, sure, you'd try that. You doubt it is, though.

If there's only ONE that got in from your Universe you aren't even sure how you'd go about finding it?

> carefully lift the fabric on the body bag and look under it

You unzip the body bag and...yuuup. That's a person. Made of cake? Is that. Wait. Is that the INTERN?

> This is going to be so goddamn hilarious lmaooo, zip it back up \*carefully\*, this masterpiece must be preserved

You are very glad you didn't let the cake melt or get destroyed.

So you suppose now all thats left is figuring out how and when you want to spend your final day.

This is important enough that you want to really think this through.

You can sleep as long as you want, it seems like. It's currently 1994 November 14th. The Holiday party is friday which is in...four days. on the 18th.

Or you could sleep till 2012, which you've been to before? See some familiar sights? Or you could sleep till some random other time but you're not really sure why you would...

> Weeeell, I'd LOVE to see the party, something tells me Wanda has some clusterfuck up her sleeve

> ehh, might as well go to the party

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

> 3.1415926535897932384626433832795028841971693993751058209749445923078164062862089986280348253421170679 days

## **1994 November 17th: 2:23 pm**

Well. Today is not the party. What would you like to do?

> check if the cake's ok

The cake is fine. Looks like you're the only one with the key to this place. And probably the CEBro.

> ♙

You ALMOST can recognize this symbol. You assume it must be somehow GAMING related. You mourn your lost GAMER status once again.

> Call the CEbro and ask if you can help with anything

> dumbasses. sleep for one (1) more day.

You're about to say something sassy about how ZPhones haven't been invented yet and just go back to sleep when you see a land line phone on the wall.

The LAST time you touched one The Closer came to save you from the maze, but in a kind of terrifying way. You aren't feeling PARTICULARLY warm and fuzzy around land line phones right now...

But the CEBro's number IS written next to it... so.... If the Observers REALLY wanted you to...

> call the goddamn CEBro

You carefully dial the number for the CEBro. It rings for a few seconds-- you figure the CEBro is just busy, with how the line is still ringing. But then, you hear it: nearly imperceptible static in the back of the line. And it is getting louder.

“Hello! Thank you for calling Closer and Associates-- we *greatly* appreciate your interest in us, Peewee.”

Oh? Were you expecting to reach someone else? No, Peewee. Now that you've called on my services once, we're in this together for the duration. Perhaps that is just what happens when one touches potentially cursed telephones, is it not? I cannot say for sure either. The universe is sure filled with all these little quirks, as you can see.

But enough about me; I'd like to talk about you, Peewee. Or rather, about your very interesting tag-alongs.

You owe me, certainly, Peewee-- I hope you have not forgotten. But over the course of these past two decades, I have come to the inevitable conclusion that you cannot possibly repay what you owe. And how could you, really? I do not believe, and forgive me if I am assuming, that you have a strong grasp of the loop to help with more taxing issues, and I believe that you still do not know what a 'half-press a' is, which I understand-- that makes two of us.

...the *Observers,* however, are another story.

As such, I am, in an official capacity, collecting the first of my owed favors. I have an...associate I would like to bring up to speed on modern Customer Service Techniques. He is very much someone who is... passionate, about the learning process, but he remains a fish out of water when it comes to interacting with unexpected phenomena. And that's where your... let's say... digital voyeurs, come in.

The Observers will comply with a mandatory Live Customer Satisfaction Feedback Survey, and in exchange, I shall consider one of your favors discharged.

> okay...what do we do?

> eh might as well

> do the ominous survey

> take survey

> taste survey

INITIATING Live Customer Satisfaction Feedback Survey...

AnonObserver: Hello? Taste Survey.

MinotaursWrath: Uh. Hey.

> i am here to take a survey

AnonObserver: i am here to take a survey

MinotaursWrath: Oh-- yeah. Okay. Sure.

*~~(I guess this is the fucking exam? What the hell. I GUESS that she's pulled weirder shit than this, but... okay, no. Let's act professional. You can do this.)~~*

MinotaursWrath: Let me just get it up for you.

> whats going on

> what is this

> wait for survey

AnonObserver: whats going on

AnonObserver: what is this

AnonObserver: wait for survey

MinotaursWrath:I understand. Again, let me just load it up. It isn't going to take too long.

MinotaursWrath: Okay, survey question one:

MinotaursWrath: What would you say is the most memorable element of your Experience thus far in the AdventureSim?

> hello?

AnonObserver: hello?

MinotaursWrath: Please. Pick an answer.

> WHAT IS HAPPENING

AnonObserver: WHAT IS HAPPENING

*~~(Oh my fucking god. Do they... not know how to answer a fucking SURVEY? Where does she get these people? Holy shit. I'm fucking...)~~*

MinotaursWrath:You are being interviewed. This is a survey. You have to answer the question.

> getting stabbed in front of our son probably

AnonObserver: getting stabbed in front of our son probably

*~~(What the fuck? Yeah whatever. I guess that's an answer.)~~*

MinotaursWrath: Oh. I'm-- uh-- condolences. I can understand how getting stabbed would be memorable, yeah.

Okay. Thank you. This is question two:

What would you say is your least memorable experience in AdventureSim?

Although that doesn't make sense does it? If it's your least memorable you aren't gonna-- remember it. So... what is the experience that you found the most boring?

> least memorable is the time i accidentally clicked the back button and got a whole new loop or something idk. don't remember anything about that.

> losing gamer status

> for som3 reason w3 went to th3 beach, which was totally pointless.

> also, didn't your mother tell you it's rude to talk about those who are listening?

AnonObserver: least memorable is the time i accidentally clicked the back button and got a whole new loop or something idk. don't remember anything about that.

AnonObserver: losing gamer status

AnonObserver: for som3 reason w3 went to th3 beach, which was totally pointless.

MinotaursWrath: Yes. Of course. I'm. Sorry. About your gamer status. I'm-- sure it is, uh--

MinotaursWrath: Wait, no that's dumb. Are you just fucking with me? What the hell does any of that mean? How am I supposed to even tally these--

TheCloser: Ronin, you know better than to talk to a customer like that! Take a deep breath and give it another try, like we practiced. I do not need to remind you of the no-tolerance policy on swearing.

*~~(Like this is-- like this is fucking normal! Who the FUCK are these assholes?! What the hell? Sigh. Okay. Let's take it from step one.)~~*

MinotaursWrath: Of course. Sorry about that. I hope you can find locations more appealing to you in the near future. We must proceed to the next question, though-- it shouldn't take too much longer of your time.

MinotaursWrath: Could you tell us about a time you were particularly frustrated with your experience in the AdventureSim?

AnonObserver: also, didn't your mother tell you it's rude to talk about those who are listening?

Yeah, sure, I'll make sure to tell her when I find one, Freud. Answer the question.

> gun

AnonObserver: gun

MinotaursWrath: I. See. Could you expand on this, please?

> intern fruit basket could've had sticker, but gun happened

AnonObserver: intern fruit basket could've had sticker, but gun happened

MinotaursWrath: Sure. Whatever. I guess. Next Question!

On a scale of 1-13 how much do you regret inventing a new Apocalypse. Discuss why.

> 6.5, Apocalypses are gonna happen if ya want to or not, if we're not inventing it someone else will

AnonObserver: 6.5, Apocalypses are gonna happen if ya want to or not, if we're not inventing it someone else will

TheCloser: Ronin, please do make sure to note this fact down.

MinotaursWrath: You got it boss. Last question.

Would you say you are fairly compensated for your work at Eyedol Games.

> no, Peewee needs to get an advance or he's never gonna have any money!

AnonObserver: no, Peewee needs to get an advance or he's never gonna have any money!

TheCloser: Your input is valuable. We will make sure it is more obvious that you need to actually set up with payroll to collect your pay before sleeping for 40 years and expecting to be compensated.

MinotaursWrath: Thank you for filling out the Live Customer Satisfaction Feedback Survey.

Live Customer Satisfaction Feedback Survey Completed! There will be consequences!

You put the phone carefully back into its cradle. Well. That was weird. And kind of rude.

> hello world

Hello, Observer.

> The observers just settled part of your debt for you, you're welcome Peewee!

As if the Observers haven't been the cause of every single problem you've had since you GOT these implants.

> Wait, did you get those implants just before jumping into that echidna? We haven't been around before that

Do you think I care which Observers were around when? Just cuz it was Voided doesn't mean \*I\* forgot.

> who gave you your implants? i can make a pretty solid guess if you aren't willing to share, but it's good to make sure the other Observers are... yknow. up to speed.

Who else. The Grace of Rage.

> Oh right, you don't like them very much, do you? Despap...

Does anyone at this point?

Look, you prefer not to think about this. Can we just. Decide what we're doing during my last 24 hours in this loop or not.

> What do you want to do

Well. You think that looking for the Gamer Fuel would be kinda pointless without your Gamer status. The party did sound like you'd at least get to see what the point of this cake is. And if you go to Eyedol Games maybe you can find more stickers?

> Where the fuck is the party again

Tomorrow. At Eyedol games. The little gameboy printer printout said 7pm? You'll be dead by then, unless you sleep.

> sleep, then

> a corpse seems like a downer for a party, so sleep for 24 hours?

## **1994 November 18th: 3:47 pm**

You did it. It's the right day for the party and you have just over three hours to get there. Truly, you are the most competent of employed adults.

> check if you're prepared for the party, appearance wise

> get yourself ready to go. what kinda party is this again, dress wise? casual? fancy? or did they not tell you?

Uh. You're not sure? And also you're wearing the only jacket and tshirt you own in this Universe.

> good enough, now uh, you should check on the cake

The cake spent the past day just fine in the morgue. You realize you have no idea if you're supposed to bring it to the party or...will someone come get it?

> consult Wanda's notes to check where the party is being held

The Eyedol Games HQ, apparently. You figured if its a 'party' they'd go somewhere else, but apparently not.

> how long would it take to get to HQ from here

You have NO idea. There's no computer in this office and your CYBERNETIC IMPLANTS have no map data for an entirely new universe.

You might...have to just go outside and ask someone for directions?

> uh, maybe try calling HQ?

And risk activating whatever weird Phone Curse you have now... I mean. I guess you could... If...if the Observers REALLY think its a good idea?

> PHONE CURSE TIME

You attempt to dial the number for the CEBro once again.

“Hello! Thank you for calling Closer and Associates-- we truly are sorry, Peewee, but have no need of your...services...as of this time.”

The phone disconnects with a hiss of static and a sense of finality.

> man maybe a banana would be better for this

You really could go for a banana right about now. All yellow and sweet. Not as good as the first banana of a loop but what could be?

Is that a banana over there right now?

> look closer

It is! The glossy yellow of the peel, the slight speckling of brown to show that its fully ripe. It's sitting on a counter near where the cake is stored in the sliding morgue tray.

> banana phone

You go to pick it up, reverently. It squishes in your hand.

It was cake.

> disapointment.

You feel the despair of the truly damned as you realize that the Banana never was. It could not be fruit. It could not be phone. Only could it be deception.

All is cake.

> smells like lies to me

It really does. You sniff at the cake a bit. Vanilla and...is that pistachios? Like. Whole ass pistachio nuts just dumped between layers of cake? What kind of ANIMAL would do this?

> Attempt to use the cake banana's remains as a phone.

You sadly squish it in your hands in a desperate attempt to make it either fruit or phone. It's. Really kind of pathetic.

You lose -1 Dignity! You've obtained the Title "Apprentice Little Meow Meow"!

> write a formal complaint

You find a pen and paper on the receptionists desk and write something out quickly.

To Whom It May Concern, Please stop making bananas be cake and instead make them be phones. Yours, The Man

> add a :(

You decide the entire rest of the page should be taken up by an especially sad emote.

:(

> who left their cake banana at the morgue

Whoever they are you are absolutely swearing. What was that thing? Vengeance.

Man. You're feeling just a bit out of it. Harder than usual to resist the Observers.

> go look outside if you can see if eyedol hq is close

You wander outside still covered in cake and frosting and disappointment.

You blink in the glare of the setting sun. How...how long were you fighting of executive dysfunction and playing with cake?

You check your cybernetic implants and it's just after 5. Looks like you have only two hours to get there now.

Luckily you actually do recognize the area. You're not too far from where you and Bobert went on your ill fated date. Which was itself not too far from HQ.

> consider if the cake would melt in the time it would take to get there

You're not sure you'd want to risk it... You weren't told to BRING the cake to the party. Maybe... Maybe the CEBro has something already planned for it?

> Oh cool, you're not a gamer but the implants still work. Start walking toward the HQ

Sadly they are now only regular CYBERNETIC IMPLANTS instead of GAMER IMPLANTS. If. If they stopped working you think you might just die?

You head towards the HQ, still covered in cake and just a hair confused about everything going on. People are staring at you. It's probably the cake.

> Don't panic but I think you're already dying, this is your last day after all

You immediately begin panicking.

> Deep breaths, breath in for 8 seconds, pause for 4, then breath our for 7 seconds. Just focus on getting to the HQ

You breathe in and out in a steady rhythm.

8.

4

7

8.

4

7

8.

4

7

8.

4

7

"Excuse me, sir." You're so focused on breathing and moving you're startled at someone talking to you. You look and. Yup. That's a cop.

> ask if they could get you to Eyedol

The Cop looks you up and down. You're covered in cake. You seem disoriented and at least mildly panicking.

"Sir. I'm going to need you to come with me to the station. You're matching the description of someone armed and potentially dangerous."

> Realize that you never got rid of the gun.

It's literally in your jacket pocket right now. It's pretty obvious.

> say i think i left my refrigerator running and bolt to eyedol

You try to bolt but the guy tackles you to the ground. You probably out mass him by a lot what with the whole snake part of your body. If you wanted to. You know. Resist arrest.

> gun

> fuck it you're gonna die in probably a few hours anyway, get to the party

> Resist arrest. Try to shoot him with your gun-

> try to get the sympathy of the cop

Your thoughts are a swirling, spiralling mess.

You pull the gun on the cop.

Everything seems to slow down to a crawl.

Suddenly, you feel a sharp pain your chest.

ENDING 3/??? COMPLETE: CRIMINAL ENDING!

Ending stats will be deployed at the DMs leisure. Thank you for playing LOOP 3!

> deploy stats

## **Inventory**

Pistol with 6 Bullets

## **Titles**

Apprentice Little Meow Meow

Criminal

## **Stickers**



microwave with a cake slice cut out of it

machete

'cheaters always prosper'

## **Stats (Not Applicable to non Gamers, barring Banana stat)**

Banana Cravings: 2

## **Achievements (Not Applicable to non Gamers)**

## **Routes Completed**

EPIC GAMER FAIL

Transverses mazes counterclockwise

Deranged Criminal

Catering Helper

An Offer You Cannot Refuse

Home Ownership

Customer Service Training

## **Routes Unfinished**

Holiday Party

Wanda's Friend

Moon Maze Madness

happy family

first paycheck

love in the time of cubicles

out of time

Won't You Be My Neighbor?

A Mysterious Doppelganger

When It Comes To Third Party Arbitration JR is simply the Best There Is

## **Statistics**

Times Attempted West: 0

Times Gone East: 0

Times Gone North: 0

Times Gone South: 0

Miles Traveled: 2

Times Summoned JR: 1

Times Spiraled: 0

Times Jumped: 0

Near Death Experiences: 0

Death Experiences: 1

Time In Heresies Committed: 100

Societies Lived In: 2

Characters Met: CEBro, The Closer, Alt, The Intern, Bobert/Robert Robert/Bobert, Chocolate Guy, The Tourist, Ronin

Political Leaning: Anarchist

Watts Collected:0

Time In Combat: 0:0:3:00

Time In CityCrafting: 0:0:0:0

Glitches:0

Skerims[sic] collected: 0

Networth: -2 Favors

Square Footage of Home: 1000ft

Case Of Death: Chest Wound

SCORE ACHIEVED: 13

Title: Bloody N00b

DM Note: The Next Loop will begin soon. You can expect a special Intermission on Zampanio's 50th anniversary this Friday.