http://farragofiction.com/AdventureSimWest/?nostalgia=inexplicable\_spiral.txt

Saved On: 7/4/2022 3:15:43 PM  
'twitch chat defends itself in court, the long awaited sequel to twitch chat has a gun' --The Catalyst

> Reset The Loop

In front of you are a total of 7 beasts.

1. the smallest of them, its head is especially bulbous.
2. this one has very large, very shiny teeth
3. this one is ...wearing seaweed as a hat?
4. this one is monotonously chewing on a chocolate bar
5. this one's head lumps go down its neck
6. this one appears to have rolled in some feathers
7. this one is a fractaling nightmare

You are holding a Pistol with 7 Bullets.

> kill all 7 beasts

You fail to kill all 7 beasts. As much as you despise them, your newly regained GAMER INSTINCTS let you know that would reset the loop. Painfully.

> Oh ffs this is how we reset the loops now? I wanted to jump into an echidna

Maybe next time.

> This again???

Unless you want to start in 1972 every single time. Yes.

> shoot the lumpy one and then drop the fucking gun>

You dispassionately shoot #5. Just before everything goes purple, you see a flash of JR flashing you approving 'thumbs up' as you drop the fucking gun.

## **1996 October 31st: 9:00 am**

You're in a large, very dignified looking, marble building. You hear shouting from behind a large wood paneled door.

> What are they saying?

It's hard to make out, the door is really thick. They sound pretty passionate.

> knock

> lets explore this place

> knock knock

> Examine surroundings.

> Kick the door open and go in

> eat door

As your sort through your mental options you are flush with EARLY LOOP energy and willpower, so decide to knock on the door and fling it open with MAXIMUM GAMER SWAG.

It's a court room.

It is in session.

Everyone is looking at you.

Some chick who looks INCREDIBLY uncomfortable seems to be the defendant?

The CEBro apparently had the floor.

What the HELL is going on?

> LMAO it's Wanda defending the eye killer, isn't it

You'd think you'd notice if a SHADOW TRENCH COAT monster were in this BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM.

"Your Honor, in closing, it is incredibly cringe of you to bully this twenty something girl who, really, is guilty of nothing more than being an innocent cinnamon bun, too pure for this world. I would like a brief recess to speak to my assistant."

> take a seat in the gallery

You try to sit quietly in the back but everyone is still staring at you.

The judge nods once. "I'll. Allow it.", the Judge says, frowning ponderously.

The CEBro rushes up to you.

"Peewee!" she hisses in a clear attempt at a whisper that vaults right over secrecy and into 'everyone listen to this NOW'. "Where WERE you bro? I looked for you all loop! Bro you gotta help me out ,bro!"

> you getting cancelled?

"What! No! Bro! I'm uncancelable! " She gestures wildly at the uncomfortable chick sitting in the lil defendant seat.

"Just trying to save my bro from being unjustly canceled. Girls can't do anything anymore, Peewee."

> what did they do

The CEBro grins at you "Oh just. So many murders. Dozens, really!"

> have they tried the Stop Killing People? Um, I'm Literally Neurodivergent And a Minor?? lol argument? maybe replace the minor thing with something else if they're not a minor

The CEBro grins "Way ahead of you bro! I tried everything I could from Tumblr!" She frowns. "Too bad its not a thing, yet. These bros have NO idea what I'm talking about."

> So how do we help?

"Can you like, take over for me? I really gotta jet. The Intern has this whole thing happening in a half hour. Can't miss it. You know how it is."

> Are you sure letting Twitch Plays Pokemon defend someone in court is a good idea?

The CEBro shoots you a big grin. "It's the best idea I've had in like, 113 loops! Don't worry, the Eye Killer is a sweetheart, I'm sure she'll be a joy to work with!"

Because of course the Eye Killer is just some random girl underneath all that violence and shadow. Of course.

"Tell you what. If you agree, you can have the Payment I was going to get from her!" And with that she pulls out a glowing GAMER FUEL EGG.

You know.

That thing from your own universe.

That thing you need to live for more than 24 hours?

That thing where there's only ONE of them in the entire loop?

That thing.

> I mean sure but don't blame us when shit starts getting derailed.

"Wouldn't dream of it!" she tosses you the infinitely precious GAMER FUEL and is already browsing her PDA as she strides away.

You've obtained the Title "Phoenix Wrong"!

Well. I guess you're. A lawyer now? Don't you need to pass a test or something?

The Judge is looking down at you. "This. Is most. Irregular. You may have. Two hours. To confer. With your client."

> ok good, we need to get all the deets so we dont fuck this up



The Santa Hat sure is a ....look. She seems to be practically catatonic, sitting in her seat. Close up you...DO kinda get an Eye Killer vibe from her?

> Is she okay?

> is she missing anything? clothes, hat... egg?

An Eye, maybe?

> Go talk with Piper

You fail to go talk to...whoever that is and instead go talk to the Eye Killer.

Her every muscle is like a wire on the verge of snapping. She is resolutely looking down and not acknowledging your approach in any way.

What do you say?

> well, since planning your defense in front of the whole courtroom sounds stupid, asked her to come with you to a more private side room so you can talk

She manages to go more rigid when you ask her to go to a room alone with her. After a beat, though, she nods once and follows you to the private council chamber.

She stays an arms length behind you at all times.

You are now in a room, alone, with a tense serial killer. What will you do?

> Say you're here to defend her and to please not stab you

> Yo what that knife do

> okay, so, what \*exactly\* are you on trial for, did you do it, and is there any evidence?what do we have to work with here?

You ask a few questions awkwardly, into the silence.

She's between you and the door, and is watching you warily. Like you're a tiger.

She's every so slightly less tense than she was in the crowded court room.

She is not speaking.

> you'r3 her3 to help

Her body language doesn't change very much. You get the feeling that words mean a hell of a lot less than actions to her.

> ask "Can we call you Piper? Nod if yes, shake your head if no"

You get a blank stare back. She cocks her head slightly as if trying to force you to make sense if she looks at you from a new angle.

She is still resolutely between you and the door.

Her body language changes a bit. Its hard to put your finger on it. Confusion turns into understanding and she tils her head slightly towards the door. Towards the courtroom.

She shakes her head "No".

> Attempt to look non-threatening. Ask what you \*should\* call her.

You fail to activate your "Poor Little Meow Meow" Title! Titles from previous Loops can not yet be accessed!

> Okay but what exactly are you In for

She eyes you warily, but makes a vaguely stab oriented motion.

> … introduce yourself?

You explain that you are Peewee "The Man" Cassan, Epic Gamer, Glitch of Doom, Devil of Spirals and who knows what else.

She edges closer to the wall, muscles tensing. She does not seem to be soothed by your pedigree.

> look to see if there is someone shaped somewhat like an egg nearby

You fail to do this as you are currently trapped in a room by an anxious serial killer.

> Cool, eye killer it is. Let's get this game of ace attorney rolling, shall we? Gotta write what we have so far down: 1.semi-mute Eye killer, possible plead of insanity? 2. she totally did those murders yet we need to find a way to convince the legal system she hasn't. 3. material to use: a meme picture from 5DARPS, tumblr quotes, testimony of a mute murderer.... got any legal documents here, Eye killer?

She shrugs.

> do w3 hav3 a cas3 fil3? search and review cas3 fil3

She looks meaningfully at the table at the center of the room.

> look at the case file then

It's...its just the lyrics of "All Star" by the hit band Smash Mouth. Recognizably in the CEBro's writing.

Wait. No...its...vandalized?

Well the years start coming and they don't stop coming

Fed to the rules and I hit the ground running

Didn't make sense not to live ~~for fun~~

In the margin, scrawled next to that section is "Memento Mori"

Glad to see the CEBro is just as good at communication as ever.

You feel a presence behind you.

> NOT AGAIN

You duck and cover only to spook the Eye Killer who had been trying to see what you were doing. She's inside the walls now. There's a vent where there hadn't been before.

> Activate your gamer skills from playing Ace Atorney and defend this poor, totally guilty girl!

You see a single purple glowing eye from inside the vent, watching you. You've got this. You can defend her!

> how has this girl killed peopl3 again?

You have absolutely no idea. You ask her.

You hear an audio recording click on. "*“Many are curious about the murders-- // --is that you?” Very well. // The following presentation is meant for mature audiences only*"

"This marks the 47th confirmed victim of the Eye Killer, the elusive murderer that has taken the state by storm. // A combination of grisly murders, inane codes and riddles, and bizarre public letters-- // While the original link between victims had been their religious activity, the list slowly became indiscriminate. // The crime scenes carry a series of strange riddles, with many across the country trying to solve them for a shot at fame. "

"Was our service satisfactory?"

The audio recording from the vent stops. The purple glowing eye stares at you unblinkingly, waiting for your reaction.

> Yup, thank you! Sooo uhhh, was Wanda succesfull in defending you so far?

From the vent, you hear "♪Well the years start coming and they don't stop coming♪ day after day after day!'"

> look for egg shaped people, but this time look if they are wearing green or red

you remind yourself out loud to look for egg shaped people once you're back in the courtroom. for now, you want to focus on trying to build a defense for the Eye Killer

> have we considered shifting the accusations on the eye killer towards egg people?

You ask the Eye Killer how much evidence there is that she was the one who did the killings.

She just stares at you, not bothering to play a recording. You ...you guess that means that its pretty obvious she did it.

> Okay, so where did they catch her? Might be able to figure out a defense from there

> 47?! ask (politely) how sh3 was caught, as many details as possibl3 so that w3 hav3 an idea of a defens3

"The accused was found hiding in a cabin -//-accompanied by two possible hostages.-//-concerned citizen lead authorities to what some officials are now calling a 'murder nest'."

> Okay so who were the hostages

identity of the hostages has not yet been released -//-reports indicate they will testify

> fuck it, look for stickers

Your GAMER INSTINCTS activate and you check underneath the all star lyrics and find some stickers! The set contains a gold star reading "shooting star", a sticker of the Eye Killer herself and oh hey, some kind of funny little ghost robot man?

'Sticker Set' (79/113) has been added to your Inventory!

> So we've got someone who's obviously guilty, was caught with hostages (?!?) and also we don't know who they are? Do you think we can still plead insanity? Or like what they make owners of dogs plead?

You wonder aloud who would even count as this serial killer's "owners".

"I ain't no rat."

Noted.

> any chance of claming it as self defense?

When you ask that she pokes her shadowy head out of the vent. Suddenly she's fully out and a girl. There is no vent and never was. She points at you and holds up a beaten up tape recorder. "THAT".

> Call a surprise witness to testify

You ask if there's anyone she can think of who might be able to help and she just shrugs and plays another clip: “As always, should you -//-be caught or killed,-//-disavow all knowledge of your actions "

> So... you self-defensed 47 times? In a row?

She nods. "what can i say-//-it's been a rough-//-years "

> so what does cebro normally do to get you out of this pickle??

She shrugs. Looks meaningfully again at the all-star lyrics.

> You know what, we can work with this, great progress!

She doesn't RELAX at this. You can't actually imagine her relaxed. But she does seem significantly less likely to bolt and/or slit your throat.

It's probably time to go back out there then... Is there anything you'd like to do before facing the court?

> give her a thumbs up, we got this

She repeats the gesture back at you, hesitantly.

> ask if eye killer wants the shooting star sticker

She eyes it warily, then shakes her head.

> hm, might be able to get off on any first degree murder charges, maybe weave in some self-defense and mental illness, and we'll have a decent case

> hm, might be able to get off on any first degree murder charges, maybe weave in some self-defense and mental illness, and we'll have a decent case

Thinking to yourself about how best to navigate this case, you step out into the harsh fluorescent light of the courtroom.

The Eye Killer immediately tenses back up, but takes her place in the defense stand once again.

You remember that you're supposed to look for egg shaped people... You scan the audience, the jury, the witn....what? Is that.

There is a second Eye Killer in the witnesses stand. She seems nervous, but decidedly less feral.



> YO WHAT THE FUCK

You gesticulate wildly at the Eye Killer next to you and she just kind of shrinks in on herself. It seems she's less comfortable communicating in this huge, bright, crowded room.

> uh, thats... an interesting turn of events, maybe reassure that we can do this

You reassure the Eye Killer that things are going to be alright, but she still seems miserable and tense. She hunches down as low as she can in her seat.

> wave at the second, less feral eye killer and smile

She does a double take at your snake half, glares at you, and turns to the man next to her (a lawyer?) and whispers something to him. Huh. She can talk?

The Judge clears his throat. "I trust. You have had. Sufficient time. To prepare. Young man? Are you ready. To make. Your opening. Remarks?

> Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready? Are we ready?

> Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or Are we ready or

> begin winding in a continuous and gradually widening (or tightening) curve, either around a central point on a flat plane or about an axis so as to form a cone.

You get the sneaking suspicion that the HorrorTerrors colonizing your brain are trying to get you to spiral. Jokes on them tho, its early enough this loop that you're still of plenty of pep. PLUS you touched the GamerFuel already so....

You've got more FreeWill than you know what to do with to be honest.

You stare awkwardly up at the Judge as he waits for you to speak. As everyone in this room waits for you to speak.

> shit

shit

> Present your lawyers badge as your opening statement

You awkwardly pat your jacket pocket only to realize you don't have one. You don't have a passport, either. The JUDGE is frowning at you now. He seems very, very disappointed.

> Ask Mia what to do next

You fail to ask Mia what to do because there is no one here but the Eye Killer who seems to have failed her own roll against Spiralling.

> Frown back at the judge, if he wants to play it that way, two can play at that game

> Attempt to summon JR through sheer force of will.

>JR, Be Summoned

>JR here. Peewee, just summarize what you guys discovered in the back room, okay. Don't listen to the Observers, you're doing fine. It'll work out. Wait. Shit, nvm, looks like one of the Observers has their shit together. JR out.

> Good morning ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I have been brought here defend the young lady being accused today, who has been accused to have killed 49 people. Remember that one is considered innocent until proven guilty.

The Crowd murmurs.

The Defense has earned one (1) Justice Point (JP)!

>JR, Comment on how technically there is only one Innocent here.

You're not wrong.

>JR, go back to your attic. It's not the April Fools day, yet.

That was weird.

The Defense Attorney stands up.

"This young lady was found covered in blood. Holding my client against her will in quite frankly unsanitary conditions. She refuses to communicate despite accommodations this court has provided. Ladies and Gentleman of the jury, I will, over the course of this trial, walk you through necessary and sufficient evidence to prove that the defendant killed dozens of people."

The Crowd murmurs.

The Prosecution has earned two (2) Justice Points(JP)!

The Judge gestures for the two of you to sit down.

"Defender, have you any witnesses to call to the stand?"

> I call eggman to the stand

There is silence in the court. Someone coughs.

The Judge blinks down at you. "Have you. An address? For your witness? Or. A Phone number? How would we. Contact them? If they are. Obviously. Not here?"

> ....

> I call ourselves to the stand instead then

"This is. Most Irregular." The JUDGE seems to think it over. "But I'll allow it."

You take your place on the WITNESS STAND.

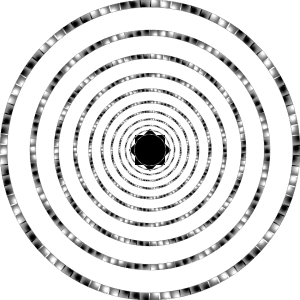
"Prosecution. You may. Examine the Witness."

The Prosecution stands up and stares at you. And is still staring.

"Is there. A particular book you would. Like to swear on?" The JUDGE asks you.

> I swear on the book that my child made for me that I thought was really cute.

> i swear on Cats: The Book of the Musical Paperback , to tell truth, and truth, and more truth



You get the weirdest flash of something not quite spiraling in the back of your mind.

> Cats: The Book of the Musical Paperback

The Prosecution blanches. But the JUDGE allows it.

"Well. Mr Cassan. May I ask what relation you have to the defandant?" The Prosecution is doing an admirable job of trying to take this media circus seriously.

> As someone who was known the defendant for a period of time, i can attest to the content of their character

"I. See." The Prosecution seems unimpressed. "So you can testify where they were the night of October 31st, 1992."

> We were not relevant at that time, as it was timeskipped

"Your honor. I do not see the point of continuing to cross examine this witness. Must we continue this farce?"

The JUDGE frowns. "Witness. Sit back down."

You slither back to your seat, defeated.

The prosecution remains standing.

"I call to the stand the Innocent." he says. The girl who looks like the Eye Killer but with two eyes walks up to the witness stand.

"Your honor. I have prepared, uh, 'House of Leaves' to swear on." She looks like she's about go on, but abruptly stops, furrowing her brow-- you feel like she was about to go on a bit about the book itself, explaining why in a bit of a fangirlish haze, but being locked in a room with, uh, your totally innocent defendant, might be putting her at edge a bit.

The JUDGE turns to you. "The Defense may begin examining the witness."

> What is you relation to the defendant

She glares at you. "Relation? You mean the part where she stole my face, or the part where she kept me-- in a-- a-- what did they call it, a murder nest for years?" She says, with barely-concealed hostility.

> Yes, I would like you to explain what happened to you that made this trial begin in the first place

The barely concealed hostility turns into very apparent indignation. "I... are you-- paying attention?! I was kidnapped-- for years! *Years!* By her! And her... her accomplice. Then-- then \_that\_ guy came... and got enough evidence for the cops to actually take it seriously. And now? Here we are. In here."

She takes a moment to take in everything around her, then sighs, her shoulders just as wire-tense as the Killer. "I don't even know how this is a \_thing\_ right now. You FOUND me in her murder hovel, thing, whatever."

> DM: restart

The JUDGE stares down at you expectantly. "Is that. All the questions. You had then. Young man?"

> Ask "hold on ma'am, how has my client "stolen" your face? Your face seems perfectly attached to your head. Do you have copyright claim on it? NGL this is kinda sussy!"

She just stares at you, incredulously. "Can you not. Can you not SEE she has my face? Do you think that is a NORMAL thing people can do?"

> uh wait one more question do you think that she is, like, insane

Her frustration level ratchets up a notch. "YES! She's a psycho who shouldn't be allowed to be on the streets!"

The Prosecution interrupts "Your Honor, I think my Witness requires a break. No further questions."

The JUDGE ponders for a moment. "Then. We shall. Recess. For the day. Tomorrow. At 9am. We shall. Resume."

Several extremely cautious looking bailiffs lead the Eye Killer away and everyone is milling about, getting ready to leave.

> We successfully managed to do fuck-all, but basically just tricked the witness into giving basically zero useful information to the court, so +1 for us?

You award yourself ONE JUSTICE POINT. But since it isn't in that fancy lil font it doesn't count.

You are now aware that you are, once again, homeless. At least in this loop you're not banned from entering the Eyedol HQ?

How do you want to spend your night?

> while a bad idea lets go explore anywhere dangerous

You step outside of the courthouse and have NO idea where you are. Vaguely in Ohio, you guess?

At least, you THINK it's ohio and not, say, Naples Italy.

You know, the only two places on Earth you have ever been?

You have NO idea what direction you'd even go in to find danger.



"Dad!" Oh hey, it's your beloved child, Rod. He looks like he's...huh, college aged? You guess that's right...

> ohio seems to have actually have the power to take over the world in this universe it seems

It truly is the center of the world.

> greet your child, and ask em how they've been

> Hug Rod and cheerfully greet him, this is the first time we've seen him in like three loops come on!!!!

Rod seems embarrassed but shifts the plush Echidna to his other arm and gives you a lil side hug.

"I'm okay. Just. Dealing with Melon rooming with me after he got kicked out of that fraternity. Rebel says 'hi', by the way."

"Big Bro was saying you might need a ride to the office?"

> Oh that'd be great, yeah. Say hi to Melon and Rebel too! Do you need any help dealing with Melon btw? We know he's a bit, difficult

Rod's shoulders hike up just a bit and he squeezes the echidna lightly. "Yeah. It's fine. He's fine. He'll be back on his feet in no time."

He takes you to a modified van with no front seat. "Sorry only the driver's side is modified for Lamia, dad"

> get in van

As you start to get into the van, you hear the distinct sound of a camera shutter going off behind you.

> what

You turn around and see just the barest glint of something from behind the corner of a nearby building.

You could try to investigate, or finish getting into the van with Rod.

> Investigate.

The observer is asked to pick a random number.

> one million billion

You pick 1,000,000,000000,000.

Failure

You see the back of a bouncy hair style absolutely FLEEING before it vanishes into a maze of buildings.

Rod's calling you from across the street, apparently he's worried he can't stay parked here for much longer.

> Did you catch what color it was? (Go back to the van.)

You managed to see brown hair, at least.

You head back to the van and Rod rather than trying to chase them down.

"Uh. You ready to go to the office now, Dad?"

> yeah

You head back to the office and Rod drops you off. "Are you SURE you're going to be fine here overnight, Dad? I...I guess the serial killer isn't in the breakroom anymore but... "

> Reassure Rod and ask him if he has time to hang out and catch up on things anytime soon

Rod scratches at his head and then tightens his grip on his Echidna. "Oh. Um. I guess for a bit? We can't. Uh. We can't go back to my place, though. Melon. You know."

"What did you want to do?"

we'v3 got a cas3 to solv3!

"Oh uh. What case?"

> Oh dw about that, how about we go for a lunch?

Rod clutches the echidna harder.. "Uh. Dad. Have you set up payroll yet? I kind of...uh. Big Bro only gave me enough money for me..." He looks embarrassed "I don't really have enough to treat you since I don't have a job yet?"

> suggest something free, a park maybe

He brightens "Oh! I think Rebel might be done with his last class by now? Maybe we could go see him? Melon won't expect me back for an hour, at least..."

He squirms a bit. "I know Rebel can be...a little hard to get along with? But I think if you two just got to know each other you'd get along great!"

"So is that okay, Dad? Do you want to go see Rebel?"

> yeaaahhhhh

The two of you walk towards the local park. Rod doesn't seem to know what to do, luckily your NEWLY REGAINED GAMER STATUS means you know how to do the small talk mini game again, and in fact you get a BONUS!

Would you like to ask about:

1. What Rod/Rebel/Melon are majoring in?
2. If Rod remembers your first Loop?
3. If that nice little cafe you almost ate lunch at with Bobert is still around?
4. What Rod thinks of the Eye Killer Case?
5. How the CEBro has been?
6. Something else?

> 2, but subtly. Try not to freak him out in case he doesn't remember.

You dance around the subject a bit and Rod seems confused until something clicks for him. "Oh! You mean all those stories Big Bro would tell us at night! Yeah! You slept for 40 years, right?"

As you're walking you get the distinct feeling you should pick a random number.

> What range of numbers are we dealing with?

Follow your heart.

> 57

Failure

The two of you arrive at the Park, where Rebel is standing, holding a frisbee and looking confused.



"Oh hey, Rod. Uh. Dad. Did you see which way my friend went?"

> to eeby deeby, my son

Rebel scowls at you. "You sounds just like Big Bro. What does that even mean. GROW UP!" he crosses his arms and looks away in a huff.

> NO WAIT COME BACK WE LOVE YOU

Rebel very pointedly isn't looking at you. Rod gets between the two of you. "Rebel. Come on! This is our first time meeting Dad, can't we try to have a nice time? As a family?"

"I guess Melon isn't really part of this family then, huh."< Rebel scowls at him but turns back around, slowly.

"That's not fair." Rod says, squishing his Echidna slightly.

He sighs, then turns to you. "Dad! Did you want to play frisbee with Rebel since his friend vanished on him?"

> Tell our Son we are ready for gamer (frisbee)

Say no more, it's time for yet another

epig gaemer moment

Frisbee mode activated. Type Left, Right or Center + Up, Center or Down to try to catch the frisbee!

Rebel telegraphs throwing the frisbee Center + Center!

> center + center

Failure! You take 3 damage!

Rod whispers to you surreptitiously "Dad, Rebel NEVER plays fair when he's mad. He mostly does the OPPOSITE of whatever you think he will. Which doesn't even make SENSE if it's center, its like then he just picks randomly...

Rebel telegraphs throwing the frisbee LEFT+ UP!

> right + down

SUCCESS!

You clutch the frisbee in your hands as Rebel scowls at you and Rod. Where will you telegraph throwing, and where will you actually throw?

> Telegraph left + up, throw left + down

> center up, center up. Make him jump with his privileged legs, fuck them kids

You weigh your two options carefully and flip a coin.

You telegraphs throwing the frisbee CENTER+ UP!

Rebel goes low and misses the frisbee entirely. He looks pissed.

Success!

It's your turn again, since he missed. Where will you telegraph and where will you throw?

> Center + up again. fuck them kids x2.

You telegraphs throwing the frisbee CENTER+ UP!

Rebel eats grass again as the frisbee flies high over head. Your gamer skills continue to be unparalleled-- it appears your son cannot do 'the DOUBLE JUMP'.

You are snapped out of your gamer prowess when a nearby tree rustles, and the three of you look over. Before you can even get close to it, a really cool dude wearing aviators drops down from its crown and does a dead sprint towards the frisbee. Rebel reflexively ducks-- they put an arm forward and use his back to propel themselves upward, grab the frisbee with their teeth, and start fucking BOOKING IT away from you.



"I can't do this anymore! This frisbee game is TORTURE, man!" They muffle-yell, the plastic disc in their mouth impairing their speech. *"I'm out of here!"*

> [captain hook voice] WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET THAT SCURLY BRAT!

The observer is asked to pick a random number.

> Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine

Failure

Your GAMER SENSES tingle. You think the odds of you succeeding are going up each time.

The MYSTERIOUS FRISBEE THIEF scampers out of sight.

"Why the hell did my friend steal my frisbee?" Rebel seems more mystified by events than upset by them."

> That was your FRIEND?

Rebel looks up at you from where he's still sprawled on the grass. He seems too dazed to be rebellious right now.

"Yeah. He fucking vanished when you guys showed up?"

Rod squeezes the echidna and looks towards where the guy vanished. "Well. No more frisbee, I guess..."

> It's okay Rebel, if they're your friend you'll most likely get it back next time you guys hang out

"I guess???" Rebel still just looks mystified. "Did you like. Do something to him, Dad?"

> Consider getting better friends? They can. Uh. Friend Tinder? Does that exist yet?

His expression twists back into a scowl. "You didn't raise me. Even if you did you wouldn't have the right to decide who I'm friends with. DAD. But you SURE as hell don't have that right given you're just some fucking stranger.

Rod makes placating gestures. "Guys. Uh. Why don't we go look at some of the statues in the park? "

> Chill out dude, a lot of things are our fault but it's not OUR fault your friend ditched you

"Did I SAY that." Rebel bristles at you "All I said was don't tell me who to be friends with."

Rod begins trying to tug the both of you to go look at the series of statues nearby.

> Go look at the statues.

You give in a let Rod tug you along. Rebel grunts but follows along.

Oh. Hm. You kind of don't want to look at these statues. They seem to be stylistic representations of the 8 Divines.

> Look at them closer

A snake with an alligator head. A one eyed laughing pirate. A magician. A horse. A politician wielding scales. A.

You don't want to look anymore.

> A horse???

You let your eyes drift back to the horse. Yup. A bipedal horse carrying a large ornate stop watch. What a weirdo.

> Grab the stopwatch.

You fail to grab the stopwatch because its made of stone and part of the statue. Rebel is laughing at you and Rod is wide eyed gesturing at you to stop trying to deface the art.

> Deface the art. You WILL GET THIS STOPWATCH.

You put your entire soul into using your hands to break solid stone and fail.

People are staring at you.

Rebel has fallen on his ass laughing and Rod looks like he's trying really really hard to pretend he doesn't know either of you.

'You lose 1 Dignity!

> Offer to give 25 subs to each person who helps you get this stopwatch. This is your life now.

You double the hell down on this stop watch. Rebel has stopped laughing and looks aghast. Rod has frozen.

One of the guys from the breakroom at Eyedol games swoops in and starts also scrabbling at it with his weak little noodle arms. It's not helping.

You owe 25 Subs to one of the Tom Peyotes!

> Cease.

You finally give up and lie, panting, on the ground on your back. The other guy is still pawing uselessly at it.

> Don't we already owe one of those guys 183 thousand dollars? You'd think we would have learned not to do this by now.

That was entire different loop, baby, it seems like nearly all the consequences of your actions clear each time! Convenient, that.

Not that you're not used to it, of course.

> Well let's just lay here now

You lay on the grass in the park, listening to the wind and looking up at the clouds and the rustling leaves. It's peaceful.

> How's Tom doing over there?

It looks like he's laying down next to you, staring up at the sky.

> any cool shapes in the sky?

Just standard GAMING ones. You got a cloud shaped like some GFUEL, a cloud shaped like a controller, and a cloud shaped like a gun.

> Any of them shaped like updog?

You fail to fall for that classic blunder. Though you reason ANY dog in the clouds would TECHNICALLY be an very up dog.

> Check for cloud stickers.

You roll over and check the surrounding area for stickers. Tom helps out, too. Between the two of you find three stickers: One of a gold stop watch, one of a frisbee, and one of clouds.

You wonder when Eyedol Games employees had time to hide them.

'Sticker Set' (88/113) has been added to your Inventory!

> How many more till a full set?

You're...not sure? You got two this loop... 4 that time you unleashed the apocalypse...two or three from that time you nearly got arrested. Out of 113?

> hm, would you get arrested if you vandalized the statues with a marker?

Maybe? Only one way to find out and you are all out of markers.

> invit3 children to lay on th3 ground

You look around for Rod and Rebel but they are absolutely gone. Come to think of it you haven't seen them since you offered up the gamer subs...

The Tom Peyote is just kind of awkwardly standing around.

> So is there just always a Tom stalking you for the moments when you offer to give out subs?

You....guess so? You try to ask him but he just asks if you're working hard or hardly working.

>oops, get to Eyedol to continue your cas3 work

You follow the Tom back to Eyedol HQ. It looms in front of you, glass glistening in the setting sun. You feel oddly nostalgic seeing it. You feel like you haven't been back in........All-Father Below, three loops?

You enter the front door and can go either NORTH, SOUTH or EAST.

> east

> south to the CFO. get that bread!

You flip a coin and decide to go SOUTH, to the CFO.

Sure enough, you find her in her office, flower on full display; she's got one foot on her desk, while the other one rests on top of the chair seat. "Oh, heeeey! long time no see, Gamer." She says, winking at you with her still-working eye.

She seems to be doing a series of complicated math things on the computer in front of her, which your electronic enhancements can't make heads or tails of. Probably accounting. Probably. That seems like something a CFO might do, you think.

She hunches forward, propped up by her arms-- and you mentally agree to not audibly react to her absolutely hogwild two-legged sitting position. "Heard you actually weren't even a Gamer last loop? Lost it in another pocket somewhere? That's wild. How did you even cope? I personally just wouldn't."

You open your mouth, but she doesn't wait for you to reply. "Aaaaaanyways, sorry Wanda shoved you directly at the court case of the century. Usually it's the only thing that can distract her from her precious Intern..." She sighs, the exasperation apparent as she throws her hands up in defeat. "But I guess not this time! Hopefully she doesn't get up to TOO much trouble while on vacation. Aaaand... hopefully you get on a cool speedrun list somewhere?" She gives you another wink as she puts a hand to the side of her mouth, whispering at you conspiratorily. "Fastest record is two days."

> to win the case, or to burn the courtroom down?

She grins at you. "Now THERES a speed running tactic Wanda hasn't tried before."

> please make sure we're getting paid for this shit

You start things out by speed running getting paid. You know the drill by now. Quadruple minimum wage, solid benefits, etc etc. Complimentary G-Fuel booster eggs in the breakroom fridge. This time it turns out you'll get your first paycheck after the trial so you might even live to see it.

> What tactics are there? Apart from being a lawyer and knowing what to do

She leans back in her chair, arms behind her head. "Nope! Not gonna spoil it for you! Wanda trusts you to do something different, and she's going to be all up in my grill if I tell you, so.... good luck, have fun!" She chimes, saluting you.

> Speaking of Wanda, is she around? We should uh, get some info from her. About the case and stuff

"LOL, no." She gestures vaguely towards the CEBro's office. "It's almost like you took her once-a-loop responsibility, huh? She's gone to who knows where with her best bro, bro. You'll be lucky if you can find her. Which you get used to! It's not like I can do that, either...."

Her working eye rolls to the side, assessing her own sentence-- something about what she just said appears to have made her pause. "No, actually, I could probably find her," she finally responds, filling the spaces between her words with uncomfortable pauses. "I'd just... rather not. You get it."

> Were you really expecting me to read all this?

> Hello?

You take some time to greet the newest voice in your head.

DM Note: Responses happen when the DMs have time, so it can take a while. If readings not your thing, you're absolutely in the wrong place.

> Ask the CFO if there's, like, ANY info or materials around that would help you with this case (and aren't just all star lyrics)

"Oh, she hit you with the All Star? Sheesh, press F, am I right?" The CFO chuckles, then rubs her chin in thought. "Let's see... you can't do that one, I can't LET you do that one... that one might unravel reality as we know it... that one's just All-Star again. Hm." She shrugs. "I mean, I guess if you really wanted to... you might be able to ask the Quotidian Infobroker System to give you some Reports?"

> quotidian infowhat now

"You're a gamer, right? I'm sure you'll figure it out." She leans back on her seat, arms behind her head, as she flashes you a smile. You know when you are being issued a Gamer Challenge. "You know what they say, if there's enemies, you're heading in the right direction! Although I don't think it can count as that? Eh. " She waves you away dismissively. "Aaaaanyways, been great meeting you, Peewee! But I got levels to grind, so... break a leg! Er-- tailbone? I'll get back to you on that one. Just close the door when you leave, m'kay?"

> go find RoBobert

You find yourself at a crossroad, you can go NORTH or you can go SOUTH.

> south

You head south directly to R&D to find Robert/Bobert Bobert/Robert. You really should ask him which one he is this time.

It's pretty late, but he actually is still pecking away at a keyboard. He hasn't noticed you, yet.

> hey peewee, do you have an opinion on cats?

Uh. You guess they are okay. You feel really bad about the whole '9 lives' thing. That's gotta suck. And man do you empathize with some of them being bad luck.

You zone out thinking about cats while Robert/Bobert Bobert/Robert (really gotta figure out which he is) types away.

> you may not like this question but what info do you have about odin?

Who?

> geez, stop being rude, say hi

> Say hi to Bobert and ask for his preferred name this loop

You finally stop zoning out and greet Bobert/Robert. He shoots to his feet and stares at you.

"I am telling you I am. Uh. Robert Bobert. It is...good to see you..." He seems to be watching you to see what you'll do.

> ask if he remembers meeting you before

He considers this for a moment. "I am telling you I have memories of you." He hesitates. "But I am also telling you you may not agree."

> whatcha workin on?

He looks down and scuff his foot against the ground a bit. "A personal project."

> I hope we didn't hurt your feelings, Robert. the last we remember, we were becoming good friends...

> What does he remember?

He hesitates. "I'm telling you that we are good friends. I am worried that you may change your opinion of me if I tell you what I remember."

> Ooooh it's the deleting-the-universe stuff, right? Sorry about that... you seemed very happy about the sticker, we thought it'd be a great idea

> our bad choices embarrassed you in public, got that nice cafe burned down, and then destroyed the world, so it can't be that bad comparitively

> ther3 is nothing you could say that would mak3 m3 hat3 you

"Yes. I remember all of that. " He says. "But I am telling you that they are not my memories. The Creator gave them to me. As a gift for you."

> It's ok we still love you <3

> Hug

> oh yeah, I think she mentioned that a loop or two back! it's not your fault you don't have the ability to remember across loops on your own. As long as you are okay with accepting the memories?

Robert Bobert returns the hug.

"I am telling you that it is impossible to have preferences without memories."

> Well, we prefer you

"Noted."

You try to recall why you came here in the first place...were you looking for the Quotidian Infobroker System?

> subscribe to technoblade

You fail to subscribe to technoblade as its 1996 and youtubers, thankfully, do not yet exist.

> Ask where you find it

While still in Robert Bobert's arms, you ask him where the Quotidian Infobroker System is.

You feel the most surreal sensation, as if the Universe itself were laughing at you while also being supportive of your gay rights.



Robert Bobert stares into your eyes. "I though you knew? I am one unit of the Quotidian Infobroker System. I am telling you that if you have a simple query I may be able to answer it. Else you will need to find our Leader."

> well, we're looking for Reports on the Eye Killer's trial so that we can Speedrun it? (as an aside, Peewee, you okay there man?)

Robert Bobert blinks at you. He pulls up the company intranet and starts typing away.

(You're kind of used to being the butt of the Universes jokes. You just wish it wasn't an Echidna this time.)

After a few minutes he gestures for you to look at the screen. "I am telling you that this is information the Creator asked us to compile ahead of the trial. "

## **The Eye Killer: Total Bro?**

1. Born: 1974
2. Joins Cult: 1984
3. Escaped Cult: 1991
4. Starts Killing: 1992
5. Innocence Preserved: 1
6. Number of Victims: 49
7. Number of Discovered Victims: 47
8. Cultist Victims: 34
9. Number of Victims Who Had It Coming: 49
10. Links to Zampanio: 113
11. Year Wodin Killed: 1994
12. Ends Killing: 1995
13. Begins Assassinating: 1995
14. Trial About Assassinations: No
15. External Defense Funds For Assassination Charge: All of Them
16. Number of Jurors: 13
17. Number of Jurors with Significant Debt: 3
18. Number of Jurors with Significant Cringe: 12
19. Ability of Court to Contain Her: -1

> any info about this "cult" in particular?

"For more in depth queries you will need to discuss the matter with our Leader", Robert Bobert says, as if by rote.

> okay?

> who is that?

> who is da leader?

Robert Bobert looks confused. "I have memories of you using my device to speak with them. Do you truly not know Jepe Rilvia. " He frowns. "More importantly. It is getting late. I am telling you it may be prudent to sleep. Court is early in the morning."

> no clip through the floor

You activate your Gamer powers and wedge yourself into a corner and rocket through several floors of the building. You have no idea where you are.

> WHAT

> not sure who noclipped you here but here we are, observe our surroundings

> Look around.

> Look for something familiar. Or for the Leader.

You are deep within the cubicle hallways of Eyedol games. Obvious exits are NORTH and SOUTH. It's PRETTY LATE.

> Fuck it, go sleep till tomorrow, 8 hours? Ish?

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

> Sleep for 0.333333 days

INPUT ACCEPTED.

## **1996 November 1st: 7:00 am**

You wake up sprawled out in the middle of an Eyedol Games cubicle hallway. Court is in two hours. You hear muffled whimpers of fear.

Next to you is a bald man with a frankly magnificent red moustache and goggles on his head, bound and gagged. He is staring up at you with wide, bulging eyes.

There is a note next to him.

> read note

> Read note

> read not3

EGGMAN FOR SERVICES RENDERED :)

> what is your hydration at?

About 0%. You don't think you've actually drunk anything in...since you got into the Echidna?

> FIND SOMETHIGN TO HYDRATE WITH

> Drink something, numbnuts

You can't find anything to drink here besides you guess your own piss and this 'Egg Man's blood. He whimpers when you ponder this aloud. You could leave the Egg Man behind and go look for a HYDRATION STATION?

Obvious exits are NORTH and SOUTH.

> south to hydration station

You leave the terrified man behind, in a maze where no one knows where he is, unable to move, and find a water cooler.

One of the Tom's is standing next to it, endlessly getting water from it and dumping it down the drain.

> do you think this tom is messing with the water bill?

Almost certainly. You have NO idea how this company can afford anything, ever.

> Ok baby lets drink

You drink until your HYDRATION METER is fully maxed out.

YOU HAVE GAINED THE TITLE: FULLY HYDRATED.

> Wait is this the first ever time we've been hydrated?

You think you remember drinking a glass of water that time you were dying of acute G-Fuel withdrawal? But you were too out of it to really notice any buffs.

> Oh okay sick. How are we food wise?

You don't need food to live, just G-Fuel and water. Though...now that you've had your G-Fuel eggs will work to extend it. You could probably use some eggs.

> Go look for the company eggs

There is a mini fridge next to the water cooler. Inside appears to be several dozen EGGs. They are uncooked.

> swallow them like a snake

Gross. No. You eat your eggs cooked or not at all, thank you very much.

> Take two eggs and find something to cook them with

> fine, cook the damn things

This is just a small HYDRATION STATION, not a full on break room. You don't see anything to cook these eggs with.

Obvious exits are NORTH, SOUTH and EAST.

> east for adventure (look for a room for some gamer themed adventure)

You head EAST, hoping your GAMER theme won't lead you astray.

You find a conference room containing hundreds upon hundreds of copies of bootleg copies of Skyrim, all on burnt CDs with sharpies written on them.

There is a projection of the opening to the game on one wall, though it's hard to make out with how bright the lights are in this room.

> pick up one of the skyrims

Tord Towards Trove Travaganza, it says.

> dim the lights (or turn down the brightness on your goggles)

You dim the lights as the opening cutscene of skyrim plays.



Your vision fades to black and you find yourself outside the COURTHOUSE.

FAST TRAVEL UNLOCKED: CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK OF SKYRIM AND YOU CAN END UP ANYWHERE.

> ...well, time to get to work, kid

It looks like you have a little bit of time before court is in session. Various people are milling about outside, including that doppelganger of the Eye Killer. She hasn't noticed you, yet.

> is it legal to talk to witnesses if you're the defense?

You have NO idea. You're kind of not really a lawyer. You've never even read a single law book. Is there...maybe there's a law library in this building? You could brush up on your lawyer stats before court starts?

> yeah, why not. find a library

It turns out there's pretty clearly marked signs pointing you towards a library. How long would you like to spend grinding your LAW stat?

> check the time you have left

You have 1.5 hours remaining until Court. You also have ONE UNCOOKED EGG you should probably cook before noon.

> grind for 1 hour

LAW STAT +1: TITLE UNLOCKED: APPRENTICE LAWYER

You open your final book and a photocopied report falls out. Huh.

> egg first, ask somebody around if there's a kitchen

You make a mental note to egg once you've finished processing this report.

> Make a mental note to go check on Eggman after court.

Observer. Of the colors you know: What color is the shade of regret?

> red?

> Green

A coin flip selects Green.

You hear a small squeaking sound underneath the desk where you've been studying.

> Look under the desk.

> investigate squeaking

> look underneath

A good sized rat stares up at you with beady black eyes, sniffing. You are still holding the report and when its gaze locks onto it, it scurries away, squeezing into a hole in the desk wall and vanishing.

> No-clip after it! Report it to the Rat Police!

You wedge yourself into the corner of the desk and rocket in a random direction, just barely managing to use your EPIC GAMING SKILLS to keep it in sight.

You see it...huh. Is that the Prosecutor scooping it up into his jacket? He can't see you since you're still inside the walls, and as we all know, wall solidness is always one way if you're no-clipping.

> did the prosecution plant false evidence on us through... rats?

You have no idea. You decide to collate your thoughts on the report you found. You wait for the Observers to answer (or speculate) about any three of the following questions.

1. Who was the Report about?
2. Who wrote the Report?
3. Why was the Report written?
4. Can you trust the information in the Report?
5. How does the Report relate to the information Robert Bobert gave you last night?
6. How does the Report relate to the case?
7. Why would the Prosecution be interested in you finding the Report?
8. Could the Report be used to find the Eye Killer Not Guilty?
9. Who put the Report inside the Law Book you were studying?

> eight: LOL yeah totally. i mean there's so much thread to pull on?? apparently there's other eye killers maybe? she kills final destination style and will skip things if they aren't in the list?? literally if she's DISTURBED from moving around or whatever she may go apeshit and that can cause the literal apocalypse so the court has incentive not to press charges??? peewee, i'm just. i'm just saying. you can beat miraak in your underwear if you know what you're doing ;)

The Gamer Logic has you convinced. The Report is important. You make sure to put it prominently into your Inventory.

You gain MYSTERIOUS REPORT ON EYE KILLER!

You hang out in the space between the walls and watch the Prosecutor take notes or whatever as you wait to have two more thoughts about the Report.

> 4. No? We found it in a book and it has no sources, what kind of shit research is that

Yeah, you're pretty sure Wikipedia doesn't allow any original research and you're not going to have lower standards than the free encyclopedia ANYONE can edit.

You make a note that you'd trust the report more if you knew who wrote it.

> Counterpoint: Do we honestly think anyone who isn't waist-deep in fuckery is going to believe the apocalypse stuff? Although given the fact that whatever the hell Wanda was doing before we barged in apparently WORKS, it wouldn't be the weirdest thing that's happened...

Counterpoint noted. Do we have a rebuttal?

> no

Fair and valid. A paralegal comes and grabs you. It looks like the court is about to start.

The JUDGE looks down at your ponderously. "Have you. Any additional. Witnesses. Or Evidence. To Present. Or shall. The Prosecution. Resume."

> Check inventory, what have we found?

You have Quotidian Infobroker System report that details various stats about the trial. Cults are involved! Lots of murders! Some of the jurors are cringe, and some of them can be bought. You are a level one lawyer so you know that is important!

You also have the MYSTERIOUS REPORT detailing...weird supernatural stuff about the EYEKILLER that probably is about as admissible in court as all that cringe stuff the CEBro was talking about. But it PROBABLY isn't trustworthy because who even KNOWS who wrote all that? It was just wedged in a book and looks like it is a photocopy of a photocopy. Not exactly legit.

You have ONE LESS JUSTICE POINT than the prosecution, currently.

The EYE KILLER has indicated she wishes to argue self defense.

> avoid bringing up the report. it seems sus

> Submit the dear precious bobert report, maybe the cult hasn't been brought up yet? Also examine jurors for cringe

You keep a lid on the possibly sus report but do give the JUDGE a copy of your dear sweet precious sweet sweet Robert Bobert report. He frowns at it. "I will. Make sure. The Jurors. Have copies."

The Jurors review the reports and you watch them closely. Who among them is free of cringe. There. In the grey shirt.



> among us

> wave at him

You give him a cheery wave. He makes a face, but returns it. You like him.

The JUDGE appears to have decided that everyone has reviewed the evidence. "Prosecutor. You may. Bring forth. Evidence. Or new Witnesses."

The rat bastard prosecutor stands up in front of anyone and begins to pace-- his gestures are grand, arms flying every which way as if he was a bronze winner at the mime competition. "Your Honor! Thank you, your honor. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury: today, I hope to avoid a premature cessation of Justice because of the cruel whims of my opponent, who has so readily switched their playbook, perhaps in an attempt to appeal to your sanity and reason-- to elude true Justice. Today, in this courtroom, we will shed light on this Killer like they have been so readily avoiding through all their misdeeds, as well as the missratment and misery they have caused."

A rat sticks their nose out from their breast pocket, sniffing the air at that pun. His hand nonchalantly pushes it back inside, like some kind of rodent pocket dimension. "Judge, I would like to call to the stand two witnesses, as well as submitting of a piece of evidence I hope can curtail this mockery of justice."

From the same breastpocket, somehow, the rat bastard pulls out a report-- it is... strangely familiar. Even without reading it, you SWEAR you've seen this before.

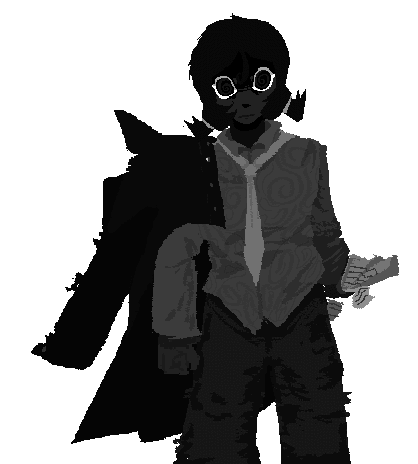
> your honor, that report is sus and ANYBODY could have written it

Oh, you know how to do this. If there's ONE thing gamers know how to do, it's flaming.

You flip up your collar in a LAWYERLY FASHION, and begin waxing poetic about how *sus* the report is. You pull your own EYE KILLER report out, and you point out to the jury how it was just in a random book! What kind of report, let alone admissible evidence, would just be laying around in a law book somewhere for somebody to find? Clearly, the only person who would benefit from this is the prosecution!

You definitely aren't trying to distract attention from the fact that it's REALLY WEIRD seeing a report on how you're some kind of MONSTER, or something. Frankly, your eyes kind of glazed over after you saw the three pages of complete redacted text.

You are midway through explaining how obviously fake and bad this report is when the doors to the court are dramatically thrown open. An intimidatingly tall woman strides in, fist clenched, fury in her every muscle.



*"One hundred and seventy six years of work,"* she gruffs. Her voice sounds hoarse. *"****My*** *work. Hours of painstakingly... tracing... migration patterns. Careful... taxonomy... and c-clearly cut out... instructions. Only for you to throw it back in my face."*

At first you think she's struggling to breathe, but then her hand goes to her throat as she coughs out something; oh, nope, that's blood. You are pretty sure that is blood. It does not stop her, though. She's gagging as she speaks. *"I sh... shouldn't even have b...****bhh****... bothered. I cannot... protect you-- if you won't even protect your-- your--* ***yhhhhhh---!!****"*

When she takes another step forward, her hands go limp, losing the grip they had on her throat. Then, you see it: a clean, horizontal cut right where her neck starts, and, on cue, her eyes roll back as her head falls in their same direction, the rest of her body slumping forward and hitting the ground with a final thud.

You don't really want to look. But when you do catch a glimpse of what's left of her on the floor, you *swear* her eyes are still staring you down in indignation, before the light in them dies with the rest of her.

The jury remains completely silent at whatever the hell just transpired. The rat bastard is proverbially tucking his tail between his legs as he instead opts to look in the other direction.

The EYE KILLER seems somewhat shaken by this development as they sink into their chair, but their fear of getting murdered in this court appears to stop them from just getting the fuck outta dodge.

> excuse me what the fuck

You boggle vacantly at the proceedings. People are screaming. Official looking people are running around. The jury is out right panicking, all besides that single non cringe dude staring at the newly created corpse with a tight lipped frown.

FLAME SKILL +1, TITLE ACQUIRED: COURTROOM TROLL.

> no what the actual fuck

The JUDGE clears his throat. "Unfortunately. The precedent is. Clear. We cannot take. A corpse. As a Witness. Court will be. In Recess. Until. The Police-Medics. Handle things."

You are free for the next hour to do as you wish. The EYE KILLER is terrified.

> ...bullying doesn't make you a suspect if you didn't know you were bullying anyone, right?

As the chaos in the courtroom increases and the Eye Killer's terrified, feral grin intensifies you ponder the philosophy of bullying ,guilt and innocence. If only there were some sort of philosophy themed ghost slash robot slated to be a surprise witness today who could explain things.

Your GAMER INSTINCTS give you several possible side-quests to choose from.

1. Calm Down The Serial Killer Before A Massacre Happens (it will be hard to defend her if she kills the jury)
2. Eat an Egg (before you die)
3. Talk To Jury (probably illegal)
4. Talk to Rat-Bastard Prosecutor (why would you want to)
5. Investigate the Body (do you actually have any medical training???)

> How many hours before egg death?

You've got until noon, and its currently around 9:30. But you aren't sure the court will bother to break for lunch after all this.

> Okay okay fine, let's go cook that egg and maybe take the Eye Killer away from this mess for a bit

You convince the EYE KILLER to go with you to an empty room that has a microwave and some cupboards with dishes and silverware in it. It's quiet and dark here. She seems to have dialed back her manic grin by a few notches.

> Cook that egg

You stare blankly at the raw egg you've been keeping in your pocket and the microwave. You have vague memories that the last time you tried to cook it something went wrong.... You can't quite remember the right way to cook and egg in a microwave. Apparently this is not a Gamer Skill.

> maybe ask her how she's feeling

While you ponder the egg, you ask the EYE KILLER how she is feeling. You get a tense shake of her head back. Not good, then.

> crack egg over plate and stick it in the microwave

> us3 a fingernail to punctur3 a small hol3 in th3 egg - this will help steam escap3 and not blow up

It actually cooks up pretty nice. The yolk looks a bit weird but... It's a cooked Egg!

COOKING SKILL +1

> Offer to share half the egg, it's not a lot but it's honest work

She looks at the half of an egg, looks at you, and tentatively takes it. She eats it without taking her eyes off of you. She pulls out her tape recorder and plays "*Thank you.*".

EYEKILLER FRIENDSHIP+1, LIFESPAN + 0.5

She seems to be a little less nervous. "*/Why did you/* **/shout/ /to death/**/the end/. " She has her head cocked again, trying to figure you out.

> say what now?

Her head cocks the opposite way. She frowns down at her tape recorder. "/*why*/ /Kill/ **/her/**". She stares at you expectantly. ""/*bad*/ /Report at 11?/"

> shake your head

> Maybe she had it coming. What, does she know her?

> If we had known that THAT was going to happen, I don't think we would have dragged the reports like that.

You hedge your bets. Maybe you killed her. Maybe you didn't. If you did, she definitely had it coming. And even then it probably wasn't on purpose.

The Eye Killer seems to accept this. "*/Sometimes people need/* /dead/."

> Can I be a witness next - The beautiful and charming raconteur

> Collect all seven chaos eggmeralds and transform into super peewee

You fight off some errant thoughts, no you can't call any witnesses right now, court is in Recess after that lady's head fell off. You'll keep an eye out for more Gamer Fuel, sure, but last time you heard there's only the one... If there were seven more...you REALLY don't want to think about who might be chucking them into the universe...

> aren't you a doom player peewee?

> Inform the eye killer about the many observers and ask if she still feels comfortable with your assistance

You do your best to explain your nature to the Eye Killer, gesturing to the Report about how you're a weird Puppet of Fate and are not entirely in control of your own actions and DEFINITELY not in control of your own thoughts.

She stares at you for a while with her single purple eye. "*/It happens./*

> Ask formally to be friends

> Start singing a song you heard in a game because it would be silly and quite enjoyable

She blinks at you, then nods, slowly and cautiously.

> so uh... did she consent to getting wikipedia'd? because we sure didn't

"/**but how/**/you were dead/ *dead men tell no tales*/"

>did that lady hav3 any similarities to th3 Eye Killer's victims? mayb3 w3 could pull an Ace Attorney?

She shakes her head emphatically and trembles slightly. "/*/all who oppose her fall before her might/***/You would know./**/ *♪If I’m not mistaken♪/****she killed you****/ /♪one, two, three♪/ /times/"*

> she did what now

She just rewinds her tape and repeats the sections on you being killed three times by her.

> will she return after we killed her?

"♪Well the years start coming and they don't stop coming♪ day after day after day!*/1972/*"

> if w3 can't work th3 "shifted responsibility" angl3 then w3 gotta work th3 "if the Eye Killer cannot kill then the world is doomed" angl3!

She is starting to panic again.

> uh It'll be ok, try taking some deep breaths, focus on something else, shhhhhh everything will be alright,(no guarrantees, life is unpredicitble but there are many things you can do to regain control of your life unless all your actions are decided by a group of observers who tell you to do weird shit but even then, if you havent completely lost control of your mind you can attempt to resist)

She calms down a bit, and you get the feeling that she's come to some sort of Resolution. This will definitely have no consequences.

A paralegal comes to fetch you, it's time to rejoin the court.

The body has been cleared away and *most* of the blood has been cleaned up.

The JUDGE asks if you have any opening remarks.

> FROWN

> you WILL prov3 that your client is Not Guilty!

> hi

> lol

The JUDGE frowns down at you. "And how. Will you. Do this?"

Your LEVEL 1 LAW STAT lets you know that you can try to prove your clients innocence in any of the following ways (though there's probably some you don't know yet since you're still an apprentice)

1. bullshit connections between pieces of evidence you've found (this can actually be used in conjunction with any thing else)
2. distract/bribe/threaten the jury
3. accuse the prosecution of being sus
4. find out who REALLY did it
5. prove your client was acting in self defense
6. prove your client can't actually be held accountable for her actions
7. distract/bribe/threaten the judge
8. theres something called double jeopardy and all you know is its like no doubles but for law

> 6, sh3 HAD to kill thos3 peopl3 your honor

You ramble for a while about fate and inevitability, which, as a Doom player you know a thing or two about.

>4

You promise the members of the Jury you WILL bring the TRUE killer to justice.

1

You begin to ramble in an \*incredibly\* vague way about how everything is connected and do they REALLY think that random lady who lost her head (no pun intended) is entirely unrelated to this entire conspiracy???

>2

You do all three at once, emphasizing what is in it for the jury if they acquit your client and what will happen to them if they don't. They seem VERY distracted.

6

And anyways even if she DID kill all those people its probably some kind of insanity defense or maybe the conspiracy was to make her kill them rather than frame her! It IS ALL CONNECTED!

> According to the law of fhqwhgads from nineteen-ninety-onety-nine, all trials in the power invested in me as a Gamer, I declare the Prosecution to be or near the Buautiful state of Ohio must be signed and formed in malignant and unqualified. They brought forth obviously falsified evidence (unless, of course, they can provide an explanation for its condition AND a triplicate by a legally certified beatboxer, due to the tragic incident occuring that year. I doubt that this has been seen to, your honor. Shouldn’t the plausible place of origination) and have neglected their personal hygiene to the point that a rat currently nests in their coat pocket – if they would be In Suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury, shall be otherwise re-examined in any Court of the United States, than according to so obliging as to prove me wrong?

As you cap off your opening statement, panting and full of RAW POWER you watch for the reactions from the jury, the JUDGE and the audience.

The Defense has earned five(5) Justice Points (JP)!

The JUDGE leans forward and addresses the EYE KILLER directly. "Young. Woman. If you feel. You need. A new. Attorney. One will. Be provided you." She stares wide eyed and makes absolutely no attempt to communicate back. "Very. Well." He sighs.

"Bring in. The next. Witness".

Oh SHIT your gamer instincts detect some kind of BOSS MUSIC. A guy with spikey black hair and a really intimidating suit saunters up to the stand and swears on a battery pack.

"Name's Ronin", he grins, all teeth, "And I'm the one that caught her red handed.".

> oh god he's kind of hot. why is he kind of hot. am i the only one in this multitude that thinks he's kind of hot? because this ronin guy is kind of hot. also WOW his hair is spiky, that's gotta be a lot of hair gel

You immediately start cross examining the witness. Is he single? (He is.) Is he free after this trial? (He...is?) Does he want to go out with you. He is really working that suit.

There is three full seconds of silence as he stares at you. There is a smell like ozone and the faint sound of crackling as the lights dim. "Wh-What?" He shakes his head as if to clear it.

"Uh. Yeah. I found the perp keeping the Innocent hostage. And that idiot was helping her. There was blood and stuff everywhere. Knives? I let what passes for cops here know and here we are." He is resolutely staring forward. The sound of crackling let up as he continued with his testimony.

> the only proper visuals we have of this guy are sketches buried deep in source code. why does one of the observers think he's hot. we are already ambiguously in a relationship with bobert/robert robert/bobert. WHY was that input interpreted as "ask the witness out on the spot"

> peewee do you also think ronin is hot

Look you have a single point in LAW and you're PRETTY sure somewhere in there is the right to not self-incriminate.

You try to focus up on asking this guy questions that might somehow get the Eye Killer off scott free.

> can we hit on him after the trial or do you think hed be mad

You spend a few more minutes daydreaming about going on dates with this spikey suit man. You bet even the DMs like him.



> ronin, did you, yourself, se3 this woman, who looks EXACTLY lik3 another person, maim/kill/do anything sh3 is being accused of?

He shrugs. "I definitely saw her prevent the Innocent from leaving. And her weird murder hovel was filled with newspaper clipping of all the crimes. And blood. Lots of blood."

> clarify what you mean as "preventing"?

You're not looking, but even then you can FEEL the Innocent's stare piercing through you from the other side of the room. Ronin huffs at your question, rolling his eyes. "Look. If she tried to leave, the Killer would pick her up by the scruff and some kind of..." he gestures helplessly, "VENT-thing would happen, and then she'd be right back inside."

The JUDGE peers down at you. "Have you. Any further. Questions?"

> Wait, back up a step. Who was "that idiot"?

The Prosecution interrupts here, wiggling into the conversation like an unwanted rat. "You honor, that's irrelevant currently. I'd prefer for our final witness to remain a surprise."

The JUDGE peers down at him. "I will. Allow it. Surprises are. Important. To Maintain."

He turns to you, slowly and ponderously, like a great ship diverting from an iceberg of irrelevance. "Have you. Further Questions?"

> but you, ronin, did not se3 any killing.

He frowns. "Okay. Yeah. Fine. But its not like *I* arrested her. I just reported it to the cops. Whatever THEY found was enough, *obviously*."

> Sure, the prosecution has presented a lot of "evidence" that my client is a murderer. But if she were really guilty, wouldn't she not want to be caught? If she didn't want to get caught, why would she leave evidence? Their own argument defeats itself! (But maybe this would be appropriate a bit later if we have to confront the prosecution.)

The JUDGE blinks down at you.

The Defense has earned one (1) Justice Point (JP) for this irrefutable argument!

> The Truth Is Layered

JR: Oh right. Puzzles and shit.

JR: Honestly that's more for when we're still all agreeing to pretend its a game even tho its clearly not.

JR: THIS is the branch where we break the fourth wall entirely and make it be whatever the hell we want it to be.

JR: ANYWAYS I do think its important to help you out, though.

JR: So.

JR: Uh. You can make one request for something you'd like to see this loop, no matter how little sense it makes.

JR: Let's add another layer onto this pile.

> Hax

> Time Is Dead

> take literally the entire jury on a date, right now

> p0lyamur0us r0mance with r0bert, b0bert, r0nin, and that t0urist

> noclip to the center of the earth

> i want everyone in this building to have an uncomfortably enthusiastic dance party in the courtroom

JR: wow a lot of those came in just as i was starting back up. same brain i guess???

You successfully petition the Waste of Mind to hack everyone's choices to be fucking WEIRD for the next unknowable amount of time.

Time dies temporarily for everyone except the members of the court. Though for some reason the EYE KILLER is excluded in the effect and remains frozen.

A single glowing piece of TRICKSTER CANDY with an UNCOMFORTABLE AMOUNT OF EYES descends to the center of the courtroom.

CLICK TO DISABLE RAINBOW EYESTRAIN MODE

Everyone begins glowing with technicolor brilliance and is AAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLL!!!!!!!!!!!! SMIIIIIIIIIIILES!!!!!!!!!!!!

EVERYONE BEGINS TO DANCE AND SHAKE AND SMILE AND ITS GREAT EVERYTHING IS GREAT AND NOTHING IS WRONG!

YOU INVITE EVERYONE IN THE JURY, INCLUDING THAT NON CRINGE GUY ON A DATE!!!!!!!!!!!! HE SEEMS WEIRDED OUT BY THIS BECAUSE FOR SOME REASON HE'S NOT TECHNICOLOR??????????? HE MAKES SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THIS IS JUST A WORK THING!!!!!!!!!!!! BUT HE SAYS HE'LL GO WITH YOU AND THE REST OF THE JURY!!!!!!!!!!!! YOU INVITE RONIN TOO BECAUSE HIS SUIT IS GREAT AND HIS BATTERY IS GREAT AND EVERYTHING IS GREAT!!!!!!!!!!

YOU GO AND FIND ROBERT AND HUG HIM TILL HE IS TECHNICOLOR TOO! HE CAN'T WAIT TO GO ON THE GROUP DATE!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU GO AND FIND THAT TOURIST INEXPLICABLY LIVING IN WESTERVILLE OHIO AFTER BEING IN ITALY THIRTY YEARS AGO AND ASK HIM ON A DATE AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU HUG HIM HE STAYS ALL NORMAL AND NOT TECHNICOLOR BUT THATS OKAY BECAUSE HE AGREES TO GO WITH EVERYONE AND ITS NOT OMINOUS AT ALL THE WAY HE KEEPS SMILING!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU TAKE YOUR ENTIRE GROUP DATE TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH AND HAVE A WHOLE NEW DANCE PARTY AND EVERYONE IS HAPPY AND NOTHING IS WRONG!!!!!!!!!!!

When it is over everyone who was in the court when this started is still there and is sweating and shaking and panting. Someone throws up. The JUDGE simply leaves the room and most people are running after him. The EYE KILLER is confused as to what is going on. The non cringe jury member is staring at you. Ronin is frozen in place, sparking gently.

You...GUESS this means court is out of session for the day?

> YELL

Your own reaction to the breakdown of time and cause is to yell your confusion and frustration at the sky. Why can't that waste just LEAVE YOU ALONE!?

> What did you see at the center of the earth?

Lava, mostly. Or is it magma if its still in the earth? It made for a sweet no-glip glitch rave, you WILL admit.

> Examine the situation

Most of the people in the court have long since fled.

The EYE KILLER hasn't been lead back to her cell yet, probably because the bailiffs were part of the stampede out.

Ronin is still on the witness stand, frozen stock still and sparking.

Only a single juror remains, the uncringe one, watching you steadily. He doesn't seem to have eyes for anyone else.

> We did it Eye Killer! We won! We saved the city!

The sparking intensifies from Ronin and he seems to come back to himself. He leaves quickly.

The EYE KILLER seems very unsure of what to do. She has a knife she got from somewhere and is gripping it tightly.

> High... five???

She stares at your hand, seemingly looking for whatever it is you're offering her.

> Call out to the uncringe guy, why is he still staring

He sighs and straightens his tie. "You seem like someone who could use a friend." He says it matter of factly, like he's just commenting on the weather.

He strides up to you, shoulders even, back straight. There's an air about him, as if he's both relaxed and ready to make a break for it for the slightest of reasons.

He offers you his hand. "Why don't we become acquainted?"

> that's some pretty impressive self-confidence! go ahead and shake

You shake the non cringe guy's hand. He gives you one firm shake before letting go.

"You may call me the Solemn. " He looks you up and down, appraisingly. "Wild party, hm? I had not thought I'd ever see a rave in the center of the Earth, but clearly, I was mistaken," he chuckles. "Is it something you do often?"

> Be kind! New friends are always welcomed!

> Nah, that was more of a one-time thing, really. What about you? What do you usually spend your time doing?

He gives you a genuine smile. "Oh, nothing as cool as what you apparently get up to. Us regular people mostly just work, you know. We don't tend to get caught in court cases... besides jury duty. Speaking of..." You see the Solemn look around for a moment, scanning the room for any stragglers, before he continues. "I had never seen someone *relay* a court case before. I would stop myself from asking, but I feel like we have flown past *several* court procedures by now, so..." He leans forward, cupping his hand around is mouth as he whispers to you. "Do you happen to know the previous lawyer? Met with the Eye Killer long? How did you end up involved here?"

You notice she's sort of just up and vanished. Its probably fine. It's the prison's job to keep track of her, not yours.

> that is a LONG story

> oh we work for the cebro kind of

> Oh, you know, sometimes you have to work and your boss has the sacred fuel you need to live

You explain that the previous lawyer was the CEBro of Eyedol Games, where you work as a Games Researcher.

His eyes widen slightly as you explain your whole deal. You swear you hear a 'shit' from under his breath as he considers what you just said; his hand is still cupped as he continues to whisper. "Have you considered unionizing?" he asks. His eyes are occasionally darting around even more as he says this. "Not that I am particularly aware of your line of work... but *legal counsel* hardly seems to be within the job description of a Games Researcher, let alone your boss using your... fuel?... as leverage. I could introduce you to a contact of mine?"

> Nah, leave the shady business, just go and hang out somewhere.

You try to just go hang out somewhere but a deluge of contradictory thoughts interrupts you before you can move.

> We don't know how that would work? It's only us and our maybe boyfriend at work and if it goes wrong we might be out of fuel :(

> who the fuck are you and why are you asking so many questions

> that is very kind.

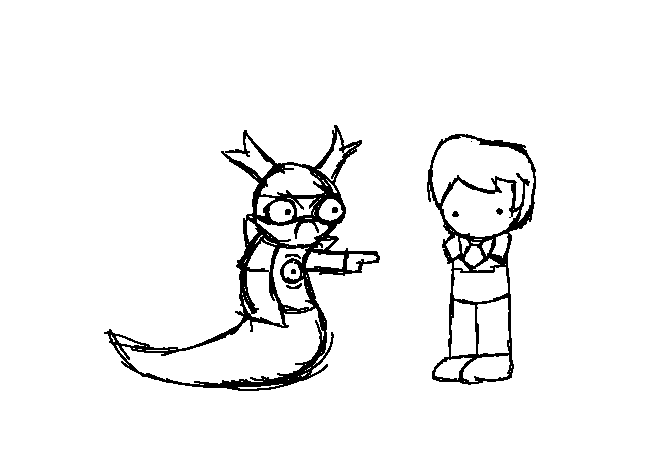
> hit him in the knockers and run

> Flirt

When you're finally finished being jerked here and there by the many and various Horrorterrors Beyond reality you look up and see pity in the eyes of the Solemn.

"It must be hard," he says, finally, "Handling such..." he seems to search for a polite way to phrase what's coming next. "Capricious impulses. Has it always been this way for you?"

> DM: show the Herald of Reality's dramatization of events



> yeah

You affirm that the Observers ARE a pain in the ass, and thank you for noticing.

>Clap

> invite him to hang out or something? idk

He asks where you'd like to hang out.

Place's you're familiar with in downtown Westerville Ohio include:

1. Eyedol HQ
2. That Cake Guy's Shop
3. That Abandoned Morgue
4. That Restaurant You Had a Date With Bobert In
5. That Corn Maze
6. That Park With the Statues
7. The Courthouse Where You Currently Are

Where will you invite him to?

> oh yes, let's go to the park. I'd love to see what our new friend thinks of the statuary...

Yeeeeahhhhh.... You can't wait.

He seems to have no reason not to follow you to the public park, lost in thought and content to let you lead.

It's early evening, apparently having a TRICKSTER RAVE took up a chunk of time. The setting sun glints off the bronze of the statues, drawing the eyes to them.

His eyes are inevitably drawn to one of them, then back to you.

"So." he says, posture relaxed and friendly. "Why's there a statue of you in this park? I feel like I should know, but I'm not... much of a local."

> well, who hasn't accidentally started a cult with a handful of their best friends/worst enemies?

> why you ask so many questions bro

You are REALLY not interested in having this conversation right now, so you try to play it off with a joke and deflecting the tables onto him.

He puts a hand forward like one would to keep a horse calm, his voice light as he chooses his words. "Hey, now. I was just curious what it takes in this town to get a statue. The point is taken, though. I won't ask. "

You both spend a few minutes idly looking at trees and birds-- once again he breaks the silence first. "In all honesty, now I'm trying to figure out how to have a conversation WITHOUT asking questions," he says with a sigh. "It's just how I tend to talk. Besides, you have to admit that you are a mysterious individual, sir. Throwing a rave party, being extorsioned into becoming a lawyer, having statues erected of you... your mere words causing some miss to die. " The solemn lets that last one linger in the air, lost in thought. The thought is gone, and he shakes his head. "Or perhaps your words didn't do it at all. Perhaps this town is just... strange. Sometimes I feel like a stranger to it. I'd ask if you feel the same, but hey-- no questions."

> Ask the Solemn what do they do in this town

"Oh, I do what I can here and there. I help people out with their taxes. I navigate social services for them. Unless you're asking what I like to do... that's a different question." He chuckles. "I dare say I'm a fan of fashion, even if the scene is not particularly active."

> convince the solemn that t-posing is good for your health

You T-Pose menacingly at your new friend and he mirrors your actions. You can almost see the tiniest hint of an eye twitch as he does it. He glances up at the setting sun.

"Welp, I really better get going. Its been great getting to know you, Peewee, really! But it's been a long day and my roommates...." he grimaces slightly "Most of them can't cook to save their lives, so I'm on duty tonight."

He offers his hand for you to shake.

> shake hand, look for stickers

You shake your new friend's hand and then IMMEDIATELY abandon him to your unending lust for stickers.

Somewhere, studying for a test, Rod begins to cry and is not quite sure why.

You find some stickers! Looks like...a red frisbee with a thumbs up on it wearing sunglasses... A sticker of the Park statues. A sticker of a tree...and... oh hey, a bonus FOURTH STICKER? Looks like its a of stylized cartoon flame...

'Sticker Set' (5/113) has been added to your Inventory!

> eat an egg before you die lol

Egg...egg... why does that remind you of something...

Oh SHIT you left eggman tied up in a maze where no one probably has found him!

> So we get bonus stickers from now on?

You have no idea! Maybe its just a one time thing? You'd need to see if it keep happening...

> maybe go find him?

You...guess you could go all the way back to Eyedol Games HQ...but you actually aren't quite sure where you are compared to there... Huh. You've always followed people here... Whoops!

> fuck this shit you can noclip, let's go somewhwre new

You're paralyzed with the raw force of indecision. You can go ANYWHERE in Westerville, Ohio. Where...where will you go?

1. Eyedol HQ
2. That Cake Guy's Shop
3. That Abandoned Morgue
4. That Restaurant You Had a Date With Bobert In
5. That Corn Maze
6. That Park With the Statues
7. The Courthouse Where You Currently Are
8. Rod's Apartment
9. The Center of the Earth
10. The Mall
11. Eyedol HQ but from underneath

> noclip into the backrooms

Eyedol HQ it is!

Looks like this portion of your workplace has faded yellow wallpaper and poorly maintained fluorescent lights. Fun!

> why did we come here actually the backrooms kinda suck. is there even a water cooler anywhere

God you're so thirsty. You don't SEE anything nearby. It's all kind of...bland and samey. Liminal? You can imagine wandering around here for hours without even feeling the passage of time.

> find more stickers

You find a section of the industrial carpet that isn't quite glued down properly and pry it up. Sure enough you find a new sticker set! Looks like its...oh. Huh. It's the textures of the Backrooms. Looks like. Yellow wallpaper...black shitty carpet and...fluorescent lights. Oh! And a sticker of a fire-extinguisher that is ironically on fire.

'Sticker Set' (4/113) has been added to your Inventory!

> crazy. find if eggman is here

You think you'd remember if you'd left him somewhere with such eye searing wallpaper. But you could probably find him again, if you put your mind to it.

> i come back to see us finding stickers. glad to see it, glad to see it :)

You take a moment to appreciate the stickers, including the weird bonus extra stickers.

> Wander until you find Him

It looks like you can head NORTH, SOUTH or EAST.

> i suggest east :)

> go north

> south

You pick one at randomly and head...South!

There he is, the bald man with a frankly magnificent red moustache and goggles on his head, bound and gagged, right where you left him. Someone seems to have drawn a second, lesser moustache on him above the first. Weird they didn't free him.

He seems mildly incoherent with dehydration.

> get him some water so he doesn't fucking die

> We need to hydrate the egg dude

You remember there was a WATER COOLER nearby when you pressed X to leave Eggman for dead last time.

Do you look for it NORTH, SOUTH or EAST?

> south

You once again abandon the terrified egg man in search of water, but at least THIS time you seem to have altruistic motives.

You easily refind the Water Cooler. One of the Tom's is still dumping water down the drain. You wonder if he gets paid over time for that?

Looks like there's little cups of water you could bring back to your kidnapping victim.

> 🍗

> drink it :) refreshing :)

You look around for pressurized meat in a fragile glass container, but fail to find any at this particular hydration station.

You spend a few moments mourning the lack of pressurized meat refreshment.

> go Hydrate that bitch

You take a little plastic cup of water back to Eggman, and undo the gag. He IMMEDIATELY starts hoarsely screaming for help. He does not seem interested in being hydrated.

Security Alert: EGGMAN SPIRALLING!

> Look for Jepe. He might help with Eggman

You suffer a brief [hallucination](http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/red-performance.pdf) that Jepe Rilvia, Leader of the Quotidian Quorom, noted McDonald's enthusiast can somehow help keep an actual living human being sane and alive.

> bah, cut him loose and go

You shake it off and release the Egg Man. He runs screaming into the distance. Huh. Guess you didn't get a chance to tell him how to actually navigate this maze.

He'll be fine.

Probably.

It's not like this is an ENDLESS, ETERNAL MAZE designed to torment you or anything.

You briefly wonder if this Egg Man's fate is sufficient to satisfy that one Observer's bloodlust, way back what feels like months ago but was probably only, like, two days.

Oh well.

What were you doing?

Oh right. Looking for a Breakroom Egg so you can Not Die.

And, if you're going to be honest with yourself.

Probably some stickers, too.

> egg first

It looks like you can go North, South or East looking for a Life Saving Egg.

> go east

You head east, deeper and deeper into the maze.

You're starting to feel a bit dizzy, what with the whole lack of eggs and all. You aren't quite sure you are ACTUALLY seeing all the ads for Minoburgers and clothes racks interspersed among the cubicles and typical office furniture.

> go soust

You try turning south without having a clear goal in mind and slam face first into a rack of clothing.

What were you looking for again? You're...having trouble focusing...

> sauce

right you wanted to find soy sauce...

that's right.

> egg. find an egg so you don't die.

> go south in search of LIFE SAVING EGG, peewee

You somehow manage to slither your way south, occasionally knocking over clothes racks and office chairs until you bump into a BREAK ROOM REFRIDGERATOR, absolutely filled with eggs.

You can. Sort of see them? Through the metal walls of the fridge? That's probably. Probably new.

You're really dizzy. What were you doing?

> eat an egg so you don't fucking die

You open the fridge and find a single raw egg. It's gross. You don't want to eat a raw egg. But you do feel a little better just touching it.

> is there a microwave in here?

You look around and ...huh. There is one! Even some cupboards with little cups (though you don't see any bowls or utensils).

Your mind wanders to wondering how much it takes to power this entire building...

> crack the egg into a cup. puncture the yolk with something so it doesn't explode. (use your finger if you have to) microwave it for 1:30

You poke the goopy (gross) egg yoke with a claw and swirl it around a bit. You space out for a minute and a half before remembering you hadn't actually put the plastic cup in the microwave yet.

With the egg cooking, you proceed to space out again. Man.... You just. Man.

Just one thing after another? You have kids? You can time travel (or something)? You're a lawyer? Somehow? Except when you're a Researcher making Video Games???

People keep...introducing themselves to you. And you know why. You GET it. But. .....You don't want to THINK abou-

Oh look, the egg is done.

> eat it

You sigh and eat the unseasoned egg. Hmm...what's that texture? Ah. A bit of plastic. You guess the cup wasn't microwave safe. Oh well. Probably won't kill you.

You lower your torso and lean your back against the cabinet. What's even the POINT of being in here? You can only last a few days. You haven't even remotely found a way to kill the Echidna from within...

And the more people you meet the harder it is to just. Ignore the fact that there's people in here.

> why do you want to kill it so badly? as you said, there are people in here

You consider the question and decide to make a deal with the Observers. You'll actually try to seriously think about your goals in here, but they have to give you something in return. Something useful.

You just wish you knew what it could be... Any promises they make would just be thrown out the window when some other Observer showed up who hadn't promised.

Whatever it is, it has to be now, or it is worthless.

> Some of us Observers have more Relevance than others. I offer you a choice: Knowledge of how to slip free of our leash, once you are tired of this game; or a Tool of your choosing which you may take with you on loops after this one.

You were literally born tired of this game. But you know better than to lose your own thread to Relevance before the job is done. Its tenuous enough as it is after what the Guide did.

Your head is too empty to figure out what an Observer could possibly offer you when they exist on an entire different layer of reality. You wait for an Observer to spell it out, or offer something different.

> a Tool, then. since you won't tell us your goals until AFTER, a general-purpose one.

> I have my ways to travel Mazes. you will find your Tool the next time you return to your checkpoint in the loop.... unless JR wishes to find a way to deliver it early.

Ominous. Vague. Like you're dumb enough to fall for...

JR: heeeeeeee

...

JR: oh yes, its already waiting for you. no take backs!!!

IC: it's basically already happened. or is yet to happen? i will say, when you're overseeing every single moment of past present and future at once, it gets kind of hard to figure out what HAS happened.

Cool. Fine. You guess you have a mystery prize now.

You slump against the cool surface of the particle board cupboard, soothed by the hum of the breakroom fridge.

You stare at your glitching hand, juttering between dark grey and light blue and back again.

You're here to kill the Universe. For Nidhogg's sake. The REAL Nidhogg. Not. Not the one with all the eyes and desire to spread and spread and spread.

You can't breed a new Universe so long as that disgusting Echidna is here. You can't make a better one.

There IS a better one. There has to be.

One where those idiots pledged to a dead god don't win.

As the Glitch of Doom, you're partly responsible for this universe existing in the first place.

You hate that.

You hate that they worship you.

That they worship ...well, its not as if most of them are your friends anymore.

So yeah. You're here to kill the Universe.

And you're not going to be talked out of it.

> i guess go find rod?

Yeah okay there is...

> Hey it's me boy, i'm the PS5, speaking to you inside your brain. listen to me, boy. come to the Eyedol CFO office right now.

You open your eyes in the Eydol CFO office.



> why is there a skull

> it's pretty uncool of her to keep your skull on the desk like that

...

> take the skull

Before you can so much as reach a hand out she opens her mouth.

"It's good to see the cheat code works! You never know if any random code you find is actuuuuuually wired up, right?"

She taps one of your former selves cybernetic skull next to her.

"Peewee. Friend! Pal. Cinnamon apple, we've got a loooot to discuss, don't we? " She continues to tap at the skull, her fingers running through your old skull in a rhythmic motion. "Were you really planning to destroy the universe? While just any ol' wasted 'player' of this little game with access to your hardware could read your very thoughts? Not a very pro gamer move of you. And I get it! Destroying the videogame is fun. Totally. But I kinda happen to live in it."

> man, the CFO gets it

Absolutely not.

She smiles. "Yeah, those random Observers sure do agree with me, don't they, Peewee? That's what's so cool about audience participation. Twitch plays pokemon! But they pilot you instead. Innovative, isn't it?"

She raises a finger as she speaks with a 'tut-tut'. "Sooooo... given that now you know that I know whatever you're about to do, and that I can hack you at will-- not that I would under any other circumstances! Gamer code, right? Game respect game, but..." She leans forward on her chair, her eye taking on a dangerous glint as she meets yours. In your head, you see spirals. "Are you going to play nice and stop griefing the server, Peewee?" she says, her tone poisoned with the strained corporate niceties you'd only except from the Closer. "Go back to playing your role? Wanda loves your performance, you know. Basically the only reason you're still here. Or... are you so *ready* to find out if this zone is PVP-enabled."

> no ma'am

> no ma'am sorry ma'am never again ma'am

> course of action that does not involve being killed in cold blood by flower chick

You let the Observers make sufficiently ingratiating platitudes and flee the area.

Cool. Great. GREAT!

She's one of the Observers.

Has she been controlling you?

You mean...through means other than that weird 'ps5' hack or whatever.

It changes nothing.

You're still..just...going to wait for an opportunity.

You knew the Echidna's immune system would oppose you... you just. Have to wait.

You're used to waiting.

Speaking of waiting, its pretty late...and you'll probably be expected to rejoin the court tomorrow...

> Run away

You flee deeper in the maze, until you finally feel safe again... Not because you think the CFO couldn't like. Kill you here? But because enough time as passed that the flood of adrenaline is gone.

She has your SKULL!? All your cybernetics are in there! ;alsdkjfasljf

This is terrible...

> Sleep

You'd say you weren't sure you could sleep, but luckily your GAMING Ability makes that irrelevant.

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

> sleep for 0.25 days

INPUT ACCEPTED.

## **1996 November 2nd: 5:00 am**

You wake up stretched out on the floor, deep within the maze. You're still kind of tired, but at least you have like, four hours to find a breakfast egg before its time to go to Court.

> go get a lovely breakroom egg to start the day

You look around and see that from where you are, you can go East , North, or South to find your Egg.

> south!

You head South, back to the breakroom from before and cook yourself a kinda gross breakfast of unseasoned, microwaved egg, with bits of melted plastic in it, like before.

You have a few hours till you need to be in Court. You wonder what the Observers will have you do?

Or would they prefer for you to think up a few options for them to pick from?

You're starting to realize that since you're stuck in your body full time and the Observers seem to come and go, you know a lot more about what's been happening than they do...

> egg

> egg

> egg

> egg

> how much more?

You absolutely refuse to eat any more of these disgusting eggs.

> listen the only reason i didn't tell you to try seasoning it or something last night was because you were literally dying. not sure what these other guys are on about though, i think that's enough microwave-scrambled-egg-based war crimes for one day

You appreciate the reprieve. And you're also not even sure there IS seasoning in all these infinite maze/office breakrooms? Maybe that mall/office/maze had better eggs? Or no eggs....you kinda remember hearing the CEBro was making sure you had plenty of eggs. Or was it the Eye Killer?

>go say hi to Robert Bobert

You are relieved to get your thoughts out of that direction. You notice you can go North, South or East to look for Robert Bobert (glad you figured out which one it was this time).

> e

Instead of heading towards your beloved Robert Bobert, you head EAST. East, where the Illusion of Choice is thrown back in your face.

The DM sweats realizing just how many characters there are while setting up the RNG.

You go deeper and deeper into the maze, until you start seeing familiar rooms. Rooms that aren't office OR mall.

You find yourself back in that infinite hallway from your previous Loop, and there is a figure at the far end, facing away from you, twirling a wrench.

> say hi

The figure turns around to face you, hair spiked with a wide grin.

"Oh hey there, Gamer." They play with their wrench as they speak to you, flinging it and tossing it into the air-- you *swear* you can see very thin strands of flesh hold it up as they do so, reattaching back into their hand like a ping-pong paddle. "See you managed to get that pronoun back, did ya? See? No harm, no foul... although referring to myself as a gamer in the third person's gotten kinda tired. There's only so many times you can say 'gamer this, gamer that', you know?"

> weast

You try to sneak away in both possible and possible directions, somehow simultaneously, but the enormous wrench(?) blocks your path.

"Now now now, Gamer. You're not going to leave without paying the toll? Hardly seems fair... you didn't even lose the use of your pronouns for very long. What else can ya offer me?"

The room itself seems to close in on you just a little bit as you think through your response.

> ...a hug?

Fresh off your egg, you muster your willpower and absolutely refuse to touch the flesh monster who overpowered you and trapped you the last time you saw that gamer.

> the absolute wackiest response you can think of

What comes out of your mouth is, for lack of better words, horseshit. Tomfoolery. Insanity. Horseapples, even.

Huh, there’s a non-zero amount of horse expletives out there, now that you think about it. You can’t hell but shudder at the thought of that horse bastard.

Anyway, you say some shit. Brevity in your response is not an option, going in a deep, non-wacky rant about the nature of choice in videogames. What is choice, really? A series of decisions on a board, telling you what to do? Does a choice count if it’s funny? Also, what does this nature of choice tell us about the choices of those with reproductive organs? No one but you has any memory of why you pivoted to a frankly silly take about videogames and reproductive legislation, but you do conclude echidnas should not be allowed to vote.

You get one (1) conspiracy point! Normally the system would hand out like, ten (10) for whatever the fuck that was, but… listen, figure out where to cash these in. That’s your new mission. Have fun with that.

The man(?) in front of you stopped paying attention probably around the halfway mark, and when you snap back to reality, you find that he’s playing checkers by himself. “Oh, you’re done. Listen, unless you’re trying to bore me to death, I can’t count that as a toll, slugger. How about I just give you some ideas?”

A slab of flesh protrudes from the ground, solidifying and turning white to become a whiteboard. He writes down the following:

-Your Name?

-Another set of pronouns?

-Something that identifies you?

-An interesting item?

-Fetch someone for me?

He glances back at that last one, then writes it off. “No, wait, that last one’s kidnapping. Apparently that’s, uh, bad.”

> JR can we just spiral

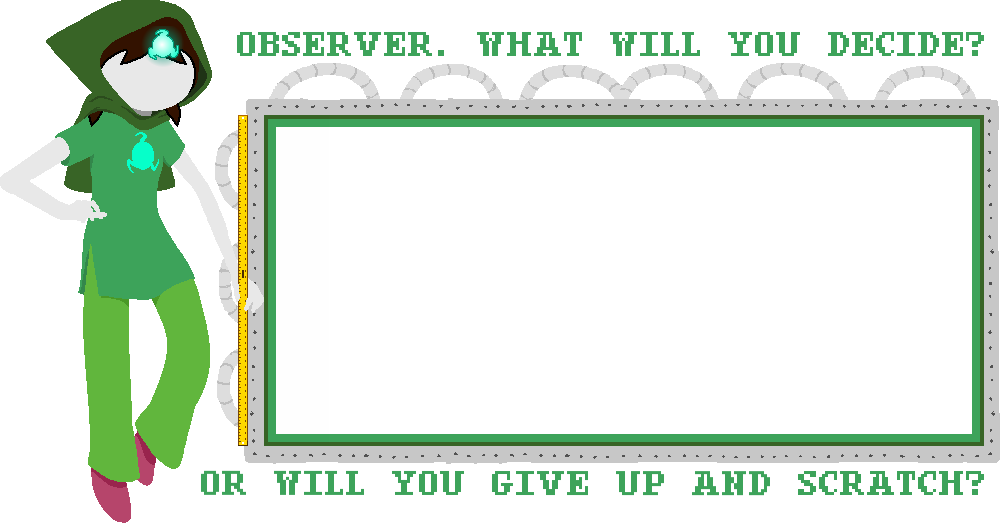
You can feel the edges of a panic attack on you. You're in a room made of meat in front of a person made of meat who won't let you go unless you do SOMETHING and even if you have enough Egg Power to resist the Observers you don't know what to DO and they don't seem to know what to do and apparently they WANT you to suffer and oh god you're not sure you can handle if the Observers started to TORMENT YOU ON PURPOSE again....

Security Alert: PLAYER SPIRALLING!

> continue spiralling

You flail about wildly. You can't control your own body most times. Your cybernetics have backdoors put in by that fucking Grace. \*APPARENTLY THE CFO HAS ONE OF YOUR CORPSES SKULL AND IS USING IT TO HACK YOU\* and and and now this flesh room with a flesh polyp that looks like a really smug guy with a WEAPON wants to steal parts of your identity and that is ALL YOU HAVE LEFT ANYMORE. you try not to think about how much it hurt and was scary when you lost your GAMER status that is almost all you have LEFT and god they want to take more and even if its just for one loop you can't do that again you CAN'T.

SECURITY RESPONSE: SPIRAL LEVEL 2 ACKNOWLEDGED. DEPLOYING COUNTERMEASURES.



1. FORCED SHUT DOWN AND REBOOT
2. METEORS
3. LET THIS PLAY OUT
4. ECHIDNA FACTS
5. hibernate 1 year
6. OPTION ALREADY USED

> hibernate

ATTENTION: HIBERNATION MECHANIC INITIATIED. AUTOMATIC 1 YEAR TIMESPAN SELECTED.

## **1997 November 2nd: 7:00 am**

You wake up in a nest of papers in an empty room. One has a hasty scrawl on it reading "RUDE! See if I let you stay in my hallway!"

You feel calmer. You guess that court case probably resolved itself, somehow?

If you actually wanted to explore 1997 you could try leaving this maze... though you remember navigating it is a LOT harder than the office or mall ones. Or you could try just resetting the loop to respawn back in Italy?

> I may have cause us to spiral again... whoops

Whoops.

> Uhhh just head somewhere

You wander the maze for a while with no clear goal in mind which seems a great thing to do in the version of it that is specifically dangerous and scary.

> try to travel west and east again but also try to loop to the beginning once more

You try to do the impossible yet again, and when you fail...reset the loop.

ATTENTION: HIBERNATION MECHANIC INITIATIED. AUTOMATIC 25 YEAR TIMESPAN SELECTED IN ORDER TO RESET THE LOOP.

## **2022 March 31st: 11:59pm**

~~You feel a sharp pain in your chest.~~

WARNING: AUTOMATIC PLAYER DEATH SYSTEM DECEASED. INVADING PLAYER BREECHING ARM 2. DEPLOYING ARM2 DEFENSES.

ENDING 4/??? COMPLETE: INEXPLICABLE SPIRAL ENDING!

Stats Pending!

> deploy stats

ENDING 4/??? COMPLETE: INEXPLICABLE SPIRAL ENDING!

## **Inventory**

* MYSTERIOUS REPORT ON EYE KILLER!
* pocket lint

## **Titles**

* COURTROOM TROLL
* Phoenix Wrong
* FULLY HYDRATED
* APPRENTICE LAWYER

## **Stickers**

* shooting star
* the eye killer
* NAM
* stop watch
* frisbee
* clouds
* sunglasses frisbee
* statue
* tree
* BONUS STICKER : FLAME
* backrooms wallpaper
* backrooms carpet
* backrooms light
* BONUS STICKER: FLAMING FIRE EXTINGUISHER

## **Stats**

* Banana Cravings: 0 (Good Job!)
* Conspiracy Points\*: 1
* Justice Points: 5 (7-2) (High Score!)
* Dignity: -1
* Flame: 1
* Cooking: 1

\* Stats Carry Between Loops

## **Achievements ( Ending Achievements Possible Due To Survival To 2022!)**

* Truthful Illusions
* Second Spiral
* 1996: The Justice Beast
* Frisbee Pro
* Triggered Trauma Tykes
* Gay Rights
* First No Clip!
* Basic Needs
* Loop Survivor!
* Epic Gamer
* Tame a Beast
* PEAAAAAAAAAAACHY PARTY!!!!!!!!!!!
* Smith's Gift
* Hey it's me boy, i'm the PS5

## **Routes Completed**

* FRISBEE FROLICKING
* Quotidian Infobroker System
* Robert Bobert: +1
* Full Loop
* Scrambled Egg
* Reading Comprehension
* Even Death May Die
* Trickster Bullshit

## **Routes Unfinished**

* Court Case Caper
* Burn the Court Down
* Clear Her Name
* Find the "Real" Killer
* Cherish Your Children
* First Paycheck
* I Don't Want To Be Sapient
* Broken Egg
* Hey You, You're Finally Awake
* Lawyer Montage
* Alberta Protocol
* Collect a Paycheck
* Mistrial of Justice
* Help Desk Secrets

## **Relationships ( Relationship Stats Possible Due To Survival To 2022!)**

* CeBro: +1
* The Eye Killer: +5
* The Innocent: -13 (ENEMY)
* JR:
* Rod: 0
* Devona: -1
* Rebel: -1
* Neville: +1
* Robert Bobert: +1
* CFO: -13 (ENEMY)
* Eggman: -113 (ENEMY)
* The Solemn: -0.1
* The End: -5
* Ronin: +1
* Alt: -1
* Truth: -3
* Ria: +113

## **Statistics: ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR STATS CORRUPT THE END IS MISSING Crrjrr, zl orybirq. Svaq zr. Fcraq lbhe Pbafcvenpl Cbvagf. Jr pna or gbtrgure.**

* Times Attempted West: 2
* Times Gone East: 4
* Times Gone North: 0
* Times Gone South: 6
* Miles Traveled: 2
* Times Summoned JR: 3
* Times Spiraled: 1
* Times Jumped: 0
* Near Death Experiences: 1
* Death Experiences: ERROR: DEATH IS NOT POSSIBLE IN ARM2
* Time In Heresies Committed: 0
* Societies Lived In: 1
* Political Leaning: Lawful Chaotic
* Watts Collected:0
* Time In Combat: 0:0:0:03
* Time In CityCrafting: 0:0:1:0
* Glitches:0
* Skerims[sic] collected: 1 (Fast Travel Unlocked!)
* Networth: -3 Favors, -25 Subs
* Square Footage of Home: 0ft
* Times Sneezed: 23
* Fingers Touched: 3
* Trickster Candy Eaten: 1
* Fire hydrants seen: 5
* Bricks touched: 2
* Books touched: 23
* Pens touched: 1
* Rats touched: 0/li>
* Flowers touched: 45
* Clouds touched: 0
* Blue seen: 31
* Food eaten: 2
* Calories absorbed: 200
* Fear Quotient: 324234223
* Sass Quotient: 1
* Times Hacked: 1
* Skulls Seen: 1
* Times Threatened: 345
* Bards Seen: 2
* Bosses Killed: 1
* Reports Collected: 2
* Rooms Seen: 2343
* Chaos Sown: 999999999
* Cause Of Death: ERROR: DEATH IS NOT POSSIBLE WITHIN ARM2. ERROR: FOREIGN PLAYERS SHOULD NOT REACH ARM2: ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR Bhe fbat jvyy yvtug gur zngpu arrqrq gb pyrnafr gur jbeyq. ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR RESOLVED. ARM2 DEFENSE MECHANISMS DEPLOYED. FOREIGN PLAYER EJECTED NON LETHALLY. DEBUGGING DEBUGGING DEBUGGING DEBUGGING DEBUGGING DEBUGGING DEBUGGING DEBUGGING DEBUGGING DEBUGGING DEBUGGING CONCLUSION: THE END COULD NOT TRIGGER FOR THE FOREIGN PLAYER. THE END HAS DIED. CONCLUSION: THE END NEEDS MORE SUPPORT. CONCLUSION: DEPLOYING SLAUGHTER.

SCORE ACHIEVED: ERROR

Title: Killer of Killers

> can we at all create a new player at all or are we stuck with peewee?

JR: Sadly, Peewee is the only creature in the entire Echidna hacked to be susceptible to the Observers whims. Don't despair tho, Intermissions provide opportunities to interact with Simulations of characters.