<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEast/static/media/closer-alt.830ff1ca.mp3>

Dear diary,

I believe that perhaps I have failed to mention some other inhabitants of this maze. I suppose it didn’t matter at first, considering the sheer size of it all. Would *you* spend every second examining all the corners of this place? Well, I suppose if you’re *that* person, you might, but that hardly seems time-efficient.

So, this is that list. The mouth that eats is certainly very voracious. The other inhabitants seem nice enough, but vampire rules: have to be invited first, which… sucks. The train conductor I don’t understand the intentions of, but good for them. And that other girl… Why would I say anything about her, in any capacity? I know I have an incredibly obvious crush on her copy that I won’t shut up about, and that I keep hiding from everyone even though no one thinks I’m anything else other than an incredibly hopeless bisexual, but a girl has to know to differentiate, you know? In fact, maybe she’s not even that bad. Maybe I’d like her to grab me by the static collar and teach me some accounting tips herse--

[beat] Oh, there she is. [beat] Oh, she’s not going to be too happy about this, is she? [chuckles] Well, I’m going to start running now. Bye.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEast/static/media/closer-watt.9f11160a.mp3>

The little robot... watt, a cute fellow, isn’t he?

Of course, he can hardly be called a robot anymore. How a being of circuits ends up a ghost is entirely out of my field of study, and I can’t really say I care how it happened. He’s fine. Overly restless, anxious, and eager to please, he’s made himself useful around these parts, and his numbers are nothing to scoff at, either.

The kid is very popular with the new Titled, it seems. Not to dissect the poor rookie, but if I had to guess, it’d be because he’s so pitiful. A sad, little robot in a bathtub, crying out for help. Don’t you just want to... help him? Make him happy, perhaps? Well, just do what he asks, and maybe, just maybe, he wonâ€™t feel so lonely anymore.

He was the former Herald for a reason, after all. He asked, or I suppose the Arbiter asked through him, and people did. Like one of those digital pets. They sold millions of toys on that premise. Maybe... ah, don’t you hate it when the best ideas come to you after the fact? That would’ve been a brilliant merchandising effort. Well, there’s always another time.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEast/static/media/closer-tyrfing.148c069e.mp3>

Well, this one should be interesting. The viking has an enormous chip on his shoulder; it’s one that not even death has managed to rip out of him.

Interesting that I missed him on the way here. You could consider us... well, “neighbors”. Coworkers, really, if in different subsidiaries. From what I understand, his labor involved being an enforcer of sorts, with it involving those strange babies that follow him around. He hardly seems like he knows what Zampanio is outside of something he keeps calling “the great work”. Well, whatever it is, it’s what has fueled him all this time. I suppose the seed was planted in his subconscious in a different way than the others... curious.

However, it does not take the keen eye of an analyst to figure out that he is definitely compensating for something. Not that I’ll complain: that bravado of his is very useful when something needs to be taken care of, but I’m not convinced that a man that does nothing but code simulations about eternal battle and has a body count consisting entirely of babies is someone who is actually capable of carrying that duty to its fullest extent. But I don’t call the shots-- around here, at least. Truth knows why he’s here.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEast/static/media/closer-hunt.38340eb2.mp3>

[audible scoff] And then, there’s this one.

Perhaps it is that I’ve grown annoyed with the constant inconveniences this one likes to cause, feuding with Tyrfing, and whatnot. But... no, nevermind, it is that I’ve gotten annoyed. See, when I had first called her, I thought I was dealing with a fellow professional in her own strange way. She was not what we would call a talker, but she certainly was efficient at what she did. What I had not considered was the idea that I was negotiating with some irreverent mime incapable of understanding work as anything more than a circus performance.

I, for one, am tired of it. There is much more important work to be done, that we are doing, while she spends her time strapping the others to poles, or making letters out of newspaper articles, or pretending to not be able to speak, or leaving tape recordings on my exposition booth along with someone’s eyeballs, which I’m starting to amass an irresponsible amount of. How am I supposed to dispose of these? I let the flower girl take some of the tapes, but as far as I’m aware, she’s just tossing them into the room with the door that eats. Apparently it is “not a big fan of spheres”, whatever that means.

Not that it matters, of course. No one here can actually die, anyway. She’s bound to tire eventually, which I’m assuming is what got her here. That, or the fact that it seems everyone here helped to propagate this branch in some way, which... Well, that is a bothersome thought. Log over.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEast/static/media/closer-flowerchick.04a69ed4.mp3>

Now this one is a case worth talking about. The flower chick, the FAQ author... whatever you wish to call her, is quite the rambunctious one. Bursting with energy, and with... words. So many words that she strings in so many different ways. Communication truly was a blessing and a curse to the living.

I’ll be the first to admit it: I thought she was the least worthwhile of the bunch. And, really, could you blame me? What has she done to earn her place? She failed to write one game guide for as long as the world lasted, and then it ended... truly, the etchings of a Scribe. By the time she’d finished hers, we had published seven official guides, all filled with the most delightful knock-knock jokes the modern consumer could’ve asked for. Really, we had cornered the market. What else could she have contributed, aside from a few bashed-in heads?

But... she understands what work entails, even if her methods are a tad unconventional. The real estate idea... worked. It worked well enough, and perhaps it would be uncouth to not give her that. It is... nice, to have someone who has the drive to reach for higher stratums. Dare I say, I have gotten quite used to her company. The energy is almost... welcome, even. To have someone around who can not just say interesting things, but listen as well, and... other highly irrelevant notes like that.

Okay, this file has gone on for too long. Ending it now.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEast/static/media/closer-mystery.686099b9.mp3>

Okay, so perhaps it’s been a while since I’ve done one of these, and perhaps I’ve failed to mention a very important someone... you know who you are. There’s a non-zero chance you have heard this, and frankly-- you know what? No, I don’t care. If you find this, then it was meant to happen, I suppose. It has been a while since I’ve gotten this ...intimate, with the hands of fate. At least, not since... well. [in a quieter tone] Home. But. They don’t matter, anyway.

I’ve... underestimated you. I hate saying it, but I have. I should’ve been able to better see what was powering you through all along, and not just dismissed it as a quirk. Yes, I knew about your need, and yes, I played into it. I had not been expecting you to... evade a sale, like that. And then I found out who you were, twice over, and... frankly, I’m a little embarrassed. It is my responsibility to know who my associates are, especially one of such caliber as you, not even mentioning... her... [ahem] The point is... I am... I... share my condolences, for the experience that you have had. I will do what is in my power to rectify what I can.

So, there. If you’ve managed to find this somehow, then, good. It proves... proves... nothing. Yes, it truly proves nothing, actually. I’m just... I am going to end the recording now, and then it will be over.

Any time now.