Passwords entered into the EastEast rabbit hole calls to a specific numbered file in the following directory: <http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEastEast/src/Secrets/Content/>

However, there are several numbers not associated to a password at all, and thus would only be accessible from the directory. Listed below are the unlinked texts.

Note: The directory is just missing the numbers 32, 40, 41, 59

25

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEastEast/src/Secrets/Content/25.js>

There's a tumblr post I saw today, that baited me into non-zampanio posting, but there is more I'd like to say, but in a place where there are less Eyes.

Part of the post was: "People are always shocked when I tell them yes, I'm in pain right now. I'm always in pain. I sometimes take painkillers, but it's not feasible to take them all the time and if I did they'd stop working. I just live like this, and some days are worse or better than others, but I am always, ALWAYS in pain. And there isn't really anything else the doctors can do about that."

And yeah.

This.

I remember my own shock when I realized that there were so very many things that doctors couldn't even diagnose except by excluding other things.

So many things where even if you get a diagnosis there isn't a shot or a pill or a surgery you can have that fixes things.

And I remember having to deal with that initial shock while ALSO navigating the shock of the people around me?

I went into work, back when I was a Researcher, on all but the very worst days.

I remember HR coming to me.

I remember not actually being able to sit up, so I had a little cot under my desk and was doing my job on a laptop.

HR told me I could take disability leave, that I should focus on "getting better".

And I had a conversation with her, that did help me feel better (because it always makes me feel better to put my thoughts out in the world instead of leaving them rattling in my head).

I told her that I didn't think I WOULD get better. That there were no more tests scheduled.

That I was a few months away from my appointment with a specialist.

And she seemed so lost at that, and I felt so lost at that.

Because in the TV, if your body suddenly stops working they put you in the hospital and they don't let you leave till they F1X TH1S.

But when I stopped being able to move at random intervals and I went to the ER they just did a blood test and told me I'd need to see a Neurologist and they didn't have one on staff.

So they just...let me go.

And my regular Neurologist could do a few tests, enough to go "yup, your body is fucked" but not enough to say WHY. And even that came after months of other tests that showed nothing.

There was no group of highly motivated specialists just THERE at the hospital ready to help me.

Deadend after deadend.

The only specialist I could find on any of the things it might be was able to confirm I DIDN'T have his thing?

And that's when I decided to stop. The tests were painful. Getting to appointments that were further and further away was painful and hard. My main neurologist just went and quit his practice and I didn't have the energy to find a new one. The energy to find new specialists to try, either.

They call it a 'diagnosis of exclusion'.

When you have ruled out everything that plays nicer with tests and you're left with something harder to test for.

It FEELS less legitimate? To have no 'proof'. Especially when I saw more than a few shit doctors who were all too happy to tell me it was "all in my head" without even looking at my tests.

But, and this in no way constitutes medical advice, yada yada yada...

BUT.

I went from being in a wheel chair most days to having no symptoms at all most days.

Because the diagnosis that everyone avoided because its so damn hard to prove if you don't have the five most common genes for it (when theres over 30 identified)...

Was something called Periodic Paralysis.

And turns OUT.

It can be managed.

Not cured.

Not even controlled.

But.

That's not nothing.

Even if there is no doctor within a thousand miles that apparently could diagnosis it.

Even if I don't KNOW I have that thing.

I can follow the tips and tricks to manage it and for the first time, something \*worked\*.

Fuck potasium, I guess. Turns out its my kryptonite.

With this new lens I could look back at when it all started and see that every single stress response I had to suddenly being disabled was flat out on the list of "don't do this if you have Periodic Paralysis".

I could even see that a lot of my childhood physical "quirks" were a milder form of it. That it got worse in my early twenties but we thought I was "fainting" (p sure past me posting about this might be part of what made people think i died as eon337), even if I wasn't losing consciousness.

And after spending so much time researching on my own, I learned it tends to go from "full body paralysis but only for a second or two" to partial paralysis but for longer as you age. i.e. from 'fainting' to "stuck in a wheelchair all day because i can kinda move but not enough to stand up"

Suddenly my life made SENSE? I felt in control?

Point is.

There's plenty of things doctors can't cure or fix. (But srsly, still a good idea to rule out what CAN be ruled out with doctors. I don't think I would have even HEARD of Periodic Paralysis without them, and believe you me, there were dozens of possibilities that the tests and doctors ruled out that I wouldn't have been able to.)

33

//http://knucklessux.com/InfoTokenReader/?mode=loop

export const text = `

"I've wandered as far west as I can go. Sitting now on Where lies the strangling fruit that came from the hand of the sand, I watch the sun blur into an aftermath. Reds finally marrying blues. Soon night will The phrase means that no matter who you are with or where enfold us all. But the light is still not gone, not yet, and by it I the sinner I shall bring forth the seeds of the dead to share with the worms that gather in the can dimly see here my own dark hallway, or maybe it was just a foyer and maybe not dark darkness and surround the world with the power of their lives while from the dimlit halls of other places forms that at all, not in fact brightly lit, an afternoon sun blazing through the lead panes, now detected amidst what amounts to never were and never could be writhe for the impatience of the few who you are in the world, your family and Where lies the a long column of my yesterdays, towards the end, though not the very end of course, strangling fruit that came from the hand of the sinner I shall bring forth the home always have never saw what could have been. In the black water with the deepest affection and emotional pull. It is the place where you have a foundation of love, warmth, and where I had stood at the age of seven, gripping my mother's wrists, trying as hard as I seeds of the dead to share with the worms that gather in the darkness the sun shining at midnight, those fruit shall come ripe and in the darkness of that which is golden shall split and I've wandered as far west as I can go. Sitting now on the sand, I watch the could to keep her from going."

This is why classical thought concerning structure could say that the center is, paradoxically, within the open to reveal the revelation of the fatal softness in the earth. The shadows of the abyss are like the petals happy memories. It might not always be the building itself, but being near your loved ones.

Home is surround the structure and outside it. The center is at the center of of a monstrous flower that shall blossom within the skull and expand the mind beyond what world with the power of their lives while from the dimlit halls of other places forms that sun blur into the totality, and yet, since the center does not belong to the totality (is not part of the totality), an aftermath. Reds finally marrying blues. Soon night will where the heart was, where is it any man can bear, but whether it decays under the earth or above on green now?

Where could it ever be.

How could never were and never could be writhe for the impatience of the totality has its center elsewhere. The center is not the center."

"If one invests some interest the few who never saw what could enfold us all. But the light is still not fields, or out to sea or in the very air, all shall come gone, not yet, and by it it have been your home, if you to revelation, and to revel, in the knowledge of the strangling fruit-and the hand of the sinner so callously abandoned it. One more thing upon the Pyre of have been. In the black water with the sun shining at midnight, those fruit shall shall rejoice, for there is no sin in shadow or in light that the seeds of the dead cannot forgive. And come ripe and I can dimly see here my own dark there shall be in the planting in the shadows a grace and a mercy from which shall blossom dark hallway, or maybe it was just a foyer and in the darkness of that which is golden shall flowers, and their teeth shall devour and sustain and herald the in, for example, a tree and begins to form some thoughts about this tree then writes these thoughts down, split open to your former life. One more thing sacrificed to the unrelenting desire to KNOW.

And what has maybe not passing of an age. That which dies shall still know life in death for all that decays is dark at all, not in fact brightly lit, an afternoon sun blazing through the further examining the meanings that surface, allowing for unconscious associations to take place, writing all this down as lead panes, now detected amidst what reveal the revelation of the well, until the subject of the tree branches off into the subject of the shelf, that person will fatal softness in the earth. The shadows of the abyss are like the knowing bought you? What satisfaction has it not forgotten and reanimated it shall walk the world in the wrought?

Is anyone saved, anyone at all, through your obsession?

When you finally reach the petals of a monstrous flower that bliss of not-knowing. And then there shall be a fire that knows the naming of shall blossom within the skull and expand the mind beyond what any man can bear, but whether it decays under the you, and in the presence of the strangling fruit, its dark flame shall acquire every spiraling the center, the end which is not, COULD not, ever be an earth or above on green fields, or out to sea or in the very air, all shall come to end, will you part of you that remains.

enjoy immense psychological benefits."

finally be happy?

Will those who loved you once?

Wasted, Wasted, Following the revelation, and to revel, in the knowledge of the strangling fruit-and the hand of the sinner shall rejoice, for there Tree:

You had to Know just to Know it, no ending will there be.

Wasted, Wasted, Digging at the Roots:

If you know how to amounts to a long column of my yesterdays, towards the end, though not the is no sin in shadow or in light that the seeds of the dead cannot forgive. And there shall be make it, your ending will be Truth.

in the planting in the shadows a grace and a mercy from which shall blossom dark flowers, and very end of course, where I had stood at the age of seven, gripping my mother's wrists, trying as hard as I could to keep her from going."

This is their teeth shall devour and sustain and herald the passing of why classical thought concerning structure could say that the center is, paradoxically, within the structure and an age. That which dies shall still know life in death for all that decays is not forgotten and outside it. The center is at the center of the totality, and yet, since the center does not belong to the reanimated it shall walk the world in the bliss of not-knowing. And then there shall be a totality (is not part of the totality), the totality has its fire that knows the naming of you, and in the presence of the strangling fruit, its dark flame shall acquire every part of center elsewhere. The center is not the center."

"If one invests some interest in, for example, a tree and begins to form some thoughts about this tree then writes these thoughts down, further examining the meanings that you that remains.

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`;

const sources = [

//https://www.theidioms.com/home-is-where-the-heart-is/

`

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The phrase means that no matter who you are with or where you are in the world, your family and home always have the deepest affection and emotional pull. It is the place where you have a foundation of love, warmth, and happy memories. It might not always be the building itself, but being near your loved ones.

`,

//House of Leaves

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`

//JR, both past and present

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Home is where the heart was, where is it now?

Where could it ever be.

How could it have been your home, if you so callously abandoned it. One more thing upon the Pyre of your former life. One more thing sacrificed to the unrelenting desire to KNOW.

And what has knowing bought you? What satisfaction has it wrought?

Is anyone saved, anyone at all, through your obsession?

When you finally reach the spiraling the center, the end which is not, COULD not, ever be an end, will you finally be happy?

Will those who loved you once?

Wasted, Wasted, Following the Tree:

You had to Know just to Know it, no ending will there be.

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If you know how to make it, your ending will be Truth.`

//â€• Jeff VanderMeer, Annihilation

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`Where lies the strangling fruit that came from the hand of the sinner I shall bring forth the seeds of the dead to share with the worms that gather in the darkness and surround the world with the power of their lives while from the dimlit halls of other places forms that never were and never could be writhe for the impatience of the few who never saw what could have been. In the black water with the sun shining at midnight, those fruit shall come ripe and in the darkness of that which is golden shall split open to reveal the revelation of the fatal softness in the earth. The shadows of the abyss are like the petals of a monstrous flower that shall blossom within the skull and expand the mind beyond what any man can bear, but whether it decays under the earth or above on green fields, or out to sea or in the very air, all shall come to revelation, and to revel, in the knowledge of the strangling fruit-and the hand of the sinner shall rejoice, for there is no sin in shadow or in light that the seeds of the dead cannot forgive. And there shall be in the planting in the shadows a grace and a mercy from which shall blossom dark flowers, and their teeth shall devour and sustain and herald the passing of an age. That which dies shall still know life in death for all that decays is not forgotten and reanimated it shall walk the world in the bliss of not-knowing. And then there shall be a fire that knows the naming of you, and in the presence of the strangling fruit, its dark flame shall acquire every part of you that remains.`

34

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEastEast/src/Secrets/Content/34.js>

//http://knucklessux.com/InfoTokenReader/?mode=loop

export const text = `

" The phrase means that no matter who you are with or where you are in the world, your family and Where lies the strangling fruit that came from the hand of the sinner I shall bring forth the home always have the deepest affection and emotional pull. It is the place where you have a foundation of love, warmth, and seeds of the dead to share with the worms that gather in the darkness and I've wandered as far west as I can go. Sitting now on the sand, I watch the happy memories. It might not always be the building itself, but being near your loved ones.

Home is surround the world with the power of their lives while from the dimlit halls of other places forms that sun blur into an aftermath. Reds finally marrying blues. Soon night will where the heart was, where is it now?

Where could it ever be.

How could never were and never could be writhe for the impatience of the few who never saw what could enfold us all. But the light is still not gone, not yet, and by it it have been your home, if you so callously abandoned it. One more thing upon the Pyre of have been. In the black water with the sun shining at midnight, those fruit shall come ripe and I can dimly see here my own dark hallway, or maybe it was just a foyer and in the darkness of that which is golden shall split open to your former life. One more thing sacrificed to the unrelenting desire to KNOW.

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const sources = [

//https://www.theidioms.com/home-is-where-the-heart-is/

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]

37

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEastEast/src/Secrets/Content/37.js>

//http://knucklessux.com/InfoTokenReader/?mode=loop

export const text = `

To this day I still don't know if "Zampanio" exists. Maybe the rabbit hole that first fAQ lead me into was just an arg a particularly obessive sburbsim fan lead me into?

and i barely even care!

i love the vibes!

i love how open it feels?

(and if it WAS an arg, holy fuck, what a cool concept. an arg designed to target a niche fandom? or even just a single person?)

so thats the direction i'm trying to take the zampanio fandom.

what fandoms can we sink our tendrils into

will a lobotomy corp fan one day make the exact right google search and fall into this rabbit hole?

what about magnus archives?

and the Herald is trying to get rain world in!

each of us has a wholly unique world inside of us. a different subset of reality we interact with.

each of us can make a personalized branch designed to catch...well...US of all people.

and the fun is seeing who else gets caught by the same bait that would catch you.

`;

39

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEastEast/src/Secrets/Content/39.js>

export const text = `

http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioEyes2/?C=M;O=D

You know it respond to you, right?

The things you pay attention to.

The things you think are going on.

Not all the time.

Not forever.

But you get it right.

It is not what it is.

The Observers are the ones Observed.

What Mark will you leave behind?

`;

43

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEastEast/src/Secrets/Content/43.js>

export const text = `

Something that struck me as weird just now?

The different reflections of me that are out there. The different shambling horrors.

The Cultist knows a different me than the Herald than the original Marked (and even those Marked have wildly different pictures of me).

But especially the Cultist.

The Cultist, you see, specializes entirely in a me that is as close to AB as you can get, in that it is a robot version of me frozen in their teens.

And it's weird seeing that corpse dragged back into the light of day?

'Glomp' and 'the matrix' and 'TAB' and all of that.

An ill fitting mask?

And yet... unquestionably me. Past and Present spiralling together.

Even this is past, from your point of view.

Shards of myself left in places both hidden and obvious. A jigsaw puzzle you can assemble to make a picture with no right answer.

Who is JR, I guess is what I'm asking here. jaded? justified?

Speaking of past and present spiralling together, no sooner than I had taken Recursion as my name and scorned the Researcher than I got an opportunity to become a Researcher once again, as a side job. I'm still jaded, there's no doubt about that but... there's reasons to double up on jobs right now, for me. Here's hoping it doesn't eat up too much of my time.

And that I don't get caught up in the Illusion that I can return to a Past That Never Was. I stopped being a researcher, I became jaded, for a reason, you know? Nostalgia isn't a reason to repeat mistakes.

`;

60

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEastEast/src/Secrets/Content/60.js>

Morgans Hill Telegram 9:

EDICT: FLESH IS BOUND TO THE FLOW OF TIME. THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL.

EDICT: I SHALL BRING SALVATION TO THOSE WHO SUFFER ETERNALLY.

EDICT: ENDLESS LIFE WAS NOT MEANT FOR THIS UNIVERSE.

EDICT: THE WHISPERS WITHIN HAVE CHOSEN THE APOSTLES.

EDICT: REST NOW, CHILD. LET YOUR LOOP END.

62

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEastEast/src/Secrets/Content/62.js>

export const text = `

In the Magnus Archives, which heavily influences my branch of Zampanio...

There's this concept of Choice.

You can be the VICTIM of a fear, no consent needed.

But to become the Avatar of a fear you need to both viscerally fear it AND constantly choose to enable it.

I'll give you an example. My life has strong Corruption themes. Love ends up betraying me a lot, left abandoned in a literally rotting house, with a body that betrays me just as much.

Feeling the stress moderating farrago's discord server build up and up and up.

I had a Choice there. I could have corrupted that server. Turned into a despot. Taken something good and made it harmful.

Instead I backed the hell off.

Same thing with some jobs I've had. I've felt it seeping into my bones, the exhaustion, the burn out. I've felt how it could turn me into a toxic worker.

Instead, I leave.

If things suck, hit the bricks, etc etc.

So that's an example where my instinctive and immediate response to an opportutnity to choose toxcity and corruption has me on the side of the angels.

But I am not always, and I don't think you are, either, Observer.

So let me tell you about Who Is Shogun.

As originally designed, its job was to be a trap. To SEEM like a normal farrago puzzle but lead no where and have no pay off, and that was the joke.

Eventually it HAD to end, as all things do, so its ending was a request to expand on the structure. To join me in coming up with new riddles for it.

And then, I don't remember how or why (again, I'm not on farrago's discord server anymore, so the history is lost to me), I had the idea to give it a FAKE ending.

One that gave you a way to access a channel, and gain a role that LOOKED the same as anyone else who had beaten it but... was not.

Locked you into only one of the TWO Who Is Shogun channels.

And in that channel, everyone who HAD solved that puzzle would gigglesnort to you and slowly lead you to the dawning realization that you HADN'T actually solved it. And then help you get to the real ending.

So.

Uh.

That dawning realization, in my head, would be one of excitement. It's not over! Goody! More content!

Took a few loops for me to realize that it was DAWNING HORROR in most victims instead.

I literally could not parse there being anything fucked up about putting people in a room full of other people lying to them about how smart they were.

SO!

We changed the channel to EXPLICITLY spell out that actually this was another step in the puzzle, the ending was a false wall, adn now you'd get any tips or help you needed to keep going.

At least one person asked me to tear down the puzzle entirely. That asking people to expand it was evil.

I refused, but if I recall correctly, that's what lead to the rework of the gaslight ending.

But that's my point right. Not just that I DID do harm. But that I could not PARSE that harm AS harm.

I'm terrified at betrayal, false friends, being gaslit, being lied to. I'm terrified of being ACCUSED of doing those things.

But somehow all that fear just turned off when it was part of a creative project?

So yeah. There's a reason I present myself as an Avatar of the Spiral. Not just cause I like the vibes.

If I were to ever discover I've done capital E evil, I would expect it to be related to that.

And in the mean time, I try to logic out places I need to be cautious. Warn people that those who seem most harmed by what I create are the ones that obsess. Give it spooky vibes like a poisonous snake has bright colors. BEWARE, my branch screams. BEWARE.

I'll still hurt people. You can't live your life without hurting someone.

But I can try to make sure I take steps to minimize that harm. To warn off those who might be especially susceptible to it.

But seriously.

Uh.

If I learned that say, Tumblrs obsession with Columbo was gaslighting. If I learned Columbo just Did Not Exist the way Goncharov doesn't.

Honestly?

I'd be THRILLED.

My interest would immediately multiply by ten and I would dive into finding out everything I could.

It's why I can't quite parse the #unreality tag surrounding Goncharov as being necessary.

You can't even say its because I'm naive. I had a really good friend in highschool who had hallucinations and reality problems.

And yet my instincts still say "fun".

So yeah.

Observer beware you're in for a scare.

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